



# Sexy Lesbian Playtime

Edited by Sue West



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It contains sexually explicit scenes which may be considered offensive to some readers.



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# **Monica's First Taste**

**By Trisha Yelsing**

# Chapter 1

I've never kept a diary before, or written down any autobiographical details of my life for that matter, but after what happened to me this past Saturday I think I ought to give it a try. What a Saturday! It's almost impossible to believe it all really happened, and I want to get as much of it down as I can while it's still fresh in my mind. I'm sure I'll never forget most of it, but by writing it down I'll be assured to always have the opportunity to relive it.

First of all, my name is Monica. Obviously I'll never forget my name, but just in case someone else ever reads this, I might as well be thorough. In fact, my goal is to be as thorough as possible, because I want a detailed account of all the incredible things that took place. God, I wish Saturday had never ended!

Okay, so my name is Monica and I'm nineteen years old. I should give a little background information in case someone else really is reading this, but I promise to keep it brief. Let's just say I grew up with quite possibly the worst childhood of all time. That's an exaggeration I'm sure, but my life has always been pretty damn horrible. Most people have some type of childhood friend or friends who they look back on with fond memories. If not a friend, then at least an acquaintance. Somebody who helped get them through the painful years. Some people have lots of friends. I've never had a single friend or anything even close to a friend in my entire life, and that is *not* an exaggeration.

Also, I'm a lesbian. I'm not sure how long I've known this, but it's been quite awhile. Things would have been easier, I think, if I wasn't, because it's true that I'm fairly attractive and some of the boys at school used to hit on me. If I was straight I probably would have went with one of them, if only to have some sort of human contact. A friend. But I've never liked boys, and find them scary and kind of repulsive. I know a lot of them are probably very nice, but I'm just not attracted to them.

Girls, on the other hand, I am *very* attracted to. I can't even tell you how many hours a day I fantasize about being with another girl. It's always been this way with me, as far back as I can remember. All through grade school I would stare at the prettiest girls and fall in love with them and imagine myself being intimate with them. Kissing and touching. Nothing ever happened, but it was wonderful to think about. I had some pretty wicked fantasies, there's no doubt about it. I don't want to scare you away, but I think I would literally do anything with another girl, and I do mean anything. Not just one girl, either, but lots of them. As many as I could. For a virgin I really had some slutty fantasies.

The big problem was, once everyone at school found out I was a lesbian, they all tormented me about it. If there were any other girls in my school who were lesbians, or even bi, they never let on about it. It was just me, and everyone teased me and played cruel jokes on me. I don't even want to think about those years again. I'm just writing this part down to lay a small foundation. The point is, I was alone and everyone hated me and my life was miserable. Every day was as shitty as you can imagine, and many days were even shittier than that. Some days all I thought about was suicide, but again, I'm not going to go there right now.

The story I want to tell is what happened after I finally finished high school and began attending community college. I still had to live at home, with my strict, narrow-minded parents, but some of the people I met at school were much different from the ones I was used to at my crappy high school.

I grew up in New Jersey, by the way. In Brick Town. That's in Ocean County, very close to the ocean. The college I go to is Ocean County College, or OCC for short. It's not much of a school, really, as far as getting an education goes. In fact, a lot of kids there call it the "thirteenth grade." And being that it's on Hooper Avenue, some of them call it Hooper High. But one thing I noticed there is that no one seems to care that I'm a lesbian.

Not only that, but there are other girls there who are lesbians, too.

Imagine that!

One of them is named Stephanie. That's kind of where I really want to start.





## Chapter 2

It was in a class called Abnormal Psychology that I met Stephanie. She was sitting next to another girl, both of them just off to one side and a few rows in front of me. While the instructor babbled on and on about how it was abnormal to *not* experiment with drugs, making all the stoners in the class laugh and grin at each other, I couldn't take my eyes off Stephanie and her friend, whose name I found out later was Becky.

Stephanie was one of those perfect blondes that most men fantasize about. Everything about her was perfect; her cute, angelic face; her thin, athletic body; her long, soft blonde hair which flowed down over her shoulders like sun-laced honey. Even her voice was beautiful; low and throaty and really erotic. She sat there making witty comments to her friend Becky during the class, both of them giggling from time to time, almost driving me crazy with desire.

Becky was very pretty, too, but not beautiful like Stephanie. She was a brunette, like myself, and more than a little attractive. But it was Stephanie my eyes were drawn to most, and I missed most of what was being said by the instructor as I slipped into a little fantasy world where me and Stephanie were alone in the classroom and doing all sorts of naughty things. Things that made me get all wet. I had to shift around in my seat, wanting to touch myself so badly as I gazed at her and listened to her sweet, melodic voice.

This went on and off during class, as I fought my urge to stare at her, but as several weeks went by she obviously picked up on it and soon she was going out of her way to catch me looking. She caught me over and over again, and the more she caught me the more it made me want to look again. Finally, this past Friday, after another intense period of our little visual interaction, Stephanie called me over to her desk at the end of the class as everyone else was filing out the door.

Well, not everyone was leaving.

Becky stayed put, as well.

I stepped closer to Stephanie's desk. They were both staring at me, sort of in a pissed-off way. I wasn't sure why. I knew it was rude to stare, but I only did it because of Stephanie's beauty. She was irresistible.

“You got a problem with us?” Stephanie asked me.

She was so beautiful! It was almost like an honor for me to stand there and see her close up. And to get to speak to her. But I wasn't sure what it was she was accusing me of.

“I'm sorry?” I said. I was truly perplexed.

They glanced at each other, knowingly, and it caused me to turn my head and gaze inquisitively at Becky.

She sneered at me. She looked very cute up close, cuter than I had thought she would. Even the sneer didn't take away from that cuteness. I wanted to press up next to her and lick her sneering lips, despite the fact that she was obviously disgusted with me for some reason.

“What's your problem?” she asked. “This isn't 1950, you know.”

I still didn't get it. I felt stupid, but I'm not sure why. Inferior, too. I always felt inferior. “I'm sorry. I'm not sure I understand.”

I looked back and forth between them, the room having completely emptied out now except for a fat kid in the corner trying to jam all his books and a small skateboard into an already full backpack. He was so involved in it, sweating with frustration, that he was paying no attention to us at all.

“Oh, come on,” Stephanie said. “If you've got a problem with Becky and I, say so. You wouldn't be the first. Believe me, we're used to it. So if you have something you want to get off your chest, please do it. Then maybe you can stop glaring at us all day.”

That made something click, and I suddenly realized they were lovers. The thought of it thrilled me, and it made Stephanie look even more desirable somehow. Becky, too, for that matter. My god! I just wanted to slip between them and wrap my arms around them and --

“If you're just going to stand there and continue to stare at me, I'm going to have to assume I was wrong about you being opposed to us and assume you're just mentally challenged.”

I snapped out of it. “I'm sorry,” I said again. “It's not what you think.” I tried to think of a way to explain myself. “I could tell you the truth, but I'm not sure...” I trailed off, not sure how to continue.

“Not sure what?” Stephanie challenged.

“I... I wasn't staring at you on purpose. I'm sorry. I...” I had to glance away, embarrassed. “I just kind of... thought... I dunno...”

“What are you yammering about?” Becky asked. “Just answer her question.”

I looked at Stephanie. I felt so confused. “I didn't mean to offend you,” I said sternly. I looked her right in the eyes. I was so nervous I was sweating, almost as badly as the fat kid in the corner who had finally given up and was now dragging twin armloads of junk away from his desk and toward the door. “I was... just... kind of...”

“Jesus, we don't have all day.”

“I was... staring at you... because I like you, okay?” It was very hard for me to say. I'm not even sure what made me admit it to her. I just felt like I had to say it. It could be my only chance, and really, what was the risk?

She appeared surprised by my response. “You *like* me?”

I nodded. “I think so, yes.”

“Oh, jeez, Steph!” Becky called out. She pounded her desk with one hand. “I think we misjudged her. She wasn't giving you the evil-eye. She was just giving you the eye!”

Stephanie laughed at this. The atmosphere changed, just like that, and we all seemed to relax a bit just as the large boy finally disappeared from view. “Well,” she said, turning to me. “Even if that's true, it's still very unnerving...”

“I'm sorry!” I said again. “I really, really am! I never meant to offend you. I just... couldn't help it.”

“She's hot for you,” Becky commented. It annoyed me at first, but then almost immediately I was grateful she'd said it. It was true, after all, and it put everything right there in front of us.

I didn't respond, not knowing what I should possibly say.

“Is that true?” Stephanie finally asked.

I thought about lying, but again toughened up. What was the point of denying it? I nodded. My chest tightened as I inhaled and spoke to her. “It is. I think you're beautiful.”

“Damn,” said Becky. “Maybe you ought to invite her to your little party this weekend.”

Stephanie was grinning, staring at me. “You're serious? You like girls?”

I nodded. I was almost frozen.

She licked her lips, causing my arousal to heighten further. “I can usually read people pretty good. You don't come across as being a dyke.”

“I've never...” I was so embarrassed! “I mean, I always wanted...”

“She's a virgin,” Becky pointed out helpfully.

“Is that true?” Stephanie asked.

“Yes. I just...”

“You're kind of cute,” Stephanie said. It sent shivers of warmth throughout my entire body. I stared at her and she stared back, smiling.

“Thank you,” I managed. “So are you.”

“Hitting on my girlfriend, right in front of me,” Becky scolded.

I turned to her, almost shocked. “I'm sorry! I didn't mean to...”

“It's okay,” Stephanie assured me. “We're in an open relationship, anyway.”

Becky pouted at this, but didn't disagree.

“What's your name?” Stephanie asked me.

Almost trembling with longing, I told her. “Monica.”

“Monica. I like it.”

“Thank you.”

“So you've never been with a girl before, Monica?”

The sound of my name coming out of her mouth made me almost swoon.

“Never.”

She sat back in her chair, contemplating me. “You're far too attractive to pass up.”

Becky groaned, but in an amused way. I felt myself grow even wetter.

“I...”

“Come over a little closer,” Stephanie said. She sat up in her seat, leaning toward me.

I stepped closer, feeling almost like I was in a dream.

“Kiss me.”

“Oh, god!” Becky leaned back, not wanting to see or hear any more.

I could hardly believe this was really happening. I stepped right up to Stephanie and leaned down slightly, bringing my lips closer to hers. I could see the texture of hers, the little lines in them and the thin layer of pinkish lipstick that coated them. I was so close I could actually feel the air coming out of her nostrils as she exhaled. She was wearing a subtle perfume and it caused my head spin with desire, as if I wasn't amorous enough already.

“I...”

“Kiss me,” she repeated.

My heart fluttering in my chest, I slowly closed the gap until I felt the soft fullness of Stephanie's lips pressing against my own. My arousal was through the roof, and I almost felt like I was going to pass out. I was kissing a girl! I was kissing Stephanie! Just as I began to worry that I was pushing my luck, that I was holding my lips to hers a bit too long, her hand came up and circled the back of my head. With her long, slender fingers tangled in my hair, she pulled me even closer to her, our lips mashed together. Then her mouth opened slightly and I felt her tongue poke out and slip in between my lips.

Oh my god! Was this really happening? It seemed that it couldn't be. I was never this lucky.

I parted my lips, welcoming Stephanie's tongue into my mouth. It was so soft and silky and slippery and it tasted sweet, as if she'd been eating candy. I sucked on it, loving it, and then suddenly it was gone.

She released my head and leaned back in her chair, grinning at me.

It took me a moment to recover. My brain was still processing all that was happening.

“Well?” she asked. “How was it?”

I finally straightened up, doing my best to return her smile. “It was wonderful.”

“Oh, god,” Becky groaned. “You’ve done it again, Steph.”

Stephanie giggled and reached out to me, running her fingers over my arm. “You’re adorable.”

My head reeling, I tried to think of something to say. “I think you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever even seen. Thank you so much.”

She beamed. “You’re really sweet, Monica. I’m having a little party this weekend. Saturday night. You’re invited, if you’d like to come.”

Five minutes ago she’d been upset with me, and now she’d kissed me and invited me to her party. Everything was happening so fast. “I...”

“You might as well come,” Becky encouraged. “Maybe you’ll meet a nice girl there and then I can have mine back.”

I turned to her, alarmed. “I’m sorry! I really didn’t mean to --”

Becky laughed and got up from her seat. To my utter astonishment, she stepped right up to me and planted a big wet kiss right on my mouth. I was so surprised, and so aroused that I didn’t know whether to come or faint. Two kisses from two girls in two minutes! I was delirious. “I...”

“Come to the party, Monica,” Becky repeated. “It’ll be fun.”

I nodded, staring at her. I wanted to kiss her again. Before I could speak, I felt Stephanie tugging on my purse and I turned to look at her.

She was smiling. She’d jotted something down on a sheet of notebook paper and folded it in half. “Take this. It’s my address and phone number.”

In a dream, I reached out and took the paper. “You... really want me to come?”

She pretended to pout. She was so beautiful I couldn’t stand it! “Don’t you want to?”

“Of course! I’m just... surprised you’re inviting me.”



She stroked my arm. “Come to my party, Monica. You'll have a really nice time. I promise.”

I nodded. “I will.” I still needed to think about it, of course. I still had the feeling they were both putting me on. But they'd both kissed me! It was all too good to be true. Or was it?

“Come by any time after five.”

“I'll be there.”

I stood back and watched as Stephanie got up and collected her things. Then she smiled at me again and kissed me softly on the mouth.

“See you soon.”

I thought Becky would make a crack, but she didn't. She smiled at me and ran her hand down my back, very gently. Almost lovingly. “Nice meeting you,” she said.

I smiled at them. “Nice meeting you both.”

I watched as they left the room. They were holding hands.

Luckily I had an hour before my next class. My panties were sopping wet. I rushed out to my car, made sure no one was watching, and slipped my hand in under my waistband.

## Chapter 3

Saturday morning and early afternoon seemed to drag on forever. I was so excited about seeing Stephanie again I couldn't get my mind off it. I tried to do as many chores as I could around the house in an attempt to keep busy, and while it probably helped a little the time still went painfully slow.

When four o'clock finally came around, I took a long, hot shower and spent a little time getting dressed into what I hoped was an appropriate outfit; my fanciest, frilliest panties and bra, white denim jeans and a pink polo shirt. I didn't want to appear overly dressed, nor did I want to seem shabby. I thought my choices reflected a nice middle ground, and I thought the fancy underwear would be a nice surprise if things went that far.

I certainly hoped things went that far!

If Stephanie and Becky had been putting me on and were setting me up for a cruel joke, I was in for a devastating disappointment, one I might never recover from. I'm very sensitive this way, and didn't think I could handle something so mean. On the other hand, if they were being sincere...

I had to stop thinking about it. My fresh panties were getting moist already.

I thought of calling the number Stephanie had given me, but decided not to. I wasn't sure what I'd even ask. She had told me to show up anytime after five, and so I made myself wait until just after five before leaving the house. I had an old beater, a Ford Tempo, but I decided to walk. It was about a half hour walk and the exercise would help clear my head.

It was the middle of April, just warm enough to no longer need a jacket. I strolled along, doing my best to ignore the butterflies which were frolicking mischievously in my stomach. It seemed the closer I got, the more excited they became. I kept fantasizing about what might be in store for me, my brain buzzing with the endless possibilities.

When I finally reached my destination, I was almost too afraid to ring the buzzer. It was a massive two-story apartment building and Stephanie was on the second floor. Bracing myself, I pressed her buzzer and held it briefly before letting go and forcing myself not to flee back the way I'd come. I'd never been so nervous!

The response was very quick. The speaker came to life with a short series of pops and crackles and then I heard Stephanie's voice: "Hello?"

Excited and heartened, I immediately replied: "Hi. It's Monica, from school."

"Oh, hi Monica! Come on up!" She sounded genuinely pleased that I was there, and a soft buzzing filled the vestibule as I heard the door lock disengage. I pulled it open and stepped through into the hall.

I was in! And it wasn't some fake address she'd given me to crush my spirits. The butterflies went wild as I climbed the stairs, knowing I was really going to be seeing her.

I found the door to apartment 207 and knocked softly. As I stood there feeling dizzy, I took a moment to notice how nice the hallway was. It had soft, thick carpeting a deep shade of green, and the walls looked almost freshly painted. It was so clean and spacious, obviously a nice place to live. It made me wonder if she lived alone or with her parents, or someone else entirely.

Then, suddenly, the deadbolt was being undone and the door was pulled open. Standing there smiling at me was none other than Stephanie herself.

"Hi, Monica! Glad you could make it!" Her beauty and warmth and apparent delight to see me made me almost fall in love with her. It struck me then that I might already be in love with her.

"Hi, Stephanie. I hope I'm not too early."

She stepped aside, motioning me in. "Not at all. Come on in."

As I crossed the threshold into her lovely, well-furnished apartment, the first

thing that struck me were the other two girls. There were two full-sized couches, a loveseat and a recliner, and each of the couches had a girl sitting on it. One of them was Becky; the other I didn't recognize.

"You already know Becky," Stephanie said as she closed the door.

Becky smiled and lifted a half-empty beer bottle into the air. "Hi, Monica."

"Hi, Becky." I was relieved to see that no one else was dressed up. They all wore blouses and jeans, like myself. Becky even had her shoes off, her bare feet up on the coffee table.

"This is Rachael," Stephanie continued, motioning to the other girl, who was sipping from a beer of her own. She was a pretty blonde, not beautiful like Stephanie, but very attractive.

"Hi Rachael," I said. "Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you, too," she responded kindly. I immediately liked her. I wondered if this was the whole party, or if other girls would be arriving, too. The thought of it thrilled me, and made me very glad I'd had the courage to come.

Stephanie grabbed my hand and began pulling me toward the kitchen. "Come with me a minute. Let me get you a refreshment."

A big smile on my face, I allowed her to lead me across the room. Her hand was so soft and warm! And everything was so clean and inviting. I felt like I was in heaven, walking on air.

In the kitchen, Stephanie grabbed a bottle of beer from the refrigerator and used an opener to remove the cap. Then she set it on the counter. I could see it was one of those fancy beers they brew in micro-breweries. I'm not a big fan of beer, but I do like those good, flavorful ones.

"I'm a little busy right now making the food," she explained. There were pots and pans all over the stove and vegetables laid out on the table near a cutting board. "But you can go out there and sit with the other girls for now. I'll join

you in just a little while.”

“Okay.” I stared at her, unable to stop.

She was staring at me, too, and smiling. She giggled. “You look really nice, by the way.”

My heart was racing. “So do you. You look beautiful.”

She ran a hand through her hair. “Thank you. I’d forgotten how sweet you are.”

“Thank you for inviting me over.”

Stephanie took a step closer to me, our breasts almost touching. I wanted her so badly! She was right there, alone with me in the kitchen, looking into my eyes. It was all I could do not to reach out and take her in my arms. Then, abruptly, she moved her head forward and kissed me.

An electric charge ran through my body, making me warm all over. I leaned into her, almost desperately, prolonging the kiss. She kissed me harder, for just a moment, and just as I was about to take a chance and put my arms around her she pulled her head back. As she did, she gave my lips a quick little lick with her tongue.

I stood there, feeling almost drugged. Didn’t she know how badly I wanted her?

She was smiling happily. She ran one hand back and forth across my tummy. “We’re going to have lots of fun tonight, Monica. I promise.”

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

“But I really need to finish up in here,” she continued. She retrieved my beer and took a sip from it. Then, smiling again, she handed it to me. “Have fun with the other girls for a little while. I’ll be quick in here, don’t worry.”

“Okay,” I managed.

She kissed me on the cheek then and patted my bottom. She rubbed it a bit, through the seat of my jeans. “God, I can't wait to get to know you better,” she said.

I felt my clitoris swell up with arousal as she slid away from me and returned to her cutting board. I couldn't move. I stood there and watched her as she began to slice a green pepper.

“Go talk to the other girls, sweetheart,” she said. “Please. I'll be in soon.”

Finally snapping out of it, I nodded. “Okay.” I forced myself to turn around and walk back into the living room.

## Chapter 4

As I rejoined Becky and Rachael, they stopped talking suddenly and looked up at me from their separate couches. I smiled politely at them and raised my bottle of beer, which I still hadn't tasted.

"Sorry if I interrupted," I said. I hadn't meant to intrude on them.

"You didn't," said Rachael. She was sitting with her feet curled under her and looking very pretty. "We were just trying to guess what Stephanie's cooking."

I shrugged. "I'm not sure. It's got green peppers in it, though."

Becky laughed and took a long drink from her bottle. Then she patted the couch beside her. "Come sit next to me. Please?"

I went at once. Never in my life had anyone asked me to please sit next to them. It was so breathtakingly welcome that I plopped myself down right beside her, so close that we were practically touching. I smiled at her, loving her cuteness and the playful look she always had in her eyes.

She grinned, delighted. "Well, hi there, Monica."

"Hi, Becky."

"I'm glad you're here." She took a drink. "I mean, I don't even really know you, but I'm glad you're here anyway. Does that make any sense?"

I nodded. "It does. I'm glad I'm here, too, and I don't really know anyone."

She laughed again, making me feel good. When I first met her I'd gotten the impression that she might be mean, but I no longer thought so. She was just Becky, and I was quite certain I liked her.

“How's your beer?” she asked.

Rather than admit I hadn't even tasted it yet, I quickly took a mouthful. It was cold and very delicious. It tasted like an Irish stout. “I love it,” I said honestly.

“Good. I picked it out. We've got tons of it, so drink up.”

I took another drink, glancing over at Rachael. She was playing with her phone, and I thought I could hear the sound effects from Angry Birds. Just as I looked back to Becky, she put her arm around my shoulders and pulled me closer.

“I've been thinking a lot about you,” she said.

I know she'd been drinking, but the words still had a powerful effect on me. “Really?”

“Really.”

“I've been thinking about you, too.” It was true.

“Sure.” She took another drink. “You've been thinking about Stephanie, you mean.”

“I've been thinking about both of you,” I said honestly.

“Who do you like better?”

It was a loaded question. I took a drink from my bottle as I contemplated it. “I don't really know either one of you. I like you both.”

She giggled. “That's a cop-out.”

“Not really. I mean, I'm telling the truth.” Something occurred to me. “Besides, aren't you and her... girlfriends? Why would you care who I like better?”

“I care. And yes, we're girlfriends, but we're not at all exclusive.” She leaned



into me then and kissed me, very softly. “We do whatever we want. With whomever we want. It's a lot more fun that way.”

I was almost trembling with longing. I wanted so much for her to kiss me again. “I can see how it would be.”

She grinned and then removed her arm from around my shoulders. I felt suddenly alone with it gone. She sat up, taking the bottle out of my hand. As I watched, she set both our bottles on the coffee table just in front of her feet and then leaned back. She put her arm around me again and pulled me even closer this time, causing my breath to catch in my throat.

“So, you *do* like me, right?” she asked.

“Of course.” Right then I almost loved her.

She kissed me on the nose. “Oh, good. I'm really glad.”

“Me too.”

She squeezed me with both arms, pulling me halfway onto her lap. “God, Monica, look at you! You're fucking gorgeous!”

I didn't know what to say. I slipped my arm around the back of her neck and pressed even closer to her.

She kissed me again, all over my face. It tickled and caused me to giggle and almost come in my pants at the same time. My back was to Rachael now, and I couldn't tell if she was watching. I suppose it didn't really matter.

“You want to make out?” Becky asked me.

Oh, god, did I! I nodded again, not sure if she could read the movement.

“You do?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Oh, good!” She held me even tighter then, and suddenly her mouth was on

mine. It was perhaps my first real kiss. The one I'd shared with Stephanie at school had been my first kiss, but that one was so short and confusing. This one was unquestionably authentic. Our lips slid together, and Becky's mouth opened partially. My mouth filled with her hot breath as she began sucking on my lips, one after the other. I moaned out loud, unable to help myself. Then her tongue was poking out and running along the space between my lips and teeth. She was tasting me. We held each other very tightly as she explored my mouth. She was very thorough, and the longer it went on, the hotter I became. Finally I couldn't help myself and I sucked her tongue further into my mouth, licking it and caressing it with my own.

Becky groaned, kissing me so deeply that I felt myself approaching an orgasm. She held me and petted me with both hands as our tongues sparred in our mouths, my heart accelerating with each passing moment.

“God, you're so sweet,” she whispered into my mouth.

“I want you,” I answered. I wanted her very badly. I wanted Stephanie, too, of course, but I still wanted Becky. Hell, I wanted Rachael, too. I was burning up with desire.

“I want you to come for me,” Becky said. Then her tongue slid further into my mouth and at the same time I felt her hand unbuttoning my jeans. They came open partway, and she reached inside, forcing the zipper down as she reached lower, her fingers brushing over my panties and my swollen labia beneath.

I moaned again, hardly able to contain myself. Her hand reached deeper, causing me to gasp, and then there was a loud buzzing sound filling the room.

We both froze, looking up.

Rachael had stopped playing with her phone and was staring at us. I felt a little embarrassed, but not much. I was very comfortable in Becky's arms, and I knew for certain at this point that I hadn't been invited as a nasty joke. These girls really seemed to like me, and I definitely liked them.

Stephanie quickly entered the room, wiping her hands on her pants. She saw

me and Becky tangled together on the couch and smiled at us. “Oh, good!” she said. “You're getting along!”

Becky laughed softly and kissed me again. “We sure are.”

I wasn't sure how to react to Stephanie. I didn't know who I was supposed to be involving myself with, or if I was supposed to be involving myself with anyone. It was a strange and unusual situation. I watched as Stephanie pressed a button on a panel near the door and spoke into it.

“Hello?”

“Stephanie? It's Barbra and Diane.”

Stephanie smiled warmly. “Oh, good! Come on up!” She pressed another button, letting the new guests into the building.

I was still halfway on Becky's lap with her hand in my pants. I wasn't sure if I should climb off her or not before the other two girls made their way up the stairs.

Becky licked my lips and reached her hand in deeper, clutching me through my panties. “Ooh, you're sopping wet,” she said.

I'm sure Rachael and Stephanie heard her, and I felt embarrassed again. “I'm sorry,” I said. I'm not sure why I said it, but I did.

“Don't be sorry, honey. I love it.” Becky pulled her hand out of my pants and began to suck on her fingers. “God, you're delicious. I knew you would be.”

I was speechless, my heart racing. Was this really happening?

“Save some for me,” Stephanie said. Smiling, she quickly stepped over to us and ran one of her hands through Becky's hair and one through mine. Then she leaned over and sucked one of Becky's fingers into her mouth.

“Isn't she tasty?” Becky asked.

Stephanie beamed. “Oh, yes.” She looked at me. “Oh, Monica. Oh, I can't

wait until later, when I'm done in the kitchen.” She leaned down further and kissed me on the mouth.

I was so incredibly aroused by all this amazing attention that I felt overwhelmed. I nodded my head, trying my best to appear casual. “Me either,” I whispered.

“Don't wear her out,” Stephanie told Becky.

“I won't.”

There was a knock on the door then, and Stephanie stepped away to answer it. Becky began kissing me all over my face again as two more girls came inside. They were both very pretty, one of them with long rust-colored hair and one with very short, spiky blonde hair. Stephanie kissed them each in turn and then shut the door.

I thought I ought to slide back off Becky's lap, but she picked just that moment to reach her hand into my pants again. As her fingers made their way over my swollen sex, I quivered in her arms and pressed my face into the hollow of her neck, needing her. I'd never needed to come so badly.

“You already know Rachael and Becky,” Stephanie was saying. I glanced over and saw that they were all staring right at me. “This is a new friend of ours, Monica. Becky's doing her best to make her feel welcome.”

The new girls laughed politely. They looked so pretty! Not to sound slutty, but I wanted them both.

“Monica, this is Barbra and Dianne. I'm sure you'll get a chance to get to know them a little better later on.”

“Hi, Monica,” they both said. “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too.”

All the girls began to greet one another and then Stephanie was leading Barbra and Diane into the kitchen, presumably to get them beers.

Becky leaned back over me, holding me tight. "Sorry for the interruption," she said.

I was going to tell her there was no need to apologize, but her mouth cut off my words as it clamped down over mine, her tongue once again slipping into my mouth for an intimate visit. Her hand, still in my pants, began to maneuver around, bringing me dangerously close to the brink. I was very conscious of Rachael, sitting there alone and most likely watching us. It made me feel guilty for some reason. Normally, in this type of situation, I'd be the one sitting there alone while others had fun around me. Now that it was the other way around, I felt just as bad. I didn't know Rachael, but I felt that I liked her, and I would have loved for her to come over and join us.

Becky dug deeper into my crotch, making me whimper into her mouth. I felt a familiar shiver up my spine, and when she slipped a finger inside me, at the same time sucking my tongue into her mouth, I felt myself tense up in preparation. She held me tighter, sensing my approach, and then I was coming, my orgasm pulsing through me as I squirmed around in her lap, moaning aloud.

"Oh, Monica," Becky soothed. "You're so sexy."

I couldn't respond. The release had been so wonderful, and I was still trembling in her arms.

She kissed me, very softly. "You feel better?"

I nodded. "Yes."

"Good." She smiled and stroked my hair. "Next time you come, I want you to do it in my face."

Her words got me aroused all over again. This was all too good to be true.

Barbra and Diane walked back into the room then, each carrying a bottle of beer. I watched as they stepped over to the loveseat and sat down together. They each took a long drink from their bottles and then set them down on an end table.

They looked over at us. It was obvious what we were up to.

“This is really going to be a fun night,” Barbra said.

Becky pulled me closer and kissed me again, on the forehead. “You can say that again,” she responded.

Barbra and Diane both giggled and then looked at each other. I could see their desire from across the room. They smiled, staring at each other, and then they began to touch.

I glanced over at Rachael, who was still sitting alone and watching Barbra and Diane intently, who were now engrossed in a deep kiss, their hands moving feverishly over each other. It was really exciting to see them go at it like that, and I couldn't blame Rachael for staring. I couldn't look away myself.

Rachael looked over at me then, catching me looking at the other girls. I glanced at her and we held eye contact for a few seconds. Something about her really appealed to me. I wasn't sure what it was at first, but looking back, I think she reminded me of myself.

I smiled at her. It just came naturally. Then I patted the couch gently beside me. “Why don't you come sit over here?” I asked her.

I could feel Becky tense up for some reason. I liked her just fine, but I hoped she didn't think she had some sort of authority over me.

Rachael sat up slightly, looking to Becky as if for approval. Becky just sat staring at her, breathing slowly.

“Come on, Rachael,” I prompted. “I feel terrible with you sitting all alone over there.”

I could tell she wanted to come over, but was concerned about Becky. “Are you sure? I don't want to get in the way.”

“I'm sure,” I told her. “I want to meet you.” I'd never been so bold! I wasn't sure what had gotten into me.

“It's okay,” Becky assured her. “Come on over and join us.”

I hugged Becky for that. I had a feeling all three of us could be friends. Stephanie, too, of course. Then I remembered that all the girls here were already friends, more or less. I was the new girl.

I looked over at Rachael and was happy to see her climbing to her feet. She was so lovely! She smiled at me and walked over, taking a cautious seat beside me on the couch.

## Chapter 5

As soon as Rachael sat down beside me, the sweet, exotic scent of her perfume filled my nostrils. It was such an alluring scent, and so unusual, it caused my mouth to practically water with the desire to taste her. She leaned back on the couch, almost shyly. It seemed as though she wasn't sure what to do with herself.

I liked her more and more every minute. I really felt like talking to her and getting to know her better, but wasn't sure how to proceed with Becky right there. I liked Becky, don't get me wrong; I guess when you come right down to it, I was feeling that Becky just wasn't my type overall, while I felt that Rachael probably was. This despite the fact that I'd just made out with Becky and allowed her to finger me to orgasm.

“So,” I said, trying to break the ice. It was very unlike me. It was as if I'd become another person since realizing these girls were potentially my friends. All my life I'd craved a friend, and here I was with a chance to have plenty. “Have you two known each other long?” It was probably a stupid question, but I really was curious.

“About a year,” Becky answered. She smiled at Rachael and at the same time clasped my hand in hers and squeezed it. “Isn't that right, Rachael?”

Rachael nodded. “Yeah, about a year.”

“She's always been more a friend of Stephanie's,” Becky added.

“I like you too, Becky.”

Becky smiled again, but it looked forced. “And I'm willing to pretend I like you.”

I felt like I was in the middle of something and wasn't sure what to do or say.



“We've just had a couple of misunderstandings,” Rachael supplied.

Becky nodded and squeezed my hand again. “That's one way to put it.”

I didn't want them to not like each other. For some reason it really bothered me. Taking a chance, I slipped my arm around Rachael's shoulder. I was afraid she'd try and pull away, but she didn't. She leaned into me instead, seeming to appreciate the contact and attention. It made me feel wonderful to be kind to her, and I promised myself I'd do whatever I could to end up being friends with her.

I was so high on love and lust I never wanted it to end!

With Becky still holding my hand, I pulled Rachael even closer and kissed her on the top of her head. Her hair was silky soft and held a subtle aroma of strawberry shampoo. I loved it. “Thanks for sitting by me,” I whispered.

She lifted her head and smiled at me, a look of genuine affection in her deep green eyes. “Thanks for asking me to.”

“Oh, god,” Becky groaned.

I almost laughed. I turned to look at her, and out of the corner of my eye caught a glimpse of Barbra and Diane over on the loveseat. I took a moment to watch them. They were in the process of undressing each other and were down to just their underwear. As I watched, they removed each other's bras, kissing hungrily while they worked. We all watched them for a moment and then Becky slipped a hand into my pants again.

“God, they're making me hot,” she said.

The feel of her fingers touching my wet, swollen labia caused me to shiver with delight. Abandoning Rachael momentarily, I released Becky's hand and put my arm around her, pulling her closer. Now I had my arms around both women. I pressed my face toward Becky's and gobbled her hot little pouty lips into my mouth, sucking on them feverishly as her hand dug deeper into my crotch.

“Oh, god,” I whimpered.

“You want to come again?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Good.” She slid her tongue into my mouth, making me gasp. I kissed her, hard and deep, feeling myself building toward another climax. The feel of her mouth and her sweet little fingers, and having my arms around both of these girls at the same time was bringing me to new, dizzying heights. Without stopping to think about what I was doing, I pulled my mouth away from Becky's and twisted myself slightly on the couch, pulling Rachael even closer and pressing my face to hers.

“Kiss me, Rachael. Please.”

In all honesty, I didn't think she would. I thought I was pressing my luck with Rachael, as if she were too good to bother with me. I always felt that way around people, and with her it felt somehow justified. There was just something about her that appealed to me, more so than with any of the other girls in the apartment, except maybe for Stephanie. And Stephanie, I knew, was not in my league.

Rachael kissed me then, very softy. It nearly took my breath away. The feel of her mysterious, sensual lips on mine made me tremble and I quickly pressed further into her, holding her firmly against me and breathing her in. When my tongue poked itself in between her lips she welcomed it, and I could feel her whole body tense up with excitement. Then she was sucking on it ever so gently, her soft, silky mouth like a delicious treasure-trove of passion. Her hands began to roam over my body, caressing me. God, I was making out with Rachael now! It was unbelievable!

While Rachael and I were delving around in each other's mouths with our tongues, Becky continued to fondle me. She found my clit with two of her fingers and really knew what she was doing. With my mouth still locked to Rachael's, I began to buck around on the couch, moaning, the tidal wave of my release roaring down on me.

Then, suddenly, Becky stopped. I felt her hand slide out of my pants and I thought for a moment that she was punishing me for kissing Rachael. But then, seconds later, I felt her spreading the opening of my pants further and then she was tugging them down.

I tried to temporarily break my kiss with Rachael so that I could peek and see exactly what Becky was up to, but Rachael was completely caught up in her desire now and wouldn't let me go. She shoved her tongue deeper into my mouth, clutching me and rubbing her hands all over my breasts. So much for being shy. I loved what she was doing, and she tasted so wonderful, so I ignored Becky for the time being and allowed my kiss with Rachael to progress.

I could still feel what Becky was up to, of course. As I suckled on Rachael's lovely little tongue and enjoyed the feel of her soft, warm hands on my body, I was fully aware of Becky unlacing my sneakers and pulling them off. I heard them clunk softly to the floor, one after the other, and then she was sliding my pants down my legs and over my feet. When she had them off she peeled my socks off, too, and then she was rubbing her hands up and down over my legs and feet.

“God, you're so beautiful, Monica,” she said softly.

I felt guilty that I couldn't answer her, but my mouth was just so busy. I was experiencing sensory-overload, with two pairs of hands roaming over me and Rachael's sweet, sensual tongue darting around all over the inside of my mouth.

My arm had come off Becky while she was removing my pants. I now used it to slip around Rachael so that I was fully embracing her. I held her and kissed her like the lover I wanted her to be while I felt Becky analyzing my fancy panties with her hands.

“Oh, Monica, they're so sexy!”

Again, I was unable to answer. I really did feel bad, because I liked Becky and didn't want to ignore her, but there was just no feasible way to make out with both of them at the same time. I didn't feel too badly, however, because

Becky hardly seemed to notice. I felt her hands vigorously rubbing my legs and then her face was pressed to my panties, her tongue licking at me through the moist fabric.

I moaned into Rachael's mouth, my legs squirming in Becky's lap as she tasted me. I reached one hand back toward Becky and tangled my fingers in her hair. This seemed to encourage her, as I felt her tug my underpants down and then she was really licking me, in the raw. My god did it feel wonderful! I almost came right there in her face.

“Oh, god, Monica!” she exclaimed. “You're the sweetest fucking thing I've ever tasted!”

Her words filled me with lust and longing, and underscored my guilt for inviting Rachael to come over and join us. I forced my mouth away from Rachael's, as much as I really didn't want to, and looked down at Becky who was sliding her tongue along between the folds of my pussy. The sight of her hunched over like that, eating me, sent a surge of heat through my entire body. It was a dream-come-true for me.

“Oh, Becky,” I moaned. “That feels so good!”

She smiled up at me and I could see the moisture around her mouth. Her lips and chin were glistening with it. *My moisture!* Had I really been nervous about coming to this party? This was the best day of my life, by far.

“You're telling me,” she said, and then plunged her face back between my legs.

I gasped, and then Rachael was pulling my face back toward hers. She found my mouth and began kissing me again, her tongue slipping in between my lips and sending me over the edge.

There was nothing I could do at that point. My whole body began to tremble and then my legs kicked out. One of my feet knocked a beer bottle off the coffee table and suddenly I was coming again. I rocked and quivered in Rachael's arms, Becky's tongue shoved deep inside of me. I heard both of them moaning as I came, and wondered if either of them had come, too.

When it was over and my tremors had finished working their way through me, I lay still, both of them still kissing me at opposite ends. I laughed softly and lay back, relaxing. It was all such pure bliss.

The three of us settled into a quiet session of cuddling and petting, with Becky and Rachael ignoring each other as they both concentrated on making me feel good. We all glanced over at Barbra and Diane on the loveseat at that point, and were slightly surprised to see that they had manipulated themselves into a sixty-nine position with their heads buried between each other's legs. They were working away frantically with their fingers and tongues, soft moans of pleasure and passion filling the room.

“God, look at that,” Becky said mournfully. “I want to do that.”

“Me, too,” Rachael said softly.

I noticed then that they looked at each other. Becky and Rachael, that is. They looked at each other for a long moment and something seemed to pass between them. Then they were scooting forward, crushing me in the middle as they leaned in and found each other's mouths. They kissed, right there in front of my face. It got me so hot I couldn't resist reaching down and slipping a hand between my legs.

Just like that, I was ready for more fun.

## Chapter 6

It surprised me quite a bit, seeing Rachael and Becky kissing like that. I'd figured they didn't really like each other, but I didn't have much to base that on. From the way they began groping each other and the hungry kiss they were sharing, it was obvious they at least liked each other physically.

I sat and held them for a few moments, waiting to see where it would lead, sneaking in little kisses and licks of my own on occasion. It was one of those things that I'd fantasized about over the years, and here I was doing it. I lost track of time for a little while, just living in the moment, and then I got a really exciting idea. I kissed them each again and then carefully crawled out from between them, taking a seat on Becky's right.

The two of them kept at it, hardly even noticing that I'd moved. I found a bottle of beer on the coffee table and took a long drink. I'm not sure who's beer it was, but it didn't really matter. I drank half of it and then picked up the bottle my foot had knocked over earlier. While I was at it, I took off my shirt and blotted up the spill as best I could. The beer was very dark, but so was the brown carpeting, and it was hardly noticeable. When I was done I sat back on the couch and watched Barbra and Diane from across the room; they were still busy pleasuring each other with their mouths.

Becky had been correct. They were getting me really hot too, and I'd just come twice. I watched them for a little bit longer and then turned my attention back to Becky and Rachael who were really going at it now, their mouths locked together in a heated kiss. Watching them got me even more aroused, and I quickly stripped off my bra and tossed it aside. Then, following through with my earlier idea, I got down on the floor, on my knees, and began unfastening Becky's pants.

Becky twisted knowingly, holding her legs out straight in order to help me slide them off. I removed them and placed them over near my own, near an

end-table alongside the couch. Becky's legs were still pointing straight out and I noticed for the first time that she was wearing orange toenail polish. It looked so sexy on her cute little feet, I couldn't resist grabbing one of them and kissing it. I kissed it over and over, my lips loving the feel of her soft, cool skin. Then I got daring and licked her toes and the entire bottom of her foot.

Becky squealed in delight and spun on the couch to get a look at me. "Oh, Monica! You're such a little sweetheart!"

I smiled at her and kissed her foot again. "You're pretty sweet yourself."

She laughed and yanked her foot out of my grasp. "That tickles!"

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I like it."

"Hey," Rachael moaned, peeking over at me. "How come *my* pants are still on?"

A surge of desire pulsed through me. "They won't be for long," I promised, grabbing at her fly and going right to work. Rachael also flexed her legs to help me remove her pants, but before I was able to grab her adorable little feet and give them a kiss, Becky was rolling her over and climbing on top of her.

They both laughed, and then it looked as if Becky was trying to put a wrestling move on Rachael. "You know something, Rachael?" Becky asked.

Rachael was gasping, trying to throw Becky off balance. "What's that?"

"I really don't like you."

"News flash," Rachael responded. "I don't like you, either."

"Cunt," Becky said. Then, to my amazement, she spit directly into Rachael's face. The glob of saliva hit Rachael right near her mouth and as I watched, even more amazed, she poked her tongue out and licked it off.

“You taste pretty good for a common whore,” Rachael announced.

Becky attacked her then, with her mouth. They kissed furiously, almost angrily. I grew more and more stimulated watching them, and also more confused. I couldn't figure out what kind of bizarre relationship they had. It was truly mystifying.

They kissed and wrestled on the couch for a few moments longer and then Becky tore her mouth away from Rachael's. “Do me a favor, bitch.”

“Why should I?” asked Rachael.

“Because you're such a cunt.”

“Fuck you.”

“No, fuck *you*.”

“I really don't like you, Becky.”

“Who cares?” Becky kissed her again, eagerly. “Just do me a fucking favor, will you?”

Rachael stared at her, considering. “What?”

“First tell me. Will you do it?”

“Yes.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“Promise?”

“Yes! What is it?”

Becky smiled. “Sit on my face.”



Rachael laughed, raising her head up off the couch and kissing Becky on the mouth. "Okay. But I've got to warn you. I'm pretty wet."

"I would certainly hope so."

I watched in awe as they quickly stripped the rest of their clothes off and Becky swapped places with Rachael, lying flat on the couch. Then Rachael climbed over her, bringing her crotch directly over Becky's face and lowering it to her waiting mouth.

Becky loved it. She grabbed Rachael around both of her thighs, pulling her down heavier onto her face and shoving her tongue deep into Rachael's slit, her lips working manically as she sucked at all the juice there and swallowed it down. Her head moved from side to side as she slid her face back and forth along the slick flesh of Rachael's crotch, coating herself in the moisture. She moaned and sucked, her eyes closing in sheer ecstasy.

"How do you like it?" Rachael asked.

"I love it!" Becky's response was very muffled, but I could still make it out. She continued to lick and suck at Rachael, and then I noticed Rachael was looking at me, watching me watching.

"Would you... kiss me again?" she asked.

I wasted no time. I got up from the floor and slipped one hand into her beautiful hair. Bending over slightly, I found her mouth and engaged her in another long, deep kiss.

Rachael groaned with pleasure and gently wrapped her arms around me, pulling me closer and holding me tight. It was a little awkward with the couch in the way, so I sort of halfway climbed up and over Becky, placing one knee on the far side of her and straddling her as she gobbled away between Rachael's sleek, taut legs. This way I was able to fully enjoy my kiss with Rachael, as well as our embrace. Every last second of it was like a treasure and I found myself hoping that time would stop and the kiss would never end.

The next thing I knew, Becky's fingers were back between my legs, fondling me in her expert fashion. It felt absolutely glorious, and caused me to moan into Rachael's mouth.

“Are you okay?” she asked me. God, she looked so innocent and sweet! It almost hurt my heart to know she wasn't my girlfriend. Well, at least I was able to share this intimacy with her, and who knew? Maybe someday, if I was lucky, she *would* be my girlfriend.

I nodded and kissed her again. “I'm fine. I just... oh!... Becky... found my... oh, god!...”

Rachael giggled and ran one of her soft, smooth hands up and down over my breasts, admiring them. “You're really beautiful, Monica. I'm glad I got to meet you.”

I felt a surge of actual love for her then. I also made a decision: I was not going to let this day end without making a serious effort at forging a relationship with Rachael. Looking into her glimmering, deep-set eyes, I smiled and kissed her softly on the mouth. “I'm glad too, Rachael. We should definitely... keep in touch.”

“I'd like that.”

I hugged her. I was in love with her, and I think she knew it. I felt so high and excited and wonderful; it was almost too much. Then Becky was sliding her fingers into me and it almost caused me to come again.

“Oh! Oh, god!”

Rachael giggled again, the sound of it perfectly musical. “Can I taste you, Monica?”

The idea of it thrilled me. “Of course. Anytime. But... aren't you kind of... Oh!... busy... right now?”

She smiled and was about to respond, but just then Becky began moaning very loud. I glanced down and saw that she was gnawing on Rachael's pussy

as if it were a juicy wedge of cantaloupe. I could only see her chin and lower lip; the rest of her face was buried under that soft, warm flesh. I glanced lower and saw that her hand, the one not frolicking between my legs, was dancing rapidly back and forth between her own. Her legs were spread open wide, and as I watched she began to bounce up and down on the couch, her moaning and muffled whimpering growing in volume and intensity. Then her whole body convulsed and I could tell she was in the throes of an orgasm.

“Oh, yes! Oh, god, yes!” Her hands shot up and grabbed Rachael's legs, pulling her down as hard as possible into her face.

I looked at Rachael. “It seems she really likes you.”

She smiled. “Maybe. She's such a vulgar little bitch, but she does know what's good.”

“Fuck you,” Becky growled from somewhere beneath Rachael's groin. “You fucking cunt.”

Rachael and I both laughed, and then I leaned in and kissed her again. “I wish it was just you and me,” I whispered.

She looked at me in near-astonishment. “Really?”

I nodded.

“Maybe... later...? We can...”

I kissed her again. “Anytime, Rachael.”

She nodded, her eyes bright and happy. Then Becky was climbing out from between her legs.

“Get your cunt out of my face, you bitch!”

Rachael scowled at her. “I thought you liked it.”

Becky freed herself from both of us, got to her knees and then wrapped her arms around us. “I do.” She kissed Rachael and slipped her tongue into her

mouth. Then she licked her face. “God, you're so sweet.”

Rachael laughed. “You're fucking crazy.”

“I know.” She looked at me. “Hey, Monica, can I eat you?”

I looked at Rachael, unsure of what to do. “Uh... I just...”

“It's okay,” Rachael said.

Becky looked back and forth between the two of us. She kissed Rachael, and then me. “Hey!” she said to Rachael. “Let's both eat her!”

Rachael smiled at that, and then I was being pulled down onto the couch.

## Chapter 7

For the next ten minutes I was lost in a world of esoteric bliss. Rachael and Becky alternately fought and took turns over pleasing me, both of them using their mouths and tongues and faces. I came again, in Becky's face, just as she'd made me promise earlier. She seemed to like it as much as I did, and as soon as I was able to recover, Rachael's face was there and she was kissing me. She cuddled up close, wrapping me up in her arms and holding me as we kissed slowly and deeply.

Rachael and I got really involved in our kiss, and probably would have gone on for quite some time with it, but Becky obviously had other ideas. I could feel the couch cushions shifting beneath her weight as she climbed over us, standing upright, and slowly lowered herself so that her crotch was directly above our heads. She began to rub herself against my hair then, until Rachael and I halted our kissing and acknowledged her.

“What's going on?” Rachael inquired.

“I think Becky wants some attention.”

“I *do!*” she whined. “This is supposed to be a party, and I want to come again.”

Rachael reached up with one hand and stroked Becky's beautiful calf. “Squat down a little lower, sunshine.”

“Thanks, but I want Monica to eat me.”

I was lying on top of Rachael with my back to Becky. I turned my head and playfully bit her leg.

“Ow! Be nice!”

“You be nice,” I told her, increasing the pressure with my teeth.

She laughed and slapped my face lightly with her hand. “Okay, okay! I give up! Here, Rachael, help yourself.” She lowered herself further, so that she was sitting on Rachael's face, her trim pubic hair pressed against my nose and mouth.

“That's your ass, Becky!” Rachael complained.

“If you don't want it, I'll find someone who does.”

“No, no, it's fine. I want it.”

“Good. Dig in.”

I saw Rachael's hands come up and around Becky's waist, gripping her firmly as she began to do whatever it was she was doing under there. It made me want to come just thinking about it. I pressed my face further into Becky's pubic hair and inhaled deeply, loving the clean, musky, intoxicating scent of her. I rubbed my face back and forth along the soft bristles and then used my tongue to taste them. It was as close as my tongue had ever been to another woman's vagina, and I was getting more and more excited. Not able to hold myself back any longer, I moved my face a bit lower and sought out the top of Becky's labia with my tongue.

She seemed to sense what I was doing and arched her back, granting me easier access to her. “There you go, Monica honey.”

I grinned. “Thank you.” Then I slid my tongue lower, thrilling at my first taste of real pussy. It was wonderful! My whole being glowed with happiness and arousal as I felt my tongue slide its way between Becky's soft, pink folds. My mouth filled up quickly with the special, private taste of her and I swallowed eagerly, hungry for more.

“Oh, that feels so fucking *nice!*” Becky crowed. “Both of you! Oh, god, yes!”

I kept at it, loving it, and loving that Becky was loving it. From beneath her, I could also tell that Rachael was loving it. What a fantastic party! I wondered

briefly if they had these parties often. Why wouldn't they? I only hoped that I'd be invited back again.

We continued on, causing Becky to gyrate her hips and grind herself down into Rachael's face, moaning and whimpering happily. I found her swollen little nub with my tongue and sucked it in between my lips, making her practically scream with delight. She grabbed my head with both hands and pressed pressed my face in deeper, my chin rubbing against Rachael's as we both gobbled and sucked at the flavorful goodness between Becky's legs. Then Becky was coming, her whole body shivering with little convulsions as her climax ripped through her.

“Oh, fuck! Oh, yes, yes, yes!”

I couldn't stop licking her. I'd had my first taste of pussy and I didn't want it to end so quickly. I kept sucking at her juicy little pie, even as she tried to pull my face away.

“Ease up, Monica! Jeez, that's enough!”

It almost seemed like a punishment to have to stop. I sat up, squatting on Rachael's legs as Becky climbed off her face and got to her feet.

“Oh, god, that was terrific!” She grabbed the half-empty bottle of beer and swigged some down. “Anybody else want a fresh beer?”

Rachael sat up slightly and we all glanced around the room, considering the question. On the loveseat, Barbra and Diane still had their heads between each other's legs, but were now flipped over, with Barbra on top.

“Oh, they look so *tasty*!” Becky observed, rubbing herself with one hand.

I had to agree, she was right. They were both very attractive young women, and to see them like that, so eagerly involved with each other... well, it made me hot all over again, and I'd never really cooled down in the first place. I turned my head and looked at Rachael, who was looking right back at me. I still hadn't tasted her. I smiled, almost nervously.

“May I?”

She returned my smile and caressed my legs with both hands. “Please!”

I forgot about the beer. I scooted back a little on the couch, feeling like a kid on Christmas morning. I lowered my face and kissed her tummy, and as I did I could feel her legs opening up wider. She was presenting herself to me! My heart racing wildly, I kissed my way down to her mound and rubbed my face in her soft, silky pubic hair. I knew without question that I'd never have another day in my life as good as this one. I could only hope that I'd come close somehow. I backed up a little more, my feet hanging over the armrest of the couch, and pressed my face between her soft, smooth thighs.

“Oh, Monica. Oh, that's so nice.”

I felt her fingers tangle in my hair as I took my first taste of her.

Oh, Rachael! What a little sweetie! I thought for some reason that she'd taste just the same as Becky, but boy was I wrong. The flavor was similar, overall, but Rachael had her own unique flavor that caused my whole head to spin with pure joy. Her juices flooded my tongue and caused my taste buds to dance and sing in my mouth. She was so delicious! I moaned with happiness and lost myself between her legs, everything else in the world forgotten.

I honestly have no idea how long I spent sliding my tongue between her sweet little lips and partaking of all the wonderful juices that secreted from her. I was in another world, and judging from all the happy little moans coming from her, Rachael was, too. After awhile she began to buck around, pressing herself into my face and wiggling her ass around on the couch. I pressed deeper into her and found her clitoris, which I sucked into my mouth. It made her gasp, and then her hands were pulling at my hair and she was twisting erotically from side to side and emitting soft, passionate cries of release. My little Rachael was coming in my face! It was quite possibly the best moment of my life so far. I stayed with her the whole time, doing everything I could to prolong it for her and make it the best I could.

When she was finally still, I removed my mouth from her, having learned a lesson from Becky. I didn't want to overdo it and ruin the experience for her.



I smiled up at her from between her legs and she stroked my hair, smiling back.

“Was it okay?” I asked.

“It was perfect! Thank you so much!”

“Thank *you*!” I slid up higher, climbing on top of her. When our faces were close enough, I kissed her. She wrapped her arms around me and we held each other, our hearts beating wildly in our chests.

“I could really get used to you,” she whispered.

“Nothing would make me happier.” I meant it, too. Every word.

We kissed again, and then a shrill cry from across the room caused us to both glance over at the same time. Barbra and Diane were still going at it, but now Becky was over there, too. She was squatting down behind Diane, who's pussy was perched over Barbra's face. Becky was pressing her face into the cleft of Diane's ass, and from my angle it looked as though she were sliding her tongue into it. Diane was gasping and quivering all over, and within seconds it was blatantly obvious she was coming.

We watched, fascinated for a moment, and then Stephanie walked into the room carrying a bottle of beer in one hand. Stephanie! Had I actually forgotten about her? It didn't seem possible.

She looked around at all her guests, smiling. Then she took a drink from her bottle.

“Food's ready, if anyone wants to eat,” she said.

## Chapter 8

For the next half hour or so, we all sat around eating penne with sauteed vegetables and a homemade marinara sauce, and fresh garden salad with Italian dressing. Stephanie was a wonderful cook and everything tasted delicious. It couldn't have been prepared better by anyone, in any restaurant. We chased it down with more ice cold bottles of stout, and by the time I was done eating I was stuffed and almost ready for a nap.

“Would you like some more?” Stephanie asked me. I was sitting between her and Rachael on the same couch I'd just made love to Rachael and Becky on.

I set my plate carefully on the coffee table and picked up my bottle of beer, finishing it off. “Thank you, but I couldn't eat another bite. Even if you'd made dessert, I wouldn't be able to eat any more.”

She smiled and set her own plate down on top of mine. “Oh, that's too bad.”

I looked at her. It was easy to forget how stunningly beautiful she was. She made the other girls in the room look almost homely by comparison. “You made dessert?”

“No.” She grinned mischievously. “But dessert is certainly available.”

“It is?”

She nodded. “For you it is.”

My heart began to race. I glanced around at the others, who were all still eating. Becky was sitting with Barbra and Diane over on the other couch and Rachael was still picking at a second helping of salad beside me. “What's the dessert?”

“I thought you were too full.”

“I... I *am* full. But...”

“But?”

“But... it depends on what it is.”

“Oh, is that right?”

I nodded, unable to look away from her again. “Yes.”

She reached out and took my hand. Hers was so warm and soft, and the contact caused me to almost melt with longing. She squeezed my hand very gently and then placed it directly on her crotch. She was the only one in the room still wearing clothes, but even so, the gesture made me almost dizzy with lust. “What would you like dessert to be?”

Feeling guilty after my intimate time with Rachael, I nonetheless was unable to resist Stephanie. Think what you want about me, but this was a party, after all, and Stephanie was the one who'd invited me. “You,” I whispered.

This caused her to smile, and I felt her happiness in my heart. I was happy, too, especially when she leaned into me and rewarded my answer with a soft, sweet kiss. “Would you really like to have me?”

“More than anything in the world,” I stammered.

Stephanie beamed. “You're so sweet.” She kissed me again and then slipped an arm around me. “I'm really glad you're in the same class as me. Otherwise I never even would have met you.”

“I don't even want to think about that.”

She giggled. “Me either.” She kissed me again, on the chin, and then kissed her way down my neck to my collarbone. With one hand, she gently lifted my breast and kissed it. The feel of her lips sent shivers of heat through me and I could feel wetness forming between my legs. Then her tongue was dancing over my nipple and I almost forgot to breathe. “Do you like that?”

I nodded, forgetting she couldn't see me. Then I remembered. “Yes,” I

moaned. I lifted one hand and tangled my fingers in her hair, wanting her more and more every second.

Stephanie raised her head again and kissed me on the mouth. “Have you seen my bedroom?”

I vaguely recalled earlier thinking that things couldn't possibly get any better. Were things getting better already? It seemed as though they were. “No.”

Smiling, she kissed my cheek and then my nose. “Oh, what a pity. Would you *like* to see it?”

I hardly trusted myself to speak. “Yes.”

“Not everybody gets to see it, Monica. It's a very special room.”

“I would love to see it.”

“I'd love for you to see it, too.”

She took my hand then and slowly got to her feet, pulling me along with her. I still felt a little embarrassed being naked, but not much. I had caught a buzz from that second beer and almost everyone was naked. Everyone but Stephanie.

“I'm going to show Monica my bedroom,” she said to the other girls. “We'll be back in a little while.”

There were several ooh's and aah's and a groan from Becky. I was almost afraid to look at Rachael. I felt like I was being unfaithful to her somehow. The idea of leaving her there, sort of alone, almost broke my heart. But when I turned to say something to her she smiled at me and gave me a little wave.

“Have fun, Monica,” she said. “You don't want to miss out on an opportunity like this.”

Stephanie winked at her. “She knows what she's talking about, Monica. She's visited my room on several occasions.”

Before I could respond, Stephanie was pulling me toward the hallway.

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When we were inside her bedroom, Stephanie closed the door behind her and spun me around, slipping her arms around me and pulling me into an embrace. "I've been thinking about this since yesterday, when I first kissed you," she said.

She pinned me up against the door and kissed me very passionately. It blew away the little taste of her she'd given me at school the day before. She dug around inside my mouth with her tongue like she'd lost something crucial in there and was desperate to find it. My knees grew weak and I almost slumped to the floor. This was the single most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, and she was ravishing me!

After a moment, Stephanie pulled her mouth away. She was breathing very fast, and her face was flushed. "I hope Becky and Rachael didn't wear you out."

My voice was dry and husky. "No."

"Good." She licked my lips. I loved it when she did that! "When I'm done with you, I promise, you'll be worn out."

I couldn't respond to that. I couldn't even think clearly. I could only wait to see what would happen next.

Stephanie took my hand again and pulled me toward her bed, which was an immaculate queen-sized affair with a brass frame and covered with a fuzzy pink comforter. The whole room was lovely, with so much fancy pine furniture and a thick, shaggy white carpet that felt luxurious beneath my feet. She got me to the big bed and then stood me to one side of it while she kissed me again, very briefly. Then she sat down on that fuzzy comforter and leaned back on her elbows, holding her feet up, which were clad in clean white socks.

“Would you do me a little favor, Monica?”

“I'd do anything for you.”

She grinned. “Keep it up and you're going to get invited back again for sure.”

I got down on my knees before her, without even stopping to think about it. “I mean it, Stephanie. I'd do anything for you. Anything in the world.” There was no longer any doubt about it: I was in love with her.

She laughed politely and wiggled her feet, which were now touching my breasts. “I was just going to ask you to undress me.”

I took one of her feet in my hands and lifted it to my mouth, kissing it through her thin, clean sock. “I would love to undress you.”

She was smiling very happily. It was all too good to be true, I knew. I promised myself I'd take advantage of this miraculous dream while I had the chance, before I woke up alone in my shitty little bed and realized none of it ever really happened.

But she looked so real! And she felt real, too. And I could still taste Rachael's fragrant juices on my tongue, even after eating all that wonderful food. Perhaps it *was* really happening.

“Are you okay?” she asked me.

“Yes. Thanks to you, I'm very okay.”

“Oh, good. I thought maybe you were having second thoughts.”

“No! I'm sorry.” I gently peeled her sock off, unveiling her lovely, sensuous foot. It was almost captivating. “I'm just so happy to be here.”

“Oh, Monica. Oh, honey.” She rubbed her toes against my breast, causing me to stiffen up and grow even wetter. “You just might be the sweetest girl I've ever met.”

“Maybe we could get married,” I said, not joking at all.

She giggled. “Maybe.”

I took her naked foot in both hands and caressed it. I held it and rubbed it and stroked it, and when I lifted it higher to kiss it I noticed she was wearing pink toenail polish. I moaned, uncontrollably, and pressed her foot to my face, cuddling it.

“Oh, that feels so good! I haven't had my feet pampered in so long!”

I began kissing it then, and continued to do so until Stephanie threw herself back on the bed, sighing gratefully. Then I removed her other sock and spent several minutes giving her the best foot massage I was capable of. She moaned happily, her head rolling from side to side as she let herself relax and enjoy it. I would have kept going for a lot longer, and I would have done a lot more with her pretty little feet than just rub them, but then she propped herself back up on her elbows and glanced down at me.

“Forget about the rest of me?” she asked.

The question frightened me a little. Did she really think that, or was she being sarcastic? I had no idea. “I'm sorry,” I said. “I just... I was just trying to make you feel good.”

She sat all the way up and leaned forward, stroking my jaw with her palm. “Oh, you're making me feel very good, Monica. I'm just anxious for you to undress me so that you can climb up here and slide into bed with me.”

If that didn't put a flame under me, nothing would. I released her feet, a little regretfully, and reached up to the snap on her jeans. It only took me ten seconds to loosen them up and slide them off her gorgeous, well defined legs. I wanted so badly to stroke and caress those legs, and to kiss them, but I got the feeling that Stephanie was a little impatient. Perhaps another time. I stood up and gently eased her shirt up and over her head, and then removed her bra. The sight of her full, perky breasts made my mouth water and I groaned aloud, staring at them with an intense longing.

“See something you like?” Stephanie joked.

“Everything I see, I like.”

She patted the bed beside her. “Come here, honey. I want you in my bed.”

Feeling just as nervous as I had when I'd first arrived at her building and rang the door buzzer, I climbed up onto Stephanie's massive bed and sat directly beside her. The fuzzy pink comforter felt so nice against my skin, and I hoped that I wasn't making a wet spot on it. Then again, I was sure I was. It was unavoidable. Stephanie seemed to sense my nervousness and put an arm gently around my shoulders, drawing me closer to her.

“Did you really like dinner?” she asked. “Or were you just being nice?”

“I loved it!” I assured her. “It was delicious!”

She smiled, her whole face lighting up. “Oh, good! I'm glad.” She pulled me a little closer, so that our thighs and shoulders were touching. “Is something else bothering you?”

“No.” It surprised me that she could read me so well. I hardly even knew her. “I'm just really, really nervous.”

“You don't need to be. Don't you want to be here?”

“Of course!”

“Good. And I certainly want you here. There's no reason to be nervous, Monica.”

I nodded, trying to relax. She was right, I'm sure, but that didn't change the fact that I was still nervous. “It will pass.”

“Maybe I can help it along,” she said. Then she was craning her neck, and pulling me down with her at the same time. Before I knew it we were lying lengthwise in her bed and she had both her arms around me, enveloping me. It felt wonderful, and before I even had a chance to appreciate just how good it was, her mouth found mine and we were kissing hungrily, like long lost lovers.



I don't know how long our kiss went on. I only know that it progressed for a very, very long time. I completely lost myself in Stephanie, in her presence and in her intoxicating scent and in her big, soft, wonderful bed. We kissed and kissed and kissed until our jaws and tongues were sore, and the longer it went on the hungrier for her I became. It defied all logic, but she was the most desirable woman I'd ever met, or even seen, and so it made a lot of sense, too.

After awhile, however long it might have been, Stephanie finally pulled her mouth away from mine. It had been such a long kiss that it felt suddenly strange not having my mouth on hers. She looked at me, a warm smile on her face. With one hand she brushed a stray lock of hair out of my eyes, her other hand rubbing up and down over my bare stomach.

“You're a very good kisser, Monica.”

It made me feel proud to hear her say such a thing. “Thank you. You are, too.”

She giggled. We had been under the sheets during part of the kiss, but the sheets had gotten tangled and were now mostly bunched up at our feet. Stephanie reached down and cupped my sex in the palm of her hand, causing me to gasp. “You want your dessert now?”

Oh, did I! I couldn't hold back my smile. “Yes, please.”

I watched as she rolled over onto her back and spread her legs wide open. “I'm going to close my eyes for a few minutes, Monica. You go ahead and help yourself to anything you want.”

My heart was racing furiously. “Anything?”

“Anything at all, honey.”

I actually considered making a silly joke or two, as was my nature, but it would have been inappropriate. Besides, I couldn't think of anything silly with Stephanie spread out like that, her feet almost as far apart from each other as she could get them. Instead, I rolled over and got to my knees

between her perfect legs. She was a banquet of beauty! And at least for the next little while she was all mine!

“I'm going to start now,” I warned her.

“Ooh, good! I wish you would!”

I didn't need the extra encouragement, but I still appreciated it. I hunkered down on the bed and slid one hand down each of her smooth, silky thighs. My face was right there, only inches from her vagina! There was an adorable patch of trim blonde pubic hair above it and I wasted no time in pressing my cheek against it and caressing myself. It was almost velvety, and I detected a slight hint of her delicious, most private scent.

“Oh, you're such a tease!” she whined. I felt her fingers tangle in my hair as I rubbed my face briskly in her thatch of pubic hair.

“I don't mean to be,” I assured her.

She laughed softly. “Sorry I'm so impatient. I've just been thinking about you non-stop. I haven't let anyone else touch me, myself included, since I kissed you at school yesterday.”

This news almost stunned me. Could Stephanie really think that highly of me? I hadn't even been sure she'd remember me when I rang her buzzer. I was speechless.

“Monica? You okay?”

“I'm okay. I'm just... overwhelmed.”

“It's okay, honey. I'm just glad you're finally here with me.”

It was too much to even think about. I kissed her soft, fuzzy mound. “Thank you so much, Stephanie.”

“Thank *you*!”

I couldn't hold back any longer. I plunged my face into her beautiful,

glistening pussy. The feel of it, the wetness, the flavor that filled my mouth... I almost came instantly. This was Stephanie! This was really and truly her! I was in her bed, and her glorious, sweet vagina lips were in my mouth!

Stephanie moaned and whimpered in delight as I devoured her. My mind filled with images of her while I swallowed her juices and used my tongue to search for more: Stephanie in class, making wise cracks to Becky while the instructor was trying to lecture; her sweet, musical laugh; the way she sat in her little school chair and smiled, the sun reflecting on her silky blonde hair. She was my dream girl, and here I was, living my dream.

I felt myself shiver then, a flood of warmth up my spine and between my legs. I dug deeper with my face, gobbling her up, and suddenly I was coming, my whole body twitching and quaking as my orgasm crashed down on me like a tsunami.

Stephanie was holding my head in both hands. "Oh, Monica! Did you...?"

I nodded, my nose sliding up and down between her soft, slippery lips. "Mmm hmmm."

She giggled. "Oh, my! You sexy little sweetheart!"

For some reason that triggered my arousal again and I got right back to work. I licked her with gusto, giving her everything I had. She groaned loudly and tossed her head from side to side, squirming around beneath my face.

"Oh, honey! Oh, yes, that's it!"

I sucked her perfect little nub between my lips, loving it. Stephanie loved it, too.

"Oh, Monica! Oh, god, honey! Yes, yes, yes!" She practically screamed then, her hands turning to fists as she pulled my hair. It hurt, but I loved it and loved that it was her doing it. I felt her orgasm in my face, in my mouth, in my very flesh. I tried to consume her as she twisted and thrust herself into me, and I think I almost succeeded.

When she'd finally settled down and her quivering subsided, I climbed up and lay beside her. She took my hand and kissed me, the smile on her face enormous.

“You're even better than I'd hoped you'd be,” she said.

It warmed my heart. “So are you, Stephanie.”

She pulled me into a hug then, giggling. “Oh, god, Monica! I don't think I'm going to be able to let you leave!”

“I should hope not.”

“Would you like to live in my bed with me?”

“Yes!”

We both laughed and rolled around, hugging and kissing. I'd never been so happy, and so excited. I wanted to do so much more with her than just have sex. I wanted to talk to her. Really talk to her. I felt like I was falling in love with her. It was not the time or place for that, though. Once we began kissing again it escalated and soon we were making love all over again. This time we pleasured each other simultaneously and it was even better than the first time. When we'd both climaxed a second time and regained our senses, we lay together and held each other, sharing soft, sweet little kisses and looking into each other's eyes.

“I could really get used to having you around, Monica,” she confided.

“I hope so. I don't even want to think about not seeing you again.”

“Oh, I don't think you'll have to worry about that, honey.”

We kissed some more, and Stephanie slowly traced her tongue along my lips. If she kept at it, she was going to get me riled up yet again.

“Thank you for inviting me into your bed,” I told her.

“You're more than welcome.”

“I hope the other girls don't hate me for it.”

“Oh, don't worry about them.”

“Not even Becky?”

She kissed me. “Especially not Becky. She's in here all the time. It's not even special to her anymore.”

For some reason that made me feel bad. “I'm sorry.”

“Don't be. You didn't do anything wrong.”

“I know. I just...”

“What, honey?”

I cuddled closer to her, holding her. “I don't know. I'm just happy to be here with you.”

“That makes two of us.”

We lay quietly for a little while. Then there were noises coming from the other room, some of them loud.

“Sounds like somebody is having fun in there,” Stephanie said.

“I wonder who.”

“It sounds like Diane, but I'm not absolutely certain.” She kissed me on the forehead. “You and Rachael seemed to be hitting it off quite nicely.”

I looked at her, alarmed. “I'm sorry. Is that bad?”

“Of course not! I invited you here to have fun, Monica. Besides, I kind of figured you and her would get along. I think... there's something about you that reminds me of her.”

“There is?” It wasn't really a surprise.

“Just a little. You're both so... sweet and gentle.”

I nodded, not sure what to make of it. “She's been in here, too?”

“Yes. I'm not exactly the virgin Mary, you know.”

That made me laugh a little. I wondered briefly if Stephanie was a slut, and then realized it didn't matter. I loved her either way. I kind of loved Rachael, too. It was getting a little complicated.

“Do you think...”

She looked at me, waiting. “What, honey?”

“I was just wondering...”

“Yes?”

I couldn't figure out exactly what I wanted to ask. I think I wanted some sort of confirmation of who I was and what I meant to her, but didn't know how to phrase it. Just when I was about to force it out anyway, the door came open and Rachael's face was there, peeking in at us.

“Stephanie?”

Stephanie sat up, alarmed. “What's wrong?”

“Nothing.” Rachael looked sad. It hurt me to see her like that. I felt immediately guilty for lying in bed with Stephanie while she stood out in the hall looking so down. “I just wanted to let you know I'm leaving. But thanks for inviting me.”

“Wait,” I said. She looked at me then, her eyes big and wet. I realized then without question that I loved her even more than I loved Stephanie. Rachael was supposed to be my girl. I felt it in my heart. “You can't leave yet.”

“Why?”

“Because. I thought... I thought we...”

“Rachael,” Stephanie said. “Come in, please, and close the door.”

Rachael stepped in, seeming very unsure of herself. It made me feel terrible to see her look so glum. “Yes?”

“Why are you leaving?”

She shrugged. She'd put her shirt back on, but that was all. “I just... I can't take any more of Becky. I just need to go.”

“Please don't,” I pleaded. I was sitting up now, too, and I held out my hand to her. I had no right to invite her into Stephanie's bed, but I seemed to be doing it anyway. I wanted so badly to have her in my arms again.

She looked at me, and then at Stephanie. She looked so sad! “I'm not sure what to do. I think I ought to just... go.”

“Come here, sweetheart,” Stephanie said, patting the bed beside her.

I was still holding out my hand. She considered things for a moment and then smiled shyly and crossed over to the bed. Stephanie and I both reached out to her and she slowly climbed up and joined us in the center of the mammoth bed. I wrapped her up in my arms, making her smile, and then Stephanie was holding us both and kissing our faces. It was so much better with both of them there. All my worries and concerns seemed to just disappear. It was perfect! Both of the girls I loved, with me at the same time! We all held each other and shared little kisses.

“Stay with us in here, Rachael,” Stephanie said. “What do you say?”

She looked a lot happier now, despite the tears running down her face. “Well...”

I kissed away her stray tears, holding her tight. “Please, Rachael. Please stay.”

She laughed softly then, and I felt it in my heart. “Okay. If you really want me to.”

We did. We wanted her to very much. The three of us lay down, holding each other and doing our best to comfort Rachael.

“You know,” Stephanie said. “I’ve had a lot of women in my bed. But I’ve never had two women in here at the same time.”

“Is that right,” Rachael said.

“Yes.”

“Well, you do now.”

We all giggled. Then I was kissing Rachael again.



## Chapter 9

For the next hour, I have to admit, the details are kind of a blur. I was literally lost between these two highly desirable, beautiful women in that monster-sized bed. The feel of their silky skin against mine, the taste of their sweet, juicy little treasures, the hugs, the kisses, the way we all kept rolling around and changing positions... I wished we could have made a movie of it all, but of course we didn't. I do remember at one point, while kissing Rachael very deeply, Stephanie somehow managed to discover my bottom with her mouth. She had her entire tongue stuffed up there, and the feel of it, the reality of it, the very nature of it got me so hot that I came harder than I ever had before. It almost seemed to hollow me out, but, amazingly, ten minutes after that I was doing the same thing to her and I was ready to come yet again. I can't even tell you how many times I came while in her bed that day. The orgasms just kept coming, and I stopped even trying to keep track of them.

Eventually, after who knows how long, the three of us fell asleep in each other's arms, completely and utterly worn out. We slept like logs, happy and content, right up until Becky came barging in sometime later that night. Barbra and Diane had left, she told us, and they were reportedly unhappy about Stephanie's little disappearing act. They'd come to the party fully expecting to get slutty with their host, and their host spent all night in her room with Rachael and I. Well, it was fine with me. I had absolutely nothing against Barbra and Diane, and would probably have ended up being good friends with them, but I had more than my share for one day.

When Becky climbed into bed with us, Rachael got up and said she had to leave. I didn't really want to leave Stephanie, but I didn't want Rachael to have to leave alone, either, and I didn't feel like having sex with Becky again, at least not after all the action I'd just experienced. So I kissed Stephanie goodbye, as well as Becky, and promised to be in touch. At the very, absolute latest, Stephanie said, we'd get together the following Saturday when we were all invited back for another party.

It sounded like a great idea, and as Rachael and I gathered up our clothes and helped each other get dressed, I was overcome by a profound happiness for the very first time in my life. I not only wasn't a virgin anymore, but I'd had sex with three different women in one day! Two of them at the same time! And I'd be doing it again real soon! I promised myself that next Saturday I'd have sex with Barbra and Diane, too, if they showed up and were willing to let me. Maybe we could all get together in Stephanie's big bed... all six of us... the thought of it almost caused me to fall over while I was crouched down, tying my sneakers.

"You okay?" Rachael asked, reaching out to steady me.

I smiled up at her. "Yes. Thank you."

When we were done dressing we found our purses and Rachael checked to make sure she had her phone. There was a little bit of a mess in the room, not much, but I felt a little guilty about leaving without helping with the clean-up.

"Where are you parked?" Rachael asked, stepping toward the door.

"Oh... I walked. I don't live very far away."

"Would you like a ride home? My car is right out front."

It was a generous offer, and I was grateful for it. It was pitch dark out now, and walking home alone on a Saturday night was probably not a good idea. "I'd love a ride. You sure you don't mind?"

"I don't mind at all."

I stepped over to her and put my hand on her shoulder. I was feeling nervous again for some reason. I was used to seeing her naked at this point, and seeing her all dressed up almost made her look like a different woman. "Thank you, Rachael."

She smiled and leaned into me. "You're very welcome." We kissed then, very briefly but very warmly.

"I wish you were my girlfriend," I blurted.

She studied me, possibly trying to determine if I had been joking. I hadn't been. "Really?"

I nodded. "Sorry. I didn't mean to put you on the spot."

"You didn't. Maybe..." She opened the door and stepped out into the hall. When I joined her she closed it behind me and kissed me again. "Maybe I can be."

"I would love that."

She smiled, and took my hand. Then we walked slowly down the hall toward the stairwell, my heart hammering again at the reality of it all.

## Chapter 10

Rachael took my home after that, and kissed me goodnight before I got out of the car. It was one hell of a goodnight kiss, believe me! It went on so long and became so deep that I thought I was going to come again. Then I climbed out, my legs like rubber, and watched as she drove off into the night. We'd made plans for her to come back the next day. We didn't know what, exactly, we were going to do yet, but something told me we'd both be experiencing plenty of orgasms.

Oh, god, I'm so happy!

It's Sunday morning now as I write all this down, and it's getting closer to noon. Rachael said she'd be here by then, and I think I just heard a call pull up.

Yes! That was a car door slamming right out front!

My parents always go to church on Sunday and then stop off to visit my mother's parents for much of the early afternoon. I sometimes go with them, but not this week. This week I've got the house to myself, and a sexy little visitor on her way up the walkway right now! I can hear her footsteps approaching the front door!

I have to stop writing now. But hopefully Rachael will give me plenty more to write about during the next few hours.

She's knocking! Gotta go!

- end -

# **Abbie**

**by Audrey Hart**

# Chapter 1

Turning the corner onto Chestnut Street, Rick noticed that his wife's Ford was parked in the driveway. Her hours as a law clerk had been reduced recently and he was increasingly unable to predict her schedule. He pulled up in front of the house, killing the engine and settling back for a moment, finishing his paper cup of take-out coffee. It was already getting cold, but it still tasted pretty good. Better than the coffee Lonna made, that was for sure.

He took another gulp and glanced at the front windows of the house. He didn't see anyone. He knew she'd be in there, sprawled on the couch and watching television, probably with a drink in her hand, wasting time as usual. They'd only been married for three months, and already he was growing irritated with her laziness.

The clock on the dashboard read 4:38. Rick tried to recall what time his daughter, Abigail, got home from school on Wednesdays and couldn't. She had just begun taking classes at the community college a few months back, in January, and her schedule was as much a mystery to him as was Lonna's.

It shouldn't matter, he knew, and yet it did. His new wife and his daughter didn't get along very well and sometimes even fought. He'd come home on more than one occasion to find them screaming at each other, tears in their eyes. Abbie still missed her real mother, and wasn't about to settle for a replacement without at least some display of rebellion; and she was rebellious by nature. It wasn't always a problem, but Rick never knew when one of their arguments was going to erupt. It was more peaceful when one of them wasn't at home, especially during dinner.

Rick finished his coffee and climbed out of the car, slamming the door. He was a very ordinary looking man, 41 years old with short brown hair and glasses. He was slightly overweight, but in relatively good shape for his age. As he made his way up the front walk he unconsciously cocked his head, listening for sounds of an argument from within his house. He didn't hear

anything. He stepped up to the front door and let himself in.

Lonna, as predicted, was lying lengthwise on the couch, her head propped up on a couple of pillows as she watched a movie on TV. There was a plastic tumbler on the coffee table in front of her, and Rick had no doubt that whatever it held included some type of booze.

She looked over at him. “Oh, god. Is it that time already?”

“Nice to see you too.”

“I’m sorry.” She sat up, swinging her legs off the couch. She used a remote control to pause the movie. “I got home later than usual, and lost track of time. I didn’t even start dinner yet.”

Rick sighed. “Want me to call for a pizza?”

Lonna picked up her glass and took three long swallows. She looked very good. Her short blonde hair was always well styled, making her face look even younger than it probably should. At 40, she could still pass for 34. She was tall and had a long, slim figure, with generous breasts and perfectly shaped legs. Her green eyes, although beautiful, were slightly clouded over, the result of her newly-acquired habit of steady drinking. “Do you *want* pizza?”

Rick crossed the room, glancing around for signs of Abigail. “Not really. But it’s easy. Is Abbie home?”

Lonna took another sip from her tumbler and returned it to the table. “No. Not yet. Probably any minute.” She stood up, stretching. “If you’d like, I could boil some spaghetti.”

“Do you *want* to boil some spaghetti?”

She looked at him, her fingers tucked into her pockets. It was warm in the house and she had stripped down to nothing but a pair of shorts and a baggy t-shirt. “I’d be glad to make dinner if you’d like. Otherwise we can order the pizza. It’s up to you.”

Rick would have liked for her to cook dinner, but he would have liked it even better if it had already been done. And Lonna's spaghetti was nothing more than boiled noodles with half a jar of Ragu dumped over the top. It wasn't the least bit tempting. "I'll order a pizza. You relax. What do you want on it?"

Picking up her glass again, Lonna stepped over to him and gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "You know me. I'm partial to green peppers."

Rick put an arm around her and tried to pull her in for a real kiss, but she playfully twisted away, feigning a smile. "Can I get you something to drink?" She shook her glass, rattling the ice. "I need a refill."

"You always need a refill." Rick was sorry as soon as he said it.

Lonna froze, glaring at him. She didn't look happy. "That's not fair, and you know it."

"I'm sorry." He took a step toward her, but she countered it with a step back.

"I've had to put up with a lot since moving in here."

"I know, I know, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything."

"No, you never do." She lifted the tumbler to her mouth and tried to take another drink, but there was nothing left but ice. "And neither does Abbie. It's your house, and her house, and you both just love to shoot your mouths off at me and then tell me you didn't mean it." She knew she was venting, but couldn't help it.

Rick was tired of it. "Not this again. All I said was --"

"I know what you said. You said I always need a refill. And sometimes I do. It's hard for me, trying to fit in here, where I know I don't belong."

"You *do* belong..."

"I don't belong. You can say I do, because you want me to, sort of. But Abbie hates me and always will."



“She doesn’t hate you.”

“She does. No matter what I do, no matter what I say, no matter how hard I try to be her friend, she’ll never accept me. I sit here for hours, dreading her walking through that door and giving me that godawful look.”

Rick was shaking his head. He just wanted to eat dinner and relax for a few hours before going to bed. “What look?”

“The look that says I’m an interloper. An unwelcome guest. A piece of shit that got dragged in on the bottom of her shoe.”

“Oh, come on.” He took another step toward her and she spun away into the kitchen, slapping her glass down on the counter. He followed her, stepping up behind her and placing his hands on her shoulders, squeezing them. She tensed up at his touch but didn’t pull away. “I think you’re overreacting a little bit.”

The vodka bottle was right there, and she uncapped it, pouring a generous amount into her glass. “I’m not overreacting. I’m just reacting. If you don’t like the way I’m reacting, maybe you should think more about what it is I’m reacting to.”

Rick continued to massage her shoulders. “Okay, okay, I already said I’m sorry. Let’s talk about something else.”

Lonna replaced the cap and set the bottle down. “Alright. Sweeping things under the rug is always a constructive option.”

Rick sighed again, dropping his hands. “Do you want to talk about something? Has she been bothering you again?”

“She doesn’t bother me. She hates me. Even when she’s not home, I can still feel the resentment. It’s like...” She spun around, tears in her eyes. She wiped them away, quickly. “It’s like she blames me that her mother decided to run off with some other guy. As if I had anything to do with it. It doesn’t even make *sense!*”

“She doesn’t blame you. She just...” Rick shrugged. “She blames everyone, I guess. Including me. I didn’t have much to do with it, either. Gloria had been cheating on me for quite awhile with that asshole before I even found out. Anyway, Abbie is just unhappy right now. It’s got nothing to do with you, not really.”

“Maybe not, but it certainly affects me. And she acts like it’s my fault.” She stepped over to the refrigerator and opened the door, taking out the bottle of cranberry juice.

“I’ll have a talk with her when she gets home.”

“There have been plenty of talks already. They don’t lead anywhere. She’s already made up her mind that I’m her enemy.” She dumped some juice into her glass.

“I’ll talk to her anyway. We can’t just let things continue on this way. Like you said, sweeping it under the rug is no solution.”

Lonna looked at him. She nodded. “Alright. You can talk to her, but it’s not going to do any good. You can’t talk someone into liking someone else.”

“I can try.”

She nodded. They’d been through it many times before and gotten nowhere. She was suddenly tired of thinking about it. “Alright.”

“I know we’ve tried before, Lonna. Don’t give up. We’ll keep trying. Eventually it will work.”

She nodded, stirring her drink.

He stood staring at her for a moment. “You want anything besides green peppers?”

She thought about it. “You pick something, too. Anything but meat.”

Rick nodded. He stepped into the living room to make the call.

## Chapter 2

It was about half an hour later when the pizza came. Rick paid for it and carried the box into the kitchen, taking two plates out of the cabinet and placing a slice on each. He closed the box and brought the plates back to the couch, handing one to Lonna and taking a seat beside her.

“Thank you,” she said.

“You’re welcome.” Rick took a swig from his can of diet Dr. Pepper and then lifted his pizza.

“I see you chose green olives.” Lonna was staring at her pizza, sipping from her tumbler.

Rick hesitated. “Is that bad?”

“No, no. It’s okay.” She continued staring at it. “A little salty, maybe.”

Rick wasn’t in the mood for an argument. He was starting to think it may have been a mistake to marry Lonna before really getting to know her. He’d been very depressed after Gloria’s betrayal and Lonna was just so beautiful. He never even really thought she’d agree to go out with him, and two months later they were tying the knot. It had all happened very quickly, her moodiness somehow not registering until recently. “I asked you to pick something else, and you left it to me.”

“I know. I remember. This is fine.” She lifted the pizza to her mouth and took a small bite.

“If you don’t like it, I can order another pizza. It’s not a problem.”

Lonna was chewing. “No, it’s fine. The olives are fine.” She swallowed and took another sip of booze. As she did, there came the sound of footsteps on the front porch.

Rick quickly took a big bite of his pizza, filling his mouth. He hated confrontations.

The screen door opened with a clatter and Abigail stepped in, her purse slung over one shoulder and a knapsack in her hand. She glanced at the two of them sitting there and tried to rush past into her room.

“Hi, honey,” Rick said, his mouth still full. “You want some pizza?”

Abigail paused, looking at him. “What?”

Rick chewed quickly and swallowed his mouthful of food. “Pizza. Sit down and join us.”

“No thanks.” Abigail was on the final week of her nineteenth year, her birthday only two days away. She was a very attractive girl, not beautiful, but certainly close. She had long dark hair and an athletic figure, and had recently discovered body piercing, having gotten a ring through her nose and another through her lower lip. She favored all black clothing, and since the weather had begun warming up had been wearing skimpy blouses and skirts, with black stockings and boots, giving her a slightly gothic appearance.

She began to step past them again, and once again Rick stopped her. “You forgot to say hi to Lonna.”

Abbie grimaced and glared at Lonna, who set her pizza down and leaned back on the couch. “Hi, Stepmom.”

Lonna flinched at the nickname.

Rick dropped his pizza onto the plate. “Abbie!”

She smiled wickedly. “Sorry. Hello, Lonna. How are you?” She spoke sarcastically, leaving no doubt she didn’t give a damn.

Lonna tried to smile, but she was unsuccessful. Her hands were shaking. “Hi, Abbie. How was school?”

Abbie shifted her weight from one foot to the other. “Great. Every minute of

it is pure bliss.”

“Why don’t you put your things away,” Rick suggested. “And then come join us for a couple slices.”

“I’ll have some later. I’ve got a lot of homework.” Abbie had spent a year working as a secretary after graduating from high school, and hated it. Now she was going to college full-time to escape working, and she hated that, too.

“Well, make sure you squeeze us in for a few minutes, at least. We’ve got a few things we need to talk to you about.”

Now Abbie gazed at him with suspicion. “Like what?”

Rick shrugged. “Like your birthday. It’s coming up fast. You still didn’t decide where you wanted to have dinner.”

“I thought we settled on Mario’s.”

“Oh. That’s right.”

“I don’t really care about that anyway. As long as I get an iPad.”

“You’re not getting an iPad.”

“Oh, come on, dad! It’s all I really want!”

Rick sighed. He picked up his soda and took a long drink. “We’ve been over this already. They’re too expensive for just a birthday present.”

“But I need it for school!”

“You just got a new computer last year.”

“It’s not the same. I need an iPad.”

“You don’t need it. You just want it.”

Abigail exhaled theatrically, a display of her frustration. “You mean I’m

really not getting one? It's all I asked for!"

"I already told you you're not getting one. They start at \$500!"

"That's for the shitty one. I need the good one."

"Abbie! You're not getting an iPad!"

She glanced at Lonna again, quickly, and then back at her father. "Did *she* talk you out of it? So you can spend the money on her instead?"

Feeling increasingly uncomfortable, Lonna took a long drink from her glass. She wished she were anywhere else.

"She didn't talk me out of anything. I had never even considered it. I don't have an extra six or seven hundred dollars to spend on a frivolous computer right now."

"It's not frivolous! I need it for school!"

Rick was getting a headache. "You've got a nice computer for school, Abbie. And your tuition is costing me a small fortune. I just can't afford it right now."

"Oh, so now it's my fault you're broke?"

"It's no ones fault! And I'm not broke. Can we drop it with the iPad, please?"

Abbie thought for a moment. "What are you going to get me? A horn for my bike?"

"Abbie, be realistic."

She glared at Lonna again. "You talked him out of it, didn't you?"

Lonna floundered, feeling sick. "I didn't say a word!"

"Abbie, don't blame her. She didn't do anything."

“Jesus Christ. She’s drunk already.”

“Abbie!”

“That’s where all the money goes.” This time she stormed away, disappearing down the hall.

“Abbie!” Rick began to stand up.

“Forget it,” Lonna said quietly. “I told you, she hates me. Even when I’m not to blame.” She took another drink.

“She doesn’t hate you. She just...” He struggled for something to say and came up empty.

“She doesn’t seem too happy with you, either.”

Rick sat back down and began rubbing his head. He wished he were still at work.

## Chapter 3

The next morning when Lonna got up, Rick had already left for work. She vaguely remembered him trying to get romantic earlier, when he first awoke, but she had been very tired and a little bit hungover. She'd snubbed him again. She was getting good at it.

She climbed out of bed and entered the kitchen, wearing only her nightgown. There was half a pot of coffee still on the warmer, as usual. She took down her favorite mug, one that she'd brought with her from her old life and filled it, taking a seat at the table.

Glancing at the clock, she saw it was going on seven. Abigail would be getting up soon for school. She sat sipping her coffee and wondering what she ought to do. Her choices were limited. She could either sit there at the table, as she was doing, and have an awkward confrontation with the girl when she came in for her coffee and cereal, or she could hide somewhere else in the house until Abbie left for school. Or, she supposed, she could leave the house herself and come back afterward. None of these things appealed to her. She sat there drinking her coffee and trying to make up her mind.

She felt like such an outsider here. She'd known she was taking a risk when she agreed to marry Rick, but she never thought it would be this bad. Her stepdaughter refused to even give her a chance. If Abbie wasn't ignoring her, she was being downright mean or hurtful to her. And no matter what Lonna did, no matter how nice she was to Abbie, the girl still treated her like shit.

She sat there growing more and more apprehensive about their next inevitable encounter. The clock was ticking. Fight or flee? She hated the idea of doing either, but it seemed there was no alternative.

Or was there?

Suddenly, she had an idea. It would almost certainly turn out to be disastrous, but she was sick and tired of fighting and hiding. She needed to try something



else, something altogether different.

Lonna got up and began opening cabinets and turning on stove burners. She opened the refrigerator and found the eggs, the butter, the cheese. There were some fresh vegetables in the drawer, too, and she soon had a big pile of groceries on the counter and several slices of bread in the toaster. She began to get excited as she busied herself with the cutting board and the chef's knife, chopping mushrooms and peppers and scallions and mixing them in a big bowl with half a dozen eggs.

The entire kitchen took on a whole new feel as she sped around, pouring eggs into the hot pan, buttering toast, frying bacon and brewing fresh coffee. It took on new smells, too, and they were wonderful. She hadn't cooked like this in years and she was surprised to find that everything was turning out perfectly.

It wasn't until she was almost finished and the excitement of her efforts began to wear off that she remembered what the end result of all her hard work was sure to be. Abigail would take one look at it and quickly realize how meaningful and hopeful the gesture had been to Lonna. She would then turn up her nose and walk away, scoffing cruelly, muttering that she wasn't hungry and that even if she was, she wouldn't eat such slop.

The depression came over her like a big wet blanket, pasting her down. What had she been thinking? Why had she bothered? She was just setting herself up for --

“What's all this?”

Here it came. Lonna wanted to crawl away and hide. She turned, standing at the sink with a hot frying pan in her hand, and saw Abbie in the kitchen doorway. She was already dressed for school, holding her purse and knapsack.

Lonna tried to smile. “I thought you might like a little breakfast.”

Abbie's eyes scanned the table, taking it all in. “You made all this?”

Setting the pan down in the sink, Lonna grabbed a dishtowel and began drying her hands. “Sure. Are you hungry?”

Abbie shifted in the doorway, chewing her lip. She had developed the habit of grabbing at her lip-ring with her teeth. “Who did you make all this for?”

“For you. For us. Will you join me?”

“You never cook like this.”

“I *rarely* cook like this. Sometimes I do. When I get the urge.” She was feeling very anxious, but in a hopeful way. Abbie hadn’t turned her back or ridiculed her yet.

“I guess you had the urge today.”

“I sure did.” She stepped over to the table. “What do you say? Can you spare a few minutes? If you’re not hungry, I --”

“Are you kidding?” Abbie dropped her bags on the floor and stepped over. “I’m starving.”

Lonna was astounded. Of all the scenarios she’d played through her head, this wasn’t one of them. She nervously pulled out her chair and took a seat beside Abbie.

The food was already dished out, and Abbie picked up her fork, pushing the scrambled eggs around inquisitively. “Is there cheese in this?”

“Cheddar. Is that bad?”

“Hell, no.” Abbie scooped a small forkful into her mouth and chewed hesitantly. Lonna also took a bite, leaning back and waiting for the hurtful criticism.

“Pretty good,” said Abbie. She took another forkful, a big one, and gobbled it up.

Lonna felt elated. She’d never expected this. “I’m glad you like it.”

After pausing to take a sip of coffee, Abbie looked over at her. "I'm glad you made it. I was planning on having a bowl of corn flakes." She picked up her toast and took an enormous bite, chewing ravenously.

"It's a good thing you're hungry. I made quite a lot."

"Don't worry about that." She scooped more eggs into her mouth and picked up a crispy piece of bacon. "I kind of skipped dinner last night, so I have some making up to do." She bit off half the bacon strip and chewed, contemplating Lonna. When she had swallowed and taken another sip of coffee, she asked, "So why did you really make all this?"

"I told you. I made it for you."

Abbie was shaking her head. "I don't believe that. You don't even like me."

"That's where you're wrong, Abbie. I *do* like you. I'm sorry if you don't believe me, but it doesn't change the facts."

Abbie was shoveling in more eggs, chewing contentedly. "You made it for my dad, didn't you? And he left without eating, or something." She took a bite of toast.

Lonna was smiling now. She sipped her coffee. "Your father left for work before I even got up. I made this for you."

"Why?"

"I told you."

"Because you like me."

"That's right. And I know that you love this type of breakfast."

Abbie paused in her eating. "What, you mean fattening?"

Lonna actually laughed momentarily, something she'd never done with Abbie before. "No, I mean eggs and bacon and toast. I like it, too." She studied Abbie for a moment. "Jesus, Abbie, neither one of us need to worry

about a few extra calories.”

It may have been a trick of the light, but Lonna thought she might have seen Abbie smile. Then she was piling the last of her eggs into her mouth. “That’s true.” The coffee had cooled off a bit and she took a few big gulps. “So let me get this straight. You made this for me because you say you like me and you know I like it. What’s the catch?”

“There’s no catch. I’ve been living here for months now, and...” Lonna paused to take another sip of coffee, thinking about what she wanted to say. “We haven’t exactly been the best of friends.”

“You can say that again.”

“I wasn’t finished. What I mean is, we haven’t been friends, but that’s never been my intention. If it was up to me, we would have been friends all along.”

“I’m not in the habit of making friends with every woman my father sleeps with since chasing my mother away.”

Lonna took a deep breath. As far as she knew, there were a couple of inaccuracies within that last statement. She let it go. “I don’t blame you. But I’m really talking about you and me, not anyone else. And the fact is, I like you, and I want to be your friend. I don’t like us avoiding each other.”

Abbie popped the last of her bacon into her mouth and chewed it up. “Oh, I get it. This is my birthday present from you, isn’t it?”

“You’re birthday is tomorrow.”

“I know, but...” She took another gulp of coffee. “I’m just trying to figure this out.”

“There’s nothing to figure out. Although, now that I know how much you really like these big breakfasts, I should warn you.”

“Warn me? About what?”

“You’re going to be having them a lot more often.”

“I am?”

“Yes. It made me feel wonderful to cook this for you, and it made me feel even better to sit here with you while you enjoyed it.”

“You’re acting weird, Lonna.”

Lonna smiled. “I feel weird.”

Abbie stared at her, finishing her coffee.

“Can I get you something else?”

“No, I’m stuffed.”

“Good. I’m glad you liked it. And I’m sorry about dinner last night. I don’t like the idea of you going to bed hungry.”

“That wasn’t your fault.”

“No, but it still bothered me.”

“My dad is an asshole.”

“I know.”

That time Abbie did smile, but just for a second. Then she stood up. “I’ve gotta get to school. I think I’m running a few minutes late.”

“Can I drive you?”

“No, I’m not that late. It’s just a twenty minute walk.”

“I’d be happy to drive you.”

Abigail picked up her purse and her knapsack. “No, really, I’m fine.” She looked at Lonna. “But thanks.”

“You’re very welcome.”

“And thanks for breakfast. It was fucking awesome.”

Lonna laughed. “Thank *you!*”

## Chapter 4

After work that day, Lonna stopped at the store to pick up a little gift for Abbie's birthday, and then spent a half hour grocery shopping. She wanted to replace all the food she'd used for breakfast and stock up on more, as well as get a few things for dinner. It had gone so well that morning she thought she'd do it again right away. If all it took were a few good home-cooked meals to be closer to Abbie, then she'd be cooking a lot more often.

Back in the kitchen, she mixed herself a little drink and began putting things away. She was still in very good spirits from earlier in the day. As she began pulling out pots and pans and chopping onions, she was mildly surprised to find herself humming and moving around with an easy grace, as if she truly belonged. She felt like she belonged. For the first time since moving in, she was actually looking forward to Abbie arriving home.

By the time she was finished with her drink, she had assembled a large Mexican casserole. The dish was filled with chicken, black beans, peppers, onions, corn, salsa, three kinds of cheese and covered with crushed tortilla chips. She slid it into the oven to bake and mixed herself another drink, taking it into the living room where she relaxed for a few moments on the couch.

The atmosphere of the house had changed for her. She knew she was probably reading too much into her stepdaughter's fragile acceptance of her, but it was at least a start. And if she could feel this peaceful and relaxed in the house, then it had to have at least some significance to it. She'd just have to wait and see if it lasted.

She took a sip of her drink and turned on the TV.

It was about 40 minutes later when she heard Rick's car door slam. Lonna sat up on the couch, taking a quick gulp from her glass. At least she didn't have to worry about his reaction to dinner tonight.

The screen door opened and he walked in carrying his customary empty coffee cup. "Wow. Something smells good in here."

Lonna nodded. "It should be ready in just a few minutes."

He sniffed the air, crushing the cup in one fist. "Smells like chicken enchiladas."

"Close." She got up and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Rick took hold of her arm and pulled her closer, kissing her on the mouth. "Ooh, my arm," she whined.

"Sorry." He released her and she took a quick step back. "How are you?"

"Fine." She forced a smile. She suddenly didn't feel like dealing with him. "How are you?"

He shrugged. "Been better. Two of the guys called in sick, I had to bust ass all day. Man, that smells good."

"I'd better check it." She entered the kitchen and pulled open the oven door, peeking in. The cheese was bubbling around the edges of the pan and the chips on top were golden brown, just starting to darken. She turned off the oven and grabbed a couple of dishtowels, carefully taking hold of the casserole and moving it onto the counter. As she was closing the oven door, she sensed Rick watching from the doorway.

"Did you make that from scratch?"

"I sure did."

"My god, does it smell good! I can't wait to dig in."

"It needs to cool off for a little bit."



“I like it hot.”

“We should probably wait a little while for Abbie to get home. She’s usually here by five on Thursdays.”

Rick was surprised. “Really? Wouldn’t it be better to eat in peace? She can always have hers later on.”

Lonna looked at him. She wasn’t sure why, but she was beginning to feel a growing revulsion toward him. She hoped it was temporary, but for the moment it was very real. “I think we ought to wait. It needs to cool anyway, and she’ll be home soon.”

Rick seemed to consider it. He pushed his glasses up on his nose and nodded. “Okay. Five is good. That’ll give me a chance to wash up.” He removed a can of soda from the refrigerator and took it with him down the hall.

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At five o’clock Abbie still hadn’t shown, but Rick wasn’t willing to wait any longer. “What’s the big deal?” he asked. “She usually just storms past us anyway and eats later on.”

“I just thought it would be nice if we could all eat together.”

“It *would* be nice. And I’m very glad you feel that way. But she’s not here. No sense in us waiting around. Besides, we’ll all be going out together for a nice dinner tomorrow night.”

Lonna nodded, dishing out the food. When she had the table set, Rick sat down and began devouring his dinner. She took the opportunity to finish her drink and mix another one before joining him at the table.

“This is great,” he said. “You should make this more often.”

“Thank you.” She poked at her food, taking a small mouthful. It really was good. She wished that Abbie could have been there to have some. She’d

really made it for her.

Rick polished off his entire plate and began scooping out more from the dish. “Maybe we can forget about going out tomorrow night. This is better than anything we’re going to get in a restaurant. Man, look at all that cheese!”

“I’m glad you like it.”

“I love it.” He filled his plate again and went right to work on it.

Lonna took another bite and then a long drink. As she was setting her glass down, Rick’s cell phone began to chirp.

He reached into his front pocket, pulling it out and examining the screen. “It’s Abbie.” He pressed a button and held it to his face. “Hello?” He listened for a few moments drumming his fingers on the table. “That’s fine.” He nodded his head. “Yeah.” After another brief pause he glanced at Lonna. “Alright, you have a nice time. I’ll see you later. Bye.”

“She’s not coming?” Lonna asked. She was startled by the degree of her disappointment.

Rick put the phone back in his pocket and picked up his fork. “She’s got a date. Some guy from school. Well, I’m glad we didn’t wait any longer.” He shoveled more food into his mouth. “Man, is this good!”

Lonna took a long drink. She felt as if all the life had been drained out of her.

Rick didn’t seem to notice. He took a long drink of soda and resumed eating. “Hey,” he said between bites. “Looks like we got the place to ourselves tonight.”

Lonna cringed. “Oh. That’s nice.”

He smiled. “Maybe we can finish what we started this morning.”

“Maybe,” Lonna agreed. “Although I feel like there’s a railroad spike going through my head right now.” She began to massage her forehead, hoping the gesture came off as authentic.

“Oh, no, really?” He was genuinely disappointed. “I could tell something was bothering you.”

“I took a couple of aspirin. Hopefully it’ll pass.”

He jammed in another forkful. “I sure hope so. We’ve got all night.”

Lonna sighed and finished her drink. She got up and began making another.

## Chapter 5

The next morning, Lonna woke up to the sound of arguing. The angry voices of Rick and Abigail resonated from the living room, penetrating through the bedroom door and startling her. She sat up in bed, her head fuzzy from the previous night's overindulgence. Reaching over to her nightstand, she found her glass of water and took a long drink, listening for hints of what was going on.

As soon as she began trying to eavesdrop, there was a loud slam and the shouting suddenly stopped. She got up out of bed and slowly made her way down the hall.

In the living room, Abbie was sitting on the couch, her head down and her eyes closed. She sensed Lonna's approach and looked up. As she did, a car engine rumbled to life outside and Lonna glanced through the gap in the curtains in time to see Rick's car pulling away.

"What happened?" Lonna asked.

Abigail studied her miserably, her eyes shimmering with tears. She wore only a sheer black nightgown, an open box beside her on the couch. "Nothing."

"Something must have happened. Are you okay?" She wanted to sit beside Abbie on the couch, but wasn't sure she'd be welcome.

"Do you really care?"

"Yes. I do."

Abbie laughed callously. "Oh, that's right. You're my friend now."

The layer of sarcasm within the remark hurt Lonna, but she tried not to let it show. "I'd certainly like to be." They regarded each other for a moment and then Lonna looked away. When she looked back, Abbie had her head down

again.

“Happy birthday, Abbie.”

It was the wrong thing to say. Abbie glared at her. “Gee, thanks. It’s real fuckin’ happy.”

“Please tell me what’s wrong.”

“As if you don’t already know.”

“I don’t. I swear I don’t. I just woke up.”

Abbie swept the box top and tissue paper away from the bottom half of the box with the back of her hand. She then pulled out a thin black cotton jacket and flung it onto the floor. “Thanks for the jacket. It’s just what I always wanted.”

Lonna stared at the jacket. “That’s what your father got you?” She’d had no idea. He’d never mentioned anything to her about a gift.

“He said it was from both of you.”

“It wasn’t. I didn’t even know about it.”

“Oh. Well, then, thanks for nothing. Oh, wait, you made me breakfast yesterday. Swell.” She buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

Lonna took a chance and stepped over the jacket, taking a seat beside her on the couch. She wanted to put her arm around the girl, but didn’t want to risk aggravating her further. “That’s really all he gave you?” She was genuinely surprised.

“Oh, no, not at all,” Abbie said harshly. She rummaged on the cushion beneath her leg and pulled out a plastic Wal-mart gift card. “Happy birthday to me. Fifty buck spending spree at fucking Wal-mart. Maybe I’ll pick up the iPad I needed.” She threw the card across the room and buried her face again.

Lonna sighed. “Your father and I didn’t discuss what we were going to get

you, Abbie. If he said those things were from the both of us, he was probably just covering for me in case my gift didn't measure up. But I got you something, too. Something I didn't tell him about."

Abbie peeked at her from behind her hand. "What? More eggs?"

Lonna smiled. "Wait here." She got up and returned to the bedroom, taking a wrapped package out from beneath the bed. When she returned to the living room, Abbie hadn't moved from her place on the couch, her face still hidden. She approached with the package and held it out. "Happy birthday."

When Abigail saw it she seemed mildly surprised. "You mean you actually bought me something?"

"Of course. Why wouldn't I?"

"I just..." She shrugged, tangles of dark hair hanging over her eyes. "I dunno. I can't figure you out."

"Well, this is just a little something I picked up for you. Something I thought you might like."

Abbie finally reached out and took the package. She hefted it, trying to get a feel for what might be inside. "It's not another jacket, is it?"

"No." Lonna took a seat beside her and waited as her stepdaughter slowly peeled the wrapping paper back. When the white box beneath was revealed, she watched in blissful fascination as the expression on Abbie's face changed from one of sorrow to one of elation.

"No fucking way!"

Lonna laughed, delighted.

Abbie threw the paper aside and stared incredulously at the iPad box. She stared at it for a long time, making no move to open it. Finally she turned her head and looked at Lonna. "You can't give me this."

"Of course I can. I just did."

“But you *can’t*.”

Lonna took a chance and reached out, ruffling Abbie’s hair. “I can so. You wanted one, and I wanted to buy you one. So I did.”

“Do you know how much these cost?”

Lonna smiled warmly. “I have a pretty good idea. The sales clerk told me.”

Abbie looked back at the box. “I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t have to say anything. The look on your face when you opened it was enough for me.”

Abbie looked at her again, licking her lips. “You’ve really been nice to me lately. And I appreciate it. But this is too much.”

“Abbie, I bought this for you because I wanted to. It made me happy to buy it. If you don’t accept it, that would really hurt.”

“But why? Why would you be this nice to me? My own father wouldn’t even buy me one of these.”

“Your father is...kind of an insensitive jerk.”

Abbie nodded. “No shit.”

“I wish you’d stop thinking of me as an extension of him. Or even as a stepmother. I wish you’d just think of me as Lonna. That’s who I am, really.”

Abbie seemed to consider it. She started to speak and then stopped. She was fighting something inside herself. “I’ve been nothing but a bitch to you. Why would you want to buy me something as nice as this?”

“I told you that already. I like you. It makes me feel sick inside when we don’t get along. And when I see you happy, I feel happy. It’s because I care about you.”

Abbie swallowed, looking away. “Even though I’m a bitch?”

“You’re not a bitch!” Lonna placed her hand on Abbie’s cheek. To her surprise, Abbie didn’t pull away. “You’re a beautiful young woman, and it’s your birthday. And if there was something I could do to make it better for you, I wanted to do it.”

Abbie took an enormously deep breath, and when she let it out she appeared much more relaxed. “So...you mean I really have an iPad now?”

“You sure do!”

Lonna thought Abbie was finally going to open the box, but instead she set it beside her on the couch. “Thank you, Lonna.”

“You’re very welcome.”

Abbie shifted on the couch so that she was in a better position to see Lonna. She licked her lips again, composing her thoughts. “I think I owe you an apology.”

The words meant more to Lonna than she would have believed. Her whole body sang with happiness. “You don’t owe me anything, honey.”

Smiling, Abbie nodded. “Yes, I do. I’ve been cold to you right from day one. I never even gave you a chance. You tried over and over, and I just kept blowing you off.” She looked her in the eyes. “And I’m sorry. I really mean that.”

“Thank you.” Lonna’s voice cracked. She felt as though she were going to cry. “That means a lot to me.”

Abbie motioned to the iPad box. “*This* means a lot to *me*. Not the gift, but the fact that you gave it to me. It tells me something about...” She sighed. “...about you. From now on, things are going to be different. I promise.”

Tears spilled down Lonna’s face. “I hope that means we’re going to be friends.”

“It does.”



“Real friends?”

“Yes.” Abbie looked away for a moment and then looked back. There was something in her eyes that hadn’t been there before. A softness. “I misinterpreted you.” She licked her lips. “It was a mistake. I won’t make it again.”

Lonna laughed, still crying. “It’s going to be so nice, having you for a friend, Abbie. There are so many times when I wish I had somebody to talk to about things. There’s so much I want to share with you. This is like a whole new world opening up for me.”

Abbie smiled. It felt good. “Well, you’ve got someone to talk to about things now.”

Lonna smiled. “Thank you so much.”

“I can’t believe...” Abbie paused, looking off in the distance.

“What?”

She took another deep breath. “I can’t believe we could have been close all this time. It’s my fault we weren’t.” She looked at Lonna. “You know, you’re not the only one who wishes she had somebody to talk to around here.”

“You can talk to me about anything you want to, Abbie. Any time.”

“I...” She shrugged. “I didn’t know that.”

Lonna reached out and took her hand, holding it in hers. It was very soft and warm. “You know it now. I’m here for you, no matter what. For anything.”

“Thank you, Lonna.”

“You’re so welcome.”

Abbie was still smiling. She wiped her eyes, which had gotten moist.

“There’s so much shit I want to tell you now. All kinds of crazy things.”

“You can tell me anything.”

Abbie nodded. “I don’t mean anything in particular. Just all kinds of stuff.”

“Anything you want.”

“I will. I promise.” She reached out and touched Lonna’s hair, brushing it back from her eyes. “God, this is really going to be cool!”

“I agree.”

“Thanks for saving my birthday.”

Lonna got to her feet, pulling Abbie by the hand. When they were both standing, Lonna wrapped her arms around her, pulling her into a tight embrace. Abbie hugged her back, squeezing hard. They stood that way for almost a full minute, holding each other in the quiet living room. If Lonna had ever felt better, she didn’t remember when.

After a moment, Abbie released her and leaned back. “Thanks, Lonna.”

“Thank you.”

“And thanks again for the thoughtful present. It’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever given me.”

“You’re very, very welcome. It was money well spent.”

Abbie kissed her on the cheek. She had a big smile on her face. “Would you like some breakfast? It’s my turn to cook.”

## Chapter 6

They ended up cooking together. It was an almost exact duplication of the previous day's breakfast, the only real difference being the lack of bacon; neither of them wanted it. They had fun as they got in each other's way, chopping and stirring and buttering toast, chatting about whatever came to mind. Neither of them had had such a happy morning in a very long time and they both snuck apprehensive glances at the clock, knowing it wasn't going to last. The real world would beckon, ruining their fun.

Sitting at the table and sipping coffee, Lonna filled Abbie in on the miserable dinner she'd suffered through the night before. "He just sat there, shoveling it in, oblivious to everything else around him."

Abbie was smiling, chewing on some rye toast. "I can't believe you made me a big casserole and I didn't even come home."

"There wouldn't have been enough for you, anyway. He just kept eating it. I barely got any myself."

"It's completely gone?"

"There was a little left over. I made him save it for you."

"I never even saw it."

"He must have eaten it during the night."

"What a pig. I can't believe he's not fatter."

Lonna laughed, taking a bite of eggs. "It's all the caffeine, I think. If he's not drinking coffee, he's drinking soda."

"I don't want to think about him anymore. It's bad enough we're going to have to waste the night having dinner with him."

Lonna slumped in her chair. “God. I forgot about that.”

Abbie was smiling at her. “Why did you marry him, anyway?”

“I don’t know. I thought we weren’t going to talk about him?”

“Okay. Fair enough.” She took another bite of toast.

“What about you? You called during dinner, something about a big date.”

Abbie dropped her toast and wiped her mouth with a napkin. She sighed. “Something else I don’t want to talk about.”

“Sorry.”

“No, no. It’s not your fault. It was stupid, is all. Or, I should say, a mistake.”

“You don’t have to talk about it, honey.”

Abbie looked at her with a smirk. “It was this guy, okay? He’s been pestering me for a date for weeks. I finally agreed to go out with him just so he’d quit hitting on me.”

“I can see how that would backfire.”

Abbie laughed again. Her laugh was very musical, and Lonna loved the sound of it. “I spent the night trying to make him as miserable as possible. It took awhile, but I think I finally pulled it off. I can be a real bitch when I put my mind to it.”

Lonna smiled, drinking her coffee.

“Anyway, I don’t think I want to go on any more dates for awhile.”

“I’m sorry it didn’t work out for you.”

“I’m not. I didn’t want it to.”

“Well, then, congratulations.”

“Thank you.” Abbie looked at the clock on the wall and cursed. “This sucks. I’m finally having a nice time and now I have to run off to school. My whole birthday will be wasted, and then I have to spend the night going to dinner with my asshole father.”

“Maybe he won’t want to go after the little fight you two had.”

Her eyes brightened. “Hey! You might be right! That would be something. I could stay home tonight and set up my new computer.”

“That’s something to look forward to.”

“It sure is. I still can’t believe you actually bought me one.”

“Don’t get too excited. Next year it’ll probably be obsolete.”

“Still. Like I said before, it’s not the gift so much as the fact that you bought it for me. That was one hell of a gesture, Lonna.”

“You’re one hell of a young lady.”

Abbie looked at the clock again. “Shit!” She stood up and began gathering her breakfast dishes.

“Leave those. I’ll clean up. I don’t have to be at work for another hour.”

“I don’t want to leave a big mess for you.” She carried her things to the sink and began running the hot water. “The whole sink is full.”

Lonna stepped over and tried to bump her out of the way with her hip. “Scoot over, princess. The birthday girl isn’t washing any dishes while I’m around.”

Abbie laughed and bumped her back. “Says who?”

“Your wicked stepmother.”

“I thought you were Lonna.”

“I am Lonna. And you’re late for school.”

Suddenly Abbie had her arms around Lonna again, hugging her tight. “I don’t wanna go to school! I’m too happy!”

Lonna almost laughed, but she was too overcome with emotion at the unexpected embrace. She wrapped her own arms around Abbie and held her, stroking her back with one hand. She kissed the top of Abbie’s head. After a moment she thought they were done, but Abbie made no move to let her go, and she didn’t want to be the one to break the contact. She felt almost blissful standing there holding the younger woman.

Finally Abbie released her and leaned back. Her eyes were wet and glimmering under the harsh kitchen light.

“What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” She quickly wiped her eyes.

“Tell me.”

She shook her head. “Nothing, really. I just...” She licked her lips. “I just don’t feel like going to school. I wish it was Saturday.”

“That makes two of us.”

“It’s going to be such a long, shitty day. I’ve got calculus with Mr. Zermont. Jesus, what a waste of time.”

Lonna laughed softly. “At least it’s Friday. Tomorrow we can just sit around at home and do whatever we want.”

Abbie nodded. “Yeah. But my dad’ll be here all day. I’ll end up staying in my room.”

“You don’t have to.”

Abbie looked at her. “Hey, you know something?”

“What?”

“I always thought I was avoiding you by staying in my room, but now I wonder. I think I was kind of blaming you for the way I felt about my father.”

“I sometimes got that impression.”

“Really?”

“Sometimes. Not always. I usually thought you just plain hated me.”

“I’m sorry!”

Lonna ruffled her hair again, smiling. “Don’t be. I’m just glad we finally ended up on the same team.”

“Me, too.”

“Hey,” Lonna said.

Abbie looked at her. “What?”

“No, never mind.”

“What?”

“No. It was stupid.”

Abigail grabbed her hand. “Tell me!”

“Well...” She shook her head. “I’m supposed to be a positive influence on you. I shouldn’t even be thinking this.”

Now Abbie was smiling. “C’mon. Out with it!”

Lonna took a deep breath, a mischievous little grin on her face. “You’ve been going to school now for months, and I don’t recall you taking a single day off.”

“I haven’t.”

“Well. I was just thinking...what if you took today off?”

Abbie smiled. “Are you giving me permission?”

“I shouldn’t be.”

“It would give me time to set up my new computer. I really do need it for school, you know.”

“I believe you. And it *is* your birthday.”

“It sounds great. But I’d probably get kind of bored after awhile, sitting around the house by myself all day.”

Lonna was still smiling. “I thought maybe I could take a sick day, too.”

Abbie was beaming. “You really want to?”

“You have no idea how much I want to.”

“Let’s do it, Lonna!”

“You think we should?”

“Yes!” Abbie hugged her again, hopping up and down. “It’ll be like girl’s night out, only we’ll stay home all day.”

“We wouldn’t even have to get dressed.”

“God! This is going to be the best birthday ever!”



## Chapter 7

After making a quick phone call and washing the dishes, Lonna and Abigail were back on the couch, each with a mug of coffee and still wearing their nightgowns. Abbie set her coffee down on the table and picked up her gift, finally opening the box and removing the iPad. As she slid it out of the packaging and turned it over in her lap to examine the back, she gasped.

“Lonna!”

Lonna set her own coffee down, suddenly concerned. “Oh, no. Don’t tell me I got the wrong one.”

“I think you did! This is 64 gigs!”

“Is that bad?”

Abbie laughed. “No. It’s great. But this is the most expensive one they make. You can’t give me this.”

Lonna ran her hand through her hair, relieved. “I already did.”

“We can take it back. Turn it in for the cheaper one.”

“I don’t want the cheaper one. The man at the store said this is the best one.”

“It is.”

“Well, then, there you go. Happy birthday!” Lonna leaned over and kissed Abbie high on the cheek, her heart fluttering in her chest.

Abbie smiled, staring at her new tablet. “I want to pay you back for this. This is too much.”

“I already told you, Abbie. I bought this for you because I wanted to.”

“These things go for like seven hundred dollars!”

“You’re worth it. Every penny.”

Abbie looked at her. “Not everyone thinks so.”

“Well, I do.”

Suddenly Abigail looked very sad. She set the computer aside again and leaned over, wrapping her arms around Lonna and laying her head on her breast, bringing her legs up onto the couch. Lonna, surprised, wrapped her arms around Abbie and held her, stroking her hair. They sat that way for several minutes, breathing softly and relaxing peacefully, taking pleasure in each other’s embrace. Lonna was feeling very happy she’d thought of calling in sick. There was nowhere else on earth she would have preferred to be at that moment.

She bent over and kissed Abbie on the head, squeezing her. “You falling asleep on me?”

Abbie twisted in her arms, looking up. “I’m sorry. I’m just so comfortable here.”

“That’s fine. I am, too. You just relax.” She kissed her head again and sat back on the couch, settling deep into the cushions.

Abbie sat up. “No. I don’t want to waste our day off together.”

“You’re not wasting it. This is what it’s for.”

“I know, but we should do something fun.”

“Fun sounds good to me. What did you have in mind?”

Abbie repositioned herself on the couch and picked up her mug, taking a long drink of coffee. She set it back down and shrugged. “I don’t know. What about a movie?”

“Is there one you’ve been wanting to see?”

“Not really. You have that account, don’t you?”

Lonna had signed up for a Netflix account when she first moved in. She watched a lot of television and found the additional choices convenient. “Sure.” She picked up the remote and switched on the TV. She quickly set up the menu and showed Abbie how to navigate through it. “You’ve never seen this before?”

“No. There sure are a lot of choices.”

“It looks that way at first. After a few weeks you realize it’s mostly junk.”

Abbie spent a few minutes searching the movies and finally settled on an old horror film. “This looks scary.”

“You want scary?”

“I think it would be fun to watch it, sitting here with you next to me.”

“I know I’d like it.”

“The movie?”

“No, silly! Sitting next to you while it’s on.”

Abbie started the movie and leaned into her, getting comfortable again. They sat and watched the opening credits and the first scene, trying to become interested in the story. It was shaping up to be slightly boring and not the least bit scary. The acting was terrible.

Lonna looked at Abbie. “Can I get you something, birthday girl? Maybe make you some popcorn?”

Abbie shook her head. “I’m still full from breakfast.”

“Let me know if I can get you anything. I want to make today as nice

as possible for you.”

“You already did.”

Lonna laughed happily and leaned further into Abbie. “You deserve it.”

Abbie looked at her. “Hey! I know what I want!”

Lonna sat up, ready to please. She was bored with the movie already. “What?”

Suddenly Abigail sank back into the cushions, frowning. “Never mind. You’d never go for it.”

Lonna smiled. “Try me.”

Abbie pursed her lips, considering. “Well. I was just thinking. Since it’s my birthday and all.”

“Yeah?”

“I know I’m only nineteen, but...”

“But?”

“Well...” She looked at Lonna. “Do you think I could have a little drink? To celebrate?”

“You mean booze?”

“No. Never mind. I shouldn’t have asked.”

“I didn’t say no.”

Abbie sighed. “It’s just...when I see you watching movies, you usually have a drink. I just thought it might be fun to try it.”

“I think it would be fine for you to have a drink on your birthday,

honey.”

“Really?”

“Don’t tell me you’ve never had one before.”

“I have. But only a couple of times. It’s been awhile. I never really got into it.”

“Well, I would have no problem with you having a drink. As long as you don’t make a habit of it. And, of course, don’t tell your father.”

“I’m not telling that asshole anything.”

“Then it sounds like a birthday drink is coming your way.”

“You don’t think it’s too early?”

“Well, we probably can’t do it tonight. Thanks to you-know-who.”

“Good point.”

Lonna stood up, grinning. When was the last time she had a drink with a friend right there in the house? She didn’t think it had ever happened. Rick never touched the stuff, and she had very few friends, none of them good ones. Becoming close to Abbie was the best thing that had happened to her in a very long time. “How would you like it? Mixed? Straight? On the rocks?”

Abbie paused the movie and got up off the couch. “Let me see how you make yours. I want mine the same.”

She followed Lonna into the kitchen and watched as the older woman got two glasses down from the cabinet. Lonna then took the ice cube tray from the freezer, twisting it and dropping several cubes into each glass.

“I like ice in mine,” Lonna said.

“Then I want ice in mine, too.”

Lonna picked up the bottle of vodka and removed the cap. “I don’t think I ever made a drink this early. And still in my nightgown!”

“We don’t have to, if you don’t want.”

“I *do* want. It’s kind of exciting.” She poured two or three ounces into each glass, the ice cubes popping loudly. She then screwed the cap back on and returned the bottle to the back of the counter.

“What do you mix with it?” Abbie asked.

“I like cranberry juice, but we also have orange. Your choice. Oh, we also have your father’s soda.”

“I want mine to be exactly the same as yours.”

The comment gave Lonna an emotional lift, and she was already feeling pretty high. She almost danced to the refrigerator, removing the bottle of cranberry juice and shaking it up. She returned to the counter with it, twisting off the cap. “It’s nice and tart, not too sweet,” she commented.

“You’re sweet enough already.”

Lonna almost dropped the bottle. She gripped it tighter and poured, filling each glass to just below the rim. She glanced at Abbie, who was watching her, looking very happy. “You’re becoming pretty sweet yourself.”

“I’m trying.”

Lonna quickly stirred the drinks with a teaspoon and put the juice back in the fridge. “Don’t try too hard. I might start getting used to it.”

“You’d better get used to it.” Abbie slapped her on the ass as she passed by, making them both laugh.

“Jeez, Abbie! If I had known you were this much fun, I would have suggested we do this a long time ago.”

“You couldn’t. I was a bitch, remember?”

“You were never a bitch.”

“I was. But not anymore. Not to you, anyway.”

“Well, it certainly is nice to be on your good side.”

Abbie smiled. “It *is* fun. And we live together. We can do stuff like this all the time!” She stepped up to Lonna and wrapped her arms around her again.

Lonna squeezed and lifted her, bringing Abbie’s feet up off the floor and spinning her around. She spun her around twice, both of them giggling, and then set her back down, hugging her and kissing the top of her head. “We can, can’t we?”

“You bet.” Abbie slapped her ass again and grabbed her drink, dashing away into the other room.

Lonna laughed, picking up her own drink and rushing after her. When they were back on the couch they each took a sip of their cocktails, their eyes locked over the rims of the glasses. Lonna smacked her lips, sighing. “Hits the spot.”

Abbie nodded. “It’s good. Strong.”

“Too strong?”

“I can handle it.”

“You’re not a kid anymore.”

“No. In lots of countries, I’d be allowed to drink.”

“You’re allowed to drink in this one, as long as you’re at home and with a parent.” She smiled. “Or me.”

Abbie smiled back, taking another sip. “Thanks, Lonna.”

“You’re welcome.”

“This is really good.”

“It’s good with orange juice, too.”

“Maybe we can try that next.”

Lonna sipped her drink, crossing her legs. “I don’t know about that. You don’t want to go getting drunk at eight o’clock in the morning.”

“Who doesn’t?”

Lonna laughed. “We should probably keep it to just one. I did make them a little strong.”

“You made them perfect.”

“Now who’s being nice?”

“I like being nice to you. I wish I had tried it sooner.”

Lonna didn’t know what to say. She felt very good. She took another sip of her drink and set the glass down on the coffee table. “What about the movie? Did we give up on it?”

“Oh!” Abbie took another, longer drink from her glass and then got the movie going again. “If you want to change over to something else, feel free.”

“I want to watch something you picked out.”

They sat in silence for a little while, sipping their drinks and watching the movie. A doll had apparently come to life and was chasing the family around the house, slashing at them with a butcher knife. Junior got it in the belly, his intestines spilling out onto the carpet.

“This is more funny than scary,” Abbie said.

“Maybe because it’s so bright in here. I’ve never watched a horror movie in the morning.”



“You think it would be scarier at night?”

“I would hope so.”

Abbie laughed, gulping down her cocktail. The ice cubes rattled in the glass. “Man, that was good. Thank you for the birthday drink.”

Lonna tipped her own glass up, finishing it off. “It was pretty good, wasn’t it?”

“I’ll say.” Abbie leaned over, reaching her hand around Lonna’s head, pulling her close and kissing her quickly on the mouth. Her lips were cold from the ice.

Lonna was astounded. She looked at Abbie, who had an enormous grin on her face. “What the heck was that?”

“A thank-you kiss.”

“What did I do to deserve it?”

“Everything.”

Lonna was speechless. She was also very excited. The kiss had felt wonderful.

“You okay?” Abbie asked.

“Yeah. Are you?”

“I’m great. Thanks to you.”

Lonna giggled. “You know, I was hoping we would get closer. But never in my wildest dreams did I think we’d get this close, this fast.”

“You have wild dreams about me?”

Lonna laughed again. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I think you did.”

“I think your drink was too strong.”

“That glass of juice you gave me? You call that a drink?”

Lonna smiled affectionately. “I can tell it had an effect on you.”

Abbie smiled back. “Maybe.” She looked at the empty glasses on the coffee table. “Anyway, it was actually very good.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“Let me put these away.” Abbie stood up and collected the two glasses. “And let me know if I miss anything good.”

“Want me to pause it?”

“I’d prefer you didn’t.” She walked away, into the kitchen. Lonna stared after her, noticing for the first time how beautiful she looked. Her heart was doing a funny little dance in her chest. She looked back to the TV, trying to put it out of her mind.

A minute later, Abbie was peeking in at her from the kitchen doorway. She looked upset. “You’re not going to believe what just happened.”

Lonna sat up, alarmed. She hadn’t heard a phone ring, or any noise at all. She couldn’t imagine what Abbie was referring to. “What?”

Abbie smiled, bringing her hands into view and stepping back into the living room. “I accidentally made us another couple of drinks.”

“Abbie!” Lonna laughed. “You probably shouldn’t have.”

“Probably?” She stepped over and handed one to Lonna. They were made with orange juice this time.

“Wow, that looks good.” She accepted it and took a little sip.

“How is it?” Abbie sat down beside her and took a sip of her own.

Lonna pulled the glass from her mouth and breathed out theatrically. “Whoah! Now that’s what I call strong!”

“You don’t like it?” Abbie looked almost heartbroken.

Lonna smiled and took another sip. “Did I say that? It’s delicious!”

Abbie giggled and sat back, taking a drink from her glass. “Oh, good! I was afraid I fucked them up.”

“On the contrary. This may be the best screwdriver I ever had.”

“Is that what it’s called?”

“It’s vodka and orange juice, right?”

“Yup.”

“That’s a screwdriver.” Lonna took another sip, the alcohol beginning to register now.

“No offense, Lonna, but I think I like it better with the orange juice.”

“Why would I take offense at that?”

“No reason. I just know you like it with cranberry better.” She took a big gulp, belching quietly. “Excuse me.”

“You’re excused.” They were looking at each other, the movie forgotten.

“Can I ask you something, Lonna?”

“Of course.”

“When is your birthday?”

Lonna shook her head, frowning. "Not until January."

Abbie looked crushed. "Damn. That's too far away."

"Too far away for what?"

Abigail paused to take another long sip. She shrugged her shoulders. "I was just wondering. I kind of want to return the favor, you know?"

"What favor?"

Smiling brightly, Abbie slid up against her on the couch. "Oh, come on! All the nice things you've done for me? Going out of your way to make me feel happy? Saving my birthday? Buying me the most thoughtful present I ever received? Coming out of nowhere and becoming the best friend I ever had?"

Lonna was speechless again. Had she done all that? She hoped so.

Abbie took another sip. "I just want a chance to pay you back, that's all. When your birthday does come, it's going to be a fuckin' doozy! That's a promise."

Lonna reached forward and set her glass down, sighing deeply. She looked into Abbie's eyes. "Abbie, you don't need to pay me back for anything. All I ever wanted from you is your acceptance, and your friendship. And as far as I can tell, you've already given me both."

"I have, haven't I?" Abbie set her glass down on the table and cuddled up closer to Lonna.

"Yes, you have. And I couldn't be happier." Lonna slipped her arm around Abbie's shoulders, smiling at her.

"I'm happy, too. For the first time in a long time."

"You know what the best part about this is?"

"What?"

“It doesn’t have to end.” Lonna ran her finger along Abbie’s nose, touching the ring that pierced her there. “We can be friends forever.”

“I’d like that.”

“Me, too.”

Abbie was smiling. “Jesus, Lonna.”

“What?”

“I never really noticed it before. Or if I did, I didn’t pay attention.”

“What?”

“You’re really pretty.” Before Lonna could respond, Abbie pressed her mouth against Lonna’s and drew her into a deep kiss, wrapping her arms around her and squeezing.

Lonna thought about pulling away, but didn’t really want to. Instead, she kissed back, pulling Abbie even closer and welcoming the younger woman’s tongue into her mouth, where it began wrestling with her own.

## Chapter 8

Abbie pulled her mouth away from Lonna's and then brought it back, briefly, kissing her on the lips. She smiled at her, looking into Lonna's eyes. They were both breathing faster, their hearts racing. Abbie leaned forward and kissed her again, biting Lonna's lower lip and gently pulling it into her mouth, suckling it.

Lonna's arms were still wrapped around Abbie, and now she wrapped them even tighter, stretching them out from her shoulders and encompassing her as much as she was physically able to, leaning back on the couch and breathing deeply, inhaling the intoxicating scent of Abbie's warm breath.

When Abbie released her lip, Lonna moved in closer, sliding her cheek against Abbie's. She then slipped a hand under Abbie's nightgown and began rubbing her thigh. Abbie twisted slightly, just enough to be able to reposition her head so that she could see Lonna's face. She was smiling at her. "You really know how to make a girl feel better."

"Look who's talking."

Abbie kissed her again. "Do you think this is wrong?"

Lonna thought about it. "Most likely."

"Do you want to stop?"

"No."

"Me either."

"Then don't, sweetheart." Lonna lifted her face to Abbie's again, engaging her in another long kiss, this time sliding her tongue into Abbie's mouth and twisting on the couch, bringing her legs up and shifting herself lengthwise. Abbie followed her lead and arranged herself on top of Lonna, slipping her

hands behind Lonna's head and getting lost in this new little world they had created.

They kissed for a very long time, their hands exploring each other exhaustively. After awhile, Lonna had worked Abbie's nightgown up high enough to be able to reach her hands into the back of her underwear and begin massaging her there, the skin soft and smooth. She slid one hand along the side of her hip and on to the front, her fingers reaching down until they found Abbie's mound. She reached lower, past the soft stubble of pubic hair and to the slippery folds of her vagina. It was very wet. She ran one finger along the swollen nub and then slid it partway in.

Abbie gasped, squirming on top of Lonna, kissing her even deeper. Her own hand shot down and began pulling roughly at Lonna's nightgown, yanking it away and diving beneath it. She angled her hip slightly so that she could reach into Lonna's panties and grasp her pussy, rubbing it up and down, almost feverishly.

Lonna whimpered and began writhing around beneath Abbie, clutching her harder with one arm as she continued to work her fingers, sliding two of them deeper and maneuvering them around.

Abbie suddenly twisted her face and began kissing Lonna on the neck, the throat, the chin. She kissed her all over her face. "Stick out your tongue," she whispered.

Lonna stuck it out, continuing to work on Abbie with her right hand.

Abbie rubbed Lonna harder, and then paused as she slipped a finger into her wet slit. She slid it in deep, all the way to her final knuckle.

Lonna moaned loudly, grinning, her tongue still protruding slightly from between her teeth.

"Stick it out, Lonna."

Lonna stuck her tongue out further, as far as she could. Abbie wrapped her lips around it, sucking it into her mouth and licking it like a

popsicle. She bobbed her head up and down, sucking Lonna's tongue in and out of her mouth, the two of them squirming fervently on the couch, their fingers working diligently.

Lonna pulled her tongue back into her mouth. She was breathing very hard. "I think I'm going to come, sweetie."

"Me, too," Abbie panted. Their fingers worked even faster and then Abbie's mouth was back over Lonna's, their tongues darting around like fish.

"Oh, god, Abbie!" Lonna came first, her hips bucking up and down beneath Abbie, her fingers continuing to work between the younger woman's legs. Abbie quickly followed, soft little whimpering cries issuing from her mouth as she ground her pelvis up and down on top of Lonna. They held each other tightly and rocked back and forth, allowing the aftereffects of their culmination to settle.

Abbie kissed Lonna on the mouth, softly, lovingly.

Lonna smiled, squeezing her even tighter. She wanted to say something, but she didn't know what, and she didn't want to ruin the experience.

Abbie, too, was quiet. She lay her head down on Lonna's breast, her heavy breathing beginning to calm. They lay there holding each other, their heartbeats returning to normal, and soon Abbie drifted off to sleep.

Lonna smiled as her new friend began to snore softly. She ran her fingers through Abbie's sweaty hair and kissed her forehead. She'd never felt so peaceful.

After a minute she closed her eyes, her arms wrapped securely around Abbie. She wondered if she could possibly feel any happier. She sighed, relaxing her whole body, and soon she, too, was asleep.



## Chapter 9

Lonna awoke to an elbow in the ribs.

“Sorry, Lonna!”

“It’s okay.”

Abbie had been climbing off her, but now she paused to kiss her gently on the mouth. “I guess we fell asleep,” she said.

“I guess so. What time is it?”

There was a digital clock near the TV, and Abbie glanced over. “It’s a little after noon.”

“Wow. That was quite a nap.”

Abbie smiled, settling back down and hugging her new friend. “I guess we needed it. We wore each other out.”

Lonna giggled, wrapping her arms around Abbie and wiggling around beneath her. “I’d like to wear you out more often.”

Abbie kissed her again. “You can wear me out whenever you’d like.”

Lonna reached down and grabbed Abbie’s crotch through the thin nightgown. “Don’t tempt me, sweetheart.”

Abbie squealed, delighted. “Take me!” She ground her crotch against Lonna’s hand and began kissing her again. They kissed for a long time, and while it started out passionately, it slowly became more affectionate. Soon they were kissing each other lightly on the face and holding hands.

“Thank you, Abbie.”

“What for?”

“Quite possibly, the best day of my life.”

Abbie smirked. “Even better than your wedding day?”

Lonna groaned. “Below the belt!”

Laughing, Abbie rolled off to the side and put her arm around Lonna. “Why did you marry him, anyway?”

She thought about it. “I really don’t know. I was lonely, I guess. And depressed. And drinking too much.”

“You sure got the raw end of that deal.”

“I guess so. Do we have to talk about him?”

“No.” Abbie kissed her. “I’m sorry. I was just curious. You’re so beautiful, and so nice, and he’s just some stupid jack-off.”

Lonna laughed. “It wasn’t a total loss. If I hadn’t married him I wouldn’t have met you.”

Abbie smiled lovingly. “True. But now what? Just tell him you’re dumping him for me?”

“You wouldn’t want me long-term, sweetheart. I’m too much older than you.”

“You’re perfect for me.” She kissed her again. “I’m completely in love with you.”

Lonna’s breath caught in her throat. She felt overwhelmed. She ran her fingers through Abbie’s hair and pulled her into another kiss. “Oh, sweetie. You may find this surprising, but I’m in love with you, too.”

Abbie smiled, the happiest smile Lonna had ever seen. Then tears welled in Abbie’s eyes and spilled down her cheeks. Lonna felt them land on

her shoulder.

Lonna twisted on the couch again and wrapped Abbie up in her arms, holding her.

“What’s going to happen?” Abbie asked.

“What do you mean?”

“With us. What’s going to happen?”

“Whatever you want. I’m crazy about you.”

“I know, but what about that asshole? There’s no way he’s going to let us be together.”

“That’s true. We’ll have to keep it a secret.”

“But we can still be together?”

Lonna kissed her. “Always.”

Abbie smiled, but her eyes still looked sad. “It’s going to suck the whole time he’s home. The weekends will be horrible.”

“They already are.”

Abbie laughed and wiped her eyes. “I *really* feel sorry for *you*. You have to go to bed with him.”

“Don’t remind me.”

“I wish you could come to bed with me instead.”

“So do I.”

“Maybe we could ask him.”

“Do you really think so?”

Abbie smiled. "Maybe we could kill him."

"Now, now. There's no need for that kind of talk. He didn't really do anything wrong."

"Well, we've got to do something."

"Things will work out. We've got to be patient."

Abbie hugged her again, burying her face in Lonna's hair.

They lay still for several minutes, holding each other, and then Abbie sat up. "Sorry," she whispered. "I have to use the bathroom."

"Don't apologize. You go ahead. Would you like some lunch?"

Abbie thought about it. "Maybe a little something. Let me make it for us."

"I'll make you anything you want."

Abbie kissed her and got up. "Maybe some fruit and cheese." She smiled. "And a couple more of those drinks."

\*

They found the fruit and cheese, but decided not to have any more vodka. Instead they split a can of diet Dr. Pepper, taking turns sipping from the same can.

"What do you suppose we ought to do about dinner?" Abbie asked. "Can you think of any way to avoid going out with him?"

Lonna popped a grape into her mouth and chewed it up. "Maybe he won't be in the mood for it. You two had that fight, after all."

"Maybe he'll try and make it up to me by dragging us out and wasting

our whole night.”

“That’s possible, too.”

“Then again, maybe he won’t come home at all.”

“Don’t count on it. He’s here every day at 4:40 sharp. You can set your watch by it. Sometime I pretend not to realize what time it is, but believe me, I always know.”

Abbie nodded and rolled up a slice of Swiss cheese, biting half of it off. She held the other half up to Lonna’s mouth. Lonna smiled and opened up, allowing Abbie to feed it to her. She chewed happily.

“I guess there’s not much we can do about it. We’ll just have to suffer through it.”

“We’ll make it. Don’t worry so much.”

“Hey, I almost forgot! What about my iPad?”

“What about it?”

“You want to help me set it up?”

“I’d love to.”

They finished eating and then Abbie collected her new computer and led Lonna into her room.

\*

The bedroom was relatively small, but Abbie was very resourceful and had made the most of her space. There was a twin bed in the far corner, still unmade from the night before, the sheets and comforter hanging off onto the floor. She had a writing desk and a small table along the far wall where her desktop computer was set up. There was also a dresser and a row of

shelves she'd installed for her many books. There were no pictures on the walls. Light spilled in through the open curtains along the wall behind the bed.

Abbie walked over to the desktop computer and turned it on, setting the iPad on the table. "This takes a few minutes to boot up," she explained.

"I know. At my job we only turn them off for the weekends."

"I keep thinking you're computer illiterate for some reason, but you're not."

"Not at all. I know my way around a keyboard."

There was only one chair, and Abbie motioned to it. "Sit down."

"You go ahead. I don't mind standing."

Abbie sat down. She smiled up at Lonna. "You wanna sit on my lap?"

Lonna giggled. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I wish you would."

"Sit on your lap? Or hurt you?"

"Both."

Lonna stepped around to the front of the desk and carefully lowered herself onto Abbie's lap. "Maybe you should sit on *my* lap."

Abbie laughed. "Maybe you should sit on my face."

"Abigail!"

Abbie wrapped her arms around Lonna and kissed her back through the nightgown. The log-on screen had come up and she reached one hand around and typed in her password. "I like you in my lap."

“I’m too big.”

Abbie reached her hand around and slid it between Lonna’s thighs, rubbing her. “I’d say you’re perfect.”

“I’d say you’re getting me hot.”

“You’re already hot.” The computer was ready and Abbie reached for the iPad. She couldn’t quite reach it.

“Let me get up,” Lonna said. She rose from Abbie’s lap and retrieved the tablet computer from the table. There was a cord with it, and after examining it for a moment she plugged one end into the iPad and the other end into one of the desktop ports. The iPad screen came to life, and seconds later a window appeared on the other computer. She watched as Abbie clicked the mouse a few times and got things started.

“It looks like this is going to take awhile,” she said.

“You go ahead. I don’t want to bug you while you’re working at it.”

“No. I mean, it looks like this needs to just sit here and sync for awhile. There’s nothing to do but wait.” She stared at Lonna for a moment. “My god, look at you standing there!” She reached out one hand and ran it along Lonna’s leg. “I’ve don’t remember ever seeing you in my room before. You look so pretty!”

Lonna put her hand over Abbie’s. “You’re giving me a swelled head.”

“You’re giving me a swelled clit.”

Lonna laughed. “I’ve got one of those myself.”

Abbie smiled. “I’ve got an idea.”

“What’s that?”

“Why don’t you lie down on my bed?”

“I’d love to.” Lonna stepped to the bed and climbed on, lying on her side, her face buried in the pillow. She felt very happy. “Your pillow is so soft. And it smells like you!” She rubbed her face in it, kissing it.

Abbie laughed and got up from her chair. She grabbed Lonna’s feet and pulled her forward on the bed so that her legs were hanging over the front. She then placed Lonna’s feet back on the bed, bending her legs at the knees and parting them.

“It looks like Abbie’s got something in mind.”

“Abbie didn’t get enough lunch. She’s still hungry.”

Lonna sat up. “I’m sorry! Did you want something else to eat?”

“Yeah,” Abbie said. “*You*. Now lie back down.”

Lonna laughed, clutching the pillow. “Oh, Abbie! At least let me take a shower first!”

“Don’t you dare.” Abbie pulled Lonna’s nightgown up over her waist and got down on her knees at the foot of the bed. She began kissing Lonna’s inner thighs and rubbing her face against them. “You’re so smooth.”

“I do my best.”

Abbie moved forward and kissed Lonna’s panties. They were white and had frilly material along the edges. She pressed her face against them and began licking the fabric, which was already wet. “You weren’t kidding. It’s like Niagara Falls down here.”

Lonna moaned. “It’s your fault.”

Abbie kept licking. She pressed her tongue against Lonna’s underwear and then pulled the fabric into her mouth, sucking the juices from it. It tasted very good and made her own pussy throb. After a minute it wasn’t enough and she pulled the panties aside, revealing Lonna’s adorable little pie. She pressed her mouth against it and ran her tongue up along its height several times, as if she were licking an ice cream cone.



“Oh, Abbie! You’re too much!”

“You relax, sweetheart.” Abbie licked her some more, and then worked her tongue in between the flaps, sliding it as far as it would go. Lonna reached down and gripped her head, pushing it more firmly against her and rocking slightly on the bed, whimpering softly. Abbie stayed with it for several more minutes and then began working it with her finger and tongue at the same time, really making Lonna squirm.

Finally Lonna began to whine, squeezing Abbie’s head between her thighs and holding it in place with both hands. She thrust her hips, grinding her crotch into Abbie’s face and pulling her hair. She let out another loud moan and then relaxed, all her muscles going limp as she lay panting on the bed. There was an exuberant little smile on her face.

Abbie looked up at her, peeking from between her legs. Her face was all wet. “You didn’t tell me you were a squirter.”

Lonna laughed, embarrassed. “You didn’t ask.”

“I almost drown.”

“I’m sorry!”

Abbie smiled. “I’m not complaining. I loved it.”

“Me, too!” Lonna sat up and gripped Abbie by the arms, pulling her up onto the bed with her. They lay across it, Lonna on top, her mouth finding Abbie’s and kissing her passionately. She tasted herself on Abbie’s lips and became aroused all over again. “Your turn!”

“Who, me?”

Lonna sat up in the bed and began working Abbie’s nightgown up above her hips. When it was out of the way she tugged the panties down, which were lacy and black. She slid them all the way down Abbie’s legs and removed them, tossing them to the floor. She then kissed Abbie’s feet, her ankles, her shins and calves. She moved up along her legs and began kissing

her knees and the insides of her thighs. When she got higher up, she pressed Abbie's legs up and out, so that her knees were up near her breasts and her little pink snatch was fully exposed, looking up at her from its landscape of soft dark hair. "It's so pretty!"

Abbie laughed and began fingering herself.

"Hey! That's my job." Lonna lowered her face and bumped Abbie's hand aside with her chin, gliding her tongue along the moist folds of Abbie's lips. She had never done this before, and her heart was galloping wildly in her chest. Abbie moaned as Lonna slid her tongue into her slit and kissed it with her lips, nibbling at the edges. She used her finger to prod the nub. Abbie's ass bounced up and down on the bed as she whimpered in delight, grabbing Lonna's hair and squeezing it in her fists.

Lonna kept at it, having the time of her life. She rubbed her whole face up and down along Abbie's crotch, coating herself in the younger woman's juices. She worked her tongue over the clit again and again while sliding her fingers in and out.

Suddenly Abbie's legs kicked out and she grabbed the shoulders of Lonna's nightgown, pulling hard enough to rip the fabric. She squealed when she did it, and twisted on the bed, shuddering and smiling.

"Wow!" Lonna exclaimed.

Abbie laughed, catching her breath. "Did I rip your nighty?"

"Don't worry about the nighty, sweetie." Lonna climbed over her and took up a position beside her on the bed. "How are you?"

Abbie was still smiling. "Never better."

Lonna kissed her, wrapping her arms around her. They hugged and rolled around for a moment, kissing each other happily. After awhile they calmed down and then lay still, relaxing in a mutual embrace. They were both sweaty, their hearts thumping in rhythm.

“We’ve got to do this again some time,” Abbie said.

“Are you kidding? We should do it every day.”

Abbie laughed, burying her face between Lonna’s arm and breast.  
“That’ll work for me.”

They lay there resting and holding each other for a very long time.  
Neither of them had the slightest desire to get up.

## Chapter 10

The day had been virtually perfect for both of them, but perfection didn't last. Before they knew it, the clock read 4:30. They stared at it with apprehension, dreading what was coming.

"Maybe he'll have a car accident and die," Abbie said hopefully.

Lonna giggled, but there was no humor in it. "That would certainly be handy."

"People do it every day." They were sitting on the couch, their hands clasped together. They had both taken showers and gotten dressed, Lonna into faded jeans and a white blouse, Abbie into her traditional all-black outfit which included stockings and a low-cut skirt.

"We can hope, but something tells me that damn car will be gliding to a stop right in front of the house in about ten minutes."

"What about a banana peel on the steps?"

Lonna smiled. "There must be *something* we can do."

After a moment, Abbie asked a pertinent question. "In all seriousness, Lonna, what are your long-term prospects regarding your marriage?"

Lonna looked at her. "That's a hell of a question."

Abbie nodded. "It's an important one to consider."

Lonna was quiet for a little while, contemplating. She shrugged. "I don't see any way out of it."

"Would you miss him if he were to disappear?"

“Abbie! I hope you’re not suggesting we do something crazy.”

Abbie sighed. “I just don’t want him around anymore. I’m tired of always having to hide in my room.”

“You’re nineteen, sweetie. And it’s his house. You’re not really trapped here.”

“I can’t very well afford my own place.”

Lonna squeezed her hand. “I think you’re moving too fast. Try and settle down a little. You’ve got a decent home to live in, and your school is being paid for. And when your father isn’t around, you’ve got me.”

“I want you all the time!”

Lonna laughed, reaching up and wrapping her arm around Abbie’s neck. She hugged her and kissed the top of her head. “You’ve got to be reasonable.”

Abbie was pouting. “I don’t like the idea of sharing you with him, either.”

“I’ll bet he’d feel the same way.”

That made Abbie smile. “Fuck what he wants. You’re mine!” She twisted on the couch, throwing one leg up over Lonna’s and hugging her with both arms, her face buried in the hollow of Lonna’s neck.

Lonna hugged back, squeezing tight. She rubbed Abbie’s back with both hands. “Please try to be patient, sweetheart. It’s going to be tricky for awhile.”

“I’ll try.”

“It’ll work out.”

“I hope so.”

“It will. I promise.” The sound of an engine suddenly invaded the room, growing louder. As soon as it peaked, it stopped. Lonna glanced at the clock. “Oh, good. He’s a few minutes early.”

Abbie climbed off her lap. “What a treat.”

“I’m sorry, Abbie.”

“It’s not your fault.” She looked into Lonna’s eyes. “I guess I’d better go hide in my room.”

“You’re making me feel terrible.”

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean to. I just wish I could spend the rest of my birthday with you.” She leaned into Lonna and kissed her.

“I do, too.” Lonna placed a hand behind Abbie’s head and pulled her back into another kiss, sliding her tongue into Abbie’s mouth. Abbie moaned and climbed onto Lonna’s lap, kissing her deeply and caressing her breasts through the thin blouse.

Outside, a car door slammed.

Abbie sat up. “Fuckin’ shit!” The expression on her face was one of pure fury.

Lonna rubbed her arm, lovingly. “Honey, I’m so sorry!”

Abbie kissed her again, quickly, and then got to her feet. “I’m sorry, too. You hang in there, Lonna. I love you.”

Lonna smiled. She had tears in her eyes. “I love you, too.”

Abbie disappeared into the hallway, leaving Lonna alone on the couch. With Abbie gone, the room felt empty and dead.

Lonna took a deep breath, trying to compose herself. As the screen door opened, she wiped her eyes with the back of one hand.

\*

“Hey,” Rick said, stepping in. In his left hand he held an empty coffee cup. “TV busted?”

Lonna felt like she was in a bad movie. She tried to feign a smile but couldn’t pull it off. “I thought we were going out. I didn’t want to get caught up with television.”

He stopped in the center of the room, gazing at her. “I don’t know if we’re going out or not.” His eyes shifted around. “Abbie home yet?”

“I think she’s in her room.”

“She say anything to you?”

“Does she ever?”

Rick shrugged. “We had a little fight this morning. I’m not really sure about dinner anymore. We out of vodka?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You’re usually drinking by now.”

“I thought we were going out. I didn’t know not drinking would be a problem.”

“It’s not. Just unusual, that’s all.”

Lonna got up. “Well, then I guess I’d better make myself a drink.”

“That’s not what I meant.” He sighed. “God, why do I even come home?”

“I don’t know,” Lonna muttered. She stepped into the kitchen.

Rick followed her. “What’s that supposed to mean?” He crushed his

coffee cup and threw it in the trash. “Are you sure you didn’t talk to Abbie? You seem annoyed with me, too.”

The glasses she and Abbie had used for their morning cocktails were still in the sink. It saddened Lonna to think their wonderful morning together was now just a memory. She lifted one of the glasses out and rinsed it under the tap. “You seemed annoyed I wasn’t drinking.” She set the glass on the counter and grabbed the bottle of vodka, twisting off the cap. It was getting low, but there was another one in the cabinet.

“I was making a joke.”

“It didn’t sound like a joke. It was mean-spirited.”

Rick threw his hands up in exasperation. “Forget it. Let’s start over. Are we going out to dinner, or are we staying home?”

Lonna got the ice cube tray from the freezer and began plopping them into her glass. “How would I know? Isn’t that between you and your daughter?”

“You’re my wife. I thought I’d include you in the decision.”

“Well, it’s Abbie’s birthday. I think it should really be her decision.” She brought the empty tray to the sink and began running water into it. When it was full she returned it to the freezer.

Rick was stalling, trying to figure out what to do. It was obvious he didn’t want to confront Abbie. “You said she’s in her room?”

“I’m guessing she is. I know she’s home.”

“You want to do me a little favor?”

Lonna had retrieved the cranberry juice and was pouring it into her glass. “Before you ask me to do you a favor, can I ask what you two were fighting about this morning?”

“The damn iPod. Or Pad, or whatever. She knew she wasn’t getting it, but she acted all pissed off anyway.”



“Maybe you should have gotten it for her.”

“I’m done talking about that. She’s spoiled enough as it is.”

“Maybe you should try being nicer to her.”

“Are you going to do me a favor, or not?”

“What’s the favor?”

He sighed, rubbing his head. “Can you ask her if she still wants to go to Mario’s?”

Lonna put the juice back in the refrigerator. “I doubt she’ll want to go if she’s mad at you.”

“You’re probably right. The way she was screaming at me this morning, I got the feeling she hated my guts.” He glanced at her. “Now I know how you feel.”

*Not quite*, Lonna thought.

“Anyway, will you ask her? I notice you didn’t cook anything.”

“I thought we were going out! Why would I cook something? No one bothers to tell me anything.”

He frowned. “Sorry. I was going to call, but I had to bust ass all day again.”

“And what do you think I did all day?” Lonna had a brief flashback of Abbie looking up at her from between her legs, her face dripping wet. The corners of her mouth turned up in a little smirk.

“What’s funny?”

“Nothing. I just don’t see why you would expect me to cook when we had plans to go out.”

“I said I’m sorry. Will you ask her? If she doesn’t want to go, we can order

Chinese or something.”

Lonna stirred her drink, nodding. She took a little sip. It was very strong, stronger than she usually made them. “I suppose I could. But you know how she feels about me. We can probably forget about going out.”

“Yeah, but could you ask her anyway? Otherwise she’ll hold it against me. Tomorrow she’ll be whining that she had really wanted to go.”

“Good thinking. This way your ass will be covered, and you don’t even have to do anything.”

He glared at her. “Is that a yes or a no?”

“I’ll try. Do you want me to see if I can influence her one way or the other?”

He shrugged. “Let her decide. It’s her birthday.”

Lonna nodded and carried her drink down the hall.

## Chapter 11

When Lonna reached Abbie's bedroom door, she knocked three times and called out loud enough for Rick to hear from the living room, "Abbie? It's me, your stepmother. I know you don't like me, but I need to ask you something."

Seconds later there was a click and the door began to open. Abbie's face peeked out through the crack, looking at her. Her eyes quickly scanned the hall and, seeing no one else, came back to Lonna. She smiled, opening the door wider and stepping back. "You know I don't like you?"

Smiling, Lonna put a finger up to her lips. She entered the room and shut the door behind her. "Does this thing lock?" she whispered.

Abbie reached past her and turned a small dial on the doorknob.

Lonna set her glass down on the small table and the two of them embraced, squeezing each other tightly. "God, I missed you already!" Lonna said softly.

Abbie giggled. "I missed you too!"

They unwound and shared a long kiss, both of them very eager.

"I told you it would be okay," Lonna said softly. "He's been home less than ten minutes, and we're back together already." She smiled happily and kissed Abbie again.

"But how long will it last?"

"As long as we want. I made a decision while I was in there listening to him belittling me."

"What was the decision?"

“The decision is, I no longer care what he thinks.”

“You mean, you want us to just do whatever we feel like, right in front of him?”

“Well, no. But this is your room. He’s got no right to come in here. So, if you invite me in, and lock the door, it’s none of his business what we’re doing.”

Abbie suddenly looked very happy. “He might figure it out after awhile. When he realizes how close we are now.”

“Maybe. But he won’t know for sure. He’ll just assume.”

“And you’re okay with that?”

“Yes. This can be our little sanctuary.”

Abbie hugged her again and began hopping up and down. “Oh, goodie, goodie! Lonna, this is going to be so fun!”

“I know!”

“You can sneak in here every night!”

“As often as I can. You bet.”

Abbie kissed her again. “So he sent you in to interrogate me?”

“I wouldn’t say that. He just wants to know what you want to do about dinner.” Lonna picked up her glass and took a sip. She then offered it to Abbie, who smiled and took a sip of her own.

“Can we sit on your bed?”

“Of course!”

The two of them moved over and climbed onto the small bed, leaning their backs against the wall and taking turns drinking from the glass.

“Do you think we should go out?” Abbie asked.

“It’s your birthday. I’ll do whatever you want.”

“Anything?”

Lonna smiled and put an arm around Abbie. “You know it.” She took a big sip and handed the glass back.

“You think he’ll smell this on my breath?”

“Who cares? I say we stop worrying so much.”

Grinning, Abbie took a sizable gulp, coughing slightly. Her eyes were watering. “Wow, you really made this one powerful!”

Lonna laughed. “I made it for two.” She took the glass and had another sip. “Happy birthday,” she said.

“It is, thanks to you.” Abbie kissed her on the mouth and then rested her head on Lonna’s shoulder.

A sudden knock on the door startled them both. “Hey,” Rick said from the hall. “Did we make a decision?”

“FUCK OFF!” Abbie yelled.

Lonna giggled, spilling vodka and cranberry juice in her lap. “Hang on!” she called. “I’m trying to patch things up in here!”

They could hear Rick muttering through the door. “Son of a bitch!”

Lonna took a healthy mouthful of booze and handed the glass to Abbie. “That should hold him for a few minutes at least. Drink up, my little sweetheart.”

Abbie took the glass. “Are you trying to get me drunk?”

“Not necessarily. I suppose I’m trying to fortify you. I know you don’t want to deal with him, and I don’t either. The drinking helps me cope with that,

and, I guess, I thought it might help you, too.”

“You’re very thoughtful.” Abbie took another sip.

“I’m trying to keep your birthday a happy one for you. Nothing else really matters to me right now.”

Abbie reached over with the glass and set it on the computer desk. She then wrapped her arms around Lonna and eased her down onto the bed, so that they were lying side by side. “Thank you so much. For everything.”

Lonna smiled. “Nothing’s too good for my little princess.”

Abbie smiled back, pulling Lonna closer and kissing her. They lay there for quite some time, just holding each other and breathing softly. It was very peaceful, and they were on the verge of drifting off to sleep again when Rick knocked on the door.

“What the hell?” he shouted. “I’m getting hungry out here!”

Abbie groaned, sitting up. “Jesus Christ! Go away!”

“I’d better go deal with him,” Lonna said. She also sat up, giving Abbie a little hug.

“I don’t want you to go!”

“I don’t want to go, either. But I suppose we’ve got to do something. Do you want some dinner? We could order something, and I could bring it in and eat with you in here.”

Abbie smiled. “That might work.”

“He said something about Chinese. What would you like?”

“Something with shrimp. Something spicy.”

Lonna kissed her. “Will do.”

“And maybe another one of those cocktails. With orange juice.”

They stood up and hugged in the center of the room. “I’ll bring you something good. Don’t worry. Hey, did you ever get your new computer working?”

Abbie dashed over to it. “Yes! Can I show you?”

“Goddamnit!” Rick said through the door. “I’m ordering dinner in two minutes! If either of you want anything, you’d better let me know!”

Lonna sighed. “I guess you can show me when dinner gets here.” She retrieved her glass and took a small sip, offering it again to Abbie.

Abbie took it and filled her mouth. She handed the glass back and swallowed, grimacing. “Good stuff,” she said.

They kissed quickly and Lonna ruffled her hair. “I’ll see you soon.”

\*

When Lonna opened the bedroom door, Rick was standing right there. He tried to look past her shoulder into the room, but she slipped through quickly and closed the door behind her.

“What the hell’s going on in there?”

“What do you mean?”

“You were in there for twenty minutes.”

“I was talking to Abbie! You asked me to, remember?”

He shrugged, backing down the hall into the living room. “I just wanted to know what she wanted to do for dinner. I didn’t think you’d be in there that long.”

Lonna was getting more disgusted with him. She sipped from her nearly empty glass. "I'm trying to be civil with her. We were just starting to get along, after all these months, and you have to keep pounding on the door barking about food."

"It's getting late. I haven't eaten since noon."

"Well, order something then." She pushed past him and took a seat on the couch, feeling sick. She tried to remember why she had married him and couldn't.

"So we're not going out?"

Lonna looked up at him. He looked pale and sweaty with the sunlight streaming through the windows into his face. "She's furious at you. Didn't you hear her telling you to go away?"

He flapped his arms. "Yeah, but...we gotta eat." He studied her. "What were you two talking about for so long?"

"I told you. We were just starting to get along, and I was trying to cheer her up. It's her birthday, remember?"

He nodded. "Yeah. Well, what do you want for dinner? We'd better order now, sometimes it takes them an hour to deliver."

"Abbie said Chinese would be fine. She wants something spicy with shrimp."

Rick spun toward the TV, grabbing a take-out menu from the little shelf beside it. "Okay. I can do that. What about you?"

"Chicken. Also spicy. Whatever they call it."

He was studying the menu now, getting lost in the details. "Okay. We want a number 22." He found a pen on the table and jotted a note on the menu. He continued studying it. "And a number 31." A quick scribble with the pen. "And I'll have the 16. You want egg rolls?"

"Sure. Why not?"



“Okay. I’ll get one for Abbie, too.” He pulled out his cell phone and wandered into the kitchen.

Lonna sighed, finishing her drink and settling back on the couch, waiting.

## Chapter 12

When Rick came back from the kitchen, Lonna got up off the couch and stepped past him, intent upon making herself another drink. He glanced at the empty glass in her hand and decided to keep his mouth shut. Lonna made the drink slowly, wasting as much time as possible to avoid sitting with him. There were real concerns now, issues that hadn't existed only a single day before, and she needed time to think them through. Stalling in the kitchen was only a brief respite. She really needed a day or two alone.

Well, maybe not completely alone. There was no doubt in her mind that she wanted to pursue her relationship with Abbie. It was by far the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her, and she couldn't imagine feeling more love toward anyone than she currently felt toward her stepdaughter. The question was what she was going to do about her marriage.

She stirred her drink and set the spoon on the counter. For the time being, she would simply have to endure it.

When she returned to the living room, Rick was sitting on the couch, leaning back and staring up at her. He seemed to have no inner resources or any interests in doing anything at all, other than eating, fucking and being a meddlesome pain in the ass. She wondered again why she had married him.

"Food's on the way," he said. He looked at the drink in her hand. Lonna could tell he had a few good cracks ready to make about it, but he was holding back as best he could. With her already annoyed at him, and Abbie not even speaking to him, he was feeling the pressure to tread lightly.

Lonna took a seat on the opposite side of the couch. "Oh, good. Did you order Abbie's spicy shrimp?"

"Sure. I got her a whole quart, the large. Same for your chicken."

"Thank you." She sipped her drink and set it on the table.

“So what’s the good word around here?”

Lonna briefly toyed with the idea of faking severe stomach cramps, anything to get out of having to sit and chat with Rick. He probably didn’t want to chat, either, but likely felt obligated. It was just another sad reality of their marriage, she supposed.

“I don’t know.” She thought about lying to him and saying she was at work all day, but decided lying wasn’t a good idea. Then she quickly reconsidered and decided lying would be fine. “I was at work all day.”

“Yeah. How many hours they giving you now?”

“The same. Six a day. Just enough to keep me from qualifying for health insurance.”

“Well, that’s alright. You’re on mine, you don’t need their insurance anyway.”

“I suppose.”

“Nothing on the TV?”

“You can put it on. I hadn’t really thought about it.”

Rick glanced at the three remote controls on the coffee table. “Nah. Last time I tried, I spent ten minutes trying to change the channel. When I gave up, I couldn’t even get the TV to turn off.”

Lonna laughed softly. It was probably true. “Most people wouldn’t brag about that.”

“I wasn’t bragging. I could probably take apart everything in this house, including the cars, and put it all back together again, but these damn remote controls always confuse the hell out of me.” Rick worked as a mechanic and prided himself on taking things apart and putting them back together. “Anyway, if you want to turn it on, it’s fine with me.”

Lonna reached over and picked up a remote, switching on the TV. She was in

no mood to watch it, but it would be a welcome distraction. They sat there and stared at a documentary about owls for a little while. Lonna took occasional sips from her glass, trying to relive the morning in her mind, when it was her and Abigail on the couch. It had been almost magical. She was sitting in the exact same spot as when Abbie had leaned over and put an arm around her, kissing her on the mouth for the first time. She smiled to herself, remembering that Abbie's lips had been cold from the ice cubes. Cold and soft. They had warmed up quickly, though, and the two of them had stretched out –

"I never cared for owls," Rick said. "Fuckin' spooky-ass birds. More like a big winged-cat or something."

Lonna nodded. "Me, too."

Rick looked at her. "What?"

She looked at him and sighed. "Me, too," she repeated.

He nodded. "Okay. If you say so. You feel alright?"

"No. I feel kind of sick."

"Maybe you ought to give that vodka a rest."

Lonna was holding the glass in her hand. She raised it to her mouth and took a long drink.

"Or not," Rick said.

"It's not the vodka. I've felt sick all day. My throat hurts. The drink feels good on it."

"Oh, shit. You're probably coming down with something. I'll probably have it by tomorrow."

"Not if we're careful," Lonna suggested. "I'd feel terrible if I got you sick."

He looked back at the TV. "Shit. I don't know why I look forward to the

weekend. Now I'll be looking forward to Monday. And on Monday, to another weekend. I must be crazy."

"Maybe."

They sat and watched the documentary for a little while longer. Lonna finished her drink. When she set the empty glass on the table, Rick reached forward and picked up one of the remotes. He began pushing buttons, trying to get rid of the documentary. Little menus kept popping up on the screen but the channel wouldn't change.

"Damnit! How the hell do you change it?"

Lonna showed him which buttons to press. "Just press this one to go up, and this one to go back down. Or enter the channel number, if you know what one you want."

"I don't know which one I want. I just don't want to see these damn owls anymore. Who the hell wants to sit in their living room and watch some filthy looking thing like that while it flies around chewing up mice?"

"Well, what do you want to see?"

"I want to see the delivery guy's car pull up with my dinner."

"I'm sure he'll be here soon."

Rick found a black and white movie featuring cowboys shooting at one another from behind wooden outhouses. He set the remote back down. "This looks alright."

Lonna began to massage her throat with one hand, trying to play up the idea of her being sick. She thought it would be the perfect solution to get through the weekend without having to make any major decisions. "God, I can hardly swallow. I need another cold drink."

Rick sighed. "I don't see how that's going to help."

She returned to the kitchen and placed her glass in the sink, taking down a

new one from the cabinet, a very large novelty glass that looked more like a vase. She then made herself another cocktail, using up the last of the open bottle of vodka and breaking out the spare. She made it extra strong and mixed it with orange juice, adding plenty of ice and stirring it with a long handled spoon.

When she came back out into the living room, Rick's eyes bulged comically and his mouth opened in astonishment. "Holy smokes! Are you expecting company?"

Lonna grinned sardonically. "Ha ha. There's hardly any booze in this. Haven't you ever heard of drinking lots of orange juice when you're getting sick?"

"Yeah, yeah. Damn, you really think you're coming down with something, huh?"

"I know I am. It hurts to even talk." She took a sip from the vase. It was even stronger than she'd thought.

Rick sat and watched her put it down on the coffee table. It dwarfed everything around it. He was going to make another crack, but thought better of it. "So what's going on with Abbie, anyway? Is she going to come out here and eat with us when the food guy gets here?"

Lonna sat down. "I don't know. I doubt it."

"She's really that mad at me?"

"I think so. Didn't you hear her yelling in there?"

"Yeah, I heard. But she can't stay mad forever. Even if I'd have gotten her that stupid thing, she'd be tired of it by now."

"Maybe you should bring her dinner in there and eat with her. I'll stay out here, and give you two a chance to talk things over."

Rick looked unhappy with the suggestion. "I don't think so. She's welcome to come out here, but I'm not going to eat my dinner in her bedroom."

“I really don’t think she’s going to want to come out here. She’s furious at you.”

He seemed to think about it. “Shit!”

Lonna sighed. “Maybe I can take it in there for her. I think I was making a little progress with her earlier.”

“Just hand it to her through the door. Otherwise she’ll probably catch your cold.”

“It’s her birthday. She’s not a monkey. We’re not just going to toss a sack of food through the door. If you’re not going to go in there and eat with her, then I really think I should.”

“She can come out here. Otherwise, forget it.”

“You can forget it. If you’re not going, I am.”

He glared at her. “Fine. You go. I’ll watch TV.”

Lonna picked up the big drink with both hands and took a sip. She almost laughed. Things were actually working out quite well. Now she had the perfect excuse to avoid him all weekend. The idea of spending the next two days locked up with Abbie in her bedroom sent shivers of excitement throughout her entire body.

They watched the cowboy movie for a few more minutes, not speaking. The action had ceased and now two of the men were sitting in a saloon, talking things over. Lonna soon heard a car approach the house, followed by the slam of a door.

Rick looked out the window. “Finally.” He got up, digging his wallet from his back pocket.

## Chapter 13

While Rick was paying the man at the door, Lonna got up and retrieved plates and silverware from the kitchen. She also took a few paper towels and stuffed them in her back pocket. When she met up with Rick at the coffee table, she set one of the plates and forks down for him, and picked up her giant screwdriver.

He watched her. “You’re bringing that it Abbie’s room?”

“Well, I’m certainly not going to keep running back and forth every time I want a sip. Don’t worry, I’m not going to share it with her.” Lying to him came easily now, there was not even the slightly tinge of guilt.

“Why don’t you ask her to come in here and eat. I don’t like the idea of you two shut up in her room.”

“I’ll ask her, but remember, it’s you she’s mad at. If you want her to come in here, you’re going to have to be the one to convince her.”

He set the bags of food on the coffee table and marched down the hall. He grumbled something, but Lonna couldn’t make it out. When he reached Abbie’s door, he knocked softly three times and called out, “Abbie?”

Her voice was barely audible through the door. “What?”

“Dinner’s here. I got you some spicy shrimp. Why don’t you come out and eat with us?”

“Leave me alone.”

“Abbie, come on. You can’t stay mad at me just because you didn’t get some outrageously expensive birthday gift. Why don’t you come out and eat dinner and we can talk about it?”



“I don’t want to talk to you. Leave me alone!”

“Quit being a brat! You’re nineteen now, it’s time to start acting like it.”

There was a pause, and then the sound of the lock being disengaged. The door opened a crack and Abigail peeked out at him. “You’re right. I am nineteen now. And I’m sick and fucking tired of you always telling me what to do.”

“Abbie...”

“No! I don’t want to hear it! Why can’t you just leave me alone?”

“I don’t want you hiding in there all night. All weekend. It’s not normal.”

“I’m trying to do my fucking homework! I don’t have time to sit in there with you listening to your stupid fucking stories about clogged fuel injectors.”

Rick clenched his fists, gritting his teeth. “I’m not asking you to listen to any stories. Just come eat dinner! It’s your birthday, you shouldn’t be spending it alone in your room.”

“I’m not coming out.”

Rick glowered at her. “You going to live in there?”

“Unless you’re planing to throw me out.”

“I’m not throwing anyone out! I’m just asking you to come eat dinner!”

“Why would I want to eat dinner with you? Do you think I would enjoy the experience?”

“Jesus Christ, Abbie, just get in there and eat!”

“Fuck you!” She slammed the door and locked it.

“Little bitch!” He stormed back down the hall, avoiding eye contact with Lonna. “Fucking spoiled brat.”

“You handled that well,” Lonna said.

“Don’t start. She’s being unreasonable.” He sat down and tore open the bags, looking for his pepper steak. When he found it, he dumped some onto his plate and began fumbling with a carton of rice.

“I’m going to bring some dinner in for her.”

“Good luck. Ten bucks says she won’t even open the door.”

“Well, I’m at least going to try. I can’t sit in here eating while she’s probably crying in there, alone and hungry on her birthday.”

“I told her to come eat. She made the decision not to.”

Lonna was still holding her drink and the two plates and forks. She walked down the hall and knocked twice on Abbie’s door. “Abbie? It’s your stepmother.”

The lock clicked and the door opened up. They smiled at each other. “What do you want?” Abbie said it harshly for Rick’s benefit.

Lonna handed her the enormous drink; Abbie’s smile widened considerably when she realized what it was. “Would you like some dinner? It’s okay if you eat in your room.” She handed over the plates and the forks.

“Okay. Maybe you could join me.”

“I’d like that. Hang on, let me grab the food.” Lonna winked at her and quickly returned to the living room, rearranging the take-out cartons and putting the chicken and shrimp and two small containers of rice into one bag.

“You eating in her room?” Rick asked. His mouth was full, but he jammed in another forkful anyway.

“Yes. She invited me.”

“Don’t forget your egg rolls.”

Lonna took two of the egg rolls and added them to her bag. There were already some packets of soy sauce and other assorted condiments at the bottom. “I’ll try and cheer her up. Maybe she’ll come out for some cake later on.”

Rick looked up at her. “Shit! I didn’t get any cake.”

“I bought one yesterday. It’s in the refrigerator.”

“Oh.” He nodded, shoveling in more food. “Good.”

\*

When Lonna got back to Abbie’s room, she set the bag down on the desk as Abbie closed and locked the door. As soon as it was locked, they wrapped their arms around each other and became lost in a long, lingering kiss. They stood that way for nearly five full minutes, their mouths becoming busily reunited. When they finally had enough, they smiled happily and kissed each other softly on the lips and then embraced tightly.

“Thanks for coming to visit me,” Abbie said.

Lonna giggled. “Thanks for having me.”

“I feel like having you right now.”

Lonna kissed her again. “What do you say we eat first? Then we can have a little birthday party in your bed.”

Abbie laughed, hopping up and down. “Yes, yes, yes!”

“Grab the bag, sweetie. I’ll get the plates.”

They sat on the bed together and dished out the food, the plates balanced on their laps. They took turns sprinkling soy sauce over their dinners and then began to eat, pausing to take occasional sips from the large cocktail Lonna had prepared.

“This is even stronger than the one we had this morning,” Abbie said.

“Too strong?”

“No, I love it!” She handed it to Lonna, who took a big sip and set it on the desk.

“I’m glad. That should last us for awhile.”

Abbie scooped some food into her mouth and chewed happily. “Food is good, too. You want to try some shrimp?”

Lonna smiled and opened her mouth, waiting.

Giggling, Abbie scooped up some more, making sure to get a couple of shrimps on the fork, and then carefully raised it to Lonna’s mouth, sliding it in. Lonna closed her lips over the stem of the fork and Abbie slid it back out, leaning over and giving her a little kiss while she chewed.

“It is good. Here, try some chicken.” Lonna scooped up some of her dinner and fed it to Abbie. Soon they were feeding each other every other forkful, and taking turns eating from each other’s plates. When the plates were empty, they shared an egg roll, and then another. They passed the drink back and forth, washing down the food and catching a little buzz.

“You want some more dinner?” Lonna asked.

Abbie thought about it. “Maybe a little. But no more rice.”

Lonna set their plates on the desk and they each took a carton of food, eating directly from the containers with their forks. They shared, and fed each other several more times, laughing and feeling very happy. When they were both full, they set the food aside and resumed working on the drink.

Lonna took a large swallow, really feeling the booze kick in. She passed it to Abbie, who tried to emulate her and ended up coughing some of it back out. “Oh, all over my good skirt!”

Lonna remembered she had some paper towels in her back pocket and took

them out, wiping at the spill. Abbie spread her legs a little so Lonna could get at the worst of it. “Why don’t you take this off, sweetheart?”

Abbie smiled. “You don’t like it?”

“I do like it. I’d like it even better on the floor.”

Abbie undid the clasp and removed the skirt, tossing it across the room. She was now wearing only a blouse, stockings and panties, all black. “How’s that?”

“Much better. Although that blouse looks a little confining. Wouldn’t you be more comfortable without it?”

“I was just going to say the exact same thing about your pants.”

They both laughed and began undressing. Abbie’s shirt and Lonna’s jeans were soon lying on the floor.

“Hey,” said Abbie. “You know something?”

“What’s that?”

“I’ve kissed you a hundred times, and even eaten you out. But I still haven’t seen your breasts.”

“You think this is a good time?”

“I know it is.”

Lonna giggled and unbuttoned her blouse. Abbie helped her, and when it was wide open Lonna lifted her bra up, exposing both of her milky white breasts. “Peekaboo!”

Abbie twisted on the bed, smiling, and took one in each hand. She began caressing them. “They’re so pretty, Lonna! And so soft! Everything about you is so wonderful!”

“Oh, you’re too sweet.” She leaned forward and kissed her.

Abbie lowered her head and pressed her mouth to one of Lonna's nipples, pulling it in and licking it with little circular motions. Lonna moaned softly, running her fingers through Abbie's hair. After a minute Abbie leaned over further and took the other one into her mouth, working the nipple with her tongue.

"My god, Abbie, you're getting me all wet again."

"I hope so. I can't wait for another taste of that juice." She went back to the first breast and continued her suckling.

Lonna leaned her head back against the wall, elated. Abbie played with her breasts for several more minutes and then Lonna gently gripped Abbie's head, pulling her up and into a kiss. She slid her tongue into Abbie's mouth, feeling herself grow even wetter.

They kissed for a minute, and then Lonna shifted on the bed, pulling Abbie down so that they were lying across it. Abbie removed her bra and threw it across the room. Lonna then lowered her head and began working on Abbie's breasts, squeezing them and sucking the nipples into her mouth. They were slightly smaller than her own, but much more firm. She loved the feel of them in her hands and in her mouth.

Abbie moaned, rolling around on the bed, her fingers in Lonna's hair. "Oh, god, Lonna. That's so nice."

"It sure is." She went back and forth for a minute, sucking on one and then the other. She pressed them together and began sucking both nipples at the same time.

Abbie slipped her hand into her panties and began fingering herself. "I think it's pretty safe to assume this is the best birthday I'll ever have."

Lonna released Abbie's breasts and rose up, kissing her on the mouth. "Don't assume any such thing, sweetie. As far as you know, next year we'll be spending your birthday on the beaches of Brazil."

Abbie lifted her head, smiling. "Really?"

Lonna smiled back. “Who knows?”

“That would be wonderful!”

“It sure would. Imagine --” Lonna noticed Abbie’s hand was tucked into her underwear. She slapped it playfully. “Hey! No fair!”

Abbie giggled, pulling her hand out.

Darting her head forward, Lonna took Abbie’s fingers into her mouth and began sucking on them, at the same time tugging down Abbie’s panties. She got them down around her knees and Abbie lifted her feet, helping to remove them. Once they were on the floor, Lonna climbed off the bed and grabbed Abbie’s ankles, spreading her legs apart and gazing down between them.

“See something you like?” Abbie asked.

Lonna smiled at her. “It seems I’m still a little bit hungry after all.” She lowered her face down into Abbie’s crotch and went to work.

Abbie wrapped her legs around Lonna’s head, her feet on her back. “Oh, Lonna! You’re so --”

A sudden knocking on the door startled them both. “Hey, you guys still eating?”

Abbie and Lonna looked at each other and laughed. From between Abbie’s legs, Lonna yelled, “Yes!”

“It’s been half an hour.”

“Go away!” Abbie yelled.

“You can’t stay in there all night.”

“Please,” Lonna said. “Give us some time. We’re trying to get to know each other better.”

Abbie lay her head back down, covering her mouth and giggling.

“Why don’t you come out here? I don’t like this hiding stuff.”

“I’ll be out later,” Lonna said angrily. “Leave us alone for a little while.”

“Jesus Christ. What about the cake?”

Abbie looked at Lonna. “Cake?”

“I bought you a birthday cake.”

She smiled. “You did?”

“Of course. Why wouldn’t I?”

Abbie sat up and pulled Lonna into a kiss. “Thank you so much, Lonna.”

“You’re very welcome, birthday girl.” Lonna settled down on top of her and they began kissing, their arms enveloping each other.

Rick knocked again. “What about the cake?” he said louder. “I want mine now.”

Abbie lifted her head. “LEAVE MY FUCKING CAKE ALONE!”

“When the hell are we going to have it?” he asked.

“YOU’RE NOT GETTING ANY!” she screamed.

Lonna climbed off the bed and yelled at him through the door. “Would you please leave us alone? You’re ruining her birthday! Can’t you sense that?”

“I just want some goddamn cake!”

Abbie leaped up and grabbed her boots from the corner, hurling them at the door. They made a tremendous crash. “LEAVE MY FUCKING CAKE ALONE! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE! STOP TORTURING US!”

“Jesus Christ!” he yelled again. “What the fuck is wrong with you bitches?”



“FUCK YOU!” Abbie screamed.

“Fucking shit,” Rick mumbled. Seconds later they heard things being slammed around in the other room.

Lonna went to Abbie and wrapped her arms around her. She was trembling. “I’m sorry, honey.”

Abbie hugged her back, rubbing her face on Lonna’s shoulder. “There’s nothing for you to be sorry about. I’m just so glad you’re here with me.”

“Me, too.”

They held each other for a long time, wondering what they were going to do.

## Chapter 14

After a few minutes, when the tension had settled and they once more felt comfortable, Lonna turned off the light. She then removed her blouse and bra, and the two of them returned to the bed. The erotic mood that had existed only minutes before had been ruined by Rick, but Abbie and Lonna felt closer than ever. Abbie stripped off her stockings so that they were each down to only their underwear, and they pulled the sheet and comforter over them, holding each other and resting their heads on the soft pillow. They tangled their legs together and kissed softly in the dark room.

“Will you stay with me tonight?” Abbie asked.

“Yes.”

“You don’t think he’ll start banging again?”

“I know he will. I’ll stay with you anyway.”

Abbie kissed her. “Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome, sweetheart.”

They closed their eyes and relaxed, their heads close enough together so that they could feel each other’s soft breath on their faces. There was not a lot of room in the twin-sized bed, but there was enough, and they were very comfortable together. After several minutes they drifted off to sleep and didn’t wake up until almost an hour later, when Rick began knocking on the door again.

Abbie shifted, pulling her arm from beneath Lonna’s neck. “What the hell,” she whispered.

Lonna lifted her head. “Sounds like he’s at it again.”

From the other side of the door came Rick's voice. "I've had about enough of this. Open this door."

"Go away!" Abbie yelled.

"No! Open up! No more games!"

"Something tells me he's going to need to be dealt with," Lonna said quietly.

"What should we do?"

"I don't know." She climbed out of bed and began rummaging on the floor for her clothing.

"You're not leaving me, are you?"

"No, honey. I just need to --"

Rick pounded the door. "Open up! I'm going to take this door right off the hinges if you two don't open it!"

"Hang on!" Lonna screamed. "Give me a fucking minute!"

"Open it now!"

Abbie slipped out of bed and began looking for something to put on. "God, I hate this asshole more and more every hour."

"I can hear you in there, you know," Rick said.

"Who gives a shit?" yelled Abbie.

"Open up!"

Lonna had her pants and blouse back on. She looked over at Abbie, who was pulling on a t-shirt, her legs still bare. She waited until Abbie had the shirt completely on, and then unlocked the door.

It opened at once, Rick shoving it forward and poking his head in. He quickly

surveyed the room. “What the hell are you two doing in here?”

Lonna clutched her throat, grimacing painfully. “I fell asleep on the floor. What the hell is the problem?”

He looked from Lonna to Abbie and back again. “Since when the hell do the two of you get along so well, anyhow?”

Abbie glared at him, not saying a word.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Lonna croaked. She wasn’t sure how well her sore throat act was coming off, but didn’t want to abandon it if she didn’t have to. “I came in to bring her dinner, remember?”

“Yeah. But that was a couple hours ago. What are you still doing in here?”

“I told you, I fell asleep on the floor. I feel like shit.”

He looked at her. “Why don’t you lay down in your bed? Why Abbie’s floor?”

“Because it’s her birthday! I didn’t want to leave her alone, and you keep making her feel worse.”

“Something funny is going on. I can feel it.”

“What the hell do you think we’re doing?” Abbie asked angrily. “Shooting heroine?”

“I don’t know what you’re doing.” His eyes scanned the room again, trying to figure it out. “Two days ago I couldn’t get you two to eat dinner in the same room, and now you’re both hiding out in here together. You have to admit, it’s suspicious. What the hell is that?”

Lonna followed his gaze and saw he’d discovered the iPad. She rubbed her throat some more. “Just a little something I picked up for Abbie’s birthday. Why don’t you --”

“Is that an iPad?”

“I got it on sale,” Lonna offered. “Half price, used.”

Rick looked suddenly furious. “Why didn’t you tell me about this? I specifically told you I’m not getting her one of those!”

“You didn’t!” Abbie yelled. “Lonna did! Fucking asshole!”

He turned to her. “You stay quiet! This is between me and Lonna!”

“Leave her alone! Don’t fucking yell at her for buying me a birthday present!”

“I said to stay quiet!”

“Fuck you!”

Rick made a sudden move as if to hit her, and Abbie flinched, ducking her head.

“Don’t you dare!” Lonna screamed.

He turned to her. “That sore throat really seems to come and go.”

“It hurts like hell! I can still use it. I can’t believe you were going to hit her!”

“I wasn’t. I was just trying to scare her, so she’ll stop yelling ‘fuck you’ at me.”

“Pretending to hit her isn’t likely to accomplish that. Why the hell don’t you try being nice, instead?”

Rick stared at her. “I want to know about this iPad. Why would you buy her such a thing?”

“Because she needs it for school. And because I care about her.”

“Since when?”

“Since always. We’ve just recently started getting along better, and now you

seem outraged by it. It makes no sense!”

“I’m outraged because the two of you are hiding something. Don’t pretend you’re not. You don’t come in here hanging out and eating dinner and falling asleep.”

“I did tonight. For the first time. How does that constitute hiding something? You should try listening to yourself. Just what is it you think we’re hiding, anyway?”

“Well, you were hiding that computer, for one.”

“Only because I knew you’d get mad. But she needs it.”

“She does not.”

“I do so!” Abbie shouted. “You never fucking listen to me!”

He looked at them in turn. “So that’s what this is all about? That stupid computer?”

Lonna nodded. “I was trying to help her set it up. We weren’t going to tell you about it.”

Rick seemed to relax slightly. “You could have told me. I didn’t know you could get them for half price. You should have told me before you even bought it.”

“It was my money. And I just bought it yesterday at work. A friend of mine in the other office got a new one, and sold me her old one.” Lonna was impressed with her ability to fabricate convincingly on the spot. She’d never really done it before.

“I know you’re going to be pissed off at me when I pass my classes now,” Abbie said coldly. “But I think it makes more sense this way.”

“I was never against you having the computer,” he said. “My point was that it was too expensive for a birthday gift. If I’d have known about getting them used, I probably would have. You had me convinced you needed the newest

and best one.”

“I just needed one,” Abbie said. “Now I have one. You don’t have to think about it anymore.”

Rick sighed, looking around the room. He seemed relatively satisfied, but not ready to admit it.

“I’m really curious,” Lonna said. “Just what it was you thought we were up to in here.”

“I had no idea.”

“Well now you know,” Abbie said. “Could you please leave now?”

He looked at her. “Yeah.” He turned to Lonna. “But I don’t want you sleeping in here. And I don’t want you bringing booze in here again, either.”

“Yes, master,” she said.

“I don’t mean it like that. It’s just wrong.”

Lonna nodded. “I get it. But there’s one thing you should keep in mind.”

“What’s that?”

“You’re my husband. Not my father. I don’t appreciate being told what to do. And if you think I’m not going to come in here and visit my stepdaughter whenever I damn well please, then we’ve got a big problem.”

Rick was silent a moment. “I didn’t say you couldn’t visit her. I said you can’t sleep in here or bring in those vodka drinks.”

“Or what?”

“Or nothing. Just don’t do it.”

“We’re supposed to be equal partners. I have the right to sleep in here if want to.”

He flapped his arms. "I don't like it! Why would you even want to?"

"That's irrelevant."

"Not to me, it's not."

"I'm her stepmother. I have every right to spend as much time with her as I want."

"Alright, I'm getting tired of this now. No one said you can't spend time with her. Let's go in the living room, I'm not standing here all night."

"Goodbye!" Abbie said loudly. She waved at him.

"I'm going. Why don't you two take that thing in the living room and play with it there? You don't need to hide it anymore."

"Will we get to sit near you and listen to your bullshit?"

"You're got a little bit of an attitude problem, Abbie."

"I wonder where she gets it?" Lonna asked.

"Let's not start this whole thing all over again. I just don't want you two shut up in here." He paused for a moment, thinking. He looked at Lonna. "Were you going to cut that cake up any time soon?"

"It's Abbie's cake."

"I don't want you having any," Abbie told him. "It's not something you need, and it's far too expensive."

He nodded. "Alright. Fair enough. A brat to the very end. Let's break up this little party." He stepped out the door and marched down the hall, muttering to himself.

Lonna immediately swung the door so that it was almost closed, but not quite. Then she stepped over to Abbie and the two of them embraced. "Well done, sweetie."



“Same to you.”

They shared a kiss and Lonna reached down, slipping her hands into the back of Abbie’s panties and squeezing her ass. “I love the way you stand up to him,” she whispered.

“I love hearing you stick up for me. It makes me feel like you really care.”

“I do care.”

“I know.” Abbie reached up and began massaging Lonna’s breast through her blouse. “Hey, he never even noticed you weren’t wearing your bra. You can see your pretty little nipples right through this fabric.”

“I guess he didn’t look.”

“I couldn’t stop.”

They kissed again, deeply, hugging each other very tight. Then they stepped back, both smiling. “You want some birthday cake?” Lonna asked.

“If you have some with me.”

“I’d love to.” Lonna spent a minute putting her bra on. Then the two of them gathered their dinner things and Abbie opened the door.

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As they were passing through the living room, Rick stared at them from the couch. “Hey, is there any of that Chinese food left?”

“A little,” Lonna said.

He jumped up and followed them into the kitchen. When Lonna put the paper bag on the table, Rick grabbed it and tested it’s weight. “There’s still quite a bit here. You mind if I finish it?”

“Go ahead. It’s mostly rice.”

He shrugged, stepping over to the silverware drawer and taking a fork. He watched them put their dishes in the sink and then slunk away, back to the couch.

Lonna opened the refrigerator and moved some containers of yogurt and cans of soda out of the way on the bottom shelf, revealing a cake box. She slid it out and set it on the table.

Abbie watched her, smiling. She peeked through the cellophane window in the box top and saw her name written on the cake. “Wow! You had it made special!”

“I would have preferred to make you one myself. Next year, I will.”

Rick was unable to see them from the couch, and they snuck in a quick kiss.

Lonna went to the drawer and selected a knife and a couple of forks. Abbie took two small plates from the cabinet and set them on the table.

“You’re really not going to let him have any?” she asked.

“I don’t know. Should I?”

“It’s your cake. You decide.” Lonna lifted the lid and revealed the cake, which was covered in white frosting with a pink border and “Happy Birthday Abbie” written across it in script.

“It’s beautiful, Lonna. Thank you so much.”

Lonna kissed her again. “You’re welcome. And happy birthday.”

“You made it so special!” she whispered.

Lonna smiled and lowered the flaps on the cake box, giving her better access to it. “Did you want some candles to blow out?”

Abbie shook her head. “No. Just a piece of cake.”

“Alright.” Lonna cut into it, first dividing the cake in half and then cutting two big wedges and transferring them to plates. “What about dad?”

Abbie thought about it and then shrugged. She got another plate from the cabinet and brought it to the table, setting it down. “Just a real small piece,” she whispered. “So he doesn’t keep peeking in and asking about it.”

Lonna nodded and cut a small piece, half the size of the others, and set it on the new plate. “He’ll probably finish off the whole cake anyway, during the night.”

“He better not,” Abbie said loudly.

“He better not what?” asked Rick from the living room.

“Abbie said you can have a piece of her cake,” Lonna answered. “But you’d better not eat the rest of it.”

Rick wasted no time. He appeared in the doorway, scrutinizing the scene. When he saw the pieces of cake on the plates he stepped over.

“The small one is yours,” Abbie said.

His eyes danced back and forth between the plates. “Jeez. Pretty small.”

“You ate half our dinner. It’s all your getting.”

Rick grabbed the plate. “Why’d you get white cake? I would have gotten chocolate.”

“Then you should have,” Lonna said.

He gave her a disapproving look and carried his plate back to the couch.

When they were alone again, Abbie sat down at the table and Lonna got them each a tall glass of ice water. She set the glasses down and joined Abbie, sitting at the far end of the table so that they were as far from the doorway as possible.

Abbie took a long drink of water. "Thanks, Lonna. All that orange juice before must have dehydrated me a little."

Lonna smiled, guzzling her own water. "It has a habit of doing that."

"Made me sleepy, too."

"And playful."

Abbie giggled quietly. "That was some juice!"

"We'll have to do it again sometime."

"Hey!" Abbie whispered. "That reminds me!"

"What?"

Abbie reached down and unbuttoned Lonna's pants. Lonna leaned back slightly in her chair, looking down and grinning. When Abbie had the zipper down, she reached into Lonna's panties and worked her hand down between Lonna's legs, slipping a finger into her. She sank it in deep, wiggling it all around.

Lonna sat back further, smiling, her heart beginning to race. Then Abbie pulled her hand out and stuck the finger into her mouth. She sucked on it as if it were a candy cane. "You owed me a taste, remember? I never got a chance."

Lonna laughed quietly. "How is it?"

"Delicious!"

Lonna leaned over and kissed her on the mouth. She licked Abbie's lips and worked her tongue into her mouth, sliding it between her lips and gums. Abbie moaned softly and gripped her arm, leaning into her. Their kiss grew in intensity, and soon they were making out right at the table, their hands caressing each other and their breathing getting heavy. "I want you so bad," Lonna whispered.

“Oh god, Lonna! Take me right here!”

Lonna leaned forward, gripping Abbie around the waist and pulling her closer. The legs of their chairs slid across the floor, making an extremely loud, deep squealing noise. They both sat up, their eyes going to the doorway.

“You okay in there?” Rick asked. It sounded like he was still on the couch.

“Yes, dad,” Lonna answered.

He muttered again, going back to his business.

“Are you wet?” Abbie whispered.

Lonna smiled. “*Real* wet!”

“Ohh! I want it!”

“I’m sorry, baby. You’re going to have to wait a bit. Here, try some cake.” Lonna picked up her fork and cut a piece of cake from the wedge on her plate. She raised it to Abbie’s mouth and Abbie gobbled it up. “How is it?”

Abbie smiled. “Good. But nowhere near as good as you.”

Lonna giggled and opened her mouth. Abbie cut a piece of cake from her plate and scooped it into Lonna’s mouth. Lonna chewed it up and swallowed it.

“You like it?” Abbie asked.

“Very good!”

They traded another forkful, and then Lonna cut a bigger piece, raising it up and positioning it in front of Abbie’s mouth. Abbie kept her lips sealed. “What’s the matter?” Lonna asked. “Don’t want anymore?”

Abbie nodded. “I do. But it’s kind of tough. Would you chew it for me?”

Lonna smiled. She put the piece of cake in her own mouth and chewed it

seductively, grinning at Abbie. When she had it reduced to a thick paste she leaned her head back and asked, “Where do you want it?”

Abbie leaned forward and opened her mouth. Lonna took a quick peek at the doorway, and, not seeing Rick, leaned forward and spit the paste into Abbie’s upturned mouth. Abbie got it all, except for a small dribble which ran down her chin. Lonna licked it off and they shared another kiss, smiling.

“Much better,” Abbie said. “From now on I want all my food pre-chewed.”

Lonna laughed. “Okay, princess.” They finished the slices on their plates and then sat there for a moment admiring at the rest of the cake. “There’s plenty more. Would you like another piece?”

“I don’t know,” Abbie answered. “You go ahead.”

“I don’t want any more if you’re not going to join me.”

“Oh, come one. Just have a little more.”

Lonna shook her head. “No.”

Abbie smiled and reached over to the cake. There was still a full half remaining, in addition to one final large wedge. Abbie picked up the wedge with her hand and held it up in front of Lonna’s face. “Open up.”

Lonna smiled, but kept her lips pressed together, shaking her head.

Abbie moved it closer. “Here it comes.”

Still shaking her head, Lonna opened up slightly, not sure what to expect. Abbie pressed the big wedge of cake up against her mouth, a little of it going in, but most of it not. It smeared all over her face and pieces of it dropped down to her breasts and lap. Abbie kept pressing, jamming as much as she could into Lonna’s mouth and rubbing it all over her face.

“Oh, thanks a lot!” Lonna said through a mouthful of cake.

“You’re welcome.” Abbie leaned forward and began licking the frosting from

around Lonna's mouth. It was all over her cheeks and chin, and Abbie got busy cleaning it up with her tongue. Lonna gripped her arms and held her as she worked, smiling happily and sneaking in quick kisses.

"What the fuck?" They both jumped, startled, looking over to the kitchen doorway. Rick stood there watching them, an empty plate and fork in one hand and a paper bag in the other. "What the hell are you doing?"

"I made a mess," Lonna explained.

"I don't mean that." He looked at Abbie. "What were you doing?"

"I was helping her clean up."

"Were you licking her face?"

Abbie scoffed. "Don't be ridiculous."

"I saw you! It looked like you were kissing!"

"I have cake all over my face," Lonna said. "She was just helping me clean up." She got up from her chair and retrieved a couple of paper towels from the roll. Bits of cake fell from her clothing as she crossed the room.

Rick just stood there staring, an angry scowl on his face. "How did you make such a mess?"

"I don't feel well," Lonna explained. She began wiping off her face. "I put my head down, right into my cake."

"She was licking it off your face. I saw it!"

"There's no reason to waste it. It's her birthday cake."

"I don't like this. I knew something funny was going on."

"Oh, quit being such an idiot. We were having a piece of cake, that's all."

"She was licking it off your face!"

Lonna spun quickly and stepped up very close to Rick, an expression of palpable resentment on her face. “We’re a couple of women, Rick. Do you understand that? We’ve gotten closer recently, and we were being silly. We’ve learned how to have a little fun together. It astounds me that you are so dead-set against it. What the hell do you want? Do you prefer it when we’re fighting and avoiding each other?”

Rick was flustered. “Of course not. But something doesn’t seem right. It looked to me like you were kissing.”

“I made a mess with my cake, by accident, and Abbie licked some of the frosting off my cheek. It’s called being silly.”

“I don’t like it.”

“I know. You made that very clear. You don’t like anything, and I no longer care.”

He stared at her. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means that if you’re going to keep following me around, watching me, disapproving of everything I do and say, then we’ve reached a dead end here. I’m not going to stand for it.”

“Me either,” Abbie said.

“You stay quiet,” Rick said.

“No! I’m sick of you telling me what to do!”

“It’s my house!”

“It’s *our* house,” Lonna corrected. “We’re married, remember? And Abbie is your daughter. It would be nice if you’d stop treating us both like gatecrashers.”

Rick nodded, aggravated. “The two of you sure have gotten close. I’m wondering just how close.”



“And what, exactly, do you mean by that?”

“Never mind. I’m supposed to mind my own business, remember?”

“That’s not what I said. I’m just tired of your prying and your bullshit accusations. They’re ungrounded and I resent them.”

He nodded. “I know what I saw.”

“You saw two women acting silly and trying to have a tiny bit of fun on Abbie’s birthday, while you do everything in your power to ruin it. Why don’t you spend a few minutes probing into your own head, and see what kind of evils you find there.”

“That’s enough,” Rick said. He stepped past her and put his plate and fork in the sink. He crumbled up the paper bag and dropped it into the trash. “I’m going to bed. Are you coming with me?”

Lonna looked at him. “I think I’ll sleep on the couch. I feel sick, and now I’m upset, too.”

“Fine. Goodnight.” He stepped past her and made his way down the hall.

Abbie rushed to Lonna and kissed her. “God, you’re good!”

Lonna smiled. “I’m getting better, aren’t I?”

“I’ll say. I wonder how long we can keep this up, though. He’s an asshole, but he’s pretty perceptive.”

“Let’s not worry about that now. Why don’t you go to bed, sweetheart. I’ll sleep on the couch. After he’s asleep I’ll pay you a little visit.”

Abbie smiled and kissed her again. “That would be wonderful!”

“We have a date?”

“Yes!”

They embraced quickly, feeling much better with Rick out of the room. They kissed again, and Abbie licked some stray frosting off Lonna's ear. Then they spent a couple minutes cleaning up the kitchen and putting the cake away.

"Don't forget to brush your teeth, little angel," Lonna said.

"I won't." Abbie smiled affectionately. "Thanks again for such a beautiful birthday, Lonna."

Lonna kissed her. "It's not over yet. I'll see you later on."

Abbie danced away to the bathroom, feeling very happy.

## Chapter 15

It was much later, sometime after midnight when Lonna felt something press against her arm and her face at the same time. She opened her eyes and saw the vague shape of Abigail climbing onto the couch with her. She reached up and put an arm around her. “Hi, honey.”

“Hi, sleepyhead. I thought you were going to come visit me.”

Lonna yawned. “I’m sorry. What time is it?”

“After midnight.” Abbie moved the blanket aside and climbed on top of Lonna, wrapping her arms around her. “I waited and waited, and now my birthday is over.”

“Oh, I’m sorry! I fell asleep!” Lonna hugged her, rocking back and forth on the couch. “I’m such a bad stepmother.”

Abbie giggled and kissed her, sucking Lonna’s tongue into her mouth. She was wearing only a t-shirt and panties. Lonna had stripped out of everything but her underwear. They tangled themselves together and kissed devotedly.

“You’re the best stepmother I ever had,” Abbie said, licking the side of Lonna’s face.

“Thank you, Abbie. You still looking for more frosting?”

Abbie giggled and licked some more. “You taste better without it.”

“You’re getting me all wet again.”

“Good. I want another face-full of that juice.”

“Something tells me you won’t be disappointed.”

They kissed some more, exploring with their hands. Abbie got her fingers down into Lonna's panties and slipped two of them inside her. Lonna spread her legs and moaned, licking Abbie's mouth.

"You sit still and try not to make too much noise," Abbie said.

Lonna smiled. "And what are you going to do?"

Abbie sat up and crouched at the end of the couch, near Lonna's feet. "You just relax," she said. She began tugging off Lonna's underpants.

Lonna lifted her legs in the air to make it easier. When the panties were off, Abbie tossed them on the coffee table. She then hunkered down, pressing her face between Lonna's legs and kissing.

"Oh, sweetie," Lonna moaned. She wrapped her fingers in Abbie's hair.

Abbie kissed for a few moments and then began to lick Lonna up and down, gathering all the juice she could with her tongue. Lonna moaned louder and spread her legs further. She placed one foot on the back of the couch and the other on the coffee table, giving Abbie plenty of room to work.

Abbie buried her face in Lonna's crotch, sliding her tongue in and out and sucking at the lips. She pressed Lonna's legs even further apart and lifted her ass up off the couch, licking her everywhere. She ran her tongue down into Lonna's crack, prodding her anus.

Lonna moaned even louder, gripping Abbie's hair and pulling it. She twisted around on the couch, rubbing herself in Abbie's face.

Abbie prodded deeper. She slipped the end of her tongue into Lonna's anus and kissed around it with her lips. It was soft and puckered and very tight. She licked it several more times, tasting the ridges, and then slid her tongue in deeper, feeling it grip her.

Lonna rolled her head back and forth, an enormous grin on her face. She moaned and writhed, losing herself in the moment. She'd never felt so good. She couldn't wait until it was Abbie's turn. She was going to --

Suddenly the light came on. They both jerked their heads up, peering into the hall.

Rick stood there, staring at them, an expression of astonishment on his face. "Well now," he said. "I can't wait to hear how you're going to explain this one."

## Chapter 16

There was not much they could do or say. With Lonna's legs spread wide open on the couch and Abbie kneeling between them, her face buried in the crack of Lonna's ass, any denial would be absurd.

Abbie tried anyway. "She's having her period."

Rick actually laughed, although bitterly. "And what are you doing? Having a little taste?"

"I'm checking it for her."

Lonna slowly brought her feet back onto the couch, lifting one of them over Abbie's head and closing her legs. Abbie sat back, her hands in her lap, looking glum.

"Well," Rick continued. "I guess there's not much to say, is there? I knew I'd catch you. I admit, this isn't what I expected, but I knew I'd get to the bottom of whatever was --"

"Oh, blow it out your ass," Lonna said loudly. She sat up on the couch, placing her feet on the floor and holding one arm out to Abbie. Abbie scooted over and sat next to her, their arms circling around one another's shoulders. "Are you really that proud of yourself?"

Rick's hands clenched into fists. "Are you?"

Lonna sighed. "I didn't do anything wrong."

"Really? Fucking our nineteen year old daughter isn't doing anything wrong?"

"She's not my daughter! She's *your* daughter!"

“And she wasn’t fucking me!” Abbie yelled.

Rick glared at her. “What would you call it?”

Abbie glared back. “We love each other.” She kissed Lonna on the cheek.

“Oh, great.” Rick said. “A wife and a daughter, both of them dykes.”

“Fuck you!” Abbie yelled.

“Well it’s true, isn’t it?”

“Stop trying to make us sound dirty, or evil. You heard what Abbie said. We love each other.” Lonna turned her head and kissed Abbie on the mouth.

“Jesus!” Rick yelled. “Knock it off!”

“Or what?” Abbie asked.

“Shit! How long has this been going on?”

Lonna glanced at the clock. “Not long, actually. Maybe seventeen hours.”

“Is that all?” Abbie asked. “It seems like you’ve been my true love forever.”

Lonna smiled and kissed her again. “It does, doesn’t it, sweetie?”

“Sweetie!” Rick yelled. “True love! Listen to yourselves! This is disgusting!”

“What’s disgusting about it?” Lonna asked.

“Everything! Two bitches licking each other all over the couch! Is that what you were doing in her room earlier? Wait, I don’t even want to know!”

“You’re just jealous,” Abbie said.

“Jealous? Jealous of what?”

Abbie slipped her hand between Lonna’s legs. “I stole your wife.”

“You rotten little bitch!” Spittle flew from his mouth.

“Leave us alone!” Lonna yelled.

Abbie hugged her with both arms, lifting a leg into Lonna’s lap and curling up with her. “She’s mine, and you’re not getting her back.”

“Like I’d want her! What use do I have for an old lezzy?”

“Fuck you!” Abbie screamed.

“Please just leave us alone,” Lonna said.

“Leave you alone so you can jam your faces in each other’s cunts.”

Lonna pressed her mouth to Abbie’s ear. “Just ignore him, sweetie. He’ll go away eventually.”

“Eventually,” Rick said. “Rotten whores.”

“Stop muttering and leave us alone!”

“Leave you alone. What did I do to deserve this?”

“This wasn’t planned! We fell in love! What am I supposed to say?”

He stared at them, his face red and sweaty. “Nothing. There’s nothing to say.”

“Then leave us alone,” Abbie said.

“Someone’s got to go,” Rick said. “We sure as hell aren’t going to live together like this.”



“No,” Lonna agreed. “We’ll figure something out. But not tonight. It’s one in the morning.”

“What am I supposed to do? Go back to bed and let the two of you lick each other on the couch all night?”

Abbie nestled her hand between Lonna’s legs and kissed her. “Sounds good to me.”

Lonna laughed and squeezed her tighter.

“Unreal!” Rick barked. “Fucking unreal!” He stormed away, back to the bedroom. The door slammed louder than they’d ever heard it before.

“You think he’s mad?” Abbie asked.

Lonna’s heart was racing in her chest. She was scared, but she knew she’d done the right thing. She smiled at Abbie and kissed her lovingly. “Yes, sweetheart. But now we can be happy.”

## Chapter 17

They decided not to stay on the couch. Rick was sure to come storming out of the bedroom again sooner or later, and they didn't want to make an easy target for him. Lonna gathered her underwear, pillow and blanket and the two of them moved to Abbie's room, climbing into the small bed and holding each other.

They kissed for a few minutes, trying to get back in the mood, but it wasn't working. They were both too worried.

"What do you think he'll do?" Abbie asked.

"Nothing. But I'm going to have to move. He won't let me stay here now."

"If you move, I'm going with you."

"Of course. We'll find a nice little apartment. Money will be tight, but we'll be together." Lonna kissed her. "And happy."

"I can quit school and get a job," Abbie offered. "I'm sick of it anyway."

"You don't need to do that. We'll find a way for you to keep going."

"I don't want to. It will take years. I'd rather just work. Then we'll have more money, and we can take little trips together on our vacations."

Lonna smiled. "You mean like Brazil?"

"Only one more year! You and me on the beach, remember?"

"I remember, sweetie. That would be wonderful."

“It will happen, too. It’s my goal now.”

“We’re going to have a lot of fun together.”

“We sure are. In fact, you still owe me that squirt.” Abbie climbed under the sheets and once again got busy between Lonna’s legs.

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They slept late the next morning and then spent over an hour romping around in Abbie’s little bed, driving each other mad with pleasure. When they finally had enough, Abbie headed into the bathroom to take a shower, and Lonna stepped into the kitchen to see about coffee.

She was worried that Rick might be in there, but he wasn’t. She didn’t see any signs of him in the living room, either. She put water in the coffee maker and scooped some grounds into the filter, turning the machine on and taking a seat at the table. As she was sitting down, she saw the note.

It was a piece of typing paper, folded in half. She opened it and read:

Lonna,

I am going to visit my father for the weekend. I will be back on Sunday night. You’d better not still be here. If you are, there will be trouble. We’ll deal with the divorce later. Clear out all your junk. I don’t want to see you ever again.

Rick.

Lonna folded the note and sat back in her chair, considering. It could have been a lot worse. He could have beaten them, or threw them out immediately. She now had over a full day to move her things out in peace and find another place to live. It could be done. It would be done.

When Abbie came out of the shower, they had a cup of coffee together and Lonna showed her the note.

“What, did he forget about me?”

“I guess you’re welcome to stay,” Lonna said. “He’s not throwing you out.”

“I’m not staying! I want to go with you!”

“Of course you’re coming with me.” Lonna leaned over and kissed her on the mouth. “I’m just saying, he didn’t throw you out.”

Abbie thought about it. “How are we going to find an apartment in one day?”

“We’re not. We’ll drive my car over to that motel on Beecher Street later on. First we’ll fill it up with as much of our stuff as we can. Then we’ll pay for a room and unload the car. After that, we can come back here and relax for awhile, and spend the night. We’ll load up the car again tomorrow and go back to the motel. Maybe a couple trips, depending on how much stuff we have. I don’t have all that much. Mostly just clothes.”

“I don’t have much either. Clothes, books and my computers.”

“We’ll take everything you want. Don’t worry about that. Once we’re in the motel, we can start looking for an apartment. It’s really no big rush. They probably have weekly rates. I have some money saved up.”

“So we’ve got a plan now.” Abbie seemed much more relaxed and confident after Lonna’s little explanation.

“We have a plan, and we have each other. What else could we ask for?”

Abbie smiled. “Not much.”

They spent the morning packing up most of what they wanted to take and loading it into the car. When it was full, Lonna drove them to a small café where they had a light lunch, sitting outside on the patio and taking their time. Afterward, they made their way to the motel and paid for a room, one week in advance. They unloaded the car, stacking suitcases and boxes in the large closet and filling the drawers of the only dresser. They had brought most of their clothes with them and they still had more room.

Abbie sat down on the big double bed and bounced up and down, smiling. “You sure you want to sleep at the house tonight? This bed looks kind of nice to me.”

Lonna sat beside her and wrestled her down, kissing her. “Maybe we should try it out now, before we decide.”

They rolled around on the big bed, giggling and kissing. After a few minutes Abbie got up and began removing Lonna’s sneakers. She unlaced them and pulled them off, throwing them across the room. Her socks came next, and then her jeans.

Lonna lay there, smiling at her. “You look so beautiful, Abbie. I can’t believe how lucky I am.”

Abbie pulled off her own boots, tossing them aside. She smiled. “I feel the same way, believe me.” She stripped out of her t-shirt and bra and removed her skirt. “I just hope you don’t get tired of me.”

“Never!” Lonna unbuttoned her blouse and tossed it onto the floor. Her bra and underwear soon followed.

Abbie removed her stockings and panties and climbed back onto the bed, getting on top of Lonna and engaging her in a heated kiss. She slid her tongue into Lonna’s mouth and reached down with her hand, fingering her.

“I’ve got to warn you about something, Lonna,” Abbie whispered.

Lonna smiled. “What’s that?”

“If we’re going to be together permanently, you’re going to be having an awful lot of sex.”

Lonna laughed, delighted. “I would certainly hope so!”

“I mean a *lot*. You have no idea how hot you get me.”

“I have some idea.”

“You think so?” Abbie shifted on the bed, lowering her head to Lonna’s vagina and kissing it, rubbing it with her whole face.

Lonna spread her legs wider, pushing Abbie’s face into her crotch with both hands. She whimpered ecstatically, wiggling around in the bed.

Abbie loved it. She licked and sucked, working her tongue into Lonna’s slit. She found Lonna’s anus again and kissed it tenderly, lovingly. After a moment she began to kiss it more fervently, almost making out with it as her tongue darted out and slid its way up and down Lonna’s crack. She felt herself grow very wet as she slid her tongue into the puckered little hole and rub her lips all around it.

“My god, Abbie! You’re like magic!”

Abbie took a quick pause to catch her breath. “I’m glad you like it.”

“Are you kidding? I love it!”

“Me too. Your pretty little ass is so sweet!”

Lonna laughed and Abbie went back to work. She slid her tongue back into Lonna’s ass as far as it would go. Lonna moaned and reached down with one hand, rubbing herself vigorously.

“I think I’m going to come, honey!” She rubbed faster, bouncing her ass up and down on the bed, Abbie’s tongue still inside.

Abbie didn’t want to take it out yet, but she did anyway. She lifted her

face slightly and began licking at Lonna's fingers as she rubbed them energetically back and forth over her clit.

"Spray me, Lonna! I want a shower!"

"Oohh, I'm coming!"

A jet of liquid spurted out from between Lonna's flaps and splashed Abbie right in the face. Another one quickly followed, going into her open mouth and across her cheek. She swallowed. "Oh, Lonna, keep going!"

Lonna kept rubbing. More juice spurted out, squirting Abbie in the eye and going up her nostrils. She licked it from her lips, loving it. Just when she thought Lonna was done, another gush flew up from between her legs and wet down the front of Abbie's hair, dripping down her face. After that, Lonna began to settle down and her rubbing became very soft and slow. Abbie watched as a little more dribbled out from her, but there was no more squirting.

Abbie lowered her face to Lonna's crotch and began to lap up the stray juice. "Oh, Lonna, it's so good!"

"Oh, Abbie. *You're* so good!"

Abbie giggled, blinking the fluid from her eyelashes. "You really blasted me! I wish I knew how to do that."

Lonna sat up, gripping Abbie's face in both hands. "I wish you did, too. I'd love a face full of your sap!" She pulled Abbie into a kiss. "Wow, you're really wet!"

Abbie kissed her again and they both lay back, Abbie on top. They kissed some more and rolled over, Lonna pinning her to the bed.

"I hope you're in the mood to come, little sweetie!" Lonna said.

"Are you kidding? I'm seconds away!"

Lonna laughed and rose to her knees. She spread Abbie's legs apart

and lowered her face down between them, kissing her inner thighs. She licked them, all the way down to the end where they came together at her adorable little pussy. Lonna began to kiss it, swiping it with her tongue and pulling at the folds with her lips.

“Oh, Lonna!” Abbie grabbed her hair and squeezed her head with her legs. She rubbed her feet up and down Lonna’s back.

Lonna worked Abbie’s clit with her tongue, sliding two of her fingers into Abbie’s slit. It was very wet and slippery.

“Abbie, you taste so good!”

Abbie began to thrash around, writhing and squirming on the big double bed. She gripped Lonna’s head and ground it into her crotch, moaning. “I’m coming, Lonna! Oh, god!”

Lonna kept licking her, and while the amount of juice was nowhere near what had gushed from her own hole, it was still a nice treat. She licked it from Abbie’s slit and then began running her tongue over Abbie’s pubic hair. She rubbed her whole face in it, feeling herself growing wet all over again.

After a moment she climbed up and lay down beside Abbie, the two of them holding each other and sharing little kisses. They were breathing very hard.

“That was wonderful, sweetheart,” Lonna said. She pushed back a lock of wet hair from Abbie’s forehead and kissed her there.

Abbie smiled. She felt very happy. “You’re telling me. I really love you, Lonna. I’m so glad you’re here with me.”

Lonna was already feeling blissful, but this made her feel even better. “I love you too, Abbie. More than I’ve ever loved anyone or anything.”

They kissed again, holding each other tighter.

“Let’s stay here forever.”



“I’d like that.”

“Or at least as long as we can.”

“We’ve got lots of time, sweetie. Lots of time to be together.”

Their breathing slowed and their eyes closed. They kissed again, softly, and relaxed in the quiet motel room. Soon they were asleep again, in each other’s arms, little smiles on their faces.

- end -

# **Megan In Love**

**by Kate Clairmont**

## 1. Megan

Everything had been going well for me all day, which is extremely unusual. I normally have the feeling that things are conspiring against me, even though I know this can't possibly be the case, but when your life is as screwed up as mine and nothing good ever happens to you, it's definitely the way it seems. They say a pessimist is right 90 percent of the time, and I believe it. But for whatever reason, this simple Tuesday, normally my most hated day of the week, just kept getting better and better.

Before I go any further, I guess I should introduce myself. My name is Megan and I'm a senior at Manasquan high school, which is right on the Jersey shore. I'm no more than your average student, getting almost all B's, with the occasional C or A mixed in. If it's math it's a C, and if it's art it's an A; everything else and you can rest assured I'll get a B.

In the looks department, I'd say I'm maybe just slightly above average. There are several girls at my school who are downright beautiful, but I never find myself wishing I looked any better than I do. Plenty of guys hit on me as it is, and considering I don't even like guys in the first place, I'd be crazy to want to look any more attractive. I'm thin, athletic, and have long, dark hair which I sometimes wear in braids, though not often. I have a cute face and naturally thick, dark eyelashes which some of the other girls have told me they're jealous of. I have a nice personality, too, and most people are generally kind to me, and I'm kind to them in return.

Not very exciting so far, is it? Just wait. I've got a lot more to tell you, and, trust me, it gets *very* exciting.

Things on this Tuesday started off normally enough. I woke up, took a shower, ate a bowl of cold cereal and chatted with my parents for a little while. This is the way it always goes. I live in a tract house in the suburbs, a

house paid for by my father who works for the Department of Agriculture. Don't ask me what he does there, because I have no idea. He's not rich by any means, but we always have what we need, and I guess that counts for something. My mother works part time in a factory which makes cookies and crackers and other little baked snacks. She brings home boxes of rejects for free, so there are always plenty of snack foods on the counter in the kitchen. I rarely eat them, because they're heavily processed and fattening, but my parents seem to like them. They're both getting kind of fat and they don't seem to worry about it, but I'd rather not end up like that if I can help it. Anyway, I ate my whole-grain oats with almond milk and drank a cup of coffee and then headed out the door.

I walk to school, because I don't have a car and the school is only two miles away. I can walk it in half an hour, which is perfect, because I like to take a half-hour walk each morning anyway, even on the weekends, just for the cardiac benefits. So there I was, walking to school as usual, with my knapsack full of books on my back and my small purse over one shoulder, when I noticed what looked like money mixed in with all the orange and yellow and brown leaves blowing around on the sidewalk.

It was early October, getting to that point where you need a jacket in the mornings but end up having to carry it home because it's too warm to wear it in the afternoons. There were more leaves blowing around every day, and a constant supply of them drifting down from above, piling up everywhere and making the neighborhood look perfectly lovely. I love everything about autumn; the beautiful leaves, the colors, the cooler temperatures and the excitement of all the holidays coming up. It's always been my favorite time of year. So I was already in kind of a good mood, kicking through piles of crunchy leaves, when I noticed the folded up square of paper down there among them.

Pausing for a moment, and making sure my knapsack wasn't going to open up and spill books out all over the sidewalk, I bent over and fished the money out from under a layer of shifting leaves. I held it up, smiling to myself as I realized it was a twenty dollar bill. Twenty dollars! Just like that. I'd found a single dollar bill once, when I was much younger, and occasionally I find pennies and nickels strewn around, but never had I found anything like

twenty dollars before. I looked around quickly, trying to determine if anyone might have just dropped it, but there was no one anywhere in sight. I was the only person on the street. Feeling almost elated, I shoved the money into my purse and continued on, thinking about what I might end up doing with it later on. It wasn't really all that much, but it was free and it was unexpected. It really lifted my spirits, and like I said, I wasn't feeling too badly in the first place.

Later, after getting to school and suffering through my first couple of classes, I made my way into Mrs. Thomas's algebra class and got my second thrill of the day. Sitting behind Mrs. Thomas's desk was an elderly man with grey hair whom I recognized as an occasional substitute teacher. Mrs. Thomas was out today! The disgusting, bloated witch who made me feel like shit for 50 minutes each morning, Monday through Friday, was being replaced by old Mr. Teague! At least for one day. Old Mr. Teague was a very laid-back, very friendly man who never gave anybody any trouble. Everyone liked him, including me, and the knowledge that I was going to spend the next 50 minutes in his company as opposed to that of the evil math witch caused me to sigh with contentment.

Mr. Teague didn't even make us do anything. He never did. He told us to use the class time to study, and catch up on any homework we already had, including homework from other classes. Everyone was very happy, and did whatever they felt like. I personally used the time to read an extra story in my English book. I was fully caught up in English, but the short story book we were making our way through was really very good, and I loved to read, so I just sat back in my hard wooden chair as best I could and enjoyed a pleasant story. It beat the hell out of trying to figure out what X and Y stood for in one of the crazy witch's hastily scrawled algebra problems, that was for sure.

I really didn't expect anything else good to happen on this day. I thought I was already pushing it with the twenty dollars and the break from Mrs. Thomas. Anything else would have seemed like too much, so you can imagine my surprise when I got the best thrill of all just an hour later. In fact, the third good thing that happened actually made the first two seem silly. I mean, they were still really good, but they were nothing compared to what happened to me at lunchtime.

I should backtrack a little here and mention that I'm a virgin. An eighteen year old virgin, which isn't too bad, but still a virgin, and a virgin who didn't want to be a virgin. My problem is that lots of boys find me attractive, but I don't like boys. I mean, I like them, sort of; at least some of them. But I'm not attracted to them the way I'm attracted to girls. I guess you'd say I'm a lesbian, but it's hard to say that for sure when what I really am is a virgin. Anyway, I had been craving intimacy with another girl for at least two years, but had never gotten the opportunity. There were two other gay girls in the same grade as me that I knew of, and I didn't like either one of them. They didn't like each other, either, which is kind of sad when you think about it. So there were three of us, and we wanted nothing to do with each other for various reasons. I did have a small handful of straight girlfriends, the best of which was Leyla, but she doesn't really have anything to do with this story.

This story is about Stacie. Or, at least, it starts with Stacie. It's also about much more, but we'll get to that later. I've got so much to tell you!

Anyway, that day at lunchtime, I was minding my own business and sitting at the same table I always sit at, with the same group of girls I always sit with. I had a turkey sandwich on whole-grain bread, which I made myself and brought from home. I noticed my mother had sneaked a package of peanut-butter flavored Krunch Kakes into my lunch bag, something she did quite often with her endless supply of bakery-factory rejects, and I pushed them out on the table, inviting the girls to have at them.

Sue and Becky both grabbed at them, and ended up squabbling over them for a brief minute or two before settling down and sharing them. Trina was there, too, but her and I didn't eat junk food, and so she wasn't interested. My best friend, Leyla, was off having lunch with her new boyfriend, Greg, at a different table. So there we were, with Sue and Becky chomping away at the Krunch Kakes, and Trina scolding them for eating such garbage, and scolding me for supplying it, when Stacie, who I had an enormous crush on, elbowed me in the ribs and leaned in close to me to whisper something in my ear.

“You have plans for after school?”

At first I wasn't sure I'd heard her right. It gets pretty loud in the cafeteria, and this day was no exception. Also, Stacie talks quietly and she was

whispering. I wasn't sure why she was whispering, but that only made it seem more exciting to me. I looked at her, feeling my arousal grow as it always does when I allow myself to take real notice of her.

Stacie is beautiful. She's by far the most beautiful girl I've ever known. It's not just a matter of her being beautiful, though; like I said earlier, there are a bunch of girls at my school who are beautiful. The thing about Stacie... well, let me just say that she's exactly the kind of girl I dream about. In fact, she *is* the girl I dream about. I know she's straight, but that doesn't stop me from fantasizing about her. She has the most luxurious platinum-blond hair you can imagine, so light and soft and cut short and wispy, just the way I like it. It frames her adorable face so perfectly and makes her look so good you just want to lean over and start kissing her. At least I do. Everything about her is gorgeous, from her cute little button nose to her sexy, pink-nail-polish painted toes, and I don't mind telling you that I've been secretly in love with her for at least two years. And despite the fact that we've been friends for a very long time, we'd never gotten together before, just the two of us. There were always others around. So when she asked me in her conspiratorial whisper if I had plans for after school, you can bet that, even if I did have plans, I would have dropped them instantly.

“No,” I told her, whispering back and taking advantage of her closeness to lean into her a little bit. God, she got me so hot! I'd probably give her everything I owned for just one kiss, just to give you an idea of how crazy I was about her. “Why?”

She smiled and it almost melted my heart. Even the subtle scent of her perfume caused my pulse to soar. She couldn't possibly know how deeply I was in love with her. She couldn't know it was her face that I pictured when I slipped my fingers between my thighs each night and brought myself to orgasm. She couldn't know that I wrote her name down on little slips of paper and then kissed them and ate them. But I did.

“You want to come over to my house?” she asked me.

“Yes,” I replied without having to think. I didn't need a reason or an explanation. Of course I wanted to come over to her house! I wanted to climb into her bed with her, too, but I knew that would never happen.

Stacie leaned even further into me, causing me to almost swoon with desire. “I really need to cram for that history test tomorrow. You're good at that stuff. I was hoping you could help me study.”

“I'd love to.” I would, too. Just the thought of being alone with her in her room was enough to make me wet. I was a little disappointed, though, that she only wanted to study.

“Thanks, Megan.” She put her hand on my shoulder then, and leaned in even closer. “There's something else, too. I've got a little...” She glanced around nervously, trying to determine if anyone was watching or listening in. Then she continued: “I'll tell you later. It's a little surprise. I think you're going to like it.”

Her words were almost overwhelming. Surely, she couldn't be talking about what I was thinking. My whole body flushed with heat as I nodded, speechless. I wanted to lean over and kiss those soft, pouty lips of hers so badly, but knew it wasn't the time or the place. Perhaps later that afternoon in her room would be the time and the place. I put my hand over hers, feeling an electric charge run through me. “Okay,” I managed to say.

“Don't tell anybody,” she whispered. “Just meet me after school at my locker, and we'll walk to my house together.”

I nodded. I felt as high as a kite. I couldn't even eat the rest of my lunch, thinking about what might be in store for me later on. The whole rest of the school day was a blur, as all I did was fantasize about Stacie and her little surprise.



## 2. After School

When I met up with Stacie at her locker, I was almost bursting with anticipation. I hadn't felt so excited since I was a little kid, waking up on Christmas morning. She smiled at me when she saw me, making me feel even better. I wanted so badly to just wrap my arms around her and hold her and tell her everything I was feeling.

"I'm glad you could make it," she said, pulling out her white cotton jacket and slamming her locker.

"Of course I could make it. I'm glad you invited me."

Stacie nodded, giving me a mischievous little grin. "You'll be even more glad later on, when you see what I've got waiting for you."

My heart skipped a beat at her words. Surely, either I heard her wrong or she was talking about something else entirely. And I was quite certain I heard her correctly, so I didn't ask her to repeat herself. I'd just have to wait and find out what it was she was being so mysterious about. I returned her smile and nodded. "I can't wait."

She began walking then, and I walked with her, right at her side. We made our way out of the school and into the warm, sunny afternoon, my lucky Tuesday getting better and better with each passing moment.

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As we made our way down the shadowy side streets, kicking through the layers of leaves, Stacie talked a lot about boys, which kind of threw me for a

loop. It seemed as though she had a little crush on a guy named Nick, and she wanted to know what I knew about him, which was nothing. As we got closer to her house she began to hint some more about her little surprise, and this brightened my mood again. It felt wonderful walking with her in the early October afternoon, and I very badly wished I could have held her hand as we strolled along.

When we reached her house, which was a small one-story ranch, like mine, she led the way up to the door and stepped inside, holding it open for me. I followed her in and immediately noticed someone sitting on the couch, typing on a laptop computer. It was a beautiful young woman, and for a second I thought Stacie had a sister I didn't know about.

“Hi mom,” Stacie said as the woman looked up at us. “This is my friend Megan. We're going to study in my room.”

The beautiful woman, Stacie's mother, smiled at me and almost caused me to gush with arousal. I was so horny it was insane, and this older version of Stacie, who looked every bit as sexy and somehow even more desirable, almost sent me over the edge. “Hi, Megan. Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you, too.” I smiled sweetly at her, wishing I could cuddle up on the couch with her and put my arm around her. She was wearing only a pair of white shorts and a t-shirt, her bare feet perched on the coffee table. I wanted to come so bad, I didn't know what to do. I could only hope that Stacie's little secret was the perfect compliment to my overpowering need.

“Stacie's mentioned you many times,” she said. “It's about time you finally came by.”

“Thank you for having me.”

Stacie was standing near the hallway, seemingly in a rush to get to her room. I wasn't sure what to do. I wanted to be with both of these women, and didn't like the idea of turning my back on either of them.

“We'll be cramming for a big test tomorrow,” Stacie told her mother. “Give us at least an hour before you wander in with a tray of lemonade or

something.”

Her mother glared at her, obviously taking offense at the comment. “I’ll do my best to refrain myself.” She looked back to me. “Will you be staying for dinner, Megan?”

I shrugged, glancing at Stacie. I would have loved to stay for dinner, but didn't know what Stacie's plans were.

“Probably not,” Stacie answered. “I need to go over to Patty's later on, so I probably won't even be staying for dinner myself.”

Patty was one of the few burnouts in our school, and I was surprised to hear that Stacie had plans to go visit her. Her mother looked slightly saddened at the news, and nodded her head. “Well, you two enjoy your studying. I’ll be right here if you need anything.”

“Thanks, mom.” Stacie took off down the hall.

I smiled at her mother, feeling a bit awkward. I hated the idea of leaving her, as strange as that might sound. “See you later,” I said.

She smiled back. She was so beautiful! “Alright. Have fun.”

I turned and walked down the hall, following Stacie into her room.

### **3. In Stacie's Room**

My first observation upon entering Stacie's room was how messy it was. She was such a clean, beautiful person, and I just assumed her bedroom would be well organized and very tidy. This doesn't make a lot of sense, I suppose, but it's what I was expecting. Her bedroom was in actuality a swamp of dirty clothes, dirty dishes and diet soda cans. Her entire desk was buried under dirty plates and empty potato chip bags. Her chair was covered in laundry, as was the floor. After shutting the door, she motioned for me to sit on the bed, which was unmade. This didn't phase me, however; I immediately set my knapsack on the floor and took a seat on her bed, thrilling at the very knowledge I was really there.

Stacie smiled at me and quickly set her things down, taking a seat directly beside me. I felt so lucky, as if I'd won some sort of lottery. I could hardly believe we were really sitting together on her big soft bed! I wanted to grab her and roll her over. I wanted to climb on top of her and kiss her and taste her everywhere. I was so hot for her I could hardly stand it.

“What do you say we put off studying for a little while?” she asked me.

I nodded, my mouth completely dry. My heart was hammering in my chest. I had a feeling the studying was just a pretense for something else anyway. What an incredible Tuesday! “Alright,” I said quietly.

Smiling, she reached down and began pulling at the bedding. “You're going to love this,” she promised me.

I was so aroused I was trembling. “I do.” I wanted to tell her I loved her, too, but knew it was too soon. I only sat and waited as she continued to dig at something under the mattress. I had a feeling it would turn out to be a vibrator. Stacie's vibrator! God, the thought of sharing it with her almost blew

my mind.

“This is the best shit in the world, I absolutely guarantee it.”

Her words threw me, and suddenly I knew I'd been wrong about her intentions. Of course I was wrong. What had I been thinking? I watched, my face surely registering disappointment as Stacie pulled a small baggie of marijuana from between the mattress and box spring.

She held it up, grinning. “Check it out! You can fucking smell it through the bag!”

I could indeed smell it, and it made me feel nauseous. I'd only smoked weed a couple of times, and I didn't like it at all. It made me real paranoid and real thirsty, and left me with a bad headache. I faked a smile and nodded my head. “Looks like good stuff.”

Stacie dug her hand under the mattress again, pulling out a lighter and a pipe. “It's the best. And Patty's got a whole quarter *pound* of this shit! I'm going to get another bag later on.”

“I didn't even know you smoked,” I told her. I wish she'd put the dope away and let me take her in my arms. I hated the idea of her using drugs and hanging out with losers like Patty. She was so much better than that. Or so I thought.

“Are you kidding?” She smiled happily as she began packing little buds into her pipe. “I usually get high three times a day. I wasn't sure if you did, or not. But Trina let slip yesterday that you and her got high a few weeks ago, so I thought I'd surprise you with this. She told me you guys had some really crappy dirt-weed. This is going to blow you away!”

So that was it. I did indeed get high with Trina a few weeks ago, and I promised myself it would be the last time I'd smoke. There was nothing at all I liked about it. If I was going to use anything to catch a buzz, I'd prefer to have an icy-cold rum and Coke. I didn't drink often, but I really did like the taste of rum and Coke, and it didn't make me feel sick or tired. Or course, I'd never gotten completely drunk, but I found one or two drinks to be very

pleasant.

“I don't know if I should,” I told her. I felt bad about not partaking with her, but I really didn't want to smoke anything. Also, I didn't see how she planned to study if she was stoned. I had already studied, and was sure I was prepared for the test, but Stacie was another story. I would have loved to study with her and then make out with her. The dope was good for nothing.

“Oh, come on.” She finished packing it and held the bowl out to me, along with the lighter. “You do the honors.”

I swallowed nervously and took them, making no move to light up. As she rolled up the baggie and tucked it back under the mattress, I leaned closer to her. “Maybe we could smoke this later. After we study.”

“Let's smoke it now. Before my mom comes poking around.”

I bit my lip, not sure what to do. There was no way I wanted to get stoned. “I kind of promised myself last time that I wouldn't smoke any more,” I muttered. I looked at her shyly. “I'm really sorry. I don't like getting high.”

Stacie made an annoyed face and took the pipe and lighter from my hands. “Oh, come on. Quit playing innocent.” She poked the end of the pipe between her lips and sparked the lighter, holding it up to the bowl and sucking the flame into the little nest of weed. I could hear it crackle as it caught fire, and then Stacie was filling her lungs with the smoke and holding it in, thrusting the pipe back at me. It was still smoldering. I took it from her, but made no move to take a hit.

After ten seconds or so she blew out a cloud of smoke and stared at me. “Come on. I thought you were going to get high with me.”

I shrugged, feeling very uncomfortable. This wasn't at all what I had planned. I put the pipe into my mouth, but only because it had just been in hers. I sort of kissed it and licked at it, trying to get a taste of her saliva. I pretended to take a little puff, but I really didn't. Then I handed it back.

“God, Megan, you didn't even hit it.” She took it back and drew in another

load of smoke. The bowl glowed red as she inhaled, and I hoped she'd just finish it up and lie down with me.

“It makes me feel kind of sick,” I told her. “But I'm really glad you invited me over.”

She nodded and held the pipe out to me again, holding her breath. I took it and slipped it between my lips again, my longing for her stronger than ever.

“Hit it,” she told me. She blew out another long plume of smoke and bumped her shoulder into mine. The contact felt wonderful and I leaned over, pressing myself against her.

I took the pipe from my mouth without inhaling. I looked her in her beautiful eyes, feeling so much love it was almost staggering. “You can smoke,” I told her. “I'm just happy being here with you.”

“That sounds kind of sappy.”

“It's true.”

She gave me a confused look and took the pipe again. It was still lit, and she quickly drew from it, the embers glowing deep inside the bowl. “You don't know what you're missing,” she croaked, talking without exhaling.

I was still leaning into her. She felt so soft. “I do know what I'm missing.” I gently put my arm around her shoulders and held her close to me, feeling myself stiffen and grow wetter at such a bold gesture.

“What are you doing?” Stacie asked. She blew out more smoke and peered at me quizzically.

Feeling almost in a daze, I twisted on the bed and nuzzled my face into the hollow of her neck. Had I gotten a contact high? I doubt it. I was just so aroused and so in love, I couldn't resist it anymore. I pulled her closer to me and softly kissed her ear. “You're so beautiful,” I whispered.

Stacie turned away from me, but remained sitting on the bed. She looked at me like I was insane. “What the hell? What's wrong with you?”

Alarmed, I sat up straight and tried to compose myself. I licked my lips. "I'm sorry. I just..." I wasn't sure how to respond. "I just really like you. I thought... maybe..."

She looked at me with what almost appeared to be disgust. "I hope you're kidding."

Her words stung, and just like that my lucky Tuesday went all to shit. I stared into her eyes, which were getting just the tiniest bit bloodshot. "I thought... when you invited me over..." I leaned toward her again, not able to help myself. "Stacie, please." I gently slipped my arm around her again. "Would you let me... hold you?"

She stood up abruptly. "Jesus Christ!" She reached under the mattress and retrieved her little baggie of weed, stuffing it and the pipe into her front pocket. "Are you coming on to me?"

I sat almost frozen on her bed, feeling like shit. I didn't know what to say. I knew she was straight. What had I been thinking? "I'm sorry. I was just kidding around."

"No you weren't. You were really hoping to... Jesus Christ!" She spun around and grabbed her purse. "I can't believe you were... oh, god, Megan! This is too much!"

"Stacie, I was only kidding!"

"Yeah, right. I've got to go. See you around." Then she fled across the room and yanked open the door. She stormed away, down the hall, leaving me sitting there on her bed.

I sat there for quite awhile, feeling the depression take hold of me, deep inside, where I knew it would stay for a very long time.

Maybe forever.



## 4. Cindy

I don't know how long I sat there. I cried for a few minutes, feeling almost completely numb. I knew I should leave, but I was just so depressed and heartbroken by what had happened that it seemed like too much effort to even stand. I had been so happy and excited earlier, and now I was slumped on Stacie's bed, alone, contemplating suicide. The rejection hurt that badly.

Like I said, I don't know how long I sat there. And I probably would have continued sitting there for much longer, but just then there was a little tap on the door, which was still partly open, and Stacie's mother stepped cautiously into the room. She was still only wearing her white shorts and her t-shirt, and for a second my heart caught in my throat; she was so incredibly beautiful, it made me almost forget about everything else entirely.

“Are you okay?” she asked. She seemed very concerned that I was still sitting there, after her daughter had obviously left. I couldn't blame her.

I nodded my head, wiping tears from my eyes. I felt embarrassed that she'd seen me crying, but there was nothing I could do about it. “I'm sorry,” I mumbled. “I was just about to leave.” I made an effort to stand up, but just as I did, she stepped over and sat down beside me.

“What happened? Why did Stacie leave you in here?” She lifted her chin and began sniffing the air. “Or are you too high to talk about it?”

I looked at her, alarmed. “I'm not high. I swear. I didn't...”

“It's okay,” she told me. “I know Stacie smokes it sometimes. I don't like it, but I'm not sure how to deal with it.”

I stared at her, wanting her to know I wasn't high. It somehow seemed important to me that she didn't think I was a doper. “She wanted me to smoke

with her. I didn't want to. So... I didn't."

She smiled sadly. Her eyes gleamed in the light pouring in from the window, and she looked so incredibly sexy that I started to get excited all over again. She was so similar to Stacie it was mind boggling. "Is that why she left you in here?"

I thought about lying to her, but only for a second. "No." I had to look away. "She got mad at me... for something else." I hung my head, wishing I was home alone in my room so I could cry freely.

"What's wrong, Megan? What happened? Why did she storm out like that and leave you here?"

I tried to look at her again, but I was crying and I didn't want her to see. "She didn't tell you?"

"No. She just said she had to leave."

"I... I guess I just like her too much."

"Like her too much? Whatever do you mean?"

I sniffed, wiping my eyes again. It wasn't easy for me to talk about. "I'm not sure I should be telling you. It will only make her madder."

She put her arm around my shoulders to comfort me, and for a second I almost twisted around and embraced her. Did she have any idea how beautiful and desirable she was? How could she not? "Tell me what happened."

I looked her in the eyes. I felt almost hypnotized. Was this older version of Stacie really sitting with me on Stacie's bed with her arm around me? I nodded, feeling so very confused. "I... I kind of..." I had to look away again, but I forced myself to tell her, as difficult as it was. "I'm kind of in love with her. She didn't know. Now she does, and she didn't take it well. She looked at me like she thinks I'm disgusting." My whole body hitched then, and I began to cry harder. I hung my head and let the tears run down my face and drip

onto my legs.

“Oh, honey, don't cry.” Stacie's mother held me tighter, pulling me close to her and stroking my hair with one hand. It felt wonderful and had a very soothing effect on me. I continued to cry, but I didn't feel nearly as alone or hurt with her comforting me that way.

“I'm sorry,” I croaked.

“Don't be sorry, either. You didn't do anything wrong.”

“I shouldn't have told her. I'm so stupid. I... I'm not even sure why I did it.”

She continued to stroke my hair. The warmth from her, combined with her softness and her subtle perfume made me feel very aroused, as if I wasn't already. “Stacie can be a little bit shallow. I'm sorry she hurt your feelings.”

I nodded. “Thank you.” I continued to cry, but not as discernibly. I twisted my neck to look at her. “You're very kind.”

She smiled at that. “And you're very beautiful. Stacie must be crazy to not be interested in you.”

Her words took me by surprise. “You mean... she likes girls?”

“No, no. I don't mean that. I just mean...” She stopped stroking my hair and used one hand to lift my chin to get a better look at me. “I just don't see how anyone could turn away such an extraordinary young lady like you. You're almost breathtaking.”

My heart began to race. What was this? “Thank you. But I'm really just average. It's Stacie who's breathtaking.” I smiled at her, not able to help myself. “And you. You look just like her.”

Her smile grew radiant at that. “I used to. When I was younger.”

“You still do. When I first walked in, I thought you were her sister.”

“You're very sweet.”

“I'm not kidding. I had no idea you were her mother until she said so.”

Stacie's mother laughed quietly. “I thought I was trying to cheer you up. And here you are, cheering me up.”

“Sorry.”

“Please don't say you're sorry. You have nothing to be sorry for.”

We stared at each other for a moment and then she began stroking my hair again. “My name is Cindy, by the way.”

I leaned into her, not thinking about it. “Thank you for cheering me up, Cindy.”

“You're very welcome. Although I'm not sure you're going to get over a rejection just like that.”

“No.”

“It hurts, I know. I've had my share of rejections.”

“Really?” It surprised me. “Who would reject you?”

She laughed again, very softly. Her laugh was slightly musical. It made me want to kiss her. “You're not the only one who's been turned down, Megan. It might help you to realize that.”

I nodded. “I know. I just...”

“What?”

“I wish I never told her. I know she likes boys. Now I've probably lost her as a friend, too.”

“I doubt it. Don't beat yourself up about it. Now that she knows, give her some time to get used to it.”

“I will. If she gives me the chance.”

“She will. She can be shallow, like I said, but she's a good person at heart. And besides, not everybody who likes boys really wants to end up with one.”

Her words made me curious. “What do you mean?”

She smiled again and took a deep breath. “I mean, I used to like them, too. I even married one.”

“And?”

“And I divorced him nine years later. I'd be happy to never see another man again.”

I swallowed audibly, trying to think of a response to that. “You...”

“I'm a lesbian, Megan.”

I began to tremble beneath her touch. “You are?”

“Yes.”

My mouth was suddenly dry. “So I guess you don't... think I'm disgusting?”

Cindy hugged me with the arm already wrapped around my shoulders. “Far from it. No one thinks you're disgusting. I already told you, I think you're beautiful.”

“Thank you.” I no longer felt rejected or even sad.

With her free hand, Cindy tilted my chin toward her so she could look into my eyes. “Hey. I was just going to make myself a little drink. I always have one before dinner. Would you care to join me?”

I nodded. “That would be wonderful.”

## 5. Flirting

We made our way back into the living room, where Cindy told me to take a seat on the couch. I did, right near the spot where she'd been sitting earlier. Her computer was closed and sitting on the coffee table. It made me wonder what she did for a living, and what she had been working on. There was so much I didn't know about her. I sat looking around and thinking while she disappeared into the kitchen and made us a couple of drinks.

When she came back, she was carrying a tall glass in each hand. She looked like a mythical goddess with her soft blonde hair framing her gorgeous face and her perfect, sleek legs catching the rays of sun coming through the front window. If there were any flaws in her appearance, I honestly couldn't see one. She looked perfect, right down to her adorable feet as she strode across the carpet and held out one of the glasses to me.

“Vodka and cranberry. I hope you like it.”

I took the glass, smiling up at her. “I'm sure I will. Thank you so much.”

Cindy sat down beside me, very close but not quite touching. I had to restrain myself not to lean into her again and make a fool of myself. I'd done that once today already, and as tempted as I was, I knew that Cindy was only being kind to me.

She lifted her glass and touched it against mine in a little toast. “To a little quiet time,” she said. “Amid all the chaos.”

That made me smile again, although my life wasn't really chaotic. If anything, it was boring and lonely. “I'll drink to that.”

We each took a sip from our glasses. The ice rattled musically as we did, and

I was treated to the delicious, tart flavor of cranberry juice, nicely spiked with booze. It tasted wonderful and I quickly took another, bigger sip. "It's perfect," I told her.

"You really like it?"

"I love it."

"I'm glad. It's my favorite drink."

I took another sip, as did Cindy. "I've always gone with rum and Coke, but I think I like this better."

Cindy leaned back on the couch, settling in. She perched her pretty little feet on the edge of the coffee table again and took another sip from her glass. "I probably shouldn't be giving you alcohol, Megan, but I thought a little drink might help to wash away your blues."

"A little drink is ideal," I assured her.

"Good. We'll just keep it at one, though. I don't want your parents calling me up later complaining about you staggering home drunk."

I almost laughed at that. My mood had really turned around. I loved sitting there next to Cindy and sipping my tasty new drink. "I promise, this won't make me drunk. And my parents are very lenient."

"That's always helpful."

"I've never given them anything to really be concerned about."

She turned her head toward me. "You're a good kid. I can tell."

It was true, I was a good kid. It's not something I was proud of, but I suppose it wasn't something to be ashamed of, either. I don't know how Cindy could so easily read me, though. It made me wonder what else she could tell about me, so I asked her.

The question caused her to smirk. "Oh, I've always been pretty good at

reading people.” She took a sip of her drink and looked into my eyes. “I can tell you're still sad from having Stacie walk out on you, but not as sad as you were.”

“It helps with you being so nice to me.”

“I'm only being nice to you because I like you.”

“See? I feel less sad every time you say something.”

She laughed and slid just a little bit closer to me. I could feel the warmth from her body ever so slightly, and it made me want to close the distance between us so that we were really touching. “I can tell you're lonely, too. You want someone, and you don't have anyone. Anyone intimate, I mean.”

Her words froze me, making me feel almost ashamed. I guess I shouldn't have been surprised to have her sense such a thing about me, considering that she certainly knew what had just happened. She must have realized I was suddenly uncomfortable because she quickly slipped her arm around my shoulders again and pulled me closer.

“Hey,” she said. “I didn't mean that in a bad way, Megan. I can just tell that you're lonely, that's all. It's not something to be ashamed of. I get lonely, too. And I remember being horribly lonely when I was your age.”

I looked at her, almost shyly. “Really?”

“Yes. It's tough, I know.”

I sighed, nodding my head. I took another drink.

“Don't worry so much about it. You're going to find someone special one of these days, and you're going to be very happy. I can tell.”

She was making me feel better again. “You really think so?”

“I know so. You're too special to go unnoticed for long. You're going to be a heartbreaker in college.”



The thought of that made me giggle. “I don't know about that. I just want a girlfriend. I really don't want to break anyone's heart.”

“You won't be able to help it. Women are going to fall in love with you left and right.”

Now she was really pouring it on. I felt very happy again, though. “Somehow I doubt it.”

“I don't.”

I took a drink. “Stacie didn't.”

“Stacie's straight. Unlike us.”

Her use of the word “us” caused a little tingle between my legs, and I turned to her with a curious smile on my face. “Us?”

Cindy smiled back. “You and me.”

I hadn't had much to drink, but I wasn't really used to drinking at all. I could tell I was becoming less inhibited. I was hot for Cindy, and I felt suddenly very playful. I grinned at her. “What about *you and me*?”

Her grin widened and she bumped me with her shoulder. “*You and me* are just a couple of gals having a nice little drink together and wishing we were doing more.”

The tingle again. Now who was being playful? “More?” I batted my eyes at her.

Cindy laughed. “Trust me, Megan. If you were my age I'd be all over you right now.”

I grew wet instantly. I regarded her closely, feeling almost desperate for the intimacy she'd just spoken of. “I'm eighteen. That's old enough, isn't it?”

“I'm thirty seven.” She frowned, but still managed to look happy. “I'm twice your age, honey.”

“You're beautiful. You look better than most girls my age.”

“Thank you for that. But I think we need to be a little careful here. I didn't mean to seduce you.”

I swallowed, nervous that she was going to discount me so easily. “You're not seducing me. I love sitting here with you.” I took another drink, trying to find the courage to come out and say what I really wanted to say. “You have no idea how much I...” I trailed off, not able to finish.

She knew exactly what I was getting at. She took another sip of her drink and then leaned forward and set it on the coffee table. When she leaned back, she smiled at me. “Megan, Megan. Whatever are we going to do with you?”

“Whatever you want.”

Cindy laughed, not as quietly as the last time. I could tell the drink had loosened her up, too, and we seemed to be getting along rather well. “Are you flirting with me?”

“Is that bad?”

She thought about it. “I'm not sure.”

I leaned into her, heavily. I wanted her so badly I could hardly stand it anymore. “I think I'm falling in love with you,” I blurted.

Cindy giggled and wrapped me up in her arms. “Is that so.”

“Yes.”

She carefully took the almost empty glass from my hands and set it on the table beside hers. Then she put her arm around me again and squeezed me affectionately. “You know, when you walked in here a little while ago with Stacie, I certainly didn't think you and I would end up together like this on the couch.”

“Me either. But I've got no complaints.” I put my arm around her and buried my face in the hollow of her neck, inhaling her intoxicating, feminine scent.

“Oh, Megan. I really do wish you weren't my daughter's high-school friend.”

“I'm not. She doesn't like me anymore.”

She ran her fingers through my hair. “Of course she does. She just needs a little time to figure things out. She talks about you all the time, and from what she's told me, I don't think she had any idea that you... liked women.”

I twisted my head, leaning over further to see her. I was almost lying in her lap. “What does she say about me?”

“All kinds of things. She likes you a lot. She respects you. She thinks you're the smartest friend she's ever had. She brags about you.”

“Really?” This information pleased me greatly, and made me think that Stacie and I could still be friends after all.

“Really.”

“What else does she say?”

“All kinds of stuff. All good things. She tells me stories about you and her other friends at school. It's obvious listening to her that you're her favorite.”

“Thank you for telling me that.”

“You're welcome.” She smiled at me and pressed her nose to mine. “God, you're such a little cutie-pie!”

I giggled, reaching up and running my hand over her soft blonde hair. I knew it was wrong to be behaving this way with my friend's mother, but I couldn't help it. I wanted intimacy so much. I needed it. My special Tuesday still had a lot of steam, and I wasn't going to give up without at least taking a chance. “Look who's talking. I've never even seen anyone as beautiful as you. Not even on TV.”

“Oh, Megan...”

“Kiss me. Please?”

“Megan...”

“Please?”

See studied me, gazing directly into my eyes. “Have you ever kissed a woman before?”

“No. But I want to, so badly. I want to kiss *you*.” It felt wonderful to be so candid with her.

Cindy shifted and held me very gently. She regarded me thoughtfully. “I’d love to kiss you, Megan. But I want to be very clear about something.”

“Anything. Please.” I was so close!

“I need for you to understand that I can’t be your girlfriend. I can’t be that special person who you’re so obviously searching for.”

“You can be my girlfriend tonight,” I pleaded. “Just for a little while. Please?”

She smiled and rubbed her nose against mine. I could feel her warm breath on my lips and I grew wetter and wetter with need. “Maybe.”

A ray of real, honest hope. “Please?”

She pulled back slightly and kissed my nose. “Maybe. But I’ve got to tell you something first.”

“What?”

“I’m already involved with someone, honey.”

It hurt to hear, but it didn’t really change much. I knew that me and Cindy could never be a real couple. I just needed her in this moment, and would do whatever I could to make it happen and to make her happy that she’d given me the opportunity. “That’s okay. Just this one time. I promise I won’t ask ever again.”

She smiled at this, but didn't immediately respond.

“Please? I need you.”

“I know you do.” She kissed me again, this time on the forehead. “But I want you to know it can really only be this one time.”

“That's fine,” I said. I knew it would hurt more later, but it would hurt even more if she rejected me completely, like Stacie had done. “Please. I just... I think I'll go crazy if you don't kiss me.”

“Are you really, truly, absolutely sure you want me to kiss you?”

“Yes!”

“Okay. But if I kiss you, I don't think it's going to stop there.”

## 6. First Kiss

Cindy's mouth came down toward mine, and I raised my head slightly to meet her, simply unable to wait even a split-second longer than necessary. I could feel her lips on mine even before they got there; when they really did touch, it sent a warm wave of erotic pleasure through me that went all the way to my core.

Her lips were so soft, and so sweet. They were perfectly textured, and so moist and exactly what I had been dreaming of for so long. I breathed deeply, my heart racing, and basked in the intimate contact. I was so hungry for it that it was only a matter of seconds before I pulled her lower lip into my mouth and began sucking on it.

Cindy moaned, her hands stroking me. One of them was running its fingers through my hair, and the other was caressing my abdomen through my thin t-shirt. It felt like I was in heaven, there in her lap on her couch. It was the single best moment of my life so far, and I knew it was soon going to get even better.

We kissed for several moments, my heart brimming with love for her. This is exactly what I'd been looking for! I reached up further with one hand, slipping it behind her neck and pulling her closer to me. She inhaled sharply then and slipped her tongue into my mouth. It was such a shock, and such a welcome surprise, that I almost came in my pants right then and there.

I gasped, sucking on her tongue as if it were a Popsicle. She slid it in further, exploring the inside of my mouth with it as I raced to keep up, trying to tangle my own around it. My excitement was causing my heart to beat so fast that I thought I was going to go into cardiac arrest.

As we kissed, Cindy slid over on the couch and leaned back so that soon we

were lying lengthwise, with me on top of her. Our bodies molded in collaboration, with all of her sensual curves fitting with my own as if we were specifically designed to be together. I continued to suck on her sweet, slippery tongue, and then I grew bold and slipped mine into her mouth. She groaned again as I licked all over inside her mouth, running my tongue between her lips and gums and tasting her everywhere. She tasted so delicious that I thought I might pass out from sheer bliss.

After a few minutes I had to pause in order to catch my breath. Cindy was gasping, and she smiled up at me, running the back of one hand along the line of my jaw.

“I hope you don't think I'm taking advantage of you,” she said.

She looked so sexy lying there beneath me that I had to kiss her again before answering. “That's not possible, Cindy,” I panted. “I want you more than anything else in the world right now.”

She beamed at me. It warmed my heart to know I was making her feel happy. “You're so adorable, I can't stand it.”

I wanted to respond to that, to tell her how beautiful she was and how much I treasured this time alone with her, but doing so would be counterproductive. Instead, I mashed my mouth back against hers and engaged her in another deep, long, seductive kiss. I wanted to devour her. She was literally a dream come true.

We kissed for a long time, squirming around on the couch and petting each other. At one point her hand found its way under my waistband and dove down into my panties. I felt her sexy little fingers brush through my trim pubic hair and then she was touching my wetness. I moaned into her mouth, my whole body quivering.

“Oh, Cindy. You're going to make me come.” I was right on the verge. If she slipped her fingers any further I'd be lost in a tidal wave of fervid release.

Cindy slowly withdrew her hand from my pants and slipped her fingers into her mouth. She smiled at me. “I'm going to make you come quite a few times,

Megan. I promise.”

I could only stare, speechless, as I watched her suck my juices from her fingers.

“God, you're delicious,” she teased. Then we were kissing again, and I could taste myself on her mouth. It sent my arousal to a whole new level and I knew I wasn't going to be able to stand it much longer.

She must have sensed what was happening, because her hand shot back into my pants and found me again, this time with more force. I felt her fingers slide between my swollen folds and I locked my legs in a desperate attempt to keep her there. I cried out, feeling myself losing control.

“That's it, baby,” she encouraged. She was talking into my mouth, her tongue dancing around and licking my teeth. “Come for me. I want to feel you come against my hand.”

I whimpered loudly, bucking against her hand and pressing my mouth firmly against hers. I lost it then, the waves exploding over me and through me as all my pent-up passion and arousal tore through my body and left me trembling in Cindy's arms.

“Oh, Megan.” She kissed me all over my face. “Oh, honey, that was wonderful.”

I laughed, feeling dizzy with emotion and exhilaration. “It sure was.”

She kissed my forehead and my cheeks and my nose. Then she kissed my eyes. I was breathing very fast. We both were. Then she kissed me on the mouth again and used her tongue to trace along the edge of my lips. “You came so hard. You really needed that.”

“I sure did.” I was still panting.

She kissed me some more, over and over. I loved every one of her kisses. I wished that she'd never stop. I still had my legs clamped over her hand, and when she made a move to pull it free, I loosened up to allow her to remove it,



as much as I would have preferred her to keep it there. She lifted it to her mouth and began sucking my fluids from her fingers again. “Mmm. What a sweetheart you are.”

“Oh, Cindy.” I was aroused all over again. God, she was amazing!

“Are you okay, honey?”

“I want you.”

She smiled. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” I squeezed her, hugging her fiercely. “I want you so much.”

She wrapped her arms around me and rocked me back and forth. “Okay, baby. You can have me. But let's get these clothes off you first.”

## 7. Treat

Before I knew what was happening, Cindy scrambled out from beneath me and was kneeling on the floor, untying my sneakers. I sighed and lay back, allowing her to remove them. She was smiling and obviously having a good time. It dawned on me that there was no way I wasn't going to want her again and again after this day. She was just so desirable. I forced the thought out of my mind and tried to concentrate on our time together.

When she had my shoes off, she grinned at me and rubbed her face against my socks, which were still on my feet. It tickled and caused me to giggle softly. This encouraged her, and she rubbed her face harder against my feet, playfully biting at them through the socks.

I laughed, covering my mouth with both hands.

“You're such a little angel,” she told me.

Her words were so welcome, and my heart flooded with love for her. “I could say the same thing about you, Cindy.”

She smiled and bit the end of my sock. Then she pulled her head back and twisted her neck, using her teeth to pull the sock off my foot. I was wearing blue nail polish and she moaned happily when she saw it. She spit out my sock and began kissing my toes. “Oh, they're so cute!”

I laughed again as she kissed them. She tore my other sock off and began kissing my feet all over. It tickled even more without the socks on, and she became very playful with it.

“Ticklish, are you?” She ran her tongue along the bottom of my foot, causing me to squeal out loud. “Oh, you are!” She kissed them some more and then began to rub them, very expertly. “You're feet are so soft and smooth. I love

them!”

“I love *you*,” I blurted.

That caused her to stop playing with my feet, but she was still smiling. She gently released them and moved closer to me, rubbing her hand over my leg. “Oh, Meggy.”

I laughed. “Meggy?”

She leaned over and kissed me on the mouth. “Sweet little Megan. I feel like I’ve been given a gift from heaven.”

“That almost rhymes.”

She laughed and kissed me again. She kissed me long and deep, and I began to grow very wet again. After a few moments I moaned softly and she lifted her face from mine. She was breathing very fast. “Let’s get these clothes off you, honey.”

I nodded and began unfastening my pants. When I had them loose, she helped me pull them down and get them off. “Thank you so much for this, Cindy.”

She set them aside and began running one hand up and down my bare leg. “Thank *you*, Megan. This is probably more of a treat for me than it is for you.”

“Oh, believe me. It’s a huge treat for me. The best ever.”

“I’m glad. I want it to be special for you.”

“It is. This is the best day of my life.”

That made her smile grow even warmer. As I was taking my shirt off, Cindy gently spread my legs open wider. She was staring at my pink panties with a hungry gleam in her eyes. They were soaked through in the crotch, and I watched as she slowly lowered her face and began kissing me there. The feel of her lips on my sensitive labia, with only the thin layer of cotton separating them, caused me to whimper and squirm around on the couch. I ran my

fingers through her soft hair as she continued to kiss me and take little licks of my wet panties.

“Oh, you're so wet, baby. You're like a fountain of sweet, tasty nectar!”

I smiled and lifted my pelvis slightly, pressing myself against her mouth. It felt so good, and I wanted to come again. I wanted to come and come, but I also wanted to taste Cindy and to make her come.

She lapped at my panties gratefully and then began sucking the moisture from the fabric. It made me feel so incredibly sexy. God, what a day!

A moment later, Cindy was sliding my panties down my legs. I finished removing my shirt as she slid them off my feet, and we both tossed the newly shed articles of clothing to the floor.

“Good girl,” she said. “Now take off that bra.”

“I wish you'd take your clothes off, too.”

“I will. I promise.”

As I began to remove my bra, Cindy smiled down at my glistening sex. “Oh, Megan, you're so beautiful.” She lowered her face again and I was suddenly lost in a world of erotic bliss as Cindy's mouth and tongue delivered me to new, towering heights of passion.

I forgot all about my bra. I fisted my hands in her hair, moaning loudly and closing my eyes. I was being eaten out by Stacie's mom! It was unbelievable. I lifted my feet into the air and rolled my head from side to side, my approaching orgasm roaring down on me. She was so good!

“Come in my face, sweetie,” Cindy pleaded. “I want to feel you all over me.” She pressed her face in deeper and took my clit into her mouth. As her tongue danced over it, I shivered with delight and exploded into her mouth. I cried out shrilly and yanked her hair, my legs squeezing shut around her head. I came like never before, my whole body quaking and shuddering as Cindy gasped for air between my legs.

When she finally pulled her head free, she was smiling and licking her lips. “Wow! You don't fool around!”

“I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?” I was still struggling to catch my breath. The thought that I might have hurt her made me suddenly sick with apprehension.

Cindy laughed and dipped her head down again to kiss my pussy. “Not at all, sweetheart. But you almost made me come in my pants.”

I sat up, propping myself on my elbows. “I wish you'd take them off. I *want* to make you come.”

“Something tells me you will.”

I smiled at her, growing very excited again. “I want to taste you.”

“You can taste me, Megan.” She took my hand and rose to her feet. “Come here. Get up, honey.”

I managed to climb off the couch and get to my feet. When we were both standing, Cindy pulled me into a soft kiss.

“I want you so bad,” I whispered.

“Let's go to my bed, Megan. I want to make this as special for you as I can.”

My head spinning with desire, she led me down the hall and into her bedroom.

## 8. Cindy's Bedroom

Cindy's bedroom was right out of a magazine spread; lush, white carpeting, fancy pine furniture,

large mirrors on the walls, and right in the middle of the room, a massive queen-sized bed with a brass frame. Everything was beautiful, and to walk in there naked, holding her hand, knowing I was going to be slipping under the sheets with her and ravishing her, was more than I ever could have possibly asked for.

She pulled the door closed behind her and pulled me into another soft kiss. If I hadn't been in love with her before, I certainly was now. We kissed for a moment and then she motioned for me to get into her bed.

“Climb in, honey.” She pulled her shirt up over her head, revealing full, firm breasts. I stared at them in awe, realizing that I was still wearing my bra. I quickly pulled it off and dropped it to the floor as she tossed her shirt aside and began unbuttoning her shorts.

“This is too good to be true,” I whispered.

“It does feel that way,” she agreed. “But I'm pretty sure it's all real.”

“I hope so.” I smiled and folded the comforter over. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she allowed her shorts to slide down her perfect legs. She was wearing white panties, and I could clearly see that they were more than a little wet. The thought of tasting her made me salivate like crazy.

Cindy noticed me staring. “See something you like?”

I nodded, finally getting into bed. “I sure do.”

She pulled her panties down, revealing more of that soft, blonde hair. It was trimmed very short and looked so inviting; I wondered what it would feel like brushing against my face. She stepped out of her panties and shorts and moved closer to the bed. I slid over to give her room.

“May I join you?”

“Please.”

She slipped under the covers with me and immediately wrapped me up in her arms and began kissing me. I can't even describe to you how wonderful it felt to be holding her and kissing her in that big soft bed, with our naked bodies pressed together. I couldn't imagine anything else in the world that could possibly be better. Then I thought of Stacie and my breath caught for just a second.

Cindy broke the kiss. “Are you okay?”

“Yes.”

She smiled and kissed me again. “Good. Let me know if I'm overwhelming you.”

“You're not.” Something occurred to me then, but I didn't plan on saying anything.

“What is it?” Cindy asked. She was very perceptive.

“Nothing. I just...”

“Yes?”

“I was just wondering... about...” I shrugged. “You said you were involved with someone.”

“Yes?”

I felt suddenly embarrassed. “I hope I'm not... interfering with anything.”

Cindy grinned in the fading light. She rubbed one hand softly over my breasts, massaging them. "You're very thoughtful, sweetheart."

"I just don't want to... ruin anything for you. I don't want to hurt you in any way."

She caressed my cheek with the palm of her hand. "You're so sweet." She kissed my nose. "Megan, honey. The woman we're talking about is named Jan. I've only known her for a few weeks, and I'm fairly certain she has another lover. The two of us aren't exactly engaged."

That made me feel a little better. I leaned into her further and kissed her on the mouth. "I'm sorry for being nosy."

"You're not nosy, Megan. You're thoughtful. And you have every right to know. I'm kind of pursuing things with Jan, but the two of us never spoke of commitment or exclusivity. At least not yet."

I nodded and kissed her again. I loved to kiss her. She wrapped her arms around me and rolled us over, slipping her tongue into my mouth. For the next several minutes I was completely lost in Cindy's presence as we kissed and touched and rolled around in her bed. It was the most passion I'd ever felt, and I loved every second of it.

At one point my hand slipped down, almost of its own accord, and my fingers brushed through Cindy's pubic hair. It was as soft as I'd imagined. I dipped a bit lower and ran one finger through her wetness. She gasped into my mouth and clutched me tighter. I worked my finger in deeper, causing her to moan, and then I quickly slipped it out and raised it to my mouth. She studied me intently as I inserted it between my lips and finally got my first taste of her.

She waited patiently for my reaction, the corners of her mouth curling up into a naughty smile. The flavor of Cindy was much more than I had anticipated. My whole mouth came alive with her special taste, and I felt myself almost come again. "My god," I whispered. "You're so delicious."

She giggled and kissed my hand. "You really think so?"



I nodded, still sucking on my finger. "I need more."

"Help yourself, honey." I felt her spread her lovely legs and my heart began racing wildly as I slipped lower in the bed, kissing my way down her taut body. I tried to take my time and really enjoy all of her wonderful curves and her sexy parts, but I was so eager to plunge my face into her fragrant wetness that I actually moved fairly quickly. When I felt my chin brush over her silky triangle of hair, I almost swooned.

"Enjoy it, little angel," Cindy said. I felt her fingers slip into my hair and her legs spread even wider for me as I lowered my head and came face to face with her glistening vulva. This was it! My first pussy! I paused to study it, appreciating its beauty before diving in. It looked so delicate and inviting, and it was coated in Cindy's sweet, slick juices. It was perfect, just like the rest of her. I lowered my face some more and pressed my lips to hers, giving it a little kiss. It was so soft and silky! I loved it!

Cindy moaned again and shifted on the bed. "Oh, Megan. Oh, my little sweetheart."

I smiled to myself and pressed further in, burying my face in her moist warmth. Her arousal coated my lips and cheeks, making us both whimper ecstatically. I almost came again just then, and I think Cindy did, too. Then I opened my mouth and let my tongue slip out. I tasted her in all her glory, right there at the source.

Cindy cried out passionately, her hands pulling at my hair. I could feel her whole body tense up as I swallowed her sweet fluids and went back for more, over and over, my mouth and tongue exploring between her soft folds and around her beautifully engorged clitoris.

"Oh, Megan," she whined. "Oh, honey, I'm going to come!"

Her declaration heightened my ambition to please her, and I delved my tongue in deeper, really getting a solid taste of her. It filled my mouth, and I never wanted it to end. This was pure Cindy, and I loved Cindy.

"Oh, baby! Oh, god, yes!"

I sucked her clit between my lips then, and it immediately caused her to utter a loud, groaning wail. Her feet shot into the air and I felt her come in my mouth. Her body quaked on the bed as tremors passed through her, and I greedily swallowed down everything her glorious pussy had to offer.

When it was over she lay panting, an enormous smile on her pretty face. “Oh, Megan. Oh, sweetheart. That was wonderful!”

I smiled up at her from between her legs. I was still sneaking in little licks and kisses of her silky folds. “Did I really do okay?”

She laughed. “Oh, honey.” She patted the bed beside her. “Come on up here and give me a kiss.”

I hated to leave her adorable little vagina behind, but I really loved the idea of stretching out with her and kissing her some more. I gave her lips one more big lick and another kiss, and then scooted up in the bed to lie beside her. She wrapped me up in her arms and pulled me into another embrace, biting playfully on my ear and making me giggle.

“Oh, Meggie, Meggie, Meggie!” She poked her tongue into my ear, causing me to twist around and laugh. Then she kissed me on the mouth and squeezed me tighter, making me feel so loved. I'd never felt so elated. There was nothing else that had ever taken place in my life to even compare it to. Things couldn't possibly get better. It was safe to say that Tuesday was now my favorite day of the week. At least this Tuesday. Then, abruptly, reality came crashing down on me. It hurt to know that we wouldn't be doing this anymore after this, and I had to fight myself not to think about it. The problem with things being this good is, they can't possibly last.

We lay there for a long time, holding each other and sharing soft, sweet kisses. I was tempted to ask her if she'd reconsider us not being together again, but I'd already promised her that I wouldn't. The moment grew melancholy for me, and as usual, Cindy sensed the change in my mood.

She traced her fingers lovingly over my lips. “Is something bothering you, Megan?”

I didn't even consider lying to her. I took hold of her hand and held it securely in mine. I ran my tongue along her chin and kissed her on the lips. I took a deep breath and smiled at her, trying not to appear sad. "It's just that... I feel like I'm falling in love with you." I squeezed her hand. "I know you said we can only do this once. And I respect your judgment. I do. I'm just... I'm just really going to miss this." I began to cry then. I couldn't help it.

"Oh, honey." Cindy hugged me tighter and kissed my eyes. She was so sweet and I could tell she really cared for me. I was putting her in an awkward position, and I felt bad for it, but it wasn't intentional. I was a romantic, and had had my first taste of real love, and I didn't want it to end.

"I'm sorry," I whined.

"Please don't be. You've got nothing to be sorry for." She kissed my tears away, and I held onto her very tightly, not wanting to let her go. I was being selfish, I know.

"I love you, Cindy."

"Oh, Megan. Oh, you sweet little thing."

I couldn't help but notice she didn't say that she loved me, too. Rather than hurting me, this actually gave me a little strength and my tears dried up soon after. I was being sappy, and imposing myself on her. It wasn't fair to either of us. I took a deep breath and tried to compose myself.

"I'm really sorry," I told her again. I meant it, too. She'd made a deal with me before we became intimate, and I was screwing it up. It was hard not to, though. I felt so emotional and so fragile and so confused. I really did feel love for her and hated the idea of this ending. Why did it have to end? Had that ever been discussed?

"You're making me feel terrible."

"I don't mean to."

"I know, honey. It's my fault."

“No. It's just... I've never done anything like this before. I love being with you even more than I thought I would. It's just going to be so hard... I'm going to miss it so much.”

“I'm going to miss it, too.”

Her statement encouraged me. “Then... maybe... maybe we can still...”

She smiled and kissed me again. “When I said that we could only do this once, I didn't expect us to connect like this. I thought it was just going to be mind-blowing sex.” She laughed. “Which it was. But...”

I hugged her tighter, hoping she'd change her mind about things. “But?”

“I don't know, Megan. Like I said, I'm kind of involved with someone.”

“It's okay. I just wanted to let you know how special this is for me. How wonderful.”

“Oh, honey, it's special for me, too.” She stroked my back with one hand. “Maybe... maybe we can play it by ear. Maybe it doesn't have to be just one time.”

My heart began racing again. She was willing to give me a chance! All sorts of exciting thoughts went through my mind at the prospects of an actual relationship with Cindy. We'd obviously have to keep it a secret from Stacie. What would she think if she ever found out? My god, she'd probably hate me. Of course, maybe we wouldn't have a real relationship. Maybe we'd just get together once in awhile, when we could both manage it. There were so many unknowns. I guess we'd just have to play it by ear, like she'd said.

“That would be great,” I told her.

“No promises,” she warned. “But no ruling anything out, either. How does that sound?”

“It sounds perfect, Cindy.”

She sighed contentedly. “We'll take it slow, and see what happens. I don't

want Stacie to find out about this.”

“No. Neither do I.”

“But I really would like to... experience you again, honey.”

“Should we make plans? Or just...”

“Let's not make any plans, Megan.” She smiled. “Well, except for one.”

Her smile was infectious, and I returned it. “What's that?”

She kissed me, her hand reaching down and slipping between my legs. I gasped as her fingers penetrated me.

“I want to fuck you again right now.”

## 9. Change of Plans

When we were finished, and had our clothes back on, Cindy took my hand and led me into the kitchen. It had gotten quite a bit darker outside, and she had to turn on the lights as we went.

“Are you hungry? Let me make us some dinner before you go home.”

I hadn't even thought about food. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was 5:30. My parents would be expecting me at the dinner table at precisely that moment. “I should probably go,” I told her. “Or at least call my parents.”

“Call them, sweetheart. Do you need to use my phone?”

“No. I have one in my purse.” As I was stepping back into the living room to retrieve it, I heard Cindy's cell phone ring, which was on the kitchen table. She smiled at me and reached for it.

In the living room, I fished out my phone and called my mother. I apologized for not calling sooner, and let her know that I was at Stacie's and would be staying for dinner. We chatted for a few minutes and then I hung up and returned the phone to my purse. As I did, Cindy came in from the kitchen looking a little bit nervous.

“Is everything okay?” I asked.

She nodded, twisting her fingers through a strand of her hair. It was obvious something was bothering her. “That was Jan. She's coming over with a pizza. You're welcome to stay if you want to, Megan.”

A sudden wave of sadness washed over me, ruining my pleasant mood. I felt almost sick. I had been told about Jan, of course, and Cindy had attempted to

shield me from this type of heartache, but it still stung. I looked at her and suddenly saw her as someone else's woman. What had I been thinking?

She stepped toward me, holding out her hand. "Megan, I'm sorry. I didn't invite her over. She kind of invited herself. She's already on her way to get the pizza." I let her hold me as I tried to recover from the disappointment. "I didn't want this to happen, baby. Oh, I'm so sorry."

"It's okay," I assured her. I held her, but my heart wasn't in it. I felt betrayed, even though I knew I really hadn't been.

"Please stay for dinner. I'll feel even worse if you leave."

I shook my head, breathing in her lovely scent. I missed her already and I was still in her arms. "I can't." My presence would make everyone uncomfortable, and there was no way I was going to put myself through that. "I've got to go."

"Please don't feel you have to leave, Megan. You're welcome to stay. You'll always be welcome here."

"Thank you. But I need to go."

She nodded. "Okay. I understand." She kissed the top of my head. "But please don't be upset with me. I'd never do anything to intentionally hurt you, Megan."

"I know. I'm not upset," I lied. I was upset, but I was also intelligent enough to realize that I shouldn't be. Cindy had done nothing wrong.

"Is there anything I can do or say to make you change your mind?"

"No. But thank you for a beautiful afternoon."

She tilted my chin up and smiled sadly at me. She kissed me on the mouth. "It *was* beautiful. And thank *you*."

It hurt to leave her, but it probably would have hurt even if it weren't for Jan coming over. It probably would have hurt even if we had plans for me to come back the next day. It hurt because I was in love with her and I didn't

want to ever leave.

We hugged and kissed once more at the door, and then I said goodbye.

“I'll see you again soon,” she promised. “One way or another.”

I nodded. It was certainly possible. As I made my way down the walkway to the street I thought that it was even likely. After all, I was still friends with Stacie.

Wasn't I?



## 10. Chance Encounter

As I made my way toward home, a heavy cloud of depression settled over me. Tuesday felt like Tuesday again. I really shouldn't have felt so bad, I knew. It had been a fantastic day overall, the best I'd ever had. That, of course, was precisely the reason I was so sad: it was over.

Or so I thought.

I walked about three blocks before I saw someone coming toward me on the sidewalk. I was nervous at first, because it was really growing darker now and I couldn't tell whether or not it was a man. I thought of crossing over to the other side of the street, but then noticed that it was a woman, and my apprehension settled down some. I was still reeling emotionally from leaving Cindy, and I wasn't thinking at all clearly.

As I got a little closer to the stranger, my heart skipped a beat. It was Cindy! I felt almost shocked by her unlikely appearance here, and then quickly realized that it wasn't Cindy at all, but Stacie. They looked so similar.

"Megan?" She slowed down as we grew closer.

I smiled at her, hoping she wasn't still angry with me. "Hi, Stacie." I had a sudden urge to take her in my arms and kiss her. I realized with a start that I was now in love with both of them.

Stacie looked at me curiously. "What are you doing here?"

I didn't want to lie to her, but I obviously couldn't tell her the whole truth, either. "I'm walking home. After you left, I kind of hung out with your mom for awhile. She was trying to cheer me up."

Stacie was chewing her lip. "Well, I'm glad I ran into you. I was going to call you. I feel really bad about walking out on you like that." She looked at me sheepishly. I couldn't tell if she was stoned or not, but I supposed it didn't really matter. The warm feelings and love I had always felt for her returned in earnest, and it felt good to know she was still my friend. My depression rapidly began to evaporate.

"I'm sorry for coming on to you like that," I told her. "It was inappropriate."

"It's okay," she assured me. "You were just expressing your feelings. After thinking about it for the past couple hours, I realize I should have been flattered. Instead, I acted like a bitch and walked out on you. That was really rude, and I'm sorry. I mean it, Megan."

Her words actually caused my eyes to well up, and I felt a tear run down my cheek. The whole thing had been my fault, and she was apologizing. I tried to nonchalantly wipe the tear away, hoping she didn't notice it. The darkness was setting in fast, and the shadows grew deeper all around us. "I'm the one who should be sorry. And I am." I smiled at her. "I'm really glad we ran into each other like this. I would have felt bad all night, wondering whether or not you were still mad at me."

"I'm not mad. And like I said, I was going to call you as soon as I got home. I wouldn't have been able to sleep otherwise. I've felt terrible since walking out."

"Did you go to Patty's?"

She nodded, not at all enthusiastically. "Yeah."

"Did you get any more of that weed?" I was just making conversation now. I didn't really care about the weed.

"No. She had a bunch of her loser friends over." I could see her roll her eyes in the glow of the streetlights. "God, Megan, they're all such idiots. I don't know why I never noticed it before. It really made me realize something. I don't want to end up like them." She grinned. "You're really a good influence on me."

God, I loved her! I told you she was better than that. “You're giving it up?”

“Eventually I will. In the meantime, I'm cutting way back. I really do like it, but I've been smoking too much lately. My throat is always sore and I'm starting to develop a cough.”

I felt proud of her. “It can't be good for you to smoke that much.”

“It's not. I know it's not.” She looked down at her feet. “It's fucking me up in school, too. My grades have been slipping.”

I took a step closer to her. I wanted so much to help her. “What you said at school today about me helping you study? I'd really like to do that.”

When she looked back up at me, I could see the gratitude in her eyes. “Thank you, Megan. I'd really like that.”

“Anytime. Seriously.”

“How about right now?”

That caught me off guard. I wasn't sure if it was a good idea to head back there right now, with Cindy and Jan hanging around. It actually scared me a little. There were so many things that could go wrong.

“You don't have to,” she said. “It was just a thought.”

I looked at her standing there on the dark sidewalk, looking worn down and alone. She had reached out to me and I truly loved her. There was no way in hell I was going to turn my back on Stacie. “Didn't you hear me?” I smiled again. “I said anytime, Stacie.”

I could tell that brightened her mood. She looked a little happier, and it made me feel really good that I was the cause of it. “You mean it?”

“Of course.”

We began to walk then, back the way I had just come. I wanted to take her hand, but knew it would only ruin our reconciliation.

“I should mention something,” I told her.

“What's that?”

“Just before I left your house, your mom told me that her friend Jan was on her way over.”

“Oh, that's no big deal. Jan's okay.”

“I wasn't sure.”

“She's my mom's girlfriend. Did you know my mom is a lesbian?”

I felt myself blush. “I think she mentioned something about it.”

“Yeah. Ever since her and my dad got divorced, anyway. Jan's only been around for a few weeks, but she's really nice. I like her.”

“Well that's good. She was supposed to be bringing a pizza. Your mom invited me to stay, but I didn't want to feel like an unwanted guest.”

“Oh, don't worry about that. I invited you over and then stranded you there. Shit, Megan, I'm really sorry.”

I had no complaints. “It's okay. Really.”

“Hey, maybe we can get a couple slices of that pizza.”

“Maybe.”

## 11. Pizza

We got back to Stacie's house in no time at all. There was now a white Camry parked in the driveway, and I could only assume it belonged to Jan. the sight of it bothered me, as if the car itself had done something wrong. We walked past it and climbed the stairs to the front door.

“I smell pizza,” Stacie announced as she opened the door. I could smell it, too. It made me realize I was pretty hungry after all. She held the door for me and we stepped inside to an empty living room.

It felt strange being back so soon. I grew suddenly nervous about Cindy seeing me, as irrational as that may sound. I kept thinking I had done something wrong, when in fact I hadn't.

There was muffled talk filtering in from the kitchen. Then a familiar voice called out: “Is that you, Stacie?”

“Yeah, mom.” Stacie headed for the kitchen doorway, motioning for me to follow. “I brought a friend.”

“That's fine, honey,” Cindy said. I set my pack down near the door and crossed the room. I could hear Stacie and Jan greeting each other as I turned the corner and forced myself to step into the kitchen.

When Cindy saw me, her whole face lit up. It's not at all what I was expecting. I'd been worried she was going to be disappointed at my almost instant return, but that wasn't the case at all. It made me feel a lot better, and I relaxed, returning her smile.

“Megan! Long time no see!”

I actually giggled at her words. She was so obviously delighted to see me that it completely turned things around for me. "Nice to see you again." I wanted to go to her and kiss her, but of course I didn't. That would have ruined the night for everyone.

"Jan, this is our friend Megan," Cindy announced. It pleased me that she referred to me as "our" friend and not just Stacie's. It told me a lot about how she perceived me.

"Hello, Megan. Nice to meet you."

I turned to Jan and offered her a smile. "Nice to meet you, too," I lied. She was an attractive middle-aged woman with short brown hair and glasses. She was cute, but not at all beautiful like Cindy or Stacie. I felt the obvious stab of jealousy while gazing at her, and tried my best not to let it show. She hadn't done anything wrong. If Cindy had cheated, she'd cheated on Jan, not on me.

We studied each other for a moment, trying to think of something to say and coming up short.

"Sorry I ran off before," Stacie said to her mother. Seeing them together again was a little disorienting. I know I've already told you how much they resemble each other, but until you see them at the same time, you really can't fully appreciate it.

Cindy glared at her. "I think Megan's the one you should be apologizing to. That wasn't very nice of you to abandon her like that."

Stacie was nodding. "I know. I already told her I'm sorry."

"Good." Cindy glanced at me and tried to convey something with her eyes. I think she was letting me know she was happy that me and Stacie were pals again. "Why don't the two of you help yourselves to some pizza?"

"Yes, help yourselves," Jan said. She lifted the lid of the box, revealing six more big slices. They looked very good and were covered with mushrooms and green peppers. Her and Cindy each had half-eaten pieces before them on

plates.

“Could we take a couple pieces into my room?” Stacie asked. “We never did get a chance to study, and I really need to pass that test.”

“Of course,” Cindy said.

As Stacie was getting down two more plates, she glanced back and forth between me and her mother. “What the heck did you two do all afternoon, anyway?”

Cindy looked suddenly nervous. I knew just how she felt. She wiped her mouth with a napkin, giving herself a second to think. “We talked. We got to know each other fairly well.”

No lies there. I thought of the two of us in Cindy's bed, my face pressed between her legs and lapping at her wetness. I could still taste her. I blushed, peering over at Stacie. “Time really flew by,” I added.

“It sure did,” Cindy agreed. She looked at me and smiled warmly. “But it was time well spent. I feel very fortunate for getting the opportunity.”

“Me too.”

Now Jan looked uncomfortable. She lifted her pizza and took a big bite as Stacie plucked two pieces from the box and set them on plates.

“Well,” Stacie said. “Then I don't feel so bad.”

“It was still rude,” Cindy countered.

“I know. I said I'm sorry, and I am.” She closed the box and handed me a plate. “Do you want something to drink?”

“There's diet Coke in the fridge,” Cindy said. “Take a couple of cans with you.”

Stacie got us each a can and we politely left the kitchen and headed down the hall to her room. It was a relief to be away from Jan, even though I no longer

disliked her, if I ever had. It was likely that Stacie and Jan were both still wondering just what it was Cindy and I had talked about for two hours, but by leaving the room it was less likely to come up again.

Stacie shut her door and we sat cross-legged on her floor with our plates on our laps. We dug into our pizza right away. The slices were big and thick, and one was plenty for my dinner. I chased it down with gulps of cold soda, and within just a few minutes I was finished eating.

“Do you want another piece?” Stacie asked, chomping away at her crust. She looked so beautiful sitting there, and I was starting to get funny ideas again. I have a one-track mind, I know.

“I'm good,” I assured her. “You go ahead if you want some more.”

“No.” She took a long drink of soda. “I'm full.” She stared at me for a moment. “Do you really want to help me prepare for that test? Or were you just being nice?”

“Both. I'd love to help you, Stacie.” I reached out and ruffled her silky hair. “I love being your friend, and I really want you to do well.”

See seemed to consider this for a moment, and then smiled at me. “Fair enough, Megan. Then it looks as though we've got some work to do. If I fail that history test tomorrow, I think I'll fail the class.”

“You won't fail. It's a fairly easy test, and I'm going to help you.”

“Thank you.” She glanced around the room. “Shit. I'm not even sure where the hell my books are.”



## 12. History

Once we cleared away our plates and soda cans and retrieved our books, we sat together again on the floor and began working through chapters three and four in our American History books. I had read through the chapters several times already, and had practically all the information memorized; when I read things, they have a habit of sticking with me. Stacie, on the other hand, had never bothered to read any of it, and apparently didn't pay much attention in class, either, because she was virtually clueless in regards to the entire scope of the material, which covered the Revolutionary War.

We were sitting side by side and leaning against her bed. For once I forced myself to put love out of my mind and really concentrated on tutoring her on just how the United States became independent. She knew a few things about George Washington and Paul Revere, as well as Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence, but when it came to getting deeper into the events surrounding the war, she didn't know much more than your average ten year old. I really focused on teaching her, and I was extremely gratified to see her making a serious effort to learn. We sat there for almost two hours, really cramming and soaking it up. By then our backs were starting to get sore, and my eyes were straining from reading the small type in the dim light of her room.

"Maybe we should take a break," she suggested.

"That's probably a good idea."

She stretched, and I heard something pop in her back. She winced and I reached over, rubbing her lower back through her t-shirt. I did it without thinking. I wasn't attempting to become intimate in any way; in fact, I was trying extra hard to avoid it. Stacie groaned appreciatively at my touch, though, and turned slightly to give me better access. "That feels good," she

said.

“Do you want a back rub?”

She laughed. “God, yes. Who wouldn't?”

I felt myself getting aroused again. I had to be careful, but if she really wanted a back rub, I'd certainly be happy to give her one. I sat up and then got on my knees so I was in a better position to work on her. She also shifted, putting her back to me and pulling her hair down off her neck. She looked so lovely and fragile there before me. I promised myself I'd do a really good job on her and not touch her inappropriately. I loved being her friend so much, I didn't want to take a chance on ruining it again.

I started with her lower back, where I'd heard the pop. She made lots of low moaning and mewling noises as I worked my fingers into the tight muscles of her back. As I loosened her up, I moved higher, until I was giving her a shoulder and neck massage. She really seemed to enjoy it, and I can guarantee you that I did, too.

“Oh, god, Megan, that's amazing. You should do this for a living.”

“I don't think I'd like to do it for a living. But I'd be willing to do it for you anytime.”

She leaned back, pressing further into my touch. “Thank you.”

“You're very welcome.”

“You're such a good friend. I really appreciate all you've done to help me.”

“I love to help you. I'll help you with anything, anytime.”

She giggled and moaned again as I worked the muscles up at the base of her shoulders. “God, that's so good!”

I kept it up. I never wanted to stop. “Hey,” I said.

“Yeah?”

“Pop quiz. Who was the King of Britain during the Revolutionary War?”

She laughed. “You're really dedicated to helping me pass that test.”

“That's right. I am.”

“King George the third.”

“That's right!” I felt legitimately proud of her. I almost leaned forward and kissed her neck, but stopped myself just in time.

“You're a good teacher. A good massage therapist, too.”

“Thank you.” I massaged her some more, really digging into her middle back. She laughed and moaned, and I could tell I was really making her feel good. “Can I ask you something, Stacie?”

“Sure.”

“Well, it's common knowledge that Benedict Arnold was a war hero for the colonists, and that he later became a traitor. What I want to know is, just what is it that he did wrong?”

She laughed again. “I thought you were going to ask something personal.”

“Maybe later.”

“Okay. Let's see. Oh, god, yes, get my shoulder blade. Megan, that's wonderful!”

“Glad to be of service.”

“Oh, thank you. Okay. Benedict Arnold. Well, I believe he had plans to surrender one of the forts to the British. For 10,000 British Pounds. Correct?”

She really had been paying attention! I felt terrific. “Yes! That's excellent, Stacie. Do you remember which fort?”

She thought about it while I worked on her neck. “West Point?”

“Yes!” That time I came very close to kissing her neck. I wished so badly that she were my girl, so I could wrap my arms around her and really love her. “You’re going to nail that test tomorrow.”

“I just might do it. Thanks to you.”

“You *will* do it. Do you remember which battle decided the final outcome of the war?”

“Sure.”

I laughed. “Care to elaborate?”

“That would be Yorktown. 1781.”

I was speechless. My hands stopped working and I just sat there, in awe of her. I couldn’t have been more proud if she were my own daughter.

“Megan?” She turned her head and peered back at me. “Did I get it right?”

I nodded. I felt like I was going to cry.

“Are you okay? Hey, what’s wrong?” She spun around and regarded me seriously. “Did I do something wrong?”

Looking at her, I felt tears well up in my eyes and then they were rolling down my cheeks. I tried so hard not to cry, but I just couldn’t help it.

Stacie reached out and put her hand on my cheek. “Megan, what’s wrong? What happened?”

I sniffed, trying to force myself to stop crying. “I’m sorry. Nothing’s wrong. I’m just really happy that you tried so hard. You really did it, Stacie. You’re going to ace that thing.”

“You’re crying because I got the answers right?”

The absurdity of it made me laugh, even as fresh tears spilled down my face. I nodded. “I’m really proud of you. You learned so much, and you did it so

quickly.”

“I learned it because you're a good teacher. Way better than the ones at school.”

That made me feel a lot better. It might even have been true. “I like teaching you. We should study together more often. You're really smart, Stacie.”

She took her hand away from my face. She suddenly looked very sad. “Not really. I don't even think I could handle community college.”

“Of course you can. That's where I'll be going. It's all my parents can afford. You should go with me. We could be study partners, just like we are tonight.”

Stacie hung her head. I had stopped crying, but now it seemed almost as if she were about to start. I reached my hand out to her, but before I touched her she looked back up at me. Her eyes were shimmering with tears, but she wasn't actually crying. She was smiling sadly. “I'm sorry,” she said.

“For what?”

“For before. For taking off on you.”

“Stacie, you already apologized. Don't worry about that.”

She surprised me by taking my hand and holding it in hers. She squeezed it affectionately. “You really care that I pass tomorrow.”

It wasn't a question. “I do.”

“I mean, you really *care*.”

“Of course I do.”

“I mean, you really care about *me*. I can tell.”

“I care a lot. You have no idea...”

“Megan, I'm so sorry.” She suddenly shifted on the floor and sat very close to

me, pressing into me and wrapping her arms around me. She buried her face in my hair and I could feel her crying softly. I was shocked. I gently put my arms around her and held her.

“Stacie, it's okay. Please don't cry.”

She talked into my hair. “All you did was ask me if you could hold me. And I ran out on you like you were some kind of monster.”

“Stacie...”

She pulled her head up and looked at me. “My Dad doesn't even talk to me. Even when he did, he didn't give a shit one way or another what I was up to or how I felt. I don't even think he'd care if I died.”

“Stacie...”

“It's true, Megan. My mom cares about me, I know. But other than her, I don't think there's a single person on earth who gives a shit. Not really. But you...”

“I give a shit.”

She laughed, choking slightly on her tears. “I know! That's my point! You're a true friend, Megan.”

Her bangs were hanging over her eyes. I carefully brushed them aside with one hand. I hated to see her look so sad.

“You care,” she said.

“I care very much. You're so very special to me.”

She buried her face in my hair again. “I care about you, too.”

Her words meant everything to me. “Thank you.”

“Do you still want to hold me?”

“More than ever.”

“I want you to hold me, Megan. Please hold me.”

I held her. I held her very lovingly, and she held me. We sat there with our arms around each other, and the sadness seemed to dissipate from us in no time at all.

### 13. Stacie's Surprise

We sat holding each other for several minutes. Then Stacie shifted in my arms and took a peek at me. She was smiling. “My neck is getting cramped,” she complained.

“I'm sorry.” I eased up on my embrace immediately.

“No. It's not your fault. I just have a bad neck.”

“Do you want me to give you a better massage? A neck massage?”

She sat up and began pulling her shoes off. “No. I want you to take off your sneakers.”

The request intrigued me. I wasn't going to argue. I turned away from her momentarily and began unlacing my sneakers. When I had them loose, I pulled them off and slid them under her bed. “Any particular reason?”

She finished removing her shoes and pushed them aside. “I just want you to be more comfortable.”

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome.” She smiled again and then reached out her hand. She took mine and held it softly. “Now let's lie down for a few minutes.”

I was getting very excited again. This is kind of what I was dreaming about when she'd first invited me over, during lunch. It seemed so incredibly long ago now. “Alright.”

We both lay down on her floor and stretched out. Then she rolled onto her side and put her arm up and over me. I turned toward her and put my arm



over her, and soon we were pressed together and holding each other again. "That's better," she said. "It's much more comfortable like this."

"It sure is." I didn't even dare to think about what was happening. I was in Stacie's room, and we were lying together on her floor with our arms around each other; that was good enough for me. Anything else would have been almost too much.

We lay there breathing softly and holding each other for several minutes without speaking. The house was very quiet and I felt very peaceful and very happy. I knew it was getting late, but I didn't care. My mom knew where I was, and I'd call her shortly, before going home. Right now I just wanted to enjoy this treasured time with my best friend. I know I said earlier that my best friend was Leyla, but that had obviously changed.

"Megan?"

My eyes had closed. I opened them and let my head drift back a little so that I could see into Stacie's eyes. She was so beautiful! "Yes?"

"Why do you like me?"

I wasn't sure how to answer such a question. I tried to be vague. "How could I not?"

That made her smile, but it wasn't enough for her. "I'm serious. I want to know why you like me."

I thought about it, and tried to give her the most honest answer possible. She deserved it. "I've always liked you, Stacie. Since I first met you. Since even before I met you, actually."

"You mean because I'm pretty?"

"You're more than pretty. You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. But that's just a small part of it."

She reached one hand up and brushed a long strand of hair out of my face. It was a sweet gesture and I snuggled a little bit closer to her, our thighs and

tummies pressed together. “What's the rest of it?”

“I like everything about you. Everything. Every little turn of your head, or the way you walk down the hall. The way you bite into your sandwich...”

She giggled.

“Your voice. Your mannerisms. Your friendship. Everything. I like everything about you, Stacie.”

“Are you in love with me?”

I swallowed nervously. Of course I was, and she knew it. I couldn't lie, and didn't want to. “Yes.”

She smiled again, and it caused my heart to swell. I would have died for her in that moment. “How long have you been in love with me?”

“A long time.”

“Why didn't you tell me?”

“Because. I know you don't like girls. I didn't want to... fuck things up between us. Like what happened earlier.”

She nodded. “That was my fault. I was a bitch.”

“You weren't a bitch.”

“I was. I didn't even give you a chance to explain.”

“There wasn't much to explain. I'm in love with you, and you're straight. There's nothing either one of us can do about it.” It felt strange to be talking with her so candidly. It was important, though. There was a lot between us that had never been acknowledged.

“I thought about you a lot today. After I left.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I thought about what it would be like.”

My heart sped up. “What it would be like?”

“To be with you.”

This couldn't be happening. I must have fallen asleep on her floor. This was some crazy, wonderful dream. I tried to speak, and had trouble finding my voice.

“To be with me?”

“Yeah. You know. Intimately.”

I could hardly breathe. “But... you like boys.”

“I do.” She traced a finger along my jawline. “But guess what?”

“What?”

“After a lot of thought, I realized I also like you.”

“Me?”

“Yes. You.”

“Stacie...”

“I don't think I'd be comfortable lying here like this with another girl, Megan. But with you, it's really nice.”

I lay still, almost afraid to move or speak.

“Would you do me a favor, Megan?”

I nodded. “Anything,” I whispered.

She licked her lips. They looked so soft and delectable, and they were so close. “I want you to kiss me.”

There it was. My heart began hammering in my chest. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.” She moved her head closer, our mouths almost touching. I could feel her breath on my lips and it caused me to grow wet.

There was nothing to say. There was nothing to think about. If there was only one thing I could have chosen to do in whatever time I had left on earth, this is what I would have picked.

I pulled Stacie closer to me and gently found her lips with mine.

## 14. Megan and Stacie

The biggest difference between this kiss and the first one I shared with Cindy is, this one touched my heart and soul. I needed the one with Cindy because I'd been craving intimacy for so long, and while the kiss and the togetherness that followed were absolutely spectacular, and something I'd always treasure, this kiss with Stacie was the one I'd spent the past two years dreaming of. It's the one I'd been wanting since the day I first met her, and the one I thought I'd never have the opportunity of experiencing. Now that I had been given the opportunity, I shut my mind off of everything else and concentrated my full awareness on savoring this perfect kiss.

And it *was* perfect.

The feel of Stacie's lips on mine touched me so deeply that it was beyond sensual. Don't get me wrong, it was plenty sensual; but it was also so much more than that. It almost felt reverent. I felt the love and warmth and joy of it all the way to my marrow. I became hypnotized by the kiss, and lost track of everything else around me. And the most wondrous thing of all is, I think Stacie did, too. We seemed connected on some other level, and I could sense and feel her there, and I could sense that she sensed it, too. That might sound silly to you, but I truly felt it.

The kiss, at least the first several minutes, only involved our lips. My eyes were closed, and I'm quite certain that Stacie's were, too. I could feel her heartbeat throbbing throughout her entire body, which was snuggled up so comfortably against mine. As I was kissing her and conveying my love for her through the soft, sensual bonding of our mouths, I felt the tip of her tongue poke out and brush against my lip.

I don't want to sound dirty while explaining how miraculous and special this kiss was to me, but the moment her tongue touched my lip, I felt a wild

contraction down below. My own tongue was immediately drawn to hers, as if by a powerful magnet, and as they touched, as I felt the silky smoothness of Stacie's blessed tongue against my own, I came in my pants.

I never would have thought such a thing possible, but it really happened. I clutched her, shuddering, and gasped into her warm, sweet mouth.

We both opened our eyes then, and gazed into the depths of each other. The connection I felt to her was ethereal.

She smiled so sweetly. "Did you...?"

I nodded.

"My god, Megan. That's amazing." She gave me the hungriest look I've ever seen and then braced her hand around the back of my neck, pulling my face back to hers. As our lips were reunited, her tongue slipped into my mouth and she claimed me; she claimed me fully, body and soul. The passion evoked by that kiss annihilated everything I had previously experienced, and I came again, and again as her sweet mouth made love to mine. I came so hard and so frequently that my whole body was trembling and I was laboring for breath.

It took Stacie a moment to fully realize what had happened, and when she did she appeared almost frightened. "Megan? Are you okay?"

I stared into her beautiful face and nodded, unable to find my voice. My whole body felt like jelly and my heart was pounding so hard I thought it might detonate.

"Oh, Megan," she whispered, caressing my face with one hand. "What happened?"

My mouth curled into a grateful smile and I kissed her hand. "*You* happened. You're like magic."

"Did you really just... do what I think you did?"

I nodded again, feeling almost like a bobble-head. I was just starting to catch

my breath.

She leaned forward slightly and very gently kissed me on the lips. “Oh, Megan. But how?”

“I don't know, Stacie. I only know that I've been wanting you for so long.”

She smiled warmly. “It really shows. God, you're sexy!”

For some reason this caused me to giggle and almost come again at the same time. I wrapped her up in my arms and kissed her all over her face, as Cindy had done to me earlier. It made her squirm around and laugh, and then we were rolling over and petting each other. Her mouth found mine again, and once more we were lost in a sweet, languid kiss.

This time I managed not to burst into orgasm right off the bat. This time we kissed a little more gently, holding and exploring each other with our hands and mouths. At one point I slid my leg between Stacie's thighs and pressed it against her. She moaned softly and held me tighter, her tongue darting around more feverishly inside my mouth. I pressed harder and slid my leg up and down between her legs, eliciting more moans from her.

“Oh, Megan. Make me come. Please?”

The words I never thought I'd hear. They were like priceless gifts. My heart overflowed with love and, encouraged, I continued on, loving the experience of feeling her impending orgasm building from deep within her. When she finally came, she did it in my arms, with our mouths melded together, and nothing in the entire world could have meant more to me.

I held her for a long time after that, feeling her body relax as she recovered from her shuddering climax. I thought I'd been in love with her before, but now I knew for certain I really, truly loved her. She was my sweet little Stacie. I loved her more than anyone had ever loved anyone or anything throughout all of history. I was sure of it.

When we had both calmed down, we lay still and, smiling happily, we shared sweet, warm little kisses. We kept our eyes locked and our noses pressed

together, our arms snuggled around each other's bodies. There was no need to speak. We had shared something so special and speaking about it would have probably lessened it.

I have no idea how much time went by as we lay there lost in each other. I would have been happy to never move from that spot, and I got the feeling that Stacie felt the same way. I'll never know how long we would have stayed there, staring into each other and sharing our delightful little kisses if we hadn't been interrupted by my cell phone ringing.

It was almost like coming out of a daze. In a way, I supposed that's exactly what it was. Stacie and I blinked at each other, coming out of it together. If we had been smoking her weed, that would have explained it, but we hadn't been. I think we were both high on love.

"That's probably your mom," she said.

"I'm sorry." I hated that our special mood had been broken. The interruption felt almost like an attack.

"Don't be sorry." She gave me another quick kiss. "It's probably really late. Your mom is probably worried."

She was right, no doubt. I sat up as the ring tone started over for the third time. "I'd better answer it." I felt terrible moving away from her to retrieve the phone from my purse, but I knew I had no choice. My mom was probably ready for bed and still wondering why I hadn't come home yet.

I answered the call and scooted back over to Stacie, putting my arm around her as she sat up. I felt very grateful when she reciprocated my gesture by putting her own arm me and leaning her head on my shoulder. My god, what a sweet little honey! Was she really my lover now? It seemed far, far too good to be true.

The call was indeed from my mom. "Hello?"

"Megan, do you have any idea what time it is?"



“I'm sorry, mom. We were studying and I lost track.”

“It's after 9 o'clock!”

“I'm sorry. I was just going to call you.”

“Sure you were.”

“I was!”

Stacie raised her head and kissed my ear. I felt myself getting very aroused again, and hugged her closer.

“You ought to be home right now,” my mother continued. “I don't like you out this late.”

“I'm sorry. I'll be home in half an hour.” The thought of leaving Stacie made me feel sick.

Stacie's tongue poked into my ear, almost causing me to drop the phone. I wanted her so much! We hadn't had enough time together! I didn't want to go home!

“I want you home *now*,” my mother complained.

“Mom, I have a two mile walk. It will take half an hour.”

“Well, you'd better get moving. Can't Stacie's mother drive you?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I don't want to ask her. It would be rude.”

“It's not rude. She kept you there too long, and I don't like the idea of you walking home this late at night.”

“It's not that late, mom. And we really needed to study. This history test is

huge tomorrow.”

“Tell her you're staying over,” Stacie whispered in my ear. The sound of her voice and her warm breath in my ear, combined with the implications of what she had said almost made me come again. Staying over? Was she for real?

I looked at her, pulling the phone away from my mouth. “Are you serious?”

She was smiling and nodding her precious head. She looked so fucking gorgeous I wanted to explode. I needed her! My heart racing again, I put the phone back to my face.

“Mom, how about I just stay over at Stacie's tonight? I'm really tired, and I've been invited to sleep here. That way I won't have to walk home in the dark.”

She was quiet for a moment, apparently thinking it over. It made perfect sense for me to stay. I couldn't think of a single reason why she'd say no. But where would I sleep? It was a small house, and there was no guest room. There were only two beds; Cindy's and Stacie's. It occurred to me that I'd already been in Cindy's bed. I grew warm all over, thinking of it.

“Are you sure they don't mind you staying over?”

“I've been invited, mom. They don't mind one bit.” I wasn't so sure that Cindy would approve, actually. Especially considering what we'd done earlier. But Stacie had invited me to stay, and I would do anything I could to do so.

“What about your clothes? You can't wear the same clothes to school two days in a row.”

“I'll come home in the morning, before school.”

We went back and forth a few times, working things out, and then she finally said it would be okay for me to stay overnight. When I ended the call, I was shaking with excitement. I couldn't believe I was going to spend the night with Stacie. Would Cindy even allow it?

Stacie was staring at me and grinning. “Can you stay?” She looked so happy!

“Yes.”

She pulled me into a big hug and kissed me on the cheek. “Oh, goodie!”

My mind was reeling with a thousand thoughts. How did I get so lucky? We cuddled together on her floor for a few moments and shared another soft kiss. Then I had to ask her.

“What about your mom? Are you going to ask her?”

“Sure. She'll say yes, don't worry.”

In truth, I was slightly worried. I wasn't exactly clear on what Cindy would think of it. Would she want me sleeping in the same room as her daughter after what had happened between us that afternoon? I just didn't know.

“Where will I sleep?”

Stacie smiled. “In my bed, silly.” She took my hand. “Although I'm not so sure you're going to get much sleep.”

## 15. Preparations

Stacie thought it would be a good idea to ask her mother about me staying over before it got any later. There was always a chance she would say no, in which case I'd have to hightail it back to my house. I didn't think this was likely to be the case, but it was certainly possible.

I waited in her room, sitting on her bed and clutching one of her pillows to my chest. I could smell her on it, very faintly, and I rubbed my face into it, inhaling her scent. It made me very eager for her to return.

She was back quickly. The smile on her face told me it was good news. She closed her door and almost danced across the floor before leaping on the bed and tackling me. She embraced me and rolled me over, kissing my face.

I laughed and hugged her fiercely. "I take it she said yes."

"She did," Stacie confirmed. "In fact, she seemed really pleased."

This information intrigued me. "Really?"

"Yeah. I was kind of surprised, too. I think she thought that we were upset with each other from earlier, and she was really glad we'd made up."

"That must be it," I said. Still, it made me wonder. Cindy was hard to figure. "Is her friend still here?"

"Yeah." Stacie kissed me on the mouth. "They're on the couch, making out. It got me really hot!"

I laughed at this. It just seemed so absurd. I welcomed Stacie's kisses, and felt elated that I was with her and not with Cindy. Cindy had been wonderful, and

I really did love her, but Stacie was the one I truly wanted. And here I was, in her bed. It was perfect.

“Thank you, Stacie.”

She grinned at me, rubbing my tummy under my shirt. “For what?”

“For everything. For you. For being my friend. For this.” I kissed her softly on the mouth.

“You're welcome. Thank you, too.” She regarded me seriously for a moment, gazing into my eyes. “You know, I've thought about this before.”

Her confession surprised me. “You have?”

She nodded. We were lying almost flat, with our legs tangled together. She was propped up on one elbow. “I don't really mean with you specifically. But I've thought about being with a girl before.”

I loved that she was telling me this. I had been concerned that I'd pressured her into something she didn't really feel comfortable with. “I didn't know.”

“It would be kind of hard for me not to, with my mom being a lesbian.”

I smiled. “I suppose that's true.”

“I never really thought... you know... that I'd end up doing anything. With a girl, I mean.”

“You don't have to.”

“I want to.” She leaned over and kissed me again. “I want to with you, Megan.”

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We kissed after that, but not like before. We kissed very sensitively, long and

slow and from the heart. We had made a decision together and there was nothing to be nervous about any longer.

Before things went any further, Stacie decided we ought to wash up and brush our teeth, so that we wouldn't have to get out of bed until morning. It was a great idea, and she asked me to accompany her into the bathroom.

“What if your mom sees me go in with you?” I asked.

“Don't worry. My mom is busy, and besides, she's not looking to catch us. Anyway, we're only going in there to brush our teeth and wash our faces.” She gave me a happy little peck on the cheek. “We'll save the good stuff for when we get back in bed.”

I felt a surge of arousal course through me. I'd never have another day this good. It wasn't even remotely possible. I followed her into the bathroom and she closed the door behind us. “Go ahead and wash up,” she told me.

I ran the water and rinsed my face with some liquid soap as Stacie wet her toothbrush and squeezed some paste onto it. When I was done, I dried my face on one of the clean towels which were kept on a small wire rack. I stood and watched her finish with her teeth, marveling at the knowledge that I was really here, with the girl I loved. I almost felt like I was floating.

Stacie spit in the sink and rinsed her mouth out. Then she squeezed more toothpaste onto her brush. I watched curiously, thinking she was going to brush her teeth a second time, but then she smiled and held it out to me. “I don't think we have a spare. You mind sharing mine?”

My heart almost stopped. As I took the toothbrush from her hand, I leaned toward her and gave her another kiss. I thought of asking her to marry me right then and there. “I love you, Stacie.”

She smiled, looking into my eyes. “I know. I'm starting to feel kind of lovey myself.”

If she'd said any more than that, I swear I would have fainted. It was all I could do to not start weeping with happiness. My face scrunched up and I

almost fell over as I wrapped my arms around her and held her again. “Oh, Stacie. Thank you so much.”

She hugged me and ran her hands up and down my back, comforting me as I got myself under control. “Why don't you brush your choppers so we can get back to that bed?”

I laughed, my eyes shimmering with tears. I straightened up and slipped her toothbrush into my mouth, feeling my love for her flow through me as the bristles caressed my teeth and gums and tongue. Stacie's toothbrush! In my mouth! Just yesterday this would have seemed too much to ever hope for. How quickly things had changed.

I finished up with her toothbrush, which was a darling pink, by the way, and rinsed it off for her as she dried her face on the same towel I had just used. Then we kissed again, very softly.

“I couldn't even imagine a better friend than you, Stacie.”

She smiled. “I could say the same thing, Megan.”

She took my hand then and quietly led me back to her bedroom.

## 16. Stacie's Bed

In her room, Stacie closed and locked the door. "I think my mom and Jan are still on the couch," she whispered.

I didn't really care about Cindy and Jan anymore. I only cared about Stacie. I stepped up to her and lifted her t-shirt slightly, exposing her taut, sexy stomach. "Let's not worry about them."

"Oh, I'm not worried. I think it's kind of nice." She pressed her tummy to mine and kissed me. "No one will be alone tonight. Not in this house."

I pulled her shirt up over her head, Stacie lifting her arms into the air to help me remove it. I tossed it to the floor and ran my hands over her soft, smooth shoulders and arms. She felt so warm and wonderful. I could hardly wait to feel her naked against me. I slid my hands over her sides and around to her back, finding the clasp on her bra and unfastening it. As it fell to the floor, my hands found her beautiful breasts, which were gloriously full and firm. Her hard little nipples rubbed against the palms of my hands and she tilted her head back, moaning.

"You're so beautiful, Stacie."

She put her hands over mine as I massaged her breasts. "You're beautiful yourself. That feels so nice."

I kissed her throat as I continued to rub my hands over her breasts. Then I lowered my head and took one of her nipples into my mouth. She mewled seductively as I ran my tongue over the erect flesh, and it almost caused me to come again. I'd never come so much in one day, and I knew I was far from finished. My head swam with blissful pleasure as I sucked her nipples and played with her lovely breasts, switching back and forth and back again until



she pulled me up for a kiss.

“Take your clothes off, Megan,” she whispered. “I want to see you naked.”

“Alright.” My voice was barely audible.

I stepped back and, with shaky hands, tore off my shirt. When I had my bra off, Stacie smiled approvingly and came forward to touch my breasts.

“May I?” she asked.

“Stacie, you don't have to ask. You can do anything you want to.”

“Thank you.” She slowly raised her hands and pressed them gently against me. I felt tremors deep within me at her touch, and had to force my orgasm to hold back. All of my dreams were coming true in such a short span of time, and I was almost overwhelmed by it all. “Oh, Megan, they're so soft.”

“So are your hands.”

Stacie giggled. “Can I taste them? Like you did to mine?”

“Please. You don't have to ask.”

Almost timidly, but with an excited, sweet smile on her face, Stacie bent lower and took one of my nipples between her lips. I mimicked her without intending to, throwing my head back and groaning at the erotic pleasure of having another woman suckling my breast. As she swirled her silky little tongue over my nipple I felt myself contracting and pulled her head closer, mashing her face against me. She moaned aloud and sucked harder, wrapping her arms around me and playfully using her teeth.

“Oh, yes, Stacie. Oh, yes!”

She worked her magic for a moment longer and then pulled her head away. It was only for a second, though, and then she was back, this time at my other breast. As soon as she had my other nipple in her mouth I felt myself going over the edge, and there I was, coming in my pants yet again.

She lifted her head, amazed. “Megan! You didn't!”

I was breathing very fast. Almost gasping.

“You did!”

I laughed. I didn't know what else to do.

“My god! How many times is that now?”

“I don't know. Oh, Stacie, I just don't know. You make me crazy. I want you more than anything else in the whole world.”

She kissed my chin, pressing her breasts against mine. The feel of it almost caused me to go over again. “You certainly know how to make a girl feel wanted.”

“You're more than wanted. I'd do anything for you, Stacie. I...”

She silenced me with a kiss. “You're very sweet, Megan. And I'm very glad you're here, in my bedroom. And I'm also very glad that we're doing what we're doing. I've fantasized about this kind of thing for a long time. But I don't think it's fair that you get to just keep on coming and coming and coming, and I only got to come once so far.”

She looked at me so seriously when she said this that I had to cover my mouth to stifle my laughter. “Oh, Stacie! Sweetheart!” I wrapped her up and squeezed her tight. “I promise, I'll make you come as many times as you want!”

“You'd better,” she said sternly.

“Oh, I will, I will!”

We held each other for a moment then, enjoying the feel of ourselves touching without any shirts on. Then Stacie took a step back and unfastened the button on her pants. I stood watching, spellbound.

“Why don't you take yours off too, Megan?” She got hers loose and began

pulling them down. I'd seen her legs before, many times, but I'd never seen her actually removing her pants, and I'd never seen her panties. She was wearing pink and white striped ones, and the sight of them flooded me with lust. I stared at them, at the way they clung to her crotch so that I could clearly make out the contours of her anatomy beneath. Was I really going to get to partake of that? I could hardly believe it.

Her pants were down around her ankles. I scrutinized her legs, noticing that they looked a lot like Cindy's, only better. A lot better. They were so taut and smooth and the muscle structure was –

“Megan?”

I looked up at her. She was grinning.

“Aren't you going to take your pants off?”

I nodded my head. Reminding myself to breathe, I quickly unbuttoned my pants and slid them down my legs while watching Stacie lift her feet and step out of hers. Then she was peeling her socks off. My eyes were glued to her pink toenails as I kicked off my jeans and removed my own socks.

When we were down to just our panties, Stacie took me by the arm and led me to her bed. “Come on,” she said. “I can't wait much longer.”

I couldn't believe how completely she'd turned around since walking out on me that afternoon. I thought this had been my idea. Well, that was okay. I felt like I was existing in a dream as we slid under her covers and tangled ourselves together, her mouth finding mine in another long, sweet kiss.

I had to stop and remind myself a few times that this was really happening. This was Stacie I was in bed with. My heart raced like never before as we rolled around in her bed, our lips locked and our tongues dancing together in each other's mouths. Our hands went everywhere. Neither of us could breathe properly, between the long, deep kissing and the frenetic passion. Finally we had to end the kiss, if only to fill our lungs.

“Oh, Megan!” she panted. “Oh, I'm so close!” She looked at me with those

beautiful eyes. “Will you please make me come?”

“Yes! Of course!” I kissed her again, almost savagely, and then worked my way down her body, kissing her and tasting her as I went. I moved down to her breasts, teasing her nipples with my mouth and then lower still to her smooth, flat tummy. When my kisses reached her panties she tilted her head up slightly to get a better look.

“Oh! Are you going to use your mouth?”

I nodded. “Is that okay?”

“Oh, yes! Absolutely!”

It was very good news. I focused once again at the task at hand, moving my face lower and brushing my cheek along the surface of her panties. I could clearly detect her arousal as it moistened my skin and filled my nostrils with its intoxicating, heady aroma. Oh, Stacie! I kissed her wet panties over and over, feeling her fingers tangle in my hair. As I kissed her, I licked my lips, thrilling at the flavor of my little dream girl. She was so sweet! Very similar to Cindy, but with her own unique characteristics that sent my taste buds into a tailspin. She was delicious!

“Megan... oh, god!”

I dragged my tongue along the fabric of her panties, filling my mouth with her special taste. I could feel myself contracting down there again, and I knew I would come if I were to remove the thin layer of cotton that separated my tongue from Stacie's throbbing vulva.

“Oh, Megan, take them off!” She began drumming her pretty little feet on the bed, working herself up.

There was no way I was going to let her down. “Okay, Stacie. Here we go.” I took hold of her panties with both hands and gently began tugging them down. She raised her bottom up off the bed to help me along, and soon her beautiful vagina was right there before me. How I'd dreamed of this moment! I quickly slid the damp panties down her lovely legs and Stacie kicked them

away. Then she was open, her legs spread wide.

I gazed down at her perfect body, her glistening sex and her smiling face, and I almost had a heart attack. You just have no idea how quickly my heart was beating! I'd never felt it thum so fast!

“Make me come, Megan. Oh, please make me come!”

I didn't bother to respond with words. I couldn't resist her a moment longer. I lowered my face again, quickly, and plunged myself into the moist, warm paradise of Stacie's pussy.

She cried out in ecstasy. It was quite loud, and I worried briefly that it would be heard in the living room, or even in the house next door. I didn't worry long, however, because I was transported to a world where nothing mattered besides the soft, sweet little treasure between Stacie's thighs. I pressed into it, deeply, losing my tongue in the folds. The sensation of what I was doing was so incredibly arousing that I quickly found myself climaxing yet again. As my body shuddered with the wildest of pleasure, I felt Stacie's body stiffen up and then she was practically wailing with delight, squeezing her thighs against my head and pulling my hair.

“Oh, god! That's it! Oh, Megan, yes!”

The two of us were coming together! I was fully aware of it even as it happened, my orgasm tearing through me while my face was still buried deep in the increasing wetness of her most private place, a place which she had been sweet enough to share with me. I tried to subdue my reaction, but her noisy moaning and shrill cries of passion triggered something inside me and I howled between her legs, joining together with her in the moment. I hoped it was muffled by her soft, delectable flesh, at least somewhat.

Quivering and gasping, we held onto each other as if our lives depended on it. Then, once her legs loosened up and I was able to move my head, I peered up at her from between them and offered her a grateful smile.

“Hi, Stacie.”

She was smiling back and breathing very fast. “Megan! Did you come *again*? Oh, you're just too much!”

I laughed, feeling absolutely fantastic. Another dream come true! I think she expected me to climb back up and cuddle with her then, and share some more kisses. But, down between her legs, where I'd fantasized of being for so long, I had other ideas.

“Megan?”

I giggled excitedly and ducked my head back down. As she was puzzling it over, I pressed the palms of my hands to the backs of her legs and pushed them higher into the air, spreading them a bit more while I was at it. Peering down, I had a delightful vision.

Now Stacie was giggling. We sure were having fun! “Are you going to make me come again?”

“Oh, you'd better believe it, darling.”

“Darling! Oh, I love that! Call me darling again!”

I grinned, feeling so happy. I'd do anything for Stacie. “I love you, darling.”

She stared at me, wide eyed.

Before she could respond, I pressed my face back down into the moist hollow between her legs, eliciting fresh moans from her. I worked my tongue between her silky petals and deep into the recesses of her tasty vagina. She loved it and began kicking her feet in the air, mewling and squirming around on the bed. She was so sexy!

“Oh! Oh, Megan, yes!”

Then I surprised her.

I dragged my tongue along the soft flesh between her vagina and her soft little puckered hole and pressed it firmly against the edge. She squealed, and I swear I almost came again. My tongue was touching her bum-hole! She was

so clean, and tasted so good! I pressed it further, feeling the texture of her skin against my tongue.

“Oh! Oh!”

She was loving it as much as I was. I licked all around her sensitive little hole for a moment, driving both of us absolutely wild, and then I slid it partway in. As I felt her muscles contracting around my tongue, Stacie went rigid again and began to moan very loudly. She thrashed around, bumping me in the face with her ass and driving my tongue in deeper. She really wailed then, and I could tell she was going to climax. I held her to me with both hands, very firmly, and pressed my face and tongue as far into her and against her as I could, feeling her whole body spasm with the sheer force of her orgasm. Mine came while she was still in the throes of hers, and once again we came together, me with my face buried in the crotch of my sweet little angel.

This time it took us a bit longer to recover. I'd lost count of my orgasms long ago, and Stacie had had three at this point, at the very least. I slowly withdrew myself from her and climbed up in the bed to lie beside her.

She was breathing laboriously, a happy smile on her face. “God, Megan. That was insane!”

I slipped my arm around her and gave her a kiss. “It made you come, didn't it?”

She laughed. “It sure did!”

We held each other, still trying to calm down. “Maybe we could do it again sometime.”

She smiled at me and playfully bit my lower lip. “I'd like that.”

Her response filled me with hope. Maybe this wouldn't be just a one-time thing, like it had almost certainly been with Cindy. If Stacie wanted me to be hers, I'd never touch another woman again. The love I felt for her was enormous. “You mean it?” I asked.

“Oh, yes.”

I hugged her tighter. “Maybe... maybe we could be girlfriends?”

She giggled. “I’m pretty sure we already are, Megan.”

I looked at her seriously. “I mean... *real* girlfriends.”

“So do I.”



## **17. In The Hall**

Well, there's no doubt about it: we wore each other out that night. We stayed up until close to midnight, enjoying each other and trying out new things. When we finally had enough we fell asleep in each other's arms, sharing a pillow. It was far and away the best day, and best night, of my life. I only hoped that Stacie liked it as much as I did.

And I think she did.

I slept very peacefully there beside her, and didn't wake up until a little after 2am when I needed to urinate. I climbed out of bed very carefully, so as not to wake my sleeping beauty, who was snoring very softly. After I got up, I leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. I just couldn't help myself. I loved her so much!

I was naked, and hastily searched around on the floor for my panties. It was quite dark in the room, but the moonlight and streetlamps outside filtered in enough to provide some illumination. I couldn't find my panties anywhere, but I did find Stacie's. Smiling, I put them on, thrilling at the intimacy of such a thing, and then made my way out to the bathroom. It wasn't likely I'd run into anyone at that time of night, and there were no men in the household, so I didn't bother with a shirt.

In the bathroom, I used the toilet and then flushed. It was a very loud flush, and I hoped that it wouldn't wake anyone up.

I rinsed my hands at the sink, peering at my reflection in the mirror. I looked very happy, and that made me even happier. It had been so long. My whole life seemed to have changed so quickly. I couldn't even think of anything that I wanted that I didn't already have.

Thanks to Stacie.

As I was turning away, my eyes caught on Stacie's toothbrush. It was looking up at me from its little perch near the faucet. I smiled at it, recalling taking it from Stacie's outstretched hand. My whole body sang with love for her, and I suddenly longed to get back to bed and cuddle up beside her.

Turning away again, I shut off the light and opened the door. Just as I was stepping out into the hallway, an adjacent door sprang open and I came face to face with Cindy.

We gaped at each other in surprise. I instinctively covered my breasts, even though she'd already seen them. In fact, she'd done a lot more than just see them. Had that all really happened in just one day? It seemed impossible. Cindy, who was also wearing just her panties, grinned at me.

“Megan! We meet again!”

I returned her smile, but felt very nervous before her. Things had changed dramatically since our afternoon together, and I was no longer comfortable being flirtatious with her. The things we'd done together, while wonderful, had been done before my involvement with Stacie had begun, and I would never, under any circumstances, do anything to betray Stacie. I loved her with every fiber of my being, and would allow nothing to come between us.

“Hi, Cindy.” I felt defensive, and I also felt embarrassed. As it turned out, I didn't need to feel either.

“Don't look so worried,” she said, reading me. I'd forgotten about her ability to do that. “I'm glad you're here.”

That surprised me. “You are?”

She nodded. A small trickle of light was spilling into the hall from both of the open doors, and we were able to see each other fairly well. “Yes. In fact, I was hoping to get the chance to talk to you again. Alone.”

That scared me. I was off limits now. I thought she might have picked up on the fact that I'd become involved with Stacie, but I suppose she hadn't really had a chance yet. Of course, me sleeping over in her daughter's room,

practically naked, was a fairly decent clue.

“I...”

“Relax, Megan. I just wanted to thank you.”

Now I was confused. “Thank me? For what?”

She gently placed a hand on my shoulder, causing me to flinch. I was still guarding my breasts for some reason. “Relax, honey! I'm not going to proposition you.”

I calmed down a little at that, although I still felt really nervous. And really embarrassed.

“I know that you and Stacie... you know... have become intimate...”

My shock must have shown on my face. “How...?”

“Oh, Megan, I think it's wonderful!”

“But... how could you possibly...”

She laughed quietly. She was truly delighted. “It would be hard to miss. I think the Petersons next door even have a pretty good idea.”

I could feel my face turn red, and was thankful for the lack of light. The embarrassment I was feeling suddenly tripled. I know we'd been making some noise, but for some reason I assumed Cindy wouldn't hear it. At least I had hoped she wouldn't. I hung my head. I felt so low.

“I'm sorry,” I said.

With one hand, Cindy gently tilted my chin up. “For what?” She looked very pleased, and it dawned on me that she wasn't the least bit upset. If I'd been listening to her instead of worrying, I'd already have realized she wasn't upset. “Megan, I'm happy for you. I'm happy for you and for Stacie. I think this is wonderful.”

This enabled me to meet her gaze again. “You do?”

“I do. I think you're a terrific girl, and an extremely good influence on Stacie. And I know you're crazy about her, because you told me as much this afternoon.”

“But...”

“I was worried she was going to end up with an abusive boyfriend. Or worse, an abusive husband, like I did.”

“Cindy...”

“Oh, Megan, please don't look so down. I approve of you, one hundred percent. I admire you. I respect you. Hell, I almost love you.”

Her words touched my heart. I was so confused, though, and I knew exactly why. “But you must think that I'm... that I'm some sort of...” I hung my head again, almost wanting to cry. “I mean, you must think I'm dirty... or slutty... after what we... and then...”

She clutched my face with both hands. “Oh, honey, no. No, Megan. You told me this afternoon that you had never even kissed a girl before. How could I possibly think anything like that? You were a virgin before today. And it was Stacie you were in love with.”

“But we...”

“It's my fault that we...” She lowered her voice. “...did what we did. But that was before I knew that Stacie... Oh, Megan, you did nothing wrong! I'm proud of you! You've got no reason to feel bad, sweetheart.”

I searched her eyes for signs of insincerity and found none. She was genuinely happy. “I really love her,” I said. I suppose I was trying to justify myself.

“I know. I can tell. I hope she loves you, too. You deserve it.”

This brightened my mood instantly. “I do?”

“Of course! Megan, you have no idea how happy this all makes me! Stacie has only dated a few boys, but they've all been nasty, vulgar ones. I admit I don't like men, but she has even worse taste in them than I did. I worry all the time about who she'll end up with. She's my only child, and I love her so much. And you... you're such a delightful young woman. You're already in my heart. You're intelligent and caring, and I hope so much that the two of you stick together.” She grinned happily. “I hope you get married. I hope you become my daughter-in-law.”

I smiled. Now I felt a *lot* better. “I think it may be a little too soon for that. But in all honesty, I'd love to be your daughter-in-law.” The thought of getting married to Stacie was devastatingly arousing. I could just picture myself coming home from work each day and ravishing her in our big bed.

Cindy laughed quietly. “I suppose we'll have to give Stacie some say in it. But Megan, my point is that you're very appreciated here. You don't need to feel embarrassed or worried about anything.”

“Thank you so much.” I felt bad now for assuming the worst about her. She was so kind, and she loved Stacie, too.

“Thank *you*. You're such a sweetheart!” She suddenly pulled me into a warm hug, startling me. I felt uncomfortable with the unexpected contact, but it was brief. She released me quickly and gave me a peck on the cheek. “I'll always be grateful for our time together, Megan. But I can't tell you enough how happy I am that you and Stacie are involved now. She couldn't possibly be with a better person.”

I almost wept at her kind words. “I'd do anything for her,” I promised.

“I know.” She ruffled my hair, which was already a mess. “But please don't be nervous around me, Megan. I'm your friend.”

Feeling very grateful now, I took her hand and raised it to my mouth. I kissed it. “Thank you so much, Cindy. For everything.”

“You're more than welcome, sweetie.”

We regarded each other for a moment in silence. Then she squeezed my hand and released it.

“I guess we'll be seeing a lot of each other,” she said.

“I hope so.”

She giggled and caressed my cheek. “You go on back to bed, little angel. Keep my daughter safe and happy.”

“I will. I promise.”

Cindy stepped away then, disappearing into the bathroom.

I continued down the hall, entering Stacie's bedroom and closing the door behind me.

My little darling was still sleeping soundly. I climbed into bed beside her and snuggled up with her, loving her.

## 18. Morning

In the morning, Stacie and I awoke early so that we could make love a few times before getting up. It was beyond description, the happiness I felt at being able to wake up in bed beside her and kiss her and touch her to my heart's content. She seemed to love it as much as I did, and this made it exponentially better in every way. The two of us seemed perfect together, and very enthusiastic about our new relationship.

“Do you think we should keep this a secret at school?” she asked me. We were still in bed, cuddling and holding hands.

I kissed her softly. “It's up to you. I don't care who knows. I love you, Stacie, and I always will.”

“Oh, Megan.” She leaned into me. “I want you again. Right now.”

I giggled and pulled her on top of me. “I'm yours darling. I'll always be yours.”

\*

We took turns showering, and I got dressed back into the same clothes I'd worn the day before, but with fresh socks and panties, compliments of Stacie. It thrilled me to be wearing them, and it made me want to take her again right away. I'd be wanting her all day, I knew. Well, that was okay. After school we'd come back to her room and I'd have her.

We spent a few minutes brushing up on some trivia questions for the history test, and Stacie once again got them all right. I was really proud of her, and knew she'd do just fine. Then she looked at me kind of funny and asked me if

I wanted to get high before school.

“No,” I told her. It kind of disappointed me that she asked.

She smiled sweetly. “I don't, either. Well, I kind of do, but I'm not going to.”

“You can if you want. But...”

“It's just hard, Megan. I've gotten into the habit. But I really don't want to anymore.”

“I'll help you quit, if you'd like.”

She nodded. “I would like.”

I kissed her then, and held her. “We'll do it together.”

“Thank you.”

\*

We ate breakfast in the kitchen, and Cindy poured us each a cup of coffee. She was very friendly, and very happy. She didn't let on to Stacie that she knew about us, and that was fine with me. It would give Stacie the opportunity to tell her, which might have been important to Stacie.

As we made our way to my house in the early October morning, I had a sense that everything in the world was exactly the way I wanted it to be. Everything was perfect. I was walking along through piles of fallen leaves with my beautiful girl at my side. What else could I ask for?

Stacie smiled at me and reached over, taking my hand.

There.

Now everything was perfect.



- end -

# **The Itch Between Jessica's Legs**

**by Audrey Hart**

# Chapter 1

It was a two-bedroom apartment on the third floor, but Jessica and Tina didn't have much use for the second bedroom. There wasn't even a bed in there. The room was basically used as a storage area for all their extra junk, things they acquired that didn't belong in the rest of the apartment.

The other bedroom, the real bedroom, they shared. They had a big, comfortable king-sized bed shoved into the far corner, away from the windows and the two of them had plenty of room to roll around and sleep and play and do whatever it was they felt like doing.

At the moment they were both sleeping. It was a Thursday morning, just before 5am, and Jessica began to stir in her sleep. Her hand seemed to wake up before the rest of her, and it reached up and switched off the alarm clock before the clock had a chance to ring. The hand then retreated back to the bed and slid under the sheet. It paused for a moment, nestled comfortably between the two women, and then it rose slightly and slid its way up and over Tina's abdomen. It continued on, gliding along her silky smooth skin and slipping into her lavender panties. It paused again briefly and then began ruffling Tina's soft, trim pubic hair.

Tina stirred in the bed, reaching down with her own hand and interlacing her fingers with Jessica's. "Mmm. Good morning to you, too."

Jessica giggled, still half asleep. Her hand moved a little further, the long, thin fingers sliding between Tina's thighs and massaging her mound.

Moaning happily, Tina rolled over onto her back and allowed her legs to spread wide open. She smiled as Jessica began fondling her. They had had a mild argument the night before, and she had been worried bad feelings might still linger, but it seemed as if everything was okay again. She couldn't even remember what the argument had been about as Jessica's index finger slipped between her moist lips and began gently rubbing her swollen clit.

“Oh, god, Jessie. That's so nice.” She rolled her head to one side peeked at her roommate.

Jessica was peeking back, a little smile on her face. “I'm glad you like it.”

“I love it.” Tina craned her neck slightly and found Jessica's mouth with her own, giving her a kiss. “And I love you.”

“I love you too, honey.” Jessica's tongue poked out and licked Tina's lips, playing itself over the ring Tina wore through her lower one. Her mouth slid down Tina's cheek and then she was nibbling on Tina's ear, again finding interest in the rings that pierced her there.

Tina lifted her hands to her breasts and began massaging them as Jessica continued to play with her clit. She loved waking up this way. If there was a heaven, she didn't think that it could possibly match waking up beside Jessica each morning.

“Who's your girl?” Jessica whispered in her ear.

Tina smiled happily. “You are. My one and only.”

“That's right. And who loves you?”

Tina's smile grew. “You do, sweetheart. I can tell.”

“You got it. And who do you want to gobble your sweet little pie?”

This caused Tina to giggle. She leaned over and kissed Jessica again. “You, of course.”

“Really?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“May I?”

“You don't have to ask, Jessie. You never, ever have to ask.”

Jessica removed her finger from Tina's pussy and lifted it to her mouth, slipping it in and sucking on it theatrically. "My little sweetheart tastes so good."

"Oh, god. You're getting me hot!"

Jessica laughed and sat up in the bed. She shifted herself, getting on her knees and backing up so that she had better access to Tina's panties and what lay beneath. "I hope so. I'm in the mood for a lot of juice." She used both hands to tug down Tina's underwear and slide them down her legs. She then lowered her face to Tina's crotch and began kissing her inner thighs and taking little licks with her tongue.

"Oh, Jessie, I don't think there's anything to worry about there." She reached out with one hand and slipped her fingers into Jessica's thick, dark hair.

Jessica pressed her face further between Tina's legs. She found Tina's vagina with her mouth. "Oh, honey, you *are* wet!" She kissed and licked all around, causing Tina to squirm around in the bed.

"Oh, yes!" Tina kicked the sheet off and lifted her feet into the air. Her panties hung like a flag from her ankle and she flipped her foot, kicking them across the room and onto the floor. She wrapped her legs around Jessica and used both hands to play with her hair. "You do that so good!"

"I get a lot of practice."

Tina started to laugh again, but it quickly turned into a grateful moan when Jessica sucked her clitoris between her lips and began stroking it with her tongue. "Oh, that's perfect! That's so, so perfect!"

Jessica continued for several moments and then began to rub her face up and down along Tina's vagina, coating it with all the sweet, fragrant moisture which was so plentiful there. She loved the feel of it on her skin; she wished she could wear it like perfume. It made her own pussy throb, and she reached a hand down there to stimulate herself. "You're so delicious," she whispered, her tongue finding Tina's slit again. She slid it in and out for a little while and then worked her face lower.

Tina lifted her legs into the air again, her toes with their blue nail polish pointing to the ceiling. “Oh, god, Jessie! Keep going!”

Her mouth lower now, Jessica slid her tongue just below Tina's pussy and touched it to her anus.

Tina's legs immediately came back down, her hands pulling at Jessica hair. “Oh, no. That's no good.”

“Please?”

“I can't!”

Jessica peeked at Tina from between her thighs. “Pretty please? You never let me. Just give it a try.”

“I can't. It's too dirty.” They'd been over it many times, and Tina held fast to her disapproval of anything anal. She wanted no part of it.

“You don't have to do anything,” Jessica pleaded. “Just lie there. It's only dirty for me.”

“Jessie, no. Please. I don't want dirty.”

“But I do!”

“Please?”

Sighing noisily, Jessica pressed her face back into Tina's pussy and began working it over with her tongue. She would have loved to slide it into Tina's cute little anus, but there was no use in arguing. It would only ruin all the other nice things they did together.

“Oh, yes,” Tina moaned. Her legs shot back into the air. “Oh, god, Jessie, that's it!”

“Are you going to come for me, sweetheart?”

“Yes!” Suddenly Tina sat up in the bed and used her hands to lift Jessica's

head from between her legs. She pulled her into a sloppy kiss. "Sit on my face while you finish me off, would you?"

Jessica smiled. "Of course, sweetie."

"I want to do you, too!"

"No problem." Jessica spun around and lifted her left leg over Tina's head, arranging her crotch above Tina's face.

Tina pulled it down right away, burying her face in Jessica's soft, wet paradise and whimpering happily.

Jessica pressed herself into Tina's face and lowered her own head back down between Tina's thighs, kissing her and rolling Tina's clit around between her lips.

Moans and cries of passion filled the room as the two women pleased each other, and soon they were rolling over as one. Jessica found herself lying on her back with Tina's vagina perched over her mouth. This was the way she liked to finish with Tina. Tina was a squirter and she loved to feel the juice spray down on her.

Lifting one hand to Tina's clit, she began to rub it harder, back and forth.

Tina squealed in delight, squirming around with her face still buried between Jessica's legs. "Oh, god, Jessie! I'm gonna come!"

"Get me good, honey! I want a shower!" She rubbed faster with her fingers, darting her head up and down to take little licks in anticipation.

"Oh, god! Oh, god, Jessie! That's it!"

Jessica felt Tina's whole body go tense and then she let out a loud squeal. A blast of sweet liquid shot out from Tina's vagina and sprayed Jessica all over her face. She had her mouth open and she caught a good deal of it, swallowing happily just as another gusher jetted out, spraying her again. Tina bucked and moaned loudly as her orgasm coursed through her, sending wave after wave of juice into Jessica's face. By the time it was over, Jessica's entire

head was soaking wet, including her hair and the sheet beneath her.

“Did I get you?” Tina asked.

Jessica laughed. “I'm fucking drenched!” She rubbed her face against Tina's pussy, sucking at all the stray juice and swallowing what she could. “God, you're fucking delicious!”

Tina moaned happily and went back to work between Jessica's legs. She began rubbing Jessica's clitoris with her finger and using her tongue along the slippery folds, and soon she was thrashing around beneath her, clutching her ass in passion as she found her own orgasm.

“Oh, yes! Oh, Tina, you sweet little honey!”

Giggling, Tina lifted her face and licked her lips. “You're pretty sweet yourself.”

“I'm such a lucky girl.”

Tina swung her leg over Jessica and slid down in the bed, lying next to her and putting an arm around her. “Not as lucky as me. Gosh, you're really wet.”

“I sure am. What a wonderful start to the morning.” Tina kissed her, slipping her tongue into Tina's mouth and holding her tightly. They kissed for several minutes, then lay still, holding hands and relaxing as the sun began to come up and find its way in through the eastern windows.



## Chapter 2

After their showers, Jessica and Tina ate breakfast together at the small kitchen table. They both had buttered toast and black coffee, as usual. They were dressed for work and already making plans for afterward.

“When I get home tonight, I want to get started right away,” Tina said. Her long blonde hair was still wet from the shower and she looked beautiful sitting there with the sun shining through the window behind her.

Jessica smiled, chewing her toast. “Sounds good to me. You think you'll have another load of that juice built up by then?”

Tina giggled. “I hope so. You really like that, don't you?”

“I love it. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Tina reached across the table and took Jessica's hand. They had met four months earlier and had been living together since the second week. Tina had been sick of her old roommate and jumped at the chance to live with Jessica. Jessica was her first real girlfriend, and she hoped she'd be the last. She loved Jessica more than anything else on earth.

“You're such a sweetheart,” Jessica said. She took a sip of coffee. Her dark hair was also still slightly wet, hanging down over her pale forehead and into her piercing green eyes. “I'm going to miss you all day.”

“I'll miss you too.” They were both recent college graduates and worked low-paying temp jobs in offices downtown. “But...”

“But what?”

“But I won't miss you tonight.”

“You sure won't. If I'm home first, I'll be lying on the couch, naked, with my

legs spread wide. When you get home you can just dig right in.”

Tina laughed, delighted. “That sounds wonderful! I'm going to be thinking about that all day!”

“Good.”

“And if I'm home first, I'll do the same thing.”

Jessica pulled her hand so that they were both leaning over the table. They kissed softly. “We'll make a night of it, sweetheart. All night. And again in the morning.”

“Oh, god, Jessie. I'm getting wet again just thinking about it.”

“We can take care of that right now. Take off those pants.”

Tina looked at the clock. “Oh, no. I don't think I can.”

“Please?”

“Oh, you know I want to!”

“It's okay, honey. We've got to work.”

“Right after work!” Tina promised. “Don't forget!”

“How could I forget?”

They kissed again and then they both stood up. Tina began to gather her things together and clean up her dishes.

“I'll clean up,” Jessica said. “Don't worry about it.” She didn't need to leave for another half hour.

“Thank you.”

“No problem. Don't forget, when you get home, check the couch.”

Tina laughed again and pulled Jessica into a hug. “God, Jessie, there's no way I'm going to forget!”

“Me either. Have a nice day at work.”

“You too. Don't forget I'm thinking about you.”

“I won't.”

They kissed again and Tina stepped away, toward the front door. She already felt sad about leaving her best friend and lover behind. It would be a long day, but the night would make up for it. She'd be thinking about it right up until she got home again.

## Chapter 3

Jessica cleaned up the kitchen and washed the dishes as soon as Tina left. It only took a few minutes. When she was done she sat back down and sipped her coffee.

She felt bad about not telling Tina that she'd lost her job several weeks ago. She'd only been pretending to still be employed as she lived off her meager savings. One of these days the temp service would call with something else, and she'd take it no matter what it was, but until then she was one of the millions of unemployed.

Luckily she didn't have to just sit around the apartment alone, moping all day. She had plenty to do. She felt bad not telling Tina about that, too, but there were some things a girl just had to keep secret.

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When she was finished with her coffee, Jessica grabbed her keys and opened the apartment door. Stepping into the hall, she closed it behind her and took a right, approaching the door to apartment 309.

Smiling to herself, Jessica raised one hand and knocked on the door.

Almost a full minute went by, and she was about to knock again when the door finally opened and Megan peeked out. She smiled when she saw Jessica and opened the door wider.

“Hi, Jessie! Sorry, I must have overslept.”

Jessica stepped closer and slipped an arm around Megan's waist, pulling her into a kiss. Megan's silky little tongue slid into her mouth and she sucked on it, feeling herself grow wet. They kissed for a moment and then Megan

stepped back, smiling.

“Come on in, pumpkin.”

Jessica stepped inside and Megan shut the door behind her.

Megan was a little older than Jessica, probably about 25. Jessica had never actually asked, as it didn't really matter. What mattered was that Megan liked to have fun, and a lot of it. She was a very promiscuous young woman with a beautiful face and an almost perfect body. Her long brown hair came down past her waist, and Jessica loved to play with it. Megan was currently naked except for a bathrobe, which she shrugged out of and tossed across the room onto the small couch.

“Your little girlfriend go to work?” Megan asked.

“She just left.” Jessica felt guilty, but there was no way in hell she was going to pass up a treat like Megan. Just the sight of her made Jessica's mouth water.

“Poor little Jessica. You just can't get enough of me, can you?”

Jessica kicked off her shoes and began unbuttoning her shirt. “Truthfully? No.” When she had it open down the front she slipped it off and tossed it onto the couch. She removed her bra and threw it on top of the shirt.

Megan smiled and reached out, taking one of Jessica's breasts in each hand. “Oh, baby, I'm up for some of this.”

“I certainly hope so.”

Megan lowered her head and took Jessica's left nipple into her mouth, circling it with her tongue. “Mmm. You're always so soft and clean.”

Jessica unbuttoned her pants and began to slid them down. “Would you expect anything less?”

“Not from you, pumpkin.” Releasing Jessica's nipple, Megan straightened up and pulled her into another kiss. While they kissed, Jessica wiggled around

until her pants were down around her ankles and then kicked them across the room. She felt Megan's hand slide into her panties and begin playing with her throbbing sex.

Jessica kissed Megan harder, feeling her heart race in her chest. She'd been fucking Megan since she'd lost her job a few weeks ago and the two of them had started running into each other in the hallway. Each time still felt new, and it excited her to no end.

“Oh, Jessie, you're wetter than ever.” Megan slid her hand out from between Jessica's legs and sucked the juice from her fingers. “What a little angel you are.”

Jessica dropped to her knees and pressed her face into Megan's crotch. Megan giggled and ran her hands through Jessica's hair as Jessica's tongue snaked out and began exploring. She inhaled deeply, shoving her tongue as deep as it would go. She slid it in and out and licked all around her moist folds, getting as good a taste of her as possible.

“Stand up, pumpkin.” Megan pulled her to her feet. When they were both standing, Megan kissed her on the mouth and pulled her toward the bedroom. “Let's go to my bed.”

Jessica smiled, hardly able to contain herself. Megan let her do anything and everything she wanted, and she was in the mood to do plenty.

Megan's apartment was also a two-bedroom unit, and she lived alone. Jessica couldn't help but notice as they passed the spare bedroom that there was someone sleeping in the guest bed.

Megan saw her glance inside. “That's Gretchen,” she explained. “She lives down in 204.”

“Oh?”

They moved on to Megan's bedroom. “Don't worry. She'll be sleeping for awhile. We were up until after two.”

Jessica felt a tiny stab of irrational jealousy. Megan wasn't her girlfriend; Tina was. And Jessica was the one who was cheating. She shrugged it off, or at least tried to. "Watching TV all night?"

Megan kissed her. "No. We were fucking."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah. You're not the only one around here who has a diet rich in pussy."

Jessica couldn't help but laugh. "Maybe we should go to my place. What if she wakes up and catches us?"

"So what? She's the one who's married. She just likes a little warm, sweet cunt on the side."

"Can't blame her for that."

"No. She's pretty fun, actually. You'd like her."

"I'll keep that in mind."

Megan smiled and playfully pushed Jessica back onto the bed. "As long as you keep me in mind, too, darling." She climbed on top of Jessica and they began kissing, their arms wrapped around each other. They kissed for a long time, losing themselves in each other and letting the rest of the world fall away around them. Then, abruptly, Megan pushed herself up and slid down on the bed, kissing Jessica's tummy as she went. When her face was over Jessica's soft mound she lowered it and began sucking on Jessica's pubic hair.

"Oh, god, I love it when you do that!"

"So do I," Megan said. She pulled it into her mouth and ran her tongue through it over and over, until the soft hair was soaking wet and her mouth was filled with the sweet, musty taste. "You're the most delicious girl I've ever tasted."

Jessica moaned happily and spread her legs wider. She immediately felt Megan's face press up against her vagina and start licking between the silky

folds. She grabbed twin handfuls of Megan's hair and pulled at it softly as she wiggled her ass back and forth in the bed, little whimpers of passion issuing from her mouth.

Megan used her hands to push Jessica's legs up even higher and spread them apart further. She ran her face up and down between them, stimulating Jessica's pussy and using her lips and tongue to play with her clit. Just when Jessica's body began to tense up and it felt like she was going to climax, Megan lowered her face and began kissing the soft white flesh around Jessica's anus.

Jessica cried out in pleasure and gripped Megan's hair even harder, pulling on it in her excitement. Megan smiled and began licking Jessica's puckered little hole, working the tip of her tongue slowly inside.

“Oh, god!” Jessica cried. “Oh, yes, please! Oh, Megan!”

Megan sank it in deeper, as far as it would go. She felt Jessica's anus close up around her tongue, trying to trap it inside. She slid it back out and then pushed it in again, over and over, confusing the bewildered sphincter.

“Oh, fuck, Megan! Oh, yes, yes!” Jessica's feet kicked in the air and she thrashed all around in the bed as her hands pulled Megan's face even closer to her ass. She shuddered and squirmed and laughed, her orgasm washing over her in immense waves of delight.

When Megan peeked up at her from between her legs, Jessica was smiling broadly, her chest heaving. “God, Megan! You're amazing!”

Megan climbed up next to her and slipped an arm around her. “I'll bet you say that to all the girls.”

“No. You really are. I mean it.”

Megan kissed her, softly, several times. She stroked her cheek lovingly. “Thank you, Jessie.”

“Would you do me a little favor?”



Megan thought about it. “Yes.”

“You would?”

“Absolutely.”

“Oh, good!” Jessica sat up and grabbed Megan's arm. She twisted it to the side, prompting Megan to turn over onto her stomach. “That a girl.”

Megan giggled. “What have you got in store for me, angel?”

“My tongue.” Jessica climbed behind Megan and lowered her face to Megan's ass, using both hands to separate Megan's legs for better access. When she had Megan's ass cheeks spread apart sufficiently, she pressed her face between them and began licking Megan's crack up and down.

“Oh, honey-pie! I have to warn you, I didn't shower yet today!”

Jessica's heart was hammering in her ribcage. She was in heaven. “Good.” She pressed her tongue as hard as she could against Megan's sweet skin and slid it up and down, collecting as much taste as possible from this treasure of a woman. It simply didn't get any better than this.

“Oh, honey, that feels so good!” Megan lifted her ass higher into the air, pulling her knees in slightly to get more lift. “Don't forget my pussy!”

Unable to speak at the moment, Jessica took several more big licks of Megan's ass and then lowered her head and began sucking at the dripping wet lips of her vagina. The taste of the juice was so similar and yet so different from the juice Tina had blasted into her face just an hour earlier, and the thought of doing it with both women within such a short period of time made her own clit swell up with exhilaration.

“Oh, yeah, that's it! Fuck me with your face!” Megan's ass began bumping back and forth into Jessica's face, softly at first but slowly increasing in force and velocity.

Jessica grabbed it with both hands and sucked even harder at Megan's pussy. She slid her tongue all over it and then sank it deep inside, rubbing her

cheeks and chin against the soft flesh of her ass.

“Suck my clit, Jessica! Oh, god, yes!”

Not wanting to disappoint her friend, Jessica did exactly as she was told. She pulled Megan's clit into her mouth and stimulated it with her tongue. The little nub kept trying to get away from her, but she caught it again and again with her lips and sucked it back into her mouth.

“Oh, pumpkin! Oh, make me come, darling!”

Jessica wanted to make Megan come very badly, but she also wanted to play with her ass some more. She pulled her face back a ways and began kissing the flesh around Megan's anus and licking at it with big swipes of her tongue. The taste and feel of it drove her wild with desire. She poked the end of her tongue into the sweet little hole and wiggled it around as she felt Megan begin to writhe around on the bed.

“Ooh, yes! Fuck me in the ass with your tongue, Jessie! Yes, yes!” She thrust herself backwards, slamming her ass into Jessica's face.

Jessica loved it. She gripped Megan's ass and rode it like a horse, holding her tongue steady as Megan's anus alternately slid around it and back off again, over and over. She kissed at it each time, feeling the tight muscles of Megan's rectum squeezing at her tongue.

“Oh, shit! Oh, shit, Jessie! That's it! That's it!” Megan gripped the sheets in both hands and tore at them with her teeth as she rode out her orgasm. Her ass continued to pound into Jessica's face with each thrust of her hips.

When Megan finally calmed down a little, Jessica stayed where she was, lying down on the bed with her face in Megan's ass. She loved it. She licked it and kissed it over and over, wishing that Tina would allow her to do the same.

“I love your sweet little ass, Megan. And I mean that with all my heart.”

Megan giggled, wiggling it around in Jessica's face. “I can tell.”

Jessica licked it some more. “If I asked your ass to marry me, what do you think it would say?”

Megan laughed. “I think you might be surprised. Why don't you try it and find out?”

Jessica smiled and kissed the puckered anus again. She licked it and then kissed it again, and again. “Would you marry me?” she asked it.

Megan wiggled her ass some more. She pressed her face into the sheets and said in a high, falsetto voice: “Oh, Jessica! Yes! Yes, I would!”

Jessica laughed and kissed it again. She pressed her face into it and breathed deeply, promising herself she'd be back again enjoying this same experience as soon as possible.

“Hey,” a voice said from the doorway. They both turned in surprise and saw Gretchen standing there smiling at them. “I didn't get to try that. Can I play?”

## Chapter 4

Jessica's embarrassment didn't last long. Of all the people who could have caught her with her face buried in Megan's ass, Gretchen was probably the least distressing. She was still embarrassed, though, and sat up quickly on the bed, using the sheet to try and cover herself.

Megan laughed at her modesty. "It's okay, Jessie. This is Gretchen. Gretchen, meet Jessica, my little angel from down the hall."

Gretchen smiled and nodded at Jessica. She was a bit older, probably in her early 30's, but very attractive. She had a fit, firm body and short dark feathered hair. She was naked except for a pair of white panties. "You live in the building, too? I live downstairs."

Jessica smiled at her. "Nice to meet you. Despite the circumstances."

"There's no need to worry, sweetheart," Megan said. "Me and Gretchen are just occasional fuck buddies. She's got a husband down there somewhere."

"That's right," Gretchen said. "Hopefully he's at work right now."

Gretchen and Jessica stared at each other for a moment, feeling uncomfortable.

"Why don't you come over here and say hello, Gretchie?" Megan said. She patted the bed. "I was just telling Jessica that I thought she'd like you."

Gretchen smiled and walked over. "Really?"

"Really. Isn't that right, darling?"

Jessica nodded. "It's true. But maybe I should get going. I feel like I'm in the way all of a sudden."

Megan wrapped her arms around Jessica and threw her down on the bed, giggling. "You're not in anyone's way, honey. Please stay. I want you here." She leaned down and kissed Jessica on the mouth, slipping an arm under her head and rubbing her tummy.

"Maybe *I* should go," Gretchen said. "I feel like I've interrupted something important here."

"Get your ass over here," Megan said. She patted the bed again. "There's plenty of room for everyone. Seriously. I want you two to meet."

Jessica tilted her head back and gazed upside-down at Gretchen as she walked the rest of the way to the bed and hesitantly sat down.

"Lie down with us, Gretchie. Over here."

Gretchen slid over and arranged herself so that she was lying beside Megan, who was lying on top of Jessica. Megan kissed Jessica again and then, with her arm still under Jessica's head, she put her other arm around Gretchen, pulling her closer. When she was near enough, Megan craned her neck and kissed Gretchen on the mouth. "We're all neighbors here. Let's be neighborly."

Jessica and Gretchen looked at each other, still feeling uncomfortable.

"I see you two are feeling a bit awkward," Megan stated. "Jessica, why don't you tell Gretchen what your all-time favorite dinner is?"

Jessica looked at her curiously. "My favorite dinner?"

"Come on, break the ice, honey."

Jessica shrugged. "I like mushroom ravioli with red wine sauce," she said.

"Say it to Gretchen," Megan specified.

Sighing, Jessica looked at Gretchen. "For your information, Gretchen, I like mushroom ravioli with red wine sauce."

Gretchen smiled. "It sounds delicious. Do you like a salad with that?"

"Yes. Thousand Island dressing."

"Mmmm. It sounds wonderful. I think I'll make that tonight."

From this angle, Jessica could see Gretchen much clearer. She was surprisingly attractive and had icy blue eyes, a color so deep and pure that she found it difficult to look away. "A little Parmesan sprinkled over the top," Jessica added.

"Of the salad or the ravioli?"

"Oh. The ravioli, of course."

"Of course," Megan said. "Gretchen, why don't you tell Jessica what *you* like most for dinner."

Gretchen smiled again and slid a little closer. "I'm starting to think I like the exact same thing." She moved her face very close to Jessica's. "But otherwise, I like a nice vegetable and rice stir-fry. Maybe with a little chicken."

Jessica smiled at her. "That sounds good."

"Oh, it is."

"With some soy sauce?"

"Oh, yeah. And those little crunchy Chinese noodles."

"I love those."

"So do I. The more the better."

Megan giggled. "Now, Gretchen, why don't you give Jessica a little kiss?"

Gretchen moved even closer, her face only a single inch away from Jessica's. "I'd love to. Would that be okay with you?"

Jessica's heart was racing again. Between the comfortable weight of Megan on top of her and this surprisingly lovely stranger in the bed right beside her and the taste of Megan's pussy and ass still fresh on her tongue, she felt as if she were going to come again at any second. She thought briefly of Tina who was probably sitting bored behind a desk by now and immediately tried to put it out of her mind. She simply felt too guilty to think about Tina. She thought instead of the itch between her legs and the opportunity presented to her here. She gazed into Gretchen's eyes. "Kiss me," she said.

Closing the last of the gap, Gretchen squeezed closer and found Jessica's mouth with her own. They kissed, softly at first, and then Jessica's hand reached out, grabbing Gretchen behind the head and pulling her firmly against her. She slid her tongue into Gretchen's mouth, causing the older woman to moan audibly and slide a hand beneath Jessica in an attempt at a hug. The two of them were soon lost in a prolonged kiss, Megan all but forgotten on top of them.

"Well, isn't that nice," Megan said. "I guess I'm the one who's in the way now."

Jessica ended the kiss and smiled at Megan. She reached up and pulled her down, kissing her on the mouth. "You're never in my way, Megan."

"Thank you. That's good to hear." Megan kissed her back, wetly, with a lot of tongue, and then turned and kissed Gretchen. She smiled at each of them in turn. "Now that we're all friends, what shall we do?"

Gretchen giggled. "I've got a few ideas."

"I'll bet you do, sugar-puss. How shall we start this little party?"

Jessica had a some ideas of her own, but she decided to lay low and let the other women decide. She'd never been with two women at once before and didn't want to take a chance on ruining the atmosphere.

"Well," said Gretchen. "You said last night that I could eat you for breakfast, Megan."

“That's true,” Megan admitted. “But I have a standing breakfast date with my little honey Jessica every morning now.” She smiled down at Jessica and bent to kiss her again.

Gretchen looked crestfallen. “So you mean, I can't eat you?”

Megan turned to look at her. “Oh, you can eat me.” She climbed up and got to her feet, standing unsteadily on the bed. When she had her balance under control she squatted down, lowering her crotch to within kissing distance of both Jessica and Gretchen. “As long as Jessica doesn't mind.”

“Oh, I don't mind,” Jessica gasped. “As long as I can have some, too.”

“There's plenty for both of you.”

Both women went for her at the same time, lifting their heads and reaching out with their tongues, licking at her glistening sex. They bumped heads but hardly noticed as they shared a taste of their mutual friend, their tongues incidentally sliding together as they worked at getting better access to Megan's pussy.

Megan squatted lower, moaning in ecstasy. “Come on, you two. Get in there. I want it good.”

Jessica sat up and twisted herself so that she could reach her head in behind Megan and get at her ass again. She grabbed Megan's legs and thrust her face between her ass cheeks, poking her tongue out and finding that sweet anus again.

Megan whimpered in delight and lost her balance, falling down with her pussy right in Gretchen's face. Gretchen wasted no time in wrapping her arms around Megan's legs and working her tongue into the fragrant depths of the succulent vagina now crushing down on her.

Megan lifted her arms into the air and groaned happily, her eyes closed as she enjoyed the feel of Gretchen's busy mouth working between her legs.

Jessica sat still for a moment, not sure what to do. She could no longer get at



Megan's ass from this new arrangement. She watched the other two women squirming around and having fun, and tried to decide on a course of action. She felt in the way again, but the throbbing need between her legs wouldn't allow her to walk away from so much potential.

She got up on her knees and leaned her head forward, craning her neck around Megan's legs and closer to Gretchen's half-buried face. Only Gretchen's eyes were visible, her nose and mouth lost between Megan's legs. "Hey Gretchen," she said softly, almost shyly. "Can I have a... a taste of you?"

Gretchen's eyes opened wide. Her head bobbed up and down enthusiastically, and she said something but it was muffled by Megan's crotch.

Megan's hand came down and stroked Jessica's hair. "Of course you can, Jessie! I thought we decided we're all friends here!"

Jessica rose up on her knees and engaged Megan in another wet kiss. Their tongues slithered and sparred and Jessica reached one hand down and began playing with herself. Then Megan pulled away, moaning loudly as she began bouncing up and down on Gretchen's face.

"Oh, Gretchie! Yes! That's it!"

Jessica smiled and dropped back down onto the bed, crawling behind Megan. She arranged herself between Gretchen's legs and took a good long look at her down there. Her legs were almost perfect, the shape and muscle tone enough to make her dizzy with desire. And she was already dizzy with desire. She took one of Gretchen's thighs in her hands and began to caress it, feeling herself grow even wetter. She bent lower and kissed it. Then she was licking it and stroking it at the same time. She slid her face up a little higher and began kissing the soft flesh around Gretchen's pussy.

Gretchen writhed around on the bed, her legs shifting in anticipation. She said something again, but it was too muffled to make out.

Jessica moved even closer. Gretchen's pussy looked beautiful, and she was unable to resist any longer. She poked her tongue out and worked it into the

soft, wet folds, Gretchen and Megan both moaning at the same time. Jessica pressed her face in deep, feeling the wetness coat her cheeks as she sucked Gretchen's clit into her mouth and dug her chin into the hollow.

Then Megan was coming, bouncing up and down on Gretchen's face with abandon. The whole bed shook as her climax took center stage, her shrill cries of passion audible on the entire third floor. She laughed happily and ground herself down into Gretchen's face again and again.

Gretchen was loving it. Between Megan's soft, wet pussy in her face and Jessica's face between her own legs, she was hurtling toward an orgasm of her own. She lifted her legs high into the air and reached her arms around Megan, trying to get a hold of Jessica's head. She just managed to get a hold of Jessica's hair in both hands when Jessica shoved her legs apart further and began licking up and down in the crack of her ass.

“Oh, yes!” she cried. “Oh my god, yes!”

Jessica was lost in another world. She found Gretchen's anus and began kissing it and stroking it with her tongue. If possible, it was even sweeter than Megan's. The passion building up inside her, she thrust her tongue into it, licking it from all angles as it squeezed against her.

“Oh, god, Jessica! That's amazing! Don't stop!” Gretchen's feet kicked in the air and her ass bounced around on the bed.

Megan climbed down off Gretchen's face and came around to see what Jessica was up to. She put an arm around Jessica and kissed her neck. “Oh, so you found her cute little ass, did you? I was hoping to get some of that for myself.”

Jessica pulled her face out and kissed Megan. Her mouth and nose and cheeks were slippery with the juice from Gretchen's pussy. “Have some, sweetheart.”

Megan smiled and turned her head, diving between Gretchen's legs and taking a taste of her anus, which was already wet with Jessica's saliva. She slid her tongue into it and Gretchen squealed jubilantly, squeezing her legs

hard around Megan's head.

Jessica moved back, dropping to her knees on the floor and working her head between Megan's legs, which were now hanging off the bed. She pressed her face in deep and used her hands to spread Megan wider, finding Megan's ass again and going right to work on it with hungry kisses and licks.

The bed shook again as Gretchen reached orgasm and thrashed around wildly, bouncing up and down and emitting loud whimpers of joy. She spread her legs wide open, freeing Megan's head from between them and lying back, catching her breath.

“Oh, god! I don't think I've come like that since I was a teenager!”

Megan smiled and licked her ass again. “Stop by more often, Gretchie. You could be coming like that all the time.”

“I think I just might take you up on that.”

“I sure hope so.” Megan turned her head and watched as Jessica continued nibbling on her ass. She loved the feel of it, but was well aware that it was Jessica's turn to come. “Why don't you come over here for a minute, darling?”

Jessica's tongue was darting all around, having a field day with Megan's anus. “I'm kind of busy right now.”

Megan giggled and pulled her ass out of Jessica's face. She quickly spun around and found Jessica's mouth with her own, kissing her and licking some of the juice off her face. “You sweet little honey. Hop up on that bed.”

Jessica wasn't going to argue. The throbbing between her legs was driving her crazy, and something needed to be done about it soon. She climbed up on the bed and stretched out beside Gretchen, who smiled at her and pulled her into a kiss.

“That was some nice work you did down there.”

“It wasn't work. It was pure pleasure.”

Gretchen kissed her again, sliding her tongue into Jessica's mouth. Jessica moaned and kissed her back, running her fingers through Gretchen's short, dark hair. The taste of her mouth was almost as sweet as the rest of her and she felt overwhelmed with passion.

Megan climbed up on the bed and used her hands to caress Jessica's legs. She eased herself down between them and kissed Jessica softly, using her tongue to tease her swollen nub. It was very wet and she knew it wouldn't take much to bring Jessica over the edge.

Gretchen and Jessica kissed for a moment longer and then Gretchen was up and moving. She got off the bed and circled around to the front. She watched Megan licking Jessica's pussy for a moment and then reached out and took one of Jessica's legs in her hand. She stroked it and held it up, kissing Jessica's calf and ankle, and finally her foot.

Jessica was oblivious of everything but the physical sensations being brought about by these two amazing women. She might have been in Megan's bedroom or in deep space; it didn't matter. She reached out and ran her fingers through Megan's hair as Megan sucked at her clitoris. She began squirming around, moaning in ecstasy as she felt herself building toward release.

There was something else going on with her right foot. She looked up and saw Gretchen holding her leg by the ankle and taking seductive licks of her foot as if it were an ice cream cone. She found this strange but enjoyable. Gretchen rubbed it in her face and then found Jessica's toes, sucking them into her mouth one by one and working them over with her tongue.

Jessica felt it coming. Then suddenly Megan's face shifted between her legs and she felt Megan's tongue slide into her ass. That did it. Tidal waves of pleasure washed over her and she almost screamed in rapture as she twisted around, riding her orgasm as far as it would take her.

“Oh, god!” she exclaimed after catching her breath. “If I come one more time today, I might end up in the hospital.”

Megan smiled at her from between her legs. "Don't say that, pumpkin. It's still early."

Jessica laughed and tried to shift on the bed, but Gretchen was still holding her leg and sucking at her foot. She looked down, smiling, and gave it one final kiss before releasing it. "Sorry. I got a little carried away."

"No," Jessica said. "I liked it."

Megan climbed up beside her on the bed, and then Gretchen was there, the three of them cuddling up and kissing one another. They tangled themselves together and got comfortable, all of them happy and content for the time being.

"I need a nap," said Megan.

"Me too," agreed Gretchen.

Jessica kissed each of them and then lay back on her pillow. "You mind if I relax here with you for awhile? That was fucking great, but it wore me out."

Megan giggled. "You can stay all day."

Gretchen kissed her again. "Let's all take a nap together. When we wake up we can do it again."

They all kissed again and settled down, agreeing that that was a very good idea.

## Chapter 5

When they woke up several hours later, all three of them were once again in the mood and they spent the better part of an hour romping around in the big bed pleasuring one another. It was the most fun Jessica had had in a long time and she felt very lucky to be there. It was fun for all of them, and they agreed that they should get together more often.

“We could make it a Thursday thing,” said Gretchen. Her face was still between Jessica's thighs, having brought her to yet another orgasm.

“That sounds fantastic!” Jessica agreed. Her own face was between Megan's legs.

Megan spread her legs wider and lifted them up and over Jessica's head, righting herself on the bed. “So we've got a standing date for a threesome? Everything Thursday morning?”

“I hope so,” said Gretchen.

“Let's do it,” said Jessica.

“Fine with me,” agreed Megan. “You can sleep over on Wednesday nights, Gretchie, and then Jessica can join us in the morning.”

“Why don't you stay over too, Jessica?”

“She's got a little girlfriend at home,” Megan explained. “I don't think she wants her to know about me.”

“That's understandable,” agreed Gretchen. “I don't want my husband to know about you either.”

“God, I'm such a slutty little wench!” said Megan.

They all laughed and took turns kissing Megan. “You may be slutty,” said Jessica. “But I love you, sweetheart.”

They kissed for a little while longer and then Gretchen took a turn kissing Megan more seriously. Then Jessica and Gretchen were kissing, holding each other on the bed. Megan slipped back in and the three of them tried to kiss one another at the same time, their tongues reaching out and sliding together. It made them giggle and they shared a group hug, kissing each other over and over again.

After awhile, they settled down. “I guess I'd better get going,” said Gretchen. “As much as I want to stay, I've got a lot of chores to do before Dan gets home.” She got up off the bed and retrieved her panties from the floor.

“Alright,” said Megan. “I guess I better get some work done, too.” She was a data-entry pro and worked from home. It was something that Jessica kept reminding herself to look into.

They all got up and began rummaging for their clothes in the other room, the atmosphere changing to one of a party which has come to an end. It was a little depressing, but there promised to be more good times ahead.

Gretchen was the first to leave. She kissed Megan lovingly and thanked her for a wonderful night and an even better morning. “I'll see you again on Wednesday,” she promised.

Megan kissed her again. “I can't wait. Take care of yourself, honey.”

Gretchen turned and looked at Jessica, who had just finished putting on her pants. “It was really nice meeting you, Jessica. Thank you for a wonderful morning.”

“It was nice meeting you, too.” Jessica stepped up to her and put an arm around her, pulling her into a long, deep kiss. When they separated, Jessica smiled at her, still holding her close. “I really like you, by the way. A lot.”

Gretchen felt a surge of warmth go through her. “Thank you. That means a lot to me. I really like you too, Jessica.”

They kissed again and Jessica pulled her into another quick hug. "I can't wait to see you again!"

"Thursday morning! I can't wait, either!"

"Okay, you lovebirds," Megan said.

They both giggled and Gretchen said goodbye again, letting herself out the door. Jessica closed it behind her and walked back into the living room. She stepped up to Megan, a happy smile on her face.

"Did you have fun?" Megan asked.

"Of course."

"You really like her?"

"Sure. Why wouldn't I?"

"No reason. I'm glad you like her. I do, too. You really want to fuck around with us on Thursday mornings?"

"Definitely."

"Good. I was hoping you would."

Jessica took Megan in her arms and hugged her. They held each other for a long time, breathing softly and enjoying the feel of each other's bodies. After several minutes they loosened their hug and faced each other, sharing a kiss. They kissed several times, and then Jessica was pulling Megan's lower lip into her mouth, sucking on it.

"Oh, Jessie. You're getting me hot again."

Jessica giggled. She pulled Megan into yet another kiss, sliding her tongue into her mouth and wrapping her arms around her even tighter. The kiss went on for a couple of minutes, and then Jessica straightened up.

"I know you've got a lot of work to do, sweetheart."



Megan nodded. "I do. But you don't have to leave. Why don't you hang out here this afternoon?"

Jessica stroked Megan's cheek with one hand. "Maybe tomorrow. I'll let you get some work done in peace."

"You sure?"

"Yeah. I have a bunch of chores I really ought to take care of. But I'll see you again in the morning."

Megan smiled. "You better."

"Don't worry, I'll be here bright and early. Just make sure you're ready for some serious action."

Megan laughed. "Can you wait that long?"

"I won't have to. I promised Tina I'd fuck her as soon as she gets home."

"Oh, my! You're having a very busy day."

"I sure am."

"I hope we didn't wear you out."

"No. Almost, but not quite." Jessica kissed her again. "Thank you very much for a beautiful morning, Megan."

"My pleasure. Thank you."

They kissed once more and then Jessica stepped away, pulling her keys from her pocket. "Don't work too hard, honey."

"I won't. See you in the morning!"

Smiling, Jessica let herself out of the apartment. She felt very happy. She even thought she might masturbate before Tina got home. She just couldn't get enough lately.



## Chapter 6

Just as Jessica was about to slide her key into the lock and let herself back into her apartment, there was a loud crash from the stairwell as the door burst open and someone staggered into the hall carrying a large stack of cardboard boxes. It was the final week of the month, which meant there were always new tenants moving in and out of the building. Jessica stood and watched as the newcomer stumbled up to her and passed her by without even seeing her.

“You need a hand?” she asked. She didn't really feel like helping anyone move in, but the truth was she didn't have much else to do, and it was always a good idea to be polite, especially to a new neighbor.

The person turned toward her and Jessica saw it was a young woman, even younger than her. A college student, most likely. The building was full of them. “I think I'm okay,” the girl said. “Hang on.” She staggered a few yards further and set the boxes down on the floor directly in front of the very next door. She straightened up, stretching her back and taking a deep breath. “God, I hate moving!”

Jessica stepped a little closer. The girl was very pretty and had long blonde hair. She looked a little bit like Tina, only younger. Maybe a little cuter, too. And she was moving in right next door. “You're moving in all by yourself?”

The girl sighed, nodding her head. “I'll be living in the apartment by myself, but my worthless fucking boyfriend was supposed to help me move. All of a sudden he's too busy.”

“That sucks,” Jessica said.

“Yeah. It doesn't surprise me, though. Fucking douche bag.”

Jessica laughed. “I guess this means you'll be living next door to me.” She held out her hand. “Jessica.”

“Hi, Jessica. Nice to meet you.” She shook her hand. “I’m Naomi.”

“I love that name!”

Naomi frowned. “Really? I fucking hate it.”

Jessica laughed again. She was still holding Naomi's hand. It was soft and warm, and she wanted very badly to kiss it. “Let me help you.”

Taking her hand away, Naomi studied her. “I couldn't ask you to do that. I don't even know you.”

“You're not asking me. I'm offering. I'm your new neighbor, and, hopefully, I can be your new friend.”

Naomi smiled. “That's really sweet.”

They stood staring at each other for a moment. Jessica had the urge to grab her and begin kissing her, but knew it would be unwise. This girl was almost certainly straight. “Well, what do you say? Can I help?”

“You're serious? You really want to?”

“Sure. I'd be glad to. I have the day off, and I'm just hanging around.”

“Well, shit. I'm not going to turn down any help. Maybe I can buy you lunch or something, in return.”

“You don't have to. Really, I'd be glad to help you, Naomi.”

Naomi smiled again and tore her keys out of her pocket. She was wearing pink jeans and pink sneakers and a white t-shirt. She slid a key into the door, turned the knob and shoved it open. “I actually had the heavy stuff, the furniture, delivered yesterday. My dad paid a moving company to do it. But my car is filled with all these fucking boxes. I need to make at least four more trips.”

“Only two, with me helping.”

Naomi leaned over to pick up her boxes. “Thanks, Jessica. I appreciate it.”

Jessica swooped in and grabbed one off the top. “My pleasure.”

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They actually needed three more trips to the car, even with Jessica helping. The car was Naomi's mother's minivan and it was stuffed with cardboard boxes and suitcases and several plastic storage bins. It was heavy work, with a lot of stairs, but Jessica was glad to help. Naomi looked so innocent and sweet but talked so rough, it excited Jessica to be near her.

“This is the last fucking load,” Naomi said, slamming the back door of the minivan. They each had two more boxes to carry, plus one floor lamp. “Thank god.”

Jessica took the smaller of the two boxes, but also took the lamp. “I've got this.”

“You don't have to. I'm not even sure I want it. My mom was just getting rid of it, is all.”

“I don't mind. I can manage it.”

“If you carry it up there, you're welcome to keep it.”

“We'll see. Keep it at your place for now, and if you want to get rid of it later, let me know. You might need it.”

“I doubt it. But thanks. You really saved me a lot of extra work.”

They hoisted their bundles and made another trip up the stairs to Naomi's new apartment. When they got inside they piled everything on the far side of the room, which was a mass of jumbled cartons and bins. Naomi stretched her back again and wiped her forehead.

“Shit, I'm glad that's over. I'm not going to unpack any of this crap until at

least tomorrow.”

“Let me know if you need any help.”

Naomi smiled. “You're really nice. I like you, Jessica. I'm glad you're my new neighbor.”

The comment delighted Jessica. She felt a tingle where she probably shouldn't have. “I'm glad, too.”

“You want a cold drink? I've got some soda in the fridge.” She stepped over to the small refrigerator and found two cans of diet cola, handing one to Jessica and cracking the other one open. She took a long drink. “Ah, that's good.”

Jessica opened her can and took a sip. It felt nice on her throat. “Thank you.”

“You're welcome. Can I make you some lunch? Or maybe we can go out somewhere. I've got to return my mom's car sometime today.”

“You don't have to buy me anything. The soda is fine.”

“Well, I'm hungry. I've got a microwave pizza. You want to split it with me?”

Jessica realized she hadn't eaten since her piece of toast at breakfast. “I suppose that would be okay. Do you have a microwave?”

Naomi giggled. It sounded very musical to Jessica. “I think it's on the kitchen counter. I didn't even plug it in yet. It works, though. My mom gave me a bunch of the old crap so she could go out and buy new stuff for herself.”

Jessica laughed again. “Still, it was nice of her to give you things.”

“That's true.” Naomi guzzled some more soda. “So you'll split the pizza with me?”

“Sure.”

“Cool. Let me see if I can find it.”

Naomi found the pizza with no problem, and the microwave worked. Soon they were sitting at the small kitchen table and eating the tasteless, droopy pizza directly from the cardboard packaging.

“This is nasty shit, but I guess it counts as food,” Naomi said.

“Sure it does. As long as we eat it, anyway.”

Naomi smiled, wiping sauce from her mouth. “We don't have to.”

“It's fine.”

“Either way, I owe you a real lunch. I promise. I really appreciate you helping me like that.”

“I'm glad I could help.”

“Thanks. Unlike my worthless fucking excuse for a boyfriend.”

“He sounds like quite a guy.”

“He's a piece of shit. Hey, what about you? You have a boyfriend?”

Jessica smiled. “Not exactly.”

Naomi stared at her, curious. “What's that mean?”

“It means no, I don't.”

“Don't take this the wrong way, but you're really pretty. I'm surprised you don't have one.”

Jessica put her pizza down. It was disgusting and she couldn't eat any more of it. “Thank you, but I don't.”

“Sorry about the pizza.” Naomi took another big bite from her slab. After she chewed and swallowed, she continued. “So you're single? You looking?”

Jessica sighed and took another drink from her can. She looked at Naomi

from across the table and offered her a little smirk. “If you must know, I have a girlfriend.”

Naomi smiled brightly. “You like women?”

Jessica nodded, feeling a little bit sick to her stomach. She was beginning to wish she went right home after helping Naomi move her things. “Yes.”

“That's so cool!”

The statement surprised Jessica. She smiled. “It is?”

“Yeah.” Naomi dropped her pizza remains and guzzled some more soda. She wiped her mouth with the back of one hand. Jessica thought she looked more beautiful and innocent by the minute. “I've always wondered what that would be like.”

“You have?”

“Yeah. I just never... you know...”

“What?”

“I never... I don't know... I always had a boyfriend. They're always hitting on me.”

“They hit on me, too. I just politely decline them.”

Naomi smiled. “I ought to try that.”

“Well, only if you don't want one. Personally, I have no use for them.”

They sat silently for a moment, each sipping from their cans of soda. Naomi cleared her throat. “So... where is your girlfriend now?”

Smiling, Jessica set her can down. “She's at work. And I should mention, she's also my roommate. Which means she's your neighbor, too.”

“That's great!”



“It is?”

“Sure. I guess. I mean... I don't know.” She shrugged. “I just... I think about it sometimes. That's all.”

“You mean being with a girl?”

Naomi nodded. “I don't know if I'd really do it, though. It's one thing to think about it. But sometimes... when Greg is fucking me... I don't know. Sometimes I pretend it's a woman. It kind of gets me off, you know?”

Jessica began to feel excited. She nodded. “Maybe you'd like it,” she offered. “I mean, being with a real woman.”

Naomi laughed nervously, not breaking eye contact. “Maybe.”

Feeling almost as if she were corrupting Naomi, Jessica pressed on. “You never know until you try.”

The apartment was very quiet. Not a sound could be heard from anywhere. Naomi was staring at Jessica with a mischievous little smile on her face. “I guess not.”

“Something to think about, I guess.”

“It sure is. But I've been thinking about it for at least a year already.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Well... what do you think?”

Naomi swallowed with an audible click. “I think... I don't know. Maybe... maybe you could... you know... maybe we could... try something sometime... I mean, if you wanted to.”

“I want to.”

Naomi giggled. “Really?”

“God, yes. I'd love to.”

“That didn't take you long to decide.”

“You're one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. And I really, really like you.”

Naomi blushed, her eyes darting away. They were back almost instantly. “Thank you. But... I don't know.”

“We don't have to. I just want you to know, the offer is there.”

“Thanks, Jessica. I must admit, I'm very tempted.”

“Take your time. Think about it. There's no rush.”

Naomi was silent for a moment, considering. She took a drink of soda. “Maybe we could just... you know... kiss or something. Just to see if I like it.”

Jessica felt that itch between her legs again as she began to grow wet. “I promise you will.”

Naomi laughed again. She studied Jessica for a long time. “I could see myself kissing you. You're totally fucking beyond beautiful.”

Jessica laughed. “I don't know about that.”

Naomi nodded solemnly. “If I was going to... you know... do this...” She shrugged again and licked her lips. “You'd be my first choice. Out of anyone I've ever met.”

Jessica smiled at her, the heat rushing through her. There was suddenly a charge in the air. She reached across the table and put her hand on Naomi's. “You want to sit on the couch?”

Naomi returned the smile. “God, I'm nervous!”

“Don't be.”

She nodded. “Okay. What the hell.”

They got up, leaving the unwanted remains of the pizza on the table and heading into the small living room. The couch was actually a loveseat, and Jessica sat down first. She left plenty of room for Naomi so as not to make her feel uncomfortable or crowded. It would be a small tragedy if she were to suddenly change her mind.

Naomi stepped up to the loveseat and looked nervously at Jessica before taking a seat beside her. “God, I feel like I'm on my first date.”

“Don't be scared, Naomi. I'm a nice girl.”

“I'm not scared. Not of you. I just... I don't know. I feel kind of funny. Like I'm doing something really wrong.”

Jessica put a hand lightly on Naomi's knee. “You're not. You're just curious, that's all.”

Naomi nodded.

“Hold my hand?” Jessica whispered.

Naomi didn't hesitate. Her hand slid over and found Jessica's. Their fingers laced together and they sat quietly for a few moments. There was nervousness, but it was a comfortable nervousness.

“Thanks for inviting me over, by the way,” Jessica said softly.

Naomi turned her head, pondering. “Thanks for helping me. It was really nice of you.”

“I'll help you anytime. Just ask.”

“Thank you.”

“How are you?”

“I'm okay. How are you?”

Jessica squeezed her hand. “I'm dying to kiss you.”

Naomi giggled quietly. “Well... what are we waiting for?”

Smiling, Jessica released Naomi's hand and slipped an arm around her shoulders. Naomi leaned in closer, putting a hesitant hand on Jessica's leg. Then Jessica was leaning over, her mouth seeking out Naomi's. Their lips met gently in a very soft, very brief kiss. It sent shivers of excitement through Naomi and she forgot to breathe for a few seconds, her eyes closing and her heart racing.

Jessica was also very excited. She leaned in a little closer and met Naomi's lips again, this time more steadfastly. They kissed softly a few times and then Jessica parted her lips and kissed Naomi for real, sucking her lower lip into her mouth.

Naomi moaned and twisted on the couch, her other hand coming up and slipping around Jessica's neck. She allowed Jessica to suckle her lip for a moment and then pulled it loose, sucking at Jessica's lip in the exact same manner.

“Yes,” Jessica whispered. “Oh, Naomi, yes, yes.”

Naomi sucked harder and then her tongue poked out, taking a taste of Jessica's lips.

Jessica pulled her even closer and opened her mouth, sucking at Naomi's tongue. She sucked it into her mouth and ran her fingers through Naomi's soft, blonde hair.

A quiet whimper escaped Naomi's mouth and Jessica pulled back a bit, releasing her tongue. “Are you okay?”

Naomi looked half starved. “Oh, god. Please don't stop.”

Jessica felt a surging thrill deep inside and she immediately pulled Naomi back into a kiss. This time it was even deeper, and she slid her own tongue

into Naomi's mouth, pulling her halfway onto her lap and petting her.

Naomi responded instantly, curling up on Jessica's lap and hugging her with both arms, her mouth working feverishly. The kiss became one of the most arousing either of them had ever experienced and it went on and on, both of them losing track of time. The world disappeared around them and all they knew was each other; the softness, the sweetness, the tender caresses and the feel of their mouths together, their tongues sparring and exploring. When they finally paused, they were both breathing heavily and smiling.

“My, god,” said Naomi. “That was the best thing that ever happened to me.”

Jessica giggled. “Tell me the truth. Did you like it?”

Naomi laughed and kissed her again. “I wish you were *my* girlfriend!”

Jessica's tongue slipped out and gave Naomi's mouth a playful lick. “Careful what you wish for, sweetheart.”

“I really do.”

“That was just a kiss,” Jessica reminded her. “I'd be willing to go further with you, if you like.”

Naomi smiled happily. “I like!”

Jessica laughed and hugged her tighter.

“Hey,” Naomi said.

“Yes?”

Naomi pulled back and looked her in the eyes. “What about your girl? Wouldn't you be cheating on her?”

Jessica sighed and nodded her head. “I suppose I would.”

“You'd do that?”

“For you I would.”

Naomi smiled and kissed her again. “I don't... I'm not...” She frowned. “I think I'd feel guilty.”

“Don't. I've cheated on her before, honey.”

Naomi looked startled. “You have?”

“Yes. I'm not proud of it, but...” She shrugged. “A girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta do.”

“That's rather arbitrary.”

Jessica laughed and pinched her in the ribs. “Is that right?”

Giggling, Naomi twisted around in her lap. “Well, it is!”

“If you say so, college girl.” Jessica pushed her down on the loveseat and climbed on top of her, kissing her all over the face.

Naomi laughed loudly and threw her head from side to side, loving it. “Oh, Jessica, you're getting me all wet!”

“You mean your face, or down below?”

The comment caused Naomi to laugh even more. “Both!”

They rolled around on the loveseat, kissing and petting each other for several minutes. Then Jessica smiled down at her, caressing her cheek.

“So what do you say, sunshine?”

Naomi smiled. “I say I'm sure glad I met you.”

Jessica giggled and playfully bit her nose. “You want to fuck me?”

“Oh, god, Jessica. More than anything in the world.”

## Chapter 7

With Naomi sitting on the couch, Jessica got down on her knees and began unlacing Naomi's sneakers. She loosened them and pulled them off one by one, setting them aside. "Socks on or off?" She asked.

Naomi smiled. "I don't suppose it matters much. Or does it?"

"Probably not. But I learned something this morning. I'd like to give it a try." Jessica peeled off one of Naomi's socks and held her foot gently in both hands. Her toenails were painted pink. "Oh, how cute!"

Naomi laughed, settling back on the couch and watching.

Jessica raised Naomi's foot to her mouth and kissed it. She was sitting on the floor like a baseball catcher and she brought Naomi's foot down into her lap and began massaging it. "How's that, princess?"

"It kind of tickles."

Jessica rubbed harder, causing Naomi to close her eyes and sigh contentedly. Then she lifted Naomi's foot back to her mouth and began licking it the way Gretchen had done to her.

Naomi giggled again, sneaking a peek at Jessica from behind half-closed lids.

Jessica winked at her and sucked Naomi's toes into her mouth. She sucked them and slid her tongue between them and kissed them, giving each one its own special turn.

"I wish you were my boyfriend," Naomi said dreamily.

"Me too." Jessica set Naomi's foot down gently and lifted her other one, peeling off the sock and going right to work on it. She massaged it and licked and sucked on it for several minutes, until her knees began to grow weary

from squatting. Then she set Naomi's foot aside and got to her knees, leaning forward and slipping her arms around Naomi's waist.

Naomi couldn't stop smiling. "Hi, Jessica."

"Hi, sweetie." Jessica pulled her into a kiss. "Why don't we lie down on your bed for a little while?"

Naomi stroked Jessica's cheek. "Okay."

Taking her by the hand, Jessica pulled Naomi to her feet and they both crossed the room, past the big pile of boxes and into the bedroom.

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The bed was very small, a twin with a cheap metal frame. It was brand new, having just been delivered the day before. The plastic had been removed, but there were no sheets on it yet.

"You sure you want to break it in with me?" Jessica asked. "Won't Greg be jealous?"

"Fuck Greg. I don't care what he thinks. And yes, I'm sure. I really want you, Jessica."

Jessica smiled and kissed her again. "I want you too, honey. I just want to make sure I'm not pressuring you into anything."

"You're not. You're like a dream-come-true."

It dawned on Jessica that she might be experiencing the best day of her life. She was bursting at the seams with happiness. "Should we lie down? Or maybe put some sheets down first?"

"I don't know where the sheets are."

"Well, the hell with the sheets." Jessica reached down and unbuttoned



Naomi's pink jeans. "We'll just have to be extra careful not to get the mattress dirty."

Naomi smiled. "I don't mind if it gets dirty. In fact, I hope it does."

Jessica laughed and kissed her again, tugging down her jeans. "You're my kind of girl."

"I'm glad." When her pants were down around her ankles, Naomi stepped out of them. Her panties were also pink and had little hearts on them.

Jessica smiled. "You're so goddamn cute!"

Naomi giggled. "God, this is exciting!"

"Take your shirt off, honey. I want to see if your bra is pink, too."

"It's not." Naomi lifted her shirt off and tossed it into the corner of the room. Her bra was simple and white and soon that was in the corner, too.

"My goodness," whispered Jessica. She was staring at Naomi's breasts, which were full and firm, the pink nipples jutting out erotically. "They're the loveliest I've ever seen."

Naomi smiled. "You like them?"

"I love them!" Jessica massaged them gently and then lowered her head, taking one of the nipples into her mouth.

Naomi tilted her head back and closed her eyes, her heart racing. She lifted her hands to Jessica's head and ran her fingers through her hair.

Jessica switched to the other nipple and sucked it into her mouth, rubbing it with her tongue. She went back and forth a few times, until both nipples were fully erect and standing proudly out from the center of Naomi's breasts. Then she straightened up and pressed her head forward, finding Naomi's mouth and kissing her eagerly.

"Lie down, honey. I want to make you feel as good as I possibly can."

“You already are.” Naomi climbed onto the mattress and lay back. There were no pillows, and so she laced her hands behind her head and watched Jessica as she quickly stripped out of her clothes. When she was down to only her panties, she climbed onto the bed with Naomi and lay down on top of her.

“How are you doing, Naomi?”

“Really, really good.” Naomi pulled Jessica's head down and engaged her in a long, wet kiss.

Jessica wrapped her arms around Naomi and rolled her over, so that Naomi was on top. Then they rolled back, their legs tangling together as they kissed and groped at each other with both hands. Jessica began grinding herself against her new partner, their panties rubbing together and creating an electric friction that caused Naomi to whimper in ecstasy.

“Oh, god, Jessica. You're going to make me come already!”

Jessica pulled Naomi's ear into her mouth, her tongue poking into the canal. “That's okay, honey. You're probably going to come a few times before we're done.”

Naomi wriggled around beneath Jessica, wrapping her legs around Jessica's hips and hugging her tightly. She was bouncing up and down, her mouth open and her tongue taking random, exploratory licks of Jessica's neck. “Oh, yes! Oh, god, this is even better than I hoped!”

Jessica sat up and smiled down at Naomi. “Every time you say something, you make me happier and happier!”

Naomi grinned and lifted her arms high in the air, tangling her fingers in Jessica's hair. “This is so fucking perfect!”

Jessica giggled and ducked down, sliding under Naomi's arms and burying her face between her breasts. She licked her there and then took one of Naomi's nipples in her mouth again. It was already erect, and she sucked it until Naomi began to moan. She then slid her face to the side, dragging her tongue down along Naomi's ribs. She could feel the wetness building

between her legs as she moved further down in the bed. When she reached Naomi's stomach she lingered there, her tongue playing in the cute little bellybutton. She licked it and kissed it and then she was moving down some more, her face gliding over the soft, pink panties and stopping at the moist center of them. She ran her tongue over and over the wet fabric, sucking it into her mouth and thrilling at the sweet taste of Naomi's moisture.

Naomi lifted her arms even higher, rubbing her hands along Jessica's ass. Then Jessica was moving again, sliding down toward the foot of the bed. Her face slid down Naomi's stomach and lingered there, her tongue playing in the cute little bellybutton. She licked it and kissed it and then she was moving down some more, her face gliding over the soft, pink panties and stopping at the moist center of them. She ran her tongue over and over the wet fabric, sucking it into her mouth and thrilling at the sweet taste of Naomi's moisture.

Naomi was loving every second of it. She closed her eyes and let herself sink into the soft new mattress as she felt Jessica tugging down her panties and sliding them down her legs. She lifted her feet in the air as Jessica pulled them all the way off and then spread her legs wide, feeling Jessica's hands sliding up her thighs. Then there was a moment of intense pleasure as she felt Jessica's face press into the warm wetness between her legs. She cried out softly, twisting on the bed as she fought to hold off her orgasm.

Jessica pressed her face further between Naomi's soft thighs and then slid her tongue out, taking a taste of her alluring pink lips. She sucked the smooth, silky folds into her mouth and reached up with one hand, sliding a finger into Naomi's depths. Naomi moaned louder, making Jessica feel wonderful. She kissed her and tasted her everywhere, and then pressed her lips more firmly to Naomi's sweet center. She found her clitoris, which was swollen with desire and sucked it into her mouth, causing Naomi to gasp. As her tongue danced back and forth over the sensitive tissues, she felt Naomi begin to squirm around on the bed and knew she was going to come. She went faster and Naomi began shifting around chaotically, grabbing Jessica's hair and pulling it painfully. Naomi practically screamed as she squeezed Jessica's head between her thighs, twisting on the bed as her orgasm tore through her.

After a moment, Jessica worked her head free and gazed up at Naomi. "Something tells me you came."

Naomi was breathing very fast, a happy smile on her face. She released Jessica's hair. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

"Not at all." Jessica climbed back on top of her and they shared another kiss.

"God, Jessica, that was amazing. I'm so glad I met you."

"Me, too."

"Do you think..."

"What?"

"Can I do that? You know... taste you down there?"

Jessica smiled, kissing her again. "You can do anything you want."

"I want to taste you."

"I want you to taste me, too."

Not wasting time, Naomi rolled over, pinning Jessica down on the mattress. She kissed her again and then backed up, crouching between Jessica's outstretched legs. Naomi looked her in the eyes, nervously. "Can I take your panties off?"

"Anything, sweetheart."

Trembling with excitement, Naomi slid her fingers into Jessica's underwear and slowly pulled them down. Jessica lifted her ass off the bed in cooperation, and soon Naomi had the panties down and off. Before setting them aside she pressed them to her face and inhaled deeply, giving herself a little preview of what was to come.

Jessica giggled. "How do they smell?"

Naomi set them down beside her. "Beautiful. Like you." She smiled at Jessica and hunkered down, arranging herself so that her face was only inches from Jessica's pussy. "My god. This is... this is so *good*."

Jessica laughed again and spread her legs wider. "I'm glad you think so."

"Oh, I do, I do." Naomi inched closer and gently pressed her lips to the lips of Jessica's vagina, giving it a cautious kiss. She followed this with another, less cautious, and then another. Then her tongue poked out and she gave it her first real taste. As her mouth filled with Jessica's sweet, musky flavor, a warm feeling flooded through her and she grew lightheaded with joy. She had to pause to contain herself.

"Are you okay?" Jessica asked.

"Oh, yes. Oh, Jessica." Naomi took another lick, her heart beating wildly. She thought that nothing in the world could be this good, and yet it was. She braced her elbows on the mattress and pressed further in, sucking Jessica's labia into her mouth and feeling the sweet juices flood over her tongue.

"Oh, Naomi, that's so nice."

Naomi smiled happily and continued to pleasure Jessica with her tongue. Then she reached a hand up and gently began to caress her swollen little nub, causing Jessica to spread her legs wider and groan with delight.

"Yes, honey. Make me come. Oh, please make me come."

Rubbing her clitoris faster, Naomi slid her tongue all the way into Jessica's depths. The thrill of it sent shivers of arousal through her own body, and she felt herself begin to swell with desire once again.

"Oh, Naomi. Oh, that's so wonderful!" Jessica rolled her head back and forth on the little mattress, feeling herself hurtling toward release. "I'm going to come, honey!"

Encouraged, Naomi removed her finger from Jessica's clit and sucked it in between her lips. She rolled it around between them and danced her tongue over it, feeling Jessica tense up and begin kicking her legs up and down on the bed.

"Oh! Oh, Naomi! Oh, yes!" The waves of pleasure that slammed through her

were pure, breathtaking bliss. She'd never felt so good in her entire life. She laughed as she came, and tears sprang from her eyes. It took her a long moment to catch her breath. "Oh, Naomi," she panted. "Are you sure you've never done this before?"

Naomi beamed. "I'm sure. But I hope like hell I'll be doing it again."

"With me?"

"I hope so."

"Then you don't have to hope, sweetie. We can do it all the time."

Naomi smiled, but she looked skeptical. "What about your girlfriend?"

Jessica sighed and patted the bed. "Come on over and lie with me."

Before Naomi climbed back up and lay beside Jessica, she gave her vagina another quick kiss.

Jessica slipped an arm around her and held her close. "Don't worry about my girlfriend, honey. That's for me to worry about."

"You mean you'll sneak over here and be with me behind her back?"

"Pretty much. Does that bother you?"

Naomi thought about it. "It beats the hell out of you not coming over at all."

Jessica kissed her on the mouth. "I have this relationship, Naomi. A girlfriend, and a roommate. And you've got your own life. But we live right next door to each other, and we're going to have tons of opportunities to have a lot of fun together. You're such an adorable, beautiful, desirable young woman and there's no way in hell I'd want to miss out on coming over here and fucking your brains out as often as possible."

Naomi giggled. "It sounds nice when you put it like that."

"It is nice. We just have to be discreet, is all."

“I can be discreet. If it means getting another taste of your hot little cunt every once in awhile.”

Jessica laughed. “You'll get more than a taste. And it can be more than once in awhile. We might even be able to work it so that I can come spend some quality time with you every single day. Or at least five days a week.”

Naomi smiled and kissed Jessica. “That would be wonderful!”

“Sure! We'll make it work, honey. We'll have a fucking blast together.”

“Oh, god! You're getting me wet again!”

“Good. It's my turn to go down on you.”

“You want to do it again? Right now?”

Jessica smiled. “Of course. Don't you?”

“Hell yes!”

They kissed, deeply, and then Jessica began squirming down in the bed. “I didn't even get a chance to taste your ass yet, sweetheart.”

Naomi's eyes opened wider. “My ass?”

“Oh, Naomi. We're just getting started. You're going to be amazed at some of the things we're going to be doing together.”

“Holy shit, Jessica! I think I'm in love!”

Jessica laughed. “I know I am.” She kissed her way down to Naomi's hips and then flipped her new friend over. “Tell me what you think of this.”

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It was over two hours later when Jessica and Naomi finally climbed out of

the little bed. They'd fallen asleep briefly for half an hour or so, but got right back to it upon waking.

They got dressed and held each other near the door. Jessica promised she'd be back the following afternoon.

“I'll buy you lunch,” Naomi said. “And then we can come back here and play around in my bed again. All afternoon!”

“It's a date!” Jessica kissed her on the mouth and then all over her face. “I can't wait to gobble you up some more, little princess.”

Naomi laughed and hugged Jessica very tightly. “I'm going to miss the fucking shit out of you.”

“Only for a little while. Before you know it, we'll be back in your bed.”

“I'll put some sheets on this time. God, I can't fucking wait!”



## Chapter 8

Feeling thoroughly worn out and very hungry after her long day of almost constant sex and very little food, Jessica made her way down the hall and stopped in front of her own door. She didn't think Tina was home from work yet, but she couldn't be sure. She'd like a chance to take a quick shower and have a snack before becoming engaged in another long session of sex.

Then again, the thought of Tina lying naked on the couch with her legs spread, waiting for her, made Jessica start to get moist again. And that wonderful squirting... all over her face...

Smiling, she unlocked the door and pushed it open. Stepping into the apartment, she saw right away that Tina was indeed home.

"Well, good afternoon," Tina said from the couch.

Jessica closed the door and locked it behind her. "Hi yourself. I see you held true to your promise."

Tina was wearing a shirt, but other than that she was naked, her legs splayed and a book in her lap. She set the book aside and spread her legs even wider. "Of course. Hungry?"

Jessica went right to her. She dropped to her knees in front of Tina and lifted one of her legs out of the way. "Oh, boy! My favorite!"

Tina giggled and tossed her hair back. "It's all yours. Eat up!"

Jessica was about to plunge her face into the fragrant wetness before her when her phone rang, startling her. "Oh, god. What bad timing."

Tina smiled. "It's okay. It's not your fault."

"Still... I'm sorry." Jessica slid her phone from the pocket of her pants and

glanced at the screen. It was a number she didn't recognize. Feeling nervous, she hit the answer button and held the phone to her face. "Hello?"

A man's voice answered. "Hello, Jessica? This is Jim from Quality Staffing. How are you today?"

"Uh..."

"The reason I'm calling is, I have your info in front of me here, and I've got an opportunity you might be interested in. It's a word processing position downtown, and the pay is right in the range you specified."

"Umm..."

"The hours are 8 to 5, Monday through Friday, and you'd start tomorrow. Does that sound like something you'd be interested in? It's got the potential to be permanent."

Jessica glanced at Tina, thinking fast. She smiled, shrugging her shoulders. She needed a job, but to start tomorrow morning? There was no way in hell she wanted to do that. She had plans to have sex with Megan tomorrow morning. Hell, she had plans to have sex with Megan *every* weekday morning, even Thursdays when they'd include Gretchen. And she had plans to have sex with Naomi tomorrow afternoon; maybe every weekday afternoon. She simply didn't have time for a job right now.

"Jessica? You there?"

"Uh... sorry. I think you have the wrong number."

"Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. This isn't Jessica Miller?"

"No."

"Oh. My apologies. I'm terribly sorry."

"It's okay." The phone went silent and she reached over, setting it on the coffee table.

“What a bad time for a wrong number,” Tina said. Her legs were still spread wide open.

Jessica smiled happily. “I'm sorry. I shouldn't have answered it.”

“It's okay. You still in the mood?”

Taking a look at the sweet little pussy between Tina's thighs, Jessica felt herself start to grow moist again. “Are you kidding?” She dove forward and pressed her face into Tina's crotch, closing her eyes and sucking the juice from Tina's pubic hair. As her tongue found its way into Tina's vagina, she reached down with one hand and unbuttoned her pants.

It was going to be a very good evening.

- end -

# **After School**

**by Stacie Monroe**

Kimberly allowed Ted to hold her hand as he led her up the front steps of his parent's house and through the screen door. They were both seniors in high school, and although they had known each other casually for years, this was the first time they'd ever gotten together outside of school. It was Ted's idea. He'd been pestering her for a date for several days now and she'd finally given in, even though she really wasn't interested in him.

"Come on in," he said, pulling her across the threshold. He was an athletic kid, maybe ten pounds overweight with short dark hair and the early stages of a goatee. He was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, as always.

Kimberly stepped inside, beginning to wish she had been more adamant about not wanting to go out with him. It was a mistake she'd never made before and promised herself she'd never make again. She didn't even like him. She considered herself to be more of an intellectual and preferred the company of those at least as mature as herself.

She was a very attractive young lady, with long dark hair and icy blue eyes. She was thin and wore a white blouse and pants, with matching white boots. It was rare that someone passed her by without turning their head.

Inside the living room, a youthful middle-aged woman was sitting on the couch watching TV. She smiled at them as they entered.

"Hey, mom," said Ted. "This is Kimberly, the girl I was telling you about."

"Hi Kimberly. Nice to meet you."

Kimberly smiled and nodded. "Nice to meet you, too." She noticed with surprise that Ted's mother had the exact same icy blue eyes as her.

"We're going to go in my room for a little while," Ted explained. "Then

we're going out."

"Alright. Let me know if I can get you two anything." She smiled at Kimberly, and for a second Kimberly thought she recognized the woman from somewhere, but the feeling quickly passed. She appeared surprisingly young to be the mother of an eighteen year old. Kimberly thought she looked to be not much older than 30, and extremely beautiful.

"Okay," Ted said. He pulled Kimberly down the hall and into his bedroom.

The room was a mess, with clothes all over the bed and floor, empty soda cans on the desk and video game boxes scattered haphazardly on every available surface. If any homework ever got done in the room, there was no evidence of it.

"Have a seat," Ted said. There was only one chair.

"Where?"

He motioned to the bed. "How about there?"

"I don't think so."

He rubbed her arm, clumsily. "Come on. Quit pretending you don't like me."

"I'm not pretending," she said. She decided she wanted to leave. "I think I changed my mind about this. I'd better go."

"No! Please don't!" He clutched her arm this time, a worried look on his face. "I really like you, Kim." He licked his lips, staring at her. "I mean, I *really* like you."

"I get it," she said, jerking her arm free. "Don't grab me again."

"I'm sorry. I just..." He couldn't stop looking at her. "You're really pretty."

"Thank you. I'm going now." She took a step toward the door and suddenly Ted grabbed her from behind and began pulling her toward the bed. Kim screamed, batting at him with her small purse.

“Shut up!” he yelled. “My mother is going to hear you!”

She screamed louder and clawed at his face. Two of her fingernails cut small gashes down his cheek but he hardly noticed. He shoved her against the bed and began trying to kiss her.

“Get off of me!” She was terrified. She’d never thought something like this would happen.

“Quit fighting,” he said. “Just give me ten minutes.”

“You’re disgusting.” She twisted away and fled for the door.

Just as she reached it, it flew open and Ted’s mother was standing there looking horror-stricken. “What’s going on?”

Kimberly stepped to her side. “He tried to rape me!”

“I did not!” Ted yelled. “It was just a kiss!”

“He shoved me on the bed and...and...” She was shaking and nearly hysterical.

Ted’s mother stepped further into the room. For one terrible moment, Kimberly thought she was going to grab her and help her son have his way with her. Instead, she walked right up to Ted and slapped him hard across the face. She used enough force to rock his head to one side and leave a big red imprint on his cheek. “How dare you!”

“I didn’t! All I did --”

She slapped him again, even harder. He looked on the verge of tears. “Don’t you *ever* touch someone against their will! You rotten pig!” She looked almost sick with rage, and Kimberly was shocked when she slapped him yet again. The sound was remarkably loud in the small room.

Ted dropped to his knees, covering his head. “I’m sorry! I’m sorry!”

“You better be sorry!” She looked at Kim. “I’m sorry, too.” She

rushed to her and pulled her into a gentle hug, trying to comfort her. “He’s never done this before. My god, you’re trembling!”

It was true. Kim was very shaken up. She allowed Ted’s mother to hold her for a minute and then she pulled away. “Thanks for your help. I just want to go home.”

“I don’t blame you. Come on, let’s get out of here.” She turned to Ted, who was still cowering on the floor. “You stay in your room! Don’t you *dare* come out! I’ll deal with you later!” She pulled Kim out the door and slammed it behind her.

When they reached the living room, Ted’s mother stopped and grasped Kim’s hand, looking into her eyes. “You have no idea how sorry I am. If I had any idea something like this was going to happen, I never would have allowed him to bring you in there.”

Kimberly nodded, beginning to feel a little better. “Thank you. I appreciate it.”

She placed a hand on Kim’s cheek, trying to calm her further. “Let me get you something to drink. A nice cold soda.”

“I’m okay. I really just want to go.”

“Please. Just sit with me for a few minutes until you stop shaking.” She led Kim into the kitchen and rummaged around in the refrigerator, pulling out a can of Diet Coke and cracking it open. She handed it to her.

“Thank you,” Kimberly said, taking the can. She took a long drink and sighed, her breathing beginning to return to normal.

Ted’s mother was watching her, a look of affectionate concern in her eyes. “My name is Stacie, by the way. I’m so sorry this happened.”

Kim nodded and smiled politely. “Thank you, Stacie. So am I.” She took another sip of soda.

“Please come in and sit down for a few minutes.” She led Kim back to



the living room and they both sat on the big comfortable blue sofa. It was very soft and Kimberly sank in deep, finding herself relaxing a bit.

Stacie put a hand on Kim's knee. "If you're thinking about pressing charges against him, I want you to know that I won't stand in your way."

Kimberly hadn't been thinking any such thing, but she gave it some thought now. "I don't think that's necessary. I got away before he could really do anything."

"Thank god."

"But he really did try to..." She thought about it and took another sip of soda. "He pushed me on the bed...he said he only wanted ten minutes..."

Stacie scowled. "The good-for-nothing little pig! If you're not going to press any charges against him, I want you to know I'm going to make his life a living hell for the next..." She waved her hands in the air. "However long he lives here. Hopefully not much longer."

Kimberly took a deep breath. "Are you sure he's never tried anything like this before? I don't really know him that well. He strikes me as a real creep."

Stacie smiled. She had perfect teeth, and Kimberly noticed again that her eyes were almost the same icy blue as her own. "I guess he is a creep. I suppose I just didn't allow myself to acknowledge it before." She put her hand on Kim's arm. "I'm so sorry."

"It's not your fault. You seem much too nice to be his mother."

Stacie laughed quietly. Her whole face lit up. Kim couldn't stop staring at her. There was something about her that seemed very familiar. "Everyone thinks I'm too nice when they first meet me. It doesn't last. After awhile they find out I'm just a cynical old bitch and they can't stand me anymore."

Kimberly's mouth opened in surprise. "Old? Bitch? Those are two

words I never would have associated with you.”

“Well aren’t you sweet. No wonder Ted...” She pulled her hand away. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it that way.”

“It’s okay.”

“Anyway, you’re very sweet.”

“You seem kind of sweet yourself.”

She smiled. “That’s very kind of you to say. Are you feeling a little better? I thought you were going to have a heart attack in there.”

“I did too. My heart was racing like crazy. Yes, I feel a little better.”

Stacie stood up. “I’m glad. Personally, I feel kind of anxious. Like I said, nothing of this nature has ever happened before. I think I’ll make myself a little drink.”

Kimberly also stood. “Alright. I guess I’ll head home.”

“You don’t have to. That is, I’m not trying to chase you off. How would you like to have a little drink with me? I know you’re underage...”

“I’ll be nineteen in three months.”

Stacie smiled. “That’s still too young to drink. But considering what happened, if you’d like to join me for a cocktail, I’d be willing to make you one. I won’t tell anyone if you won’t.”

Kimberly thought about it. She’d only had alcohol a few times and didn’t particularly care for it. But she liked Stacie and didn’t really feel like going home this early, when her parents had already given her permission to stay out until 9 o’clock. She nodded. “Actually, that sounds nice.”

Stacie beamed. “Oh, good! Come on in the kitchen, let me show you what I’ve got.”

She led Kim into the bright kitchen, sunlight streaming through two windows over the sink. There was a large collection of bottles on a shelf near the dishwasher, and Stacie began pointing them out to her. “I like vodka with grapefruit juice, but I also have rum, gin, bourbon and tequila. Oh, and I have some peppermint Schnapps. Or there’s some wine in the fridge. Merlot. Do you have any preference?”

Smiling, Kim shrugged her shoulders. “I’m unfamiliar with almost all of it. I guess I’ll just have whatever you’re having.”

“Then a couple of salty dogs it is.”

Kim watched her as she made the drinks and before she knew it Stacie was handing her one, a tall cool glass filled with ice, vodka and grapefruit juice. She thanked her hostess and took a small, hesitant sip. It was tart and delicious.

She smiled. “That’s really good.”

“I’m glad you like it. Come on back to the living room, won’t you?”

As they were walking back to the couch, Kim glanced down the hall toward Ted’s bedroom door. It was still closed. She tried to put him out of her mind as she took a seat beside Stacie and sipped her drink.

“You might think I’m a lush,” Stacie said. “But I’m really not. I have a cocktail at about this time every evening. Usually right before dinner.”

“I didn’t think that at all. I think you’re a very nice person.”

“Really? Even after what happened with Ted?”

“Especially after that. You handled it very well. I almost feel like you rescued me.” She took another sip of her cocktail, smiling at Stacie.

Stacie also took a drink. “Perhaps I did.”

Suddenly Kimberly realized why Stacie looked so familiar. Her eyes widened and she smiled warmly. “You know who you look like?”

Stacie frowned, nodding. “Yes. Believe me, I’ve heard it a thousand times.”

“I’m sorry. I knew you looked familiar, but it just struck me. You look a lot like Madonna, but when she was younger.”

Stacie was still nodding. “Thanks for the younger part. But, yes, I’m well aware of our resemblance. I actually used to look even more like her, before I hit forty.”

“You’re forty?” Kim asked, astonished. She immediately sat back, embarrassed. “I’m sorry!”

Stacie laughed. Her laugh was very musical. “It’s okay. I turned forty last month.”

“My god. You look like you’re about 27.” She really looked about 32, but Kim was attempting to be extra polite.

Stacie smiled and took a long drink. “I doubt I look *that* young.”

“I mean, my mother is only 38, and you look years younger than her. You look like you should be a fashion model. Not because you look young, but because...” Kim smiled, realizing she was rambling a little. “I’m sorry. I’m just surprised, that’s all. I feel like I’m sitting here talking to a movie star.”

“You’re really quite remarkable.”

“How do you mean?”

“Just the fact that you’re sitting here chatting with me like this, especially after what just happened. You don’t seem like a high school kid at all. You’re very...” She paused, trying to compose her thoughts. “You’re a very mature young woman. And very emotionally stable. You strike me as being more intelligent than most people your age. Your parents must be so proud of you.”

Kim was feeling embarrassed again. She tried not to let it show.

“Thank you.” She didn’t know what to say, so she took another drink. It tasted very good and went down easily.

“Do you mind if I ask what you plan to do after you graduate?”

Kimberly shrugged. “I don’t mind. I’m already registered for college this summer.”

“I knew it!”

“What? How?”

“I just have a feel for you now. You seem like the kind of young lady who’s always one step ahead of where she needs to be. Very responsible. I’ll bet you’re an ‘A’ student. Am I right?”

Kimberly smiled again. She liked Stacie. “Yes.”

Stacie took another drink. Her glass was more than half empty. “May I ask which college?”

“Community. At least to start. It’s all my parents can afford. I’m hoping to ace the first year and get a scholarship, then transfer out.”

“Oh, you will. I’d put money on it.”

Kim took another drink. She was feeling noticeably happier. “That’s nice of you to say.”

They sat looking at each other for a moment, sipping their drinks. Kimberly felt like she was staring, but she found it increasingly difficult to look away. She felt as though she ought to say something, but couldn’t think of anything to say. She blurted, “I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone as beautiful as you before. I mean in real life.”

Stacie grinned, blushing.

“I’m sorry. I keep embarrassing one of us.” She held up her glass and rattled the ice. “Maybe I had too much to drink.”

“Nonsense. I made them weak. Yours especially. I just don’t take too well to flattery.”

“Why not? You must be used to it.”

“There you go again.”

Kimberly laughed. “I’m sorry! You’re just so...” She stared at Stacie, thinking. “Did you notice we have the same color eyes?”

Stacie nodded, a happy smile on her face. “As soon as you walked in the door.” She took another drink, a long one, finishing it. “I was wondering if you noticed.”

“Yes.” Suddenly Kim felt self-conscious. She looked away. She had momentarily forgotten where she was and what had almost happened with Ted. She looked back at Stacie. “Is Ted’s father home?”

Frowning, Stacie shook her head. “I threw him out years ago. Something I’d rather not go into right now.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to pry.”

“You weren’t prying. You’re just curious. I understand.” She tilted her glass to her mouth and got only melted ice. “I seem to be a little dry here. Can I freshen yours up?”

Kimberly sighed, thinking it over. She still had an inch left in her glass, and she felt pretty good. Not drunk by any means, but good. The thought of sitting here with Stacie and having another one greatly appealed to her. She lifted her glass to her lips and finished it off. She smiled. “You don’t mind?”

“I’m used to having my cocktails alone. It’s a pleasure to sit here with you like this. As long as you’re not driving...”

“I don’t even have a car.”

“Well, then, what are we waiting for?” Stacie got to her feet.

Kim also rose, following her back into the kitchen.

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As Stacie made the new drinks, Kimberly stood off to one side, looking around the kitchen. It was obvious Stacie kept a clean house. She wondered what the older woman did all day, whether or not she had a job. There was a lot she didn't know about her, and she felt herself wanting to know.

"So it's just you and Ted living here?" she asked.

Stacie nodded, pouring vodka over the ice cubes. "Yeah. It's a little lonely, but I'm used to it. Trust me, I'm better off without that asshole living here. Pardon my French."

"Don't worry, I've heard it before."

Stacie smiled. "Anyway, I didn't really want to talk about him, but let's just say he ruined it for me. I'm through with men. And now Ted..." She screwed the cap back on the bottle, setting it aside. "I don't know what to do about him. They're all such pigs."

Kim nodded. She didn't necessarily agree, but she didn't want to contradict her new friend. She wondered if this meant that Stacie was a lesbian. She certainly wasn't going to ask, although the thought of it excited her. She herself had played around a little with a girl at school, but it hadn't gone very far. After a few quick kisses they had both chickened out and decided not to pursue it. Kim still thought about it from time to time.

"I'm sorry to keep bringing it up."

"Don't apologize. You've done nothing wrong." Stacie was pouring juice into the glasses. Kim stood behind her, watching. Stacie was wearing only a t-shirt and shorts, her long, perfectly shaped legs directly in a sunbeam, almost as if they were on display. Kimberly's heart fluttered in her chest. She'd noticed them before, but the sunlight on them made their beauty almost overwhelming. She found herself very badly wanting to touch those legs, to

feel her hands on them.

Suddenly Stacie stepped out of the beam, returning the juice to the refrigerator. She smiled at Kim. “Another salty dog, coming right up.”

“Thank you. I appreciate it. I hope I’m not interrupting your dinner schedule.”

“Not at all. In fact, there is no schedule. I just got home from work a half hour before you two showed up. I don’t usually start cooking until after I relax awhile.”

“I just don’t want to be in the way.”

Stacie put a hand on Kimberly’s arm. “You’re not in the way! I invited you to have a drink with me. Hey, since you mentioned it, would you care for some dinner? I could make us a little something.” She stepped over to the counter and stirred the drinks, setting the spoon in the sink.

“I don’t know,” said Kim. She was getting a little hungry, but didn’t want to impose. “I could always eat later.”

“Why wait? Are you hungry?”

“A little.”

“Me, too. How does ravioli sound? They’re frozen, but they only take a little while to boil.”

“It sounds wonderful. But I don’t want you to have to --”

“It’s no trouble at all.” Stacie picked up the drinks and handed one to Kim. “Cheers.” They clinked glasses, smiling, and each took a sip.

“You make these really good,” Kim said.

“I get a lot of practice.” Stacie set her glass down and began opening cabinets, pulling out pots and pans.



Kimberly watched, staring at her legs again. She'd never seen legs so perfectly shaped. They were exquisite. She imagined herself stepping up and rubbing her hands along them. What would Stacie do? Perhaps she'd better not drink anymore. "Is there something I could do to help you?"

"That depends." She turned on the faucet and began filling a pot with water. "Would you like salad?"

"I love salad, but I hate the idea of making you work. And eating your food."

"If you'd like, you could help me with the salad. I'd really like some, too, and please, don't worry about anything. I've got plenty of food, and I'm happy to share."

"Well, then. What should I do?"

Stacie put the pot on the stove and turned on the gas. "Why don't you dig around in the vegetable drawer and see what you can come up with? I know there's a full head of romaine, and a couple of green peppers. Tomatoes, too. See what you can find."

Kimberly nodded and took a sip of her drink. She then set it on the counter and began looking through the drawer. While she was going about it, she sensed Stacie opening the freezer and removing the ravioli.

"These only take five minutes to cook," Stacie said, reading the package. "Plenty of time to make a quick salad."

Kimberly found all the ingredients Stacie had mentioned, plus a cucumber. She removed them and brought them to the table, setting them down in a little cluster.

"I've got some feta in there, too. We can crumble that over the --" Stacie stopped when she saw the little pile of produce. "Oh." She smiled. "I'm not so sure we ought to use that cucumber."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were saving it."

Stacie picked it up. "It's not that. It's just kind of..." She shrugged. "I don't

think you'd want to eat it."

It dawned on Kimberly where the cucumber had probably been. She realized with a little shock of exhilaration that she *did* want to eat it. She was growing very attracted to Stacie. "It looks fine to me."

Stacie set it aside. "We'll see." She picked up her glass and took a long drink. She then found a large wooden bowl and a knife and peeler, setting them all on the table. "You want to chop?"

"I'd be glad to."

Stacie smiled and gathered up the peppers and tomatoes. "The lettuce is pre-washed. You can go ahead and get started with that while I rinse these." She took them to the sink and began running them under the faucet.

Kimberly tore up the lettuce, throwing it into the bowl. She took little glances at Stacie's legs as she worked, fantasizing again about how nice they would feel in her hands. Or against her own legs. Or even her cheek. She was beginning to feel very aroused and wondered again what Stacie had meant when she said she was through with men.

"Here you go." Stacie set the peppers and tomatoes down on the table. "Thanks for helping."

"I'm happy to help. Thanks for inviting me to have dinner with you." Something occurred to her then. "Should I make enough for three? Or just the two of us?"

Stacie was taken aback by the question. She put her hand on Kimberly's arm again. Kimberly loved her touch. It sent small waves of excitement through her. She noticed for the first time that Stacie was wearing a very subtle perfume and she inhaled deeply, trying to breathe in as much of the scent as possible.

"Do you really think I'd ask you to sit down to dinner with that..." She thought for a moment. "That asshole son of mine after what he did?"

Kim smiled. "I guess not."

"Of course not! This is just for us. He's not coming out of his room while you're here, Kim. I promise you that."

"Alright." Kim wanted to lean over and kiss her. Instead, she reached for her glass and took another little sip.

Stacie smiled at her. "Good, huh? I'm glad you like it." She found her own glass and took a sip.

"It's delicious." Kimberly set her glass down and arranged one of the green peppers before her. "Do you want these diced, or sliced?"

"I want them any way you do."

"Is sliced okay?"

"Sliced is perfect." She was smiling at Kim, staring her in the eyes. She touched her cheek tenderly with one hand and then stepped away, opening the bag of ravioli and transferring them to the pot.

Kimberly got busy chopping, her mind filled with all sorts of little fantasies involving Stacie. She sliced up the pepper and cut the tomatoes into little wedges. When she was almost done, Stacie stepped up behind her and put a hand on her shoulder, reaching around and helping herself to a slice of green pepper. She bit it in half, chewing and smiling. "You do nice work."

Kim twisted her neck to get a better look. She could feel the gentle pressure of one of Stacie's breasts against her back and wondered if it was intentional. She hoped so. "Thank you."

Stacie popped the other half of her pepper slice into her mouth and chewed. Her hand reached back down to the table and selected another slice, which she raised and held up in front of Kim's mouth, offering it to her.

Kimberly opened her mouth and accepted the pepper. Stacie slid it in, her finger fleetingly touching Kim's lip. Kim gave it a vague sort of kiss as she closed her mouth around the slice of vegetable.

“Good?” Stacie asked.

Kim chewed, Stacie’s hand moving away from her mouth. “Very.” She leaned back slightly, attempting to increase the contact.

Stacie leaned into her, moving her face very near Kim’s ear and inhaling deeply. “I like your perfume. It’s very gentle, and very beautiful. Like you.”

Kimberly almost fainted. “I like yours, too.”

“It’s similar. We must have similar tastes.” Stacie stepped back and Kimberly felt a wave of disappointment wash over her. She felt an almost overwhelming need to become intimate with Stacie.

“Should I use the cucumber?” She turned and looked at Stacie to gauge her reaction.

Stacie smiled playfully. “We could. Are you sure you want to?”

“I’m sure.”

“Well, then, by all means, use it. It might be just the thing to spice up the salad.”

Kimberly felt a tingle in her groin. Was Stacie flirting with her? They reached for the cucumber at the same time, Kimberly getting to it first and holding it up, clutching it to her breast.

Stacie smiled. “At least let me wash it.”

“I’d prefer it if you didn’t.”

Stacie’s smile widened. There was a happy glimmer in her eyes. “Well, then, make sure you peel it really good.”

“The peel is my favorite part.”

Stacie stepped closer. “My, my, Kimberly. If I didn’t know any better, I’d

think you were flirting with me.”

Kim smiled happily, her heart racing. She felt a charge in the air. “Is that bad?”

Stacie hesitated, considering. “I should say not.”

They stood looking at each other for a moment and then Stacie placed a hand on each of Kimberly’s shoulders, stepping forward until their breasts were almost touching. She leaned in slowly and gave Kim an affectionate little kiss on the cheek. “I have the feeling we’re going to be very good friends.”

Kimberly desperately wanted to kiss her new friend, but she was too nervous. She smiled and nodded. “I hope so.”

“Me, too.” Stacie released her and stepped over to the stove, checking the ravioli. “I think these are almost done. Do you need any help with that cucumber?”

“I’ve got it.” Kimberly watched Stacie as she stirred the pot, her back turned. She raised the cucumber to her lips and kissed it. Then she ran her tongue along its length, trying to detect a taste of Stacie. Sadly, she only tasted the peel. She set it on the table and began to slice it up.

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“How is it?” Stacie asked.

They had just sat down to dinner and Kimberly had eaten her first ravioli. “Perfect. I can’t believe these were frozen.”

“It’s a good brand.” They had finished their cocktails and Stacie had poured them each a glass of red wine. She took a sip and set her glass back down.

Kimberly took a sip of hers, and then had a bite of salad. As she chewed, she used her fork to spear a big slice of cucumber. She watched Stacie as she put it into her mouth, and Stacie smiled at her.

“So, Kim. Do you prefer Kim or Kimberly?”

“Either one.”

“Kim, then. What do you like to do for fun?”

Kimberly ate another ravioli and took another sip of wine. She was starting to feel a little tipsy. She giggled. “Why? Did you have something in mind?”

Stacie ate a forkful of salad. “Not necessarily. But I like to be a good hostess. I don’t have beautiful young women dropping by very often.”

Kim smiled. “You’re more beautiful than I am.”

“I don’t know about that.”

“I do.”

Stacie laughed and ate another ravioli.

“What do *you* like to do for fun?”

“I can think of all kinds of things right now.”

“Me, too.”

Stacie smiled warmly. “I’d like to know what they are.”

“Let me finish this glass of wine and you might find out.”

Stacie laughed, very musically. Kim wanted to leap across the table and kiss her, but she restrained herself. She’d never felt this attracted to anyone in her life, and the longer it went on, the more intense it became. It was more than just her looks. It was a combination of so many things, and they all came together just right, driving Kim almost mad with desire.

“You’re getting me a little excited,” Stacie said.

“I’m very glad to hear that.”

“You seem to have dropped your subtlety. You’re very flirtatious.”

“You’re very sexy.”

Stacie put down her fork. “Do you really think so?”

“I know so.”

“Something tells me we’re going to have a very interesting evening.”

Kim smiled and jammed another ravioli into her mouth. “God, I hope so.”

Stacie tilted her head back and batted her long eyelashes. “You want me, don’t you?”

Kimberly swallowed. Her heart was galloping in her chest. She set her fork down. “I don’t think I can eat anymore.”

“Is that a yes, or a no?”

“I’ve never wanted anything more in my life.”

Stacie looked at Kim for a long moment, and then stood up. “Get up for a moment, won’t you?”

Kimberly had a sudden, sinking feeling that she was going to be asked to leave the house. It was the last thing in the world she wanted to do. She got up.

“Come here.”

Kim stepped up to Stacie, feeling very anxious.

Stacie stared at her for a moment, looking grim. Then she smiled. “You’ve got a big dab of tomato sauce on your lip.”

Kimberly was going to lick it off, or wipe it with her hand, but she never got the chance. Before she knew it, Stacie gripped her shoulders again and leaned forward. Kim began to breathe very quickly, sensing that a boundary was

about to be crossed. Then Stacie's lips closed softly over her own. She came close to fainting again. She felt Stacie's tongue poke out and gently lick her lower lip. Then Stacie was leaning back, smiling at her.

"All better."

Kim stared into her eyes. They looked so much like her own; but the beautiful face they were a part of looked so different. She felt dizzy. "I need you," she whispered.

Stacie leaned forward again. "I'm yours." She placed her mouth over Kimberly's and drew her into a long, deep kiss, sliding her tongue into Kim's mouth and wrapping her arms gently around her, pulling her closer.

Kim went with it, wrapping her own arms around Stacie and squeezing her tight. Their tongues circled and clashed, tasting and exploring the new little worlds of each other's mouths. They kissed for a very long time, holding each other in the bright kitchen, and when they finally pulled their faces apart, Kimberly could hardly wait to put them back together.

She leaned forward and kissed Stacie again, pulling her lower lip into her mouth and sucking on it. Nothing had ever felt so good. She slid her tongue back into Stacie's mouth, licking around inside and running it along the line of her teeth. She slid it along the inside of her lip and gums, trying to taste her everywhere. She didn't want this kiss to end; if in fact it was a kiss. It felt like so much more.

Stacie pulled back, a big smile on her face. "My god, Kim. You have no idea how long I've been waiting for someone like you."

If it was possible, the words made Kimberly feel even better. She kissed Stacie again, and again, quick little smooches on her smiling mouth. "That's what I was going to say."

Stacie hugged her, rubbing her hands along Kimberly's back. She sighed deeply. "I had such a shitty day," she whispered. "I never in a million years would have guessed it would turn out so wonderful."



Kimberly hugged her back, reaching down and running her hands over the back of Stacie's shorts. She wouldn't have had the courage to do such a thing without all the booze in her, but at that moment she was very grateful for the booze. It was really helping her along. "That makes two of us."

Stacie tilted her head back and looked at her. "It does, doesn't it?"

Kim nodded. "You have no idea. You're like a dream come true."

Stacie giggled. "A dream?"

"My dream."

Stacie leaned in and kissed her again. "I asked you before what you liked to do for fun. Now I'm going to ask you again."

"I thought you might have figured it out by now."

Stacie laughed and kissed Kimberly along her neck and jaw. She kissed her ear. "So you're experienced."

Kimberly shook her head. "Not at all. I just know what I want."

"And what's that?"

"You."

They kissed again and began to rub against each other, creating an erotic friction. Stacie slid a hand between their abdomens and down partway into the waistband of Kimberly's pants.

Kim gasped, clutching her tighter.

"You've never done this before?" Stacie asked.

"No. But please don't stop."

"I want to make sure everything is right for you."

“It is.”

Stacie took Kimberly’s hand and stepped off to one side, looking her over. “I can’t wait to see you without all those clothes on.”

Kimberly smiled and scrutinized her new friend in much the same way. “Your legs have been driving me crazy since we came in here.”

“My legs?” She stepped back and repositioned them, giving a Kimberly a better look. “You like them?”

“Oh, god,” Kim muttered, releasing Stacie’s hand. She dropped to her knees on the linoleum and began caressing both of Stacie’s legs with her hands, running them up and down over the calves and thighs. She kissed them, breathing deeply and inhaling their subtle yet intoxicating feminine scent. It was a moment of pure bliss for her. She rubbed them harder, and then began rubbing them with her face as well as her hands. Soon her tongue was involved and she was licking Stacie’s legs and playfully biting at them.

“You really *do* like them, don’t you?” Stacie reached down and ran her fingers through Kimberly’s hair.

“I love them.” She kissed them some more, squeezing them and rubbing up against them. She began to suck on Stacie’s left calf, almost making out with it.

“You’re going to give me a hickey down there.”

Kimberly smiled, unable to stop. She worked her way higher up, kissing and licking Stacie’s thigh until her face was just below the cuff of her shorts.

Stacie gripped the back of a chair and lifted her leg way up into the air, giving Kimberly better access to the underside of it. She swung her bare foot onto the kitchen table and inadvertently set it down right into her half-eaten plate of ravioli. “Oops.”

Kimberly glanced over and saw what had happened. She quickly repositioned herself and kissed her way back down the length of Stacie’s leg until she

reached the ankle. She then carefully lifted Stacie's foot from the plate of ravioli and began to kiss it. It was coated with sauce along the bottom and she used her tongue to clean it off, licking everywhere, sucking Stacie's toes into her mouth with their decorative little blue-painted nails.

Stacie arched her back, smiling. "You're going to make me come, and I haven't even taken off my pants yet."

Kimberly continued to lick Stacie's foot until it was clean and then rubbed her face with it, kissing it. She slowly worked her way back up Stacie's leg until she was once again kissing and caressing her thighs. She felt as though she were in heaven.

Stacie set her foot back on the floor and reached down, gripping Kim by the arms and prompting her to stand up. When they were both standing, Stacie smiled at her. She leaned forward and kissed her affectionately. "What do you say we go back to the couch?"

Kim nodded, not trusting herself to speak. Her heart had never beaten so rapidly.

Taking her hand, Stacie led her into the living room and they took a seat in the center of the couch, sinking deep into the cushions and becoming engaged in another long kiss.

Kimberly's hand immediately strayed back down and began fondling Stacie's legs. She couldn't get enough of them.

Stacie leaned heavily into her, pushing her sideways on the couch until she was lying on top of her, her arms around Kim's neck, their mouths working together in a harmonious kiss. Kim wrapped her arms and legs around Stacie and pulled her even closer, hugging her tightly. They squirmed around for several minutes, getting lost in each other, the rest of the world forgotten. After awhile Stacie sat up slightly, smiling down at her new friend.

"May I undress you?"

Kimberly smiled back. "Yes!"

Stacie giggled and climbed off the couch. “I feel like a kid at Christmas time.” She lifted one of Kimberly’s feet off the couch and began to slide off the boot. “And you’re the present I’ve been waiting for all year.” She got the boot off and tossed it across the room. She then switched legs and got the other boot off, throwing it toward its companion.

She took one of Kim’s feet in each hand and began massaging them through her thick socks. Kim moaned, rubbing at her crotch.

“Go easy with that,” Stacie said. “Save some for me.”

Kimberly smiled and put her hands behind her head, lacing her fingers together.

Stacie continued squeezing Kim’s feet. She lifted one to her mouth and bit down on the end of the sock, tugging it with her teeth. She twisted her head around and back slowly, pulling the sock off of Kimberly’s foot and dropping it to the floor. She then kissed her foot, tickling it with her tongue.

Kimberly giggled, covering her mouth.

“How do you like it?”

“I like it.”

Stacie pulled off the other sock the same way. She then kissed Kimberly’s feet and rubbed one on each side of her face. “I like it, too.”

“Come back on the couch with me,” Kimberly pleaded.

“First unbutton your pants,” Stacie said.

Kim did. Stacie pulled at the cuffs, sliding them down and pulling them off. She threw them across the room where they joined Kimberly’s boots.

“What pretty little panties you have!”

Kimberly glanced down and saw she was wearing her white underpants with little pink hearts on them. She giggled again. She was feeling a little drunk

and wouldn't have minded drinking even more. "Do you really like them?"

"I love them!" Stacie climbed back onto the couch and moved her face closer to Kim's panties, inspecting them. She rubbed them with one hand, kneeling between Kimberly's legs, which were parted wide to accommodate her. She lowered her head further and began kissing the panties, her tongue darting out and taking little licks of the fabric. "They taste good, too."

Kimberly reached down and clutched Stacie's head in her hands, tangling her fingers in Stacie's soft hair. She spread her legs even wider, placing one of her feet on the top of the couch, giving Stacie more room to play. "I can't wait to see what yours look like," she said softly.

"Oh, mine are just plain boring white." She kissed some more, her lips exploring the crotch of Kimberly's panties and all along her inner thighs.

"I still can't wait." Kim's heart was hammering in her chest. She wished that she could live here, on this couch with Stacie, all the time.

"You'll get to see them. Don't worry." She licked the soft flesh that was just beneath the edge of Kimberly's panties. She then pulled them down a few inches and began to run her tongue back and forth through the soft, silky pubic hair she had exposed.

"Oh, god, Stacie. I think I'm in love."

Stacie smiled. She kept licking. "That's nice to hear. I've felt that way for about an hour now." She pulled Kimberly's panties down some more, tugging them out from beneath her bottom and sliding them along her thighs. Kim lifted her feet into the air so that Stacie could remove them completely, and she tossed them aside, pressing Kimberly's legs wide open again and moving her face back down between them. "May I kiss you?"

"Please! You don't have to ask."

"I don't want you to feel like I'm taking advantage of you."

"I don't. Please. You can do anything you want."

Stacie straightened up then and pulled off her t-shirt. She tossed it aside. "In that case, I might as well get more comfortable." She unfastened her bra and peeled it off, dropping it to the floor. Her breasts were as beautiful as the rest of her, perky and smooth, the nipples erect.

Kimberly was reaching for them, the look of desire in her eyes more ablaze than ever.

"You'll get them, sweetheart. First I want my little kiss." Stacie bent down again and positioned her face between Kimberly's legs, one hand on each thigh. She kissed each of the thighs tenderly, licking them and sucking the supple flesh into her mouth. When she reached Kimberly's vagina, she used the tip of her tongue to prod between the lips and introduce herself to Kim's swollen clit.

Kimberly inhaled very deep, moaning softly. She wrapped her legs around Stacie and began tangling her fingers in her hair again.

Stacie licked her clit for a few moments and then began to kiss along the slippery folds of Kimberly's pussy, tugging at them with her lips and sucking them into her mouth. She felt the pressure of Kimberly's legs squeeze her tighter as she licked the younger woman's slit up and down, tasting the sweet sheen of moisture that coated it. She rubbed her whole face into Kimberly's crotch, breathing deeply and feeling the wetness coat her skin.

Kimberly began to writhe around on the couch, twisting gently from side to side as the pleasure intensified. She squeezed her hands into fists, gripping Stacie's hair and pulling it, encouraging her to continue.

Stacie didn't need any encouragement. She was having a wonderful time between Kimberly's legs, now sliding her tongue between the smooth pink lips and kissing them eagerly. She worked her tongue in as far as it would go, licking and tasting everywhere she could. The walls of Kimberly's vagina pulsed with her excitement, and squeezed against Stacie's tongue. She slid it in and out, spreading Kimberly's legs even wider and then focusing once more on her clit. She danced her tongue over it in little circular motions while sliding a finger between Kimberly's moist lips.

Kimberly moaned even louder, her ass gyrating up and down and making little circles of its own as she attempted to synchronize herself with Stacie's playfulness. She was getting very close to coming, and while she wanted to very much, another part of her didn't want this to ever end.

Stacie slid her finger out of Kimberly's vagina and used her tongue again for a moment. It was very wet and she loved the taste of her new friend's secretion. She kissed and licked at Kimberly's pussy for another minute or two, gathering up and swallowing all the juice she could, and then she pushed Kimberly's legs up even higher, titling her ass up on the cushions and exposing her anus. With her tongue pressed against the lower portion of Kimberly's vagina, she ran it down along the crack of her ass and began sliding it around the outer rim of Kimberly's soft little hole.

Kimberly gripped Stacie's hair even tighter, rocking her head from side to side on the couch. "This can't be real," she whimpered.

Stacie smiled. She was far too busy to speak. She glided the tip of her tongue over Kimberly's anus, tasting the puckered flesh and pressing softly against it. She kissed around it with her mouth, and with her hands on either side of Kimberly's hips slid her tongue further forward, breaching the tight little hole and causing Kim to tremble with pleasure. She sank it in further, feeling its tightness squeezing against her tongue. Suddenly Kimberly's hands were on the back of her head, pressing Stacie's face even further into her soft, smooth ass. Kimberly's legs clenched around her back and the younger woman began to buck up and down on the cushions, moaning and whimpering loudly.

"Oh, god, Stacie! I'm coming!" She ground herself into Stacie's face one final time as she shuddered, and then released her hold, her muscles relaxing as she lay flat on her back, breathing heavily, an enormous smile on her pretty face. "That was the best thing that ever happened to me!"

Stacie peeked up at Kimberly from between her legs. She was also smiling. "I'm glad you liked it." She licked her lips. "I know I did."

Kimberly sat up and wrapped her arms around Stacie, pulling her into a deep kiss. She could taste herself on Stacie's mouth and she began to get aroused all over again.

They kissed for a little while, and then Stacie reached down and began to unbutton Kimberly's blouse. Still breathing heavily, Kim helped her and soon the blouse was on the carpet. As Stacie began to unfasten Kimberly's bra, Kim leaned forward and took one of Stacie's nipples into her mouth, sliding her tongue over it and sucking it into her mouth.

Now it was Stacie's turn to moan, pressing the back of Kimberly's head with one hand and kissing her hair. "That feels wonderful."

Kimberly played with Stacie's breast for a minute and then switched to the other one, pulling the nipple into her mouth and gently caressing it with her tongue. She bit at it playfully, wrapping one arm around Stacie and sliding her hand into the back of her shorts.

Stacie finished removing Kimberly's bra and tossed it aside. She reached down and took one of Kimberly's nipples in each hand, rolling the nipples lovingly between her thumbs and index fingers. Kimberly moaned again and pressed Stacie's breasts together, sucking both nipples into her mouth at the same time.

"You seem to really like my nipples," Stacie said.

Kimberly had to pause in her suckling to answer. "I sure do. If you had a third one, I'd be licking that, too."

Stacie smiled. "Maybe I've got something else you'd like to lick." She straightened up and began unbuttoning her shorts.

Kimberly smiled. "Oh my god, Stacie. Are you finally going to take them off?"

Stacie laughed and climbed off the couch, pulling her shorts down and letting them drop to her feet. She kicked them across the room and rubbed one hand over the crotch of her white panties, which were noticeably wet.

Kimberly sat up and leaned over, bringing her face nearer to Stacie's groin. Stacie stepped closer, allowing Kimberly to reach her panties with her mouth. Kim pressed her face to the soft wetness of the fabric and inhaled, breathing



in the sweet musky odor of Stacie's sex. She rubbed against it until her face was wet and then used her lips to pull the moist fabric into her mouth and suck the wetness from it. "Stacie, you taste so good!"

Stacie laughed quietly. "I can hardly understand what you're saying when you've got my panties in your mouth."

Kimberly smiled and continued to suck on the fabric and rub it with her face. After a moment, Stacie took hold of her underwear and pulled it down, revealing short dark pubic hair, which Kimberly immediately began to lick and rub her face against.

"You're getting me even wetter," Stacie moaned. She pulled her panties down further, dropping them to the floor and stepping out of them.

Kimberly didn't answer. She buried her face between Stacie's legs, sucking roughly, almost desperately as she slid one hand down between her own legs and began fingering herself.

Stacie stood there for a few moments, allowing Kimberly to lick her pussy and glide her tongue in and out of it. She then raised one leg and swung it over Kimberly and onto the couch, bringing her vagina directly into Kimberly's face and sitting herself down.

Kimberly loved it, gripping Stacie's legs and rubbing her face up and down along her glistening sex. She could hardly breathe, her mouth and nose covered with Stacie's sweet folds, but she didn't care. She worked her tongue up inside the channel and sucked at the soft, delectable lips.

"Eat me, Kimmy," Stacie moaned. She pressed herself down into Kimberly's face, swaying her hips forward and backward, really grinding it hard. She arched her back and pinched her own nipples, throwing her head back and fucking Kimberly's face. "Oh, god, yes!"

If Kimberly thought she was in heaven before, she now knew it for sure. Stacie's pussy, so soft and wet, was smothering her. For at least a little while, it became her entire world. The taste and the wetness and the soft, smooth texture of Stacie's vagina was all that existed and she sucked at it, using her

tongue to try and bring as much pleasure to her friend as she possibly could. She ran it over Stacie's clit again and again, wiggling it around and sucking the juice from her glistening labia.

Stacie climaxed with a series of little shivers, rubbing her crotch even harder into Kimberly's face and letting loose with a loud, whimpering sigh. She was smiling happily as she settled back, catching her breath and sliding her pussy off Kimberly's face.

"Oh, Kimmy!" She bent over and kissed Kimberly on the mouth.

Kimberly pulled her down and hugged her, the two of them arranging themselves so that they were lying side by side. They kissed again, and wrapped their arms around each other.

"How do you feel?" asked Stacie.

Kimberly was very happy, and it showed. "I've never been better." Her face was wet and Stacie kissed it all over, making her smile and giggle.

"Me, either. You're really something, Kim."

Kimberly sighed. "You're something yourself. I'm sure glad I came over here today."

"Me, too!" Stacie slid her tongue into Kimberly's mouth and engaged her in another deep kiss. They kissed for some time, and the passion slowly turned to affection. Soon they were holding each other and kissing very softly.

"I wish I lived here," Kimberly said. "We could do this all the time."

Stacie smiled and kiss her again. "We can do it all the time anyway. Whenever you want. You're welcome here anytime, sweetheart."

Kimberly smiled. "Thank you. But I've got to warn you. You may have trouble getting rid of me now."

"Why in the world would I want to get rid of you?"

“You’ll get tired of me, eventually.”

“Never.” Stacie hugged her tighter. “In fact, I can’t wait to do this again.”

“Me either. When can we?”

Stacie grinned. “When would you like to?”

“Right now. I want to feel your legs again. I love them.”

“You can feel them any time you want.”

Kimberly thought about it. “What about Ted? Isn’t he going to come out of his room soon?”

Stacie brushed a sweaty lock of hair from Kim’s brow and kissed her forehead. “No. If he does I’ll send him back in. Forget about him. The house is ours.”

Kimberly kissed her on the mouth. “Maybe we could try it in your bed.”

Stacie smiled. “That would be wonderful!”

“This could be my new after-school hangout.”

“Now you’re talking!”

“Every day.”

“Yes!”

They laughed and kissed again, and then Stacie climbed up from the couch. Her glass of wine was on the coffee table and she lifted it to her mouth, taking a sip.

Kimberly also got up and had a drink of wine. “This is really good.”

“I’m glad you like it. There’s more, if you’re in the mood.”

She set the glass back down. “No, I’ve had plenty. I don’t want my parents to know I’ve been drinking.”

Stacie nodded. “Good idea.” She glanced at the clock, which told her it was 6:34. “What time to you have to be home?”

“Not until nine.”

A mischievous little grin appeared on Stacie’s face. “Oh! Good. That gives us a couple more hours.”

Kimberly smiled and got to her knees, rubbing her hands over Stacie’s legs and kissing them.

Stacie giggled and reached down, grabbing Kimberly by the hand. “Come on, sweetie. Let’s go in my bedroom for awhile. I think you’ll like it there.”

Kimberly got up, feeling excited again. Could this night get any better? She thought maybe it could.

Hands clasped, the two of them made their way down the hall and into Stacie’s bedroom, closing the door gently behind them.

- the end -

**Susan**

**by Amy Polino**

# Chapter 1

To tell this properly, I should probably start a little before the actual beginning. There is a bit of background information that would be very helpful to anyone reading this, especially if they really want to know the whole story.

First of all, my name is Amy. I know it's not the most exciting name, but it's the one I was born with and I've grown comfortable with it over the years. Actually, I've learned to like it, particularly since I know it's the name my mother chose for me, and not a day goes by that I don't miss her.

Speaking of my mother, I should mention that she passed away when I was very young, and although I still have very fond memories of her, they are extremely limited in scope. I was only seven when she had the accident that claimed her life. I was in the car with her at the time, but, miraculously, I was unharmed. There was an icy patch of road on our way home from Christmas shopping, and the car slid sideways into a giant elm tree. I'll never forget that sickening sideways movement, or the sight of her stomping on the brake pedal over and over, her hands gripping the steering wheel until her knuckles stood out white against her pink skin, her high voice screaming into the night. Or the sudden impact which sent me lurching over in my seat, the seat belt almost strangling me but also probably saving my life. And the horrific crunch of metal and the explosion of glass as the windows rained in on me, covering me in sharp little square bits of themselves.

I got banged up a little, sure; but she was killed instantly, the entire left side of the car crumbled and twisted against the uncompromising tree.

The next few years of my life were the most miserable ones of all. My mother had been more than just my mother; she had also been my best friend. For the first few months I was virtually paralyzed with depression. I was in and out of hospitals and psychiatrists offices, but I hardly even remember any

of it; I don't want to remember any of it. That whole period of my life is a blur of wretchedness. Eventually I began to function again, but it was a sickening, almost mindless functioning. Every day was another pointless struggle, trying to pass through the meaningless hours with her no longer in my life. I hated every minute of every day. The loneliness, the depression, the constant sadness of knowing that she was never coming back; it was really too much for me to bear, and the fact that my father was a workaholic, leaving me to tend to myself most of the time, didn't help matters any.

It was just me and him in the house after that, only he was usually at work. It's kind of funny, because despite the fact that he was a workaholic, he didn't make very much money and so he couldn't afford a babysitter or any type of daycare. So when I wasn't at school, I sat alone in the small house and missed my mother and cried.

Don't get me wrong; my father was never mean to me. In fact, I could tell that he was hurting, too. He loved my mother and maybe even missed her as much as I did. But he never had much of an interest in me, and other than making sure that I went to school each morning with decent clothes on and had enough to eat, he mostly just left me alone. If I really needed something, I always had it, and he was kind to me in his own absent way. But I don't think he ever spent a single hour with me, just the two of us talking things over or being together. He would always sit there in his easy chair surrounded by stacks of papers, studying them relentlessly and making little scribbles on them with his fancy pen. This was just before computers flooded the world, or he'd probably have sat there with a laptop.

I wasn't sure exactly how he handled the whole thing. He never really did discuss it with me other than to ask on occasion how I was coping with it all, usually while driving me to see one of my doctors. Looking back, I feel like I should have asked him, but remember, I was only seven and had just been severely traumatized, so I guess it's understandable why I didn't.

I don't want to dwell too much on the next eight years of my life, because during that time nothing really unusual happened. My father, whose name is Jeffery, immersed himself even further in his work, and I just sort of floated through each day, trying more than anything not to think too hard about things. I thought maybe he would start dating or something, but he never did.

He just worked, and I just went to school and sat around. The years were empty and lonely and sad, and my memories of them are almost nonexistent, because there's really nothing to remember. Those years were just long collections of days, and I suppose during that time I slowly healed a little, because I no longer focused solely on the accident and the loss of my mother. Instead I focused on nothing and merely existed. Going to school and watching television are honestly the extent of it. I didn't even have a friend during those years.

I was lost in limbo.

Like I said, nothing really happened for awhile so I'll skip ahead. The next point of interest that I'd like to mention is during my sophomore year in high school when I was 15. I had never been on a date before, and I'll admit, I was still a bit young for such things, but there were several boys at that time who were beginning to express an interest in me. I was slowly growing up and turning into a young woman, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't attractive. It didn't mean anything to me, and I literally did nothing to amend my appearance, but it's true I was at least a little above average in the looks department. I spent a lot of time walking and had a very athletic, feminine body and a rather cute face. I also had long, dark hair that I didn't have to play with for it to look very good. I was lucky, I suppose, or would have been if I'd cared about such things.

Anyway, the boys who took an interest in me were not really the least bit interesting *to me*. I ended up going out with a couple of them, mainly just to get them to stop asking me. It's a stupid reason, I know. I suppose I was also kind of curious about the whole dating thing, and that may have played into it, too.

The first boy I went out with was Billy Ripkin, who by then everyone was just starting to call Bill. He asked me out to a movie, and I accepted. We went that evening right after dinner; he didn't have a car, and so he just walked to my father's house and knocked on the door, and then the two of us walked to the theater, which was only half a mile away. He was sort of a pudgy kid, with long greasy hair and a very pale complexion. I didn't like him much, and we hardly even spoke on the way to the theater, other than him trying to explain to me how great he was and that no one seemed to notice. I suppose



he was trying to impress me, but it had the opposite effect and I began to feel sick.

The movie turned out to be a horror movie, the one kind I really can't stand. Leave it to Billy. I was already uncomfortable just being there with him, and the movie, as terrible as it was, still managed to be scary. I sat there stewing, hardly able to wait for the whole thing to be over with. It seemed to drag on and on, and at one point he reached over and took my hand, holding it in his warm, sweaty one. It made me feel even worse. I kept thinking I was going to catch some strange disease from his unwanted, moist touch.

The movie finally ended, after what seemed like forever, and he walked me back home. He kept bringing up stupid parts of the movie and reenacting them for me as if he forgot that I just sat through the whole dreadful thing, too. It made me feel sorry for him and like him even less at the same time. The half mile felt more like two miles, and on several occasions he tried to hold my hand. I didn't let him, explaining that I needed to swing my arms to walk properly. I felt funny swinging them so exaggeratedly, but it beat the hell out of having him grip me with his clammy hand again.

When I finally made it home and thought the whole thing was at last over, he kissed me. We were standing right outside the front door of my father's house, and he put a hand on my waist and leaned into me, pressing his mouth to mine. I couldn't believe I didn't see it coming. His lips felt cold and slimy and I could smell his breath, which stank something awful, like he'd eaten liverwurst for dinner and hadn't brushed his teeth.

I pulled away quickly, wiping my mouth. He didn't like that and said goodnight, slinking away into the darkness. He probably felt as bad as I did, but I didn't care.

My first kiss! I went inside and washed my mouth out with Scope.

The next day at school he was acting as though we'd had a great time and even bragged to several people that I was his girlfriend, which I certainly was not. I wasted no time in telling him how I really felt, which hurt his feelings all over again, but at least it put an end to the whole mess.

He didn't talk to me anymore after that, and I was glad.

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The second boy who I let take me out was two years older than me, and on the football team. Brad Simmons, his name was, and he was sort of musclebound. He'd been hitting on me for much of the school year, and I admit, I was kind of attracted to him, so when he approached me after school one day and offered to buy me dinner at a new Italian restaurant, I said okay. It made me wonder why I ever agreed to go out with Billy in the first place, although, looking back, the date with Billy was much less of a mistake.

Brad had a car, an old Ford Escort, and he picked me up at my father's house. My father hardly noticed. He was still working as hard as ever on his endless stacks of papers, and had gotten into the habit of eating TV dinners, so when I left he didn't even look up. He just told me to have a nice time and made some scribbles with his pen.

Brad was so different from Billy that there was almost no comparison. He was bigger, stronger, more aggressive and much more confident. I had no plans to do anything with him other than have dinner and maybe let him kiss me, but of course Brad had plans of his own.

We did eat dinner, and it was very good. Brad ordered the chicken parmesan, which sounded wonderful to me, so I ordered the same exact thing. We also had a large mixed salad and fresh bread, with a little bowl of oil and vinegar to dip it in. Both of us were obviously underage, and so we drank root beer with our dinner, although Brad hinted he had a little "nightcap" out in his car for later.

The nightcap turned out to be a bottle of rum, a bottle of Coke and a couple of paper cups. He drove out to a little place the kids used to call "Dead Man's Island," which was really nothing but a secluded strip of woods near the parkway, and mixed us a couple of cocktails. We could see the headlights of other cars as they passed through the thick expanse of trees, but it was unlikely that they could see us. Not unless someone actually drove around

and pulled up right near us, which on this night they didn't.

"Drink up," Brad told me, handing me a cup of rum and Coke.

Not knowing what else to do, I drank up. It was the first time I had alcohol, and I must admit, I liked it. It tasted fine and it made me feel really good almost right away. We drank slowly while he told me stories about his greatness on the football field, although I was fairly certain he was average at best. It was nice for awhile, sitting there and drinking as the sky grew completely dark. We each had two full cups and then he poured us one more, a strong one to share. I probably wouldn't have shared the same cup with someone under normal circumstances, but by then I was sort of halfway drunk and I didn't really care. We passed the cup back and forth, taking big sips until it was gone. Then he sat there looking at me with a little smile on his face. Every time a car went by and the beam from the headlights filtered through the trees and illuminated him, he looked a little spookier to me.

"You're really pretty," he told me. "Can I get a kiss?"

I'd already decided I was going to let him kiss me, and after all that rum I really wanted him to. Still, I was feeling a little frightened. I nodded my head, consenting to the deal.

Brad didn't waste any time. He leaned over in his seat and slipped a big hand behind my neck, pulling me closer toward him and pressing his mouth against mine. I went with it, and soon his tongue was poking around inside my mouth. It was kind of exciting, much better than the cold, oily kiss Billy had given me several weeks earlier. It would have been perfect, actually, but then he got carried away and began crushing me up against him, very roughly, and sucking at my tongue until it became painful.

I'm not going to go into all the details here, mainly because that's not what my story is about, but also because I don't like thinking about that night. I do want you to understand, though, that I made it very clear to him that I didn't want our little date to go any further than it already had, and that he refused to listen. It was almost as if he felt it was his right to have me that night, despite all my protests. In fact, I couldn't even really get through to him. It's like he wasn't hearing me, like he was programmed or something, and there

was no reasoning with him.

I fought him off for a minute or two, physically and verbally, but soon gave up out of sheer fright. He shoved me and choked me and pulled my hair. He was like an animal. We ended up in the backseat together, me literally trembling with fear as he took my virginity. The experience was horrifying, and I blocked much of it out even as it was happening, not allowing myself to think about it. Instead I thought of my mother and of how much I loved her and missed her. I have no idea how long it went on; it could have been ten minutes, or it could have been an hour. Either way, eventually it was over and I was dizzy with shock and fear and pain. I also felt dirty and ashamed, even though I hadn't done anything wrong, except maybe drink a little.

Brad must have sensed how I felt, and feel pretty ashamed himself, because once we got ourselves back into the front seat of the car he began apologizing profusely, and explaining that he didn't know what had come over him. He drove me home without further incident, making me promise not to tell anyone what had happened. Then he drove away, leaving me standing there in the dark outside my father's house, still trembling and crying.

It took me a long time to get over that night. In fact, I'm not sure I ever did.

That was the first time I ever had sex with a boy, and the last.

## Chapter 2

For the rest of that school year, I pretty much kept to myself. Other boys continued to flirt with me on occasion, but I had no interest in dating anymore so I politely declined any offers I received. I didn't have any girlfriends, either, so I garnered a bit of a reputation as a loner. That was fine with me. Being left alone had its advantages.

That summer I turned sixteen and got my first job. I was getting to the point where I wanted more spending money, and the months off school left me with nothing to concentrate on, so a job was the perfect solution. I put in lots of applications and ended up taking the first job I was offered, which was at Six Flags Great Adventure, a massive amusement park about twenty miles from my father's house.

Luckily, my father had a second, older car which he kept as a backup, and I had just gotten my drivers permit, so I was able to use the car to get myself to and from work. Technically, I was supposed to have a licensed driver in the car with me at all times, but lots of kids ignored that little detail.

Great Adventure was huge, and it was a very popular place for kids from miles around to get summer jobs. The only question was what type of job I would secure, which I wouldn't find out until my orientation. I spent a few days daydreaming about operating one of the big roller coasters, or maybe the runaway train, and watching as people got on looking happy and excited, and got off looking dizzy and sick. It would be an interesting way to spend the summer.

As it turned out, they put me on second shift in food service, one of the crappiest positions available. I almost quit before I even started, thinking I'd have to stand at a cash register and thank people all night for buying fries and burgers. I got a little bit lucky, though, and ended up at a funnel cake stand making the actual funnel cakes.

It was hot work, standing over a giant vat of near-boiling grease and cooking hundreds of funnel cakes each day for the endless line of customers. I had to wear a uniform, too, with an apron and a baseball cap, and between the heat of the summer and the heat rising from the grease, I was almost always sweating. I had big five-gallon buckets of batter lined up on the floor beside me, and I used a ladle to fill up my dispenser and stood there swirling it into the grease in front of all those hungry people. When the funnel cakes were halfway done I'd flip them over, and when they were a nice golden brown I'd lift them out with tongs and set them on paper plates. I'd put the plates on the counter beside the cooking vat, and they were then the responsibility of Dianne, one of my coworkers.

Dianne was the girl who bridged the gap between me and Sara, the girl who worked the register. It was Dianne's job to take the naked funnel cakes and confer with the customers as to what kind of topping they wanted, if any. Some people liked them plain, and others liked them with powdered sugar. Still others liked fruit toppings, of which we had a wide variety. The fruit was all in big cans, and heavy on the syrup. We had strawberry, peach, apple, blueberry and raspberry. We also had chocolate sauce and a variety of sprinkles. So Dianne stayed plenty busy, dressing up the cakes to order and passing them on to Sara, who rang up the sales and made change.

Dianna was two years older than me, and very pretty. She was a blond with bright blue eyes, and I found it very enjoyable to look at her. She had just graduated from high school in Jackson, two towns over from where I lived. We had a lot of time to talk, and joke around together, especially when the line of customers grew thin. She was very fun to work with, and I liked her a lot.

Neither of us cared much for Sara, and ignored her most of the time.

As the summer wore on, Dianne and I grew more and more fond of each other. We always took our breaks together, and even lingered after work in the parking lot, laughing about our daily adventures. Since we worked the late shift, sometimes we came to work a couple hours early and met up at the gate to go on the rides together. We especially liked the Ferris wheel, riding it high up into the sky and looking down at our little funnel cake stand.

Dianne was the first real friend I ever had, and I admired her tremendously.

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One night after working together for about a month, Dianne and I were in the back room, standing at the big sink and washing out the empty buckets. It was something we did every night, before mixing fresh batter and refilling them for the morning shift. Anyway, we were standing there after a long day, and both of us were dirty and grimy with funnel cake batter. She was washing my funnel cake dispenser, and at one point she yanked it out of the water, splashing me and getting the whole front of my apron soaked. I couldn't tell if she did it on purpose or not, but it certainly seemed like she must have. She really splashed me good! She apologized, looking absolutely adorable with her cute little smile and her long, blonde hair spilling out from under her baseball cap.

I smiled back, and, kind of joking around, plunged both my hands into the sink of water and then splashed her pretty good with a sarcastic "Oops!" I didn't get her as good as she'd gotten me, but I definitely got her attention. She dropped the dispenser into the sink and spread her arms wide, looking down at herself.

"Hey!" she said. "You did that on purpose!"

I tried to wipe the smile off my face, but I was unable to do so. "What makes you say that?"

She flashed me a devilish grin and quickly pulled a bucket from the sink, which was at least a quarter of the way filled with dirty water. She hoisted it, as if threatening to splash me with the contents.

I held up my hands, taking a step back. "You wouldn't!"

"Oh no?" Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

I knew she was going to splash me, and it got me very excited. "Please don't!" I pleaded. The smile on my face undoubtedly betrayed my plea,

because she flung the water at me with gusto. If I was soaked before, now I was drenched.

“Whoops!” Dianne said, dropping the empty bucket to the floor. “Sorry about that!”

My mouth was open in shock. The water was very cold, and I was soaked to the skin, dripping all over. I looked at her standing there, still grinning, her hat cocked off to one side. She had a little smear of funnel cake batter on her chin and she appeared so sweet and beautiful that it was almost heartbreaking. I think it was at that very moment that I realized I was in love with her.

I had to fight to tear my eyes away. I began looking around for something with which to perpetuate our little game; allowing it to end now seemed out of the question. There was a full bucket of batter sitting just off to my left, near a storage shelf, and I lunged toward it and began prying the lid off.

Dianne watched me, still grinning. “Amy! Don’t you dare!”

I felt like I had no choice. The bucket was too big and heavy for me to lift, so after getting the lid off I simply shoved my hands deep into the gooey batter and flung some of it at her.

She screamed in delight, dancing around in a little circle as the goop peppered her uniform. Then she dashed over and plunged her own hands into the bucket, her entire face alight with glee. I thought of running away before she could get me, but the truth is, I didn’t want to. I *wanted* her to get me. She brought her cupped hands up out of the bucket in a flash, splattering my entire chest and stomach in the wet, gluey funnel cake batter.

I screamed and twisted around, and she laughed, splattering more of the goop all over my back.

“Oh, you stinker!” I yelled. I turned around again and dug my hands back into the bucket, flinging batter up all over her breasts and even getting some on her pretty face.



Dianne screamed again, but she was loving it as much as I was. We were lucky Sara couldn't hear us. She was up front with the night manager, counting her money and filling out the paperwork.

We both stood looking at each other for a moment and then Dianne leaned over and gripped the lip of the bucket with both hands. We were both really glooped up pretty good already, and it sent a thrill through me to think she was going to dump the entire bucket just to get me again.

"You'd better not," I told her. I still couldn't get the smile off my face. I smiled a lot when I was with her, and I'd never had so much fun.

She was smiling, too. "Who's going to stop me?" She lifted the bucket up off the floor and I immediately grabbed it, too, trying to prevent her from dumping it on me.

We both laughed, struggling to tip the bucket away from ourselves as it somehow got lifted higher and higher. Soon it was up above our waists, and it was very heavy. We got a little reckless, both of us clearly wanting something exciting to happen. There was something there, between us, besides the bucket, and we both felt it. I wasn't sure what it was at the time, but I do now: it was desire.

The bucket went a little higher, and both of us were still grinning like mad and giggling. Dianne let go with one of her hands and then quickly repositioned it beneath the bucket. I pressed the top edge further toward her, so excited I could hardly breathe. It began to tip, but then she lifted it even higher from the bottom and suddenly the balance shifted. I felt a light quivering deep in the pit of my stomach as I realized we'd lost control of it, and then the entire thing was spilling over, dumping gooey wet funnel cake batter down the entire front of my uniform. It even ran down my legs and coated my sneakers, sparing no part of me. It coated me completely, turning my entire body into the dull, tan color of funnel cakes.

The bucket, not quite empty but close to it, hit the floor and bounced away with a clatter. Dianne stared at me, her smile wider than ever. I thought she was going to laugh, but she didn't. She looked me up and down, as if appraising me, and then did something that I didn't expect: she took a step

closer to me. Looking me right in the eyes, the hint of mischief gone from her expression, she moved even closer until her body was pressed up against mine and the mess of batter was all over her, too.

There was a big industrial-sized refrigerator directly behind me, and when she pressed into me it caused me to back up against it. So there I was, pinned between the refrigerator and Dianne, completely covered in funnel cake batter.

I smiled at her. Or, I should say, I was *still* smiling at her. “Hi,” I said quietly. My heart was racing.

“Hi,” she answered. Then she gently slid her arms around my waist. Her body was pressed so firmly against mine that it seemed to mold itself to my every curve. It was amazing how well we fit together like that, and it sent shivers of arousal through me, almost to the point of making my head spin. I could feel her warm breath on my lips, and the look in her eyes was one of pure need. I thought she was going to say something then, but I was wrong. What she did is move her head forward and press her lips to mine. My heart was pounding so hard I thought it was going to break through my ribcage. Her lips were as soft as velvet, despite being speckled with funnel cake batter, and before I knew it we were really, truly kissing.

Dianne pressed against me even harder, and at the same time encircled me further with her arms, drawing me as close as possible in a heated embrace. I lifted my own arms then, feeling as if I were in some wonderful dream, and wrapped them around her. I literally felt the world fall away around me as Dianne became everything there was. It was just me and her and the heat from her body and feel of her silky lips on mine. As her tongue slipped into my mouth I gasped, feeling something like liquid fire shoot through my most sensitive area.

This was a kiss! Those boys knew nothing, and neither had I. Kissing Dianne was by far the best thing that had ever happened to me. I held her tighter, loving the feel of her in my arms. She was so soft and so gentle, and so sweet. She was everything I ever wanted, and so much more.

She was perfect.

We kissed for a long time, standing there in the little back room while Sara and Michelle played around with the money. It's impossible for me to know how much time went by. It was the direct opposite of my experience in the backseat of Brad's car; there, I'd lost track of time because I was blocking it out; here, I lost track of time because I was living for the moment and loving every second of it. Holding her in my arms and kissing her made up for all the pain I'd ever felt and filled me with an almost palpable feeling of love and hope.

When she finally pulled her mouth from mine, we were both gasping for breath. Our smiles were finally gone, replaced by expressions of admiration and wonder. Then she leaned forward again and kissed the tip of my nose, which somehow seemed even more erotic to me than the deep, passionate kisses we had just shared.

She smiled again, very tenderly. "Thank you for that, Amy. I've been wanting to do that for a really long time."

Her words made me almost melt. I was completely transfixed by her, my whole body thrumming with love and happiness. "Thank you," I whispered. "I'm so glad... you did."

When she heard that, she was beaming. "Really?"

I nodded. "Of course." I pulled her closer and hugged her, not able to help myself. I never wanted to let her go. The wet, sticky batter squished between us and oozed to our feet.

She hugged me, too, and then kissed my ear. She whispered into it: "You like me?"

I had to swallow and take a deep breath before answering. When she leaned back slightly and looked into my eyes I nodded. "Maybe a little bit more than just like."

She kissed me again, on the mouth. She seemed very happy with my answer. "I like you, too, Amy. A lot."

I felt myself flush with heat. “I’m glad you do.”

“Oh, I do.” She kissed me again, and again. Then she smiled brightly and pressed her pelvis against mine, very suggestively. She pressed it hard and swayed her hips back and forth, the friction causing me to grow wet. “Do you want to... be with me?”

I nodded, unable to speak.

She moaned with happiness and squeezed me in a tight hug. “Oh, Amy, I’m so glad! I wasn’t sure if you did.”

“I do,” I told her. I held her, my entire body brimming over with love for her. I’d never felt anything so absolutely pure.

We held each other for a few moments, and then she kissed me again. “You want to come over to my house tonight? My parents are asleep already. You can sleep in my bed with me.”

I almost fainted at the thought of it. There was nothing in the world I’d rather do. I nodded again. “That would be... wonderful.”

“Oh, Amy! You’re such a little angel.” She kissed me again, making me moan. “I wish I’d asked you sooner.”

“Me too.”

She laughed at that, and then took my hand. “Come on. We’d better clean up before they come back here looking for us.”

“Okay.” It was a good idea. We’d really made a mess, and we still had to finish washing the buckets and mixing more batter. It would take a good hour.

“God, I can’t *wait* to get home tonight!” she said. She was still holding my hand. “I’m going to make you feel so good!”

I wanted to tell her that she already had, but I think she knew.

## Chapter 3

I ended up following Dianne home that night. She lived closer to the park than I did, so it only took us about fifteen minutes to get to her house. It was just before midnight and, like she'd said, her parents were already asleep so I didn't have to sneak in.

It was a small, one-story house in a lower middle-class neighborhood, a lot like the one I lived in. There was nothing fancy about it; it was cozy and filled with well-worn furniture and budget-priced appliances.

There were a bunch of leftovers in the refrigerator from her parents dinner, fish and vegetables and rice, and Dianne made us each a nice plate and heated them up in the microwave. She also got us a couple of bottles of her father's beer, which was nice. I'd never had beer before, and it turned out I liked it a lot. We sat at the kitchen table to eat and kept smiling at each other and giggling, knowing we were going to be climbing into her bed together in just a little while. It was extremely exciting, and I was very well aware at the time that it was the best day of my entire life, at least so far.

After we ate, I made a quick call to my father. I knew he'd be sleeping already, but I wanted to let him know I was staying over at Dianne's so he wouldn't freak out in the morning when he realized I hadn't come home. He mumbled that it was no problem, and I said goodnight and hung up the phone. Then Dianne grabbed my arm and began pulling me down the short hallway.

"Time to get ready for bed!" she whispered excitedly.

My heart was fluttering wildly as she led me into the bathroom and closed the door behind us. She locked it and then grinned at me, turning and putting her hands on my hips. She gently backed me up against the towel rack.

"I'm so glad you're here!" she said softly.

“Me too.” We had washed up with a hose behind the funnel cake stand and changed out of our uniforms in the locker room, so we were nice and clean. Dianne looked so beautiful standing there in the little bathroom, and she was so *close*. I could see every little detail of her face under the bright light, and my heart wanted to melt with the pure, tender love I felt for her.

She leaned forward then and gave me a soft, sweet kiss on the mouth, very brief. It sent my pulse soaring, and I reached up and encircled her with both arms.

Dianne smiled and hugged me closer, at the same time claiming my mouth with hers. She drew me into a deep kiss, causing me to tremble with passion. I wanted her so bad! She was all I thought about from morning till night. She pressed herself against me further, sliding her tongue into my mouth and causing me to moan. I sucked on it as I held her, slipping my hands under her shirt and rubbing them up and down over her smooth back. Then her thigh pressed between my legs and she began stroking me with it, through my jeans.

I gasped into her mouth, causing her to break the kiss. “Sorry,” I muttered.

She was smiling. “Don’t be.” She eased up, taking a small step back. “We’ve got all night, Amy. All summer.”

Those last two words sent a surge of dread through me. She had mentioned when I first met her that she was moving to California at the end of August to begin attending college at Berkeley. It didn’t mean much at the time, but now it filled me with foreboding. She had quickly become the most important thing in the world to me. Was she really going to disappear in just one month? It was too horrible a thought to even consider. I tried to block it from my mind as I nodded and watched her reach for her toothbrush.

She brushed her teeth quickly, smiling at me in the mirror as I waited patiently beside her. I had my arm around her waist, feeling like the luckiest person on earth just for being there with her.

When she was done brushing her teeth she handed me her toothbrush, without rinsing it off. She was grinning happily. “Your turn!”

I took it from her, almost in a daze. “You want me to... use your toothbrush?”

She nodded and stepped behind me, slipping her arms around me and hugging me from behind. She nuzzled her face into the hollow of my neck and kissed me below the ear. “I want to share everything with you,” she whispered. “You’re like a dream come true.”

The love I felt for her then was almost enough to knock me down. I wanted to say the same exact thing to her, because it was true. The fact that she felt the same way I did made it so much better. Not able to speak, I slowly squeezed out some paste onto her toothbrush and slipped it into my mouth.

Dianne kissed my neck and rubbed her hands all over my abdomen as I leisurely brushed my teeth. The feel of her toothbrush in my mouth and the knowledge that it was hers, combined with the soft caresses of her hands over my body sent shivers of joy through my blood. I became so aroused I could hardly breathe. Then her hand moved down further and her fingers were slipping into the front of my pants.

I leaned back into her, my heart racing as I forgot all about brushing my teeth. She squeezed me tighter with one arm and slid her hand all the way down into my panties. I could feel her fingers brushing through my short, trimmed pubic hair and they just kept moving lower and lower. Then she was touching me where I wanted it the most, and I gasped again, swallowing most of the toothpaste in my mouth.

“Relax,” she whispered. I could feel her tongue licking the side of my neck as her fingers delved deeper, sliding over my swollen folds and then entering me.

“Oh, Dianne,” I moaned. I was already so close to the edge that it didn’t take much for her to send me over. As her thin, gentle fingers found my little nub I sucked hard on her toothbrush and pressed myself further back into her embrace. I felt my orgasm, my first one with Dianne, my first one that mattered, roaring down on me like a tidal wave. My muscles contracted against her sweet little fingers and suddenly I was moaning loudly, unable to help myself. She held me as I quivered, the spasms twisting through my depths. It was the most wonderful thing I’d ever felt, to come while in

Dianne's arms.

When the pulsations had finished working their way through me, she turned me around and pulled the toothbrush from my mouth. She kissed me.

"How are you, sweetie?"

I smiled. "I think I'm in love." I couldn't help it. It just came out.

Dianne giggled and kissed me again. "Wash your mouth out, Amy. I want to take you to bed now."

\*

Like with Brad earlier, I'm not going to go into all the details of what happened between us that night. I'm trying to give you a feel for the important parts of my past, and Dianne was the single most important part. Let me just say that that was indeed the best day, and the best night of my life, all things considered. The things I experienced that night, and the love I gave and received were the most joyous I could ever even contemplate. We didn't get to sleep until after 3am, and when we awoke with the sunlight flooding in through the windows, we continued where we left off.

\*

The next few weeks of my life were almost pure bliss. I didn't even feel like myself anymore. Dianne had made a new person out of me, and I was happy all the time. We went everywhere and did everything together. We even slept together every single night. My father wasn't interested enough to care, and Dianne's parents were always asleep when we arrived and gone by the time we awoke. On the weekends she stayed with me. My father was aware of her presence, but unaware of what we were doing in my little twin-sized bed. It was very crowded with the two of us, but I loved it that way. I loved Dianne, and I loved my life with her. Everything was so incredibly perfect that I knew it would all end up falling apart.



It had to. Nothing that good ever lasts.

When the end of the summer came around, and we finished our last day at the funnel cake stand, a heavy cloud hung between us. I tried to talk her out of moving away to California, as unfair as that would have been to her. She was already registered out there and ready to start college the very next week. Her father even had her tuition paid, and she already had an apartment secured with a roommate she hadn't met yet. Her life with me in New Jersey was about to end, and there was nothing I could do about it.

She tried her best to comfort me. She felt terrible about leaving me, too, but I could tell it wasn't quite as bad for her. She'd had two girlfriends before me and would undoubtedly have more after, whereas for myself I didn't see much of anything in the future. She promised that we'd keep in touch and get together any time the opportunity arose. She'd be coming back for Christmas, she said, for a whole week, and she went on and on about all the wonderful things we'd do together. It sounded great, but I knew it would probably never happen. She was leaving, and things would never be the same.

My depression came back strong before she even left. I cried whenever I wasn't with her, and even some of the time I was. I tried to stop loving her, but that was impossible. She meant more to me than anything, including myself.

I tried to think up ways I could go with her. She wasn't opposed to this, but I was only sixteen and that presented too many problems. Besides, as uninterested in me as my father was, he still loved me and would never agree to just let me leave like that. I would have to run away, and I don't think I was ready to do that. I kept seeing myself as being a dead weight around Dianne's neck, dragging her down and getting in the way of her education.

No, it was over. I felt it in my blood.

I said goodbye to her the day she left. She was getting a ride to the airport from her mother, and I hugged her fiercely, telling her I loved her and crying my eyes out. I was crying so hard I was shaking. She tried to console me, but it did no good. I stood there and watched the car drive away, feeling sick and hollow and alone.

When I'd lost my mother I didn't think anything could ever be worse.

This was worse.

It felt like my soul had been ripped out and murdered.

## Chapter 4

That next school year was reminiscent of the ones I experienced following the loss of my mother. I was completely isolated, my mind almost numb with despair and misery. I had no interest in anyone or anything. I somehow drifted through the days and did as little as possible in order to pass my classes. Something inside me didn't allow me to give up entirely, but the effort I put into my schoolwork was so minimal that it was hard to really consider it effort at all.

I thought about Dianne all the time. We did stay in touch online, but she sounded so happy and excited about her new school and her new roommate and her new friends that it broke my heart to even read the things she told me. She was no longer mine, and it hurt. I tried to feel happy for her, but I really only felt sorry for myself. I know that's a bad reflection on me, but it's the truth. I barely said anything when I responded to her messages, too ashamed to tell her what I was going through.

When Christmas approached and she emailed me, saying she wasn't going to be able to come home after all, it didn't surprise me. In fact, I was kind of relieved. She'd already been hinting about a new girlfriend, and I knew I wouldn't stand up to someone she met in college. Our time together was over and done, despite how much it still meant to me. I carried her with me in my heart, and always will, still loving what we once had even though it could never be again.

By the end of that school year I think I was finally starting to get over the whole thing. I was still depressed all the time, and still ignoring everyone and everything around me, but the love I had experienced with Dianne had taught me that there was a better way than the way I was carrying on with things, the way I was merely existing, and I thought that maybe I ought to try a little harder to snap out of it. I started to look at people again and pay more attention to what they were doing and saying. The boys didn't interest me at

all anymore, and I knew they never would. It was the girls I was paying attention to now.

Unfortunately, there were only a few girls I knew of at my high school who were lesbians, and I didn't like any of them. I mean, I didn't dislike them, but I didn't like them, either. Two of them were very masculine, loud and aggressive, which I didn't like at all, and the other one was very ugly. You might think I'm shallow for saying that, but I'm just telling you the truth. Dianne had been so amazingly beautiful and so loving and sweet, I knew I'd never find another girl like her. I had been spoiled. Of course, it was possible that there were other girls in my school who were lesbians and I just didn't know it, but that didn't help me any.

I began to feel a very strong attraction to several of the girls I'd known casually for years, even though I knew they were straight. There were lots of beautiful girls and sweet girls if you included all the straight ones, but again, it didn't do me much good. I stared at them anyway, and fantasized about them, too afraid to speak my feelings. I was so lonely and wanted a girlfriend so badly I couldn't think of anything else.

Summer eventually came and once again I found a job. I didn't even bother applying at Six Flags, because I couldn't face going back there and being reminded of my perfect summer with Dianne. Our little funnel cake stand would just have to be run by someone else, as sad as that seemed. I didn't even want to think about it. I took a job in a fabric store near the parkway, working the register and stocking the shelves. I worked mostly alone, which I suppose suited me, and the days slowly passed.

Before I knew it, summer was over and I was in my senior year of high school. Still no girlfriend, or any other friends for that matter. I was so used to being sad and depressed again that I didn't even really think about it anymore. It's just my natural state, I guess. Dianne had been a brief respite from my destiny of a lifetime of misery. God, I missed her so much!

I slogged through school again, barely even noticing what was going on. I was dimly aware that I was going to have to start college next year or find a more serious job, but I really wasn't in any position mentally to give that much thought. One thing at a time. The days turned into weeks, and the

weeks into months. Before I knew it, Christmas came and went again, and then New Years.

A funny thing happened just after New Years.

Like I told you already, me and my father never really spent much time talking with each other, and that certainly hadn't changed. We cared for and respected each other in our own devoid way, and we helped each other out like any family who shares the same house; he worked and paid the bills, and I did most of the grocery shopping, cooking and laundry. We were both naturally neat people and kept the place very clean. Neither of us had any complaints; we coexisted peacefully and without any real issues. But I was so used to him spending all his free time working from his easy chair that it came as a real surprise to me when he told me one night that he'd been dating a woman for the past several months.

At first I thought I'd misunderstood him. Surely, my father couldn't be dating anyone. He hardly ever even left the house other than to go to work. And since losing my mother, I never even thought he'd spent any time thinking about other women. That was kind of ridiculous, I know, but it's how I perceived things.

"What?" I asked him. He was sitting in his chair, as usual, with a stack of papers in his lap and a glass of iced tea on the end table beside him. I was lying on the couch and reading an English assignment, a novel called *Death On The Installment Plan*, by Celine.

He pursed his lips and rubbed his chin, an annoying habit of his when he was forced to repeat himself. "I said, I've been seeing someone. It's gotten pretty serious."

I closed my book, sitting up slightly. "Serious?" It was true that we didn't have a chatty, friendly relationship, but I was very comfortable living with him in our house, just the two of us. The idea of someone else suddenly intruding on that didn't bode well with me.

He nodded. He was an introvert, not unlike me, I suppose, and he was also a rather handsome man. He had just turned 38 and was still thin with a full

head of thick, dark hair. He wore glasses, and they lent him an air of intellectualism. There was no reason in the world why he wouldn't be interested in dating someone. I almost never thought about it, but he must have been just as lonely as me. "Very serious. In fact, this past week we've been discussing the possibility of..." He trailed off, looking away from me.

"Possibility of what?"

He did that pursing thing with his lips again, like he had to pucker them up in order to answer a question he'd rather not answer. "We're not sure. We've just been... discussing things."

"You mean like her moving in here?" This was an easy assumption, because otherwise he probably wouldn't have mentioned her to me at all.

He shrugged. "Maybe. Possibly."

"Where was I during all this dating? I never even knew you were seeing someone." I wasn't angry, just surprised. More than surprised, really; I was shocked.

"She hasn't been to the house yet. We've been working together for a couple of years now. We have lunch together, among other things." He smiled at me. "Her name is Susan. She wants to meet you."

"She knows about me?" I realized how stupid the question was as soon as I asked it.

"Of course. She knows all about you. I'm sorry I never mentioned her before, I just..." He shrugged again. "I never really thought it would lead this far. We were friends for a long time, and..."

He was good at not quite finishing sentences. "I can't believe you never even hinted at this before. You're really seriously thinking of having her move in here with us?"

His lips did that thing again, and he scratched his head. "Maybe. I'm not sure." He looked at me very directly. "I want you to meet her, Amy. I want to

make sure the two of you... get along. If the two of you... like each other, which I'm almost certain you will... well, then... why not?"

I had to think about it. It seemed to make sense. It would be completely unfair of me to deny him this, especially since I'd probably be moving out sooner or later anyway. I'd be graduating high school in June, and I'd also be eighteen soon. "Were the two of you thinking about getting married? Or just living together?"

"I don't know." He shifted in his chair, looking uncomfortable now. "Well, I mean, she did bring it up. But I just don't know. I guess the thing to do is to play it by ear."

"Does she have kids?" I had so many questions.

"No. No kids. She's all alone, never been married."

"How old is she? Is she pretty?"

He laughed, something he rarely did. "She's a little younger than me. Just a few years. And yes, she's pretty. I really think you'll like her, Amy." He picked up his iced tea and took a drink.

"When will I meet her?"

He shrugged again and licked his lips. "I don't know. How about tomorrow, at dinner?"

"That would be fine."

He nodded again and set his glass back down on the end table. "Good. I think it might be kind of nice... having someone here..."

I know he was worried about trying to justify replacing my mother. It wasn't necessary. It had been a long time, and he deserved not to be alone for the rest of his life. Just like I did. "It's okay, dad. I can't wait to meet her."

He smiled, looking genuinely relieved. "I'm glad to hear you say that."

“Maybe I can make that Mexican casserole you like.”

“No. Susan wants to bring dinner. You don’t have to do a thing.”

“Oh. Okay.” It sounded easy enough. Perhaps she really was a good person. I was certainly willing to give her a chance.

“Good, good. It’s settled, then. You’ll meet Susan tomorrow.” He sighed and bent back over his papers, losing himself in the world of accounting.

I sat and thought about things for awhile. I wasn’t sure what to make of any of it.

\*

Now, before we go any further, I just want to remind you that at the beginning of this book, I told you that I wanted to fill you in on some background information. Well, that’s what I just did. I was originally going to start this whole thing with the next chapter, but if I had done that you wouldn’t really know anything about me or what my life had been like up until now. I thought it might really be helpful for you to know about my mom and my trouble with those boys and especially about my wonderful summer with Dianne.

But really, what my story is about, is Susan.



## Chapter 5

I normally arrived home from school about an hour before my father got home from work, so the next day when I let myself into the house I was relieved to see that no one was there yet. I had been feeling nervous all day about meeting Susan, and was kind of halfway hoping she'd change her mind and decide not to come. I could always make spaghetti later and everything would continue on as normal.

I watched TV for a little while, as usual, and then did a little bit of homework. I didn't have much, and was still doing as little as possible in order to simply pass my classes. My future was in serious doubt and I didn't really care. When you're depressed all the time, that's kind of the way it goes.

My father got home at his usual time, about quarter after five. He greeted me and immediately took off his coat and started tidying up the room, looking as nervous as I felt.

"What time is she supposed to get here?" I asked him.

"I'm not sure. Could be any minute."

"Didn't she just leave work when you did?"

"No. She's part time. She only works six hours a day. So, she's had a couple of hours already to go home and prepare whatever she's preparing."

I watched him adjust the throw pillows on the couch and shook my head. "It looks fine in here, dad. There's no reason to straighten up."

He nodded. "You're probably right." He looked around, trying to determine if anything was out of place. "Still, it doesn't hurt."

“Why don’t you just relax? If you know her well enough to consider letting her move in here, I don’t see why she’d care if the pillows are crooked or not.”

Glaring at me, he puckered his lips. “Is that what you’re going to wear?”

I was wearing my school clothes, which were nothing special. White jeans and a pink polo shirt. “Is there something wrong with it? Shall I put on a dress?”

“No. No, no. That’s fine.” He disappeared into the kitchen and came back a minute later with a glass of iced tea, dropping into his chair and sighing. “I don’t know what I’m so worried about. I see her every day at work.”

“I’m sure everything will be fine.”

“Are you going to sit on the couch when she’s here? Or in the rocker?” There was a rocking chair in the corner that neither of us ever used.

“Do you want me to stay in my room? I don’t want to be in the way.”

“No! Of course not.” He took a gulp of tea. “The whole point is for you to meet her. I just... oh, jeez, I don’t know what I want.”

It suddenly occurred to me that maybe he didn’t even want this Susan coming over. Maybe he didn’t even like her. It was possible that she had pushed her way into his life and was somehow taking advantage of his unsure demeanor. He seemed happiest when he was lost in a tall stack of complicated papers. “It will be fine, dad. There’s plenty of room for both of us on the couch.”

He considered it and then nodded. He was just reaching for his briefcase in hopes of getting a little work done when the sound of a car engine filled the room. Then it stopped and a moment later a car door slammed. He hopped up out of his chair and dashed to the window, peeking out.

“It’s her. She’s here.”

“Jesus, dad, relax. We were expecting her, remember?”

He released the drapes and backed up, rubbing his hands together. You'd have thought he was a teenager preparing for his first date. No wonder I was such a mess. He glanced at me, tugging at his chin. "I think I'll have a little drink. A real one."

I know he kept a bottle of scotch in the cabinet above the refrigerator. He rarely touched the stuff, but he did imbibe every so often. I think he went through a fifth every two or three years. "That's probably a good idea."

He nodded and then unlocked the front door. He opened it before Susan had a chance to knock or ring the bell; there was just no way he could wait that long.

He smiled as he greeted her. "Susan! Hi!" He held the door open wide, a cold gust of January air blowing into the room.

As I watched, a woman appeared in the doorway. My father moved aside to allow her to enter, and she stepped up and into the living room, her blonde hair blowing around her head. "Hi, Jeffrey. Nice to see you." She was carrying several dishes, all of them covered in aluminum foil. She took a moment to kiss his cheek and then she was right there in the room, trying to pull the hair out of her face with one hand as she looked around.

My father closed the door, cutting off the wind. "Come on in. Let me take those." He hoisted the dishes out of her hands and stepped off to one side. "Susan, this is my daughter, Amy."

Still trying to fix her hair, Susan turned and looked at me. I was almost stunned when I saw her. I had been expecting someone rather unattractive and maybe even ugly. At the very least, someone with an obvious physical impairment. I'm not sure why; like I said earlier, my father was a relatively handsome man. But he was odd, too. Whatever the reason I had thought what I did, I couldn't have been more wrong. Susan was beautiful.

"Hi, Amy. It's so glad to finally meet you." She smiled at me, showing off her perfect teeth. My father had said she was a few years younger than him, but she looked to be almost a decade younger. I'd be amazed if she was a day over 30, and she could have easily passed for 27. Her face was lovely, almost

shaped like a heart with a cute little tapered chin. As she removed her overcoat, I could see that she was also very trim and shapely. She looked so good that it caused me to freeze up momentarily, unsure of what to say or how to act. I think what struck me the most were her eyes. Her eyes were a pure, icy blue. They were the same color as Dianne's eyes.

"Hi," I finally managed. I tried to smile, but I'm not sure if it worked. "It's nice to meet you, too."

As my father hurried into the kitchen with the food, muttering to himself about how hot the plates were, Susan draped her coat over one arm and reached out a hand for me to shake. "I've heard a lot about you." She was wearing a silky white button-down shirt and black slacks, and she had furry snow boots on her feet. She was gorgeous; there was no way in hell this was my father's girlfriend.

I reached up and took hold of her hand. It was cool and soft, the nails painted a pale pink. "I haven't heard much about you," I admitted. "But I'm looking forward to getting to know you."

She smiled brightly at my words. "Oh, that's so sweet! You're father told me you were a very amiable person. I see now he wasn't exaggerating."

I liked her right away. The only problem was, I liked her a little too much. I knew I'd have to be careful around her, or I'd end up doing or saying something stupid. I shrugged, feeling slightly embarrassed. "He said amiable?"

She giggled, causing my heart to flutter. "No, that was my word. I believe he said polite and gracious."

I nodded. "That sounds a little more like him. Would you like me to take your coat?"

Susan looked around for a place to put it. There were no coat racks or anything; my father hung his on a little hook off to the side of the front door, and I kept mine in my room. When she saw the empty rocking chair she motioned to it. "May I just set it on the chair?"

“Of course. That’s fine.”

I watched her fold it carefully and set it gently on the seat. It was a lovely coat; I recognized it as a belted white faux fur Shearling. It went wonderfully with her hair and her furry boots. She set it down and then looked around again, taking a hesitant step toward the couch.

“Please, sit down,” I told her. The couch was full sized, and I was scrunched off to one side of it. There was plenty of room.

“Thank you.” She smiled at me again and took a seat, setting her small white purse on the coffee table.

Just then my father appeared in the doorway, rubbing his head. “Um... I’m not sure what you want to do about dinner. Shall I get it set up now, or should we wait?”

“I guess we could eat now, if you’re hungry,” Susan answered. “That way nothing will need to be reheated.”

My father nodded. “Okay, good. I’ll get it ready.”

“Do you want help?”

“No. Just relax. It’ll just take a couple of minutes.” He disappeared back into the kitchen.

Susan sighed and settled back on the couch. She turned her head and looked at me. “It’s a very nice home you’ve got here. So cozy.”

“Thank you.” She was wearing a very subtle perfume, and I found it to be very alluring. I wanted to sit closer to her, but for all the wrong reasons. I felt very confused about this sudden development, and wasn’t sure what to say or how to act. If she’d been a homely old cow it would have made things much easier, although certainly not as interesting.

She saw the book I was holding and smiled again. “Wow, I haven’t seen that book in years.”

It surprised me that she'd ever seen it. It was very obscure, and I was really enjoying it. "You've read it?"

"I think I've read it three times. Have you read his first book? Journey?"

"No. Not yet, anyway. But I'd certainly like to. I love this one."

"It's wonderful. Did you meet Courtial yet?"

It took me a moment to realize she was referring to a character in the book. "No. Not yet. I'm not even halfway done."

"Oh, there's a lot of good stuff coming up."

It impressed me that she'd read the book. It also caused me to wonder further why she was interested in my father. She seemed far too good for him somehow. Maybe I just wasn't giving him enough credit. "Did you read it in high school?"

"No. I didn't discover it until college. It wasn't an assignment, it was just something I found on my own."

"Where did you go to college?"

"Rutgers."

"Did you like it?"

"Some of it, sure. Not all of it. I was taking eighteen credits a semester, and working twenty hours a week, so it was kind of rough. I think I went two whole years without sleeping more than four hours a night."

The thought of it made me cringe. "I was thinking about Rutgers. Or maybe Brown."

She nodded thoughtfully. She looked so adorable I wanted to scoot up next to her and put my arm around her. "I suppose it depends on what you're going for. What's your major?"

I smiled. "Watching TV and reading."

She laughed. Her laugh was as beautiful as the rest of her. It actually made me feel tingly, and a sudden wave of sadness washed over me that Susan was almost twice my age. If only I knew someone like her my own age, or if only Dianne hadn't moved away. Sitting beside her I began to feel even lonelier than I had before. "Well, you're in your final year of high school, correct?"

"Yes."

"I guess it's about time to make those tough decisions. If you really want to start college in the fall, you'll want to start applying as soon as possible."

She was right. My father had never even brought it up. I hadn't either. I was just sliding downhill and he wasn't paying any attention. It occurred to me that Susan might be a very good influence on both of us. "What did you go for? If you don't mind my asking?"

"I don't mind at all. I went for business administration. I can't say it paid off very well, but I did get a degree."

"Are you working in your field?"

She frowned. "No. I was, years ago. I was doing quite well until the economy went into a tailspin. Then I lost my job, and was unemployed for a couple of years. I finally ended up taking a job where your father works, but it's..." She shrugged. "Not what I really want to be doing. And it's only part time."

"I'm sorry to hear that." I really was. It hurt me to know that she'd lost what she'd worked for. I felt certain she didn't deserve it.

"You're a very nice young lady."

"Most people don't seem to think so."

"Really?" She seemed genuinely surprised by my response.

I was going to say something else, but then my father was calling us from the kitchen.

“Sounds like he’s ready for us,” Susan said.

I nodded. We both stood up and made our way into the kitchen.

\*

Dinner was a vegetable lasagna, a large tossed salad and garlic bread. It was delicious, and I ended up eating much more than I usually do. My father seemed to love it, too, as did Susan herself. The three of us polished off the entire thing, leaving not a crumb uneaten.

No one said much during the actual meal because of the focus we all had on the food itself. My father and Susan made a few little attempts at small talk, mostly work related, but none of it seemed to want to go anywhere. It didn’t appear to me that they were all that close or fond of each other. Of course, it’s hard to judge a relationship based on fifteen minutes, but that was my impression.

I was drinking a diet soda, as was Susan. My father had a glass of iced tea and a small glass of scotch. He’d offered some to Susan, but she declined. He took occasional little sips, as if it were medicine, which for him I suppose it was.

We sat around for a few minutes, sipping our drinks and feeling slightly awkward. Then Susan tried to lighten the mood.

“Too bad I didn’t bring any dessert,” she said. “I never even thought about it.”

“I couldn’t eat another bite,” I told her truthfully. “But dinner was delicious. Thank you very much for making it.”

“Yes, thank you,” my father chimed in.

Susan smiled at the comments. “You’re welcome. I’m glad you liked it.”

“I don’t think there’s any doubt about that,” my father said.



We looked at all the empty plates and dishes and Susan giggled. “No, I guess not.”

After that, everyone got quiet again and for some reason it occurred to me to suggest playing cards. It was something Dianne had taught me, and I hadn’t had a chance to play with anyone since she’d left.

“You mean, poker?” my father asked.

“Poker, or blackjack. Anything.” I was just trying to be social with Susan there, instead of slinking off to my room.

“I don’t know,” he said, pulling at his chin. “I still have a lot of work to do...”

“It sounds fun to me,” Susan said.

It made me happy when she said that. She could have easily blown me off and sided with my father, making some excuse why she had to get going. By saying it sounded fun, it made me think she actually liked me and liked the idea of spending some time together.

“Jeez, I don’t know,” my father complained. “Poker?”

“It doesn’t really matter what game,” I said. “I just thought it might be fun. Since we’re all sitting here anyway.”

“I say we give it a try,” Susan said. “I haven’t played cards in years.” She smiled at me. “As long as we’re not playing for money.”

It was finally agreed on that we would give it a try, and I went to get my deck of cards while they cleaned the dishes off the table. We all refreshed our drinks, and Susan accepted my father’s offer of a small glass of scotch. I would have liked a glass, too, but none was offered to me and I didn’t think it was a good idea to ask.

For the next half hour we played five card stud, taking turns dealing. Susan knew how to play, but my father had to be constantly helped along, and really bogged things down. I kept score on a little pad of paper for some reason, even though it didn’t really matter who won. Eventually we reached the point

where my father simply didn't want to play anymore and began muttering about all the work he had to do.

That was fine with me. It was impossible to have a conversation with Susan anyway, with him and his never-ending inquiries regarding what he should do next with the cards that he'd been dealt.

"I hate to be a party pooper," he said. "But I really do have a lot of work to catch up on."

"That's fine," I said. I began to put the cards away.

Susan watched me for a moment, and when my father stood up from his chair she leaned forward and grinned at me. "Maybe we could play a few hands, Amy. Just the two of us."

I loved the idea. My father, however, seemed startled by it.

"Really?" he asked her.

"Sure. You wanted us to get to know each other a little, right?"

"Yeah. Of course. I just..." He looked at me. "You don't have any homework you need to get done?"

"I did it before dinner." He could be hard to figure out sometimes. I wasn't sure what he wanted or expected us to do. I think what it all came down to was that he was uncomfortable when he wasn't working, and was so socially awkward, even with only his daughter and his supposed girlfriend, that he needed to escape. "You can get some work done, and we'll play a few hands."

He picked up his little drink and took a sip. "You don't mind?" he asked Susan.

She looked up at him. "I'm perfectly fine." She grinned. "I want to see if I can beat her."

My father nodded, trying to smile. Then he leaned over and gave her a little

kiss on the mouth. He looked very uncomfortable doing it, and it made me wonder again what exactly was going on between them. "Okay. You two have fun. I'll be in the living room."

After he left, I shuffled the cards again and started to deal. "Same game okay?"

"Same game is fine." Susan collected up her cards and took a peek at what she had. I watched her as she examined them, feeling a little excited being alone with her. I can't tell you how much I wanted to lean across the table and kiss her. And it wouldn't be one of those dry little pecks my father gave her, either.

She looked up, catching me staring. She smiled at me, leaning back in her chair. "Trying to read my expression?"

"No. I'm sorry." I tried to concentrate on the card game before I got too distracted. It felt like a strange sort of punishment, sitting there with her knowing that there was nothing I could do or say that would change the situation. If only she were my friend and not my father's; I wouldn't even care about the age difference. In fact, I kind of liked it.

We played a couple of hands, and she beat me both times. She seemed to be enjoying the game, and I was completely distracted by her presence and her perfume and her stunning appearance. I know this sounds bad, but I kept having little fantasies about showing her my room and the two of us ending up climbing into my bed together. She was so cute I could barely stand it!

We chatted on and off, but not about anything terribly interesting. She caught me staring at her a few more times, and each time I smiled and looked away, embarrassed. Finally, during our third hand, she caught me again and asked me if everything was okay.

"Fine," I said.

"You keep looking at me funny. Do I make you nervous?"

"No!" I took a deep breath and looked at her again. There were a lot of things

I wanted to ask her, and now seemed like a good time. Of course, there was no way I was going to tell her the reason I was really staring at her, so instead I said, “I was just looking at you because I’m trying to figure out why you like my father.” I said it quietly so that there was no way he could overhear.

Susan seemed surprised by my statement. She peeked into the doorway to make sure he wasn’t lurking with an ear cocked, and then looked back to me. “Is there a reason I shouldn’t?”

“No. I mean, I just...” I fidgeted with the cards in my hand, wondering how to phrase my thoughts. “You seem like maybe you’re too good for him.”

Her face broke into a smile. She leaned forward conspiratorially and laid her cards flat on the table. “What?” she whispered. “Why do you say that?”

“You just... you seem so nice. There’s nothing at all wrong with you.”

“Should there be?”

“Of course not. I mean... I just don’t understand...” I shrugged, not even sure myself what I was talking about. “He seems kind of boring, and you look like you could have any guy you wanted. It just makes me wonder why you chose him.”

She was still smiling. “I didn’t really *choose* him. We’ve been working together for over a year now, and we’ve gotten very close.”

“You don’t find him... kind of drab?”

Susan giggled at my choice of words. “Listen. I understand what you’re getting at. At least I think I do. But I’ve had several boyfriends over the last decade, and all of them turned out to be complete shits. Pardon my French. Your father is actually a very nice man. I’m sure you know that.”

I liked her more and more every minute. “I do. I’m sorry for prying.”

She reached across the table and took my hand in hers. It caused my heart to begin racing, and I leaned forward to be closer to her. If she had any idea how attracted to her I was, she’d probably run into the other room.

“You’re not prying, sweetheart,” she whispered. “You have every right to ask me anything you want. But please don’t think I’m interested in your father for some ulterior motive. I’m not. I absolutely promise you that. I spent the last ten years being verbally and emotionally and physically abused by a small assortment of assholes. I can’t deal with that anymore. I promised myself, never again.”

“I’m so sorry.” I squeezed her hand. The thought of anyone hurting her broke my heart.

“You don’t need to be. None of it is your fault.”

“I know. I just... I feel bad for what you’ve been through.”

“Thank you. Anyway, since I’m telling you this, the last man I was with put me in the hospital. He broke two of my ribs. That was the last straw. As soon as I was able to, I got my own apartment and shut myself off from everyone. I was alone for quite awhile. I wanted to be alone. I liked it, and it was safe. Then I met your father, and, well, we just kind of got along well. We like each other. He’s very kind, and very considerate. Very gentle. I’m not frightened around him. That’s important to me. I’ve never known a man like that before.”

I nodded. She seemed so sincere.

“I got tired of being alone, Amy. And tired of being abused. I hope you understand.”

I could see tears welling in her eyes and it made me feel terrible. Still holding her hand, I suddenly stood up, prompting her to do the same. Then I pulled her into a hug, wrapping my arms around her and holding her. “I do,” I told her. “I’m so sorry.”

Susan stiffened for a moment and then relaxed, returning my embrace. She felt so wonderful in my arms and I briefly felt guilty for holding her, even though I really was only doing it because I wanted to make her feel better. Her body molded to mine perfectly, and I couldn’t help but wonder what it

would be like to kiss her. I could feel her heart beating against my chest and I wanted to cry myself. Not just because of what she'd told me, but because she was so close to what I wanted and it seemed to me she was being wasted. First by the men in her past and now by my father. It was a mean thought in relation to my father, but it's how I felt.

After a short moment she pulled away, wiping her face. "Thank you for that." She smiled at me, so sweetly. "You're as kind as your father. I wasn't expecting that."

"I'm glad you think so."

"I do." She sat back down and took a small sip of her scotch.

I joined her at the table, and scooped up my cards. "I hope I didn't freak you out by hugging you. You just looked so sad..."

"You didn't freak me out at all. I thought it was sweet." She looked at me earnestly. "I was actually really nervous about coming here tonight and meeting you. I feel silly now. If I'd have known how nice you were, and how much I was going to like you, I would have been begging Jeffrey to let me come over sooner."

Her words warmed my heart. "I'm glad you're here. It gets really... boring around here." I was going to say lonely, but thought better of it. I had a feeling I would be even more lonely if she lived there, as long as she was someone else's.

"Maybe I could come back again soon. I could bring another nice dinner."

I smiled. "That would be great."

"What's your favorite meal? Perhaps I could make it for you."

I thought about it. "After tonight, it may very well be vegetable lasagna."

Susan laughed at that and I felt it all the way to my core. I was actually falling in love with her. It seemed completely insane. "Maybe I'll just have to bring another one."

I nodded. "You could bring anything you want. Or I could make something, and give you a break."

She grinned at me. "Maybe we could cook together sometime."

"I'd love that."

"I think I would too."

We sat looking at each other for a moment and then she reached across the table and took my hand again. I loved it when she did that. "So you don't have any problem with me seeing your father? You're really okay with it?"

No, I wanted to say. *I'd prefer it if you saw me, instead.* But there was no way I could tell her that. It would probably make her loathe me, anyway. "I'm fine with it, Susan. I like you."

She squeezed my hand and beamed. "I like you, too. I think we're going to be very close."

"I hope so."

She released my hand and I was just reaching for my soda when my father stepped back into the room.

"How are you two doing?"

We both smiled and nodded. "Fine."

## Chapter 6

For several days after meeting Susan, I was in a daze. You should have a pretty good idea by now how emotional I am and how every little thing has an almost profound effect upon me. I thought about her day and night, always wondering what she was doing and what she was wearing and what she was thinking. I had hundreds of little fantasies about her, almost all of them fairly innocent but still probably unconventional enough to be considered detestable by society in general. Of course, I didn't care much for society; I never had.

I drifted through the days, thinking about Susan and little else. I began to ask my father when she was going to be coming back again, but he was unsure and a little bit confused as to why I was so interested. I simply told him that I liked her, and left it at that. He seemed glad that I did, but it seemed to me that I spent more time thinking about her than he did, which was strange.

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It was a full week after her first visit when Susan finally came back. My father informed me the night before, and I spent the whole night lying in bed thinking about her. I held my pillow to my breast and pretended it was her, kissing her softly and telling her how beautiful she was. It probably sounds sad and pathetic to you, but while I was doing it it felt wonderful. My imagination is very good and I almost felt like she was really there with me. It got so I wanted her not just physically, but with all my heart.

School dragged on slower than ever that day. I'd look at the clock every few minutes only to realize the minute hadn't changed. It seemed crazy that I was so excited about seeing her, when she really had so little to do with me. It made me wish more than ever that I had a real girlfriend, and the sadness poured over me. I was such a mess.



When I finally got home, I took a shower. I didn't normally do that, but I wanted to be clean and fresh, just in case she noticed. I thought about getting dressed up nice, too, but then it occurred to me that she was not only my father's girlfriend, but that she liked men. Who was I kidding? I got dressed back into my school clothes and sat on the couch, trying to get my homework out of the way.

Soon my father got home, and he went about his little clean-up routine. I was glad this time around, because it showed me that he cared enough about her to bother, and I felt she deserved as much. At least I hoped she did. I really didn't know her very well, despite my infatuation with her.

We sat around, him sipping his first scotch since the previous week while doing paperwork, and me reading my Celine book. It seemed now that I'd met his friend and approved of her, he didn't feel the need to talk to me anymore. That was fine; I was used to it.

Susan arrived a little before six. I was just starting to worry that she wasn't going to make it when I heard her car pull up. This time it was me who got excited; my father just sat there, scribbling faster with his pen as if he knew a major distraction was imminent. I got up and answered the door just before she had a chance to knock, or ring the bell, or whichever one she'd choose if given the chance.

Her face lit up when she saw me, and it warmed my heart. There was no way someone could smile like that if they weren't legitimately glad to see you. I was glad to see her, too, with her gorgeous blonde hair blowing in the wind, and her adorable face and her bright blue eyes. She had on her white faux fur coat again, and was carrying another bundle of dishes. "Amy! Hi!"

"Hi Susan." I held the door open for her, and she climbed in.

My father put his papers down for a moment and rushed over to take the dishes out of her hands. He also gave her a little kiss, but it's barely worth mentioning. He gave her half a smile and said, "Nice to see you."

Susan kissed him back and made a joke about not seeing him for over two hours. He nodded politely and carried the food into the kitchen.

I shut the door and stepped closer to her as she was removing her coat. I couldn't wait to see what she was wearing. She was really here! My heart was racing as if she were mine. The exotic, subtle scent of her perfume filled the room, making me almost swoon. "May I take your coat?"

She smiled at me and handed it over. "Thank you very much."

"You're very welcome." I folded the coat very carefully, trying not to let her see that I was kind of hugging it to me and inhaling her scent from it. As I set it gently on the rocking chair, I gazed at her, taking in her outfit. She was dressed very casually, with faded jeans and a light green silk shirt. She had on her snow boots again, and they looked so cute on her I wanted to cry.

"I feel bad you had to cook again. Next time you've got to let me take a turn."

"Maybe," she said. She rolled up her sleeves partway and then did something that completely amazed me: she held her arms out as if in preparation for a hug. My mouth opening, I immediately took a step toward her. I must have looked confused, because she gave me a shy little grin and said, "A little hug?"

Oh my god! It was almost too good to be true. I went right to her and threw my arms around her. I hugged her fiercely, causing her to giggle. Her body felt so wonderful in my arms, and when her arms encircled me I almost gasped with pleasure. I buried my face in her soft, clean hair and breathed deeply, holding her tight. For just a moment everything in the world was perfect. We fit together so well that it was like we were meant to be. Then suddenly she let go of me and pulled back.

"I'm sorry," I said, straightening up. "Did I squeeze you too hard?"

"No! Not at all!" She looked very happy. "You sure do make me feel welcome."

I felt dizzy. "You *are* welcome."

"I forgot how sweet you are."

“You should come by more often.”

The look on her face when I said that was heartrending. It was as if no one had ever said anything so kind to her, and she wasn't sure how to respond. “I'd like to,” she finally said. “I really would.”

I motioned to the couch and stepped over, taking a seat. “Why don't you?”

Susan sat down, but far on the opposite end. We were in the same position we'd been in the previous week. “I would have. I just wasn't sure...” She took a deep breath. “I don't want to push myself on anyone. Jeffrey invited me a couple days ago, but I thought I ought to wait. I don't want the two of you getting sick of me, or dreading my visits.”

“Are you kidding? I wish you were here all the time.” It was a stupid thing to say. I said it without thinking, and the surprise was clear on her face.

“Really?”

“I'm sorry.” For some reason, I didn't want her thinking I was infatuated with her, even though I was. “I just mean, it gets really boring around here. No one ever comes over. Having you here last week was really nice.”

She settled back, sinking into the cushions. When she looked at me, her eyes were very solemn. “You know, Jeffrey and I talked at length about the possibility of us... maybe at some point living together. But he made it sound as though you wouldn't approve.”

“He said that?”

“No. But he implied it. He said that he thought you might... resent me. As if I were trying to take the place of your... mom.”

“Are you kidding?” I wasn't surprised he'd say something like that because it had come up before, many years ago, when I'd asked him why he never dated anyone. “I lost my mom when I was practically a child. I'm going to be eighteen this summer.”

“I know. But he made me feel as though... we should wait. For your sake.”

“That’s ridiculous. I would never accuse you of anything so silly. Just the idea of it...”

“I know. That’s why I’m telling you this. It seems ridiculous to me, too.” She smiled warmly. “I almost get the feeling that you’d like me around as much as he would.”

It frightened me a little that it was that obvious, but there was no way I was going to disagree with her. “I do want you around. I like you.” It made me wonder what, exactly, her living situation was. “Do you rent an apartment?”

“Yes. Month to month. It’s alright, for now.”

“Well, if he really thinks --”

Just then my father stuck his head in the door. “Dinner’s ready.”

We nodded and stood up.

“Maybe we could discuss this over dinner,” Susan said.

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Dinner this time around was an oriental-style chicken and rice stir-fry, with lots of vegetables, even those little mini corn cobs and lots of water chestnuts, which I loved. There were even egg rolls, and it was all homemade. We dug in and lost ourselves in the delectable meal, hardly able to speak until we were at least partially full.

“I could really get used to eating like this,” my father commented.

I could tell Susan appreciated the comment. I was going to counter with a remark about my own cooking skills, which were not at all bad, but decided not to. Instead I nodded and told her it was delicious.

“Thank you. It wasn’t really difficult.”

“I’ll bet the egg rolls were kind of tricky,” I said, helping myself to another one.

She smiled. “I’ve got a good cook book.”

“I could buy the same one,” my father said. “And there’s no way I’d be able to cook like this.”

Susan giggled politely. She seemed very happy at our table, with us showering her with praise. I really liked her there, and hoped she’d end up moving in with us.

We finished dinner, and then another dish was unveiled, this one containing dessert. It was a beautiful little chocolate hazelnut cake, with little crushed hazelnuts all around the edges. My father jumped up and cleared our plates away, replacing them with little dessert plates and clean forks.

“It looks too good to eat,” he said, hovering over it with a knife.

“Oh, just cut it. I could always make another one next week.”

“Or sooner,” I blurted.

They both looked at me, and then at each other.

“Sorry,” I said. “I just thought it might be nice if Susan was here more often.”

They both nodded, my father looking a little nervous all of a sudden. “It would be nice,” he agreed. He began cutting the cake, placing a piece on each of the three little plates.

When we each had a plate in front of us and were all seated again, Susan looked over at my father. “Amy and I were talking about the same thing you and I were discussing these past few weeks.” She cut off a piece of her cake and slipped it into her mouth.

My father also took a bite. “Oh?”

“You know, about my living situation.”

He nodded. “This is fantastic. You really made this?”

Susan smiled. “It wasn’t difficult. Same cook book.”

“That’s a hell of a book you’ve got.”

She laughed, cutting off another piece with her fork. “It is a nice one.”

I tried a piece of the cake myself. I was much more interested in the discussion which was taking shape than in the cake, but the cake was indeed terrific. “My god,” I said. “This is better than the bakery.”

“It really is,” my father agreed, gobbling up some more.

“I’m glad you both like it. I’ll have to make it again sometime.”

We ate in silence for a moment and then my father cleared his throat. “So... what precisely did the two of you decide?”

“We didn’t decide anything,” Susan said. “We were just talking it over.” She looked at me. “But Amy seems to be fine with the idea.”

He looked at me, his fork dangling in front of his mouth. “You’d really be okay with it?”

“Sure.”

“I don’t want you to feel like you don’t have some say in this, because you do. This is your house, too, and I don’t want you to feel uncomfortable here.”

“It’s fine, dad. I like Susan. If the two of you are going to be together, it would only make sense.”

He ate another piece of his cake, looking at Susan. “You want to do this? For real?”

She nodded. “I don’t want to force myself on anyone. But if the two of you

genuinely want me to move in, I'd love to. I like both of you so much, and I think it would make things easier for us all. I'd be able to make nice dinners like this every night."

"I'll be fat by summer," my father complained.

Susan laughed. "That's your problem. I'll still love you."

He blushed at this, and quickly glanced at me, as if gauging my reaction to her words. I did my best to keep my expression neutral. "I'll just have to cut back my portion sizes. And maybe exercise a little more."

"That's a fine idea. I can cook light, too. And only make desserts once a week."

"You don't have to sell me on anything. It's really up to Amy." He looked at me again. "Why don't you think it over? There's no rush."

"I don't know what I need to think about," I said. "I'm fine with the idea. I think it would be fun having Susan here."

Susan was obviously pleased by this. She smiled at me again and set her fork down. "You know, I didn't pay my rent yet for February. Technically, I could just let them keep my security deposit and leave there by the end of this month."

My father's eyes widened at this bit of news. "So soon?"

She looked suddenly crestfallen. "No. I'm sorry. We can wait --"

"No, no, I didn't meant it like that." He put his fork down and wiped his mouth. His face was turning red. "I just... wasn't sure when we were talking about. The end of the month is fine."

"You can start moving your stuff in right away," I said. "So you don't have so much work to do all at once."

That brightened her expression again, and it made me feel glad to be the cause of it. She looked at my father. "I don't know. If it's really too soon..."

“No. I’m sorry I said that. It just took me by surprise, that’s all.”

“You could start coming over every day,” I offered. “Bringing a suitcase or two, instead of dinner. You can let me cook for the next couple of weeks, and before you know it you’ll be all moved in.”

She nodded. “That sounds like a really good idea. But now I’m wondering if I shouldn’t wait a little longer. Maybe a couple more months, to give you two some time...”

“No,” my father said again. “I really didn’t mean anything. I want you to move in. We’ve already discussed it, and if Amy likes the idea, there’s no reason to wait.”

“I could help you this weekend,” I told her. “I’ve got no plans. We could load up your car and make a bunch of trips.”

She smiled at me again. I could tell I was making her happy with my enthusiasm, and that was my intention. “You’re so thoughtful.”

I nodded. “I’d really like for you to move in. I feel like I’d have a new friend.”

“You would!” she said happily. “So would I.”

“Well, it’s settled, then,” my father said, picking up his fork. “Just start moving in whenever you feel like it. Me and Amy will make a few changes here to better accommodate your stuff.”

Everyone felt a lot better after that. We finished our cake and Susan began to quiz me about colleges again. It was her opinion that I ought to get started right away with the application process. I readily agreed to her suggestion and began to feel very excited about everything. It was like she breathed life into me again. Everything seemed suddenly perfect.

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When we were done in the kitchen, the three of us decided we'd watch a movie together. There was one coming on cable at just that time that my father and Susan both wanted to see, and so we moved into the living room, taking our drinks with us.

My father picked up the remote and found the right channel while Susan and I took our spots on the couch. I sat a little closer to the middle, and I was extremely pleased to see that she did, too. I felt that she was really my friend now, and not just my father's.

Then my father turned around and looked at us, making no move to sit in his chair.

"Something wrong?" I asked him.

He shrugged, licking his lips. "You want to take a turn in my chair?"

The question annoyed me. It was his chair and he always sat in it. I'd made the mistake of sitting in it only once before, very soon after he'd bought it, and he'd let me know in no uncertain terms that it was his chair. The couch was mine, he'd said. Now, with Susan there, he suddenly changed his mind. Of course, it would have been unreasonable of me to not move and allow him to sit beside his girlfriend, but it still bothered me. "Sure," I said quietly. I felt the familiar wave of sadness come over me as I got up and moved away from Susan, taking my place in his big dumb chair.

I watched as he plopped himself down right in the middle of the couch, taking another sip of his little drink. He set it on the coffee table and then turned up the volume on the TV just as the movie was starting.

Susan, I saw, slid a little closer to him and then his arm came up and went around her shoulders. She leaned into him, seemingly very content and satisfied. It hurt me to see this, and I looked away. I still felt my father didn't deserve her for some reason. He didn't even strike me as being a real man. Of course, considering what Susan had told me, that was kind of why she liked him.

I sat and stared at the TV, paying no attention whatsoever to the movie. I no

longer wanted to watch it, or even be in the room. I felt bitter and somehow betrayed. It was senseless, I know, but it's how I felt.

I sat there with my eyes half-closed, losing myself in a little fantasy. In my fantasy, Dianne was there, squeezed into the chair beside me. We had our arms around each other, just like my father and Susan, only we were much happier and really in love. I felt better while pretending she was there, but every once in awhile I'd sneak little glances at the two of them and I'd instantly feel rotten again. After forty minutes or so I got sick of it and stood up, telling them I was going to read my book in my room.

They acted surprised I didn't want to watch the rest of the movie, but I really didn't. I hadn't paid attention to a single minute of it. I said goodnight to them and retrieved my book from the coffee table.

Then I walked down the hall and went to bed.

## Chapter 7

If anything good came of that night, it's that I was no longer infatuated with Susan. I mean, maybe I was, but I no longer allowed myself to believe that I'd ever be with her other than as a friend, or perhaps as a stepdaughter. I was still very friendly to her, and I did help her move, but I was also somewhat distant. No more hugging her coat or trying to intentionally inhale her perfume. No more hugging *her*, either, as much as I wanted to. I'd just be torturing myself if I allowed that to continue.

She moved in with us slowly during the course of the next week or two, and began sleeping over in my father's bed. It made me feel even worse than I thought it would, knowing they were in there together. I began to wish I'd never been so enthusiastic about her moving in. I was well aware that the entire dilemma was the result of my own unreasonable inclinations, but that didn't make it any easier for me. I spent more and more time alone in my room, trying to keep her out of my mind.

She must have noticed the change in me, but she was so busy trying to keep my father happy that she didn't pursue the cause of it. At least that was my impression. Maybe she just figured the novelty of her being there had worn off, and that's why I paid so much less attention to her.

She was always the first one home now, and when I returned from school she'd be in the kitchen cooking away. Sometimes I'd offer to help her, and sometimes she'd take me up on it, but for the most part she did the cooking. I spent most of my free time reading. I liked having my mind elsewhere, where it wasn't so depressing.

Eventually, she was all moved in. Her and my father went through a little lovey-dovey phase where they sat together on the couch every night and went to bed together, always at the same time. There was no animosity, or hard feelings; I don't want to give you that idea. I still found Susan thrillingly

attractive, and secretly wanted her for myself, but I had come to understand it would never happen, and so avoided her much of the time for my own peace of mind.

\*

The days and weeks passed without anything really interesting happening. When Valentine's day arrived my father took her up to some fancy hotel in New York and I had the place to myself for one night. Susan had the house fairly well stocked with wine by then, which was her drink of choice, and I helped myself to a bottle of it while they were gone. I drank it right out of the bottle while lying on the couch and watching TV. I imagined that Dianne was with me, but of course she wasn't. That was my Valentine's day. I woke up with a hangover the next morning, but still went to school.

By the middle of March it began to finally warm up, and the giant piles of ice and snow slowly shrank down to dirty heaps of slush. Spring was in the air, and it seemed as though everyone had somebody to love except me. Even my boring old father.

I continued to wade through the endless days, with nothing to look forward to. I had given up on the college applications, no longer really caring about school. At that point I couldn't even contemplate another four years of school, let alone one ten times harder. I figured I'd graduate high school and find the best paying job I could; I'd worry about college next year. I needed a little time to figure things out first.

It was at about that time I began to notice that Susan and my father were no longer sitting together on the couch every night. I don't think it happened all at once, but I admit I wasn't paying as much attention to them as I once had. Sometimes they would still cuddle up there, and sometimes they wouldn't. But my father seemed to be back in his chair more often, with his big piles of papers, and Susan would be lying on the couch watching television. I kept thinking they were drifting apart, and I'd start getting these crazy ideas about how I would end up winning Susan's affection and steal her away from him, and then the next night they'd be back on the couch, leaning into each other

and looking happy as clams.

I guess I never really stopped wanting Susan. I just stopped letting myself dwell on it.

It was the first week of April, when the weather really started warming up, that my father announced to me that they were going to be getting married. I was stunned, although I'm not sure why. If I had to guess, I would have said they were more likely to break up than to get married, but of course I didn't know everything that was going between them, nor did I want to.

I congratulated him, and her, and wished them well. I made a promise to myself that as soon as I graduated high school I'd take the first job I could find and the first apartment I could afford, and move out. I was no longer comfortable living there. I felt like an outsider.

They decided not to have a wedding, but just to get married in a courthouse. Or, I should say, my father decided. He hated the idea of spending his hard-earned money, and a wedding probably would have wiped him out.

A few days before they were due to get married, Susan knocked on my bedroom door. It was well after dinner, and I was lying in bed reading. I called out for her to come in, and she did.

She stood there gazing around my room, looking painfully beautiful in a loose fitting t-shirt and a baggy pair of shorts. She couldn't avoid looking beautiful if she'd tried. She smiled sadly at me and asked if I had a few minutes to talk.

"Of course," I said. I put my book aside, which was *Hunger*, by Knut Hamsun. She had bought it for me as a gift, and I was loving it. She had very good taste in books.

"Can I sit down?" she asked.

I sat up in my bed, swinging my legs out of the way to make room for her. "Sure."

“Thank you.” She lowered herself onto the mattress and grinned at my progress in the book. “How do you like it so far?”

“I love it. I’m almost afraid to finish it, because I don’t want it to end.”

She laughed quietly. Her hair was messy and uncombed, making her look wild and sexy. I began to feel very aroused having her there on my bed. My god! How could my father have ended up with such a remarkable woman? It made no sense. “I know what you mean. But you can always read it again. I think I read that one four or five times.”

“I know I’ll read it again. Every book you’ve recommended to me so far is one I’m planning to read again.”

She smiled, appreciating my comment. “I’m glad. It’s nice to have somebody to share all my favorites with. I’ve never had a friend who likes to read as much as you do.”

I nodded. I felt glad that she thought of me as her friend. “I’ll be ready for another one real soon.”

“Don’t worry. Just let me know when you finish that one. I’ve got another one ready and waiting for you.”

She was very thoughtful, and it made me sad to think I’d been ignoring her so much. I was only doing it to protect my own feelings, but I think at that moment I realized that it was hurting her. “Thank you,” I said. “I wish I had some to offer you.”

“Don’t worry about that. I think I’ve already read all the good ones.”

We sat looking at each other for a moment. She’d never come into my room and sat on my bed before, and I was wondering exactly what was going on. I hoped she’d get to it soon, because all the love and desire and longing I’d kept bottled up inside me over the past few months was threatening to spill out at the sight of her sitting there like that. “So what’s up?” I prompted.

She chewed her lower lip almost shyly, and it made me want to gather her up

in my arms and hold her. It was so hard being near her and having to be so far away, too. "I wanted to talk to you about a few things." She looked me in the eyes, appearing almost nervous. "There's a lot on my mind, and I just wanted to... try and talk things through with you."

"You can talk to me about anything, Susan. Any time."

She licked her lips. I wanted to lick them, too. "Thank you. I wasn't sure."

"Is this about getting married?"

She shrugged. "Some of it is. Some of it's not." She pushed a strand of hair out of her eyes and held her gaze steady. "I have to admit, I'm really nervous about the whole thing. And I want to make sure that you're still okay with it."

"Of course I am." I really wasn't sure if I was or not, but I wanted to make her feel better. "What matters is that it's what you want."

"Yeah. But it matters to me what's right for you, too."

"It's fine with me. I think it's great." I was unable to put any enthusiasm in my voice, and she looked at me skeptically. "Really," I added.

Surprising me, she reached over and took my hand. She held it in both of hers, and my heart began pounding at the intimacy of her touch. "Amy, when I first met you, you seemed as though you really liked me. I was so excited about that. You made me feel so welcome, and so good, and I honestly believed that you and I were going to be such good friends."

"We are," I tried.

"We're not. You seem to distance yourself more and more from me. You hardly even talk to me anymore, except about books. It makes me feel as though I've done something wrong, but for the life of me, I can't figure out what it is." The sadness in her eyes and in her voice was breaking my heart.

"You haven't done anything wrong." I had to look away from her for a moment.

“Are you mad at me? Upset with me?”

“No. Not at all.”

She squeezed my hand. “Amy, that’s not true.”

I looked at her again. “It is true. I’ve never been mad at you.”

“Okay, maybe you’re not mad. But something is definitely wrong. Is it because I’m planning on marrying your father?”

I had to look away again. “No.”

“It is, isn’t it? You don’t want me to.”

“That’s not it.”

She squeezed my hand again and stroked it with hers. I wanted to hold her so bad I began to tremble. “Then what is? Please, Amy, this has been driving me crazy. I think about you in here every night, wondering why you don’t want to be around me anymore. Why you seem to be resentful toward me.”

“I’m not resentful!” I hated this. It wasn’t fair to either one of us, but I didn’t know what to do or say about it.

“If you say you’re not, then I believe you. Looking back, it was your idea to have me move in as soon as possible. So maybe I’m wrong about that part of it. But, Amy, what is it? I was so much looking forward to us being friends. I don’t like it the way it is now.”

“I don’t either,” I said. There were tears in my voice, and she held my hand tighter.

“Well let’s change it, then. What can we do? Please tell me what’s bothering you, and I swear to you, I’ll do anything I can to make things better.”

I began to cry; It just happened. I tried to hold it back, and failed. There was just no way to tell her the truth, but if I didn’t she’d think I didn’t like her. I couldn’t win.



She shifted on the bed, moving closer to me and awkwardly putting an arm around me. I loved her for making such a sweet gesture and moved over, so that we were sitting side by side. She pulled me close and kissed my hair, making me cry even more. “Amy, what is it? Please tell me.”

I tried quickly to come up with some type of lie, but there was just nothing there. Nothing would make sense of my behavior besides the truth, and I couldn’t possibly tell her the truth. Could I? “I can’t.”

She pulled me even closer, rubbing my back. “You *can*.”

“I *can*’t, Susan. You don’t understand.”

“I *want* to understand. It’s no good the way it is. Please tell me what’s wrong, sweetheart.”

Maybe it was that word. I’m not sure. But something in me broke away and I realized that it would be forever unfair and virtually intolerable for both of us if I continued to keep my feelings a secret. I looked at her, tears streaming down my face. “You... you don’t really want to know.”

“I *do*.” She looked at me so earnestly and with such an affectionate expression that I almost melted. “I care about you, Amy. I’m planning to marry your father in a few days. We’re going to be around each other for years and years. I don’t know how to get through to you that you can tell me *anything*.”

“But...”

“Anything, Amy. I like you so much, and I want to like you even more. Please, tell me what’s bothering you. Is it just... you don’t like me?”

I threw my arms around her and cried even more. She hugged me tight, rocking me back and forth in her arms. She had no idea what was going on. “Please don’t think that I don’t like you,” I moaned. “You couldn’t be more wrong.”

She kissed my forehead. “What is it, sweetie? Tell me.”

I tried to force myself to stop crying. It wasn't doing either of us any good. I sat up, wiping the tears from my eyes. "I..."

"What? Tell me."

"I... I can't."

"Amy, *please*! How can we make this better if you don't tell me?"

"We can't," I sobbed.

"We *can*. I promise we can."

We couldn't keep going around in circles. I had to spill my guts. I looked at her, tears still streaming down my cheeks. "Susan... I'm..."

She stroked my back, taking my hand again in hers and holding it. "Tell me."

"Susan, I'm gay."

She looked startled and more than a little confused by my confession. She frowned. "That's it? That's what's bothering you?"

There was a lump in my throat, and I fought to swallow past it. When I did, she was still looking into my eyes and waiting. "Not exactly."

"Well, what is it? You think I'm not going to like you because of that?"

I shook my head. "That's not the problem."

"Well, what *is*?"

"The problem is..." My breath hitched and I needed a moment to compose myself. Was I really going to tell her? I had to. "Susan..."

"Yes?"

"I'm in love with you."

I don't think she was expecting that. She stared at me for a moment, her mouth slightly open. "Love?"

I nodded, my face scrunching up as more tears spilled down. "I'm sorry."

"You're sorry? For what?" She was trying to say the right thing, but it was obvious she was struggling to make sense of things. "Honey, you didn't do anything wrong."

"I know. And neither did you. It's just... I'm sorry."

She slid her hand up and down my arm, trying to console me. "Stop saying that. When you say you're... in love with me... what does that mean?"

"It means that I am."

She nodded thoughtfully. "You know that I'm not..."

"I know. There's no solution. It's just unfortunate."

"Amy, I'm so sorry. I had no idea."

"I know." I squeezed her hand. Now that she knew my secret, I actually felt a little better. "It's just really hard being around you. You have no idea what it does to me."

"God, I feel terrible."

"Please don't. I don't want you to. I like you so much." I groaned. "Maybe too much."

She rested her head on my shoulder. "Oh, Amy. I never would have guessed. I thought I had done something wrong..."

"No." I sniffed, wiping my nose. "I kind of fell in love with you right away. I think about you all the time. But I know... I know that's wrong, and that's why I said I'm sorry."

"It's not wrong. It's just what you feel. And there's no need to be sorry."

“Now you’re going to be really uncomfortable around me, knowing how I feel about you.”

She lifted her head, looking at me. “No. I’m not.” She ran the back of her hand over my cheek. “I feel love toward you, too, Amy. Just not... the same kind, maybe.”

I laughed bitterly. “No. I know that already.”

“God, what are we going to do?”

“There’s nothing we can do. I just need to get over you.”

“And that’s why you’ve been avoiding me.”

“Yes. I’m sorry.”

“Please stop saying that.” She kissed my cheek, causing my heart to race all over again. “And seeing me with your father probably doesn’t help, either. Oh, hell. It all makes sense to me now.”

We sat in silence for a few minutes, holding each other and coming to grips with this information we now shared. Then she ran her fingers through my hair and cocked her head, so she could see my eyes. “Have you ever had a girlfriend before?”

“Yes.” I debated whether or not to tell her about Dianne, and decided I should. I really liked Susan a lot, aside from being in love with her, and the idea of talking candidly to her greatly appealed to me. It had been so long since I had a real friend, and like she’d said, we had planned on being friends with each other since the beginning. I began to tell her the story of my summer at the funnel cake stand, and in doing so felt much better, and much closer to her.

She hugged me very lovingly when I was finished. “Honey, I had no idea you’ve been struggling with this all alone for so long.”

I nodded. “It actually feels good to tell you about it. It’s like... I don’t know... like I got something off my chest, I guess.”

“You did. And I want you to know you can tell me anything, whenever you want to. Anything at all.”

“Thank you, Susan.”

She kissed me on the forehead again. “You’re welcome.”

We spent a little while just talking things over after that. She was very nervous about marrying my father and wasn’t sure she was doing the right thing. We went over the pros and cons of it, and she said she’d do some deep thinking that night. It was wonderful to sit there on my bed and chat with her about whatever we felt like talking about. She was a real friend now, and I didn’t see anything changing that. I’d never have her as a girlfriend, which I’d already accepted, but I sure as hell wasn’t going to turn my back on her as a friend again.

When she finally left my room that night, we both felt really good. Our problems were far from solved, but we both knew we had someone to talk to now.

I didn’t feel nearly as alone anymore.

## Chapter 8

My father and Susan ended up getting married at the courthouse as scheduled. I attended as a witness, as did one of their mutual friends from work, and then the two of them disappeared for a few days to Niagara Falls. Talk about originality. I figured it was close enough not to require a flight and inexpensive enough not to set my father back too much, so it was a perfect choice for him. Susan and I joked about it before they left, but I didn't want to joke too much for fear of hurting her feelings. She seemed happy enough with it, and neither of us had ever been there, so who knows. Maybe it really is a nice place.

When they got back, they didn't seem any different. They both wore rings now, but that was about it. Life carried on as usual, and the days turned into weeks. If anything really changed during that time, it was that Susan and I became closer. Not in any romantic sense, of course, but as friends. My father was back to sitting in his chair every night, and I would sit with Susan on the couch. We'd talk and watch television together, or sometimes just sit and read quietly. It was very peaceful, and we were very comfortable together.

I was still in love with her, and doing my best to suppress it. It wasn't easy, but I managed.

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In no time at all, it was summer again. I graduated high school, although not with the best grades in the world. Still, I was done with it and Susan came to my graduation. She was the only one there for me, as my father had to work and was simply too busy to leave early. Maybe next time.

I ended up getting my job back at the fabric store. It wasn't really what I

wanted, but I was content there, and I was already familiar with everything, including Mrs. Whipple, my boss. She liked me, and we got along just fine. Once she hired me back I stopped applying at other places and just settled in, thinking I'd take it easy for a year or so and save a little money.

I felt quite a bit happier working for a living. I highly preferred it to high school. There was really no stress, and no one to pick on me every day.

With Susan's help, I began applying to colleges. It was a long, slow process, and that was fine with me. I wanted a full year away from school; I needed it.

July arrived, and with it, my eighteenth birthday. Since I didn't have any actual friends besides Susan, my birthday was relatively simply. After I got home from work we sat down to a nice dinner, which Susan had prepared just for me. We had blackened salmon, Spanish rice and asparagus. These were some of my ultimate favorites, and she managed to cook them better than any restaurant I'd ever been to. Everything was perfect, and she made so much that despite me eating my fill, there were still leftovers for the next day.

When we were done with dinner, and my father had cleared the table, Susan brought out a lovely birthday cake. She'd had it hidden in the cabinet since she'd made it, earlier in the day. It was a vanilla cake with lemon frosting, and there were eighteen candles on it, in addition to "Happy Birthday Amy." She lit the candles and brought the cake over to the table, setting it down right in front of me.

"Oh, Susan. It's beautiful." I was very moved by the cake. I'd never had one personalized like that, or made especially for me, except for when I was a very little girl and still had a mom. I almost wanted to cry at her hard work and thoughtfulness.

She smiled at me and stepped aside. "Make a wish, sweetheart."

I nodded. It didn't take me very long to think of what I wanted. I'm not even going to tell you what I wished for, because I think you already know. Then I blew out the candles, making sure to get them all with one breath. Susan applauded when I did, and my father joined in, probably feeling obligated. I could tell he wanted to get back to his chair and his enticing papers, but he

was stuck having to celebrate my birthday, at least for a few more minutes.

Susan offered to let me cut the cake, but I allowed her the honors. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she plucked the little candles out one by one with a happy grin on her face. It was very warm in the house, almost hot, and she was wearing a very simple low-cut black dress. I wanted to lean over and kiss her beautiful arm, which was only inches from my face. She pulled out another candle, and with it came a small bit of cake and a little glob of frosting. As I watched, she lifted the candle to her mouth and inserted it between her lips, cleaning it off and giving herself a little taste at the same time.

"How is it?" I asked.

She looked at me. "Very good. I think you're really going to like it."

"I know I am."

She pulled out another candle, intentionally scooping some frosting out with it, and held it up to my mouth. I eagerly leaned my head forward and sucked the sweet lemony frosting from the candle, being sure to allow my lips to brush her fingers. I'm sure she noticed, but she didn't pull her hand away.

"You like?" she asked.

I nodded. "I love."

She giggled and finished pulling the candles from the cake, tossing them into a little pile. As she was cutting the cake, I picked up another candle and sucked the frosting and bits of cake from it. I then returned it to the pile as Susan transferred a big piece of cake to a plate and slid it over to my father. While he dug in, she dished out two more pieces and then set the knife down on the table. Before taking her seat she picked up one of the candles, the same one which I'd just had in my mouth, and slid it into hers. She smiled at me as she did it, and it caused my pulse to quicken. Was it an accident? A coincidence? I couldn't tell. She sucked on the candle for a moment and then returned it to the pile.



“Happy Birthday, Amy,” she said.

“Thank you.”

She rubbed my head gently with one hand and took her plate over to her chair.

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When we were done with our cake, it was time for my gifts. I didn’t really want anything, and hadn’t asked for anything, but of course they each got me something. In fact, they each got me several things. The table was suddenly covered in wrapped presents, and I felt almost guilty knowing they were all for me.

“I don’t know which one to open first,” I complained.

My father slid one in front of me. “Open this one. I might have to return it.” He took a drink and then pushed up his glasses. He was drinking his scotch again, and Susan was having a glass of white wine. I wanted a glass of wine, too, and was thinking about asking for one. After all, it was my birthday.

“Okay,” I said. I pulled the present closer and tried to gauge what it was. If it was from my father, which it was, it had to be either pants, a shirt or shoes, and the box was too flat and long to be shoes. I slipped my fingers under the wrapping paper and tore it open, revealing a clean white cardboard box. Setting the paper aside, I lifted the cover off the box and saw that it was a shirt.

“I’m not sure about the color,” he admitted. “I know the size is right, unless you changed since Christmas.”

“I didn’t.” I lifted the shirt out and held it up. It was a reddish-brown button-down monstrosity. The buttons looked like they were made from fake pearls. It was truly awful. I don’t think I’d ever seen such an ugly shirt; it was even worse than his usual fare. “Thanks, dad.”

Susan made a sour face. I thought she might say something, but she held it in.

“Like I said, if you don’t like it, I can return it. I still have the receipt.”

I knew he would. He had returned two of my Christmas gifts and then seemingly forgot to replace them, keeping the money for something else. “Maybe. Give me a day to decide.”

He nodded and took another drink. Then he slid another gift in front of me. “You might as well get mine out of the way. There’s nothing really spectacular.”

It was a good idea, and he was absolutely right. There was a pair of jeans, which were the same kind he got me every year; those were fine, and I’d definitely keep them. Then there was another shirt, a silky pink thing with a lot of glitter that caused Susan to giggle. It was the kind of thing a twelve year-old Hollywood starlet might wear during a photo-shoot, but otherwise I couldn’t think of a practical use for it. I set it back in the box.

My father frowned. “Maybe next year you could help me shop,” he told Susan.

“I will. I promise.”

He also got me a pair of shoes. They were tennis shoes, New Balance, and the size was correct. I’d keep them, even though I already had several pairs just like them. I leaned over in my chair and kissed his cheek. “Thanks, dad.”

“You’re welcome.” He took another drink and glanced at the clock.

I glanced across the table at Susan, who was smiling at me. She had two gifts in front of her, both relatively small and similar in shape. I moved the shoe box out of the way and she slid one of her presents forward.

“This one first. It’s just a little something extra.”

“Thank you so much.” It meant a lot to me that she’d gotten me anything at all. I didn’t even care what it was, although I was quite certain it was a fat paperback book, or perhaps a stack of thin ones. I smiled back at her,

reaching out to pull the package closer. She looked so lovely with her black dress on and her hair flowing down over her bare shoulders that I had to be careful not to stare at her. It was very difficult.

I peeled the paper off carefully, not wanting to tear it for some reason. Maybe I thought it would be an affront to her gift, despite having done it with my father's. Anyway, I removed the wrapping paper and saw that it was indeed a small stack of paperback books. "Thank you!" I said. "This will last me all summer!"

She nodded happily. "I hope so."

I looked quickly at the books and saw they were all by the same author. John Fante. I'd never heard of him.

"It's the entire Bandini saga," Susan explained. "All four books feature the same character, at different parts of his life."

It sounded wonderful. I honestly couldn't wait to start reading them. "God, how do you find such interesting books?" I began to page through the first one, sneaking little peeks at the dialogue.

"I read these in college. I always wanted to read them again, but never got the chance."

"Maybe you can read these ones." I looked up at her, feeling an almost overwhelming surge of love for her. "We can both read them."

She smiled, her blue eyes glimmering in the light. "That would be nice."

We stared at each other for a moment and then my father cleared his throat. "I believe there's one more present. Sorry, but I still have a lot to do tonight."

Susan gave him an annoyed look and then slid the final box across the table. "This is my real present. I really hope you like it."

"I do."

She giggled, causing my insides to stir. "You didn't open it yet."

“I still like it. If it’s from you, I know I do.”

She smiled at that and glanced nervously at my father. I think she still gave him more credit than he deserved. He was a smart man, overall, but he lacked a certain degree of common sense as well as an imagination. He just sat there waiting impatiently for us to finish up.

I opened the package. I had no idea of what it might be, and even after I got the paper off and saw the box I was a little confused. I turned it around, looking at it, and then it hit me. “You didn’t!”

“It’s the new iPhone,” Susan said cheerfully. Suddenly she pulled her own phone out from under the table and held it up. “I got one, too!”

My mouth was hanging open. I was stunned. “Susan, this is too much.”

“No! It’s not. My plan lets me get a new phone every two years, and this just happens to be the time.” She looked so happy as she explained it to me. “And it’s really not all that much more for a second phone.” She leaned forward, placing her hand over mine. “I put you on my plan, too. You even got to keep your old phone number. But unlike your old phone, this one connects to the internet. You can get all kinds of apps for it... you can do almost anything!”

It was an absolutely incredible gift. By far the best I’d ever received. My old phone was a four year old flip-phone which did nothing but make calls. And considering I never called anyone, it wasn’t of much use to me except in emergencies. But this new one was an actual little computer. “Susan...”

“It’s even got Netflix,” she continued. “You can watch movies in bed while your father thinks you’re asleep.”

My father grunted at this, and took another drink.

“And it’s got a Kindle app, so you can read books on it. It’s got so much stuff...” She was genuinely excited, and so was I. “There’s all kinds of stuff I don’t even know about yet. We can figure it out together.”

I nodded, wanting to cry. I loved her so much.

“Thank you, Susan. It’s the best gift I ever got.”

That caused my father to stand up. “Well. You can toss my gifts in the trash if you’d like.”

I looked up at him. “Dad...”

“It’s okay.” He leaned over and kissed the top of my head. “You two play with your new phones. I really need to get some work done.”

“Thanks for the stuff, dad.”

“You’re welcome. Happy birthday.” He disappeared into the living room with his glass.

Susan and I sat looking at each other for a moment. I felt so grateful and affectionate toward her I could hardly stand it. I wanted to hug her, and promised myself that I would, later on. “Just wait until your birthday, Susan. Two can play at this game.”

She giggled and took a sip of wine. “I’m just glad you like it.”

“I do. I love it.” *And I love you.* I looked at her glass of wine. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course.”

“Since it’s my birthday... do you think I could have a little glass of wine with you?”

She smiled warmly at the question. “I don’t see why not.”

“I promise not to make a habit of asking. Just this once.”

“It’s fine, sweetheart.” She got up out of her chair, smoothing her dress down with one hand. “You’re eighteen now. I don’t see why it should be a problem every so often.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re more than welcome.”

She got another glass from the cabinet, and retrieved an open bottle of wine from the refrigerator. She brought them both to the table and poured me an almost full glass before refreshing her own drink. Then she set the bottle down and lifted her glass.

“A birthday toast,” she offered.

I lifted my glass with a smile and clinked it against hers. “Happy birthday to me,” I said.

She laughed and we each took a sip. It was cold and fruity and delicious. I loved it. She’d really made my birthday special, and I was feeling very happy.

“Would you like to stay in here?” she asked. “Or sit with me on the couch and play with our new phones?”

“Do you think I should drink this in front of you-know-who?”

She smiled. “He probably won’t even notice. He doesn’t notice much of anything unless it’s a boring stack of papers.”

That surprised me. Not that she’d noticed it, but that she’d said it. It was the first time I’d ever heard her talk negatively of my father except maybe when we were joking about Niagara Falls. “Well, then, I guess the couch would be more comfortable.”

“Grab your phone, sweetie. I’ll help you set it up.”

## Chapter 9

We took our phones and our glasses of wine into the other room, where my father was already hunched over his open briefcase, studying a sheaf of documents. We set our glasses on the coffee table and took a seat on the couch, the two of us sitting very close together. In fact, our legs were actually touching, and when I began to open the box my phone came in, Susan leaned into me and watched excitedly. It made me feel extremely amorous and I had trouble concentrating on what I was doing. We'd never sat pressed together before, and I began to wonder what had changed.

When I had the phone out, she showed me how to install the battery and the chip, and then we powered it up. There were so many screens to choose from, and so many features, I was unsure of where to begin. She gave me a few pointers, and we started by setting up my email so I'd be able to check it on my phone now and not just on my computer.

We paused every so often to take sips of wine. It actually felt more like Christmas, despite the heat. I'd never had such a fun birthday, and I was literally high with happiness. Sitting there beside Susan, with our bodies touching, and her teaching me all kinds of neat little tricks with my new high-tech toy was the best thing that had happened to me in a long time.

At one point my father looked up and noticed that I was drinking. "What's that?" he asked.

"I told her she could have a little wine," Susan explained. "For her birthday."

He looked at her with a hint of annoyance. "Oh?"

"Is that a problem? She's eighteen and it's her birthday."

"The drinking age is twenty one. At least it was the last time I checked."

“That’s in public. She’s allowed to have a drink in the privacy of her own home if a parent or guardian approves of it.”

He nodded. “And you approve.”

“It’s her birthday. It’s just a glass of wine. Is it really a problem?”

“I didn’t say it was a problem. I just --”

I’d never heard them argue before, and it took me by surprise. Of course, it wasn’t really an argument so much as a terse discussion, but it was the closest I’d ever heard them come. I was uncomfortable being in the middle of it. “I won’t finish it, dad,” I interrupted. “It’s my fault. I asked her if I could have some.”

He stared at me for a moment. “It’s okay. I’m just surprised to see you sitting there drinking.”

“It’s just for today.”

He nodded. “You’re growing up fast. Sometimes I forget.”

I didn’t know what to say. I wished he’d go back to his papers so we could have fun again. We all sat quietly for a few moments and then that’s just what he did. After another minute Susan started showing me some more things on the phone, and we forgot about him.

Before I knew it, my glass was empty and I was feeling very good. Susan had brought the open bottle of wine in with her and she reached over and poured us each another glass, finishing off the bottle. Then she sat back and put her feet up on the coffee table, leaning into me again. I noticed for the first time that her toenails were painted a light blue. They almost matched her eyes, and it made me feel so aroused that I couldn’t stop staring at her feet.

She noticed me looking and wiggled her toes. “Like my new polish?”

I nodded. “I sure do. It’s beautiful.”

She giggled. “Thank you. You can borrow it sometime.”



The thought thrilled me. “I’d love to.”

For the next several minutes she showed me how to connect to the internet and do searches on her phone. I noticed as she was scrolling through various screens that her background was a picture of a sunset over an ocean, whereas mine was just a blank screen. I asked her how to go about changing mine, and she told me.

“Of course, you can also use your own pictures.”

“My own?”

“You know, ones you take yourself. The phone has a really nice camera built into it, too.”

I had no idea. “It does?”

“Sure. You can even take movies.”

She showed me how to find the camera application and then I found it on mine. It was amazing. I held up the phone and saw my father appear on the screen. It was like watching him on TV. I giggled. “How do I take the picture?”

“Just press here.”

I pressed it and there was the shot, a still of my dad scribbling on his papers. It was fun, but it wasn’t the picture I wanted. I turned my camera and aimed it at Susan, her beautiful face filling the screen. “Smile,” I said. She was already smiling. I took the photo and knew instantly that it was perfect.

“Let me see,” she said, leaning over. She put her arm around me, heightening my arousal. “Oh, my hair’s a mess.”

“No, I like it. How do I use it for my background?”

She laughed. “You want a picture of *me* for your wallpaper?”

I nodded. “Yes. Why not?”

“Well... if it’s really what you want.” She proceeded to show me how to set it up, and then there was that beautiful photo of her behind all my little icons. I loved it.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. You can change it when you get tired of it.”

“I won’t get tired of it.”

“You’re sweet.” She twisted her neck and kissed me on the head.

I wanted her so much and there was just nothing I could do about it. I reached for my wine and had another drink, almost finishing it off.

Susan sat up and pressed her mouth near my ear, whispering. “You want a little more wine?”

I thought about it and quickly nodded. It was making me feel terrific, and my father had already been dealt with effectively.

She smiled and stood up, grabbing her glass and the empty bottle. “Come on.”

I carried my glass and my new phone into the kitchen and watched as she tossed the empty bottle into the recycling bin and pulled another one out from the refrigerator. She held it up for me to see. “How about some red? Or do you want to stick with white?”

“Either one is fine. I don’t know enough about wine to be able to tell the difference.”

“Well, the white we just had was sweeter. The red I have here is burgundy, which is kind of dry and not nearly as sweet.”

I honestly didn’t care which kind we had. “We can try the red, since you have it chilled.”

She smiled. “Okay.” I watched her as she worked the corkscrew into the top

of the bottle, marveling at the way the taut muscles in her arms contracted. Everything about her was so sexy. She was a treasure, and my father sat in the other room, oblivious of her. I wanted to step up to her and hold her and kiss her all over her lovely face; it was such a sad predicament it made me want to cry.

When Susan had the bottle open, she poured us each half a glass. “I don’t want you to have a hangover,” she explained.

“You’re very thoughtful.” I took the glass from her and we toasted again. “Thank you for a perfect birthday, Susan.”

She beamed. “I’m so glad you like your gifts.”

“I love them. The dinner, the cake, the presents. The wine. You. Everything. Thank you so much.” I took a small drink. It was very tart and dry, but good.

Susan took a sip of hers and smiled at me. “How is it?”

“I like it. Thank you.”

She took another drink, a big one. “You’re welcome.” She poured a little more wine into her glass and then added a small splash to mine. “A little birthday bonus.” She then set her glass down and re-corked the bottle, returning it to the refrigerator.

I looked around the room, at the presents and wrapping paper all over the table. My birthday was pretty much over. At least it had been a good one, overall. “I should clean up in here.”

“Let me do it,” she said. “Why don’t you take your wine and your phone into your room, and give me a call? We can see if it works.”

I kind of liked the idea, but at the same time I was reluctant to leave her. I hated leaving her. I was falling deeply in love with her all over again. “Okay.” I remembered the promise I’d made to myself earlier about giving her a hug. “Can I hug you goodnight?”

She smiled. “You sure can. But we’re really not saying goodnight just yet.

Why don't you go into your room and call me, sweetheart?"

I wasn't sure what she had in mind, but I was suddenly very intrigued. "Alright." I took another sip of wine, returning her peculiar little smile. Then I slowly made my way out of the kitchen and went to my room.

My father didn't look up as I passed him.

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When I got to my room, I left the door partway open and had another sip of wine. Then I set the glass down on my bedside table and began studying the phone, trying to remember how to use it to make calls. Susan had programmed her number into it, along with her name, and after a few moments of searching I figured it out. I pressed the call button and held the phone up to my ear, waiting for her to answer.

It didn't take long. "Hello?"

I grinned at the sound of her voice. She made me so happy. "Hi Susan."

"Amy?"

I giggled. "You guessed it."

"Hi! How are you?"

"I'm okay. How are you?"

"Oh, I can't complain. I'm just straightening up the kitchen and having a little glass of wine. What are you up to?"

"Nothing much." I lay back on my bed. "I just called to thank you for all the nice things you gave me today."

"You're very welcome. Did you enjoy the books?"

“Believe it or not, I didn’t get a chance to read them yet.”

“Oh, that’s too bad.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll get to them.”

“Oh! By the way... Happy Birthday!”

“Thank you.”

“Hey, listen.”

“Yeah?”

“Are you doing anything later? Say in about five minutes?”

“No. Why?”

“Maybe I could stop by. Just a little visit.”

“That would be wonderful. I’ll leave a light on.”

She laughed. “Okay, good! I’ll see you soon.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“Me too!” She hung up the phone and I glanced at my display to see a message telling me the call had ended. I turned the phone off and set it aside, then sat up and reached for my wine. I drank a little, and I could feel the alcohol starting to play with my head.

After putting my glass down I leaned forward and unlaced my sneakers. I pulled them off and tucked them under the bed. I was going to look at the new books Susan had given me, but then I remembered I’d left them in the kitchen. I picked up my phone instead and started examining some of the things I hadn’t seen yet. The picture of Susan in the background made me smile and I started feeling really excited about her upcoming visit.

I had just finished downloading a new free game when I heard a tapping on

my door. "Come in."

The door pushed slowly open and Susan stepped in, carrying several boxes. "I brought your presents, honey." She bumped the door with her hip, closing it most of the way.

"Thank you."

She glanced around the room, looking very beautiful in her simple black dress. "Where would you like them?"

"On my desk is fine."

She put them on my desk and I saw she was also carrying her glass of wine. It was almost empty. She took a sip and then set that down, too. She smiled at me. "Can I sit with you?"

"Of course. Always."

She sauntered over and gently lowered herself on my mattress. I sat up and moved over, arranging myself so that I was right beside her.

"To what do I owe the pleasure?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing. I just thought I'd come tuck you in for your birthday."

I giggled. "Tuck me in?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"You've never done that before."

"You've never turned eighteen before."

"Oh, so now that I'm eighteen you're going to start tucking me in?"

She grinned. "Perhaps."

The idea of it thrilled me. "Alright."

“You don’t mind?”

“Why would I mind?”

She studied me for a moment, very thoroughly, as if trying to decide something. Then she slid her phone from her pocket and turned it on. As I watched, she set it to the camera application and held it up. “Would you smile for me, sweetie?”

I did. It was easy to smile for Susan. She took my picture and then appraised it for a minute before making it her wallpaper. “You’re really going to have a picture of me as your background?” I asked. I was more than a little surprised.

“Why not? You’ve got me as yours.”

“Yeah, but...”

She turned her phone off and put it away. “But what?”

“That’s different.”

“How do you figure?”

“Because...” I didn’t want to say it. I didn’t want to ruin this nice moment between us. “I don’t know.”

She was studying me again. Then she reached out and brushed a stray lock of hair away from my eyes and tucked it behind my ear. The gesture was so amazingly intimate that I felt myself blush. “You’re such a little sweetheart, Amy. I’m so glad that I have you for a friend.”

God, I loved her. “I’m glad, too.”

She smiled. “You’re so beautiful.”

My heart began pounding. What was this? “No. You are.”

“So are you.”

I shrugged. I didn't know what to say. I was confused and a little bit nervous. I was also thrumming with love and desire. I decided to just wait and see what was on her mind.

She was still staring at me. She was still smiling, too, but I could see a hint of sadness in her deep blue eyes. She was hurting. "How about that hug?" she asked.

I nodded and slowly stood up. "That would be wonderful."

She took my hand and pulled me toward her. "No need to stand up, sweetie." I sat back down beside her and she put an arm around my shoulders. She leaned back, and I leaned with her. Then she shifted on the bed, trying to arrange herself lengthwise. I followed suit, and soon we were lying together on my bed, her arm around me and mine around her. It felt so nice to be lying there with her like that, and just as I was about to say so she rolled toward me, getting on her side and wrapping me up in both her arms. I did the same and suddenly we were embracing. It happened just like that, as if we'd done it a dozen times before. We held each other and I could feel her heart beating through her chest, right there next to mine. They were both pounding.

Her face was nestled into the hollow of my neck and I could feel her warm breath on my skin. Her subtle perfume filled my nostrils and I felt like I was in a dream. She felt so soft and warm, her thin dress almost nonexistent. I hadn't held anyone like that since Dianne, and memories came flooding back. Wonderful memories.

We held each other for several minutes without speaking. Then Susan shifted in my arms and looked into my eyes. She smiled. "Thank you, Amy."

"Thank you."

Her smile widened. "I've been wanting to hold you like this for a long time."

I could no longer think straight. Susan was in my arms, in my bed, and my father was in the next room. What was this? "You can hold me whenever you want," I whispered.



“Be careful. I might actually take you up on that.”

“Susan...”

She ran a hand up and down my back, caressing me. “Yes?”

“I’m not sure what’s going on.”

She sighed, very deeply. I wanted to kiss her so badly that I was almost shaking. “Do you want me to leave?”

“No! That’s not what I meant. I just...” Abruptly, I hugged her to me, very tight. “The way I feel about you... I mean... God, Susan, I’m completely in love with you.”

“I know,” she whispered.

I wanted to cry. Why was she teasing me? Didn’t she know what she was doing to me? “This is... breaking my heart.”

She pulled slightly out of my embrace so that she could look at me again. “Amy. That’s not my intention at all, honey.”

“What is?”

Her sad smile was back. “Do you think about me a lot?”

I nodded. “All the time.”

She kissed the tip of my nose. Dianne had done that once, in her bathroom. “What would you say if I told you... that I think about you too?”

My pulse quickened so much that I thought I might pass out. “You... what?”

“I think about you, Amy. More and more, all the time.”

“But... you’re not...”

She slipped a finger between our lips, which were very close together.

“Shhhh.”

“Susan...”

“Happy birthday, sweetheart.” Her finger slid away and then her lips were on mine. I was so stunned, and so thrillingly stimulated that I completely lost track of everything else. All I knew was Susan and her soft, silky mouth pressed against my own. I hadn’t been kissed in so long that I’d forgotten what it was like. She sucked my lower lip into her mouth and ran her tongue along it, causing me to gasp. I squeezed her with both arms, holding her tight and losing myself in her presence. When she slipped her tongue into my mouth I almost wept with joy. I sucked on it eagerly and then slid my own tongue into her mouth.

Susan moaned and rolled over on top of me. She kissed me deeply, our lips locked and our tongues sparring. Her dress had pulled up slightly and I pulled it up even more so than I could slide my hands under it and run them along the soft, smooth skin of her back. I spread my legs to allow her to nestle between them, and as our kiss lingered on I lifted my feet into the air and wrapped my thighs around her, holding her securely against me.

She broke the kiss for a moment and shifted above me. Her hip slid along my crotch and the friction of it almost caused me to come. I was so close, and my pants were still on. She seemed to know exactly what had happened and smiled at me, biting at my lower lip and then running her tongue along it again, this time on the inside. Shifting again, she rubbed her hip against me over and over.

I mashed my mouth to hers, squeezing her in a fierce embrace. The passion I felt was enormous, almost overwhelming. I moaned loudly and squirmed on the bed beneath her. As she continued to rub against me I plunged my tongue deep into her mouth, tasting her, and then I was coming.

“Oh, Susan!” I gasped into her mouth as my orgasm ripped through me in wave after wave of blissful release. She held me tightly in both her arms as the tremors worked their way through my body, leaving me panting. Then I was still, almost paralyzed in the aftereffects of my climax.

She smiled down at me and gently kissed my mouth. "Did that feel good?"

I nodded. I wasn't sure if I could speak.

"Good." She kissed me again, on the cheek.

"Susan..."

"Yes?"

"I'm confused..."

"So am I, honey." She rolled off of me, pulling me with her so that we were lying on our sides, our arms still around each other. We lay still for a little while, just gazing into each other's eyes. Then she gave me another little kiss, very gently. "I'm sorry about this, if it's not what you wanted."

"It is. Don't be sorry. I just... I'm not sure what we're doing."

"Neither am I. I just thought, that since I know you like me..."

"I love you."

She smiled and gave me another kiss. "I just thought we'd give this a try. We don't have to do it again." She ran the back of one hand over my cheek. "Or, if you want to... we can."

Her words sent shivers of excitement through me. Of course I wanted to do it again. I wanted to do it again right away, without my pants on. "What about you? What do you want?"

She cuddled closer, holding me and burying her face in the crook of my neck. "I'd love to do it again. Do it... for real."

I thought my heart was going to explode. They say you should be careful what you wish for, and I thought back to my birthday cake and the wish I'd made before blowing out the candles. It was coming true. "What about my father?"

“What about him?”

“The two of you are married.”

She lifted her head and nodded. “I know. And I feel guilty about doing this. But...” The sadness was back in her eyes. “He doesn’t really want me. He’s very odd. He seems to like it better when I leave him alone.”

“Really?” I was surprised. I’m not sure why.

“Yes. I’m not even sure why he wanted to get married. Maybe he didn’t.”

“Did you?”

“I thought I did.”

I leaned forward and kissed her. “I’m sorry, Susan.”

She smiled. “You have nothing to be sorry for.” She reached down and found my hand with hers, lacing our fingers together. “Anyway, I’m going to leave this up to you, Amy.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, this thing between us. I know you’re confused. And I know I am, too. But I want you to know that... I like you a *lot*.” She smiled and kissed me again. “And I’d like to be with you sometimes. Like this. Just the two of us. It doesn’t have to mean anything. Or it could, if you want it to.”

“My god, Susan.” Something occurred to me. “I didn’t think... that you liked girls.”

“I like you.”

That warmed my heart, and the love I felt for her seemed to multiply. “If it was up to me, you’d be in here with me every night.”

She giggled. “I don’t think that would work. But maybe sometimes...”

“Yes?”

“Whenever we can. Whenever you want.” She smiled. “Kissing you just now... that was the most sensuous thing I’ve ever experienced. It was very special to me.”

I held her, loving her. “I want you as much as I can possibly have you.”

“Then it seems as though we’re going to be a lot closer than we’ve been.”

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We lay together for a little while longer and then Susan kissed me again and said she needed to get back to the living room. She didn’t want my father to become suspicious.

After she left, I lay in bed thinking about her for a very long time. I felt happy and excited, but also a little apprehensive. I had the chance to be with her now, sort of, but only in secrecy. It was a blessing and a curse.

I tried to read that night before going to sleep, but I was unable to concentrate. My mind was filled with nothing but thoughts of Susan. I hoped that her thoughts were of me; I had a feeling they would be, and that made me happy.

When I fell asleep I was hugging the pillow that she’d rested her head on. There was a faint trace of her perfume on it, and I pretended that it was her, still in my arms.

Soon, I knew, it would be.

## Chapter 10

The next morning when I woke up, I felt kind of headachy and more than a little bit concerned about what had taken place the night before. I knew very well that Susan had been half drunk, and it made me wonder how much of an influence that had had on her behavior. I hoped it had been very little; I loved the idea of us being intimate.

I took a shower and got dressed for work before entering the kitchen. There I found my father just finishing his daily bowl of oatmeal, and Susan standing at the stove. She was cooking eggs, something she normally did only on Sundays. My father mumbled good morning to me, and I repeated it to him. When Susan heard me there she turned with a smile, looking adorable in her little blue nightgown, her hair still messy from sleep. I wanted to go to her and hug her so badly, but I knew I couldn't.

"Good morning, birthday girl," she said happily.

I smiled. "I hate to tell you this, but my birthday is over for another year."

"That may be true. But I made you a little birthday breakfast anyway." She'd made me pancakes the day before, and now eggs. I'd have to be careful or I'd end up putting on weight.

"Are you trying to fatten me up?"

She giggled. "It's just a couple of scrambled eggs and some rye toast. I know you like it on Sundays, but I figured you deserve an extra little treat. Call it your post-birthday breakfast."

"Thank you, Susan. It smells wonderful." I walked to the counter and poured myself a cup of coffee. I was standing very near her, and we glanced at each other with a knowing smile as my father scraped the last bits of oatmeal from his bowl with a noisy clatter. I was so tempted to touch her, and was quite

certain she felt the same way.

“You just sit down. I’ll bring it over to you.”

“Okay.”

As I pulled out a chair, my father stood up. “Eggs and toast,” he said. “Good hangover food.”

“I don’t have a hangover. I only had a little wine.”

He grunted, pushing his chair in. Then he carried his bowl and spoon to the sink and set them inside. “Are you two done with the bathroom for the next few minutes?”

We both acknowledged that we were, and he grabbed his coffee cup and left the room.

“What a nice fellow,” I muttered.

Susan giggled and finished scraping my eggs onto a plate. As soon as she set the pan down she spun around and came to me, her arms opening in anticipation of a hug.

I still hadn’t sat down. I moved toward, my heart pounding, and wrapped her up in my arms. We embraced tightly and held each other there, the sunlight streaming through the window and painting a warm rectangle over our legs. It felt so good to have her back in my arms that I actually got goosebumps. She squeezed me and rocked back and forth, making me so happy I wanted to cry.

“I missed you,” she whispered.

It was almost too much for me. I buried my face in her soft blonde hair and inhaled deeply, my hands roaming over her back. “I missed you too, Susan.”

“I wasn’t sure... how you would feel about me this morning.”

“I was wondering the same thing. About you.”

She straightened up, loosening our embrace. She looked me in the eyes, smiling, and I swear I never saw anyone look so beautiful. She was perfect, and I wanted so much for her to be mine. “I feel the same, Amy. Everything I said last night... I meant every word. I can’t stop thinking about you.”

I nodded, my whole body lit up from within. She had my heart and I loved her, so much. “I don’t even try to stop thinking about you anymore. There’s no way to do it.”

Her smile widened and she pressed her nose to mine. “You’re so fucking sweet I can’t stand it.”

I swallowed, my mouth suddenly dry. “Is that bad?”

“No, baby. It’s wonderful.” Then her mouth was on mine and we became engaged in a deep, passionate kiss. If possible, it was even sweeter and more exciting than the ones we’d shared the night before. Holding her there in the kitchen, her tongue exploring the inside of my mouth, and mine hers, our hands caressing each other’s bodies; it was enough to send my arousal soaring to new heights. I had to be careful or she’d take me right over the edge again.

“Susan...” She sucked my tongue into her mouth and crushed me against her, making me literally dizzy with lust. I moaned and leaned into her, our bodies molded together from knee to mouth.

“I want you so much,” she whispered.

“I want you too.”

She kissed me all over my face, making me smile. “It’s not fair,” she said.

“What’s not?”

“I should have married you instead.”

I wasn’t sure if I wanted to laugh or cry at that. Instead I did neither and hugged her to me, loving the feel of our hearts beating so fiercely and so close. “I love you, Susan.”



She held me, rocking me back and forth again. “I love you too, sweetheart.”

The words pierced my heart. Did I hear her right? I straightened up, looking her in the face, and just as I did the bathroom door crashed open and my father was marching down the hall.

We broke apart quickly. I sat down in my chair, grabbing my coffee and taking a small sip. Susan stepped back to the stove and found the butter knife, beginning to butter a slice of toast just as my father walked into the room. He glanced at us as he crossed to the sink and set his empty cup inside.

“Bathroom’s free,” he announced. The availability of the bathroom was always a big issue with him in the mornings since Susan had moved in.

“Alright,” Susan replied. “Thank you.” She stepped over to the table and set my plate down in front of me. “Enjoy your breakfast, Amy.”

I smiled up at her. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” She brushed her hands together. “Well, I guess I’d better take a shower.”

My father nodded. “We got any more of that birthday cake?”

“Sure,” she said. “There’s still half a cake in the refrigerator.”

“Good. Any chance of me getting another piece of that tonight?”

She shrugged. “It’s Amy’s cake.”

“It’s fine with me,” I said. I picked up a piece of toast and took a bite.

“Okay. Good.” He stood there looking back and forth between us for a moment and then left the room again, most likely to check his email and the pre-market stock report.

I had to leave before either of them. I picked up my coffee and took another sip as Susan stepped up right beside me. She leaned over, kissing my ear.

“Have a nice day at work,” she whispered. “I’ll see you tonight.”

I turned my head and quickly kissed her on the mouth. “I can’t wait.”

## Chapter 11

That day at lunchtime, I downloaded a Kindle book onto my new phone and spent twenty minutes or so reading. I loved the phone and I especially loved the photo of Susan hovering in the background, reminding me of the night before when she'd been wearing her black dress. I had a little bit of trouble concentrating on the book I was reading and kept switching back to the main screen so that I could look at the picture again. In the photo, her lips looked so full and sensuous, and they were parted just ever so slightly with a happy little smile. I stared at them, remembering how soft and sweet they were. God, I couldn't wait to get home and see her again!

After lunch I returned to my spot behind the register, relieving my boss. She chatted with me for a few minutes and then stepped away, going off to cut some fabric for a few special orders. As soon as she walked away I heard a peculiar little chirp and spent a moment or two trying to figure out what it was. I was about to give up and forget about it when I realized that it might have been my phone.

I reached into my front pocket and pulled it out. When I activated the screen, I saw that there was a new icon there which was apparently informing me that I had a text message. I pressed the icon and it opened up a message center. There was only one person who even knew I had a new phone and was capable of sending me text messages. My face broke into a smile when I saw Susan's name there, and I eagerly read what she had written:

**Hi Amy! Hope u r having a nice day at work!**

**Want anything special 4 dinner?**

**Miss u and can't wait to c u!**

My heart rate seemed to double as I read the message. I felt like I had a girlfriend again. I *did* have a girlfriend again. Didn't I? I quickly hit the respond button and typed her back:

**So nice 2 hear from u!**

**Anything u make is perfect.**

**I miss u 2, and will c u soon!**

I hit the send button, and off it went. I suddenly felt happy. It was a very unusual feeling, but I liked it and knew I could get used to it.

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The rest of the workday went quickly. My mind was filled with all kinds of fun little fantasies involving Susan, and I knew that at least some of them had a very real chance of becoming reality. I hadn't felt so good since the summer I'd spent with Dianne two years earlier.

When I got home from work, I was delighted to see that Susan's was the only car in the driveway. My father would undoubtedly be home within twenty minutes, as usual, but at least that gave me time to greet her properly. I parked behind her car, leaving the left side of the driveway for my father and climbed out quickly. I practically ran to the steps and up through the door, my heart pounding and an expectant smile on my face.

As soon as I got inside, the delicious smells of chicken parmesan filled my nostrils. She was at it again; my sweet little Susan could cook anything, and do it perfectly every time. I walked hurriedly into the kitchen and saw her there, her back turned to me as she stood at the sink scrubbing a frying pan.

I thought about walking up to her and slipping my arms around her, but I didn't want to scare her. I loved her too much for that. Instead, I leaned against the refrigerator and said softly, "Honey? I'm home."

She turned with a grin, easing the pan into the sink and rinsing off her hands. She dried them quickly on a dish rag and then immediately came to me, wrapping her arms around me. I felt every molecule in my body sing with happiness as we embraced. She was still dressed from work, and I slipped my hand under her shirt so that I could feel her soft skin against my hand.

“Oh, Amy,” she moaned. “I’ve been looking forward to this all day.”

“So have I.”

“I’m starting to get a little worried,” she whispered.

“About what?”

“About how much I think about you. And how I feel about you. I’ve never even considered being with a woman before, and all of a sudden...”

I had a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. I loosened my hold on her and looked her in the eyes. “You mean... you don’t want to...?”

“No!” She kissed me hard on the mouth. “I *do* want to! That’s just it!” She smiled, sensing my apprehension. “Don’t worry, honey, it’s not a bad thing. I’m just trying to explain to you how much you mean to me. I mean, I’m honestly falling in love with you.”

The words were like salve. I felt elated and promptly gave her a soft kiss. “Oh, Susan. I love you so much.” Then I squeezed her to me, holding her as tightly as I could.

“I never thought I’d feel this way about someone again,” she whispered. “You’re so sweet, and so gentle, and so loving. You’re exactly what I’ve always dreamed of.”

Every word she said made me feel better and better. “Really?”

She giggled. “Well, except for the being a woman part. I always pictured a man for some reason.”

“Does it bother you? That I’m a woman?”

She squeezed me tighter and kissed my neck. "Of course not, Amy. I think part of what I'm starting to understand is that... that's what I *like*."

"I'm so glad."

We held each other for several minutes, and then Susan shifted in my arms and nuzzled her face against mine. "God, Amy, I wish I could take you to bed right now."

The desire I felt surged through me; I wanted the exact same thing. "Maybe... later tonight..."

"Maybe." She grinned at me and then found my mouth with hers. We kissed deeply, lovingly, and I sensed that everything was different now. Susan was mine, and I wasn't giving her back.

When our kiss ended, she smiled at me and playfully bit my nose. "I really want you."

I could feel myself growing wet. "I want you, too."

"Maybe we could get a motel or something. I want to experience you without having to worry about any... interruptions."

"That's a wonderful idea."

"Would you like to spend a whole night in bed with me?"

My heart was hammering in my chest. "Of course I would. I'd like to spend the rest of my life in bed with you."

She giggled, making me want to take her right there. If I felt any more love or lust toward her, I was going to explode. She pressed her pelvis against mine and swiped her tongue over my lips. "Do you think we have time to hop into your bed before he gets home?"

I was breathing very fast. I couldn't seem to formulate an answer.

"Maybe we shouldn't risk it," she said.

“Maybe we should.”

She kissed me again, rubbing herself against me, and we both heard the sound of my father’s car pulling up in the driveway. “Son of a bitch,” she muttered. The look of disappointment in her eyes mirrored my own. It made me realize that she couldn’t possibly love my father anymore, if she ever did in the first place. Their marriage had been a complete mistake, but of course it had benefited me. It had benefited Susan, too, just not in the way she’d expected.

I kissed her again and took her hand. “We’ll figure something out. We’ll get together later on, when he’s burrowed into his briefcase.”

She laughed and kissed my forehead. “Okay, sweetie. Maybe you can invite me into your room again.”

“You’re always invited.” I raised her hand to my mouth and kissed it. Then we hugged again, briefly, and kissed one last time before I stepped away and headed for the bathroom to wash up.

\*

The chicken parmesan was terrific, the best I’d ever had. Susan also made thin spaghetti and a big tossed salad with Italian dressing and croutons. We sat around the small kitchen table, too busy eating to talk much. Susan and my father didn’t seem to talk at length very often any longer, and he and I never had; he had that effect on everyone, I suppose. Me and Susan, on the other hand, had plenty to discuss, but it would have been insane to do so in front of my dad.

He always sat in the same seat while at the table, whereas Susan and I moved around, sitting wherever we felt like it. On this night she was sitting beside him and I was directly across from her. I picked that chair on purpose so I could watch her as she ate. I had a lot of fantasies, and in this one we were out at a fancy restaurant on a date; I pretended my father wasn’t there, which was relatively easy to do.

As I was stuffing a piece of chicken into my mouth and savoring the tangy, homemade sauce, I felt something brush against my leg under the table. It spooked me at first, but then I realized it had to be Susan. I looked at her and she was smiling mischievously at me as what I assumed must be her foot slid up along my leg a bit further, finding its way into my lap.

I looked down, grinning, and saw her blue toenails peeking up at me from between my legs. I reached down with one hand and began playing with her toes and rubbing the bottom of her foot in a gentle massage. I smiled at her and she winked and blew me a kiss.

“Chicken’s really good,” my father muttered. He put another piece into his mouth and chewed it up.

“Thank you,” Susan said. She also ate another piece of chicken and then dug her toes into my crotch, causing me to gasp and almost drop my fork.

“You okay?” my father asked.

I nodded, my arousal skyrocketing as Susan continued to press her foot against me. “It’s just so good,” I moaned. “I love it.”

Susan giggled and kept it up. If she was trying to make me come, she was doing a very good job. I grabbed her foot and tried to hold it steady as her toes wiggled around, touching me through the thin fabric of my jeans. “Have some more,” she suggested.

I was breathing very heavy. “Maybe I will.”

She laughed, unable to contain herself.

“What’s so funny?” my father asked. He didn’t seem suspicious so much as confused.

“Nothing,” Susan answered. “I’m sorry.”

He grunted and continued to eat. Between my legs, Susan’s foot slipped away and was quickly replaced by her other one. She poked it against me, rubbing me through my pants which were probably now sporting a wet spot. I decided



to do her one better and unbuttoned them. I slid down the zipper and tugged my panties to one side, adjusting her foot so that her toes were rubbing against my sex.

She grinned at me, sensing the change. She nudged me, almost expertly, touching me in all the right spots. As she danced her toes along my sensitive folds, I felt an orgasm gathering deep within me. I swirled some spaghetti around my fork and stuffed it into my mouth to silence my moans, at the same time sliding forward in my chair to increase the pressure on my swollen nub.

“How’s the pasta?” she inquired.”

I grabbed her foot and held it against me as the dam broke. Ecstasy raged through me, almost taking my breath away as I quivered in my chair. My father glanced up at me, the look on his face one of real concern. He must have thought I was having some sort of medical emergency. I shuddered, holding firmly to Susan’s foot as the tremors finished working their way through my body.

“Are you alright?” He pushed his chair back, setting down his fork.

“Oh, yeah.” I smiled weakly, putting another piece of chicken into my mouth. “This is just so *good*.” I looked at Susan, who was nibbling on some salad and pretending not to notice what was going on. “My god, Susan, you’ve outdone yourself this time.”

Her foot slid away and she smiled at me. “Thank you. I wasn’t sure if you’d like it.”

“Oh, I do. I love it.” I was still trying to catch my breath.

“Jesus Christ,” my father said, picking his fork back up. “It’s good, but not *that* good. It looked like you were experiencing a moment of euphoria.”

I realized that my father had just witnessed me having an orgasm. My face flushed and I lowered my head. “Sorry.”

“No need to apologize.” He took another bite, looking back and forth between us. “Hey, we’re going to have some more of that cake for dessert, right?”

“Sure,” Susan said. “That sounds good.”

While continuing to eat, I slowly used my left hand to zip up my fly and button my pants.

\*

A little while later we were all sitting in the living room. As usual, my father was in his chair with a stack of papers in his lap and Susan and I were sharing the couch. The TV was on, but no one was really watching it. Susan was playing a game on her phone and I was getting into the first of the new books she’d given me the night before. We’d been sitting there for about half an hour when my phone chirped, startling me.

I closed my book around one finger and slipped the phone from my pocket. I glanced at Susan as I activated the screen, but she was pretending not to notice. Looking back down at the display, I saw I had a new text message from her. I opened it up and read:

**U r so beautiful when u come.**

**Will u let me taste u later?**

My heart began racing as I absorbed the message. I glanced at her again, but she was still pretending to be deeply involved in some type of puzzle game. She was good at this espionage stuff. It was truly thrilling, unlike anything I’d ever experienced before. I peered over at my father, but he was lost in his own world.

I hit the reply icon and typed Susan back:

**Hi there sexy.**

**I'll let u taste me if u let me taste u.**

I hit send, feeling my pulse quicken as her phone chirped almost immediately. I turned mine off and tucked it away, then sat back and waited to see her reaction. I could hear the sound of her game continue on very faintly, and then after a minute it stopped. I assumed she was reading the text. Seconds later she turned off her phone and sat up.

“Anybody want to play Monopoly?” she asked.

My father looked up. “In my day, we played that at the kitchen table, not on a phone.”

She glared at him. “Your day is pretty much the same as my day. That’s what I’m talking about, the board game. I keep seeing it in the linen closet and wanting to play.”

He pursed his lips, scratching at his chin. “That game can go on way too long. I don’t really have time tonight.”

“Do you ever?”

“I’d love to play,” I said, before my father could respond.

Susan looked at me, smiling. “Really?”

“Sure.”

“Why don’t you two play?” he suggested. “You’ll probably have more fun without me anyway.”

Well, that was certainly true. “Maybe we can play in my room, so we don’t disturb you.”

He shrugged, looking back down at his papers. “Why don’t you play at the kitchen table, where you have room?”

I looked at Susan. “Where would you like to play?”

“Your room sounds good. It’s nice and peaceful in there.”

“You were in there last night,” he complained. “Why don’t you play in the kitchen?”

“Does it matter?” Susan asked.

“I just don’t like the idea of everyone hiding behind closed doors. What’s wrong with the kitchen?”

Susan looked at me. “Nothing, I guess. Did you really want to play?”

I really didn’t. I just wanted to slip away with her. But the kitchen wasn’t exactly the ideal spot for it. “It’s up to you.”

“Why don’t we give it a try. We don’t have to finish if it takes too long.”

I nodded and stood up, setting my book on the coffee table. “Alright.”

She went down the hall to get the game and I entered the kitchen, pouring us each a glass of iced tea. When she returned with the game she set it down and gave me a quick little kiss on the mouth. “Sorry,” she whispered. “I should have thought of something better.”

“It’s okay,” I assured her. “Let’s just set it up.”

We set the game up and each took a bunch of fake money. Then we chose our game pieces and put them any old place on the board. It was obvious we weren’t really going to play. Susan found the dice and gave them a roll, cheering aloud for double sixes.

“Get ready,” I told her. “I’m in the mood to win.”

“Is that so.” She was sitting directly beside me, and she took a moment to lean over and put an arm around my shoulders. “Guess what I’m in the mood for?” she whispered.

I leaned toward her and answered her question with a kiss. We scooted very close together and held hands as we made out at the table. Every minute or two one of us would reach over and roll the dice in case my father was listening, but otherwise we became lost in each other, our mouths working feverishly as we shared our affection.

After a while, Susan finally broke the kiss. "I want you, baby," she whispered in my ear.

"I want you, too. But I'm not sure how to pull it off."

She kissed me again. "You promised me a taste."

"I know. I want to taste you, too."

"I don't want to wait any more. It's all I can think about."

I smiled naughtily and reached over to the board, grabbing her game piece. Then I tossed it to the floor, beneath the table. "While you're down there, feel free to help yourself to whatever you want."

She grinned and covered her mouth to stifle a giggle. She was out of her chair in no time, climbing under the table in search of her little dog. While she was retrieving it, I unbuttoned my pants again and slid down the zipper. I worked them a little lower, exposing as much of my panties as I could without actually pulling them down. Then I felt her hand in my lap, helping. Her sweet little fingers tugged my panties aside and I could feel her breath on my sensitive skin. Then I felt her lips kissing my inner thigh and I felt a rush of arousal.

"Oh, Susan," I whispered. I reached down and tangled my fingers in her soft hair. I wanted to look down and watch what she was doing, but I was afraid my father might walk in. If I caught his eye just as he came through the door, it would at least give Susan a chance to pull her head out of my lap before he realized precisely what she was doing.

Between my legs, I could feel Susan's mouth move closer to my sex. Her long, silky hair was brushing against my soft skin and tickling me. I could

hear the faint sounds of her heavy breathing as she pressed her lips to mine and gave me a gentle kiss. It sent shivers of heat through me, and I could feel my clitoris stiffen as her lips brushed against it.

I moaned, unable to help myself. I wished so badly that we were in my room, together in my bed and away from my father. I wanted to taste her at the very same time she was tasting me. I reminded myself that we were on the verge of becoming lovers now, and would have plenty of time to do whatever we wanted later on; right now I had to concentrate on enjoying the moment.

I leaned my head back as I felt Susan's tongue slide between my folds. She seemed to be teasing me just a little, and I liked it. I also realized that it was her first time with a woman, and that she was probably nervous and excited, and having to hide beneath the table like that seemed terribly unfair. It almost made me wish we'd waited for this. Then she found my clitoris with her tongue and I was immediately glad we hadn't.

I gasped, reaching one hand up to my breast. I slipped it inside my shirt and bra and began rolling one nipple between my fingers as Susan continued to glide her tongue around and around my swollen nub. I had already been aroused, and with her under the table on her knees licking me like that, it caused me to become almost desperate for release. My second orgasm of the evening while seated at the kitchen table roared down on me, and I squirmed around in my seat, squeezing my thighs together against Susan's head. I felt her press further into me and then I was coming in her mouth and whimpering, doing my best to stay as quiet as possible. The legs of my chair slid back partially, making a loud scraping sound against the floor, and Susan quickly scampered out from beneath the table with her little dog pawn.

"Everything okay in there?" my father called from the other room.

"Everything's fine," I answered shakily. I was still trembling with the aftereffects of my climax.

I smiled at Susan as she emerged from under the table. I tugged my pants up and fastened them as she stood, and then she was right there, smothering my mouth with hers in a heated kiss. I tasted myself on her lips and it got me excited all over again.

“God, you’re delicious!” she whispered.

“I’m glad you think so.”

“I do.”

“Good. But I want to taste *you* now.”

She nodded and sat down. After glancing toward the doorway and sensing that it was safe, she grabbed the dice and gave them a roll. “Ha ha,” she said loud enough for my father to hear. “That’s my property. You owe me \$340.”

“I’d pay more than triple that for a taste of you,” I whispered.

Susan giggled and began hiking up her dress. She was wearing another lightweight summer affair, this time in gold. She rolled the dice again as I slid off my chair and grabbed my pawn. Then I was under the table, preparing myself for one of the most exciting moments of my life so far; my first real taste of Susan.

I got on my knees before her and slid my head up and under her dress. It was so exhilarating I could feel myself starting to grow wet again. I ran my tongue along her soft, smooth thighs and peppered them with little kisses as I grew closer to her center. I could smell her desire and it filled me with such longing that I was unable to restrain myself and tease her as I had planned; I lifted my head and found her pubic mound, pressing my mouth to her glistening sex and moaning softly.

Susan whimpered and slid down in her chair. I could feel one of her hands grab hold of my hair and pull it roughly as I slipped my tongue between her sweet lips. The taste of her filled my mouth and I almost came again. Then she was pressing my face against her and breathing so heavily I could feel her rising and falling against me.

I worked my tongue in deeper, sliding it as far into her as I could. Then I reached up with one hand and began rubbing her swollen bud with my finger, causing her to gasp aloud and pull my hair even harder.

“You two okay?” my father called suddenly.

“Fine,” Susan blurted. I could hear the dice roll above my head as I slid my tongue from her and began licking her up and down, gathering her juices and swallowing them down. A moment later I moved my hand away and sucked her clitoris between my lips. Susan slid down further in her chair, moaning, and I quickly began dancing my tongue over her.

Within seconds, I could tell she was about to come. Her whole body tensed up and she pressed heavily into my face, gripping the back of my head with one hand as her feet came up off the floor. Her orgasm came in a series of pulses that I could feel in my mouth as I held myself against her, helping her along. She groaned, a little too loudly, and then almost squealed as her climax peaked.

“What the hell is going on?” my father called out.

I quickly ducked out from under her dress and tried to scramble to my feet. Susan righted herself in her chair just as I was poking my head out from under the table, and I thought we were going to make it when I saw my father’s shoes appear in the doorway. He stood and watched me as I crawled out from beneath the table, our eyes meeting in a moment of awkward apprehension. He was about to open his mouth and say something when Susan beat him to it.

“Did you find it?”

I got to my feet, nodding. I held up my little iron for all to see. “It was under the other chair. It must have bounced across the floor.” I made a move to put it on the board. “Now I can’t remember where I was.”

“You were two spots ahead of me. Sorry I bumped you off the board like that.”

“It’s okay,” I said, sitting down.

We both looked over at my father, who was watching us suspiciously. “You want to play?” Susan asked him.



“No. What was that groaning?”

“Groaning?”

“Oh,” I said. “I think he means when I was kneeling on your foot. Sorry about that.”

She smiled. “It’s okay. It just took me by surprise.”

I quickly grabbed the dice and rolled them, pretending to get back into the game. My father watched as I moved my piece forward eight spaces and luckily landed on a spot that didn’t require me to pick a card, as we hadn’t bothered setting them out.

“Who’s winning?” he asked.

“Susan,” I told him. “I hardly even remember how to play. We’re kind of improvising.”

He nodded as Susan picked up the dice and rolled them. “You sure you don’t want to play?”

“I’m sure.” He watched us a little longer, until we turned and stared at him. “It sounded like you were doing something else in here,” he complained.

“What did it sound like we were doing?” Susan asked.

“I’m not sure. It sounded funny.”

“Well, I don’t know what to tell you. We’re playing Monopoly. If you want to join us, feel free.”

“No. I really don’t want to.”

“I’m not really sure I like it either,” I admitted.

Susan sighed. “Why, because you’re losing?”

“No. I just forget how to play. I need to spend a little time reading the rules.”

“Maybe we should just put it away for tonight. We can try it again some other time.”

I nodded. “Alright.”

“It was a stupid idea, I guess.”

“No it wasn’t. I just don’t remember how to play.”

We began gathering up the money and returning it to the box. My father watched for just a moment longer and then stepped back into the living room, giving up. If he was going to catch us it would have to be another time.

As soon as he was gone I leaned over and kissed Susan. “God, you’re hot! Did I do okay?”

She smiled. “You did wonderful. I want to go to bed with you.”

I moaned quietly. “We’ll have to think of something. There must be a way.”

We finished cleaning up, our minds busy scheming.

## Chapter 12

Susan and I tried very hard to think up some excuse as to why the two of us needed to stay at a motel for a night that weekend, but nothing we thought of held much water. My father had been suspicious of us since catching me under the table with her moaning, and he was keeping a much closer eye on us. We still managed to get together for lots of kissing, and we even made love on the couch the next night after I got home from work, finishing just before his car pulled up, but we had to spend most of our time together with him in the room and that really hindered our opportunities to be intimate. I suggested to her that she ought to get a divorce, and that the two of us could move off together and be done with him, but there were a lot of messy legal issues involved with that. She'd need time to look into it.

In the meantime, we continued to do whatever we could to stay happy.

We somehow struggled through Saturday, getting more and more frustrated by my father's constant presence and his deep, penetrating inquiries whenever we suggested we were going out someplace. All three of us could feel a certain tension building, and no one knew what to do about it.

By the time Sunday night rolled around, and we finished eating a delicious but uncomfortable dinner together, Susan decided to try something new. We were all in the living room again, in our usual spots, and she began flirting with my father as he was studying his many stacks of papers.

"Maybe we could take a little trip together next weekend. Someplace romantic."

Any heterosexual male in his right mind would have taken her up on it, but he only grunted and made more scribbles on his documents. I would have loved to go somewhere romantic with her and do anything I could to make her as happy as possible; it made me wonder again what was wrong with him.

“Maybe camping,” she suggested. “A little tent and a cozy sleeping bag.”

He looked up from his papers, scowling. “Why would you want to sleep in the woods when you’ve got a nice bed right here in the house?”

“I just want to try and spark a little romance. You don’t seem interested in me anymore.”

He glanced at me, probably in embarrassment. “Of course I’m interested,” he told her.

“That’s news to me. You don’t show it. It makes me wonder.”

“Wonder what?”

“Why you’re tired of me already.”

“I’m not tired of you, Susan. I’m just very busy. I’ve got more clients being dumped on me than ever before, what with the merger and Reynolds retiring. I can barely keep up.”

“You’re always working. You don’t even make very much money. It almost seems silly.”

“I make money,” he practically growled. “It doesn’t grow on trees, you know. I’ve got to work for it.” He raised his stack of papers into the air. “This is my work.”

“I understand that. I just wish you had a little time for me, too.”

“I do.”

“You don’t.”

He sighed. “I don’t right this minute. I will later. I really need to get these taken care of.”

She smiled sweetly. “Why don’t we just go to bed early, and you can work on them in the morning?”

“I can’t go to bed early. I’ll be up another few hours with this stuff.”

“Please? I’ll make it worth your while.”

“I *can*’t!”

She pouted. “Well, when are you going to have time for me? Can I make an appointment?”

He rubbed his face. “Susan, please. I really need to work.”

“Do you want me to move away? Would you even notice?”

“Of course I’d notice. Don’t be ridiculous.”

“You’d miss dinner, maybe. Not me.”

He sighed again, moaning in frustrating. “Listen, why don’t the two of you watch a movie or something?”

“Stop blowing me off. I’m sick of watching TV. I didn’t marry you so I could sit on the couch and watch television six hours a day.”

“Why *did* you marry me?”

“I don’t know. I really don’t remember.”

He stared at her in frustration for a moment and then licked his lips. “We’ll talk about this later. I really, seriously need to get this stuff finished. It’s all due in the morning, and you know as well as I do that Iverson isn’t going to accept any excuses.”

“No. You’re right. Iverson is much more important than me. I would never question that.”

“Susan, be realistic! I can’t quit my job to go camping!”

“That’s not what I suggested.”

“It adds up to the same thing.”

“It doesn’t. You’ve had all weekend to get that stuff done.”

“I’ve been *working* on it all weekend!”

“I know. If you broke it all down, you probably make less per hour than I do.”

“I’m sure I do. But, unfortunately, I don’t get paid by the hour.”

“Maybe you should find another line of work.”

“Maybe you should let me get this done, so I can keep paying the mortgage.”

Susan stood up. “Fine. I’m going to bed alone.”

“This early?”

“I’m sick of TV. And your dinner has been prepared and eaten. There’s nothing else for me to do.”

“Susan...”

“Goodnight.” She spun and glanced at me as she walked away. “Goodnight, Amy.”

“Goodnight.” I wasn’t sure if she was really going to bed or if she had some type of plan. We hadn’t discussed anything. I watched her disappear, feeling a little bit troubled at what I’d just witnessed, and then peered over at my father.

“What’s with her?” he asked me.

“I think she just explained it to you.”

He sighed and rubbed his head. Then he looked back down at his papers and lost himself again.

I sat and tried to read for a few minutes, but wasn't able to concentrate. Just as I was about to give up, my phone chirped and I pulled it out and checked the message. It was from Susan, of course:

**Oops! I must've wandered into the  
wrong room. I'm in your bed,  
cutie pie. Join me?**

I shut off the phone and tucked it away. My father was scribbling away on his reports. I tried to think up some reason why I had to go to my room for awhile. I was no longer in school, of course, so homework was out. I racked my brain and couldn't come up with anything good, and then wondered why I even needed to. He seemed almost oblivious of me.

"I'm going to go lie down in bed and read. I'll see you later."

He looked up, distractedly. "You're going to bed, too?"

"I'm going to lie in bed and read. It's more comfortable than sitting here."

He nodded. "Alright. If you fall asleep, have a good night."

"You too."

I got up and walked slowly down the hall, my heart racing at the thought of Susan waiting for me in my bed. I stepped through the door and closed it gently behind me. As I rounded the corner of my room and came around the desk, I could see Susan peeking out at me from under my covers. She was smiling and waving, looking so desirable I could hardly stand it.

After setting my book down on the desk, I went right up to the bed and climbed in with her. I was only wearing shorts and a t-shirt, so I didn't need to pause. We slipped our arms around each other and shared a soft, sweet kiss before embracing fully and rolling around, giggling.

“Oh, this is wonderful!” Susan said quietly.

“It sure is. Maybe he’ll really stay busy in there for a few hours.”

“I hope so. Maybe he’ll stay in that chair all night.” She slid a hand into my shorts and I gasped as her fingers came in contact with my swollen labia.

“Oh, Susan,” I moaned. “I want you so bad.”

“I’m yours, baby.” She found my mouth and claimed it with her own.

For the next hour we were lost to the world. We tried to stay quiet, and for the most part succeeded. My father didn’t come looking for either of us, and we were finally able to enjoy each other to our hearts’ content.

When Susan kissed me goodnight and snuck back to her room, we were both as happy as could be. If she’d been able to stay with me all night it would have made it even better.

We’d have to work on that.



## Chapter 13

Susan and I managed to get away with quite a bit over the next week or so. We became very adept at using our cell phones and meeting up in various parts of the house while my father was busy scribbling notes in his chair. I personally think he was beginning to realize what was going on, but deciding to ignore it for whatever reason. Most likely he just didn't know how to deal with it, or perhaps he was afraid to try.

Either way, things went on this way for a while, and it reached the point where we became almost lackadaisical in our efforts to thwart his attention.

One Saturday in August we were doing some house cleaning, and getting very frisky with each other as we were scrubbing the kitchen floor. We managed to keep it under control and soon we finished up and began gathering up all the unwashed laundry. You might think the excitement had worn off for us after a few weeks of being intimate, but it was just the opposite; I couldn't get enough of Susan, and she seemed to feel the same way about me. We kissed each other every chance we got, and shared loving hugs and caresses around the clock. I was truly in love with her, and she had fallen for me, too. My life was pure bliss whenever the two of us found ourselves together without my father around.

Anyway, we were loading up the washing machine in the laundry room, which is just off the kitchen. We had the door partially closed, but not completely because we weren't really doing anything besides stuffing clothes in the machine and bumping our hips playfully together. We kept getting in each other's way on purpose, so that we'd have to bop into each other in order to get anywhere. This led to a brief spell of giggling and some very light wrestling, and both of us got very turned on, which for us was not the least bit unusual. I could have had sex with Susan ten times a day and I'd still want more.

She pressed me up against the dryer, one of her arms still cradling a bundle of dirty laundry, and ground her pelvis into my crotch. “How do you like that, sweetheart?”

I gripped her shoulders and pulled her even closer. “I like it a lot.”

She giggled. “I’ll bet you do.”

“Why don’t you take your pants off, Susan? I’m really hungry and something smells good in there.”

She laughed again and pulled a pair of her panties out from the bundle of laundry under her arm. “Maybe this is what you smell.” She held it up and let the rest of the clothing fall to the floor.

“Maybe.” I snatched it away from her and pressed it to my face, inhaling. I could smell her on the fabric and it got me so aroused I almost came. “Oh, god,” I moaned. “I want you so bad.”

She pressed into me, working her thigh between my legs. Then she pulled the panties away from my face and began kissing me, very passionately. Our arms went around each other and we really got into it, making out right there in the laundry room while my father sat in his chair two rooms away.

At least I thought he was two rooms away. It was a real shock when the door flew open and he was standing there, staring at us.

“What the fuck?” he blurted.

Susan and I separated as quickly as we could, but it was far too late. We were both astonished; he’d never actually caught us before. He’d come close, but he’d never actually seen anything and we’d always had an excuse handy to explain what he thought he might have seen. This time it was different.

“Jesus, you scared me,” Susan scolded him. I guess she was trying to throw him off with that, but it didn’t even come close to working.

He glared at her. “What the fuck were you doing?”

“What did it look like?”

He studied her and then looked at me before bring his gaze back to her. “You were kissing. What the hell were you doing that for?” He rubbed a hand through his hair, looking almost sick with the reality of what he had witnessed.

“She was showing me how,” I told him.

“Showing you how?”

I nodded. “In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve never had a boyfriend. But I have a date next weekend.” I could come up with lies pretty quick, but I wasn’t sure this one made any sense. “Susan was giving me a few pointers.”

“It looked like she was giving you a lot more than that.”

“How is she supposed to learn how to kiss, if no one teaches her?” Susan asked.

“Shouldn’t she learn that from the boyfriend? The date?”

I shrugged. “I asked Susan to show me. She didn’t want to, but I kept asking.”

“Why?”

“Because I wanted to know.”

“But you two were really kissing!” He glanced back and forth between us again. “You had your arms around each other and everything.”

“That’s how it’s done,” Susan explained. “You ought to try it sometime.”

My father’s face turned red and he looked mad enough to become violent, which I’d never seen him do. His hands balled into fists and he trembled with rage. “*I have* tried it! You know I have!”

“Not lately,” Susan countered.

“No, not lately! In case you haven’t noticed, I’ve been swamped with paperwork!”

“You’re always swamped with paperwork. It never ends!”

“Tell me about it! You think I like it?”

“Yes! I know you do!” She suddenly looked mad, too.

That kind of put a scare into my father, and he stepped back a little. “Well, I don’t! I’m getting sicker and sicker of it all the time!” I actually believed him, even though he didn’t seem very convincing. I just didn’t think anyone could actually enjoy doing all that paperwork.

“Well, maybe you ought to take a break from it once in awhile.”

He scrunched up his mouth and regarded her for a moment. “We’re getting off track. What does my work have to do with you and Amy hiding back here and kissing?”

“We’re not hiding!” I shouted. “We’re doing laundry! We’ve been working all day, cleaning the house!”

“That’s fine. But I’m not talking about the laundry. I’m talking about the kissing.”

“We already explained that to you,” Susan reminded him.

“Well, I didn’t like the explanation.” He put his hands on his hips and waited for her to respond.

“I told you, I was showing her how. If you don’t like it, that’s your problem.”

“I *don’t* like it! Who would like their wife and daughter carrying on like that? It’s disgusting!”

“She’s not *my* daughter!” Susan shouted. “Stop trying to make me sound like a pervert! She’s an adult woman, and so am I!”

“Well, it’s still wrong!”

“We were just goofing around,” I interjected. “What’s the big deal?”

He stared at me, fuming. He was really mad, but some of the intensity seemed to be wearing off. “It is a big deal! It’s wrong! I don’t like it!”

“You’ve made that very clear,” Susan said. “Do you want me to stand here and spout off all the things I don’t like?”

He looked at her, not responding.

“I’ve got quite a list, if you’re interested,” she continued.

“Not now,” he said.

“Of course not. You’ve got too much work to do right now.”

I could see a muscle bunch up in my father’s jaw as he clenched it. “I’ve got a *ton*!”

“How unusual.”

“I’m not kidding!”

“I’m stunned.”

“Susan!”

“What?”

He stared at her for a moment longer. I swear I thought he was going to strike out at her, and if he did I was going to attack him. But then he sort of deflated and he took a deep breath, steadying himself against the door frame with one hand. “I’m under a lot of stress right now. I can’t deal with this.”

“There’s nothing to deal with,” I said.

He looked at me, and I thought I could see a deep sadness in his eyes. It made

me feel not quite so angry with him. Life was shit most of the time, and I guess he got his share, too. Only he had this beautiful, wonderful wife and he did nothing but ignore her. It was wrong, despite the fact that I was benefiting from it. “I hope not,” he said.

“You need to relax,” Susan said. “You never stop working.”

He took another deep breath and nodded. “I can’t argue with that. But I don’t like what I saw in here.”

“We’re women,” Susan said harshly. “You might not understand, but woman can do things like that in a friendly, joking-around sort of way. Get over it.”

I could tell he wanted to. He chewed his lip for a moment and nodded again. “Alright. I’ll get over it.” He pointed a finger at her. “But I sure as hell better not see you doing it again. If she needs to learn how to kiss, she can practice with her new boyfriend.”

He turned and looked at me, and I almost laughed. I never wanted to kiss another boy as long as I lived. If it was up to me, I’d never kiss anyone but Susan again. And I’d kiss her as much as possible, every day. “Maybe,” I said.

“I didn’t even know you had a boyfriend, by the way. You didn’t mention anything to me about it.”

“You’re always busy. And besides, I don’t have a new boyfriend. It’s just a date. There’s really nothing to mention at this point.”

He thought about it and then nodded. “Alright. Fine.” He regarded us each in turn and then took an enormously deep breath, letting it out slowly. It seemed to really calm him down. “I know I’ve been very busy. And as soon as they hire someone else that will change. Hopefully it will be soon. But I’d still appreciate being kept in the loop around here. You two seem to do a lot of sneaking around, and I’m never sure what’s going on.”

“We don’t sneak around!” Susan shouted.

He held up both hands. “Okay, okay. That’s just my impression, for some reason. Anyway, what I’m saying is, you don’t have to hide things from me. If that’s what you’re doing.”

“It’s not,” I lied. “But thank you, and we’ll keep it in mind.”

“Alright. I’ve... got to get back to work. No more kissing.”

“Yes sir,” Susan said.

He glared at her one more time and then finally walked away. I could tell it was a huge relief for him. He was no longer really comfortable around us, and I didn’t blame him.

As soon as he was gone I slipped my arms around Susan and gave her a soft kiss. “You were wonderful.”

She hugged me. “So were you, sweetheart.”

“It’s too bad, though.”

“What’s that?”

“Now you’re not allowed to teach me how to kiss.”

She giggled. “That’s true. But I think by now you already know how. He didn’t say anything about not practicing.”

“He said no kissing.”

“Fuck him.” She kissed me, long and deep. My passion became more inflamed than ever, and I began to squirm against her, almost desperate to really have her.

When she pulled her mouth away she was breathing very heavily, and I could tell she wanted me as badly as I wanted her.

“What should we do?” she asked.

I reached down and unbuttoned her pants. “He didn’t mention anything about not eating pussy.”



## Chapter 14

So, essentially, we ignored my father's warnings. He stayed very busy for the next week, and Susan and I spent a lot of time together. Our love was growing ever stronger and we became less and less concerned about what my father might think. There was no way Susan was going to go back to him if he should ever decide he had time for her, so their marriage was virtually over. He just didn't know it yet, although I suppose he must have sensed it. After all, it was as much his fault as any else's.

It was on a Friday night, the very next week, when the sneaking around finally came to an abrupt end. It must have been close to midnight, and I had spent over two hours reading before finally drifting off to sleep in my bed. There was a slight noise in the hall, which I supposed is what woke me, and then I heard the sound of my door slowly opening. These sounds were very quiet, but I'm an extremely light sleeper, and practically anything wakes me up. I sat up in bed and watched as the silhouetted form of Susan entered and then she shut the door behind her and slowly approached my bed.

"Are you awake, honey?" she whispered.

"Yes," I whispered back. "Are you okay?"

"Yes." She pulled up the sheets and slid in beside me. I was so delighted that I immediately wrapped her up in my arms and rolled her on top of me. She hugged me and kissed my neck, moaning happily at my warm welcome. "God, Amy. I love you so much."

Her words filled my heart with joy and I squeezed her tighter, wrapping my legs around her. "I love you too, Susan. More than anything in the world."

We held each other for a little while and shared some kisses. I was really curious as to why she came to visit me like that, though, in the middle of the night. It wasn't something she'd ever done before. I rolled over so that we

were side by side and kissed her on the cheek. “You guys have a fight?” I pried.

She pressed her nose to mine and ran her tongue along my lower lip, getting me very aroused. “No, honey. Not really.” She kissed me very softly. “I’m just so sick of lying there in bed beside him listening to him snore. It doesn’t make any sense. I keep thinking about you in here, by yourself, and it makes me question my behavior.” She kissed me again. “I mean, I really can’t stand the guy, and there I am in his bed. Meanwhile, I love you like crazy and want to be with you more than anything, and I just leave you alone in here. I can’t stand it anymore.”

The love I felt for her was simply overwhelming. I hugged her very tightly and buried my face in the hollow of her neck. “Oh, Susan. We need to go away. I want to live with you. Just you and me.”

It thrilled me when I felt her nod her head. “That’s what I want, too. I don’t like these silly games anymore.”

I brought my head up and kissed her along her jaw. “You really mean it?”

“Yes, sweetheart. I’m so happy when we’re together.”

“So am I!”

“I know. We’d be crazy not to do this.”

“Oh, Susan, this is going to be wonderful!”

She giggled and kissed me on the mouth. “It sure is.”

“When are we leaving?”

“There’s no big rush, honey. We’ll need to find an apartment. And I’ll have to do something about... the legal stuff...”

“Don’t worry about that now. I’m just so glad you want to be with me for real.”

“Oh, I do, Amy. I do. More than anything.”

I squeezed her and kissed her and began rocking back and forth in the bed. “Oh, we’re going to be so happy! We’ll have our own big bed together!”

She laughed. “We can sleep together every night!”

“Yes!” I climbed on top of her and engaged her in a heated kiss, sliding my tongue into her mouth and rubbing my thigh up down between her legs. She moaned, clutching me to her and reaching one hand into my pajama bottoms. In no time at all we were celebrating our new decision with some of the best sex I’d ever had. I can’t even begin to tell you how absolutely terrific it was to have Susan in my bed and to be able to do anything I wanted with her.

We brought each other to orgasm very quickly, and then stripped off the little clothing we had on. Susan was all tangled up in my sheets, and I was trying to unwrap her as she suckled on my breast.

“Oh, baby,” I moaned. “That feels so good.”

“I’m going to make you come at least three more times tonight, sweetie.”

“You’d better.”

She laughed and began sucking on my other nipple, pulling it into her mouth and gliding her tongue over it. It got me even more riled up, and when I finally got the sheet off of her I tossed it to the floor and pounced on her, having the time of my life.

We kissed deeply and passionately, our hands going everywhere. It was a hot night and we were slick with sweat and lust and arousal. We climbed all over the bed, and each other, kissing and caressing and doing whatever we wanted. My father was completely forgotten and we paid no mind to anything except making each other feel as good as we possibly could.

At one point I dove between Susan’s thighs and began rubbing my face up and down her glistening sex, licking her and nibbling on her moist folds. She threw her arms into the air and moaned loudly, spreading her legs and

twisting her head from side to side.

“Oh, Amy!” She brought her hands back down and tangled her fingers in my hair. “You’re going to make me come, sweetie!”

“I hope so.” I was loving every second of it, my whole face wet with her juices.

“Oh, honey, flip yourself around, will you? I want to taste you, too.”

Keeping my face right where it was, I twisted myself around so that my legs were up near her head. She grabbed my ankle and lifted one of my legs over her so that her face was between them. Then I felt her pulling down on me, so I lowered myself a bit. When I felt her tongue begin sliding over my swollen lips I groaned and buried my face even deeper between her legs.

When she found my little nub and sucked it between her lips, I gasped. “Oh, god, Susan!”

She ran her hands up and down my lower back, pulling me nearer to her as she brought me closer and closer to orgasm. I began to squirm all around, rubbing myself in her face and moaning. She made me feel so incredibly good, I couldn’t help myself.

When the light suddenly went on, it didn’t even occur to me how it had happened. I was too consumed by my passion and my love for Susan to think much of it. It was my father’s voice that snapped me out of it; that and Susan’s abrupt struggle to sit up.

“What the fuck?” my father asked. He didn’t say it very loud or with any anger. He sounded almost stunned.

I lifted my head from between Susan’s legs and met his gaze. I felt terribly embarrassed, even though, looking back, I really shouldn’t have. He had no right to come into my room like that. I stared at him, feeling about as shocked as he looked, as Susan gently slid my back end off her face and sat up in the bed.

“What the hell are you *doing*?” he asked.

I thought it was pretty obvious what we were doing. I got up off Susan and we arranged ourselves so that we were sitting side by side. She grabbed us each a pillow and we covered up as best we could. “What the fuck are you doing in here?” she asked him.

“I could ask you the same question.”

“I was invited.”

“I’ll bet you were.” He stared at us, looking back and forth between us. “Don’t tell me. You’re teaching her how to fuck now, too.”

I almost laughed. Instead, I put my arm around Susan and pressed myself closer to her.

I’ve told you many times about the extent of my love for her. It was something I’ve always felt, and knew that I always would. It was unquestionable and unconditional. But since we’d gotten so close and become lovers, there was always a little part of me that wondered whether or not she really felt the same for me as I did for her. I certainly hoped that she did, but there was no real way for me to be sure other than by her words, which indicated very strongly that she did. But as we sat naked before my father, him staring at us in disgust, and I felt her arm come up and go around my shoulders, pulling me even closer to her, I knew without any doubt that our love was total and unwavering. And if I still had even the slightest shadow of a doubt, the words she spoke next would have disintegrated them instantly.

“There’s something you should know,” she told him. “Amy and I are in love.”

“Fuckin’ cunt,” he spat. It shocked me to hear him say that. I flinched, and Susan did, too. We pressed against each other even more firmly as he sneered at us. “Dirty fuckin’ bitches.”

“Get out of here,” Susan ordered harshly.

“You get out of here. It’s my fucking house.”

I reached down and took hold of her hand, being careful not to let the pillow slip. “Get out of my room,” I told him. “Leave us alone.”

He clenched his hands into fists. “Stop telling me what to do! I own the fucking place!”

“*Please* leave us alone,” Susan said. “For a little while. We can discuss this later.”

He glared at her. I never saw him look so furious. “There’s nothing to discuss, you cheating bitch.”

“Cheating? Cheating on what? On who? You don’t even want me --”

“You got that right. Now get the hell out of here.”

“*You* get out!” I nearly screamed. “Leave us alone!”

He made a sudden move toward me, but immediately backed away. He seemed appalled by our nakedness. I saw him as he really was then: a father who didn’t want to be a father; a husband who didn’t want to be a husband; a man who didn’t know how to be a man. He was just some weirdo accountant wasting away the hours and years until he died. He was nearly useless.

“Look at you,” he barked at Susan. “In bed with a girl barely eighteen. You’re twice her fucking age, for god’s sake!”

“No I’m not,” Susan countered. “I’m only 32.”

“She’s a kid! You’re disgusting! You’re supposed to be her step-mom!”

“I love her. Stop telling me I’m disgusting.”

“You are! A lesbo, too! Did you teach her that, or did she teach you?”

“Get out!” I screamed. “Get out or I’m calling the police!”

“Go ahead. I don’t care. What the hell did I do that they’re going to care about?”

“You broke into my room and you won’t get out!”

He stared at me for a moment and I could see some of the anger going out of him. He wasn’t strong enough to hold on to it for very long. He looked like he wanted to run. “I’ll get out. I only came in here to see what all the crazy groaning was about.” He sneered again. “Now I know.”

“Good for you,” Susan said. She squeezed my hand. “You can go back to bed now, and we can discuss this in the morning.”

“And what, you’re going to go back to sucking each other’s asses, or whatever it was you were doing? And I’m supposed to go back to sleep on the other side of that wall?”

“We’re going to sleep, too.”

“I’ll bet.”

“Please. I was going to tell you about this tomorrow anyway. Amy and I are going to move out and find an apartment.”

“You got that right.”

“Goodnight.”

He glared at us some more, but there wasn’t much left to say. Now that he knew we were planning to move out, he didn’t have much to threaten us with. “I should kick you out right now.”

“You kicked me out within a month of marrying me. I’m nothing but a servant to you.”

I could see a look of hurt pass behind his eyes as he slowly nodded his head. “Right. Blame this on me. That makes a lot of sense.”

“I’m not blaming anyone. I’m just asking that you leave us alone for one

night. You'll be rid of us soon enough."

"I want a divorce."

"No shit."

"You're out of here tomorrow. Both of you."

"We already established that," I said.

He looked at us for a moment longer and then shook his head. "Fucking cunts." He spun around and left the room, giving the door a mighty slam.

As soon as he was gone I twisted on the bed and shoved the pillows aside so I could gather Susan up in my arms. We held each other tightly and I could feel her trembling. I was trembling, too. "I love you, Susan."

"I love you too, Amy."

We lay down, locked in an embrace, our legs tangled together. We were both very shaken up, but we were together and we would stay together.



## Chapter 15

The next morning, when Susan and I finally climbed out of bed, my father was no where to be found. We spent a few minutes checking around the house for him, and then Susan noticed that his car was gone. It was very unusual, but considering what had happened the night before, it made sense. He was most likely sitting in his car in a parking lot somewhere, working on his papers and giving us time to clear out without having to deal with us.

We each took a long, leisurely shower and then had breakfast. We didn't bother doing the dishes. He was going to have a lot more housework to do from now on, so he'd just have to get used to it. After breakfast we searched online for apartments and found several promising leads. It was going to take weeks to apply and get approved and move, though, so we needed to find someplace else to stay in the meantime.

Susan suggested a motel with weekly rates, and that sounded good to me. It would give us plenty of time to find the right apartment, and we'd be away from my father and free to do whatever we wanted. Just the idea of sharing a bed with her every night was enough to make me almost dizzy with happiness.

We spent the rest of the morning packing up our clothes and our most important possessions and loading them into Susan's car. I thought about taking the spare car which I used for work, but it belonged to my father and could be considered stealing. I would ask him about it later, and even offer to buy it from him. For the time being, though, we'd make do with Susan's car.

When we had it filled to capacity we drove to Route 88 and found a nice little motel only about a mile from the ocean. It was clean and affordable, and not too far from our jobs. We unpacked everything and stuffed it into the single large closet and dresser. It would be cramped living for a few weeks, but that was okay; I didn't mind being cramped in with Susan one bit.

“Hey,” she said after we finally got everything put away. “Before we go back for the rest of our stuff, why don’t we try out our new bed?”

It was a great idea. I pulled her over to it and kissed her, and then we were rolling around pulling each other’s clothes off.

\*

Well, I suppose I could go on for a little bit longer, but that’s essentially the story I wanted to tell.

I’m 27 now, and Susan is 41. We lived in an apartment for a few years and then bought a two bedroom condo near the ocean. We’re still together and still very much in love. She’s still just as beautiful, too. In fact, I honestly believe she looks even better now that she did when I met her.

She quit the job she was working at with my father at about the same time their divorce was finalized. That was less than a year after we moved out. We qualified for a small business loan and opened up a little shop on the Jersey shore. We sell clothing and souvenirs to the many tourists who come by, and although we don’t make a lot of money, we do make a living.

And, most importantly, we’re together.

Always together.

-the end-

# **Naughty Girls**

**by Cynthia Meyers**

# Chapter 1

The bar was called Svevo's. It was gaining a reputation as a night club, and it was a Friday night so it was filled to capacity. Rachael and Debbi had to stand near the bar, as there wasn't a single seat available. It took them fifteen minutes to get a couple of cocktails and then they stood lingering, glancing around at the mindless crowd. They could barely even communicate because of all the noise; there were at least forty loud conversations going on and the jukebox was blaring in the background.

“Maybe we should have picked someplace else,” Debbi shouted over the noise.

Rachael sipped her vodka and cranberry. “It'll work out. We won't be here long.”

Neither of them looked out of place. They were both in their late 20's and extremely attractive. Both were dressed up for their night out; Debbi in a tight blue dress, nicely complimenting her golden blonde hair; and Rachael in black, her dark hair spilling down over her bare shoulders. They stood their ground, trying to avoid having their drinks knocked out of their hands as they surveyed the crowd.

They were looking for a man, but it wasn't as easy as it seemed. As they stood and sipped their drinks they were approached by several men in pairs, and propositioned, but they were not looking for a pair of men. They were looking for a single man to share between them, and it was far less common for a single man to approach two women.

It did happen, though. It had to at some point. All it took was patience. Just as they were finishing up their first drinks, a well-dressed business man nearly walked right into them and froze, smiling drunkenly at them.

“Scuse me, ladies!”

“No problem,” said Rachael. She smiled at him and winked.

It seemed to encourage him. Instead of moving on he studied them each in turn, nodding his head approvingly. He looked at the near-empty glasses in their hands. “Are you two ladies together? Can I buy either of you a drink?” He was about 35 and in good shape, just starting to lose his hair.

Rachael and Debbi looked to each other for confirmation. Debbi nodded subtly.

“We're together,” Rachael confessed. “But we're interested.”

He raised his eyebrows and looked back and forth between them. “Oh?”

Debbi smiled at him. “Do you think you could handle us?”

He laughed, a short loud bark. “I'd be crazy not to try!”

“That's the spirit,” said Rachael.

“Jesus,” he said. He looked back and forth again. “Are you ladies serious?”

“Yes. Very.”

He began nodding, seeming to sober up a bit. “You're both so... My, god...” He smiled and tore his wallet from his back pocket. “What are you drinking?”

“Actually,” said Rachael, looking around. “We were just thinking of leaving.”

His smile disappeared instantly. “But I thought you just said --”

“It's too crowded in here,” said Debbi. “We were thinking of going somewhere quieter. Somewhere more private.” She licked her lips. “Maybe you know of someplace?”

The man tucked his wallet away. He swallowed, looking suddenly nervous. “I uh...” He shrugged. “I got a house just a couple miles from here,” he

offered. "Or did you mean another bar?"

Rachael shook her glass, rattling the ice. "Do you have any booze at home?"

He smiled again. "Sure! Lots of it. Beer, too. And wine. Everything."

Rachael and Debbi looked at each other. "What do you think?" asked Rachael.

Debbi smiled. "I'm up for it. I'm sick of bars."

"Well," said the man. "If you really want to... my house is nice and quiet. It's a nice place. We can take my car."

"We have a car," said Rachael. "I'd hate to leave it here. How about we follow you?"

He smiled. "That's fine." He looked back and forth again, obviously very excited. "I can't believe this. You're both so... so beautiful. You're not pulling my leg, are you?"

"Not at all," said Debbi. "What's your name, by the way? Mine's Debbi. And this is Rachael."

"Nick," he said. He held out his hand and shook each of theirs in turn. "Very, very glad to meet you!"

"Let's get out of here, Nick," said Rachael. "I can't take much more of this noise."

Nick nodded. "Great idea."

## Chapter 2

They followed Nick home with no problem. He drove a fancy little Mazda convertible with the top down. Rachael and Debbi stayed close behind in the Ion Rachael had stolen earlier that night. When they reached the house, a very large one-story ranch near Lake Michigan, Rachael parked behind the Mazda in the long driveway and everyone got out of the cars.

“Well, that worked out nicely,” Nick stated, coming over to meet them. He looked slightly older and balder under the security lights in the driveway.

“Did you think we'd get lost?” asked Debbi.

“No, no. I didn't mean that.” He shrugged. “Sorry. I'm just a little excited.”

“You should be,” said Rachael, smiling. “You're in for quite a night.”

That brightened his expression. “I hope so! God, I feel like I won the lottery!”

Rachael and Debbi laughed politely and stepped around to the back of the Ion. Unlocking the trunk, Rachael took out a small travel bag.

Nick smiled. “Oh, good! I was going to suggest you stay the night.”

“Maybe.” She slammed the trunk. “I just like to be prepared, is all.”

“Oh, sure. Always a good idea. Well come on in, come on in.” He led them up the walkway to the front door, using his key to open it.

Inside, Nick moved off to one side, allowing them to enter before closing and locking the door.

Rachael and Debbi stepped past him, glancing around the large living room

appreciatively. It was very well decorated with polished wood furniture and a matching white couch, loveseat and recliner. The coffee table was a glass octagon and there was an enormous flat screen TV attached to the far wall, directly across from the couch. The carpeting was white, soft and very deep.

“You weren't kidding,” said Rachael. “This is beautiful.”

Nick rushed forward, tossing his keys on the table. “Thanks! Now what would you two like to drink?”

The women were still looking around. There were many shelves and end-tables, all covered with interesting looking books and assorted curiosities.

“A vodka-cranberry, if you have it,” said Rachael.

“I can do that.” He turned to Debbi, who was admiring a large pewter statue of a camel.

“The same,” she said.

“Good. Okay, fine. You two relax and get comfortable. I'll make us some drinks.” He disappeared through a doorway at the far end of the room.

Rachael immediately stepped closer to Debbi, smiling. Debbi smiled back. They exchanged a knowing glance and leaned into each other, sharing an affectionate kiss.

“What do you think?” asked Rachael.

“Perfect. Provided there are no surprises.”

“We'll grill him first.”

“And after.”

They both laughed and kissed again. “It's going to be an exciting night.”

“It certainly is.”



Smiling, they separated and wandered around the room, admiring the odd decorations. By the time Nick came back with the drinks, which wasn't long at all, they were already growing bored.

"Here you are," he said, handing them each a glass. He had a bottle of beer tucked under his arm, which he retrieved while scrutinizing each of them. He twisted off the cap and set it on the coffee table. "Please, sit down. Make yourselves comfortable."

"Thank you," Rachael said. She sat on the long couch and set her bag on the floor near her feet. Debbi took a seat beside her, taking a small sip from her glass before setting it on the table.

Nick sat down on the loveseat and drank from his bottle, a long guzzle which emptied it by half. He pulled it away from his mouth with a smirk. "Good stuff. Drink up."

"We will," said Debbi, eyeing her drink. "You didn't put anything in them, did you?"

Nick looked shocked by the accusation. "What? What do you mean?"

"I mean, there are several date-rape drugs --"

"Oh, god! Are you kidding? I would never --"

"She's just asking," cut in Rachael. "No need to get upset."

"No," he said. "I would never do anything like that. I wouldn't even know where to get such a thing."

"Okay, well, then, no problem." Rachael took a sip from her glass and set it down next to Debbi's.

"What's the matter?" Nick asked. "Did I make them too strong? Is that it?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Debbi. She leaned over and slipped off her shoes, tucking them beneath the couch. "We're just not big on taking chances. There are a lot of creeps out there."

“Oh. I agree.” Nick seemed to relax a little. He stared at Debbi's feet, smiling. “Blue nail polish. It matches your dress. My god, you're beautiful.”

“So you've said. But thank you. And thank you for the drink.” She lifted it and settled back on the couch, taking leisurely little sips.

“No problem. There's plenty more. Drink up.”

“I wish you wouldn't keep saying that. It implies you're trying to get us drunk.”

He smiled. “Not at all. I'm just being generous.”

Rachael was staring at him with mild irritation. “Can I ask you something?”

“You can ask.” Nick took another swig of beer.

“Is your wife home?”

“I'm not married.”

“She's not in the bedroom?”

“She's not anywhere. I don't have a wife. I live here alone.”

Rachael sighed. “Are you sure about that?”

“Of course. Hey, I'm not playing games with you. I'm a single guy.”

“Planning on having any visitors tonight?”

He looked at her skeptically. “What do you mean? You mean, besides you two?”

“That's right.”

He leaned back on the loveseat, frowning. “No. Why all the questions?”

“She's a curious one,” explained Debbi. “Just be honest with her and she

won't get mad.”

“Mad? Look, I thought we were going to have some fun. I'm being perfectly straight with you ladies. I've got no hidden agenda here. I'm just a regular guy looking for a little... you know...”

“Pussy?” asked Rachael.

Nick shrugged. “Is that bad? I never planned on hooking up with two women at the same time. I mean, I never even would have thought it possible. But yeah. I'm definitely in the mood for...” He glanced at Rachael's lap. “...some of that.”

“You plan on fucking us both?”

This seemed to annoy Nick, who leaned forward and put his forearms on his knees. “Look. I'm not sure I understand this sudden attitude change. I thought we had a pretty clear --”

“Finish your beer,” Rachael said.

Nick stared at her. “Excuse me?”

“Finish it.” She reached down and unlatched her travel bag.

“I will.” He watched her closely. “Don't worry about that. But what I want to know --”

“I think you're getting her mad,” Debbi warned.

“What the hell,” Nick muttered. “I didn't even do anything.” He lifted the bottle and drained the last of his High Life.

When Rachael sat back up, she was brandishing a 9mm pistol.

Nick lost control of his bladder for a split second and shot a quick spurt of urine into his underwear. “What the hell? Aw, come on!”

“Don't yell,” she warned. “And no sudden moves.”

“Is this a fucking robbery?” He suddenly looked beaten down. He glanced back and forth at them again, trying to figure it out.

“No. And I don't want to hurt you. I promise I *won't* hurt you, if you do as I say.”

“Well, shit. With that fucking pistol aimed at me, I guess I'm pretty much guaranteed to do whatever you say.”

Rachael smiled. “That's the spirit.”

“I've heard that before.”

“What?”

“Nothing. But you really don't need that. I'm a decent guy, honest. You could just tell me what you want, and --”

“Shut up.”

“Is it money? If you want money --”

“Shut up!” Rachael thrust her arm forward, leveling the gun at his face.

“Okay, okay!”

“When she says shut up,” Debbi cut in, “she means it. I suggest you shut up.”

Nick opened his mouth again, but quickly shut it. He nodded, then shrugged his shoulders. He didn't know what was going on or what to do about it.

Rachael reached down again and slipped off her shoes. She also took some rope and duct tape out of her travel bag and handed them to Debbi. The pistol never wavered. “Get up,” she said.

Nick was staring at her. He pointed at his chest and mimed the word, “Me?”

“Yes, you. Who the fuck else?”

He spread his arms in a gesture of futility.

Rachael stood up and motioned for Nick to do the same. “Come on, get up. We've got to do something about you.”

Nick and Debbi both got to their feet.

“In here or in the kitchen?” asked Debbi.

Pursing her lips, Rachael thought about it. “Get a kitchen chair and bring it in here. No sense in him missing out on all the fun.”

“Oh, god, Rachael!” Debbi kissed her on the cheek. “This is going to be fucking great!”

Rachael laughed. “It sure is.”

Debbi danced into the kitchen, a smile on her face.

Nick didn't know what was going on, but he sensed it was something very bad.

## Chapter 3

A few minutes later Nick was sitting on a wooden kitchen chair in the living room, right in front of the giant TV. He was bound there with rope and duct tape, compliments of Debbi. She tore one last piece off the roll before tossing it aside, and reached to press it over his mouth.

“Wait,” he pleaded.

Debbi paused, glancing at Rachael.

“What?” she asked. She was still holding the gun, ensuring his continued cooperation.

“You don't need to gag me. I promise I won't say anything unless you ask me to.”

“I already told you to shut up, and you're still talking.”

“But --”

Debbi pressed the tape over his mouth, ending his protests. He continued to talk, but it was completely muffled behind the thick tape.

Rachael sighed deeply and smiled, nodding her head. “Nice job, honey.” She set the gun down on the coffee table and stretched languidly.

“Thank you.” Debbi stepped closer to her and put her hands on Rachael's hips. They kissed softly, their arms encircling each other. Then suddenly they were kissing more hungrily, pressing themselves together and sliding their hands up and down each other's backs. It went on for several minutes, Nick staring at them and trying to figure out what was going on.

When they separated, they were both smiling.

Rachael stroked Debbi's cheek with the back of one hand, gazing into her eyes. "God, Debbi, I'm *really* in the mood for you."

Debbi giggled. "That's good to hear." She licked her lips, and then she licked Rachael's lips. "I'm in the mood for *you*."

They both laughed and kissed again. "What do you say we have ourselves a couple of drinks and get comfortable?"

"Isn't that what Herb told us to do earlier?" Debbi asked.

Rachael smiled. "I think his name is Nick."

"Oh yeah."

They both turned and looked at him. His eyes were open wide, staring in confusion and fright. He tried to say something, but it was impossible to decipher.

Rachael stepped over and slapped him viciously across the face. The sound was surprisingly loud. "I told you to shut up! Next time you're going to be sorry!"

Nick's cheek turned bright red and he looked away, breathing heavily. He had to do it from his nostrils alone, and they flared as he drew air into them and huffed it back out.

"That's better. Just sit there and don't make a sound. Do you understand?"

Nick glared at her angrily, but nodded his head up and down.

"Good. Everything will be fine if you just cooperate."

Debbi stepped up to the chair and glowered at Nick. "I'd like to slap him, too."

Rachael smiled. "So slap him, honey."

Drawing her hand back, Debbi delivered a brutal punch to the side of Nick's

head. Her knuckles split the skin of his ear and he yelled out in pain behind his gag. He tried to thrash around in his chair, but the ropes and tape prevented him from any significant movement.

Rachael laughed. "That was more of a punch, Debbi."

"Shit," she said. "You're right. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. It was funny." Rachael leaned toward her and kissed her on the mouth.

"I don't think Herb thought so."

Rachael smiled again and studied Nick, who was scowling at them. "I think you're hurting his feelings. His name is Nick."

"Did you notice he tried to scream when I punched him? Even after your warning?"

"I did." Rachael stepped to the other side of the chair and gave Nick another savage slap across his already red face. "And if he tries to scream again he's going to get his nose broken."

"Can I do it?" Debbi asked excitedly.

"Of course you can. You can do anything you'd like."

"Anything?"

"Absolutely. It's Friday night. We're here to have fun, sweetheart."

Debbi thought about it. She looked around the room. "I feel like getting good and drunk."

"Excellent idea."

She reached out a hand and slid it up Rachael's bare arm. "And eating you up."



Rachael smiled. "Now you're talking."

Debbi giggled and pulled her into a hug. They kissed again, groping at each other right in front of Nick's chair. He watched them, feeling more and more concerned for his safety. When they were done kissing, they scrutinized him again.

"What do you think?" asked Rachael. "You think he'll stay quite for the rest of the night?"

Debbi studied him. "I doubt it. He looks so dumb."

Rachael laughed. "He does, doesn't he?"

"Can you imagine? He thought we were going to fuck him!"

"Now, now, sweetie. Let's not get him all riled up."

"Alright." Debbi studied him some more. Nick stared back, his eyes filled with hate. "But, you know, I still didn't get to slap him."

"I don't see what's stopping you."

Debbi smiled. She slapped Nick across the face as hard as she could, rocking his head sideways and causing his eyes to water. This time he didn't make a sound.

"Nice shot!" Rachael shouted gleefully.

Debbi scowled, shaking her hand. "Cocksucker! That hurt my hand!"

"He'll pay for it later. Come on, honey, let's get something to drink."

"Okay."

Rachael lifted Debbi's hand to her mouth and kissed it. "All better?"

Debbi smiled and nodded. "Thank you."

Looking very happy now, they stepped through the doorway and into the kitchen.

## Chapter 4

The kitchen was a marvel of black Formica and chrome. Everything looked very new and clean, and they realized for the first time that Nick must have a maid come in regularly. There was no way he himself would have kept things up this nicely.

They found the liquor cabinet right above the toaster oven and stood there pulling down bottle after bottle, growing excited at the extensive variety.

“Shit,” said Debbi. “He's got some amazing stuff in here. Real rarities.” She held out a bottle to Rachael. “Look at this. Ocean Vodka.”

Rachael took the bottle and studied it. “Wow. This is from Maui. I think I'll try some.”

“Me too. Check this one out.” She handed down a bottle of Abuelo rum.

“Nice. He must have discriminating taste.”

“He does. He picked us, remember?”

Rachael smiled and set her two bottles on the counter while Debbi continued searching.

“Hey, here's another one.” She pulled it out. “Seleccion Tequila.”

Taking the bottle, Rachael began reading the label. “I don't think there's any question we're going to be getting good and shitfaced tonight.”

Debbi laughed and pulled down another bottle. “Here's some kind of Russian vodka. I can't tell what it says. The name is filled with backwards N's and squares.”

Rachael took it and added it to their collection. "Might as well give it a try."

Next came a bottle of Jim Beam. "Looks like he's got some everyday stuff in here, too."

"Well, with all this fancy liquor, we have no use for something like that." Rachael took the bottle from her hand and hurled it across the room. It exploded against the dishwasher, sending broken glass and bourbon all over the white linoleum.

Debbi laughed. "Good throw!"

"Thanks, honey."

"Here, try this one." She handed over a bottle of Seagram's gin.

"Junk," Rachael agreed. She wound herself up like a major league pitcher and threw the bottle into the far wall where it exploded in another mess, glass fragments and cheap gin raining down all over a shelf of cookbooks.

"How about this?"

Rachael stepped back over to Debbi and saw she was holding a bottle of Jack Daniels. "I don't know. I don't really care for it. You decide on that one."

Debbi spun off the cap and threw it on the floor. Then she tilted the bottle to her mouth and took a small sip. She swallowed, grimacing. "Blah. I don't care for it either."

"Well. No sense keeping it around."

Smiling, Debbi stepped past her and threw the bottle high against a row of cabinets on the other side of the kitchen. Another explosion of glass followed, the floor becoming hazardous on that side of the room. "Boy, it's starting to reek in here."

Rachael laughed. "You're right. Maybe we should take some of this good stuff out to the living room."

Debbi agreed. They each took two bottles, and as they were preparing to leave the kitchen Rachael noticed a sealed box of Wheat Thins on the counter. She grabbed that, too, and they returned to the living room where Nick sat waiting, looking more frightened than ever.

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“Sorry about the mess in there,” Rachael told him as they took their seats on the couch. “We accidentally threw a few bottles of booze across the room.”

Debbi giggled and scooted up next to her, putting her feet on the coffee table. She set one of the bottles down on the couch beside her and held up the other, the Abuelo rum. “I can't wait to try this,” she told Rachael.

“Open it up, sweetheart.” Rachael put one bottle on the table and one between her legs as she tore open the box of crackers. She slipped one of them into her mouth, crunching happily as she watched Nick, who sat miserably in his chair, squinting at them.

Debbi removed the cap and threw it at Nick. It bounced off the side of his head and fell to the floor. “Shall we use glasses, or drink from the bottles?”

“Good question.” Rachael leaned forward and lifted the glass Nick had given her earlier. “I'm not sure I trust these drinks he made us.” She flipped her wrist, the contents of her glass splashing across Nick's lap and onto the carpeting. Then she threw the glass at him. He managed to avoid it and it broke against the screen of his giant TV.

He stared at her in disgust, his arms fighting to break loose from the ropes that bound him.

“Don't even fucking try it,” Rachael warned. “If you manage to get out of those ropes I'll put a bullet through your face.”

Debbi laughed and lifted the bottle of rum to her lips. She took a big sip and held it in her mouth for a few seconds before swallowing it down. She smiled, licking her lips. “Mmm, that's really good.”

“Let me try some, sweetie.”

Debbi handed her the bottle and Rachael took a sip. “Not bad.” She handed it back. “I’m kind of in the mood for some of this Ocean vodka, though.” She twisted off the cap, handing it to Debbi. “See if you can hit him in the face.”

Smiling, Debbi threw the cap at Rick. It was way off, sailing over his shoulder and bouncing off the TV. “Fuck,” she said. She leaned forward and lifted her glass from the table, flinging the booze across Nick’s chest and throwing the glass at his head. It hit him right in the nose, bouncing off and falling to the floor without breaking. He sat there stewing, his anger building by the minute.

“Good shot!” said Rachael. She lifted her bottle and took a mouthful of the vodka. When she swallowed it she looked a little disappointed.

“No good?” Debbi asked.

“It’s okay. Not as good as I was hoping.”

“Can I try some?”

“Of course.” Rachael held out the bottle, but Debbi only smiled.

“I was hoping to drink it out of your mouth.”

Rachael laughed. “Oh! In that case...” She filled her mouth with vodka and twisted on the couch, leaning over so that her mouth was near Debbi’s. Debbi tilted her head back and opened wide, pressing her lips to Rachael’s. They shared a wet kiss, the vodka spewing from Rachael’s mouth to Debbi’s as Debbi gulped it down. When it was gone they kissed a little longer, rubbing up against each other on the soft, white plushness of the couch.

“Mmm, I like it!” said Debbi.

“I knew you would. Here, take the bottle.”

Debbi took it and suddenly she had a bottle in each hand. She took a drink

from the bottle of rum and then a drink from the bottle of vodka, liquor dribbling down her chin as she settled back into the cushions, smiling contentedly.

Rachael took the other bottle from the table, a sealed fifth of tequila. She twisted off the cap and pretended to throw it at Nick, who flinched. She laughed at him and then threw it harmlessly across the room where it landed on an end-table. "You be good," she reminded him.

"I think he needs another slap," Debbi said.

"Slap away, honey."

Debbi took another drink from the bottle of rum and considered it. "Soon. I want to catch a buzz first."

Rachael nodded and raised her new bottle, taking a mouthful of tequila and swallowing it like medicine. She coughed slightly and her eyes opened comically as it burned its way down her throat.

"You okay?"

She smiled. "Smooth!"

Debbi laughed and leaned over, giving her a kiss. "Be careful. You don't want to spit up on this nice couch."

Rachael filled her mouth again and turned her head to the side, spitting tequila all over the couch. "Who doesn't?"

Nick began struggling against the ropes again as he listened to their laughter.

"Watch it, big boy," Rachael warned.

Debbi studied him, taking another drink of rum. "I think we should fuck him up a little. He still seems to think he's going to break free and attack us."

Rachael nodded. She took another mouthful of tequila, swallowing it. "Let's take our clothes off first. I don't want blood on my dress."





## Chapter 5

They spent a few moments undressing, helping each other out where necessary. When they had everything removed they stashed their clothes off in a far corner of the room, inside a cabinet drawer. The drawer had been filled with important looking papers, but these they tore out and flung all over the floor.

“It's probably nothing he'll need anyway,” said Rachael.

Debbi laughed. “I'm sure you're right.”

They smiled at each other appreciatively and shared another quick kiss. Then they stepped back into the center of the room, kicking their way playfully through the sea of papers and acknowledging the man of the house.

Nick looked very angry. His face was red and sweaty and his eyes radiated an almost palpable fury. He was snarling behind his muzzle of tape, the cords standing out in his neck.

“What's wrong?” Rachael asked, smiling at him.

“I think he's mad at us,” Debbi ventured. She retrieved her bottle of rum from the coffee table and took a swig.

“He needs an attitude adjustment. Something to make him appreciate us more.”

Debbi took another drink and then handed the bottle to Rachael. “I have an idea.”

Rachael took the rum and watched as Debbi began knocking various items and decorations off the shelves. The floor became littered with statues and clocks and seashell ashtrays as she worked her way further across the room.

“Ahh, here we are.” She stopped at a roll-top desk and picked up what looked like a steel sculpture of a four-legged fish. She returned with it to Nick's chair. “You seem to have a real affinity toward the bizarre,” she told him. “It only seems fitting that if I'm going to hit you in the head with something, it ought to be one of your goofy statues.”

Nick shook his head, obviously disagreeing. His eyes darted back and forth between his two naked captors, trying to convey reason.

“I don't think he likes the idea, honey,” said Rachael.

Debbi looked at her, pouting. “What about you?”

Rachael smiled. “I think it's fantastic!”

Returning her smile, Debbi lifted the four-legged fish in the air. “Well, then that's all that matters.” She slammed it down on top of Nick's head. Her angle was skewed, intentionally, so that instead of caving in his skull it only tore a gash from his scalp and sent shock-waves of pain throughout his body. He jerked and went rigid with surprise, his eyes wide and filled with alarm. Blood leaked from his hair, running down his face and neck in a slow trickle.

“That certainly woke him up,” Rachael joked.

Debbi nodded. “That's what you get,” she said to Nick. “Imagine, wanting to sleep with two women at once. Shame on you!” She hit him with the big fish again, this time on the side of his head.

Nick groaned behind his tape, his eyelids drooping as his head sagged on his neck. Much of the anger and fight seemed to go out of him.

“That's good for now, Debbi. I think he learned his lesson.”

Debbi threw the fish sculpture across the room where it collided with a collection of fancy dinner plates on wire stands. They shattered, bits of china raining down on the carpet. “I hope so.”

“In fact, I think we'd better do something about that cut on his head. I'd hate to see him end up with an infection.”

Debbi frowned, staring at Nick's head. "What do you suggest?"

Rachael was still holding the bottle of rum. She lifted it to her mouth and filled it, her cheeks ballooning out. She smiled at Debbi as she stepped nearer to Nick, a small trickle of rum leaking out from between her lips and dripping to her breasts. When she was standing over Nick she spit the rum out onto his head. He seemed hardly to notice as it ran down his face and dripped from his hair.

"That ought to do it," said Rachael.

Grinning, Debbi took the bottle from her and filled her own mouth. She moved in and spit hers directly in Nick's face.

He shook his head briefly as if coming out of a daze and stared at her through dripping eyelashes. He made no move to get free and made no attempt at speech.

"I think it worked," said Debbi. "He seems to be behaving now."

The house was very quiet. An air of peacefulness seemed to settled over everything.

"Good." Rachael stepped over to the table and found the tequila. "Now we can finally have a little fun."

## Chapter 6

They spent the next fifteen minutes cuddled up on the couch, passing the bottles back and forth and taking many generous samples. The inebriation set in quickly and they both began to giggle much more often as they swapped bottles and took turns drinking from each other's mouths. Nick remained in his chair, slowly recovering from his head trauma and keeping an eye on them. He was getting very aroused watching them play around on his couch, but the fear kept him in check.

“I want some more of that vodka,” Rachael said. It was on the coffee table and she made an intentionally feeble attempt to sit up and reach it.

“Poor baby. Do you need me to get it for you?”

She smiled. “Please?”

Debbi kissed her on the mouth. “Of course. Anything for my little honey.”

Rachael giggled again and ran her hand over Debbi's naked back as she leaned forward and retrieved the vodka. When Rachael had it in her hands she took a healthy mouthful and swallowed it down.

“How is it?”

She licked her lips. “Tasty.”

“Good. I'm glad.”

“You want some?” Rachael offered her the bottle.

Debbi looked at it, considering. “Maybe. But just a taste.” She took the vodka and tipped it, pouring several ounces into Rachael's lap. It ran down between her legs, making a wet spot on the couch.

Rachael laughed and spread her legs. “Whoops! You seem to have spilled some!”

Debbi climbed down onto the floor, getting on her knees between Rachael's feet. “Silly me!” She set the bottle back on the table and used her hands to spread Rachael's legs even further apart. “I guess I'll just have to clean that up.” She leaned forward and pressed her face into Rachael's wet pubic hair, slurping the vodka from the sweet, dark nest.

“Oh!” Rachael ran her fingers through Debbi's hair. “That feels nice!”

This encouraged Debbi, who began kissing Rachael's vagina lips. Her tongue poked out and slid between the folds, collecting all the moisture that had gathered there. “Mmm. You're right. This *is* good!”

“I'm glad you like it.”

“I love it.” She slipped her tongue in deeper, exploring the soft, fleshy channel between Rachael's legs. Her lips found Rachael's clit and she rolled it between them, making Rachael moan and pull her hair.

“Oh, god, Debbi!” She twisted around on the couch. “That's wonderful!”

Debbi kept it up. She lifted one hand and slid two of her fingers into Rachael's pussy, working them in and out as she nibbled on Rachael's swollen nub. Her tongue danced back and forth over it, faster and faster as Rachael began bouncing up and down on the cushions.

“That's it! Oh, yes! Make me come, sweetie!” Rachael dropped the bottle she was holding and used both hands to grab Debbi's hair and pull her face more firmly into her crotch. Soon she was whimpering loudly and twisting her head from side to side as her orgasm flooded through her, wave after wave of sheer pleasure radiating out from her very core.

Debbi grinned up at her from between her thighs. “Did I do okay?”

Rachael laughed, smiling back at her. She was breathing very fast. She pulled Debbi up onto the couch with her, kissing her over and over. “It was perfect!”

More than perfect!" She kissed her again and again.

Debbi giggled, curling up in Rachael's lap. She pressed her mouth to Rachael's and they shared a long, soft, deep kiss that seemed to go on and on. It made Debbi feel very amorous and she slipped one hand down between her legs and began fingering herself.

Rachael saw the move and slapped her hand away. "Oh no you don't! I'll take care of that!"

Debbi giggled and twisted off her lap. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah." She climbed up off the couch and got down on her knees. As she was leaning her head forward, Debbi put a hand on her head to stop her. Rachael looked up at her. "What's wrong?"

Debbi looked regretful. "I'm sorry. It's just that... after all that booze, I kind of have to pee."

Rachael smiled. "Is that all?"

Debbi nodded. "It just hit me."

"Well, by all means. Pee away!"

Debbi laughed. "On the couch?"

Rachael looked over at Nick, who was watching them while pretending not to. "Hey, Nick. Do you mind if Debbi pees on your couch?"

Nick made no indication he heard the question.

Rachael looked back to Debbi. "He doesn't mind, honey. Go ahead."

"Okay. But... shouldn't I do it on the other end or something?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I don't want to do it right here, with your face so close. I might get

some on you.”

Rachael laughed and leaned forward, taking a big lick of Debbi's vagina. “I would certainly hope so! Come on, sweetheart! Pee!”

Debbi giggled and leaned back on the couch. She lifted her feet into the air and spread her legs wider as she relaxed her bladder. Soon there was a trickle of urine leaking out from between the lips of her vagina, soaking into the couch cushion.

“That's it,” encouraged Rachael. “Let it all out.”

The trickle quickly became a spurt, and then there was a nice steady flow jetting out from between Debbi's legs. Rachael held her face in front of it, opening her mouth and catching some of it as if it were a water fountain. She gulped it down, smirking happily as more of Debbi's pee splattered her face and soaked the couch and carpet between them. It just kept flowing and flowing. Rachael smiled and opened her mouth for another drink, swallowing it and licking her lips as more urine washed over her face and hair and breasts. The couch cushion became sopping wet as it continued pouring out of her.

“Wow! You weren't kidding. You really had to go!”

“Oh, what a mess!” Debbi said. The flow finally began to diminish. She shot a few last spurts from herself, hitting Rachael in the face, and then it was over.

“I don't see any mess.” Rachael was kneeling in a puddle. She leaned forward and kissed the urine from Debbi's vagina lips. She licked her inner thighs and gave them little kisses. “I only see your beautiful little pussy.”

Debbi giggled, setting her feet down on the coffee table on either side of Rachael. “You still want to eat it?”

“More than ever. It's so juicy!” She buried her face between Debbi's legs and sucked at the wetness. It thrilled her senses and she lost herself in the moment, using her lips and tongue to deliver as much pleasure as she could to

her best friend and partner.

Squirming around on the couch, Debbi was ecstatic. She began to moan loudly right away, the alcohol having heightened her senses. The feel of the sloppy wet couch beneath her ass and the smell of her piss in the expensive living room added to her excitement and she felt herself hurtling toward a climax before Rachael even had a chance to find a rhythm.

“Oh, Rachael, I'm going to come!” She slid her feet off the coffee table, kicking the bottle of tequila onto the floor. It gurgled out, creating another puddle which flowed into the puddle of urine already there.

Rachael used both of her hands to spread Debbi's legs further apart and lift them higher. She pressed her face forward and slid it down, using the tip of her tongue to search out the puckered little hole below Debbi's vagina. When she found it and began probing it, Debbi began thrashing wildly.

“Oh, god! Oh, Rachael, that's it!”

Smiling to herself, Rachael plunged her tongue into Debbi's anus. She felt the muscles seize up around her tongue and squeeze it as Debbi's legs squeezed against her head. Then Debbi was almost screaming in passion, her entire body convulsing as her orgasm slammed through her and carried her off.

It took several moments for it to wind down. When it did, she sat up and pulled Rachael into a wet kiss. “My god, Rachael. That was incredible!”

Rachael smiled. “It was, wasn't it?”

“Yes!”

“Shall we do it again?”

Debbi giggled and kissed her again. “We can do it all night!”



## Chapter 7

Rachael found the bottle of rum and took another drink. She was feeling very good. She handed it to Debbi and then stood up, stretching her back. Her feet were in the puddle of piss and she hopped up and down, splashing in it.

Debbi laughed, swallowing a mouthful of booze. “You having fun?”

“I sure am!”

“I'm working on making some more pee for you. Check back in half an hour.”

Rachael giggled and slipped a finger between her legs. “I've got some of my own.” She glanced around, noticing that Nick was staring at her. “I wonder where our humble host would like me to spray it.”

Debbi took another drink, grinning. “Why don't you ask him?”

“There's no way I'm taking that tape off his mouth. Not until he proves himself to be reformed.”

“I think he wants you to pee in his bed.”

Rachael thought about it. She looked at Nick. “Is that true? You want me to pee in your bed?”

He made no attempt at a reply. He was confused and in pain and very worried about his future.

“Now he's being sullen,” Debbi complained. “He's a lousy host if you ask me.”

“You're right. He is. Maybe we need to include him more in our activities.”

Taking another hit of rum, Debbi stood up. She swayed slightly, finding her balance. "Maybe we need to hit him in the head again with another statue."

"Maybe." Rachael stepped over to him and stood directly in front of his chair. She spread her legs, placing her feet on either side of his brown leather shoes. He was getting a very good look at her feminine genitalia, finding it nearly impossible to look away. It was what he'd really wanted in the first place; it was the cause of this recent downfall. "So what do you say, big guy? You want Debbi to bash your brains in with another statue?"

The blood had stopped leaking from his scalp, but it still coated his face and neck and hair, as well as the shoulder and sleeve of his nice blue shirt. He shook his head, calmly, not wanting to take a chance on inciting further abuse.

"No?" She turned to Debbi, who was slurping more booze out of the rum bottle. "He says he's not interested in any more of your violence."

She smiled, pulling the bottle away from her mouth. A stream of rum ran over her lip and fell to her left breast where it cascaded erotically, dripping down onto her foot. "Tell him I said to go fuck himself."

Rachael turned back to Nick. "She said to go fuck yourself. But in the meantime, would you like for me to piss on you?" She took a small step forward, her legs bowed like a cowgirl's.

Nick's eyes were glued to her crotch. Then, abruptly, he was looking up at her face. He nodded his head in affirmation.

"You would?" She sounded delighted.

He nodded again, more determinedly. He wanted this. He wanted something. Anything but more violence, unless perhaps he was on the other end of it.

"Oh, good!" She turned to Debbi again. "He wants me to piss on him."

Debbi stepped closer. "Of course he does. Who wouldn't?"

Rachael giggled and inched forward again, so that Nick's knees were directly

between her legs. Then she arched her back and used two fingers to part her lips. A stream of urine flowed out of her, soaking into Nick's shirt and pants. He stared down at it, seemingly very excited. Rachael bent further backwards, directing the stream of piss higher so that it reached his collarbone. Nick tried to lower his head and get more involved, but the duct tape wouldn't allow it. He had to settle for letting the urine saturate his clothing and drip down his pant legs into his shoes and all over the carpet.

“He really likes that!” Debbi exclaimed.

From beneath the zipper of Nick's wet pants, a bulge was forming.

“I see!” Rachael wiggled her hips, spraying it all over his lap and legs. The flow began to ease up, and soon it was just a weak dribble leaking from her. “Too bad he can't have a taste of it.”

Debbi got down on her knees and gently eased Rachael back away from Nick. “Too bad for him, not for me.” She leaned forward and pressed her face to Rachael's dripping pussy.

Rachael laughed, spreading her legs wider and bopping her groin into Debbi's face. “Oh, Debbi! That's so sweet, honey!”

Debbi tossed the rum aside and wrapped her hands around Rachael's legs, burying her face in between her thighs. “Oh, it's so good!” She licked at it, sucking the piss from Rachael's pubic hair and rubbing her face up and down her crotch.

“That's it! Who needs toilet paper when I have you?”

Debbi laughed and stood up. She staggered and almost fell over. She pulled Rachael into a kiss, wrapping her arms around her and squeezing her tight. “God, this is really fun! What shall we do next?”

Rachael glanced around the room. “Well, let's see. I definitely want to trash the place...”

“Yes!”

“But I must admit, I'm a little bit hungry. What do you say we take a quick dinner break?”

Debbi kissed her again. “It sounds good to me.”

Rachael looked at Nick. “What have you got for dinner, big guy? Anything good?”

Nick was staring at her, but making no attempt to communicate.

Debbi spun around and slapped him across the face. “Answer her! You insolent fucking douche bag!”

Rachael laughed and Nick mumbled behind his tape. He was in a very disparaging position.

“I can't tell what he's saying,” Rachael complained. She turned to Debbi. “What are you in the mood for, sweetheart? Or should we just look around and see what we can find?”

Debbi thought about it for a moment and then smiled. “I could go for some pizza. But *real* pizza, not some frozen crap he's got buried in the back of the freezer.”

“Pizza sounds good!”

“Maybe we can order one. With lots of toppings!”

Rachael stepped over and slipped an arm around her. “Yes! Onions and green peppers!”

“And mushrooms!” She began hopping up and down, excited. “Let's get a vegetable special!”

Rachael laughed and kissed her. “Let's get two!”

“Hey!” Debbi pulled away and darted behind Nick's chair. She reached one hand into his back pocket and grabbed his wallet, wrenching it loose from between the ropes. She held it up victoriously. “Let's get ten! Nick's buying!”

They both laughed and shared another kiss. There was a phone book on one of the desks in the room, and Rachael danced over to it, flipping through it happily. “Let's find a place with a menu in the yellow pages! We'll order a fucking banquet!”

## Chapter 8

They ordered from Pepe's Pizza, which was only two miles away and offered free delivery. Using Nick's credit card they ordered four large vegetable-special pizzas, 36 “award winning” chicken wings with hot garlic sauce, an order of breaded mushrooms, another of fried eggplant slices, one of cheesy waffle fries, two large tossed salads, two baked vegetable lasagnes, two spaghetti dinners and a full cheesecake. Nick sat stewing in anger as the order was placed and his credit card number was relayed over the phone. The lump in his pants had disappeared and he was beginning to itch from the piss drying all over him.

“Well,” said Rachael. “What shall we do while we wait?”

Debbi had found the bottle of Russian vodka and was taking little sips from it. She handed it to Rachael and began pacing around the room. “I don't know.” She looked at the giant TV mounted on the wall. “You feel like watching a little TV?”

Rachael thought about it. “No. Not really. Do you?”

“No.” She walked over to a bookshelf and found another statue, this one a large iron replica of a tortoise. She took it from the shelf, hefting it and appreciating its weight.

Rachael watched, drinking from the vodka bottle. “Are you going to hurt our new friend after he bought us such a generous dinner?”

Debbi smiled, shaking her head. “Of course not. But I don't see any reason why we need such a big TV if we're not going to watch it.” Before Rachael could respond, Debbi swung the iron tortoise through the air and released it. It sailed directly over Nick's legs and collided with the center of the big flat-screen, demolishing it. The tortoise bounced away and fell to the carpet with a soft thud, coming to a rest with its feet in the air beside Nick's chair.

Rachael laughed, spraying vodka out her nose and mouth. “Wow! I'll bet that won't be cheap to fix!”

“I hope not.” Debbi stepped over to her and took the bottle back, helping herself to another drink.

Nick seethed in anger, his eyes playing over the ruined surface of his 60” Elite 3D-HDTV. He still had another year of payments on the \$5,500 TV, and now it was garbage. He began to wonder again if he was even going to get out of this alive.

“Hey,” Rachael said, smiling. “What do you say we explore the rest of the house while we wait for the pizza boy to get here?”

“It sounds good to me.”

Rachael took her hand and gave Nick a little wave. “You wait here. We're going to get up to some shenanigans.”

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At the far end of the hall were four doorways. The first lead to a bathroom.

“You need to use the bathroom?” Rachael asked.

Debbi giggled. “I already did. He's got one in the living room, too.”

“So convenient!” She snatched the bottle away and took a gulp.

Two of the other doorways lead to bedrooms, and the last one to some type of den. They took a glance into each of the rooms, trying to decide which one to enter first.

“Hey,” Debbi said. “Is that a waterbed?”

Looking closer into the larger of the bedrooms, Rachael smiled. “You know,

I believe it is.” They stepped inside, investigating. “This must be the big dope's bedroom. There's no way he'd have this thing in the guest room.”

Debbi set the bottle down on a dresser. She pushed her hands down onto the bed, measuring the resistance. “This must be where he was planning to ravage us.”

Rachael giggled, climbing up onto the bed. She stood on it and tried to jump up and down, but the bed threw her off balance and she fell to her knees on the wobbly surface. “Oh, god! It's fucking weird!”

Debbi climbed on with her. The bed was swaying, making them both laugh as they tried to stand up. They appeared to be dancing as they fought to maintain their balance, hanging on to each other for support. “Have you ever had a waterbed before?” Debbi asked.

“Never. Have you?”

“No. I'm not sure I like it.”

They began to feel dizzy and then they both fell, laughing. They rolled around amid the currents and gathered each other in their arms, embracing and letting the little waves sway them up and down.

“How can anybody sleep like this?” Rachael asked.

“I don't know. It's making me feel kind of sick.”

“Me too. Maybe we should get off it.”

“Wait.” Debbi found Rachael's mouth and kissed her. They held each other, kissing warmly for several minutes as the currents in the bed calmed down and settled to a stop. Then they went on kissing for a few minutes more. They became lost in it, their legs winding together as their tongues circled and sparred. Then, slowly, they stopped. They grinned at each other, rubbing noses.

“This is really nice,” Rachael said.



“It sure is.”

“I love Friday nights.”

“Me too.”

“I didn't used to. I only love them because I'm with you now.”

Debbi beamed. She kissed Rachael again. “I love them for the same reason, Rachael.” She kissed Rachael on the nose. “And I love *you*.”

Rachael giggled. “I love you too, sweetie.”

They kissed again for a moment, feeling very happy and peaceful. Then Rachael tried to brace herself up on one elbow, the bed fighting against her.

“Fucking bed!”

Debbi laughed. “It's a pain in the ass.” She sat up, making waves.

Rachael sat up, too, and then tried to climb down off the bed. It challenged her, trying to keep her from making it to the edge. “Stupid fucking waterbed!” She finally made it and used the frame to pull herself off. When she was standing back on the floor she looked around for something to stab it with.

Debbi also managed to climb off. “Are you thinking what I'm thinking?” She was also glancing around the well decorated room.

“Probably. Did you bring a knife?”

Debbi picked up the vodka bottle and took a sip. She then approached Rachael with it, handing it to her and giving her a little kiss on the cheek. “No. But wait here. Have a little drink. I'll be right back!”

Before Rachael had a chance to respond, Debbi was running out the door. She watched her beautiful backside disappear down the hallway. Smiling, Rachael lifted the vodka to her mouth and took a drink. She felt very good. She really did love Debbi, and she really did love their Friday nights together.

This was their third “adventure,” and each one had been better than the last. So far there had been no repercussions. Eventually there would have to be, if they kept this up, but right now luck was with them and they were having as much fun as they dared.

She set the bottle down on top of the TV stand, deciding to have a little fun while waiting. She went right to the bookshelves. There were three of them lining one wall, each containing dozens of hardcover books. Using both hands, she began tearing them off the shelves and throwing them across the room. She threw one particularly heavy volume into the large wall-mounted mirror over the dresser, shattering it. Glass rained down noisily as it fell from the frame, bouncing all over the dresser and dropping to the floor. When she had a good portion of the books removed from the top shelf, she was able to get her hands in behind many of the others and simply sweep them from their long wooden perch. They fell in heaps at her feet and she trampled over them as she made her way to the far side of the shelf, knocking every last one of them to the floor. Then she took care of the second shelf, going back the way she came and climbing over piles of books as she knocked more down on top of them. The final shelf was the trickiest, because she had to stoop over slightly while at the same time standing on the shifting heaps already on the floor. She fell once and hurt her knee a little, but it was a small price to pay for all the lovely mischief she was making. While down on her knees amid the jumble of books she tore the last of them loose and flung them far and wide across the room.

“Hey, watch it!”

Rachael looked up and saw Debbi standing in the doorway, a knife in each hand. “I’m sorry! Did I hit you?”

Debbi stepped further into the room, a big grin on her face. “No, but almost. Wow, you work quickly!”

Rachael stood up and carefully climbed over the piles of books to the floor in front of the bed. “I was looking for something to read. It’s all junk!”

Debbi laughed and handed her a knife. Both of the knives were long, sharp and serrated. “I’m sorry to hear that.” She gave Rachael a little kiss on the

mouth. “Maybe destroying that fucking bed will make you feel better.”

“Oh, it will!” Rachael smiled and turned to the bed. Debbi went around to the other side, careful not to step on any of the broken glass from the shattered mirror.

“You ready?”

“Whenever you are, honey.”

“Let's do it!”

They both plunged their knives into the waterbed at the same time. They were expecting the knives to bounce back or give them some type of trouble, but the blades were so sharp they slid right through the surface with almost no resistance. Water began to gurgle slowly from the slits. They stepped back and watched for a moment, the disappointment clear on their faces.

“It sure is coming out slow,” Debbi complained.

“Not enough pressure. We'd better slice it up some more.”

They each stabbed it again, this time making long gashes in the mattress and the fitted sheet which covered it. Rachael made another gash as low as she could, but it was difficult because the bed was surrounded by a wooden frame which held it in place. Water was still gurgling out, but it was happening very slowly.

“Let's hop on,” Rachael suggested. She climbed onto the bed, the knife gripped between her teeth.

“Careful, sweetheart!” Debbi climbed on too, still gripping her knife in one fist. The water began gushing out faster now with the added weight on the bed. Debbi stabbed her knife down into the bed again and again, poking holes all over the place.

“Kill it!” Rachael cheered. She brandished her knife and stabbed it in, sawing a long gash across the mattress. Water flooded up and out, soaking them both. It spewed from all over, leaking down the sides and cascading onto the

hardwood floor.

“Now we're getting somewhere!” Debbi stabbed again, but the effect was minimal. They were both crouching in a pool of water. It dissipated steadily, the entire floor of the room becoming flooded as it gushed from all sides. Soon they were kneeling on a pile of wet sheets and blankets, down near the bottom of the bed frame.

Rachael stood up, tossing her knife aside. “Wow, what a mess!” The entire room was covered in water, the piles of books soaked. It was flowing out the door and into the hallway.

Debbi also got up. She splashed around to where Rachael was standing, their feet submerged in shallow water. “A job well done, partner.”

Smiling, Rachael leaned over and kissed her. “I'll say. Good choice of knives.”

Debbi looked around the room. The bottle of vodka was still on the TV stand, next to a much smaller 32” flat screen TV. She unplugged the TV carefully, making sure not to get the electrical outlet wet. Then she reached over and retrieved the bottle of booze, shoving the TV onto the floor.

“I don't think you broke it,” Rachael complained.

“No?” Debbi took a drink of vodka.

“No.” Rachael bent over and picked up the TV. It was relatively light. She raised it in the air and smashed it down on the corner of the bed frame. There was a loud crunch as it shattered, and then it fell to the wet floor. She wiped her hands together, smiling. “There. Now it's broken.”

“God, I love you!”

Rachael laughed and kissed her again. “What next, sweetheart? You want to check out the den?”

## Chapter 9

The den wasn't nearly as nicely furnished as the rest of the house. It was mainly just a couch and a recliner with yet another TV and more books. There were also more shelves full of the odd statues and sculptures that adorned the living room. They walked through the room quickly, knocking everything down onto the floor and breaking what was easily breakable. Debbi found another heavy metal statue, this one of a braying donkey, and used it to smash the television.

“If he's got another TV in this house, I'll eat the fucking thing,” she said.

Rachael laughed. “If he's got another TV, I say we let him keep it. The poor guy has lost so much already.” She began opening the drawers of a cabinet off in the corner of the room, pulling them out all the way and dumping the contents into piles. As she emptied each of the drawers she smashed them against the cabinet, chunks of broken wood splintering off and adding to the chaos.

Debbi watched her for a minute and then stepped over to the couch. She was holding the vodka in one hand and her knife in the other. She used the knife to slice deep gashes in the couch, tearing the fabric wide open and exposing white fluff which spewed out like entrails. When she was done with the couch she did the same thing to the recliner. They made very short work of the den and then decided to go and check in on their host.

\*

Nick was still sitting in the same place, looking very glum. He lifted his head as they approached and glanced at them in turn, his eyes darting back and forth.

“How's it going, Nick?” Rachael asked. “Everything copacetic?”

He nodded, looking thoroughly frightened. Water was creeping into the room from the flooded bedroom. The deep carpeting was soaked all the way down the hallway and halfway across the living room.

“Glad to hear it. Any word from the pizza boy?”

Nick shook his head.

“We had a little accident in your bedroom,” Debbi mentioned. She took a drink from the bottle of vodka and then passed it to Rachael. She was still holding the knife. “Your waterbed sprung a leak.”

Nick shrugged. What can you do? Shit happens.

“I think his attitude is improving,” Rachael said. She seemed pleased. She took a drink and handed the bottle back to Debbi.

“It's about time. Maybe there's hope for him yet.”

Nick nodded, agreeing. They both laughed and stepped away from him.

“I'm kind of thirsty for something besides booze,” Rachael said. “I'm going to check the fridge.”

Debbi came along, and soon they were routing through the refrigerator.

“There's some Coke in here,” Rachael said.

“Too sweet.”

Rachael took it out anyway, a big plastic 2-liter bottle. She unscrewed the cap and took a drink. “God, that's fizzy!” Foam spewed out from the top of the bottle, running over her hand and all over the floor. She handed it to Debbi. “Get rid of this!”

Debbi took it and flung it into the living room. Coke sprayed out all over the carpet, adding to the already disorderly condition. “What else you got?”

Rachael pulled out some bottles of beer. "I think I'd like a beer. He's got a bunch of High Life in here. You'd think someone with all this good booze would drink a better brand of beer."

Debbi took a bottle of High Life from her and nodded. "You're right." She threw it across the room where it exploded against the wall in a foamy, glassy mess. "Maybe he's got something better hidden in the vegetable drawer."

Dropping several bottles of High Life onto the floor at her feet, Rachael opened up one of the vegetable drawers at the bottom of the refrigerator. She began tossing lettuce and carrots and broccoli out onto the linoleum. "Hey! You were right!" She stood up suddenly, holding two pint bottles of Sprecher. "This is good stuff!"

Debbi took one from her and they made their way over to the counter. They each twisted off the caps and held the bottles up, reading the labels. "Ooh, it's amber! I like this stuff!"

"Me too!" They clinked bottles in a prosperous toast. "To us!"

"To us!"

As they lifted the bottles to their mouths and began guzzling beer, the doorbell rang. They looked at each other in alarm. So far, during the three times they'd done this there had been no unexpected visitors.

"Maybe it's the pizza," Debbi said optimistically.

"I sure hope so."

They stepped back into the living room and Rachael carefully peeled back one of the curtains, taking a peek outside. Sure enough, there was a uniformed man with a baseball hat on and a massive load of food packaged up in bags. She turned and smiled at Debbi. "Pizza's here!"

"Oh, good!" She set her beer on the coffee table and retrieved Nick's wallet from the desk. She pulled out a twenty dollar bill and brought it over to Rachael. "Might as well give him a nice tip."

She smiled and took the money. She then stepped away from the curtain and unlocked the front door, opening it a crack. She snaked her hand through and used it to open the screen door.

“Pepe's Delivery!” the man called from the porch.

“Yes, thank you,” Rachael said. She slid her hand out the door, waving the twenty. “Can you just leave it on the steps? I'm not decent!”

She felt the money disappear from her hand, and then something else was thrust into it. “You just need to sign,” he said. “And I need to see credit card.”

Rachael pulled her hand back inside. “Shit! Hang on!”

Debbi quickly found the credit card and handed it to her. She opened the screen door again and handed it over. Soon it was handed back, and she forged Nick's name on the receipt, copying it as best as she could from the back of the card. The pizza man didn't really care; he just needed to complete his own due diligence. Rachael thanked him again and he finally left, leaving all the bags and boxes on the porch.

“Well,” Rachael said. “You want to help me carry all this grub inside? It looks as though we're going to be having quite a feast.”



## Chapter 10

While Nick watched from his favorite new chair, Rachael and Debbi brought in several loads of packages from outside the door. They piled it on the coffee table, and when the room ran out they piled it on the shelf nearest to the smashed TV.

“My god,” Debbi said. “We sure ordered a lot of stuff. How are we going to eat all this?”

Laughing, Rachael opened up a pizza box. “We're not. Just eat what you want. We can throw the rest of it all over Nick's floor.”

Debbi giggled and opened an aluminum tray at random. It was a spaghetti dinner, swimming in tomato sauce. “Hmm. This doesn't look too good.”

“Don't eat it if you don't want it.”

Debbi glanced at Nick. “Do you like spaghetti, sir?”

Nick stared at her, not sure how to respond.

“He must be hungry,” Rachael said. “He hasn't eaten all night.”

“You're right.” Debbi brought the tray over to him and held it out. When Nick made no move to take it, Debbi clucked her tongue. “So rude. Here, I'll just leave it for you.” She tipped it upside down, the spaghetti slopping out into his lap. He flinched as it landed, the heat soaking through his already wet pants. Spaghetti oozed over his legs and much of it found its way to the floor.

Rachael laughed again. “That was very nice of you. Enjoy it, Nick!” She broke off one end of the pizza box she'd opened and threw it across the room. Then she carried the pizza to the recliner and tipped it, allowing the entire pizza to slide out of the box and settle on the seat of the chair. The sight of

the pizza on the chair was almost surreal and it made her smile.

“What the heck are you up to?” Debbi asked. She was opening another container, this one filled with breaded mushrooms. She plucked one out and popped it into her mouth, chewing.

“I'm preparing your seat for dinner, honey.” Rachael waved one hand, gesturing toward the chair. “Come and sit down.”

Debbi laughed and ate another mushroom. She walked over, her feet squishing in the wet carpet. “You want me to sit on a pizza?”

“It'll keep your pretty little ass nice and warm while we eat.”

“Well, I'm not one to argue.” She leaned over and kissed Rachael and then plopped down, right on top of the large vegetable-special. She laughed. “Ohh, it's hot!” She leaned back in the chair and lifted her feet in the air, trying to allow some air to get in and cool her off.

“Be careful!” Rachael warned. “That's my dinner you're sitting on!” She got down on her knees and spread Debbi's legs apart further.

“Oh, I'm sorry! I sat right on your pie!”

“That's okay. I wanted you to. This way I can eat two pies at once.” Rachael leaned in and began licking Debbi's vagina, her chin buried in a mound of melted cheese. “Mmm, Pepe's makes a good pie!”

Debbi giggled and ate another mushroom. She noticed Nick was craning his neck to watch them and she scowled at him. Plucking another mushroom from her bin, she threw it across the room, hitting him in the head. He turned away, looking depressed.

Between Debbi's legs, Rachael was alternately taking little bites from the top of the pizza and sliding her tongue in and out of Debbi's pussy. Her entire face was covered in sauce as she gulped down mouthfuls of the hot, melted mozzarella and probed between the folds of Debbi's pussy with her tongue. Debbi began to get very aroused and her ass was soon squirming around on

the pizza, one hand reaching down to grip Rachael's hair.

“Oh, god, Rachael! You're going to make me come again!”

Rachael looked up at her, diced green peppers clinging to the sauce on her cheeks. “I hope so. I love to make you come!”

Debbi smiled at the sight of her messy face and grabbed a handful of mushrooms from her bin. She thrust them down between her legs. “Here, try some of these mushrooms.”

Rachael gobbled them up, jamming her face deep into the wet, slimy hollow between Rachael's ass and the chair to get them all. She gulped them down happily and then found Debbi's clit again, rolling it around with her tongue and kissing it.

Debbi moaned, shoving mushrooms into her mouth. She lifted her feet high in the air and spread her legs as wide as she could, grinding herself down into the mess on the chair. “Oh, yes! Oh, Rachael, make me come!” She threw the box of mushrooms across the room and grabbed Rachael's head in both hands, pressing it more firmly against herself. As Rachael's tongue continued to dance around between her legs, she felt herself cross the line and then she was whimpering and twisting all around, a big smile on her beautiful, drunken face.

It took Rachael a minute, but she finally stopped what she was doing and looked up at her friend. “Did you come, sweetheart?”

Debbi laughed, pulling Rachael up onto her lap. She kissed her with an intense passion, slipping her tongue into Rachael's mouth and holding her in her arms. They held each other, kissing fondly in the recliner, both of them coated with tomato sauce and cheese.

“That was really fun!” said Rachael. “We really make a good pair.”

Debbi kissed her again. “We sure do!”

“Did you get enough to eat?”

Looking around at all the food, Debbi smiled. “We barely even got started! Come on, let's see what else we have!”

Giggling, they both climbed up out of the chair. When Debbi got up, her ass was covered in sauce and little bits of chopped vegetables. The sight of it made Rachael laugh again and she dropped down behind Debbi and began gobbling the onions and peppers and black olives from her ass and licking off the sauce.

“Ohh, that feels nice!” Debbi found her bottle of beer and took a long drink. She smiled down at Rachael as she finished cleaning the pizza from her.

After a moment, Rachael was done and she stood up, finding her own beer. She had a drink, the beer tasting very good after her salty snack. Looking around at all the packages, she decided on another pizza. She set her beer down and opened a box, removing a single slice and taking a bite.

Debbi kissed her happily on the mouth as she chewed and then stepped over to the shelf in front of Nick, helping herself to another aluminum bin. Opening this one revealed a vegetable lasagne. She lifted it to her face and inhaled deeply. “Mmm, this smells kind of good.” She brought it over to the couch and sat down, off to the side of where she'd peed on it earlier.

Rachael picked up the pizza box and sat down next to her, unconcerned with the urine. She took another bite of pizza and then offered the slice to Debbi.

Debbi took a bite, nodding her head in approval. “Not bad.”

“It tastes better between your legs.”

Debbi laughed, swallowing the pizza and digging her hand into the pan of lasagne. “I'll bet it does. Here, try some of this.” She scooped out a handful and lifted it to Rachael's face.

Rachael bent her neck slightly and began eating it out of Debbi's hand. “Pretty good.” She ate several mouthfuls and then lifted her head back up, licking her lips.

There was still more food in Debbi's hand. She lifted it to her own mouth and began gobbling it up. "It's okay, but I think I prefer that pizza."

"Have some more," Rachael said. She threw her half-eaten piece across the room where it bounced off Nick's arm and fell to the floor. She then took a fresh slice from the box and tried passing it to Debbi, but her hands were already full. She set it in Debbi's lap, causing her to giggle again.

"Thanks!"

"You're welcome."

"Want some more lasagna?" She scooped out another big handful and held it up.

Rachael looked at it, considering. "I'm not sure."

"Well, make up your mind. I don't want to drip any on you." As soon as she said this, she smeared the handful of lasagna all over Rachael's breasts, causing her to squeal and lean back on the couch.

"Ooh, that's still kind of hot!"

Laughing, Debbi took another handful and pasted it all over Rachael's lap, working it into her pubic hair. "Good. I love a hot meal."

"Oh, what a mess! I hope you're going to clean that up!"

"Don't worry, I am." She scooped out some more and slopped it into Rachael's crotch, rubbing it all around.

Rachael took another piece of pizza and bit into it, settling back and admiring Debbi's handiwork between her legs. "You're getting me kind of wet, honey. Not that you can tell with all that sauce down there."

Debbi flipped the rest of the lasagna onto the carpet and then remembered the piece of pizza in her lap. She lifted it to her mouth and took a big bite. It tasted good, but she was more in the mood for the meal between Rachael's thighs. She threw the rest of the pizza aside and got down on her knees as she

finished chewing and swallowing.

Anticipated what was to come, Rachael spread her legs wide and smiled down at her friend, taking another big bite of pizza. “You need a napkin, honey?”

Debbi laughed and pressed her face into the mess. She sucked the sauce and cheese from Rachael's trim pubic hair, licking at it over and over and swallowing everything she could get. It truly was much better this way. She pressed in deeper, using her tongue to reveal Rachael's vagina lips and gobbling the lasagna residue from between the folds. While she was at it, she found Rachael's clit and began flicking it with her tongue, again and again.

“Oh, honey, that feels good!” Rachael took another big bite of pizza and then threw the rest of her slice up in the air where it hit the curtains and slid down behind the couch.

Debbi kept at it, rolling Rachael's nub between her lips and working one of her fingers into her saucy opening. When Rachael lifted her legs higher, Debbi took full advantage of it and slid her thumb down to Rachael's newly unconcealed anus.

“Oh, god, Debbi! Do it! Yes!” She grabbed another slice of pizza in each hand and squeezed them, rubbing the hot cheesy mess all over her breasts and stomach. Then, as Debbi's thumb slid into her ass, she grabbed Debbi's head again, big gobs of pizza gumming up her beautiful blonde hair. Her whole body went tense as Debbi skillfully worked her magic, and then she was coming. Her feet shot way up into the air and she clamped Debbi's head between her legs, rubbing the pizza into her scalp.

When Debbi looked up, she was a little bit alarmed. She reached up, running her fingers gingerly over her suddenly sloppy, greasy, cheesy hair. “Did you...? Oh, my god, Rachael! My hair!”

Rachael laughed. “I'm sorry! You got me so hot! I didn't know what I was doing!”

Debbi stood up, pulling chunks of gooey crust from her head. “Oh, you're

going to pay for this!”

Rachael laughed even harder, clutching herself. “It looks nice! It really does!”

Debbi moved angrily, but there was a playful little smirk on her face. She tore open another box of pizza and lifted out the entire pie. Several of the pieces slipped from her hands and fell to the floor, but she managed to hold onto most of them. She swung the pizza over onto Rachael, long strings of cheese stretching all over the place as she globbed it into Rachael's hair and all over her face and breasts, rubbing it around and smearing it with both hands.

Rachael screamed wildly, thrashing around happily and slapping at Debbi as the pizza obliterated her. She looked as though she just stepped out of a horror movie, with sauce and mozzarella dripping down all over her body. “Oh, you little stinker! I'm going to get you back!”

“Get me back? I'm getting *you* back!”

Rachael hopped up off the couch, slapping Debbi in the ass. She darted across the room and picked up one of the little aluminum bins, wrenching off the top. It was the other spaghetti dinner. She flung it out of its container and it flew across the living room, splattering all over Debbi's torso. Debbi screamed, delighted, reaching down and grabbing at it with both hands. She lifted twin handfuls of spaghetti to her mouth and began eating. “Hey! This is pretty good!”

“It looks good, too.” Rachael threw the bin onto the floor and picked up another one. This one contained a massive nest of chicken wings.

“Hey!” Debbi shouted. “Wait up!” She threw down her handfuls of spaghetti and grabbed a package of her own. Tearing open a Styrofoam box, she revealed a big pile of cheesy waffle fries.

The two women stared at each other, smiling mischievously. Nick looked on, his eyes wide once again as he waited to see what would happen next. He had to admit, the night certainly wasn't boring.

Rachael snatched a wing from amid the jumble and held it up, tearing at it with her teeth. She chewed while backing up slowly. "It would be a shame to waste these. They're pretty good."

Debbi grabbed a handful of the cheesy glop from her bin. She raised it to her face and took a bite, grimacing. "Blaghh. This shit is nasty. Don't make me throw it."

Laughing, Rachael threw the chicken wing at Debbi, hitting her in the leg. Debbi responded by flinging her handful of waffle fries, hitting Rachael in the back as she spun around to avoid them. Then Rachael suddenly spun back, flipping the entire bin of wings at Debbi. They scattered far and wide, bouncing off her body and the coffee table and rolling all over the floor.

"Oh, Rachael! You're making such a mess!"

"You started it!"

Debbi laughed and flung more cheesy fries at her, kicking at the abundance of chicken wings all over the carpet. "That's beside the point! Look at the mess in here! It's going to take Nick forever to clean this up!"

Rachael threw the empty bin down and picked up another one, opening the lid and flinging breaded eggplant at Debbi. "Maybe you should help him!"

"Maybe *you* should help him!"

Rachael dropped the bin, smiling. "I don't think so."

Debbi dropped her bin, also. She stood still, catching her breath. "No?"

"No." She took a step closer to Debbi. "Hey, you know something?"

Debbi smiled. "What?"

"You look really nice all covered in slop."

Debbi laughed. "Really?"



“Really.”

She looked Rachael up and down. “You look pretty good yourself.”

Rachael glanced off to the side, eying the cheesecake. She looked back to Debbi. “What do you say we have a little dessert?”

Debbi nodded, grinning happily. “Alright.”

Rachael stepped up to her and pulled her into a kiss, sliding her tongue into Debbi's mouth. Debbi wrapped her arms around Rachael, and the two of them kissed affectionately, Nick watching in fascination.

“You taste kind of cheesy,” Rachael said.

Debbi laughed. “So do you. But I like it.”

Rachael kissed her again. “What do you say we take that cheesecake into the guest room?”

Debbi beamed. “You mean, into the bed?”

Rachael nodded, yawning. “Yes. But not until you're ready to turn in.”

“I'm ready right now, if it means going to bed with you and a cheesecake.”

Rachael laughed. “What about Nick? Shall we leave him here?”

“Sure. Why not? He's nice and secure in his little chair.”

Looking over at him, Rachael nodded. “True. You want to spend the night in your chair, Nick? We're going to sleep in the guest room. We'll try not to make a mess.”

“Fat chance.”

Nick only stared at them. There wasn't much else he could do.

“Do you think he's still hungry?” Rachael asked. “He didn't touch his

spaghetti.”

Debbi looked at him. The spaghetti was still heaped in his lap and all over the carpeting around him. She turned and looked around the room, seeing the fourth pizza box still on the coffee table. “Hey, maybe he'd like some of this pizza.” She walked over and retrieved it.

“I might like a piece of that,” Rachael said.

Debbi brought it over and opened the box. Her and Rachael each took a slice. The pizza was still slightly warm. Debbi then tipped the box, dumping the rest of it out onto Nick's lap and tossing the empty box aside. “Enjoy!”

Rachael laughed, biting into her pizza and chewing seductively. “Mmm, this is good!”

They stood there eating pizza and finishing their bottles of beer while Nick watched them. He pretended not to notice the pile of gooey food all over his legs. When Rachael was done eating, she playfully balanced her crust on the top of Nick's head.

Debbi laughed. She tossed hers aside and stepped closer to Nick. With a nasty little laugh, she raised one foot up into the air and placed it on his shoulder. He twisted his head, getting a good look at it. “You mind if I use your bathroom before going to bed?” she asked.

Nick turned and saw that her vagina was right there near his face. Suddenly urine shot from it, splattering his chin and neck and chest, soaking into his clothes and the pile of pizza and running down all over him. He sat frozen to the spot as it drenched him, his eyes fixed on the pink little lips from which it flowed.

Rachael clapped her hands, laughing. “Oh, I had forgotten! The bathroom is in here now!” She danced over to the loveseat, which had gone virtually untouched since their visit. She climbed up onto it and sat on the backrest. Looking down at her crotch, she relaxed her bladder and soon there was a stream of piss pouring out from between her legs, soaking into the cushions. She rolled her head back on her neck erotically, a wicked smile on her face as

she voided herself all over the furniture.

Back at the chair, Debbi finished up and removed her foot from Nick's shoulder. He seemed sorry to see it go. He sat there, a wet, sloppy, reeking mess, unable to do anything but wait and see what would happen next.

Rachael finished on the loveseat and came back over to where Debbi was standing, noticing that there were still a couple of packages from Pepe's they hadn't opened. "Oh, look, we missed something." She stepped over and looked into the bag. "Hey, it's our salads!" She pulled them out. "Would you like one?"

Debbi looked at them. "Not right now. Maybe we can save them for in the morning."

Nodding, Rachael took them and made a quick trip into the kitchen, stashing them in the refrigerator. She saw Nick had several bottles of salad dressing in there, and the idea of having a salad for breakfast made her happy.

Back in the living room, Debbi had the cheesecake in her hands.

"Be careful with that!"

"Don't worry. I've got big plans for this thing."

Rachael giggled and gave her a kiss. "I can't wait! Are you ready?"

Debbi nodded. "I'm ready." She looked at Nick. "Are you planning to spend the night in your chair, sir?"

No answer from Nick.

Giggling again, Rachael took her carefully by the arm. "He's fine right where he is. Have a good night, Nick!"

Then they were off down the hall, headed for the guest room.

## Chapter 11

They slept late into the morning, not waking until after 9am. When they did wake up, slightly hungover and with their bodies and the bed covered in sticky cheesecake and tomato sauce residue, they spent an hour rolling around in the sloppy bed and pleasuring each other. When they'd had enough they climbed from the bed.

“You want to take a shower first?” Rachael asked. She wiped a crusted glob of cheesecake from her ribs, flipping it onto the rug.

“Sure. What are you going to do?”

“I'll go check on our host.” She stepped over and gave Debbi a little kiss. “Take your time, honey. You're pretty filthy.”

Debbi giggled. “Thanks. You're kind of filthy yourself.”

“I am. It sure was a fun night, though, wasn't it?”

“Yes! The best so far!”

“We keep outdoing ourselves.”

“I'm already looking forward to next Friday.”

“Me too. It'll be here soon. And we'll wreck havoc on some other poor slob.”

“I can't wait!”

Rachael kissed her again. “Well, enjoy your shower.”

Debbi took a step toward the door and then paused. “You need to use the bathroom before I tie it up?”

Rachael grinned. She bent her knees slightly and suddenly urine was spurting from between her legs, splattering all over the rug and spraying onto her feet. "I'm good."

Debbi laughed. "You sure are!" She left the room, heading off for the shower.

\*

As Rachael stepped into the living room she was nearly astonished by the sight of it. She knew they'd trashed the place, but the extent of it had escaped her in her previously inebriated state. Now, seeing it the morning after and while sober, she was impressed at the magnitude of their mischief.

"God, it stinks in here!"

Nick looked over at her. He was still in his chair and still covered with dried and congealing food. The odors of tomato sauce and grease and urine competed for attention. She thought she could even detect a hint of mold from the wet carpet, but that might have been her imagination.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

He glared at her, his eyes showing resentment and a plea for compassion. It had obviously been a long night for him.

"Don't worry. We'll be leaving shortly. You just sit there for a little while longer."

She entered the kitchen, kicking chicken wings and strips of breaded eggplant out of her way. There was a carton of orange juice in the refrigerator and she took it down, giving it a good shake. She drank her fill directly from the carton and then set it on the table in case Debbi wanted some. She also removed their salads and several bottles of dressing.

Sitting down in one of the three remaining kitchen chairs, Rachael relaxed and sipped more juice from the carton, waiting for Debbi to finish with her

shower.

\*

“Well, good morning, sir!” Debbi's voice came through from the living room. She sounded bright and chipper, ready for a new day.

Rachael stood up and stepped in to greet her. “Wow, you look so nice and clean!”

Debbi spun around theatrically, smiling. “I *feel* clean! It's wonderful after ten hours of being covered in Pepe's slop.”

Rachael looked down at herself, frowning.

“Sorry.”

“It's okay. I'm taking my turn right now. Did you save me some hot water?”

“Of course! You go clean up. I'll watch our boy.”

Rachael leaned over and kissed Debbi on the lips, carefully, not wanting to get any filth on her. “Okay. I'll be back soon.” She took off down the hall, her feet squelching on the soggy carpet.

\*

When she returned, squeaky clean, she found Debbi in the kitchen, sitting at the table and waiting for her. She'd brought over forks and napkins for the salads.

“Feel better?” Debbi asked.

“Much.” Rachael sat down and they each selected a dressing, shaking the bottles and dispensing them onto their breakfasts. “Jesus, I'm sure glad we

don't have to clean up this pigsty.”

“You can say that again.” Debbi finished with the bottle of ranch dressing and then squeezed out all the extra onto the tabletop. She threw the empty bottle across the room.

Rachael laughed and followed her example with the Italian. “Maybe his maid will handle it.”

“I don't think any maid can handle all the shit we did. He'll need all new carpeting.”

“Not to mention new TV's.”

“And new books.”

“And a new couch.”

“And a new bed.”

“Maybe two!”

They laughed, digging into their salads. They took their time, chatting happily about the previous nights' adventure. When they were done eating they threw their dishes and forks onto the floor, along with the half-empty carton of juice.

Getting up, Rachael stepped over the mess and made her way to the counter where she selected a knife from the silverware drawer.

Then, smiling at each other, they returned to the living room.

## Chapter 12

When Nick saw the knife, his jaw clenched up and he began pulling at the ropes again. He knew he was either about to be killed or set free, and he had absolutely no idea which one it would be.

“Oh, Nick,” said Rachael, stepping up to him. “I thought you had finally learned how to behave, and now this?”

He stopped struggling, staring at the knife. It was serrated, and had no point. He took that as a possible good sign. It would be a good knife for cutting ropes. Of course, it would also work well for cutting his throat.

“What's your decision, Rachael?” Debbi asked. She walked carefully across the room, stepping over the broken glass and fallen statues and globs of spoiling food.

“I haven't made one yet.” She stared at Nick, running her fingers over the blade of the knife. “What do you think?”

Debbi opened the drawer in which they had stored their clothes. She lifted out the dresses and undergarments and began carrying them back over. “I say we kill him.”

Nick began thrashing around, pulling at his restraints and muttering behind his tape. His eyes were bulging with hate and fear.

“Really?” Rachael leaned in closer to him, speaking very near his ear. “I was kind of leaning toward letting him go.”

That made Nick calm down considerably. He rolled his eyes in her direction, gazing at her hopefully.

Clearing off the coffee table, Debbi put down the clothes on the glass top and



slowly began to dress. “Nah. Kill him. He's too stupid to keep his mouth shut. He'll be on the phone with the cops as soon as we're out of the driveway.”

Nick shook his head as best as he could. He'd never even think of doing such a thing.

“You think?” asked Rachael. She slid the blade of the knife along Nick's jaw, making him flinch.

“Definitely.”

“I don't know. I was kind of hoping he'd learned his lesson, and that he'd just chalk this all up to a bad experience. After all, he hasn't lost anything that can't be replaced.” She slid the knife along his neck, allowing the teeth to prick his skin enough to draw several small beads of blood. “At least not yet.”

Nick was very tense in his chair, staring at her. His eyes were pleading.

Debbi had her underpants and bra on. She lifted her blue dress and stepped into it. “I don't know. Killing him would be safer. He'd never be able to rat us out.”

“I don't think he'd rat us out. Would you Nick?”

He shook his head, desperately.

“He knows if he did that, we'd come back for him.” Suddenly Rachael cut through one of the ropes, allowing Nick to move his head easier. He rolled it around on his neck, trying to relieve the cramps.

Her dress now on, Debbi bent and retrieved Rachael's 9mm from her bag. She lifted it and aimed it at Nick. “We certainly would. And when we came back, we'd put at least half a clip into his skull.”

Nick shook his head. He would never tell.

Rachael cut through another rope, allowing him to move his right arm. He immediately reached up and tore the tape off his mouth. “I won't tell!” he

called out. "I promise! Please! Just don't kill me! I swear to fucking god I won't tell!"

Debbi continued to hold the gun on him while Rachael stepped over to the table and began to dress. They remained silent, staring at one another until she had her clothes back on. Then she picked up the knife again and returned to Nick's chair.

"You really expect us to trust you after all this?" Rachael asked him.

"Please! I swear I won't tell! It's too fucking embarrassing! Just get the hell out of here." He began to fuss with the rope that held his other arm to the chair.

Rachael cut through another one, freeing him a little more. She also cut through the duct tape which was wrapped around his midsection and around the back of the chair. He pushed the pizza and spaghetti off his lap and leaned forward, trying to get at the ropes around his legs.

"Hold on a minute," Rachael instructed.

Nick froze, waiting to see what would happen next. He was free enough now to be able to get himself untied the rest of the way.

Debbi pulled her shoes out from beneath the couch and slipped them on. "Stay there until we leave," she said.

He nodded. "Okay."

Rachael threw down the knife and found her shoes under the couch. As she put them on she stared at Nick. "Remember. If any of this gets back to us in any way, I personally guarantee that I'll come back here and kill you."

"It won't. The only people I'm going to call are cleaners. I had a wild party, and this is what I get."

She smiled, nodding. "That's right." She picked up her travel bag and the two of them stepped toward the front door. "It was pretty wild wasn't it?"

“I just wish I could have been more involved.”

Debbi was still holding the gun. She looked at Rachael. “You sure you don't want me to just plug him? It would be so easy.”

She shook her head. “We'll give him this one chance. Don't let me down, Nick.”

“I won't! I swear!”

Rachael nodded again and opened the door.

Debbi held the gun down, out of sight, and they both stepped outside, rushing toward the Ion.

Nick watched them go. As soon as they were outside he began frantically tearing at the ropes. He was lucky to be alive, he knew, although he certainly didn't feel lucky. Fucking bitches. He promised himself to swear off women, at least for awhile.

When he got up, he rushed to the window and peered outside. He Ion was already gone, and he'd never thought to look at the license plate. Well, no matter. He believed their threat. He wouldn't be calling any cops.

He took a quick glance around the living room. What a fucking mess! Stepping over to the loveseat, he pressed one hand to the fabric and found that it was still damp with Rachael's piss. He tore off his belt and pulled his pants down, breathing hard. His penis was hard as a rock.

Nick sat down in the chair and began to stroke himself.

- end -

# **Melody's Lucky Day**

**by Audrey Hart**

# 1

It was not raining hard by any means, but even the moderate drizzle was enough to make the roads slick. Melody switched on her windshield wipers and drove down Avalon Road, her foot heavy on the gas pedal. She was shaking and still crying a little from her confrontation with Shelly and knew she probably shouldn't even be driving.

The whole thing had been a big mistake. She had misread Shelly's signals and thought her new college friend was flirting with her. Their desks were right beside each other in algebra class and for the past two weeks Shelly had been getting more and more friendly with her. When she had asked Melody to join her for a late lunch after class, she'd mistakenly assumed it was going to entail more than just chicken sandwiches and fries. The lunch had actually gone very well, up until they were leaving and Shelly had grabbed her arm and leaned over to whisper something in her ear, something she now realized was probably nothing more than a humorous criticism of one of the other diners. Melody had been under the impression that Shelly was about to kiss her cheek. She'd turned her head at the last second and met Shelly's lips with her own.

Shelly had been stunned. Then she'd gone ballistic. She'd called Melody some very hurtful names and caused quite a scene in front of at least a dozen people.

Melody had been devastated. Not only because of Shelly's reaction and the gawking of the many onlookers, but by the sudden and unexpected loss of her new best friend. It couldn't possibly have gone worse. She'd fled to her car and slammed the door, peeling out in the parking lot and speeding away.

Now she stopped at a red light at the corner of Plymouth and Keene, grabbing a tissue from her glove compartment and wiping her eyes. She also blew her

nose. When the light turned green, she drove on, heading north toward home.

The rain had intensified slightly, and Melody turned the knob which sped up the windshield wipers. She was having a little trouble seeing clearly. She took her foot off the gas, knowing there was a stop sign two blocks ahead, and suddenly realized the stop sign was actually right there in front of her. She slammed on the brakes, the car sliding sideways as it spun into the intersection. There was a loud squeal of tires and the disconcerting sensation of suddenly facing the wrong direction; then a blur of motion filled her field of vision. It was another car. She had just enough time to pray it would miss her before they collided, the crunch of metal and the sound of shattering plastic filling her ears.

As soon as it began, it was over. She sat still in her seat, her heart hammering in her chest. She was unhurt. None of her windows were even broken; her parent's windows, actually; it was their car. Melody wanted to scream. How could so many bad things happen in a single afternoon? She sat there for a moment, trying to get herself under control and then unfastened her seat belt. She opened the door and stepped outside the car.

The rain soaked her at once. There was no use in even attempting to avoid it. She walked around to the front of her car and watched as the driver's side door of the other vehicle swung open. Before she got a look at the driver, she noticed that the front end of the other car, which was red, was partially crumpled in and streaked with white paint. She glanced at her own car, and was unable to see any damage.

The driver of the other car was a woman. Melody was initially relieved at this, but then realized that the woman, who was quite a bit older than her, appeared scathingly angry. She slammed her door, giving Melody a dirty look, and then stepped around to the front of her car, gazing in disgust at what she saw.

"I'm sorry!" Melody cried. She was disheartened by the fact that she was crying again. It was all too much.

The woman spun on her heel and stepped up to her. "You'd better be! It was completely your fault! You sailed right through that stop sign! Sideways!"

Melody nodded, her hair dripping wet. “I know! I’m so sorry! It was an accident!”

The woman stared at her, seemingly oblivious of the rain. “Well, obviously.” She wasn’t as old as Melody had thought; probably early 30’s. She was dressed very business-like, with an expensive looking tan jacket and skirt. Her legs were sheathed in silky nylons and she wore white patent-leather heels on her feet.

“I’ll pay for the damage. I promise. Whatever you want. I’m so sorry!”

The woman looked as though she’d been prepared for a bitter confrontation. She appeared to be taken aback by Melody’s groveling apologies.

“You’ll pay for it alright. It was your fault. I hope you’ve got insurance.”

Melody noticed that the woman had the same long, dark hair as her own; it was even cut and styled the same. At least she thought so. The rain was making a mess of things. The woman’s face was thin and pinched, set in a menacing scowl. Melody though she looked quite beautiful, despite her angry glare.

“I do,” Melody said. “And if they won’t pay for it, I will. I promise. Every penny. I’m so sorry.”

The woman’s anger seemed to fade. “You don’t have to keep saying you’re sorry. Although I’m glad you are. Are you hurt?”

Melody shook her head. “No. Are you?”

“No. Thank god. But listen. I don’t want to stand here in the rain for the next fifteen minutes. Believe it or not, I only live one block up. I was that close to getting home when you flew out of nowhere and slammed into me.”

Melody was crying again, her tears invisible in the rain. “I’m sorry!”

“So I’ve heard. Since neither of us is hurt, what do you say we get back in our cars and drive over a block. Just follow me. We can get out of this rain and decide what we’re going to do.”

“Alright.”

They both got into their cars and Melody followed the woman up the street. She hadn't been kidding; her house was only a single block away. There was a long driveway leading up to the house, and Melody pulled in and parked directly behind the red car.

When she got out, the woman was already shutting her door. She stepped around to the other side of the driveway and took a quick peek at Melody's passenger side. She whistled. “Looks like you got it worse than I did.”

Melody felt her stomach drop. She walked around the car and took a look, her nerves going haywire. She simply couldn't take much more.

The passenger side of the car was a ruin. There was a long scrape in the white paint along the entire length of the car, and a large dent pushing in the front door and quarter panel. It didn't look as though the door would be able to open anymore. It didn't help matters that the door handle itself had been sheared off, leaving only a hole in the sheet metal. The side mirror had also taken a beating, hanging limply by a small black cord. There was no way it was going to be a cheap fix.

“Oh, god!” she moaned. She buried her face in her hands and began to cry again.

The woman watched her for a moment, feeling uncomfortable. She then reached out and took Melody by the arm and began leading her toward the front door of the house. “Come on. Let's get out of this rain.”

Melody went with her, not caring one way or another. Nothing mattered anymore. She would have been perfectly content to drop dead in the driveway.



## 2

When they reached the steps, the woman opened the screen door and used her key in the lock. She shoved the door open and stepped inside, beckoning Melody to follow. Melody did, entering a beautifully decorated living room with thick, soft white carpeting.

“Please take your shoes off,” the woman said. “I don’t want you tracking mud all over my carpet.” She reached down and pulled her own shoes off, setting them on a small mat by the door.

Melody bent over and set her small purse down and then began unlacing her beat-up old sneakers. It was difficult because the laces were soaking wet, as were the sneakers themselves. She pulled them off one at a time and set them beside the woman’s expensive looking high heels. There was quite a contrast between them, and she found herself hoping the woman wouldn’t notice.

“My name is Wanda, by the way.” She held out her hand, which appeared very elegant, and free of any rings.

Melody shook it. “Melody,” she said.

Wanda smiled for the first time. “Melody? That’s your name?”

Melody nodded, confused. She was still crying.

“It’s beautiful! I wish that was my name.”

The comment had a positive effect on Melody, and she managed a slight smile, despite the tears running down her face. “Thank you.”

Wanda stepped into the center of the room, beside a mahogany and glass coffee table. There was a giant flat-screen TV behind her, across the room

from a beautiful, plush white sofa. Directly behind the sofa was a large bay window. “God, I’m soaked.” She set her purse on the coffee table and began to strip out of her jacket and skirt.

Melody stood near the door, watching her. She thought Wanda was very attractive, but she wasn’t going to say anything. Not after what had just happened with Shelly. She promised herself she’d never try anything like that again.

There was a small table in the corner of the room near the hallway, and Wanda set her jacket and skirt atop it. She began unbuttoning her white blouse. “Are your socks wet? Please don’t stand there letting them soak into the carpet. You have no idea how expensive this was.”

“I’m sorry,” Melody said. Her socks were indeed wet. She peeled them off, self-consciously, and tucked them into her wet sneakers. Her pink toenail polish was a week old and beginning to flake off. She felt embarrassed standing there in the luxurious living room with her shabby jeans and t-shirt.

Wanda set her blouse on the table. She was down to only her stockings, panties and bra. As Melody watched, she began to remove the stockings. “Why don’t you take those clothes off, too? You’re not going to be able to sit on the couch like that.”

Melody wasn’t sure what to do. She didn’t feel comfortable taking her clothes off in front of Wanda. She didn’t even know the woman, and was probably about to get reprimanded by her in regard to the damage to her car. She stood there staring.

“I said take them off!” Wanda said harshly.

Frightened, Melody began to peel off her t-shirt. It was sopping wet.

Wanda had her stockings off quickly, and set them on the table. She stepped over to Melody and held out her hand, prompting Melody to hand over the wet shirt. “Your pants, too. You’re dripping all over.”

Her heart beating faster, Melody unbuttoned her pants and began tugging

them down. She got them down below her knees and then gripped one cuff at a time, sliding her legs out of them and holding them up.

Wanda was staring at her legs, an appreciative little smirk on her face. “Not bad. You look even better than I would have guessed.” She took the pants from Melody’s hand. “Turn around a little. Let me see the other side.”

Melody began to feel excited. Was Wanda really scrutinizing her body? She turned around, embarrassed again, letting Wanda see her from behind.

“My, my,” Wanda said. “You’ve got a perfect little figure. And such lovely legs. Your calves are beautiful.”

“Thank you,” Melody said. She seemed to have lost track of what was going on.

“I’m a sucker for pretty legs,” Wanda said matter-of-factly. She slapped Melody on the bottom, startling her. “Nice little ass, too. Very cute. Turn back around.”

Melody turned around. She felt excited and scared and confused all at the same time. She was unsure of what to do or say to Wanda.

Wanda was smiling at her. “Very nice. You’re actually quite beautiful.”

Melody’s heart was racing. She wanted to say the same thing to Wanda, but was too scared. She took a deep breath. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. How old are you?”

“Twenty.”

“Twenty. What a wonderful age. I’m thirty seven. Come on, come with me. Grab your shoes and socks first.” She stepped deeper into the room, heading back to the little table with her clothes on it.

Melody bent and retrieved her sneakers and socks, watching Wanda from behind. She was very intimidated by Wanda, but also very attracted to her. It would be hard not to be. The older woman was almost stunning, and her

bitchy attitude was a serious turn-on to Melody.

The carpet was very soft under her feet as she crossed the room, stepping up alongside her mysterious new acquaintance. Wanda gathered up her clothes, adding them to Melody's jeans and t-shirt. "Let's throw this stuff in the dryer. That way, when we're done with the insurance dilemma, you can go home nice and dry."

"You're very thoughtful," Melody said.

"And you're very agreeable. I like that. Come with me." She stepped through a doorway into the kitchen and crossed it quickly. Melody glanced around at all the fancy appliances and immaculate counter tops. Everything looked new and expensive. And very clean. Even the white tiled floor seemed freshly mopped and waxed.

"Your home is beautiful," Wanda said.

Wanda reached the far side of the kitchen and stepped through another doorway, this one leading into a laundry area. She turned and contemplated Melody. "You think so?"

"Oh, yes. Everything looks so nice. And it's so clean."

"I have a maid. I'm very strict with her." She dumped her handful of clothing on top of the washing machine and opened the dryer door. She then began tossing the clothes into the dryer, motioning for Melody to throw in her shoes. "You might as well put them in, too."

Melody pulled her socks out and tossed them in. She wasn't sure she ought to put her sneakers in the dryer with Wanda's beautiful skirt and jacket. "What if they damage your clothes?"

"I'm not worried about it. Put them in."

Melody put them in.

Wanda studied her for a moment. She then began to unfasten her bra. "You might as well strip down to nothing. Get everything nice and dry." She pulled

the bra off, exposing a beautiful set of full, pale breasts. She tossed it into the dryer and then gripped her panties, sliding them down her legs.

Melody watched her, amazed. Wanda was completely naked, standing there next to her in the laundry room. She stared as Wanda stepped out of her panties with one foot and used the other to kick them into the side-load dryer.

“Come on,” Wanda said. “Let’s go.”

Melody felt very nervous. “I’m not sure --”

“Now! I don’t have all day!”

Feeling frightened again, Melody quickly unfastened her bra. She peeled it off, trying not to dwell on what she was doing. At least her crying had stopped. She felt too scared and excited to cry. She tossed her bra into the dryer and tugged her panties down, not allowing herself to think about it. She didn’t want Wanda to snap at her again.

“That’s good. Throw them in.”

Melody threw them in.

Wanda slammed the dryer and turned a knob. She hit a button and the machine came to life. There was a stack of clean bath towels folded on top of a small shelf, and Wanda took one of them down. Melody watched as she used the towel to dry herself off completely, rubbing it along her naked breasts and back as if she had just gotten out of the shower. She wrapped it around each of her legs in turn, rubbing them up and down. She then used it to wipe herself between the legs, drying her crotch. When she was done, she offered the towel to Melody.

“Here. Dry yourself off.”

Melody accepted the towel with a naughty sense of pleasure. She was beginning to feel that the car accident could turn out to have positive consequences. The towel was only slightly damp after Wanda’s use of it, and Melody began by pressing it to her face and inhaling deeply, trying to make it

appear as though she were drying her cheeks. There was a subtle perfumed scent to the towel and it got her very excited. She rubbed it all over herself and absorbed the sheen of moisture from her skin as Wanda stood watching, an approving look on her face.

“Nice,” she said.

“Thank you.” Melody held the towel, not sure what to do with it.

Wanda took it from her hand and set it down on top of the dryer. She studied Melody. “You look better without those old clothes on. A lot better.”

“You’re very kind.”

Wanda smiled at her and then quickly stepped past. “Come on. I need something to drink.” She walked to the refrigerator and began hunting around inside for something. After a moment she selected a plastic pitcher filled with a light brown liquid and brought it to the table, setting it down. She stepped over to a cabinet and got down a single tall glass. Melody watched as she filled the glass with what appeared to be iced tea and then return the pitcher to the refrigerator.

Melody was very thirsty, but didn’t think it was wise to ask for anything. She was moderately surprised that Wanda hadn’t offered.

Wanda lifted the glass to her mouth and took a very long drink, pouring down more than half its contents. She sighed loudly, licking her lips. “That’s better.” She looked at Melody. “It’s the good stuff. I brew it myself.”

Melody tried to smile. She felt awkward standing in the strange kitchen entirely naked. “It must be very good.”

“Oh, it is. It’s delicious.” Wanda took another long sip and licked her lips again. “Come on.” She began walking into the living room.

Melody followed, her eyes glued to Wanda’s firm ass. She would have liked to feel it with both of her hands. She would have liked to kiss it, too, and rub her face against its smooth round whiteness.

Wanda opened a small drawer built into the table in the corner and removed a pad of paper and a pen. She then grabbed her purse and carried her things to the couch. After setting down the almost empty glass, she took a seat on the huge white sofa, crossing one leg over the other. She sat there staring at Melody as if she were waiting for her to do something. Melody didn't know what it was she was supposed to do. Finally Wanda patted her hand on the sofa beside her and said, "Sit."

Melody stepped over and carefully took a seat beside her.

Wanda opened her purse and removed her wallet, rifling through it until she found her insurance card. She slid it out of a thin plastic sleeve. She looked at Melody. "I hope you have your card with you."

"It's in my purse, near the door," she said.

"It's not doing us any good over there."

Melody got up from the couch and walked quickly to the door, very conscious of the fact that her backside was fully exposed. This was a very strange afternoon. She bent down carefully, retrieving the small purse and trying not to further display herself. When she had it in her hand she carried it back, returning to her previous spot on the sofa. She opened the purse and found her insurance card, handing it to Wanda.

Wanda took the card without a word and set it on her pad. She carefully began copying the information with her pen, making Melody nervous again about the outcome of the accident. When she was done, she handed the card back and Melody returned it to her purse. She held the purse in her lap so that her pubic hair wasn't showing. "Thank you," she said.

"For what?" Wanda asked.

Melody shrugged. "I don't know. Being understanding, I guess. I'm really sorry about the accident."

"I know. Quit worrying about it. My car is still drivable, and the insurance will most likely take care of the repairs."

“If they don’t, I will. That’s a promise.” Melody was staring at Wanda’s breasts. They weren’t as firm as her own, but they looked very pretty and she found herself wanting to touch them. Not only touch them, but take them into her mouth. She felt herself begin to grow wet and then started worrying about the moisture on the couch.

“See something you like?” Wanda asked.

Melody quickly looked away, embarrassed. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. You can look.”

Melody glanced back at Wanda’s breasts, and then at her eyes, which were a beautiful hazel color. “You’re very beautiful.”

Wanda smiled. “Thank you.” She looked Melody up and down. “You’re kind of hot yourself.”

Feeling herself blush, Melody looked away.

“What’s the matter? Am I making you uncomfortable?”

“No. I just feel kind of funny. Being naked and all.”

“Just relax. Your clothes will be dry soon. Here, let me fill out a paper for you, so you’ll have it.” She set her own insurance card on the pad and began scribbling quickly with her pen.

Melody sat and tried to relax. She would have liked to lean back, but was afraid of revealing herself; she was sitting kind of hunched over, curled into herself. Her eyes wandered again, this time to Wanda’s lap. She could see the older woman’s pubic hair, which was neatly trimmed to a length of about a quarter of an inch. It was dark, like the hair on her head. It looked very clean and soft. She sat there and began to fantasize about touching it with her fingers. It made her feel very excited. What would Wanda do if she just reached over and touched it? Her heart began to race at the thought of it. Then she thought about what it would feel like against her cheek. Against her lips. She wondered what it would taste like.



“How’s the view from over there?” Wanda asked.

Melody looked up, snapping to attention. “I’m sorry.”

“Stop saying you’re sorry!” Wanda tore off the bottom half of the top sheet on her pad and handed it to Melody. “You can look at me. I already told you it was okay. If I was worried about it, I’d put some clothes on.” She slipped her card back into its holder and set the pad, purse and pen onto the table. She picked up her iced tea and took another drink, finishing it.

“I don’t mean to stare. It’s just...this is unusual for me. And you’re very pretty.” Melody folded the paper in half and put it into her purse. She continued holding the purse in her lap, hiding herself with it.

Wanda sighed and leaned back on the couch, putting her feet up on the table and crossing her legs at the ankles. “It’s unusual for me, too. I don’t normally have car accidents in the rain and then sit here with the other driver while waiting for her clothes to dry so she can go home.”

Melody giggled, surprising herself. She almost apologized, but caught herself at the last second. “I’ll go home now, if you want. You don’t have to dry my clothes.” She was staring at Wanda’s feet. She was wearing an unusual nail polish that looked transparent and silver at the same time.

“What makes you think I want you to leave?”

Melody looked at her. “I thought you just implied it.”

“No. I just stated that this is unusual for me, too. I didn’t say I wanted you to leave. If I wanted you to leave you’d already be gone, trust me.”

Melody smiled. She decided to go out on a limb with Wanda. She was getting the impression that the woman was flirting with her in a very bizarre fashion and she was growing increasingly attracted not only to Wanda, but to her antagonistic personality. “I really like your attitude,” she said. “I wish I was more like you.”

Wanda smiled back. “I’m glad you’re not. If you were, I probably wouldn’t

allow you to stay. Why don't you put your purse on the table?"

"I don't know. It's okay where it is."

"Put it on the table."

Melody leaned forward and set her purse on the table. As she did, she got a closer look at Wanda's nail polish. She'd never seen anything quite like it. She wished she could ask to borrow it or at least ask for the details of the brand, so she'd be able to use it herself.

"Now you've got a foot fetish?"

"No. I just...I was looking at your polish. I really like it. I was wondering what brand it is, or what color."

"Move to the far end of the couch," Wanda said.

"Excuse me?"

"Move to the far end of the couch. Sit at the end."

Melody scooted over and sat further away from Wanda, feeling suddenly depressed, as if she'd been rejected somehow. She didn't know what she'd done wrong.

"Now lean back."

Melody leaned back, sinking into the big, plush cushions. It felt nice to finally straighten her back, even though it came at the expense of somehow annoying Wanda.

Suddenly Wanda lifted her feet from the table and swung her legs sideways, twisting on the couch so that she was leaning back against the armrest and lying lengthwise. She set her feet down in Melody's lap, startling the girl. "Why don't you give me a nice foot massage," Wanda said. "If you do a good job, I'll give you the bottle of polish."

Melody's heart began beating wildly. This was almost too good to be true.

She hadn't annoyed Wanda at all. And now she was going to get to caress her feet! She was almost dizzy with excitement at the feel of Wanda's feet on her naked legs. She brought her hands up and gently chose Wanda's left foot first, clasping it in her hands and holding it lovingly.

"I can't tell if you're happy or disgusted," Wanda remarked.

"I'm happy!" Melody gushed. "You're so beautiful and exciting, and I feel honored to be doing this." She gripped Wanda's foot and began to rub it and squeeze it, thrilling at the soft, smooth feel of it in her hands.

Wanda laughed quietly. "I'm glad to hear that. Do a good job, now. Make me feel grateful."

### 3

Melody couldn't remember the last time she'd felt so aroused. She focused her full attention on Wanda's feet, manipulating them with her fingers and rubbing her thumbs forcefully along their smooth undersides. Wanda seemed to enjoy it, settling back and allowing her eyes to partially close, the faintest hint of a smile on her tight, bitchy, beautiful face. The sight of the little smile encouraged Melody, and she rubbed harder, squeezing Wanda's feet and trying to make her feel as good as possible. Her arousal grew as she continued massaging Wanda's feet, and soon she found herself wanting to kiss them. As she was kneading the right foot, she made up her mind to go ahead and take a chance; she slowly lifted it to her mouth and gave the top side of it a little kiss. Wanda didn't seem to even notice. The soft flesh felt wonderful and cool against her lips, and she detected another slight hint of perfume. It got her even more excited to think that Wanda used perfume on her feet. She continued to massage it, and then gave it another kiss. This time she allowed her tongue to slip out, and she ran it along the side, tasting the sweet skin and feeling a little shiver in her groin.

Suddenly the foot jerked from her hands, startling her. Then the other one shot up from her lap, kicking her in the face. "I said to rub them, not lick them!"

Melody was devastated. "I'm sorry!"

"You're always sorry. Are you incapable of doing what you're told?"

"No. I just..." She was on the verge of tears again. "I'm so sorry. I just wanted to make you feel good, and I got carried away."

"You certainly did."

“I never meant to upset you. I swear I didn’t mean to.”

Wanda studied her briefly. “I believe you. But you really need to start listening, and doing what you’re told.”

“I will. I promise.”

Wanda seemed to consider her for a moment. “You were actually doing a pretty good job. It’s a shame you had to ruin it.”

Melody hung her head. She felt awful. “I’m so sorry.”

“I’ll tell you what.”

Melody looked at her, allowing herself to feel hopeful. “What?”

“I’ll allow you to rub them again, but this time keep them away from your mouth.” She slid her feet back into Melody’s lap.

Melody welcomed them happily. She smiled and felt the little wave of depression completely evaporate from within her. She felt almost gleeful as she wrapped her hands around Wanda’s feet once more and began to skillfully manipulate them with her hands and fingers.

Wanda settled back, sighing. “That’s better. Keep it up.”

Melody did. “Thank you so much!”

Wanda smiled. “You’re welcome.”

For the next five minutes, Melody squeezed and rubbed and prodded Wanda’s feet with both hands, putting everything she had into pleasing the aggressive, older woman. She loved every minute of it and didn’t want to stop, although her hands were beginning to cramp up and she worried briefly about what would happen if she was unable to continue and Wanda hadn’t been satisfied. She tried to put the thought out of her mind as she stroked and fondled, wanting nothing more than to keep her new acquaintance happy.

Wanda was watching her. “You’re very good at that.”

Melody looked at her, smiling. The comment meant a lot to her. “Thank you. I like making you happy.”

Now Wanda smiled. “That’s good. I could really get used to this.”

“I’d be glad to do it for you anytime.”

“That’s good to know. I’ll keep it in mind.”

“Thank you.”

Wanda watched her some more and then sighed. “Alright. You can use your mouth now, if you’d like.”

Melody’s heart fluttered in her chest. She could hardly believe what she’d heard. She had to ask to make sure. “Really?”

Frowning, Wanda glared at her. “You don’t have to. I thought you wanted to.”

“I do!”

“Well then, help yourself.” She wiggled her feet in Melody’s lap, prompting her to get on with it.

“Thank you, Wanda!” Melody immediately lifted one of Wanda’s feet to her mouth and began kissing it. She kissed it everywhere, feeling herself grow increasingly excited. This was the single most intimate experience she’d ever had, and she wanted to make it as memorable as possible. She lifted Wanda’s other foot to her mouth and began kissing it as well. She rubbed them over her face as she kissed them, savoring the smooth, silky feel against her cheeks and neck, her nose and forehead. Soon her tongue became involved, and she was giving them quick little licks. The taste thrilled her. After a minute she grew more bold and began really licking them good, wetting them down with her tongue and nibbling at them playfully.

Wanda giggled. Her laugh was like music to Melody. “That’s very good. Have you done this before?”

Melody paused in her licking. “Never.”

“Well, you’re very good at it. By all means, keep it up.”

The words warmed Melody’s heart. She thought she might be falling in love with Wanda. Rather than waste time dwelling on it, she immediately got back to work on her feet, rubbing them and kissing them and running her tongue all over them.

“Don’t forget my toes, Melody.”

The sound of her name coming out of Wanda’s mouth sent ripples of joy through her. She got right to work on Wanda’s toes, not giving her a chance to feel the slightest disappointment. She sucked them one by one into her mouth, working them over with her tongue, at the same time rubbing and massaging with both hands. The feel of Wanda’s toes in her mouth was wonderful, and she felt herself grow even wetter.

“That’s a good girl! You’re an all-star!”

Melody had never felt better. She continued sucking Wanda’s feet, sliding her tongue between each of her toes and kissing them lovingly. She rubbed them all over her face, feeling awash in happiness.

“Melody, that’s wonderful!”

Wanda sounded as though she were very excited herself. Melody glanced over at her and saw she had her thighs parted slightly, one hand between them. She was fingering herself, her eyes closed. Melody watched in awe as Wanda’s fingers danced back and forth across the lips of her vagina. She felt an almost profound ache deep inside at the knowledge that Wanda’s pussy was right there, only two feet away, and she’d probably never get the opportunity to taste it. She couldn’t allow this awareness to ruin her current situation, though, and so kept up her work with Wanda’s feet without ever breaking stride. She rubbed them harder, squeezing them and sucking each of her toes into her mouth over and over again.

Wanda began to moan loudly. “Oh, that’s it, that’s it! Oh, Melody!”

Melody didn't dare look over. She kept working, intent upon making Wanda as happy as she could. Soon Wanda's feet began to kick playfully at her face, back and forth as she moaned in ecstasy. Then they were pulled away, out of her grasp. She finally risked another glance over and saw that Wanda was smiling at her, her feet tucked off to the side.

"Come over here and sit next to me," Wanda said.

Melody twisted on the couch and moved nearer to Wanda. As she did, Wanda slid her feet back onto the coffee table, making room for Melody to sit beside her.

"Closer," Wanda said.

She appeared happy now, and Melody scooted right up next to her and felt a flood of warmth go through her as Wanda draped an arm around her shoulders, pulling her into a sort of half-hug.

"You should be proud of yourself, Melody. You did a fantastic job."

Melody smiled at her, her excitement building. "Thank you. That was the most fun I ever had."

"I'm very glad to hear that. In fact, didn't you mention something about doing it again, whenever I wanted you to?"

"Absolutely. I'd love to."

"Good. We'll definitely plan on it."

Melody's grin widened. She felt elated.

"Did you see me playing with myself?"

"Yes." There was no way she was going to lie to Wanda.

"I thought so. Did you see which fingers I used?"

Melody felt on the verge of having an orgasm. She was pressed right up



against Wanda, both of them stark naked, and their breasts were touching. She could hardly breathe. She looked at Wanda's right hand and pointed timidly at her middle and index fingers.

Wanda smiled. "That's right. You're batting a thousand now." She brought her hand nearer to Melody's face and slid the two fingers into her mouth.

Melody moaned, sucking on them. There was a musky little tang that she knew came from Wanda's pussy, and she scoured the fingers with her tongue, trying to get it all.

"What a little champ you are," Wanda said happily. "I'm really starting to like you, Melody."

Melody kept sucking the fingers, offering Wanda a little smile around them. "I like you, too."

Wanda withdrew her fingers. Melody watched in delighted fascination as she slid them into her own mouth. She sucked on them for a quick moment and then pulled them out, wiping them on Melody's stomach. "I think you've earned a little kiss."

Melody's heart was already pounding. She thought she might have felt it pick up even more speed, if such a thing was possible. She sat there as if in a dream while Wanda leaned into her and pressed her lips against Melody's mouth. The feel of them, the softness, and the increased scent of Wanda's perfume was almost too much for her to bear. She moaned in ecstasy as their lips worked together in a sensuous kiss. She felt Wanda's hand press behind her head, pulling her even closer to her wet, silky mouth. It was the single greatest moment of her life, and to her utter surprise, it only remained so for several seconds, because then, abruptly, she felt Wanda's tongue slide into her mouth. Melody became so dizzy with arousal that she almost fainted. Wanda's tongue was slippery and wet and delicious. Trying her hardest to concentrate, and remembering to breathe, Melody kissed Wanda back. Their tongues began to circle and stroke each other, their lips locked in mutual passion. She felt Wanda's hot breath in her mouth and felt as if she were going to come.

## 4

Suddenly Wanda straightened up, breaking the kiss. She looked at Melody thoughtfully. “You’re a real treat. How would you like to have a little fun?”

Melody could hardly speak. She smiled. “I already am.”

“So you don’t want to have any more?”

“I do! Oh, my god, Wanda!”

Wanda laughed. “You’re cute when you’re overwhelmed.” She took her arm out from behind Melody and slowly got up off the couch. Once she was standing, she immediately got down onto her knees before Melody and placed both of her hands on Melody’s right leg, just below the knee. “I told you I was a sucker for beautiful legs. And yours are absolutely angelic. Do you mind if I enjoy them?”

Melody wanted to cry again, but this time from happiness. “You don’t have to ask, Wanda. You have my blessings to do anything you want.”

“That’s very considerate of you. I appreciate it.” She gripped her hands around Melody’s leg and began to stroke it, feeling it up and down with the palms of her hand. “My god, your muscle tone is flawless.” She continued rubbing Melody’s leg for several minutes, seeming to lose track of time as she caressed it and squeezed it between her hands. After awhile she released it and switched to the other leg, sliding her palms up and down the calf over and over. She leaned over and began to kiss Melody’s legs, holding them tightly against her face and licking them the way Melody had licked her feet.

“Flex your calf muscles,” Wanda instructed.

Melody did, and Wanda gripped them in each hand, squeezing them. She

continued running her hands up and down Melody's legs, breathing heavily and getting lost in the feel of them.

"Keep flexing them. On and off. Yes. Yes, that's right." Wanda lifted one of her knees from the carpet and slid Melody's left leg between her own legs. She rubbed it against her vagina, straddling it, moving her hips forward and back and gripping the calf muscles.

Melody could feel the warm wetness on her shin as Wanda made love to her leg. She wanted to reach down and touch herself, but she was worried about Wanda's reaction. She was so close to coming she could barely stand it. Just as she was about to take a chance and reach down, Wanda's face dipped forward and suddenly her head was right there in Melody's lap. Melody moaned softly as Wanda pressed her mouth against her pussy and began kissing it. When Wanda's tongue darted out and began licking her, it sent shock-waves of pleasure throughout her entire body, and almost immediately she felt herself go over the edge. She gripped Wanda's head in both hands as she climaxed, pressing her new friend's face firmly into her crotch and whimpering ecstatically.

Melody thought Wanda would be angry, but she wasn't. She hardly seemed to have noticed. She continued to kiss and lick Melody's vagina as she rode her leg, squeezing it and grinding herself against it. Within seconds after Melody finished her orgasm, Wanda was having another one of her own, burying her face even deeper into Melody's pussy and holding her leg tightly between her own. She shuddered and moaned, seeming to have a magnificent time. When she was finished, she looked up at Melody, releasing her leg.

"Give me a kiss," she said.

Melody didn't need to be told twice. Smiling, she leaned forward and met Wanda's mouth with her own, kissing her. Wanda grabbed her from behind the neck and pulled her close, slipping her tongue into Melody's mouth again. They kissed for a moment and then Wanda released her.

Wanda smiled. "You're really something. I'm starting to get a little excited."

Melody giggled. "Just starting?"

She nodded. “You have no idea. My sexual appetite is enormous. Do you think you’d be up to really trying to please me?”

Melody reached forward with one hand and caressed Wanda’s cheek. “I’d do anything.”

Wanda smiled. “Anything?”

Melody nodded. “Anything to make you happy.”

Wanda sighed, her smile widening. “This is going to be one hell of an evening.”

## 5

“First things first. I need to take a leak.”

Melody nodded. “Alright.” She sat patiently on the couch, prepared to wait for Wanda.

Wanda got up, stretching her back. She stood before Melody, absently scratching her pubic hair. “Are you ready?”

Melody looked at her, confused. “I’m ready. But I thought you had to use the bathroom.”

“No. I said I needed to take a leak.” She pressed two of her fingers to her vagina lips and parted them slightly, bending at the knees. “Are you ready?”

Melody was still confused. Was Wanda going to pee on her? The thought of it thrilled her, but she knew she must be wrong. Wanda would never pee on her expensive couch or carpeting. She hadn’t even wanted rain water getting on them. “I’m ready. But I’m not sure what to do.”

“Just bring your mouth over here, Melody. You’re thirsty, aren’t you?”

Melody was suddenly nervous. “Yes.” She licked her lips. “But I’m not sure...”

Wanda scowled at her. “You’re not sure *what?*”

“You mean...” Melody took a deep breath. She was beginning to feel frightened again. “You mean for me to drink it?”

“That’s right.” Wanda spread her flaps again, preparing herself. “Come and get it.”

“I don’t know if I *can*,” Melody whined.

Wanda released herself, her hands hanging limp. She looked very angry. “What do you mean, you don’t know if you can? Are you thirsty, or not?”

“Yes. I just...”

“Do you not like me?”

“Of course I do! I just...”

“Do you think I’m dirty?”

“No!”

“You think you’re too good to swallow my piss?”

“No! I just don’t know if I *can*.” She was about to begin crying again. “I’ve never done it before, and I don’t know if I’ll be able to.” She started to tremble.

Wanda frowned at her, her disappointment clear. “I thought you were my special friend.”

“I am!”

“Well, then. I really need you to do this.”

Melody looked at her pleadingly. She thought maybe she could reason with her. “I could lie in the tub. You could pee all over me. That would be great!”

“I don’t want to pee on you. I want you to drink it.”

“But why?”

Wanda reached out with one hand and gently took Melody’s left nipple between her thumb and index finger. She rolled it softly. “Because I asked you to.”

Melody sighed. "I just don't see --"

Suddenly Wanda gave her nipple a vicious squeeze, twisting it. Melody screamed and jumped back on the couch, crying. Her knees came up reflexively, exposing her ass, which Wanda slapped sadistically. "Are you refusing me?"

"No!" Melody cried. "I want to! I do! I'm just scared!"

"Sit up! Stop cowering like a baby!"

Melody sat up, sniffing, wiping the tears from her face. She wasn't sure she liked Wanda anymore. "I'm sorry. I just..."

"Are you going to drink it, or not?" Wanda once again placed her fingers on her pussy lips and spread them.

Melody nodded. Her nipple was throbbing painfully. "Yes. I want to. I'll do my best." The thought of putting her mouth near Wanda's vagina was actually very appealing, she just didn't know if she'd be able to swallow a whole mouthful of urine. And what if Wanda peed more than a mouthful? What if she just kept on peeing? It was a very complex situation.

"You'll do fine. Just make sure you get it all. I don't want a single drop touching my sofa or my carpet."

Melody was trembling again. She was in real trouble here. She slid forward on the couch and brought her mouth closer to Wanda's crotch, opening wide.

"Put your mouth right over it. It could get messy."

Melody leaned closer, close enough so that her lower lip came into contact with Wanda's flesh. It was very exciting to be this close. She could see all the tiny details of Wanda's vagina, and smell its sweet fragrance. She wanted to kiss it and lick it, but knew this wasn't the time.

"Are you ready?"

Melody nodded and placed one hand on each of Wanda's outer thighs. She

promised herself she'd do this without fucking it up. If she pulled it off, she knew Wanda would be thrilled.

“Okay. Here it comes.”

A slow trickle of piss began to squirt out from between Wanda's lips, and Melody leaned in even closer, pressing her mouth over the hole so that none dribbled out. There was a tiny amount that ran down Wanda's legs, but not much, and Melody carefully blocked it with her hands so that it wouldn't drip all the way down to the carpet. She held her mouth steady, allowing it to fill with Wanda's warm, acidic urine. It didn't taste very good, and felt almost like it was burning her tongue. When her mouth was nearly full she quickly gulped it down, almost retching from the sharp bite in her throat. She steeled herself and kept her mouth in place, letting the piss flow into it uninterrupted. It wasn't easy. It began to jet out faster and faster as Wanda's bladder grew accustomed to emptying itself.

“That's my girl,” Wanda encouraged. “You're doing fine. Keep it up.”

Melody swallowed another mouthful, gagging slightly but keeping herself in place. The pee was coming very fast now and splattering against her lips and teeth, some of it running down her chin. She wanted to wipe it with her hands, but there was no time. It just kept coming. Before she knew it, her mouth was full again and she gulped, somehow managing not to cough it up.

“Very, very good! Make me proud, Melody!”

Melody wanted very much to make Wanda proud. She allowed the piss to flow into her mouth and continued swallowing it. She gagged and retched and almost vomited at one point, but she fought her way through it and soon the flow of urine began to diminish to a slow trickle. She knew she was going to make it. She actually smiled as her mouth slowly filled up again, the taste no longer as cloying on her now desensitized tongue.

“You're almost there! Just a little more.”

Melody swallowed it down eagerly and then there was only the tiniest little dribble flowing out, hardly even enough to feel in her mouth. She moved



even closer and used her tongue to catch the last of it, licking between the folds of Wanda's wet lips.

"Very good!" Wanda exclaimed.

Melody smiled, straightening up. She wanted to kiss and lick Wanda's pussy now, but wasn't sure if she was allowed. She glanced up at her for some type of indication.

"Just a few more drops," Wanda said.

Panicking suddenly, Melody looked back down at Wanda's vagina. She was using her fingers to manipulate her pussy lips and a final little squirt of urine shot out, splashing Melody's arm and dripping to the carpet. She shoved her head forward, putting her mouth over Wanda's hole, but it was too late.

"What was that?" Wanda asked.

Melody looked up at her. "What?"

"That!" Wanda stepped back and looked down at the carpet. There was a tiny little wet spot where her pee had soaked into it. It was hardly even noticeable.

"I think just a drop," Melody said. She climbed off the couch and got down on the floor, pressing her face to the carpet and licking at the almost invisible drips.

Wanda watched her for a moment and then grabbed her hair, pulling her head up. "What did you do?"

"I'm sorry! It was just a drip, and I think I got it!"

"Think again. I saw it sink into the carpet. What did I tell you?"

"I'm sorry! I tried so hard!"

"Well, you failed!"

The words stung Melody. She gazed up at Wanda with tears brimming in her

eyes. “I’m so sorry! I thought...” She sniffled. “I thought you’d be happy!”

“Happy? For what? Getting piss on my carpet?” Wanda slapped her across the face, hard. The sound was startlingly loud in the quiet room.

Melody dropped to the floor, crying. She covered her head. “I’m sorry!”

Wanda kicked her. “You’re always sorry! I’m getting sick of it!”

Rolling into a ball, Melody continued to cry. Her whole body racked with sobs.

“Pathetic little bitch. What good are you?”

There was no answer from Melody. She lay there whimpering, wishing she were dead.

## 6

Wanda stared at her for a moment, disgusted, and then picked up her glass and carried it into the kitchen. She poured herself another glass of iced tea and brought it back into the living room, taking a long drink. Melody hadn't moved from her spot on the floor. After setting her glass down on the table, Wanda kicked her again. "Get up!"

Melody moaned and began unfolding herself on the floor.

"I said get up! Now!"

Quickly, Melody got to her feet, standing before Wanda with tears running down her face. "I'm sorry, Wanda. I really, really am."

Wanda stared at her. She squinted her eyes and licked her lips. "You're lucky you're so pretty. Come here."

Melody stepped forward and Wanda grabbed her, pulling her unexpectedly into a kiss. The fear and depression evaporated again from within Melody as Wanda's tongue snaked into her mouth. She sucked on it, her arousal rekindled.

Suddenly Wanda pulled away, grimacing. She spat on Melody's breasts. "Jesus Christ. You taste like a fucking toilet."

Melody's heart sank. She hung her head. "I'm sorry." Her stomach hurt and was making funny groaning noises from all the urine she'd drunk.

"I thought you'd say that."

Melody looked at her. "I said it because I mean it. I really am sorry. I tried very hard to make you happy, and I think you know that. But I'm still sorry,

because I care.”

Wanda smiled coldly. “Isn’t that sweet. Go brush your teeth.”

Hesitating, Melody frowned. “Alright. But how will I know which toothbrush to use?”

“Use mine. It’s the only one in there.”

Melody felt excited again. Wanda was like a roller-coaster ride. “Okay.” She began walking down the hallway.

“It’s the first door on your left.”

Melody entered the bathroom, which was just as clean as the rest of the house. The floor tiles, walls, counters and shower curtain were all a pristine white. It seemed to be Wanda’s favorite color. She found Wanda’s toothbrush on the edge of the sink. It was dark green. She ran it under the faucet for a moment and then squeezed on a large gob of toothpaste. For the next minute she scrubbed out her mouth with it, even brushing her inner cheeks and tongue, which she didn’t usually do. When she was done she rinsed the toothbrush carefully and replaced it exactly as she’d found it. She also rinsed out the sink, making sure to leave it very clean. While the water was still running, Melody collected some up in her hands and sipped from them. She was even thirstier than she had been, despite drinking all Wanda’s pee. Maybe because of it.

Finished, she gave the area a quick inspection, making certain there was nothing out of place, and then stepped back into the hallway. Wanda was standing just outside the door.

“All finished?”

Melody smiled politely. “Yes. Thank you.”

“Let’s check.” Wanda immediately pulled her into a seductive embrace and began kissing her, her tongue once again sliding into Melody’s mouth. This time the kiss lingered, and Wanda ran her hands up and down Melody’s back,

caressing her. Melody reciprocated, holding Wanda affectionately and returning her kiss, their tongues darting around like excited little fish.

After a few moments, Wanda pulled back, smiling. “Much better.”

Melody smiled happily. She felt very good again. “Thank you.”

Wanda gazed into her eyes. “You know, you really are a little sweetheart.”

Her heart racing again, Melody almost wept with joy. “So are you.”

Wanda licked Melody’s lips. “And you taste so fresh and minty!”

Melody giggled.

Grabbing her by the hand, Wanda pulled Melody toward the far end of the hall. “Come here. I want to show you my bedroom.”

Melody allowed Wanda to lead her into the big room, which was decked out in the same deep white carpeting as the living room and hall. There was an enormous king-sized bed against the far wall with a black wooden frame and covered in a beautiful white bedspread. The furniture was all virtually new and looked exceedingly expensive. A huge mirror hung on the wall over a dresser, and Melody could see their reflections in it as Wanda let her to the bed and pulled back the covers, exposing clean white sheets.

Wanda leaned into Melody and gave her a kiss on the mouth. “Why don’t you slide in, hot stuff?”

Melody was elated. The smile on her face was the happiest Wanda had ever seen. “Really?”

“Of course. Don’t you want to?”

“Are you kidding?” Melody climbed onto the bed and slid her feet down under the sheets. She moved over to the middle of the big bed so Wanda would have enough room to climb in beside her.

Wanda got in and lay back, pulling the covers up over the two of them. She

then rolled over, climbing on top of Melody and giving her another kiss. She slid her arms under her, hugging her.

Melody hugged back, squirming beneath Wanda and kissing her, as happy as she'd ever been.

"You're such a little cutie," Wanda said warmly. "I'm really glad we ran into each other today."

Melody giggled and wrapped her legs around Wanda, kissing her some more. "I had forgotten all about that."

"Good. I've got other things for you to think about."

Melody felt wonderful. The feel of Wanda on top of her and the big comfortable bed beneath her was getting her very aroused. "I'll think about whatever you'd like."

"Thank you, Melody." Wanda kissed her. "I want you to think about lying here and relaxing while I make you come."

Suddenly Wanda was sliding down, her breasts rubbing along Melody's stomach and then her hips and thighs as she moved herself to the foot of the bed. She crouched there, between Melody's legs, the sheet and comforter covering her back. She lowered her face to Melody's crotch and began kissing her, over and over.

Melody moaned and reached down, slipping her fingers into Wanda's hair.

Wanda continued to kiss Melody's pussy, and then used her tongue to pry it open. It was oozing with wetness, and she slipped her tongue in deeper, drinking in the sweetness of her new little friend. "My God, Melody. You're so delicious!"

Melody smiled, wiggling around on the bed. She felt rapturous.

Wanda buried her face between Melody's legs and rubbed it all around, coating it with the plentiful juices. They both moaned and Wanda got right back to work, sucking at Melody's delicate folds and sliding her tongue up

and down the length of her slit. She found Melody's clit and began kissing it. She kissed it several times and then began to lick it, working her tongue over and over it, causing Melody to moan louder and really twist around on the bed.

"Oh, Wanda!" Melody cried. "I'm going to come!"

Using both hands, Wanda spread Melody's legs further apart and then slipped two of her fingers into Melody's sopping wet pussy. They slid in easily, and she worked them in and out as she continued to dance her tongue along Melody's clitoris.

Melody moaned ecstatically and raised her feet into the air as she clamped Wanda's head between her thighs and began to buck her hips. She squeezed Wanda's hair in both fists and rocked her head from side to side, whimpering loudly.

Wanda removed her fingers and pressed her face between Melody's legs, breathing deeply and licking at all the fragrant moisture. It was flowing freely and she was swallowing it eagerly, loving the feel and taste of it all over her face and in her mouth. Melody was really grinding herself firmly against Wanda's face, and Wanda wasn't sure who was enjoying it more.

"Oh, Wanda!"

Suddenly Wanda's face was being drenched in liquid and her head felt like it was being squeezed in a padded nutcracker. Melody squirmed all around on the bed, pulling Wanda's hair and gasping, whining and squealing. Wanda lay there soaking it in, allowing Melody to ride out the wave of her orgasm while she drank up the juices that were gushing into her face.

When Melody had finished, she released her grip on Wanda's hair and lowered her legs, panting.

Wanda licked her pussy a little longer, gathering up some of the stray moisture and swallowing it. Then she raised herself back up, climbing on top of Melody and wrapping her into an embrace.

“How did I do?” Wanda asked.

Melody smiled and wrapped her arms and legs around Wanda. “You’re amazing!” She kissed her, over and over, tasting herself on Wanda’s mouth.

Wanda laughed softly. “I’ll bet you say that to all the girls.”

“No!” Melody said happily. “Just you! You’re my first.”

“Is that right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I hope I didn’t let you down.”

“No way!”

Wanda engaged her in another long kiss, slipping her tongue in Melody’s mouth and running her hands through the younger woman’s hair. They kissed for several minutes, and then Wanda pulled her mouth away, smiling.

“You know what?”

Melody smiled back. “What?”

“That made me awfully wet. And horny.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. What are you going to do about it?”

Melody lifted her head up and kissed Wanda on the mouth again. “Anything you want.”

“Anything?”

“Anything for you, Wanda.”

Now Wanda’s smile widened. “Oh, good! I was hoping you’d say that.”





## 7

Wanda reached one hand down and rubbed it against Melody's mound. She stroked it, running her fingers through the short pubic hair. "Do you like that?"

Melody smiled, nodding her head. Her hair was a beautiful mess on the pillow. "I sure do."

"Good," Wanda said. She gripped Melody's pubic hair in her fist and yanked it, hard.

Melody jerked in the bed, wincing and crying out in surprised pain. "Oooh!"

"Do you like *that*?" Wanda asked, pulling it again.

Beginning to cry, Melody shook her head. "No! It hurts!"

"I'll bet it does. How do you think it feels when you pull my fucking hair?"

Tears were flowing down Melody's cheeks now. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to hurt you!"

"Well, you did." Wanda spit in Melody's face. The gob of saliva struck her just to the left of her nose and ran down her cheek, mingling with her tears. "Little bitch."

Melody began to shake as her body racked with sobs. "Wanda, I didn't mean to! I swear I didn't!"

"I think you did. I think you knew exactly what you were doing."

"No! I would never hurt you on purpose!"

“I would never hurt you on purpose, either, Melody.” Wanda grabbed one of Melody’s nipples in her fingers and crushed it.

Melody cried out shrilly, trying to sit up in the bed. She was unable to do so with Wanda lying on top of her. She began crying harder, the tears really flowing.

“How do you like it?”

“I don’t! Please! I’m sorry!” She lay back on the bed, her voice choked with emotion. “Wanda, I didn’t mean to hurt you!”

Wanda climbed up off of her. She shifted on the bed so she was sitting off to the side, her legs hanging over the side. With one hand she began to caress Melody’s face. “It’s okay, Melody. You can’t help it that you’re just a stupid cunt.”

Melody continued to cry. She didn’t know what to say.

Wanda bent over and kissed her on the forehead. “You sure cry a lot. What the hell is wrong with you?”

Melody reached up and gently took Wanda’s hand in her own. “Wanda, I don’t know. I’m fucked up. And I’m sorry. I love you, Wanda, and I’m sorry I hurt you.”

“Did I give you permission to touch my hand?”

Melody released it at once. “I’m sorry!”

“I know. Open your mouth.”

Not waiting to be told twice, Melody opened it. Wanda leaned over and spit into it, a large frothy glob of thick saliva.

“How do you like that?”

Melody’s crying ended abruptly. She took a deep breath and swallowed Wanda’s spit. A little smile materialized on her face. “I like it.”

Wanda smiled at her and began caressing her cheek again. “You do?”

Nodding, Melody smiled wider. “I like it a lot.”

“Open up.”

Melody opened again, and Wanda leaned over and spit another big bubbly gob of saliva into her mouth.

“Good?”

After swallowing it, Melody nodded again. She looked happy. “Very good.”

“You like my spit?”

“I love it.”

“I’m glad. Touch my hand, Melody.”

Melody reached up and took Wanda’s hand in hers, holding it lovingly.

“Open your mouth again.”

When Melody had it open, Wanda unloaded another gob of spit into it. Melody swallowed it and then Wanda leaned over further and began to kiss her. She slipped her tongue into Melody’s mouth and slithered it around, running it between Melody’s lips and gums. Melody reached up and gently hooked her other hand around Wanda’s head, pulling her closer and kissing her back. They kissed for several moments, both of them growing excited again. When Wanda sat back up, she was smiling happily.

“You’re a very good kisser, Melody.”

Melody smiled back. She felt very happy again. “Thank you. You are, too!”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“I do. You’re the best.”

The sheet and comforter were pulled all the way down to the foot of the bed, and Melody was completely revealed. Wanda spent a moment analyzing her, the grin on her face widening. She stroked one hand up and down along Melody's arm. "You say I'm the best, but you also said I'm the only woman you've ever been with."

The comment alarmed Melody. She wasn't sure if she'd offended Wanda. "You are the only one. But when I said you're the best, I only meant that I'm sure you would be, even if --"

"Relax, Melody." Wanda continued to stroke her arm, looking her over. "That's not my point."

Melody tried to relax, but she felt very apprehensive. She never knew what to expect from Wanda.

"My point is, you're not the only woman I've been with. Far from it. But you know what?"

Melody shook her head.

Wanda smiled at her. "You are definitely the most beautiful. No comparison."

Once again, Melody's heart began to race. She smiled happily at Wanda.

Wanda didn't notice. She was scrutinizing Melody's body. "My god, look at you! You're a fucking goddess." She reached down and took one of Melody's legs in her hands and raised it up. She ran her hands along it and bent it closer to her, leaning in and kissing it. "Your legs alone make you beautiful. These have got to be the most exquisite legs that have ever existed." She rubbed Melody's leg some more, kissing it and rubbing her face against it. "But your whole body is beautiful." She glanced at Melody, who was breathing heavily and beaming. "And your face." Wanda gently released the leg and leaned over toward Melody's head, caressing her cheeks with both hands. "You look like a little angel. How anyone can be so perfectly beautiful is absolutely astounding." She leaned over further and kissed Melody warmly on the mouth.

“I love you, Wanda.” Melody reached up and brushed a stray lock of hair from Wanda’s brow.

Wanda smiled at her. “I love you too, sweetheart.” She leaned down and kissed her again. “Now. How would you like a nice, wet pussy in your face?”

Melody smiled. “I’d love it!”

“Good!” Wanda climbed off of her and spun herself around on the bed. She raised one leg up and swung it over Melody, positioning herself so that her hindquarters were perched directly above Melody’s face. She lowered herself slowly, and Melody lifted her head in anticipation, opening her mouth and readying her tongue.

“Here it comes,” Wanda said, lowering herself further.

“Oh, goody, goody!” Melody wrapped her arms around Wanda’s legs and rested her head back down on the pillow as Wanda’s crotch pressed down into her face. Wanda’s pussy was dripping wet, and Melody used her mouth to suck the juice from it, swallowing it and using her tongue to search for more. As she slid it deep into Wanda’s slit, Wanda sat down more heavily on her face and began to grind herself up and down, causing Melody to gasp with excitement as her face became saturated with the sweet, musky wetness.

“How’s that?” Wanda asked.

Melody was loving it. “It’s wonderful!”

Wanda ground herself harder into Melody’s face and lowered her own head down between Melody’s legs, once again finding her pussy and kissing it repeatedly. She sucked the flaps into her mouth, getting a good taste of her little friend, and then sat up. With her pussy still in Melody’s face, Wanda settled down with all her weight. She reached down with one hand and began fingering her own clit, which was jammed against Melody’s chin. She rocked back and forth, smothering Melody as she gyrated her hips and worked on herself with her fingers.

“Come on, Melody,” she moaned. “Use that tongue!”

Melody was jerking her head around, attempting to get a breath of air. She was unable to do so. Her efforts to escape grew more intense, and the sensation of her face writhing and squirming between Wanda's legs made Wanda even more excited. She ground down even harder, thrusting herself back and forth, rubbing her clit and whimpering passionately.

Melody reached up with her hands and grabbed Wanda's hips. She tried to push the older woman off of her, but it had no effect. Wanda didn't even seem to notice. Melody began to kick her feet up and down on the bed, attempting to signal to Wanda that she couldn't breathe. Her face was completely trapped in Wanda's wet crotch, her mouth and nostrils sealed. She kicked her feet some more and pushed with both hands, trying to rock her head back and forth beneath the soft, smothering weight of Wanda.

Wanda's whimpering grew even louder. She began bouncing up and down slightly on Melody's face as her fingers danced over her clitoris. "Oh, Melody! That's it! Keep it up, honey!"

With no way to breathe, Melody felt as though she were about to die. She bucked and thrashed as hard as she could, her legs hammering up and down on the mattress as Wanda continued to grind and smother her face. She could hear what Wanda was saying, but had no way to respond. It was not a bad way to die, she knew, but it certainly came as a surprise to her. She felt herself beginning to black out as her lungs strained to get even just one little gasp of air.

"Oh, Melody, that's it! Yes!" Wanda finally climaxed, her fingers slowing down to a vigorous rub as her chest heaved. Smiling, she lifted herself up slightly from Melody's face, peeking down happily at the girl between her legs. "Oh, honey, that was wonderful!"

Melody sucked in air just in time. She tilted her head back on the pillow and drew in one desperate breath after another, her heart racing as she fought to regain her senses.

If Wanda noticed anything wrong, she gave no indication. "You really worked hard! I love the way you kicked your feet that way!"

Melody took another mighty gasp, finally getting herself under control. She remained in the same position, with Wanda's ass just above her mouth. Suddenly a shadow covered her eyes again as Wanda once more lowered herself.

"Now do my other hole, sweetie. Ready?"

Lifting her hands, Melody placed one on each of Wanda's hips, trying to prevent her from sitting back down on her face. It was no good. Wanda's ass came down again, but this time it was at a different angle; it came down lower, Wanda's pussy brushing her chin as her moist crack came down over Melody's mouth. There was no cutting off of air, and Melody relaxed a bit as she continued to breathe, nuzzling her nose in the cleft of Wanda's ass.

Wanda wiggled herself in Melody's face. "Come on, quit teasing. Are you going to do me or not?"

"I am, I am," Melody panted. She lifted her head and tried to stretch her tongue forward to reach Wanda's pussy. It was awkwardly positioned and she could just barely reach the edge of it.

Wanda pushed Melody's face back down with her bottom. "No, not that again. My ass. Come on, sweetheart."

Melody lay back again as Wanda's ass came down on her face. The puckered little hole was just above her mouth. She wasn't sure what she was supposed to do. Surely Wanda didn't expect her to lick it. Or did she? "I'm not sure --"

"Come on, Melody. What are you waiting for?"

The ass came down further, pressing into Melody's face. Frightened, she knew she'd better do what Wanda wanted, even though it didn't appeal to her. She inched out her tongue and touched the tip of it to Wanda's anus, gently licking the soft flesh. It didn't taste very good, but it did get her excited, and Wanda seemed to enjoy it, too.

"That's it, Melody! Get in there!" Wanda pressed down even harder, encouraging Melody to stay focused.



Melody licked the little hole some more, and then slid her tongue partway in. The taste was even worse, but Wanda began to squirm around above her, moaning gratefully.

“Yes! Push it all the way in, honey!”

Melody pushed her tongue in further, feeling Wanda’s anus squeeze against it from all sides. It wasn’t something she normally would have wanted to do, but now that she was doing it, it began to get her excited. She slid her tongue in and out of Wanda’s ass, reaching one hand down toward her own clit.

Wanda saw what she was doing. “Don’t worry, Melody. I’ll take care of that!” Wanda lowered her face between Melody’s legs and used her mouth to stimulate Melody’s pussy. As she did, she ground her ass further into Melody’s face.

After several minutes of this, they were both worked up and on the verge of coming. Wanda pressed her mouth firmly over Melody’s pussy and sank her tongue in as far as it would go, sucking at the lips as Melody used her own mouth and tongue to excite Wanda’s anus. They each let loose with soft whimpers and shrill little cries of passion as they shuddered and squirmed about on the big bed, their orgasms rolling through them in powerful waves.

When it was over, Wanda climbed off of Melody and lay beside her, wrapping one arm around her little friend. She was smiling. “Well, well, Melody. You’re really something.”

Melody smiled back, leaning over and stealing a kiss. “So are you.”

Wanda grimaced, licking her lips. “What the fuck was that?”

Taken aback, Melody swallowed nervously. “What do you mean?”

“That kiss. You taste like shit.”

Melody sighed. She knew what was coming. “I’m sorry.”

“You’re always sorry!” Wanda propped herself up on one elbow. “You stick your tongue up my ass and then decide it would be a good idea to kiss me. As

if I want to taste it.” She leaned over and spit directly into Melody’s face. “What a disgusting little bitch.”

Melody was trembling again. “I’m sorry!”

“Stop saying that!” Wanda slapped her face. “Jesus Christ, I’m so sick of your sniveling!”

It all happened so fast. Melody began to cry again, grabbing the sheet and pulling it over her. “I didn’t mean --”

“No more sniveling!” Wanda raised one hand into the air and brought it down hard, clenching it into a fist and pounding Melody in the stomach. The blow shocked her and sent the air rushing from her lungs as fresh tears welled in her eyes. “How many times do you need to be told?”

“I...I...”

“Get out! Get out of my fucking bed! I never should have let you in here in the first place, you dirty little cunt!”

Crying freely, Melody rolled away and began climbing out of the bed. “I never meant --”

“Shut up. I better not have caught anything off you. Fucking toilet whore.”

Melody got to her feet. She wished she were dead. She decided to try one more time to explain to Wanda that she’d never meant to upset her. “Wanda, if you’d just let --”

Wanda swung her leg over and used her foot to shove Melody away from the bed. “I said, SHUT UP!” She shoved hard against Melody’s buttocks, and Melody went sprawling into the dresser, banging her head and falling to the floor, yelping in pain. She lay there crying, huddled into a ball on the thick carpeting.

Wanda watched her for a moment. She hadn’t really meant to hurt Melody. She slid over in the bed and reached out a hand, placing it on Melody’s shoulder. “Are you okay?”

Melody jumped slightly at her touch. She lifted her head and gazed at Wanda with frightened eyes. There was a smear of blood on her forehead.

“Oh, god, Melody. Your forehead!” Wanda climbed out of bed and crouched beside her. “I’m so sorry. Does it hurt?” She put an arm around Melody and pulled her close, kissing her injury.

Melody used one hand to wipe tears from her eyes. “I’m okay,” she whispered.

Wanda hugged her. “Oh, sweetheart, I’m so sorry.”

“Thank you.”

Wanda kissed her forehead again, and then her cheek. She ran her fingers through Melody’s hair. “You’re trembling. Take a deep breath and try to relax.”

Melody did as she was told. Wanda continued to stroke her hair, and she began to feel a little better.

“Are you okay?”

She nodded.

“Good. You really need to be more careful, sweetie.”

“I’m sorry.”

“There’s no need to apologize.” Wanda kissed her again, and again. “Can you stand up?”

Melody smiled. “Of course.”

“Come on. Let’s get you cleaned up. I have some band-aids in the bathroom.” Wanda helped her to her feet and they stood for a moment gazing into the big mirror before them. The small trickle of blood was almost gone, kissed away by Wanda’s lips. “Don’t worry, honey. Your beautiful face looks the same.

You could easily rival any angel.”

Melody grinned. “Thank you, Wanda.”

“You’re welcome, Melody.” Her eyes dropped to the reflection of Melody’s legs. “You didn’t bump your legs, did you?”

“No.”

“Thank god. I’d die if something happened to those perfect little legs.”

“My legs are good.”

Wanda laughed. “They sure are!” She kissed Melody on the mouth and pulled her into a tight hug.

Melody hugged back, feeling much happier.

After a moment Wanda pulled away, smiling. “Come on, sweetie.” She took Melody’s hand and led her out of the bedroom.

## 8

They spent the next few minutes in the bathroom, Wanda using some rubbing alcohol and a wad of cotton to wipe the small cut on Melody's forehead and place a bandage over it. She also instructed Melody to use her toothbrush again, which Melody did happily.

"If you invite me back again, I'll bring my own, so I won't have to keep borrowing yours."

Wanda stood behind her with her arms around Melody's waist, smiling at her in the mirror. "*If* I invite you back? Melody, you're *always* welcome here! If it were up to me, you'd never leave."

Melody smiled, elated. "Really?"

"Really. Think of this as your second home. You can drop by whenever you want. Any day. Everyday."

"Thank you, Wanda."

"And don't bring a toothbrush. I like it when you use mine. Every time I use it I'll think of you. And miss you. And wish you were here with me. My sweet little princess." She hugged Melody from behind, kissing her neck lovingly.

Melody sighed and leaned back, into Wanda's embrace.

Wanda reached up and began to massage Melody's breasts.

"Oh, that feels so good, Wanda!"

"Is it getting you wet?"

Melody giggled. “Yes!”

Reaching down, Wanda slipped a finger into Melody’s slick vagina. She wiggled it around, causing Melody to moan softly and lean back further. After a moment, Wanda brought it up and slid it into her mouth. “Mmm, my delicious little angel.”

Melody laughed again, spinning around and wrapping her arms around Wanda. They kissed for a long time, holding each other in the small bathroom as the sun began to set outside.

“My, my,” Wanda said, finally breaking the spell. “I’m almost ready to take you back to bed.”

Melody smiled at her. “Would you?”

“I would, honey, but I actually have quite a bit of paperwork I need to do tonight, and it’s a couple hours past my dinner time.”

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault. This has been one of the best days of my life, sweetheart. And it’s all thanks to you.”

Melody had never felt so good. “It *has* been the best day of *my* life.”

“I’m glad. We’ll do it again, real soon.”

“I can’t wait!”

“Me either! Now, let’s go see if your clothes are dry.” Wanda took her by the hand again and they walked through the house to the laundry room.

Not surprisingly, the clothes were all dry. Wanda began unloading the dryer and handing Melody her things as she separated them.

“I’m so used to being naked around you, I feel funny putting my clothes on,” Melody joked.

“I know what you mean. We sure did have a lot of fun, though.”

“We sure did.”

“And we’ll do it again. Oh, shit!” Wanda had pulled out her skirt and one of Melody’s old sneakers fell from it, bouncing around on the floor. “Look at my skirt!”

Melody looked, an expression of grave anxiety on her face as fresh fear bloomed in her stomach. There was a big dirty streak across the skirt, no doubt caused by her sneaker. “I’m sorry, Wanda!”

“I had a feeling you were going to say that.”

“I *am* sorry. I’ll buy you a new one.”

Wanda threw the skirt aside in disgust. “Don’t bother. I was going to give it to the fucking Goodwill anyway. At least your precious sneakers are dry.”

“I promise, I’ll buy you a new one.”

“I said forget it. Get dressed. I told you I have things to do. I don’t have time to stand here arguing with you all night.”

Melody was going to say something else, but decided against it. She quickly got dressed, wanting to leave now before Wanda started getting mean again.

“Oh, shit! Look at my blouse!”

Melody glanced over and saw another streak of dirt. “I’m sorry!”

“Do you know how much this cost? And it was only the second time I wore it!”

“I’ll buy you a new one.”

“Oh, shut up! Jesus Christ!” She threw it aside. “Fucking Goodwill is going to love this.”

Melody felt awful. She pulled her pants on and bent over to put on her sneakers.

Wanda was watching her. "They look a lot cleaner. I guess all the muck came off on my new clothes."

"I'm sorry, Wanda! I tried to tell you not to put them in."

Suddenly Wanda's hand was there, slapping her across the face again. There was a loud crack and a flash of pain, and Melody tipped over onto her side, cowering from her angry friend. "Wanda, no!"

"Don't tell me no! Get the fuck up!" She began kicking wildly at Melody and stomping on her legs. "Stupid cunt! First you fuck up my car, and now my clothes!"

"Wanda, I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

"I can't take this anymore! Get up! Just get the hell out of here, will you? I don't have any more time for your pissy whining!"

Her tears flowing once again, Melody sat up and finished putting on her sneakers. When she had them laced up, she got to her feet and quickly put on her bra and t-shirt.

"You look like a bag-woman," Wanda commented. "I can't believe I invited you into my home."

"Don't worry. I'm going."

"Thank god." Wanda, still naked, led Melody through the kitchen and into the living room. "Don't forget your purse."

Melody paused to retrieve her purse from the coffee table and stepped over to the door. She looked at Wanda, tears running down her face. "I really am sorry, Wanda, and I really will pay for your car, and your clothes. I promise."

"Yeah, yeah. Just go, will you?"



Melody wiped her nose and nodded. She turned around and grabbed the doorknob.

“Wait.”

Melody froze.

“Before you go...”

Standing motionless, Melody waited for Wanda to finish. When she didn't, Melody turned her head slowly, glancing back at Wanda. “What?”

Wanda was smiling again, looking embarrassed. “Nothing. It's just...do you think you could do me a little favor?”

As confused and sad as she was, Melody felt a little spark of hope. She smiled back. “Of course. I'd do anything for you.”

“Really?”

“Yes. Anything.”

Wanda took a deep breath and shrugged, her smile widening. “It's just...it's those legs of yours, Melody. Do you think I could see them again? One last time?”

Setting her purse down on the arm of the couch, Melody nodded approvingly. “You can see them whenever you'd like. It doesn't have to be the last time.”

Wanda licked her lips. “You mean that?”

“Of course!”

“How about right now?”

Melody unfastened her jeans and began sliding them down. “Anything for you, Wanda.”

Wanda stepped forward and dropped to her knees before Melody. As

Melody's pants came down, she wrapped one hand around each of her calves. She leaned in and began kissing Melody's legs. "Oh, god." She licked them and then started to rub her hands and face all over them. "Oh, Melody. Oh, please, please don't leave."

Melody giggled, rubbing one hand against the top of Wanda's head. "I was only leaving because you told me to."

Wanda looked up at her. "Oh, I'm so sorry. My sweet little angel." She continued to rub and kiss Melody's legs. "I'd give anything for even just one more hour with you."

"I thought you had work to do. And dinner to eat."

"Fuck work. And dinner. I'd go a week without food for ten minutes with you, sweetheart. My god, you're so beautiful!"

Melody laughed softly. She felt good again. "You're beautiful, too, Wanda."

Wanda was still gazing up at her, her eyes now burning with desire. "Thank you." She smiled seductively. "What do you say? Would you give me another chance?"

"I'd give you anything."

"You're so sweet!" Wanda leaned forward and kissed Melody's panties, right between her thighs. "And you're getting wet again!"

"That's your fault."

Wanda laughed warmly and kissed her again, this time taking a little lick. "Oh, Melody, I need you!"

"I'm yours."

"Really?"

"Yes. But I should probably call my parents. They're no doubt wondering what happened to me by now."

Wanda stood up. “Call them. By all means. Tell them you’re staying the night.”

“I am?”

“Yes! Don’t you like my nice big bed?”

“Of course.”

“And my soft, silky pussy?”

“Oh my god!”

“Call them!”

Smiling, Melody unlaced her sneakers and pulled them off. She then tugged her pants off and kicked them aside. She hurried over to the phone, giving Wanda an affectionate little kiss on the mouth as she passed by.

It was going to be one hell of a night.

-end-

# **Fallen Angels**

**by Audrey Hart**

# Chapter 1

Gwen woke up feeling nervous and a little bit sick. She'd been growing accustomed to this over the past several months, but that didn't make it any easier. She knew her situation would have to change soon, and until it did she was experiencing a lot of emotional turmoil.

She glanced over at her bedside clock and saw that it was 5:27. John's alarm would go off in less than three minutes, and he would shut it off, roll over and attempt to initiate sex with her. She sat up in the bed and carefully began climbing out, doing her best not to wake him.

No good. He rolled over, his eyes still closed, and threw one arm over her legs. "Morning," he mumbled.

"Morning," she replied, the disappointment clear in her voice. She sat still for a moment, hoping he would drift back into unconsciousness.

"Where you going?" he asked, his eyes opening tenuously. He looked up at her from his side of the bed, his dark hair flattened against his head. He was starting to go bald and it disgusted her. It didn't help that he was also putting on weight.

"The dog's barking," she answered. "I need to check on him."

"I don't hear anything." He began to rub his hand up and down her bare leg.

"He was howling," she lied. "It woke me up. I need to check on him." Gwen slid out from beneath his hand and got to her feet.

The dog, Brutus, was a small white beagle. He rarely barked without good cause, but Gwen no longer cared whether or not John believed her excuses. What she cared about was escaping the bed before he got his chance to befoul her.

“He sounds quiet now,” John tried, propping himself up on his elbows.

“I still need to check.” Gwen was wearing a sheer blue nightie, and it was cold in the bedroom. She reached for her robe, which was thrown over a wicker chair in the corner near her nightstand.

At 34 years old, she was still beautiful and in excellent physical condition. She exercised daily, and it showed. When she met other people her own age, she was often surprised at how much older and out of shape they seemed. Becoming a sloppy middle-aged housewife was not part of her plan. She slipped into her robe and cinched the belt tightly around her waist, flipping her head back slightly to free her long, dark hair from beneath the collar.

“I wish you’d check on me once in awhile,” John complained.

She offered him a forced smile. She was going to say something, but John’s alarm went off, and when he reached to silence it she stepped away and headed out into the hall.

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Arriving in the living room, Gwen noticed that Brutus was lying on the couch, his head down and his eyes open, watching her. She walked over to him and ruffled the fur on his head.

“Good boy. You saved me again, and you didn’t even have to do anything.”

She moved on into the kitchen, Brutus jumping down and following her, his nails clicking on the white linoleum. There was already some dry food and water in his dishes, and he sauntered over to them and began to feed.

The coffee pot was set to go, and Gwen simply flipped a switch to start it brewing. She got herself a small container of yogurt from the refrigerator and stood by the sink eating it while waiting for the coffee. She could hear John staggering into the bathroom to take a shower, the door slamming as usual. She hated the sound of the doors slamming. She’d asked him countless times to stop doing it, but he was apparently too thoughtless to remember.

When the coffee was done she poured herself a cup and took it into the living room, sitting on the couch and trying to relax for a few minutes. Mornings were not a good time for her. They were mostly spent trying to avoid her husband as he scurried around, getting ready for work and annoying her with his tiresome banter, as if he really thought she was interested in hearing about the ridiculously tedious day-to-day affairs of his coworkers. The alternative to this was for her to stay in bed until after he left, but that meant enduring his distressing copulation, and she found almost anything preferable to that.

She sighed, settling back on the couch and taking a long drink of coffee. At least it wasn't the weekend. She didn't even want to think about the weekend. She refused to think about it, even while it was happening. How she'd managed to stay married to him for four years was a complete mystery to her, and one that she didn't allow herself to dwell on very often. She supposed she'd loved him at one time. She couldn't quite remember. She closed her eyes, took another drink of coffee and tried to think about something else.

After a few minutes Brutus reappeared and jumped back up on the couch beside her. She sat there petting him for awhile, the dog settling down and breathing softly as the two of them slowly began to drift off.

A loud noise startled her and she sat up abruptly, spilling a small amount of coffee on her leg. She wiped at it with one hand, turning her head to see John approaching from down the hall.

"Can you please stop slamming the doors?" she asked angrily. "I told you a thousand times, it annoys the hell out of me, and scares the dog!"

He looked at her. "I didn't even know I slammed it."

"I know. That's half the problem."

John shrugged. "Sorry." He walked past her, into the kitchen. There was an immediate barrage of noises as he clumsily gathered his bowl and spoon and mug and began to pour cereal. She heard it overflow the bowl and hit the table, bits of it dropping to the floor. She'd clean it up later, after he left for work. His laptop was in there, and she heard him turn it on and enter his

password. He was unable to do much of anything without making noise.

Gwen took a sip of tepid coffee and leaned forward, taking the remote control off the table. She didn't want to watch television, but it would at least cover up the noises from the other room. She switched it on and found the news, turning up the volume.

"Son of a bitch," John exclaimed.

"What?"

"Fucking Brewers. Lost again. Swept by the goddamn Astros."

Gwen didn't respond. She didn't care.

Loud clattering and slurping noises came from the kitchen, and she could hear more cereal bouncing to the table and the floor. She turned up the TV, which was already louder than she wanted it. There was an endless series of commercials being broadcast, and normally she would have muted them, but at the moment that would defeat the purpose. She sat and endured them, closing her eyes and waiting for time to pass.

"Can you believe this shit?" John shouted from the kitchen. "They had a two-run lead in the ninth, with two outs and nobody on. Then the dummy gives up a walk, a single and a walk-off home run. Game over."

Gwen didn't respond. The commercials finally ended and the news came on. There was a story about a woman in Florida who had been arrested for hiring someone to kill her husband and children. Gwen sat watching it, fascinated. The woman had done everything right; it was the man she'd hired who had ruined her well-laid plans. A flurry of ideas began to take shape in her head. Before she knew it the segment was over and another commercial break began. She lifted the remote and muted it.

Soon, after another long succession of noises, John was standing in the doorway staring at her. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine."



“You look beat.”

“I am beat.”

He studied her for a moment. The dog was asleep on the couch beside her.  
“How’s Brutus?”

She took a sip of coffee. “He’s fine.”

“I thought you said he was barking.”

“I said he was barking earlier. He’s not barking right now. Please don’t make any more noise.”

He shrugged. “I’m not making any noise.”

“Thank you.”

He studied her some more. “You’ve really been on edge lately.”

“You don’t say.”

“Yeah. You know what I think you need?”

She looked at him, her annoyance clear. “What?”

“A vacation. We both do. Maybe we can get Don and Cindy to watch Brutus for the weekend, and we can take a drive up to Eagle River. Just the two of us. A long, romantic getaway.”

Gwen smiled, shuddering with revulsion as a knot of ice formed in her stomach. “It sounds nice. But I have too much to do.”

“Like what?”

“All kinds of stuff. I have an appointment to get my hair cut on Saturday.”

He frowned, skeptical. “You can change that pretty easily.”

“I really need it cut. And I have a lot of other things to do. I need to start digging up the garden. It’s almost time to start planting.”

John sighed. “Well, think about it. I think we could use a nice long weekend away.”

“I’ll think about it. But I don’t think it’s a good idea just now.”

He nodded. “Fair enough. Maybe next weekend.”

She took another sip of coffee. “We’ll see. But I doubt it.”

He looked at her for a moment. “We need to do something. Something’s not right between us.”

“I know.”

“Well, what should we do about it? I’m trying to help.”

“We’ll talk about it later. I don’t want you to be late for work.”

“We can talk about it now.”

“I’d rather not. I’ve got a headache and I feel sick to my stomach.”

“You’ve always got some excuse handy. You’re always blowing me off.”

“Not now, alright? I feel like I’m going to throw up.”

John stood watching her for a bit longer. “We really need to figure this out.”

“I agree. We’ll do it later.”

He threw his hands up in defeat and marched down the hall to the bedroom.

Gwen began to pet the dog again. He lifted his head slightly and looked over at her.

“Don’t worry, boy. He’ll be gone soon.”



## Chapter 2

After John left for work, Gwen spent a little time cleaning up the kitchen and then took a long, leisurely shower. When she was finished she put on fresh panties and a bra, then slipped into a pair of green denim shorts that showed off her shapely legs. She spent a moment in her bedroom, admiring them in her full-length mirror. She couldn't blame John for being so eager to touch them; almost anyone would be. She spun around, appreciating all that she saw of her well-defined body, and then found a clean white t-shirt in her dresser drawer. She put it on, feeling clean and comfortable and almost happy. Her husband would be gone for the next nine hours, and her stress diminished considerably.

Gwen walked back down the hall, returning to the kitchen and pouring herself another cup of coffee. She hadn't really made any plans for the day, and as she sat down on the couch and took a small sip from her mug, she decided to do so.

Of course, someone chose precisely that time to ring the doorbell. She set her coffee down, wondering who it could be. She had very few friends, and the only people she could think of who might stop by were her neighbors, Cindy and Don.

Opening the door and glancing out through the screen, Gwen saw that it was indeed Cindy. She was alone, standing on the steps and smiling in at her. There were some folded papers in her hand.

Gwen opened the screen door. "Hi, Cindy. What a surprise."

Cindy looked exceedingly happy. She was several years younger than Gwen, probably in her late 20's, and while she wasn't nearly as beautiful, she still looked very good. She was small and thin, with very light blonde hair and piercing green eyes. She was also very easy to talk to. Gwen liked her. "Good morning. I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

“Of course not. Come on in.”

Cindy stepped inside, shutting the door behind her. She was wearing faded blue jeans and white sneakers, in addition to a pink button-down shirt. She followed Gwen over to the couch, beaming. “Guess what?”

Gwen found her smile infectious. She smiled back. “What? Wait, before you tell me, can I get you some coffee?”

“Sure. That would be great. If it’s no trouble.”

“It’s no trouble at all. Have a seat.”

Cindy took a seat on the couch while Gwen disappeared into the kitchen. When she came back, she was holding a steaming mug of coffee, Brutus trailing behind her and wagging his tail. She handed the mug to Cindy.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Gwen sat beside her, retrieving her own mug and taking a sip. Brutus sat at her feet, and Gwen used her free hand to pet him. His tongue drooped limply from his mouth as he gazed at their visitor.

“Now,” Cindy said. “Guess what?” She held up the papers again and Gwen could see that it was a couple of brochures.

“You’re going on a trip?”

“Don’s taking me on a cruise! A Caribbean cruise!”

Gwen smiled and nodded. She wondered briefly why Cindy would assume she’d be excited to hear such a thing. She supposed Cindy was just excited herself and sharing it. “That’s wonderful. When are you going?”

“Not for another week. It’s a six-day cruise.” She set down her coffee and unfolded one of the brochures, a big smile on her face. “Look! We have to fly to Florida, but then we board the cruise ship in Fort Lauderdale.” She pointed at a small graphic on a section of map and began dragging her finger along a dotted line. “We go to Key West, and then spend a whole day sailing until we

reach Cozumel, Mexico. That's kind of the halfway point. Then we turn around and head back." She looked up at Gwen. "I know it's not the moon or anything, but it's something I've never done before, and I'm kind of excited."

"I can see that. I would be, too."

"Really?"

"Of course. I never go anywhere. Just the stores and the park."

"It's going to be so *fun*!"

Gwen began to feel depressed again. She wished she had something to look forward to. "I'm happy for you." She forced a smile. "You'll have to tell me all about it when you get back."

"Oh, I will." She folded up the brochure. "I got an extra pamphlet for you, in case you wanted to look at it. You know, in case you might want to try it, too."

"Thank you." Cindy handed her a pamphlet and she pretended to study it. "It looks really nice."

"Oh, it is. I think. You hear about people getting sick a lot on these things, but I did some research, and that's actually pretty rare."

"I hope so."

"Me too." Cindy picked up her coffee and took a drink. "Anyway, I was wondering if you'd mind watering our plants while we're away. No big deal, just once would be great."

"Of course. I'd be glad to."

"Thank you so much." She took another sip. "Do you think you and John would be interested in going? I don't know if there's more room on the ship we're booked on, but if there is, we could all go together. I could always find someone else to water the plants."

“I don’t think so. I’d be glad to water the plants.”

Cindy laughed softly. “I take it you don’t really like the idea of a cruise.”

“It’s not that. I actually think it sounds really fun.” Gwen set the brochure on the table and took a sip from her mug. “It’s just... I don’t know. I guess you need the right person to go with.”

Pursing her lips, Cindy tilted her head and studied Gwen. “Uh-oh. You mean your husband’s not the right person?”

Gwen smiled coldly. “No.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s certainly no fault of yours.”

“No. But, still. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have brought it up.” She looked suddenly nervous.

“Cindy, it’s alright. I’m happy for you, I really am. I just don’t think it’s right for me and dum-dum, that’s all.”

Cindy grinned again, looking embarrassed. “I hear you. I...” She laughed again. “Sorry. Never mind.”

“What?”

“No. It’s nothing.” She was smiling and trying not to.

“What is it?”

Cindy looked her in the eyes. “I hate to say it. But I kind of feel the same way.”

Gwen was confused. “About what?”

“About Don. I mean, I’m really excited about the cruise and all, which was his idea. And I can’t wait to go. But, the truth is...” She shrugged.

“What?”

Cindy drank some more coffee. “This is really good.”

“Thank you. Now, tell me what you mean.”

“I’m not sure I should.”

Gwen put one hand on Cindy’s knee. The two of them were not terribly close, and had never really shared any intimate secrets before. Gwen found herself very intrigued by this current situation and wanted to learn more. “Come on. Please? Tell me!”

“There’s really nothing to tell. I just meant that, I guess, if I had a choice of who I could pick to go with, well, I probably wouldn’t pick Don.” She lifted her head up. “But, I don’t mind going with him. It will be fun.”

“Sure.”

They sat silently for a moment, drinking their coffee. Gwen removed her hand from Cindy’s knee and used it to pet Brutus again.

“Anyway,” Cindy said. “It will be nice to get away for awhile.”

“Sure.” Gwen grinned at her. “Only you won’t really be getting away, will you?”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. I’m just trying to imagine myself in the same situation. If I wanted to get away, it wouldn’t really be the house or the neighborhood or the dog I’d be looking forward to getting away from.”

Cindy sighed audibly. “Well... I take it you’re not as happily married as I thought you were.”

“No. Almost definitely not.”

“I’m sorry.”



“Don’t be. I’ve just... I guess I’ve reached a point where I need to do something about it.”

Cindy appeared to brighten up. “Maybe the cruise will help. Maybe if you and John --”

“No, no. I don’t mean that. I mean I need to find a way out of this. The idea of being stuck on a ship with that idiot for six days is enough to make me sick. I’d end up jumping overboard.”

Cindy laughed politely. “I didn’t know he was that bad.”

“He is.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Please stop saying you’re sorry. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I know. I just wish there was something I could do to help.”

Gwen studied her. “Maybe there is.”

“What?”

“I don’t know. I’ve thought about...” Gwen looked away and took a deep breath. “Never mind. I really shouldn’t even be talking about this.”

“You can tell me. I promise it won’t go any further.”

“I believe you. But, still.” She took a drink of coffee and then set the mug down. “I feel like I could use a real drink.”

Cindy glanced at the clock. “It’s only eight.”

“I know. But if you’re going to drink in the morning, what’s wrong with eight?”

“I don’t think drinking is going to help anything. You need to figure out what you want to do.”

Gwen nodded. "You're right."

"And if there's anything I can help you with, just ask."

Gwen smiled mischievously. "Do you have a gun?"

"Gwen..."

"I'm just kidding. I didn't even say that."

"How bad could he be?"

She shook her head. "Pretty bad. I can barely even stand to think about it."

Now it was Cindy who put a hand on Gwen's knee. "Has he been abusing you? Hitting you?"

"I wish. I'd have him locked up in a heartbeat."

"What, then?"

Gwen put her hand over Cindy's and squeezed it. "I don't know. I just want it over, that's all. Just the sight of him, the sound of his voice, everything about him. I can't stand it anymore. Every minute is pure misery."

"Well, then... I hate to say it, but maybe you ought to think about divorce."

"I have. I can't afford divorce. It would be much better if he..." She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. I keep hoping he'll have a fatal car accident or something. That only seems to happen to people no one wants it to."

"You can't just wait for him to die. You could be waiting another 50 years."

Gwen looked horrified. "No. I can't take another month, let alone 50 years."

"God, Gwen, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to say I'm sorry, but, you know. I am."

Smiling sadly, Gwen looked into her friend's eyes. "Thank you, Cindy. I

appreciate it.”

They sat there awkwardly for a moment. Cindy thought of pulling her hand back, but didn’t know if it would sadden Gwen further. “What are you going to do?”

“I don’t know.”

“I really do want to help you. I’m not just saying that. I know we haven’t been the best of friends, but I *do* consider you a friend. And I don’t like to see you this way.”

Gwen interlaced her fingers with Cindy’s, holding her hand more intimately. “You have no idea how much that means to me.”

“I hope it means plenty. I had no idea you were even unhappy.”

“I am. But I never meant to burden you with it.”

“You’re not burdening me. I like you, and I’d love to help you.”

“You’re helping me already.”

“I’m glad.”

“Me too.” Gwen smiled at her, feeling very grateful to have someone to talk to about her dilemma. “I feel a little better, but I still feel like having a drink.”

“If you think it will help, go ahead. But don’t get drunk.”

“I wasn’t going to get drunk. Just a little mimosa.”

Cindy grinned. “It sounds kind of nice when you say it like that.”

“You’ll probably be drinking them on your cruise next week.”

“You might be right.”

“Would you like one now? It would be kind of fun.”

Cindy considered it. “It seems wrong, somehow.”

“It is wrong. Let’s do it anyway.”

Cindy laughed. She studied Gwen for a moment, feeling the small bond they shared grow a little stronger. She squeezed her hand. “Alright.”

“Really?”

“Sure. Why not?”

## Chapter 3

They brought their coffee cups into the kitchen and set them in the sink. Cindy stood looking out the window into the small backyard while Gwen removed two glasses from the cabinet and dropped ice cubes into them.

“You’ve got such a pretty little yard. It’s so much nicer than ours.”

“Thank you. I try to keep it nice. It’ll look a lot better in another month, once I get the flower beds dug up and planted, and the garden is beginning to thrive.”

“It must be nice to have a green thumb. I’ve never gotten into any of that.”

“It’s fun. You should try it.”

“I wouldn’t know where to begin.”

“Maybe I can show you. You’ve got a nice big yard.”

“I’d never ask you to do that. It’s too much work.”

Gwen slid the glasses over on the counter and stepped up alongside Cindy with the empty ice cube tray. She turned on the faucet. “I’d be glad to do it. Or at least show you how.”

“I don’t know. It seems like such a commitment.”

Gwen held the tray under the cascading water until it was full, then turned off the faucet. “I think you’d like it. You can grow whatever you want.”

“It’s tempting.”

“Think about it.”

“Can I grow green peppers?”

“You can grow anything. Well, nothing tropical.”

“I’d kind of like to try peppers.”

“Let’s do it. Neither one of us has a job. We can spend the whole spring going hog-wild out in the yard. Both yards. You’ll have all the green peppers you could ask for.”

Cindy was smiling. “You’d really be willing to show me?”

Opening the freezer, Gwen slid the ice cube tray back inside. “I’d love to show you.”

“I just might take you up on it.”

“I certainly hope so.” She shut the freezer and opened the refrigerator, taking out the carton of orange juice. She gave it a good shake and removed the cap, pouring a generous amount into each glass. “We could get it started before you leave next week, and I could tend to it while you’re gone.”

Cindy laughed softly. “It’s actually starting to sound kind of exciting.”

“It *is* exciting. I look forward to it all winter.” Gwen put the orange juice away and opened a small cupboard above the counter, revealing several bottles of liquor. She took down the vodka and spun off the cap.

“I think you might have talked me into it.” Cindy watched as Gwen poured several ounces of the vodka into each glass, almost filling them. “Wow, those are some mimosas!”

Gwen laughed, capping the bottle and setting it aside. “I don’t want you to accuse me of making them too weak.” She slid open the silverware drawer and took out a spoon, using it to stir each of the drinks.

“No chance of that.”

“You don’t have to finish the whole thing. I just figured if we’re going to

have a drink, it might as well be a real drink.” She set the spoon down and picked up a glass in each hand, holding one out to Cindy.

“Thank you,” Cindy said, taking the glass.

“You’re welcome.” Gwen smiled at her. “Here’s to us, and our gardens to be.”

They clinked glasses, happily, and each took a sip.

“Wow,” said Cindy. “That’s strong, but it’s very good.”

“I agree. Have a seat. Or would you prefer the living room?”

“This is fine.” Cindy pulled out a chair and set her glass down on the kitchen table. They each sat down and took another sip of their drinks. “It’s so nice in here. I don’t think I’ve ever been here while John was out.”

Gwen nodded. “See? You noticed the improvement.”

“I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I was hoping you did.”

Cindy sighed and shook her head. “Jeez. What are you going to do?”

Gwen lifted her glass and took a long drink. “I’m going to drink this cocktail. And I’m going to put my mind to work. I need to figure this thing out before I succumb to the stress.”

Cindy took another sip of her own drink, and then set it down. “You know, things aren’t exactly perfect across the street, either. I mean, I’ve never considered divorcing him, but we certainly don’t have what we had before we were married.”

“How long *have* you been married?”

“Five years. Together for seven.”

“If you could do it over again, would you?”

Cindy’s expression was unreadable. “No.”

“Really?”

“You sound surprised.”

“I am. I just thought...”

“You thought you were the only one who didn’t have a perfect marriage?”

“No. Not at all. There’s a big difference between not having a perfect marriage and hating your husband.”

“True. I certainly don’t hate Don.”

“Do you love him?”

Cindy had to think about it. “I did.”

“And now?”

Cindy picked up her glass and raised it to her lips. She took a big swig, staring at Gwen over the rim. As she set it down, she shook her head. “No. Not really.”

“You’re kidding. When you came over here, you seemed so happy about the cruise. It sounded almost like a second honeymoon.”

“I don’t hate him. I just don’t love him anymore. And I *am* happy about the cruise. I’ve never gone on one before, and I’m excited to go on this one.”

“You just wish it was with someone else.”

Cindy smiled. “That would be nice. I admit.”

“Does he know how you feel?”



She shrugged. "I doubt it. As far as I know, he feels the same way. We've been married for five years. Those initial feelings don't last."

Gwen considered this. "Why don't you..." She stopped, looking away. She lifted her glass and took another drink.

"Why don't I what?"

"Nothing. I was going to say, why don't you leave him, but I guess if everyone left the spouse they didn't love anymore, there wouldn't be many marriages left."

"I don't love him, but I have no plans to leave him. It's a marriage of convenience, I suppose. I'm not really unhappy. Certainly nothing like what you're going through. I've never wished him any harm."

Gwen smiled wickedly. "I wish John harm every day."

"That's very unhealthy."

"I've no doubt you're right."

"Does he know how much you despise him?"

"I don't think so. He's kind of like a slab of cement. He still acts surprised at my eagerness to escape the bed each morning." She took another sip of her screwdriver. "Although, now that I think about it, he is getting a little suspicious. He was talking this morning about taking a long romantic weekend together. Up in the northern woods."

Cindy smiled. "Well, there you go. He misses the old you."

"Probably. Or maybe he just wants to do a little fishing."

"It sounds like he's fishing for your affection."

Gwen laughed. "Maybe so. But if that's the case, this fish isn't biting."

"There's nothing that would change your mind about him? You're certain

you're finished?"

"Absolutely."

"Well. In a way, that helps. At least you're not confused about how you feel."

"No. Just what to do about it." Gwen took another drink, brushing a stray strand of hair out of her eyes.

Cindy also took a drink. "Well... I'm not sure how I can help you. If it were me, I think I'd call a divorce attorney."

"I've thought about that. I might even get the house. But probably not. And I'd have to find a job right away, too. The lawyer bills alone would wipe out anything I've got saved."

"Well, what's the alternative?"

Gwen smiled again. "That's what I'm trying to figure out."

Cindy reached over and put her hand on Gwen's arm. "I hope you're not really thinking about doing something illegal."

"I'm considering my options. That's all."

"Gwen, don't. Don't even consider it. Things like that almost always backfire."

Gwen licked her lips. "Almost. Not always."

"You shouldn't even be talking about such things."

"You're right." Gwen put her hand on Cindy's and smiled at her. "What should we talk about?"

"We should talk about legitimate ways for you to separate from him."

"We could. But I've been over all that already. It's all legal crap. And anything legal would require me to start working again, which I hate."

“So maybe you should consider sticking it out. He’s at work all day anyway.”

“Not nearly enough. No, I can’t take him anymore. He makes my skin crawl.”

Cindy laughed and took a drink. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to laugh.”

“It’s okay.”

“Are you... seeing anyone else?”

“No, no, nothing like that. I’m just sick and tired of him. Repulsed. Nauseated.” She gulped down some more of her cocktail, the ice rattling in the nearly empty glass. “Boy, that was good. I think I caught a little buzz.”

Cindy began to pull her hand away, but Gwen held onto it. Cindy smiled at her and took a long drink, draining much of what remained in her glass. “I know I did.”

“You want another one?”

“Oh, god, I don’t think so. I feel half drunk all of a sudden.”

“Did you have big plans for today?”

“Not really. No.”

“Why don’t I make us a couple more drinks, and we can take them over to your place? We can start digging up your new garden.”

Cindy couldn’t stop smiling. She felt very good. “Can you do that while you’re drunk?”

“That’s the best time. The work becomes play.”

“I don’t know. Although I guess if I’m really going to start a garden, it better be soon.”

“Exactly. Let’s have some fun and get something accomplished at the same

time.” Gwen lifted her glass and finished off the last of it.

Cindy mimicked her, still beaming. “This is really nice. I’m glad I stopped over here this morning.”

“Me too.”

“We should do this more often.”

“We should. And we will. That is, I’d like to.”

“I would too.”

Gwen squeezed her hand. “Thanks for being a friend, Cindy. I really appreciate it.”

“Hey, you don’t have to thank me. I like being your friend.”

Gwen smiled, a single tear suddenly rolling down her cheek.

“You’re crying,” Cindy said. She reached across the table with her other hand and rubbed Gwen’s arm. “Please don’t. I’m going to help you through this, Gwen. I promise.”

Gwen wiped the tear from her face. “It’s not that. I just feel a little bit happy, actually. I’m so used to being miserable, I guess I forgot what it feels like.”

“Happy? Because of me?”

Gwen nodded, another tear running down her face.

Cindy pushed her chair back and stood up, pulling Gwen by the hand. Gwen took the hint and also stood, finding herself mildly surprised when Cindy pulled her into an awkward embrace, wrapping her arms around her and holding her gently.

Gwen wrapped her own arms around Cindy, hugging her cautiously and resting her head on Cindy’s shoulder. Her soft blonde hair smelled like strawberry shampoo and tickled Gwen’s face; she pressed further into it,

inhaling. She felt Cindy's hands rubbing her back, and she allowing herself to relax and draw comfort from it.

"Thank you, Cindy."

"You're welcome."

They held each other for several minutes, the sunlight streaming in through the kitchen windows and making rectangles on the floor. Then Cindy released her hold and stepped back slightly, smiling at Gwen.

"You feel a little better?"

"I feel a lot better."

"Good."

They looked at each other a moment. "Thanks again."

"Don't mention it. That's what friends are for."

Gwen sighed and let her arms drop to her sides. She missed the contact with Cindy immediately and wished she had it back. Maybe there would be a way to get it back later. She smiled. "What do you think? You want to get shitfaced and dig up your yard?"

Cindy laughed. "When you put it like that, how can I say no?"

"You can if you want to."

Cindy reached up and ran her fingers through Gwen's hair. "I don't want to. Let's get drunk."

## Chapter 4

They made their way across the street, each of them holding a glass in one hand and a shovel in the other. Cindy was relatively certain there were digging tools in her garage, but Gwen insisted on bringing her own. She had a nice collection of gardening implements and was eager to get them out of storage and put them to use.

Their houses were not directly across from one another, but almost. The street was entirely deserted, and no one noticed them as they crossed over into Cindy's yard and made their way through the side gate into the back. There was a picnic table on the patio and they each took a healthy swig from their glasses before setting them down and surveying the area.

"This is great," said Gwen. She'd put on a pair of tennis shoes before leaving the house, as well as a white hairband. She looked very beautiful, and Cindy wanted to tell her so, but didn't want to give her the wrong impression. She had to be careful; she wasn't used to drinking.

Cindy looked around at the big, messy yard. Half the grass was dead and there were patches of leaves and scattered dead branches leftover from the fall. "It looks terrible. Don and I aren't big on yard work."

"I can see that. But it has potential. You have so much room here. God, Cindy, you can do so much back here! We're going to turn this place into a paradise."

Cindy giggled. "You really think so?"

"I do. I mean, a little at a time."

"I don't even know where to start."

"Well, you've got a lot of lawn work to do. You should push Don into taking

care of that. I say we concentrate on getting you a nice little garden started, so you can plant your seeds before you leave next week.” She scrutinized the yard, focusing in on a long stretch of barren earth near the side fence. “What about right over there? It’s off to the side of the lawn, so it won’t be in the way when you mow.”

Cindy nodded. “Anywhere is fine. Just tell me what to do.”

Gwen picked up her glass and took another drink. She’d made the new drinks even stronger, enjoying the way the alcohol made her feel and wanting her pleasant morning with Cindy to continue for as long as possible. She hadn’t felt this good in a long time. “Are you sure you don’t want to change your clothes? This could get a little dirty.”

Smiling, Cindy lifted her own glass and had another sip. “I’m up for dirty. These aren’t exactly my best clothes anyway.”

“Good.” Gwen was feeling flirtatious and strangely aroused. She took Cindy’s hand and began leading her toward the side of the yard. It felt wonderful to be holding her hand. “Come on, let’s go check it out.”

Together, they made their way to the long patch of weed-infested ground. When they got there, they both realized it was going to be a much bigger endeavor than either of them had realized. Gwen was undaunted. “I know it looks impossible, but we’re going to make short work of it.”

Cindy stood gazing down at all the rocks and weeds and strange plant-life jutting up from the enormous plot of earth. “You really think so?”

Gwen smiled at her. “Just think of all the green peppers that will be growing here next month. We can make it happen.”

“You’re very inspiring.”

“So are you.”

They stared at each other for a moment and Gwen wanted very badly to hug her again. Instead, she released Cindy’s hand and stabbed her shovel into the

dirt. “Well, what do you say? Shall we get started?”

Cindy sighed. “I guess so. That’s why we’re here, right?”

Gwen smiled, wondering about that. “That’s right.”

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For the next hour, the two of them dug up a large section of ground, turning over shovelfuls of dirt alongside the chain-link fence. Every once in awhile they took a quick trip over to the picnic table to refresh themselves with another drink. By the time their glasses were empty the new garden was looking very promising, measuring about twelve feet along the fence and five feet into the yard. They were tired and sweaty and drunk, and ready to call it quits.

“Are we finally done?” asked Cindy, leaning on her shovel for support.

“Hardly. But I think we’re done for today. You need to get some fertilizer and some seeds.”

“That sounds like a project for tomorrow.”

Gwen nodded. “It is. Don’t take this the wrong way, but I get the feeling you’ve been drinking. You’re in no condition to operate a motor vehicle.”

Cindy laughed. “Who’s been drinking?”

Gwen stabbed her shovel into the dirt and stepped up to Cindy, plucking at her shirt with one hand. “Let me smell your breath, Sunshine.”

“Sunshine?”

“Quit stalling, Princess.”

Cindy giggled. “Princess?”



Gwen leaned forward and positioned her nose in front of Cindy's mouth, taking little sniffs. Grinning, Cindy opened her mouth wide and exhaled heavily. As she did, Gwen inhaled deeply, placing one hand on each of Cindy's shoulders. Her heart was beating wildly in her chest.

"Smell anything?" Cindy asked.

"Not yet. Keep doing that."

Cindy exhaled several more times, her grin widening. Gwen continued to inhale each time, her eyes closing and a smile materializing on her own face.

"Well?"

Gwen opened her eyes. "You smell really good. Not drunk at all."

Cindy laughed. "Some cop you are. I sure feel drunk."

"Maybe it's because I'm drunk, too."

"I should report you."

"You should."

Their mouths were very close together, their eyes locked. "Maybe I will."

"I wish you would." Gwen leaned forward just a little more and kissed Cindy's lower lip.

Cindy laughed nervously. "What was that for?"

Gwen leaned back slightly. "I'm not sure. Maybe for being my friend."

Reaching up with one hand, Cindy ran her fingers through Gwen's hair. "I like being your friend."

"You do?"

"Very much."

Gwen studied her for a moment. She didn't know if it was the alcohol or the sun or Cindy herself, but she'd never seen anyone look so desirable. "Cindy? Could I ask you something?"

"Go ahead."

"Would you hug me again?"

Smiling, Cindy wrapped her arms around Gwen and pulled her into a tight embrace. Gwen hugged her back, burying her face in Cindy's hair again and closing her eyes, loving the way their bodies fit together. She couldn't remember ever feeling so peaceful. Between the feel of Cindy pressed against her and the smell of her hair, combined with the heat of the blaring sun, she didn't want the moment to ever end.

"Thank you," Gwen whispered.

"My pleasure."

They held each other for several minutes, and then slowly unwound their arms. Gwen tilted her head back and gazed into Cindy's eyes. "You have no idea how much better I feel. You really made my day, neighbor."

Cindy was grinning, squinting her eyes against the sun. "I'm glad. I feel pretty good myself."

"Good." Gwen leaned forward again and kissed her on the mouth.

Giggling, Cindy pulled back a little. "Although I'm not sure we should be doing that."

Gwen looked away. "Sorry."

Cindy rubbed the back of her fingers along Gwen's cheek. "Don't apologize. I liked it. I'm just not sure..."

"It's okay." Gwen reached up and clasped Cindy's hand in her own. "All the sun and booze, you know? I'm just feeling kind of..."

“It’s okay,” Cindy said again.

“Maybe we should call it a day.”

“Why don’t we go inside for a little while? I could make you some lunch.”

Gwen smiled. “Really?”

“You must be hungry after all that work. I know I am.”

“I don’t want you to feel like you’re obligated...”

Cindy squeezed Gwen’s hand. “Come on, silly. After all the manual labor you just put in for me, it’s the least I could do.”

Smiling, the two of them walked hand in hand toward the back door.

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Gwen sat at the kitchen table while Cindy busied herself making a couple of sliced turkey and cheddar cheese sandwiches. She slathered them with horseradish mustard and assembled them quickly, putting them on plates and setting them on the table.

“Oh, thank you,” Gwen said. “It looks wonderful.”

“You’re very welcome.” Cindy tore open a bag of potato chips and set them before Gwen. “Help yourself.”

Gwen took a handful of chips and began eating them one by one. As she did, Cindy opened the refrigerator and found a couple bottles of beer. She brought them to the table and settled herself into a chair, handing one of the beers to Gwen. “A little something to wash down your lunch.”

Gwen smiled, taking the bottle. “Oh, boy! Just what I need.”

Cindy laughed and twisted off her cap. “I figure what the hell, you know? We’re half in the bag anyway.”

“In for a penny, in for a pound,” Gwen agreed. She twisted the cap off her bottle and set it aside.

“Exactly.” Cindy lifted her bottle over the table and touched it against Gwen’s. “Cheers.”

“Cheers to you.”

They both took a long drink of beer, watching each other as they drank. When they set the bottles down they were both smiling again.

“Good stuff,” said Gwen.

“It’s Don’s beer. I don’t drink it very often, but every once in awhile I like to have one.”

“Thank you for sharing.”

“Anytime, Gwen.” Cindy’s smile grew wider.

“What?”

“Nothing. I’m just having fun. I haven’t gotten drunk in a long time.”

“It is kind of fun, isn’t it?”

“With you it is.”

“We should do this every day.”

Cindy laughed. “I don’t know about that.” She picked up her sandwich. “Maybe every once in awhile, though.” She took an enormous bite from her sandwich and began chewing happily.

“Once in awhile sounds fine to me.” Gwen lifted her sandwich and took a bite, mustard oozing out onto her lip. She licked it off and chewed,

grinning at Cindy from across the table. “Very good.”

“Eat up. I can make you another if you’d like.”

“No. This is perfect.” She took a couple more potato chips and popped them into her mouth.

Cindy opened her sandwich and began inserting chips between the layers of turkey and cheese. “This gives it a nice crunch,” she explained. She wadded in some more and then pressed it all together, raising it to her mouth and taking another big bite.

Gwen thought of trying it herself, but decided not to. She liked the sandwich the way it was. She ate another mouthful and then took a long swig of beer. Strangely, the beer seemed stronger to her than the cocktail, despite having less alcohol. She could feel it going right to her head. “This is strong stuff,” she commented.

“It is. It’s an IPA. Very strong and hoppy.” Cindy lifted her bottle and took another drink.

“I like it. I like the bitterness.”

“It goes good with this salty food.”

They continued to eat and drink, and soon their sandwiches and beers were gone. When they were left with only potato chips, they began devouring them in little handfuls, taking turns reaching into the bag.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t like another sandwich?” Cindy asked.

“I’m sure.”

“How about another beer?”

Gwen smiled. “I’m kind of fucked up as it is.”

“You could always get a little more fucked up.”

“And here I thought I was the one pressuring *you* into imbibing.”

“Your bad influences are rubbing off on me. What do you say?”

Gwen laughed. “I suppose I could.”

“Let’s split one,” Cindy suggested.

The idea of it excited Gwen. “Okay.”

Cindy got up from the table and staggered slightly. “Shit. Good thing I’m not driving.”

“Be careful.” Gwen also got up, collecting the dishes and putting them in the sink. She felt a little unsteady on her feet, but in a good way. She was really enjoying this.

Cindy came away from the refrigerator with another bottle of beer, which she opened easily, tossing the cap haphazardly onto the counter. “Bottoms up.” She lifted the bottle and took a long drink. When she pulled it away she was grinning, her eyes slightly glazed. She offered it to Gwen, who took it eagerly.

“Don’t mind if I do.” She lifted it to her lips, loving the fact that they were sharing the bottle. She kissed it as she drank from it, wishing it was Cindy’s mouth instead of just glass. When she had her fill, she stepped up very close to Cindy and offered her the beer.

“God, I feel good,” Cindy said.

“You look good, too.”

Cindy was still smiling. “I do?”

“Big time. You look like a hot little goddess.”

Cindy laughed. “You look kind of hot yourself.”

Gwen’s heart began racing again. She wasn’t sure what was

happening. “Are there any more beers in there?”

Cindy took the bottle. “There sure are. You want to get totally fucking wasted?”

Gwen laughed, pressing her shoulder up against Cindy’s shoulder. “Maybe. Do you?”

Cindy took another drink. “I don’t know. You might get the urge to kiss me again.”

The comment sobered Gwen up a little. “I’m sorry.” She took a step back. “I didn’t mean anything, Cindy.”

“It’s okay. I was just --”

“No, I shouldn’t have done it.” Gwen lowered her head. “I wasn’t thinking. I’m really sorry.”

Cindy was smiling so broadly she almost looked crazy. Her eyes were glowing. She reached out with one hand and grabbed Gwen by the arm, pulling her closer. “Come here, you.”

Gwen stumbled, crashing into Cindy and knocking her against the refrigerator. The beer bottle slipped from Cindy’s fingers and bounced around on the floor, leaking its contents into a small puddle. “Oh, no.” Gwen was about to bend over and pick it up, but Cindy had a firm grasp on her arm. She pulled her very close, their noses almost touching.

“What are you sorry for?”

Gwen felt dizzy, and very excited. “I’m not sure.”

“I’m not either.” Cindy pressed her nose against Gwen’s. They stood motionless, staring into each other’s eyes.

“Isn’t this how Eskimos kiss?”

“I think so.”

Gwen swallowed. She put her hands on Cindy's hips. "I like it."

"I like it, too." Cindy wrapped her arms around Gwen, pulling her even closer. She closed her eyes and pressed her mouth to Gwen's, engaging her in a heated kiss. She sucked Gwen's lower lip into her mouth and began sucking on it.

Gwen moaned and hugged Cindy tighter. She allowed Cindy to suckle her lip for a moment and then pulled it free and pressed her mouth against Cindy's. Suddenly Cindy's tongue was sliding into her mouth and Gwen welcomed it, pressing her own against it, loving the feel and taste of it as her heart pounded in her chest.

Then Cindy's tongue was gone, and Gwen realized she'd forgotten to breathe. She took a deep breath, gazing into Cindy's eyes. Cindy was smiling at her.

"Hi."

Gwen smiled back, her knees weak. "Hi yourself. Wow. That was amazing."

Cindy brought her hand around and used it to caress Gwen's cheek. "It sure was. You're not going to tell Don, are you?"

"Are you kidding? Why would I do that?"

"I don't think you would. I just want to make sure."

Gwen licked her lips. "I'd never do anything to hurt you."

Cindy leaned forward and kissed her softly on the mouth. "Thank you. Let's keep this a secret."

"Of course."

They stood staring at each other for a moment. Then Cindy slid out from between Gwen and the refrigerator, taking Gwen by the hand again. "Are you tired?"



Gwen wasn't sure how to respond. "A little, maybe."

"Me too. Would you lie down on the couch with me?"

"I think I'd do pretty much anything with you."

Cindy giggled and pulled Gwen into the living room.

"What about the beer? Want me to clean it up?"

"No. I'll get it later." They reached the couch and Cindy sat down heavily, pulling Gwen down beside her. When they were seated, Cindy released her hand and bent over, engaging herself in the task of unlacing her sneakers. Gwen leaned over and did the same. When they had the laces undone, they removed their shoes and set them aside.

Cindy pressed against Gwen, prompting her to lie down lengthwise on the couch. Once they were stretched out, they put their arms around each other again. It was a large couch, but there was just barely room enough for the two of them.

"You okay?" Cindy asked.

"Never been better." Gwen nuzzled her face in the hollow of Cindy's neck and began kissing her there.

Giggling, Cindy squirmed around, wrapping her legs around Gwen's. Soon they had themselves positioned comfortably and they lay still, breathing softly.

"This is nice," Cindy said.

Gwen kissed her on the lips. "It's very nice. Too bad we're not married."

Cindy laughed. "We are."

"I mean to each other."

Cindy rubbed her nose against Gwen's, stroking her hair. "We could

pretend.”

Gwen kissed her. “As long as we don’t have to stop.”

“I don’t know if we’d be able to pull that off.”

“We could try.”

“What about our husbands?”

“We’ll just ignore them. Eventually they’ll take the hint and go away.”

“Gwen, Gwen. What am I going to do with you?”

“Anything you want.”

Cindy smiled. “Would you take a little nap with me?”

“I’d love to.”

They kissed again, lovingly; then they closed their eyes and relaxed. They quickly began to drift off to sleep, their arms wrapped around each another and their legs tangled. Soon they were both snoring softly, their faces almost touching as the sun shone through the window and cast shadows across the room.

## Chapter 5

It was just after 3pm when Gwen awoke, her bladder straining as she shifted on the couch. It took her a moment to recall where she was and how she got there. When she did she smiled to herself, despite the sour bilge in her mouth and the muddled feeling in her head.

Cindy was still asleep beside her, her arm thrown over Gwen and soft snoring sounds issuing from her open mouth. Happiness welled up in Gwen as she remembered their pleasant morning together. Even though she had a mild hangover, waking up beside Cindy inspired hope within her, and it saddened her to know that she wouldn't be able to do it on a regular basis, if ever again. Tomorrow she'd wake up beside John. The thought sickened her and she suddenly felt nauseated.

Carefully, Gwen pulled her leg free from between Cindy's, doing her best not to wake her. As she did, Cindy shifted and made a low groaning sound, lifting one hand to her face.

"Sorry," Gwen whispered. "I've got to pee."

Cindy opened her eyes and immediately closed them again. She moaned miserably.

Gwen smiled and rubbed her hand along Cindy's bare arm. "My sweet little princess has a hangover."

"Princess feels sick."

There was a small strand of drool coating Cindy's lower lip, and Gwen moved her head forward and kissed her there, wrapping her arm around Cindy again and pulling her into a hug.

"Oh, no," Cindy complained.

Gwen released her. “Are you okay?”

“I don’t feel so good.”

“Can I get you some water? You’re probably dehydrated.”

Cindy took a deep breath and burrowed her head deeper into the couch. “I need aspirin.”

“I’ll get you some, honey.” Gwen kissed her cheek and climbed up off the couch. She felt pretty bad herself, and decided she’d get each of them some aspirin and some water; but first she headed into the bathroom to urinate.

When she returned, Cindy was laying motionless on the couch, her face hidden in a throw pillow. Gwen stepped into the kitchen and searched through the cabinets until she found a bottle of Advil. She removed the cap and shook out two pills before returning it to the cabinet. She then filled a glass with water, swallowing one of the pills and draining the entire glass. She refilled it and carried it out to the living room, squatting down beside the couch.

“Here you go, Cindy. This will help a little.”

She waited, but Cindy didn’t respond.

“Cindy?” She touched the cold glass to Cindy’s neck.

Cindy slowly came to life, squirming around on the couch and forcing herself into a sitting position. She accepted the pill and the glass. “Thank you,” she muttered.

“You’re welcome.”

She swallowed the pill, choking briefly and spraying water onto her pant legs. Gwen used her hand to wipe them. When Cindy was finished with the water she leaned forward and set the glass on the coffee table.

“You’ll feel better in a little while,” Gwen promised.

“I sure hope so.” She rubbed her eyes. “I feel like I was in a car wreck.”

Gwen laughed quietly and kissed Cindy’s knees. “You’re beautiful when you’re hungover.”

Cindy put a hand on Gwen’s head and gently eased her legs away. “What happened? We didn’t...do anything, did we?”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t remember too much. Did anything...happen?”

“You mean, did we do anything forbidden together?”

Cindy nodded, her eyes half-closed and bloodshot.

Gwen rose up on her knees and leaned forward, kissing Cindy on the mouth. Cindy pulled away, startled.

“All we did is kiss,” Gwen said. “You don’t remember?”

“I remember that.”

“Well, that’s all there is to remember.” Gwen caressed her leg with one hand.

Cindy sighed. “I don’t think we should be doing this.”

The comment disheartened Gwen. “No?”

“No.”

She backed away, getting to her feet. “You want me to go?”

Cindy looked up at her. “Don’t be mad. I just...”

“It’s okay. You were drinking. I thought maybe... you know. I thought maybe you really liked me.”

“I do.”

“But not like that.”

“I didn’t say that. I’m...I don’t know what to think.”

“It’s okay.”

Cindy buried her head in her hands. “No, it’s not.”

Gwen shrugged. “We were both a little drunk. It’s okay. Don’t worry about it.”

Cindy gazed at her sadly. She was a mess, but Gwen thought she looked more beautiful than ever. She would have loved to climb back onto the couch with her and continue where they left off.

“I feel like I’ve done something wrong,” Cindy continued.

“You didn’t. We had a few drinks and had a little fun. No big deal.”

“Still friends?” Cindy asked.

The question confused Gwen. “Of course. Why wouldn’t we be?”

“I don’t know. I just don’t want you to get the wrong idea about me.”

Gwen got back on her knees and put her arms around Cindy again, pulling her back into a hug. “You think I don’t want to be your friend because we kissed? I want to be your friend more than ever!”

Cindy was twisting in Gwen’s arms, trying to pull away. “No, no, I don’t mean that. I mean maybe I shouldn’t have...you know, kissed you.”

Releasing her, Gwen stood up again. “I’m *glad* you kissed me. I thought it was wonderful. In fact, it was probably the best kiss I ever had.”

If possible, Cindy appeared even more glum at that bit of news. “I’m sorry. I don’t know what I was thinking. It’s my fault.”

“Nothing’s your fault. Are you saying you regret it?”

Cindy shrugged. "I don't know. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. But I think I should go." Gwen found her sneakers and began putting them on.

Not looking at her, Cindy nodded again. "Please don't be mad. I still like you. I just don't know..."

"It's okay, Cindy."

Cindy looked up. "Thank you for helping me with the garden. That was very nice of you."

"You're welcome. Maybe we can finish it tomorrow."

Now Cindy smiled. "That would be nice. No drinking, though."

"Or kissing," Gwen added.

"I still want to be your friend. I just..."

"It's okay. We'll finish tomorrow. The kissing was a mistake."

"You're not mad?"

"Of course not."

"Thank you."

"You get some rest. You'll feel better later on."

"Okay."

"Is it okay if I leave my shovels in your yard for now?"

"Sure."

"Okay. I'll call you in the morning."

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

Gwen let herself out the front door, closing it softly behind her. She felt sick and miserable and depressed and didn't know if she'd just lost her new best friend or not.



## Chapter 6

When Gwen got home she quickly guzzled another glass of water and then made herself a fresh vodka and orange juice. She was thoroughly depressed, and with the prospects of John arriving home from work within an hour she needed some type of escape. She paced around the house, stripping out of her clothes and taking large gulps of the drink. Within fifteen minutes it was gone, and she felt slightly buzzed again.

That was good enough. She didn't want to think or deal with any problems right now. She set the glass in the sink and made her way into the bedroom, where she slid between the sheets and closed her eyes. She'd tell John she was sick. He could make his own dinner. It would keep him away from her for the rest of the night, and hopefully in the morning, too.

She lay there and thought about Cindy. She wondered if Cindy felt any better by now. For a brief moment she thought of calling and asking, but didn't think Cindy would appreciate it.

It was too bad. She would have really liked to talk to her. Instead, she settled in, getting herself comfortable in the bed. She thought about earlier that morning, her and Cindy in the kitchen. Her and Cindy in the garden. Her and Cindy kissing up against the refrigerator. And on the couch.

Gwen smiled sadly, closing her eyes and trying to put everything out of her mind.

\*

The slamming of the front door woke Gwen out of a light sleep. She knew right away what it meant, and she rolled over, turning her back to the doorway and pretending to still be unconscious.

It didn't take long for John to poke his head in the doorway. "What the heck? You okay?"

Gwen didn't respond. She sensed him come into the room and then she could smell him, a mixture of body odor and Juicy Fruit gum. He sat on the edge of the bed, causing it to sag.

"Are you asleep?"

She wasn't going to answer, but then his hand was on her head as if he were checking her for a fever. She opened her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Me? I just got home. What are *you* doing?"

"I'm trying to sleep." She closed her eyes again. "I feel horrible."

"You sick?"

Trying to make her voice sound hoarse, she answered. "Yes."

"You don't sound sick."

She opened her eyes again, glaring up at him. "Well then I must feel fine."

"I didn't meant that. I'm just saying, there are no outward signs you're sick. You don't have a fever and your voice sounds normal."

"You sell plumbing equipment," she said angrily. "That hardly qualifies you as a doctor."

"I'm just saying..."

"Please leave me alone. I feel bad enough without you torturing me."

"Torturing? I was just checking on you."

"Well, thank you. I need some sleep. Why don't you make yourself some dinner?"

“I will. Maybe I’ll order out. You want some pizza?”

“No. Get some for yourself.”

“You should eat, too. You’re getting thin.” He rubbed a dirty hand over her arm.

Gwen shifted in the bed, pulling her arm away. “Get one for yourself. You could use the extra calories.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Please just leave me alone.”

“You smell like booze.”

“I had a drink. That might have something to do with it.”

John sighed and got up off the bed, the mattress rising to its former level. “What do you want on the pizza?”

“Nothing. I just want to rest.”

“You rested all day.”

“How the hell would you know?”

He stared at her. “Well, I don’t. I’m guessing. What did you do all day?”

She looked back at him. “I helped Cindy dig up her garden.”

“Are you serious? While you’re sick?”

“That’s right. Maybe I shouldn’t have.”

“Well, why did you?”

“Because she needed help with it. But it wore me out, and I’ve got a cold, too.”

“Plus you were drinking.”

“Plus I was drinking.”

John nodded, rubbing his stubbled face. “Okay. You rest. But when you feel better, we really need to talk.”

“I agree.”

He stood watching her for a moment and then walked away, returning to the living room.

## Chapter 7

When morning arrived, Gwen kept up her charade of being sick and remained in bed while John crashed around throughout the house getting himself ready for work. When he finally left she got up right away, her back sore from the extended hours spent lying down. She took a long shower and felt much better.

After a leisurely breakfast, she spent an hour taking Brutus for a long walk around the neighborhood. He relieved himself in many of his favorite places, including the lawn of a woman who Gwen disliked intensely. Despite having her supply of little plastic baggies with her, Gwen decided to leave that particular offering for Mrs. Bogio to discover later on.

She returned home and had another cup of coffee, wondering whether or not she ought to call Cindy. Just as she decided she'd wait and see if Cindy called her, the phone rang. She slipped it out of her pocket and smiled when she saw Cindy's name on the screen.

"Well, good morning."

"Hi," Cindy said.

"Feeling a little better?"

"Yes. A lot better."

"You sound a lot better." Gwen thought she actually sounded happy, which made her feel happier herself.

"I'm sorry about yesterday."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. I had a great time."

“Me too. But you know what I mean.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Gwen sipped her coffee. “So what’s going on?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Are you still willing to help me with this garden?”

“Of course. Are you ready for a trip to the hardware store?”

“I suppose so.”

“Well, then I’d love to help you. It’s a beautiful day. Perfect for yard work.”

Cindy hesitated for a moment. “So you’re not mad or anything?”

“Not at all. I’m not sure why you’d think I would be.”

Cindy laughed politely. “I’m not sure either. I was just worried, that’s all.”

“Well, relax. What time do you want to go to the store?”

“Anytime would be fine with me.”

“How about fifteen minutes?”

“That would be perfect. Just come over then, we’ll take my car.”

“Okay. See you soon.”

“Thanks, Gwen.”

“My pleasure.” Gwen hung up the phone, a little smile on her face. She took another sip of coffee and thought about spending the day with Cindy again. It was a very happy thought.

\*

After picking up what they needed from the store, the two of them spent the better part of the morning mixing fertilizer with the freshly turned soil and

poking plant seeds into the earth. They did it in rows and in sections, planting green peppers, tomatoes, carrots and lettuce. When they were finally done, they were both sweaty and dirty and quite a bit thirsty.

“I can’t believe I’m really going to grow all this stuff right in my yard,” Cindy said. “I’ll save a fortune on produce this summer.”

“It’ll taste better, too,” Gwen promised. She had to restrain herself all morning from getting too close to Cindy, or touching her. What she really wanted to do was throw her down in the dirt and kiss her, but she fought off the urge and tried to concentrate on having a nice time.

“I’ll probably have a lot more than I need. You’ll have to take some of it off my hands.”

“No problem there.”

Cindy looked around, surveying her new garden. “So I guess that’s it then. I just have to sit back and wait.”

“Well, a little water would be nice. A little each day.”

“You think the hose would be okay? Or a watering can?”

“Either one. The hose would be easier, and faster.”

Cindy walked over to the house and uncoiled the hose from a small rack attached to the shingles. Gwen watched her, appreciating the way her friend looked in her matching pink sneakers, shorts and t-shirt. When Cindy had the hose uncoiled, she turned it on and brought it over, water gurgling out from the end.

“Don’t you have a nozzle?” Gwen asked, smiling.

“No. I guess I should have gotten one while we were out.”

“It’ll be okay. Just put your thumb over it and give the whole area a good spray.”

Cindy spent the next few minutes watering the new garden. Gwen studied her, feeling a little bit sad. She felt like she was falling in love with Cindy, and the knowledge that Cindy didn't reciprocate her feelings in any way was like a dagger in her heart. And now that her little garden was dug up and planted, she wasn't even sure Cindy would want her around anymore.

Suddenly Cindy turned, and Gwen found herself being sprayed with the hose. She gasped, startled, and took an ineffective step back as she watched Cindy advance on her, a mischievous smile on her pretty face.

"Oops! I'm sorry!"

Gwen smiled back, her hair and clothes getting soaked. "Oh, really?"

Cindy dropped the hose on the ground and dashed over to the house to shut off the water. Gwen stood and watched her, not sure what to think.

Soon Cindy was walking back toward her, the smile still in place. "Oh, god, Gwen, you're really wet. You have no idea how sorry I am."

"You don't seem very sorry. And, you know, it didn't seem like an accident to me."

Cindy stepped right up to her, her golden hair shining in the sun. "It didn't?"

"It almost seemed like you did it on purpose."

"Why would I do that?"

Gwen shrugged. "I'm not sure." She was dripping wet and feeling a little excited.

"Well. Regardless of that, you can't go home soaking wet. Why don't we get you out of those sopping clothes and let them dry off? You can hang them on the line."

There was a nylon clothesline running across the backyard, and Gwen glanced at it, considering. Then Cindy was standing even closer, the smile on her face even brighter.



Gwen was confused. She licked her lips. "I'm not sure..."

"Not sure of what?" Cindy took a final step forward, until their breasts were touching. She leaned in and gave Gwen a little kiss on the mouth.

Gwen's heart began to race. "Not sure of anything."

Then Cindy's arms were around her, and she was pulled into a tight hug. Gwen hesitated for a moment, still uncertain of what was going on. The feel of Cindy against her was much too nice to jeopardize, though, and within seconds Gwen was hugging her back, burying her face in that soft blonde hair, the memories of yesterday pouring back.

"I'm confused," Gwen confessed, still holding Cindy tight.

Cindy pulled back slightly, looking Gwen in the eyes. "I am, too."

Gwen felt both nervous and hopeful. She wanted Cindy more than anything else in the world, but knew it would be incredibly complicated. "I don't know what to think, Cindy."

"Why don't you think about what you'd like me to make you for lunch." She leaned her head forward again and kissed Gwen softly on the mouth.

"I feel like..." Gwen looked off into the distance.

"What?"

"I feel like we're repeating yesterday."

"Is that bad?"

"Not necessarily. I mean, I loved yesterday. Right up until you told me that...you know...that you and me kissing was a mistake."

Cindy smirked and kissed Gwen again. "Maybe it wasn't. Maybe me thinking that it was was the mistake."

Gwen's arms were still wrapped around Cindy. She pulled her closer and

kissed each of her eyes in turn, and then her cute little upturned nose. “You’re making me feel hopeful, Cindy. Please don’t tease me.”

“I’m not teasing you. And I’m sorry about what I said yesterday. I think...I think I blamed the alcohol for what happened. But really, I don’t think it had much to do with that.”

“You don’t?”

“No. I think we did what we did because it’s what we wanted to do.”

“I know it’s what I wanted to do.”

“Me too. But then I felt sick...oh, god, I don’t know. I think I was just sick because I was hungover. We should never have drunk so much.”

“I don’t care about drinking.” Gwen smiled at her and ran one hand across her cheek. “Maybe we could try again, without any booze.”

Cindy’s head darted forward and her lips met Gwen’s. “I’d like that.”

Gwen felt like a teenager again. “You would?”

“Big time.”

“Really?” She didn’t think she’d ever felt happier.

“Really.”

Gwen sighed, very deeply. She pulled Cindy into a tight embrace, getting Cindy’s clothes almost as wet as her own. “Thank you, Cindy.”

Cindy was squeezing her in return, rubbing her hands up and down Gwen’s back. “Thank you.”

They stood holding each other for several minutes under the pounding sun, and then slowly unwound.

“Well,” Cindy said. “Did you decide what you’d like for lunch?”

Gwen leaned forward and licked just below Cindy's lower lip. "Kind of."

## Chapter 8

On the back porch they both removed their shoes, and Cindy told Gwen to take off her clothes so that she could dry them on the line.

Gwen looked around doubtfully. “What if one of your neighbors sees?”

Cindy rubbed one hand up and down Gwen’s lower back and gave her another little kiss. “Who cares?”

Grinning, Gwen grabbed her t-shirt from the bottom hem and pulled it off, turning it inside-out and handing it over to Cindy. “Who cares, indeed.”

“That’s better.” Cindy used a couple of clothespins to attach the wet shirt to the line while Gwen tugged down her wet shorts. After removing her cell phone and keys, they were hanging on the line beside the shirt. “Your panties look wet, too,” Cindy said observantly.

Gwen reached one hand into Cindy’s crotch, grabbing her playfully. “You telling me yours aren’t?”

Laughing, Cindy danced back a step. “Maybe a little. But yours are *really* wet!”

“You really think I should take them off out here?”

Cindy nodded, smiling. “Your bra, too.”

“Have you got a hidden camera out here somewhere, filming this?”

“I wish.”

After glancing around again and not seeing anyone peering at her from a neighboring yard, Gwen quickly stripped off her panties and bra, handing

them over to Cindy. She stood there completely naked as Cindy used a clothespin to hang the bra on the line.

“I can’t eat lunch naked,” Gwen remarked.

“Well, maybe I can lend you a pair of my panties. Boy, yours are really wet.” Cindy held them up over her head and wrung them out, catching the water in her mouth.

Gwen watched, her heart hammering in her ribcage. Was this really happening?

“Delicious,” Cindy exclaimed. She licked her lips and then rubbed the panties in her face, breathing deep and grinning happily. She began to kiss them and suck at the fabric. “I’m still thirsty, though.”

Breathing faster, Gwen put a hand on Cindy’s arm. “Hang them up, Cindy. Let’s go inside.”

Soon the panties were up on the line and Cindy took Gwen’s hand in her own. She opened the backdoor and they stepped into the house.

\*

“Are sandwiches okay again?” Cindy asked.

“Yes, but it’s really no fair that I’m naked and you’re not.”

Cindy took a moment to look Gwen over. “Jesus, Gwen. You’re really beautiful.”

Gwen smiled. “Thank you.”

“You want to borrow a pair of my panties?”

“I’d prefer it if you just stripped down and took yours off. That way we could both be naked.”

“You want me to make sandwiches naked?”

Gwen stepped closer to Cindy and pressed herself up against her, placing one hand on each of Cindy’s shoulders. “I don’t really care whether or not you make sandwiches.”

Cindy leaned forward and kissed Gwen on the mouth. “Well, you’ve got to eat something.”

Gwen smiled suggestively. “True.”

“What can I offer you?”

“Why don’t you get us each something to drink, and then show me your bedroom.”

Cindy reached an arm around Gwen and ran her hand up and down her silky smooth back. “That sounds like a really nice idea.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“I do.”

Gwen wrapped her arms around Cindy and pulled her into a long, deep kiss. She slid her tongue into Cindy’s mouth and the two of them leaned heavily against the refrigerator, moaning softly as they explored each other with their hands. Cindy cupped each of Gwen’s breasts in her hands and gently squeezed and fondled them, her mouth working feverishly, sucking at Gwen’s lips.

“God, Cindy, take off these clothes,” Gwen whispered. Her hands were tugging at Cindy’s shirt and shorts. “It’s so unfair.”

Cindy giggled and ran her tongue along Gwen’s lip. “Okay, okay. If you insist.”

“I insist.”

“Fine. But first...” Cindy reached down with one hand and slid a finger

between the lips of Gwen's vagina, causing Gwen to gasp and grip Cindy's arms tightly. Smiling, Cindy raised her hand and slipped her finger into her mouth. "Mmm. God, Gwen, you get me so hot."

Gwen was almost dizzy with desire. She roughly grabbed Cindy by the shirt and pulled her into another deep kiss, her tongue darting around in Cindy's mouth. She reached behind Cindy with both hands and gripped her small behind, pulling her even closer and grinding her crotch against Cindy's.

With one hand, Cindy reached down and unfastened the button on her shorts, opening them up and tugging them down. Gwen was quick to help, and soon the shorts were sliding down Cindy's legs. They fell to the floor around her ankles, and she stepped out of them, kicking them across the room. Gwen then lifted Cindy's t-shirt up and over her head, breaking their kiss momentarily as it passed between their mouths. It, too, was soon cast across the room, and Gwen's lips were immediately back in place, her tongue exploring the inner reaches of Cindy's mouth.

Cindy reached down again and slipped her finger between Gwen's vagina lips, this time sliding it all the way inside. Gwen was so wet down there that it went in easily, and she whimpered ecstatically, gripping Cindy and thrusting herself up against her harder than ever. She pulled her mouth away for a second, breathing hard.

"I really want to see your bedroom, Cindy."

Cindy was panting, her finger squirming around in Gwen's pussy. "Let's go."

Gwen licked the side of Cindy's face and kissed her ear. "Will you take me into your bed?"

"Yes."

The drinks and lunch forgotten, the two of them left the kitchen and headed toward the bedroom, Cindy's finger curled like a hook in Gwen's vagina as she led her down the hall. When they crossed the threshold into the bedroom, Gwen shoved Cindy onto the big double bed and leaped on top of her, wrapping her up in her arms and initiating another long kiss. Cindy giggled

and lifted her legs in the air, wrapping them around Gwen and tangling her fingers in her dark hair.

“I want you so bad, Cindy” Gwen whispered.

Cindy was kissing Gwen’s neck and breathing very fast. “Take me.”

Gwen got up on her knees and slipped her fingers into the waistband of Cindy’s underwear, sliding them down and pulling them off. When they were on the floor, she used her hands to spread Cindy’s legs wide open and then lowered herself again, kissing all along Cindy’s inner thighs.

“Oh, god,” Cindy moaned. “That feels so good.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

“I love it.”

Gwen held her face just above Cindy’s crotch and kissed the soft folds of her vagina. She’d never done anything like this before, and the experience thrilled her. Cindy moaned and reached out, wrapping her fingers in Gwen’s hair again.

“How do you like this?” Gwen asked. She lowered her face and began licking up and down along the length of Cindy’s pussy.

Cindy moaned louder and wrapped her legs around Gwen’s head, using her hands to press her face more firmly against herself. She twisted her head from side to side, a happy smile on her face. “Oh, god, Gwen, don’t stop!”

Gwen had no plans to stop. She slid her tongue into Cindy’s slit, working it in deep and sucking at the plentiful juices that filled her mouth. It was the happiest moment of her life, at least so far, and she never wanted it to end. She removed her tongue for a moment and vigorously began rubbing her face between Cindy’s legs, coating it with the sweet, slippery moisture. “Oh, sweetie. You’re so delicious.”

“You’re going to make me come!”



“I sure hope so.” Gwen began kissing Cindy’s vagina again, and then ran her tongue in little circles over her clitoris. Cindy began squirming around beneath her, gyrating her hips and bouncing up and down.

“Yes! Keep doing that!”

Gwen kept it up. She alternated between licking Cindy’s pussy and rubbing her face in it. Soon Cindy was bucking her hips up and down and pulling Gwen’s hair. She shoved Gwen’s face into her crotch and held it there; then she was moaning very loudly, twisting around and shuddering as her climax overtook her.

Even when it was over, Gwen made no move to remove her face from between Cindy’s legs. She relaxed and remained where she was, her cheek nestled on Cindy’s moist thigh as she continued to pepper Cindy’s vagina with little kisses.

“Oh, Gwen!” Cindy’s fingers were still tangled in Gwen’s hair. “That was amazing!”

“It sure was.” Gwen felt elated, happier than she’d ever been.

“Come up here and lay by me.”

“I’m happy where I am.” She continued to kiss Cindy’s pussy and take little tastes of it with her tongue.

Cindy sat up, rubbing her hands along Gwen’s shoulders. “You sweet little angel. Come up higher on the bed so I can give you a turn.”

Gwen glanced up at her, smiling. “I want to give you another turn.”

Cindy laughed. “Later. I promise. It’s your turn now.”

Giggling, Gwen allowed Cindy to pull her up higher on the bed. Before she knew it she was lying lengthwise across it and Cindy’s face was buried between her legs. The feel of it was almost too much for her, and she gasped as she reached down and took hold of Cindy’s hand.

“How does that feel?” Cindy asked.

Gwen was unable to answer. She could hardly breathe.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” Cindy gushed. “I’m eating you out, Gwen. God, this is so fucking great!”

Gwen’s smile was enormous. The feel of Cindy’s tongue against her swollen clit was causing layers of pleasure to build up inside of her. The longer Cindy went on, and the more the passion built up, Gwen knew that when she came it was going to be the most powerful orgasm she’d ever known. She gripped Cindy’s hand harder, squeezing it with all her might.

She felt Cindy’s other hand press against her inner thigh, pushing her legs apart further. Gwen lifted her feet into the air and spread her legs as wide as they would go. She felt Cindy’s face rubbing back and forth over her pussy and suddenly she knew she couldn’t hold back any longer. With her other hand, she grabbed Cindy by the hair and pushed her friend’s face up against herself as hard as she could, feeling the walls of her pleasure give way as a series of climactic tidal waves washed over her. Her legs pressed together, mashing Cindy’s head between them as she bounced her ass up and down on the soft bed, crying out in passion and lust, her hands squeezed into fists.

“Oh, god, Cindy!”

She could feel Cindy still licking at her and kissing her as her orgasm subsided. She gently spread her legs and freed Cindy’s head from between them.

Cindy looked up at her, smiling. “Hi, pumpkin.”

Gwen laughed, still trying to catch her breath. “Hi, sweetheart.”

Cindy kissed her some more. “How you doing up there?”

“Wonderful.”

“I’m so glad.”

“Come lie next to me.”

Cindy climbed up and took a position right beside Gwen, leaning over and enveloping her in her arms. They kissed lovingly and held each other in a warm embrace.

“My god, Cindy, you’re like magic.”

“Look who’s talking.”

Gwen giggled, caressing Cindy’s cheek with one hand. She kissed her on the mouth. “Will you marry me?”

Cindy smiled and kissed her back. “Yes.”

They both laughed and hugged tighter, rolling around on the big bed.

“How was your lunch, honey-bun?” Cindy asked.

“The best I ever had.” Gwen kissed her again.

“You know something?”

“What?”

“When I was lying there, with my face between your legs?”

Gwen smiled. “Yeah?”

Cindy kissed her. “It was the happiest moment of my whole life.”

Gwen hugged her, squeezing as hard as she could. “That’s the same way I felt!”

“Really?”

“Yes!”

“Oh, god, Gwen, we’ve got to do this again.”

“All the time.”

“At least once a day.”

Gwen giggled, kissing Cindy all over her face. “At least twice a day.”

“I’m ready to go again right now.”

“Me too.”

“God, I can’t wait to taste you again.”

“Let’s do each other at the same time.”

“Yes!”

They scrambled in the bed, taking up a new position. Cindy climbed over Gwen, placing one knee on either side of her head. She bent forward, her long hair draping over Gwen’s pelvis as she lowered her face and found Gwen’s sweet vagina with her mouth once again.

Gwen shuddered, reaching up and wrapping her arms around Cindy’s ass, pulling it lower and raising her head for a taste. Cindy’s pussy came down right on her lips, and she began kissing it and licking it as she felt Cindy doing the same to her. She wriggled her ass around on the bed, pressing her face deeper into Cindy’s crotch as she lost herself in the dizzying moment.

“Oh, Gwen,” Cindy was whispering. “This is the best thing ever!”

Gwen moaned and lifted her head, rubbing her face up and down along Cindy’s pussy. Her anus was there, and Gwen reached up with her lips and kissed it, poking her tongue out and using it to investigate the puckered little hole.

Cindy bucked on top of her, whimpering loudly. “Oh, god! Oh my god, Gwen!”

Gwen licked all around Cindy’s anus. “You like that?”

“I love it. I love you!”

Gwen laughed. She kissed Cindy everywhere she could, using her lips and tongue and face to bring about as much pleasure as she could to her new lover.

“Oh, Gwen! I’m going to --”

Suddenly the bedroom door was being shoved open and Don’s face appeared in the gap. “Cindy? Didn’t you hear me --”

Everyone froze. Gwen’s view was obstructed, and she could only see Cindy’s ass, but Cindy and Don looked at each other. Their eyes locked, Cindy’s face still half buried between Gwen’s thighs.

## Chapter 9

Don was the first to react, blinking once and stepping further into the room. “What the fuck? What the hell is going on in here?”

Cindy scrambled to get up, and in doing so pressed her ass right down into Gwen’s face. Gwen twisted to one side, a mild sense of panic coursing through her at the unexpected turn of events.

“We were just taking a nap,” Cindy tried.

“A nap? With your heads between each other’s legs?”

Both women climbed up off the bed, their clothes nowhere to be seen. Gwen covered her breasts with her hands and clamped her legs together, feeling very vulnerable.

“We were working in the garden all morning,” Cindy continued. She was still wearing her bra, but nothing else. “It wore us out.”

Don stood looking back and forth between the two of them. He was an average sized man with short, dark hair and a beard and mustache. His hands were clenched into fists and he appeared on the verge of erupting into violence. “That doesn’t explain a goddamn thing! I saw what you were doing. Is this what you get up to while I’m at work all day?”

Cindy tried to turn the tables; she didn’t know what else to do. “What are you doing home, anyway? You’re never home this early.”

“What the hell does that have to do with anything? I’m not the one with my head between someone else’s legs in our bed, you fucking cunt!”

The remark caused Cindy to visibly flinch. “Don! Please! There’s no need --”

“Don’t fucking tell me what there’s a need for!” His face was turning red as the reality of the situation continued to sink in. “How long has this been going on? You fucking cheating dyke!”

Cindy took a step toward him, no longer embarrassed. She looked angry. “That’s not fair! We were just taking a nap! What you saw --”

“Don’t fucking bother. I know what I saw. Just tell me how long you and...” He glanced at Gwen, who was trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible, which wasn’t easy under the circumstances. “Jesus Christ, Gwen! How long have you been fucking my wife?”

“I never --”

“Don’t fucking lie!” Don took a step toward her, his forehead beading with sweat.

“Leave her alone!” Cindy shouted. “She didn’t do anything!”

Don swiveled his head to scrutinize his wife. “Lying bitch. I just saw the two of you eating each other out. How long?”

“We didn’t do anything!” Cindy said again.

“How long?”

“What you saw --”

“Don’t lie to me!” Don was across the room in a flash, backhanding Cindy across the face. Her head rocked back on her neck, her mouth open in surprise. She staggered, her arms flailing for balance as she crashed into the dresser and fell to her knees. She clutched one hand to her mouth as she looked up at her husband.

“You fucking bastard!”

Don stood over her like an ape, his hands balled into fists. He was breathing very heavily. “You deserve it! Now answer my question! How long?”

“Fuck you!” Cindy screamed.

Don punched her in the side of the head, knocking her backward onto the floor. “Fucking cunt.”

Gwen sprang into action immediately, crossing the room and throwing herself into Don, no longer concerned about her nudity. She grappled with him, trying to throw him to the floor, but it was completely ineffectual. “Leave her alone!” she screamed. She batted at him with her fists.

Don shoved her away. “Don’t fucking hit me. If you do it again I’ll throw you into the wall hard enough to break your neck.”

Cindy was still on the floor, holding her head and crying.

Gwen took another run at Don, trying to knock him into the dresser. He withstood her easily enough, but this time Gwen grabbed his hair and pulled it viciously, causing him to bend over in pain. She slammed her knee into his stomach.

Don screamed and shoved her again. Gwen released his hair as she was propelled across the room. She slammed into the sliding closet door, which was mounted on runners; the door caved in and Gwen went down with it, sliding to the floor as a small avalanche of junk rained down from the closet all around her.

“Fucking bitch!” Don yelled. He stood looking at her a moment and then turned to check on Cindy, who was getting to her feet. “Where the fuck do you think you’re going?”

“Leave me alone!” Cindy shouted.

“I did leave you alone. And this is what I come home to. You in bed with the fucking dyke neighbor. Dirty goddamn cunts!”

Cindy shoved into him, trying desperately to hurt him in some physical way. Don grabbed her by the hair and swung her around, slamming her into the dresser again. Cindy screamed in pain and dropped to the floor, rolling



around and shrieking.

Gwen felt a rush of raw fear. For the first time she realized that the two of them were in real danger. If Don was willing to beat them, why not kill them? There was no telling what he'd do. She looked around desperately for some type of weapon. There wasn't much. She scrambled to her feet and began digging through the rubbish in the closet, trying to find something to protect her and Cindy with.

"What the fuck are you doing? Leave that stuff alone, you whore!"

"Don't touch her!" Cindy screamed. She reached out and grabbed Don by the leg and he kicked at her, breaking loose.

Gwen dug deeper in the closet and her hand brushed against something that felt like a cane which she couldn't quite see. She reached for it, glancing over at Don who was coming right at her.

"Maybe I'll rape you," Don said casually. He was looking Gwen up and down. "You're a hot little bitch. And you'll never tell. Will you?"

"No!" Cindy screamed. She lunged at him and grabbed his leg again, slowing him down.

Don cursed and kicked at her some more. "Get the fuck off me! I'll take care of you in a minute."

"Leave us alone!"

"Let go!" Don spun and kicked her hard, right in the ribs. Cindy wailed in pain and released him, clutching at her abdomen and crying.

Gwen finally got her hand on the half-hidden cane and pulled it loose from behind a layer of old clothes. It was actually a golf club. She brought it out into the open and hoisted it like a sword.

Don froze, staring at it. "Put that down."

"Leave us alone," Gwen said coldly.

“Fuck you. Drop it, bitch.”

Gwen was angry and scared and literally backed into the corner. She raised the golf club higher. “Make me.”

“Drop it or I’ll shove it up your slutty ass. Right after I fuck you.” He took a cautious step forward, then lowered his head and rushed her.

Gwen screamed and swung the golf club down as hard as she could. The head of it was made from some type of metal and it connected solidly with the top of Don’s head just before he plowed into her. They both fell to the floor, Don rolling away instantly. He held both hands to the top of his head, which was leaking blood. It flowed out quickly, covering his hands and face, his clothing and the carpet. He seemed shocked, not able to do anything but slap at his head and watch as the blood continued to leak out.

Gwen got to her feet, still brandishing the golf club. She held it up, almost like a baseball bat, ready to swing if provoked.

Don was muttering, staring at her and getting to his knees. The blood was flowing freely, running down his face and neck. “Fucking cunt. Fucking dirty bitch.”

“Hit him again!” Cindy shouted. She was getting up, too, holding onto the bed for support, one arm braced against her aching ribs.

Squeezing the handle of the golf club, Gwen watched Don as he slowly rose up from the floor. “Stay down,” she warned. “I don’t want to have to hit you again.”

“Break your fucking neck,” he muttered. He began to stand, his eyes locked with hers as he contemplated his next move.

“Hit him!” Cindy said again.

“Shut the fuck up!” Don yelled. He risked a glance at her. “You’re gonna get it big-time later on. Count on it.”

The words chilled Gwen, and before she knew what she was doing she was

swinging the club again. Don saw it coming and tried to react, but he was too slow. The head of the club struck him in the elbow and he let out a scream as it shattered. He dropped to his knees and lunged forward, grabbing Gwen's leg in his good hand and trying to bite it.

Gwen leaped back, bringing the club down again, this time striking him in the back.

"Fucking whore!" Don yelled. He grabbed at the club with his right hand, his left arm hanging limp at his side. "I'll fucking kill you!"

Gwen turned and was about to run from the room, but Cindy was right beside her now. "Let's go," Gwen said. "We'll call the cops."

"He'll kill us before they get here."

"Fucking right I will." Don stood again, a vicious snarl on his bloody face.

Cindy grabbed the golf club out of Gwen's hands. "I don't want to do this, but I will," she told her husband.

"You rotten little slut. You couldn't stop me with a fucking howitzer." He sprang forward and tried to snatch the club from her hands.

She pulled it out of his reach just in time, raising it into the air. "Get back on the floor!"

"Or what?"

"Or you'll be sorry."

He lunged at her and she swung the club. She stepped back as she did and the head of the club connected solidly with Don's jaw, knocking his head sideways and causing him to drop back to his knees.

He glared at her in anger and shock, both of his hands braced on the floor. He spit an assortment of shattered teeth out onto the carpet, his entire face covered in blood. Even his beard and mustache were soaked with it.

“You’re gonna die today, bitch. Both of you.” He began to get up.

Gwen stepped up close to Cindy, putting a tentative hand on her shoulder. “What should we do?”

Turning to look at her, Cindy realized they were both trembling. “I’m not sure. I was hoping --”

Don suddenly shot forward, meaning to tackle Cindy before she could hit him again with the golf club. Cindy didn’t see it coming, but Gwen did. She darted in between them, attempting to block Don from getting his hands on Cindy or the club.

“Cunt!” he barked. He grabbed Gwen and threw her to the floor. As she fell, she maintained a hold on him and dragged him down with her. Don fell directly on top of her and sat up, pummeling her with his fists.

Gwen screamed and tried to ward off the blows, blood dripping down all over her from Don’s wounded head.

“Teach you to fucking hit me,” he said. He had developed a lisp with many of his teeth broken or missing.

It only took Cindy a moment to compose herself, and when she did she had a clear shot at Don’s head. She stood in a batter’s stance and brought the golf club around like a major league hitter swinging at a fastball. It struck Don just above his left ear with a hollow, meaty thump and he immediately toppled forward with one final grunt.

Gwen, not realizing what had happened, continued to fight off his corpse even as he lay motionless on top of her. She batted at him and squirmed around on the carpet, screeching and trying to get out from beneath him.

Taking a deep breath, Cindy gazed at the golf club in her hands. The end of it was bloody and there were little clumps of hair on it. She dropped it with a squeal and bent over, grabbing Don by the shirt and pulling him off Gwen.

Gwen rolled out from under him and scrambled to her feet, wiping at the

blood which had gotten all over her. “Is he...?” She looked down at Don. “Did you...?”

Straightening up, Cindy nodded. She was breathing very fast. “I think so. I must have.” She looked at Gwen. “Are you okay?”

Gwen rushed to her and wrapped her arms around her. “Oh, god, Cindy! I’m so sorry!”

Hugging her back fiercely, Cindy began to cry. “It’s not your fault.”

“It kind of is. At least somewhat.”

“No! It’s not.” Cindy squeezed her, holding her as tightly as she could. “He was going to kill us. I know it. I’m just so glad you’re okay.”

“I’m okay.”

They held each other for a long time, the adrenaline and horror wearing off a little more with each passing minute.

\*

After a little while both women felt calmer, but were still badly shaken by what had transpired. Trying not to look at the bloody corpse on the floor or acknowledge the blood all over their bodies, Gwen eased Cindy to the bed and prompted her to sit down.

“I don’t know what...” Cindy began.

“What?”

“I don’t... I don’t know...”

“Just relax. You’re in shock. Lie down for a little while.”

Cindy stood back up, looking at Gwen in alarm. “You’re not going to leave

me, are you?”

Pulling her into another embrace, Gwen stroked her hair. “No. Never. Let’s lie down together. We both need a little time to get over the panic.”

Gwen leaned back and offered her a hopeful smile. “It’ll be okay, Cindy. We’ll find a way to make it okay.”

“You promise?”

“Yes.” Gwen kissed her on the mouth.

Cindy nodded, seeming to relax a little. “Okay. God, I can’t believe what just happened. My husband is dead. I killed him.”

“Stop it. Try not to think about it right now.” Gwen eased her onto the bed and they stretched out together. The white sheets were already splattered with blood, and they got even bloodier as the two women settled down and got comfortable.

Gwen wrapped Cindy up in her arms and kissed her face. “Just rest, honey. I’m here with you.”

“Thank you.”

Gwen tried to rest, too, but her mind was racing. Cindy’s husband was dead and hers wasn’t.

## Chapter 10

When Gwen woke up the sun was slanting in through the west window, throwing long shadows across the room. Cindy's arm was draped over her, and she kissed it softly as she lifted her head and glanced at the clock. It was just after 3pm.

She looked at Cindy, who was still sleeping soundly. There were smears and splatters of blood on her face, and it reminded Gwen of the seriousness of the situation they were in. Although she couldn't see it from her current position, there was a corpse on the bedroom floor and something had to be done about it.

She shifted in the bed, not wanting to wake Cindy but not seeing any way around it. They couldn't sleep through the rest of the day. There were decisions to be made and she couldn't make them all on her own.

"You up, honey?" Gwen asked, rolling into Cindy.

Cindy began to stir and Gwen kissed her on the side of the mouth, despite the dried blood. "Hmm?"

"Sorry to wake you. God, you're beautiful when you're asleep."

Cindy opened her eyes and smiled. "But not when I'm awake?"

Gwen giggled. "I didn't mean that. Of course you are." She kissed her again. "You're beautiful all the time, sweetheart."

The smile on Cindy's face disappeared as she recalled what they had done. "Oh, no. What are we going to do?"

"That's something we need to decide real soon."

Cindy studied her for a moment. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, you and me need to come to some sort of decision."

"We need to call the police." She thought about it. "Don't we?"

Gwen shrugged in the bed. "I don't know. Is that what you want to do?"

"What do you propose?"

"I don't propose anything. I'm open to suggestions."

Cindy took a deep breath and exhaled audibly. She licked her lips. There was blood in one of her eyebrows and Gwen stared at it as she waited for Cindy to respond. "I'm not sure what our options are. What are you thinking?"

Snuggling closer, Gwen put an arm around Cindy. "Well. Let's think about it. If we call the police, we'll have to admit that we killed him. It was self defense, and they might believe that. They should believe that."

"What if they don't?"

"Good question. They might not. But I think they will. There's really no way of telling."

Cindy frowned, looking very worried. "So what do we do?"

Gwen sighed. "I don't know."

They were quiet for several moments as they thought things over. Then Gwen reached over and began rubbing her hand along Cindy's back. "I think we should..."

Cindy waited, and when there was nothing further she prompted. "What?"

"Never mind. I shouldn't even say it."

"Gwen, come on. I just killed my husband. You can say anything."



“It might be better if I didn’t. But I do have an idea.”

“Tell me.”

“Maybe.”

Cindy twisted in the bed, looking Gwen in the eyes. “Please! You’ve got to tell me!”

“Okay, okay. But first there’s something else that really needs addressing.”

Settling back into her pillow, Cindy braced herself for more. “What?”

“We never got a chance to finish.”

Cindy blinked. “Finish?”

Gwen reached one hand down and slipped it between Cindy’s legs. Cindy responded with a sharp intake of breath, opening her legs wider. She smiled.

“Oh. You’re right.”

Gwen giggled and kissed her, using her hand to stimulate Cindy under the sheets.

Cindy kissed back, wrapping her arms around Gwen and bouncing herself up and down in the bed, trying to match Gwen’s tempo. She stopped almost immediately, wincing in pain.

“What’s the matter?” Gwen asked. “Did I hurt you?”

“No. My ribs. I think that asshole bruised them.”

“Oh, god, honey, I forgot. I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t be sorry. Just take it a little slower.” Cindy gave her an affectionate kiss.

Soon they were back to where they were before Don’s interruption, happily

lost in each other.

\*

Afterward, when the two of them finally climbed from the bed, Gwen averted her eyes so she wouldn't have to look at Don's body lying on the carpet.

Cindy didn't. She stepped right up to the corpse and stared down at it, a look of disgust on her face. "Fucking piece of shit," she said.

Gwen glanced at her. There was a purple bruise on Cindy's ribs where Don had kicked her. "What?"

"I can't believe I was married to this shithead for five years. Did you hear him? When he wasn't busy hitting or kicking or berating me, he was telling you he was going to rape you."

Gwen nodded, shivering. "I heard him."

"He would have done it, too. If you hadn't found that golf club, we might both be dead right now."

"I don't want to think about it."

The golf club was still there, and Cindy bent over and retrieved it. She held it up. "I don't either. But just the idea of it..."

Gwen stepped closer to her. "Cindy..."

Without warning, Cindy brought the club down, smashing it into Don's head. There was a soft thump, as if she had struck a cantaloupe. Then she lifted the club and did it again, and again.

"Cindy, no." Gwen reached out and put a hand on Cindy's shoulder, being careful not to get in the way of the swinging club.

Cindy dropped the golf club and spun around, allowing Gwen to take her in

her arms. She was crying, and shaking.

“Relax, honey. He’s dead. He can’t hurt you now.”

“I never had to worry about that before.”

Gwen kissed her forehead. “And you never will again.”

Cindy laughed, tears streaming down her face. Suddenly she broke away from Gwen and reached down, grabbing Don’s hand. She looked up at Gwen, shaking the hand at her.

“I’m gonna teach you a lesson,” she growled in a deep voice. “You better run, bitch, or I’ll rape your slutty ass!”

Gwen was horrified, but she had to put her hands over her mouth to keep from laughing.

Cindy pulled the hand higher, shaking it some more. “You cunts are nothing but a couple of filthy dykes,” she growled. “I saw what you were doing! You make me sick!”

Gwen laughed and slipped her arms around Cindy’s waist. “You’re really good at that. You’ve got his voice down almost perfect.”

“You think so?” Cindy dropped the hand and straightened up.

“I do.”

“Thank you. At least I’m good at something.”

“I’m sure you’re good at lots of things.”

“The douche bag here never thought so. God, I can’t believe I killed him!”

“Cindy, calm down. You’re too high strung right now.” Gwen pulled her into another hug and stroked her back, trying to relax her.

“What a nightmare,” Cindy whispered.

“It will get better.”

“You think so?”

“Absolutely.”

“When?”

“Soon, honey. Just relax and be patient.”

They stood holding each other for a few minutes, and then Cindy shifted on her feet. “What are we going to do?”

“What do you want to do?”

“You said you had an idea before.”

Gwen nodded. “I do. But I’m not sure it’s a very good one.”

“Well, what is it?”

After a moments hesitation, Gwen looked Cindy in the eyes. “I was thinking...”

“Yeah?”

“What if we blamed this whole thing on John?”

It took Cindy a moment to make the connection. “You mean tell the police he did this? Broke in and murdered Don?”

“Not exactly. I don’t think I said that right. I don’t mean to blame it on him, but to kind of set him up.”

“How? He was probably at work when it happened. He’d have an alibi.”

“Yeah, he would. But...”

“What?”

“If he was dead...”

Cindy studied her. “You mean...kill him, too?”

Gwen nodded nervously. “If we lured him over here, and...and took care of him...”

“Then there’d be *two* dead bodies.”

“Yeah. But we could set it up like they had a fight. Killed each other.”

Cindy kissed Gwen on the cheek. “Five points for creativity, Gwendoline. But I don’t think the police are stupid enough to fall for it. There’d be too much evidence...”

“We’d set a fire, too. Burn the house down. It would look suspicious, but it would destroy all the evidence.”

Cindy almost laughed. “It’s so reckless!”

“Do you have a better idea?”

“No. I just...” She thought about it. “Don’t you think they’d wonder how a fire started after they killed each other?”

Gwen looked around the room. “Do you have one of those oil lamps in the house? We could bring it in here and set it up, make it look like it got knocked over during the fight.”

“No. No oil lamp that I know of. But there is a kerosene heater in the garage.”

“That’s perfect! We bring it in here and light it, then knock it over. We could even spill some kerosene over the bodies to make sure they catch.”

“Bodies?”

Gwen nodded. “John and Don.”

“You’re getting ahead of yourself. Your husband is still at work.”

Smiling, Gwen gave Cindy a conspiratorial wink. “We’re still in the planning stages, Princess.”

Cindy kissed her. “God, I love it when you call me that!”

“Really?”

“Yes. It makes me wet.”

“Well, what do you think, Princess? Shall we invite John over for a little visit? Maybe get the kerosene heater out of the garage?”

“God, you’re really bad.”

“You think so?”

Cindy considered it. “Probably. We both are.”

“We don’t have to...”

“No, no, I’m just saying.”

Gwen waited for Cindy to make a decision. While she waited, she unhooked Cindy’s bra and threw it into the closet.

Cindy was smiling. “What was that for?”

“You’ve been wearing that all day. It was high time to lose it.”

“I forgot I even had it on.”

“I didn’t.” Gwen took one of Cindy’s breasts in each hand and began to massage them. She leaned in and kissed Cindy on the mouth.

Smiling, Cindy reached down and slid her hand between Gwen’s legs. “I can’t seem to get enough of you.”

“I know what you mean.”

“Do you think we have time...?”

Gwen dropped to her knees, right there beside Don’s battered corpse. “There’s always time for you, Princess.” She pressed her face into Cindy’s crotch and ran her tongue along the folds of Cindy’s vagina. “You’re right. You’re dripping wet.”

Cindy moaned and tangled her fingers in Gwen’s hair.

## Chapter 11

It was after 4:30 when Gwen and Cindy finally made their way out into the living room. They were both very nervous, but they felt a little better than they had earlier. Still naked, they stood in the middle of the room and tried to decide on their next move.

“You want to show me where this heater is?” Gwen asked.

Cindy nodded. “Alright. But aren’t you hungry? We haven’t eaten all day.”

Gwen smiled.

Cindy smiled back. “Well, I mean we haven’t eaten any food all day. Wouldn’t you like some lunch or dinner or something?”

“Alright,” Gwen agreed. “But let me make us something. You go grab that heater.”

Cindy stepped up closer to Gwen and slipped an arm around her, pulling her into a kiss. “Okay. What are you going to make us?”

“You still have that sliced turkey?”

“Yeah.”

“I could make us a couple of those sandwiches. Quick and easy.”

“Alright.”

Gwen wrapped her arms around Cindy and hugged her. “This will work out, Cindy. I promise.”

“I sure hope so.”

“It will. It has to.”



Cindy nodded and stepped back. “It better. I couldn’t stand to lose you. Not after all this.”

“You’re not going to lose me. You just find that heater. I’ll take care of everything else.”

Cindy gave Gwen another quick kiss and smiled. “Okay.”

They entered the kitchen and Gwen watched as Cindy walked to the far end of the room and disappeared into the laundry room, which connected to the garage.

She stepped over to the refrigerator and began rummaging around inside, hoping that she was making the right decisions.

\*

They sat on the couch to eat, each with a plate on their lap. They were still naked. Gwen had opened a couple bottles of beer, and they sat quietly as they ate their sandwiches and drank from their bottles. The kerosene heater sat on the carpet before them, and they tried to avoid looking at it as they went about their meal.

“That really helped,” Cindy said, swallowing the last of her turkey sandwich. “I was really hungry.”

“I guess I was, too. I must have been.” Gwen took her last bite and chased it with a long drink of IPA, finishing the bottle. She set it on the coffee table. “The beer helps, too.”

Cindy set her plate aside and grabbed her bottle. She tilted it to her lips and drank deep. “It does. Where there any more?”

“Yes. Want me to get you another one?”

“Maybe. But only if you’re having another one.”

Gwen began collecting the bottles and dishes. "I'd love to."

"Don't bother cleaning up. We're going to burn the house down, remember?"

Gwen stopped, setting everything back down. She looked at Cindy, who was gazing off into the distance. She looked sad and numb. "Cindy, I'm sorry."

"It's okay. It has to be done."

Gwen slid closer to her and put an arm around her. "I'm still sorry. Maybe there's another way."

"No. We have to do this. There's really no time to come up with something else."

"I know. I just wish --"

Cindy spun on the couch and kissed Gwen on the mouth. "I wished for you, and I got you. I have no regrets."

The words filled Gwen with happiness. She kissed Cindy again, and again. "Cindy, you'll never have any regrets. That's my promise to you. We're going to be really happy after all this is over with."

"I hope you're right."

"Me too."

Cindy laughed nervously. "I'm sorry. I'm just shaken up."

"Of course you are. Anyone would be, under the circumstances."

"And we're only half done."

Gwen sighed. "What do you say I get us a couple more beers?"

Cindy squeezed Gwen's hand. "I say yes."

Gwen kissed her again. "You relax, Princess. You'll feel better soon."

\*

As they sat drinking their second bottles of beer, Gwen tried to think of a way to lure John to the house. It didn't seem like it would be overly difficult.

"I'll just tell him to come over right away," Gwen said. She took a long drink from her bottle of beer. "I won't even bother giving him a reason. That way he'll have no way of figuring out what's going on."

"What if he refuses?"

"He won't. If it was across town, maybe, but it's just across the street."

Cindy took a gulp of beer. She'd washed her hands before eating, but there was still dried blood splattered on her body, particularly her arms and legs. She wanted to take a shower, but wasn't sure how Gwen was planning on dealing with John. She didn't want to have to take two showers. "And what happens when he gets here?"

Gwen pursed her lips, thinking.

Cindy watched her for a moment and couldn't resist leaning over and kissing her.

Gwen smiled. "What was that for?"

"You looked so good with your lips puffed out like that." Cindy leaned over again and licked Gwen's lower lip, kissing it softly. "You're so beautiful. Are you really mine?"

Gwen laughed and wrapped an arm around Cindy. "You better believe it."

They kissed deeply for several minutes, twisting around on the couch. Cindy started to get carried away and spilled beer in her lap.

"Oops."

Gwen laughed. “Here, let me get that.” She scooted over and brought her face down into Cindy’s lap, licking at the spilled beer.

Cindy moaned and leaned back, putting an arm over Gwen’s back. “Oh, god, Gwen. Is every day going to be like this?”

“You mean, you and me having sex constantly?”

“Mmm, yeah. Pretty much.”

Gwen wedged her face between Cindy’s legs and used her tongue to search around for more beer. “I don’t see why not. Could you spill a little more beer down here please?”

Cindy laughed and brought her bottle nearer to her legs. She tilted it and allowed a small amount of beer to pour out, running between her thighs.

“Thank you, sweetheart.” Gwen went right to work on it, licking it from Cindy’s pubic hair and her little pink lips.

Moaning, Cindy spread her legs wider, placing one foot on the coffee table. She drank deeply from her bottle and leaned back, enjoying what Gwen was doing down there. Before long she was riding another wave, her ass bouncing up and down on the couch as Gwen’s mouth worked its magic. “Oh, god, Gwen!” She grabbed a handful of Gwen’s hair and squeezed it, pulling at it passionately.

When Gwen sat up, she was smiling happily. “I think I got it all.”

Cindy pulled her into another kiss, sliding her tongue into Gwen’s mouth. After a moment she pulled back. “Lie down on the couch.”

“Who, me?”

Cindy nodded. “I’m gonna give it to you good.”

Gwen laughed. She kissed Cindy again. “Don’t you think we ought to take care of business first, Princess?”

Cindy shrugged. "Maybe. But I really want you."

"You do?"

Cindy poured some of her beer into Gwen's lap, startling her. "I do. And you're all messy down there. Just give me a few minutes to clean you up."

Gwen looked down at herself, spreading her legs for a better look. She smiled. "It does look pretty wet down there."

Setting her bottle on the table, Cindy agreed. "Don't worry. I'll take care of it." She got down on her knees and eased Gwen's legs further apart.

\*

Fifteen minutes later they each had a third beer in hand, the last two that were in the refrigerator. "Okay, now I really think we need to figure this out," Gwen said.

"I agree," said Cindy. She took a long drink from her bottle, and then, grinning, held it over Gwen's lap and began to tilt it.

Gwen laughed, using one hand to lift the neck of the bottle back up. "Later, Princess. I promise!"

"Okay, okay. So we're going to call John over for a visit. What's going to happen to him when he gets here?"

Gwen sighed. "I'm not sure. That's what we need to decide."

"We could get him with the golf club."

"No. The bodies won't be burned completely. I'm sure the investigators will be able to figure out the basics of what happened. If they were both beaten with the same golf club, it won't make any sense. We've got to make it look like John beat Don with the club, and Don did something else to John."

“There’s a baseball bat in the garage,” Cindy offered.

Gwen took a drink of beer. “Too unusual. We need something more practical. Something typical, even.”

“What about a knife?”

Gwen nodded. “I was thinking the same thing. The only problem with that is, one of us is going to have to use it on him.”

Cindy looked down. “Jesus. I forgot about that part of it.”

“Yeah.”

“Do you...” Cindy cleared her throat. “Do you think you’d be capable of doing that?”

“I suppose I’m going to have to. Unless you have the urge.”

“I really don’t, Gwen. I killed Don because he was beating me, and threatening to rape you. And kill us both. I was sick and furious and scared out of my mind at the time. I don’t think I’m capable of cold blooded murder.”

Gwen studied her. “But I am?”

“I didn’t say that. I just said that I’m not. Plus, I have nothing against John. Other than the fact that you don’t like him, that is. I don’t think I could do it.”

“I understand. I wasn’t really asking you to.”

“You were telling me yesterday morning that you were... you know... hoping that he’d die, anyway.”

“I was. I’ve been hoping it for a long time.”

“Do you think you could do it?”

“I don’t want to. But I don’t see any way around it.” She took another long

drink from her bottle, licking her lips. “Too bad there’s no more of these. I think if I had a couple more, it would really make it easier.”

“I think there’s another six-pack in the pantry. It’s warm, but I could throw a few in the freezer.”

Gwen seemed to brighten at the news. “Really?”

Cindy nodded. “I think I could use another one, too.”

“Maybe you should throw the whole six-pack in the freezer.”

“You know, there’s a bottle of bourbon in the cabinet, too.”

“There is?”

“Yes. I can’t stand the stuff, but I know it’s in there. Don would drink it a few times a year.”

“I don’t think I like bourbon, but I’d be willing to give it a try.”

Cindy leaned over, bringing her face very close to Gwen’s. “Let’s get a little drunk. I think it would help.”

Gwen kissed her. “You talked me into it, Princess.”

“Then we’ll choose you a knife, and call your husband over.”

Gwen nodded. “Fuck the beer. Just get that bourbon.”

## Chapter 12

When Cindy came back into the room holding a half-full bottle of Jim Beam and two glasses, Gwen had already finished her third beer. She felt buzzed, but not nearly drunk. She wasn't sure she'd be capable of getting drunk, not with what she was preparing herself for.

Cindy placed the glasses on the coffee table and took a seat beside Gwen. "Shall I pour you a shot, or a full glass?" she asked, twisting off the cap.

"Let me see the bottle."

Cindy handed it over.

Gwen studied the label for a moment and then smiled solemnly. "I don't think we need any glasses." She lifted the bottle to her lips and took a mouthful of the amber liquor. She then handed the bottle back to Cindy, swallowing with a grimace. She coughed slightly, waving a hand in front of her mouth, her eyes watering. "Smooth."

Cindy laughed. She raised the bottle to her own mouth and took a much smaller sip. When she swallowed it she nearly gagged. "Blaagh! Nasty!"

Gwen laughed. "I take it you've never done a shot."

"Never."

Taking the bottle back, Gwen helped herself to another mouthful. It was a somewhat smaller mouthful than her first one. She had an easier time swallowing it, and really felt the effect building in her head. She licked the mouth of the bottle and handed it back to Cindy. "Here you go, sweetheart. Make me proud."

Cindy slid closer to her on the couch so that they were pressed up against each other. She frowned at the bourbon, but kissed the mouth of the bottle.



“Maybe I’ll just have a warm beer.”

Gwen ruffled her hair. “Be a big girl and take your medicine.”

Smiling, Cindy lifted the bottle to her mouth and took another small sip. She swallowed it and then surprised Gwen by immediately taking another, slightly larger sip. She gulped it down with a pained expression and pressed the bottle back into Gwen’s hands.

“Good job!”

“Thank you. It tastes awful.”

“It’s supposed to.”

“It is?”

“I would imagine so. Otherwise they’d add a bunch of ingredients to it to improve the taste.”

Cindy considered it. “I never thought of that.”

“Sure.” Gwen took another pull from the bottle and handed it back.

Holding the bottle on her knee, Cindy glanced around the room. She had a thoughtful look on her face. “I’m going to miss this place.”

Gwen put an arm around her. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. I’m just saying.”

“You can come live with me. In fact, why don’t you pack a suitcase before we carry out our little plan, and we can run it across the street ahead of time.”

“Oh, god. All my things. I never even thought about that.”

“You can take your important things. And you can get new things, too.”

Cindy took a drink from the bottle. “You’re right. I’ve got to start looking at

the bright side.”

“There is one, you know.”

“A bright side?”

“Sure.”

She nodded. “I know. It’s just hard to keep that in mind sometimes.”

“I think you were under water, like me.”

Cindy looked at her. “Under water?”

Gwen took the bottle from Cindy and had a good pull. “Yeah. I think you were just coasting by, kind of comfortable, but not really happy. You were content.”

“I was, wasn’t I?” Cindy yanked the bottle back and had another drink. This time she didn’t gag when she swallowed it.

“You were. But now you’re going to be happy. We both are.”

Cindy leaned into her, resting her head on Gwen’s shoulder. “That sounds so good.”

“It is.” Gwen kissed the top of Cindy’s head. “It’s very good.”

“But is it for real?”

“Yes. As long as we want it to be.” Gwen took the bottle back and had another drink. “God, I can hardly believe I’m going to wake up in the morning with you beside me in bed instead of that stupid fuck!” Gwen laughed. “It’s going to be so wonderful!”

Cindy laughed, too. She lifted her head and found Gwen’s mouth with her own. They shared a sloppy kiss, both of them feeling very good.

“Shit,” Cindy said.

“What?”

“You better call that husband of yours over before we get too drunk to kill him.”

Gwen took another sip from the bottle and handed it to Cindy. “You’re right. Why don’t you carry that heater into the bedroom and pack up some of your things. I’ll make the call.”

Cindy nodded. She took another small drink and stood up, setting the bottle on the table. She wavered slightly before finding her balance.

“Are you okay?”

“Sure. Just a little fucked up.”

“Be careful.”

“I will.” She grabbed the kerosene heater by the wire handle on top and lifted it up off the carpet. “Good luck with your call, partner.”

Gwen smiled. “Thank you, partner.” She reached over to the table for her phone.

\*

“John?”

“Gwen? Where the heck are you?”

“Are you home?”

“Yeah. I’ve been here for awhile now. Where are you?” He sounded annoyed, and Gwen was glad. It would make the whole thing easier if he was acting like a jerk.

“I’m across the street, at Cindy’s place. We’re having a little problem over

here.”

“What kind of problem?”

She took a sip of bourbon. “I’d rather not say over the phone. Can you come over here? We need your help.”

John was silent for a moment. “Help with what? What’s the problem?”

“Just come over! It’s important.”

“But how do I know what --”

“Jesus Christ! I really need your help over here. Could you just come across the street and give me a hand?”

“Have you been drinking again?”

“What’s that got to do with anything?”

“You’re slurring. What’s going on over there?”

“You’ll find out soon enough. Please, just come over.”

“Is Don there?”

“Yes, he is.”

“What are you guys doing?”

“Would you please just come over? It will only take a minute! Is that too much to ask?”

“I just wish you’d --”

“Oh, god! Never mind! I’ll call someone else!”

“No, no. I’ll come over. I just wish you’d tell me why.”

“I will, when you get here. It would take too long over the phone.”

“Okay. Give me a few minutes.”

“Thank you.” Gwen ended the call before John could change his mind, and set the phone on the table. She took another drink from the bottle, suddenly feeling very nervous. She was really going to do it.

She got up from the couch and entered the kitchen. It was time to choose a knife.

\*

By the time Gwen got back to the living room with a large rubber-handled chef’s knife, Cindy had returned from the bedroom with a suitcase and a knapsack. She set them on the floor near the front door and joined Gwen on the couch. Her eyes were glued to the knife in Gwen’s hand.

“Jesus. I don’t even know if I could *watch*.”

“You don’t have to. In fact, you could take those bags over to my place and stash them right after he gets here.”

“No. I don’t want to leave you alone. You might need a hand.”

Gwen set the knife down on the arm of the couch. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Did you call him?”

“He should be here any minute.”

Cindy nodded. She reached forward and snatched the bottle from the table, taking another little drink. “I can’t tell if I’m drunk or not.”

“Then you’re not. Take another drink.”

Cindy did. There was only about a quarter of a bottle remaining. After she

swallowed she handed the bourbon to Gwen. “My head feels all swimmy.”

“You’re getting there.” Gwen took the bottle and filled her mouth, swallowing it all in one shot. It hit her hard and she almost gagged. “God, that’s really nasty!”

Cindy took the bottle from her. “How the hell do you do that? I can barely manage to get down a little taste.”

“You’ve got to force it. It’s not easy.”

“I guess not.” Cindy raised the bottle to her lips again, and this time was much more enthusiastic. She filled her mouth almost to capacity and then lowered the bottle, staring at Gwen wide-eyed as bourbon dribbled down her chin.

Gwen laughed, taking the bottle. “Bit off more than you can chew?”

Cindy nodded, her cheeks ballooned out.

“Here, give me some.” Gwen pressed her mouth to Cindy’s and prompted her to spit some of the liquor into her mouth. They each swallowed half, Cindy gasping as it burned its way down her throat.

“Shit, that’s really terrible! I’m never going to drink bourbon again, after tonight.”

“Me either. Consider this a doorway into our new lives.”

Cindy stared at her. “I’m kind of fucked up now.”

“Good for you, Princess. Hey, did you get everything you wanted to take with you?”

Cindy shook her head. “I’d never be able to get it all. If I keep looking, I’ll keep finding more stuff. I’m just taking some clothes and jewelry, and a few keepsakes from my parents.”

Gwen put an arm around her. “That’s good. We’ll make a fresh start. Both of

us.”

“It’s going to be weird living across the street. With you.”

Gwen smiled at her. “It’ll be fun.”

“It sure will.” Cindy thought for a moment. “Too bad we did all that gardening here, instead of at your place.”

“Our place,” Gwen corrected. “But you’re right.” She looked drunkenly at Cindy. “Then again, it might work in our favor as far as motive goes. I think.”

“I don’t want to think about all that right now.”

Gwen smiled again. “Think about waking up in our bed every morning. Just you and me.”

Now Cindy also smiled, cuddling closer. She raised her mouth to give Gwen a kiss. The kiss quickly grew in intensity, and soon they were going at it passionately, the bottle of bourbon dropping from Gwen’s hand and leaking into the couch cushions.

Then, suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

Cindy jumped. “Oh, shit!”

Gwen straightened up. She glanced over to the arm of the couch and grabbed the knife.

“We’re still naked!” Cindy whispered loudly.

“It’s okay. Go in the bedroom, sweetheart.”

They both stood up, looking at each other. They were both scared, but fortified with booze. They kissed again, quickly, and then Cindy stepped toward the hall.

“I’m scared, Gwen.”

“Me too.”

The knock came again, louder this time.

“It’s open!” Gwen shouted. “Come in!”

As the door began to open, Gwen caught up to Cindy and they both disappeared down the hall, joining Don’s corpse in the bedroom.



## Chapter 13

Cindy and Gwen stood in the bedroom, nervously watching the doorway. They heard John enter the house and knew he was in the living room, probably looking around and wondering where everybody was. They took a quick glance at each other, Gwen squeezing the handle of the knife.

“You ready?” Gwen whispered.

Cindy nodded.

Stepping over a pile of junk, Gwen moved closer to the closet, arranging herself behind the slightly open bedroom door. Just as she did, John called from down the hall.

“Hello? Where is everybody?”

“In here,” Gwen answered.

The house had become so silent they could hear his footsteps on the carpeting. Within seconds his shadow was visible, spilling past the door frame and into the bedroom.

“Hello?” He peeked into the room, seeing Cindy who was crouched down behind the bed, concealing her nakedness. He saw Don’s body sprawled on the floor, and the blood everywhere. “What the hell?”

“I think Don is hurt,” Cindy said, trying to lure him into the room. “He fell and hit his head.”

“Jesus Christ!” John stepped closer. “What the hell happened?” He was looking at Don and didn’t see Gwen as he bent over, examining the corpse. “He’s dead! He looks like he was attacked!”

“He was,” Cindy said.

John looked over at her just as Gwen stepped up behind him and plunged the blade into his lower back. John screamed and fell forward, landing with his knees right on Don's stomach.

Gwen twisted the knife viciously and pulled it back out. "I'm sorry!" she yelled. She lunged at him again, sinking the blade into the side of his belly. "I'm really sorry!"

He screamed again, batting at her with one fist. Blood was spitting from his wounds and his eyes were practically bulging from their sockets as he stared at his naked, blood-splattered wife and realized what was happening. "Nooo!" He howled. "NOOOOOO!!!"

"I'm so sorry!" Gwen said again. This time she stabbed him in the neck, and when he twisted away from her the knife stayed where it was. She grabbed at it, stumbling over Don's legs and falling on top of her husband.

Cindy rushed around the side of the bed and stood there trying to figure out what to do. She began bouncing up and down, sick with worry.

John was down on all fours, braying like a donkey. He reached up to the handle of the knife and tried to pull it out of his neck, but couldn't seem to work up enough audacity to yank it free.

Gwen got to her feet and pushed his hands away. "Let me get it."

"NOOO!" he screamed. "GWEN, NOOO! WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?"

"I'm so sorry! I really, really am!" She grabbed the knife and wrenched it from his neck. He screamed in agony and collapsed fully on top of Don.

"Oh, god!" Cindy whined. She reached down and retrieved the golf club from the floor.

"No," Gwen said. "Don't hit him with that." She held out the knife. "Here. Slice his throat."

"NOOOO! WHAT THE FUCK?" John screamed. He tried to twist away, but

after handing Cindy the knife, Gwen grabbed his hair and jerked his head back, exposing his throat.

“Get him, Cindy! Now!”

He was bucking around wildly, trying to get free. He needed to use one hand to hold himself up off the floor, and struggled to use the other to fight off the two women. It wasn't enough. With Gwen pulling on his hair and pressing her knee into his back, Cindy had a fairly easy time finding access to his throat. The only problem was, she didn't really want to do it.

“Cindy! His throat!”

“Oh, god!” She closed her eyes and jabbed the knife at John's throat. She stabbed it more than sliced it, and then pulled the blade free and did it again and again. It was sloppy work.

John continued to scream and thrash around, batting at the blade as it found him over and over, his throat spewing blood. After about a dozen stabs his voice faltered and he sank lower, his energy all but diminished as the blood continued to leak out of him.

“I'm sorry!” Gwen said again.

“Oh, god,” Cindy moaned. She was covered in blood, the knife held limply at her side. “I can't believe this!”

“I'm sorry, Cindy.” Gwen was also extremely bloody. She released John's hair and he collapsed fully, if not dead then very close to it. “I didn't mean for you to have to do that.”

Cindy dropped the knife. “I think I'm going to go insane.”

Gwen stood up. She went to Cindy and wrapped her arms around her in a wet, bloody embrace as the two of them tried to regain control of their emotions. They were both shaking.

“Let's get out of this bedroom,” Cindy suggested. “I can't stand it anymore.”

Gwen released her. “Good idea. Let’s go find that bottle.”

\*

There was very little bourbon left in the bottle, most of it having leaked out into the couch cushions. Gwen took a sip anyway, her hands smearing blood all over the bottle. She offered it to Cindy, who declined.

“I think I’d rather have one of those warm beers. I need one. Shit, what a horror show!”

“Let’s find them.” Gwen dropped the bottle back onto the couch and they entered the kitchen, leaving a trail of bloody footprints as they went.

Cindy found a six-pack in the pantry and she brought it out, setting it on the kitchen table. They each took one and twisted off the caps.

“Here’s to us,” Gwen said. “And one hell of a fucked up afternoon.”

Cindy raised her bottle and they touched them together. “I’ll drink to that.”

The beer was warm, but the taste was a welcome change after the bourbon and the bloodshed. They both drank eagerly, letting the beer wash away the sickness that occupied them. When they drank their fill they found each other again, pressing themselves together and taking comfort in the contact.

Cindy took another drink of her beer and then gazed drunkenly down at herself, and at Gwen. “Good lord. We’re such a bloody mess.”

Gwen also studied their bodies. “We are, aren’t we?”

“We’re a couple of real psycho bitches.”

“Oh, no!” mocked Gwen. “Don’t say that so loud, or Don might come in here and kick my slutty ass.”

“Hey! That’s my husband you’re talking about!” Cindy tried to sound

offended, but there was a slight smile playing on her face.

“Ex-husband. But that’s okay. You can have mine.”

Cindy giggled and took another drink of beer. “Gee, thanks. He’s a real hunk.”

Gwen slapped Cindy’s ass, leaving a bloody hand-print. “Hunk of what?”

Cindy slapped her back, laughing. “I don’t know! What do you want him to be a hunk of?”

“Charcoal.”

Nodding, Cindy stared into Gwen’s eyes. “That can be arranged.”

“That’s good to hear. I sure don’t want to be blamed for what happened in there.”

“You won’t be. I’ll vouch for you anytime.”

Gwen guzzled some more beer and then pushed herself up against Cindy, smiling. “I’ll vouch for you too, Sunshine.” She kissed Cindy on the mouth.

“Thank you.”

“Thank you.”

They stood smiling at each other for a moment and then Gwen drank some more beer. “Why don’t you go take a nice shower, honey. Then you can run your stuff across the street. To your new home.”

“What are you going to do?”

“I’ll take one after you.”

“Why don’t you take one *with* me?”

Gwen sighed. “Now why didn’t I think of that?”

Cindy bent over and kissed one of Gwen's nipples, the one with the least amount of blood spattered on it. "Maybe you don't want to."

"Like fuck I don't."

They both laughed and took each other by the hand. They brought their beers down the hall with them and into the bathroom.

\*

For twenty minutes, they concentrated on getting each other as clean as possible. They soaped up and scrubbed and washed each other multiple times, rinsing off and rigorously searching each other for any areas they might have missed. When they were done they towed each other off. Gwen got down on her knees to dry off Cindy's legs, and couldn't resist pressing her face into Cindy's crotch again. Before they knew what was happening they were tangled together on the bathroom floor, their faces between each other's legs as they worked themselves into a frenzy of lust. Moans and whimpers filled the bathroom as their passion escalated. They were both quick to climax, despite the many times they had done so already that day.

Gwen bumped her head on the base of the toilet as she withdrew her tongue from Cindy's anus.

"Ouch!"

"Be careful, sweetheart!"

"Too late."

They sat up and held each other, swaying slightly in their drunken, post-orgasmic high. "What a day," Cindy said.

"And it's not even over yet."

"Far from it."

“And just think. We’re going to have sex at least one more time before we go to sleep.”

Cindy smiled. “We are?”

“In our bed, across the street.” Gwen smiled back and kissed her.

“I can’t wait!”

“But first we’ve got a few little loose ends to tie up.”

“I’d like to tie up *your* loose end.”

“You will. I promise.”

“Will you tie up mine?”

Gwen laughed. “Of course.”

“Well. Okay, then.”

Gwen took Cindy’s hand and struggled to her feet. “Come on, Princess. We just have a little more work to do.”

Cindy stood. “I think I’m ready for bed.”

“Soon!” Gwen led her out of the bathroom. “Very, very soon!”

## Chapter 14

Gwen retrieved her clothes from the clothes line and put them back on. It felt strange to be wearing them after so much time being nude. She put her sneakers on and walked back through the house, trying not to step in the bloody footprints which were now mostly dry.

Cindy had also gotten dressed and was standing by the front door. "I'm going to run these over. Is the door locked?"

"I'm not sure if he would have locked it or not." She took her phone and keys from the table and handed over the keys. "You might want to stash them in the attic for a few days, in case somebody decides to look around."

Taking the keys, Cindy nodded. "Good idea."

Gwen put an arm around her and pulled her into a kiss. "Try not to let anybody see you, sweetie."

"I'll do my best."

"I'll take care of things here."

Cindy looked around the room. There was suddenly a lump in her throat. "Do you need me to come back for anything?"

"I don't think so. I'll light the heater and then knock it over. When I make sure there's a fire started, I'll come join you."

Cindy nodded. "Okay. Good luck then."

"Thanks. I'll see you real soon."

They hugged tightly, and kissed again. Cindy wiped her eyes. "Why do I feel like we're separating? I'll be seeing you again in ten minutes."



Gwen smiled. "Maybe five."

Cindy slapped her on the ass. "Okay, hot stuff. You do your thing." She opened the front door and then bent to retrieve her bags.

\*

In the bedroom, Gwen spent a few minutes getting the kerosene heater to light. She did her best to disregard the corpses on the floor beside her, but their presence was very difficult to ignore. She kept imagining that she saw movement, especially from her husband. It had gotten dark in the room and the flickering shadows cast by the heater added to the spookiness of the atmosphere.

When she had it going good, she tipped it over and lay it on it's side, hoping the kerosene would leak out and spread across the carpet. It didn't.

Frowning, she looked around for something to bash it with. She saw the knife and the golf club lying on the floor. This gave her an idea, and she quickly grabbed the knife in one hand and Don's right wrist in the other. She worked the handle of the knife into Don's hand so that it appeared he was holding it. She then lowered his hand back to the floor.

Lifting the golf club, she turned back toward the heater and began bashing at it. There was a glass window in the steel frame so the flames were visible, and she shattered this easily. She continued to smash it until the metal began to dent heavily and there was an overpowering stench of kerosene. The flames abruptly found the carpet and she had to scramble to work the handle of the golf club into John's dead hand. He didn't want to hold on to it, but she managed to arrange it so that it stayed in place when his hand was resting on the floor.

She took a quick look around to see if anything had been missed. The flames were spreading quickly, already finding her husband's pant leg. Dark smoke was building in the room. She turned and got out, walking quickly down the hall and to the front door.

Outside, it was already night. She closed the front door behind her and staggered down the steps. She got all the way to her own front door before she heard the piercing cry of the smoke detector.

\*

Inside the house she found Cindy climbing down the steps to the attic. Brutus was there, observing without making any fuss. Gwen stood and watched as Cindy reached the floor and folded up the steps, pushing them back into place in the ceiling.

“You’re back quick,” Cindy said.

“It wasn’t hard. How are you?”

“Pretty much the same as I was five minutes ago.”

Gwen roughly grabbed her by the shirt and pushed her against the hallway wall. Pressing up against her, she leaned her face in very close. “Listen up, Sunshine. From now on, you’re all mine.”

Cindy smiled. “I was hoping you’d say that.”

Gwen kissed her, very passionately. They put their arms around each other and stood there kissing for some time, Brutus sitting on the floor and wagging his tail as he watched. It went on for at least five full minutes before sirens could be heard in the distance.

Gwen straightened up, breathing heavily. “Welcome home, Cindy.”

Cindy smiled. “Thank you. That was one hell of a welcome.”

“That was nothing. Your real welcome comes later. In our bed.”

“I can’t wait.”

“I’m afraid you’re going to have to.” The sirens were getting louder. “I think

we're going to have visitors tonight."

They looked at each other for a moment and then, as the sirens grew even louder, they looked to the window. Leaving the hall, they stepped into the living room and gazed outside.

The fire was clearly visible across the street. They watched as the flames danced in the windows and began to eat through the roof. As the first fire truck pulled up, they held hands and stared in silence. Then Cindy was pulling Gwen away from the window.

"I don't want to watch it," she said softly.

Gwen nodded. "Me either."

"Can we lie down? I feel a little sick."

"Of course." Gwen kissed Cindy's forehead and began leading her down the hall, into the bedroom. "They may not even get to us tonight. But they probably will."

"What are we going to say?"

"It doesn't matter much. You were over here with me all day. Whatever those two idiots were doing across the street is anybody's guess. All I know is they'd been arguing a lot lately."

Cindy smiled. "I noticed that myself."

"See? It's easy."

"Unless they dig too deep."

"I don't think they will. They'd have to really want to, and there isn't any reason for it. As long as no one saw us coming back over here, I think we're okay."

They stood in the bedroom, looking at each other. "Why don't you take your clothes off and lie down. I'm going to go mess up the bed in the guest room.

That's where we'll say you were sleeping if they knock tonight."

Cindy nodded. "I can really sleep there, if you want."

"Hell no. I want you in here, with me."

Cindy wrapped her arms around Gwen and hugged her tightly. "Thank you, Gwen."

Gwen hugged her back, burying her face in that soft blonde hair and inhaled deeply. "Thank you."

## Chapter 15

A week later, Cindy and Gwen were sitting side by side on a couple of lounge chairs on the deck of a cruise ship. They each wore bathing suits and sunglasses, and held cocktails. The ship had just left Key West and would spend the next full day sailing toward Cozumel, Mexico. They grinned at each other and clinked glasses.

“Thanks again for inviting me, sweetheart,” Gwen said.

“My pleasure.”

“It’s a shame Don couldn’t make it.”

Cindy nodded. “It is. The poor guy. The cops said his skull was broken in six places. That crazy-ass husband of yours must have really worked him over good.”

Gwen giggled and took a sip of her mimosa. It was her first of the day, and there would be many more. “From what I heard, your bat-shit husband did a little damage of his own.”

Cindy smirked and adjusted her sunglasses. “Really? You don’t say.”

“Yeah.”

“You mean that business with the knife?”

“I do. I heard he did an OJ Simpson imitation on *my* husband.”

“Oh, that. Yeah. Well, you know, boys will be boys.”

“I suppose so.”

“They sure were a couple of crazy guys. Who would have figured?”

“Not me. But at least they were smart enough to carry plenty of life insurance.”

Cindy smiled, the sun reflecting off her dark lenses. “That was pretty lucky.”

“I’m the one who’s lucky.”

“Oh yeah?” Cindy took a sip of her drink.

“Yeah. I get a beautiful new housemate and a free Caribbean cruise with a hot little vixen six years my junior.”

Cindy laughed. She yawned and stretched in the blaring sun. “I feel pretty lucky myself.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“How lucky?”

“*Real* lucky.”

Gwen glanced around to see if anyone was watching. She didn’t see anyone. She lifted her glass and held it up over Cindy’s groin, tipping it and spilling half an ounce of her cocktail into Cindy’s lap.

Cindy sat up in her chair with a little squeal. “Oh, that’s cold!”

“I’m sorry.”

“Are you?”

Gwen smiled. “Not really.”

“You got me all wet.”

“I see that.”

“Well...what now?”

“I’m afraid we’re going to have to go back to our room for a little while.”

Cindy took a drink from her glass. “Okay. But we just came from there.”

“Believe me, I remember.”

“Too bad we couldn’t just stay here.”

Gwen lowered her glasses and peered around again. There were people all around, but no one seemed to be paying any attention to them. Not yet, anyway. “We can, if you want.” She climbed off her chair and got down on her knees beside Cindy. She lowered her head into Cindy’s lap and began licking at her wet bathing suit.

Cindy moaned softly and put a hand on Gwen’s head. “Oh, baby,” she whispered. “You’re going to get us thrown off the ship!”

Gwen pressed her face in deeper, sucking at the wetness between Cindy’s legs. “I’m going to eat you out one way or the other, sweetheart. It doesn’t really matter to me whether it’s here or back in our room.”

Giggling, Cindy put her drink down on the little table. She sat up, lightly nudging Gwen with her knee.

Gwen lifted her head, smiling mischievously. “Where do you want it, Princess?”

“Let’s slip back into bed for a little while. We’ve got all day to lounge around out here.”

“That’s the spirit.”

Hand in hand, they made their way back to their room.

- end -



# **Leyla**

**By Cynthia Brewer**

# Chapter 1

Keira walked home from school, not quite alone. It was a relief to be leaving, as she hated school with a passion, but it was a bitter relief because now she had to go home and she hated that too. She took the long way, her shoes crunching through the sloppy half-frozen slush of late March. She preferred walking several blocks further west than necessary because there were far less people and many more trees in the area. It was isolated and she loved isolation. It gave her a chance to spend more time with her best and only friend, Tara.

The two of them walked hand in hand beneath the shadows of the towering pine trees that lined the long, curving street. It was very cold and Keira's coat was old and thin, but she hardly noticed as she smiled and concentrated on this treasured intermission between school and home. Anyone watching would not have seen Tara, as she existed on an alternate level of reality and could only be located within Keira's imagination, but to Keira she was very real. In fact, to Keira she was the only thing that mattered.

"Thanks for helping me out in algebra," Keira said warmly, squeezing Tara's hand. She did not speak the words out loud, although her lips moved slightly as she said them. "The things you said to me were so sweet that I completely forgot everyone was laughing at me. At least for a little while."

Tara squeezed back. "It was my pleasure. I'd do anything for you, Keira."

The words filled Keira with affection. "I know. I'd do anything for you, too. Anything at all."

"Maybe you could hold me when we get home."

Keira smiled. "You know I will. As soon as we get past my father, we'll go into our room and I'll lock the door. We can go to bed early. I'll hold you all night."

“I can’t wait!” Tara said excitedly.

“Me either.”

“Maybe we’ll get lucky and your father will already be passed out.”

Keira considered it. “I hope so. But we can’t count on it. He’ll probably be drunk and ready to start trouble.”

“Don’t worry. We’ll get past him. One way or another, we’ll get past. And we’ll spend the entire night together, just you and me.”

Keira giggled out loud, feeling genuinely happy. She was eighteen years old and knew that it wasn’t healthy to have a friend no one else could see or hear, especially one as vivid and expansive as Tara, but she didn’t care. She needed Tara. She’d have slit her wrists wide open at least ten years earlier if weren’t for Tara, so anything unhealthy about her was entirely inconsequential. Besides, the world was unhealthy. She hated the world and everything in it except for Tara; the two of them were partners and nothing would ever change that. Nothing ever could.

She walked on, enjoying the feel of the bright sun on her face. Closing her eyes for a moment, she imagined Tara walking beside her. She even heard Tara’s footsteps on the frozen sidewalk. Tara was wearing her new snow boots, the ones Keira had gotten her for Christmas a few months back. Tara loved them and thanked Keira for the thoughtful gift each time they walked together.

Keira herself was wearing cheap white sneakers, very old. All of her clothes were old and worn out. Her long brown hair was cut badly, the result of having to cut it herself. Her mother had been gone for many years, and her father no longer worked or took care of things. The moderate amount of money he received for disability went for bills and vodka. If there was anything left over, it went for food. New clothing and haircuts were not on the list.

“Do you suppose we’ll be eating dinner tonight?” she asked Tara.

Tara took a moment to think. She looked very similar to Keira, tall and slim and almost beautiful. Her hair was darker and nicely styled, and her clothes were certainly in better shape, but the two young women shared the same height and weight and general appearance. Tara hated the world, too, and everyone in it. Everyone except for Keira.

“I certainly hope so,” she answered. She turned and kissed Keira on the cheek. “For your sake. I’ll be okay either way, but you really need a good meal soon.”

Keira squeezed her hand, nodding. “That’s true. I’m pretty hungry.”

“You’re pretty pretty, too,” Tara said.

Keira smiled, loving the words. She loved Tara so much it was sometimes dizzying. In all the years they’d been together they never had a single fight; not a single ill word had ever been spoken between them. And they were together all the time. Not a day went by that she wasn’t thankful to have such a perfect friend.

She slowed to a stop, near a half-dead elm tree with an enormous trunk. She stared into Tara’s eyes, smiling. “I love you, Tara.”

Tara smiled back. “I love you, too.”

They embraced, holding each other in the cold afternoon sun. Keira’s heart beat wildly in her chest as the purest happiness that ever was coursed through her. The feeling was mildly intoxicating. She never wanted it to end. It would end, of course, but she’d find it again later. When her and Tara went to bed together, as they always did, she’d find it again and they’d cherish it.

Slowly, they unwound their arms from each other. Still feeling very happy and much warmer than before, Keira took Tara’s hand and they continued on, down the long, winding street toward home.

## Chapter 2

Home was a small, two-bedroom house in the poor section of town. At one time it had been a nice place, but after years of neglect the house was significantly run down; the paint was peeling from the cracked and crumbling shingles, and the roof was no longer waterproof. Two of the windows were cracked in the front, and one was missing entirely in the back, replaced by a sheet of warped plywood. The lawn, still partially hidden beneath a thin layer of snow, was yellow and sported many bald patches and heaps of rotting leaves that had never been raked.

Keira walked up to the door, still holding Tara's hand. She listened for signs of her father. There was no question he was home, it was more a question of whether he was still up drinking or already passed out. She prayed for the latter.

"If he is still awake, you could always be patient with him and offer to prepare a nice, strong blended cocktail. He loves those and it'll put him out quicker."

Keira smiled. It was a good idea, and it had worked in the past. "Maybe. We'll see. I'm hoping he's already out."

As she was reaching for the handle of the rusted screen door, a sudden bark of drunken laughter erupted from within the living room, crushing her hopes of an easy entry. It was immediately followed by the sound of a high-pitched scream and a woman's voice laughing drunkenly. Tracy's voice; her father's intermittent girlfriend.

Keira paused, considering. The fact that Tracy was over made things more difficult to predict. Sometimes Tracy was nice to her, but other times she was as mean as her father and sometimes worse. It depended on her mood and how drunk she was. It also meant there would be food in the house, because she always brought something for them to eat.

“Let’s just get it over with,” Tara suggested.

Keira nodded. There was a time when she would have been too frightened to enter the house, but with Tara at her side it didn’t concern her nearly as much. There was nothing that could be said to her or done to her that Tara’s love couldn’t protect her from. The only exception was death, and she did not fear death because she knew that when she died she would return to her rightful world where she and Tara would be together in a more genuine sense. If anything, she desired death. She grasped the handle and shoved the door open, stepping inside.

Her father and Tracy were on the old battered couch, staring at the little TV across the room. The volume was very low for some reason. Her father was fully dressed, but Tracy was half naked, having lost her shirt and bra at some point during the afternoon. There were a couple of glasses on the coffee table and a bottle of vodka, uncapped.

Keira’s father, Grant, looked up at her as she crossed the room. “Oh, shit. Is it that late already?”

Keira didn’t respond. There was no reason to. She simply crossed the room, holding tight to Tara’s hand and thinking about what they would do together later on.

Tracy laughed again, this time more quietly. “God, no wonder they make fun of her. She’s like some kind of zombie.”

Grant sighed, reaching forward for his drink. “I don’t know. I think zombies have a little more personality, don’t they?”

Tracy laughed. “I suppose. Donna’s daughter, Wendy, has a couple of classes with her. She was telling me Keira just sits there in school all day in some kind of daze, never doing or saying anything. All the kids think she’s retarded or something.”

Grant grunted, taking a mouthful of vodka. He swallowed it. “I don’t think she’s retarded. Just kind of dumb.”

Keira crossed through the doorway into the kitchen. From the living room, her father's voice called after her. "Hey, Keira, there's some pizza on the table. Take a couple of pieces for your dinner."

Sure enough, there was a pizza box on the kitchen table. Keira lifted the lid and saw there were exactly two pieces left, amid a jumble of chewed-up lengths of crust. She took the slices of pizza and wrapped them in a paper towel, pausing to fill a glass with cold tap water. Tara stood beside her, one arm draped around her shoulders to comfort her. She kept giving Keira little kisses on the cheek and ear, making her smile.

When she came back from the kitchen, Tracy and her father were both staring at her. She sensed this without looking at them. Her peripheral vision was very good, having been honed over years of not-quite looking at people. She stepped through and headed for the hallway toward her room.

"How was school today, Keira?" Tracy called after her.

Keira kept walking. She was so close to her room, and she had some food. There was no reason to stop now.

"It's no wonder nobody likes her," Tracy said.

"She doesn't seem to notice."

"No. But still. It's weird. She's so creepy!"

"No shit." Grant finished off his drink and set the glass down. "Forget about her. Where were we?"

Tracy laughed again and grabbed him through his jeans.

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Closing the door behind her and latching it, Keira set the pizza and water down on her desk. She spun around quickly, smiling and giving Tara a celebratory hug. The mean-spirited comments she'd overheard from the other

room fell away, any potential effect they might have on her vanquished as a result of Tara's warm embrace.

"We did it!" Tara whispered in her ear.

"Yes! Thank you so much!"

"And we got you some dinner!"

Keira squeezed her tighter, happiness flooding through her. "It's for both us. We each get a piece."

"No. You eat. I want you to have both."

"But..."

"No buts, Keira. Eat both. Please?"

Keira thought about it. She nodded. "Okay. If you're sure."

"I'm sure. You need to eat."

Nodding again, Keira stepped over to the desk and lifted a slice of cold pizza from the paper towel. She tore into it, hungrily.

"How is it?"

Keira smiled, chewing happily. "Not bad."

"Good. You eat, honey." Tara moved to the bed, sitting down and waiting for her.

It only took Keira five minutes to finish the pizza and guzzle her water. When she was done she felt almost sated. There was a glow of promise in the small room, and she felt very good to be there with her friend beside her and everyone else locked out.

"Go brush your teeth," Tara told her.



Keira sighed. She didn't want to leave the room, but knew she was going to have to, if only to use the bathroom. "Might as well get it over with," she agreed. She looked at Tara. "But you come with me."

Tara stood up and rushed over. "Are you sure?"

"Of course!" Keira wrapped her up in a big hug and kissed her on the cheek.

Giggling, Tara hugged her back, squeezing affectionately.

From the other side of the door came the sound of more drunken laughter punctuated by an occasional scream.

"Let's get it over with, sweetheart," Tara whispered. "I've got a surprise for you tonight."

Keira felt a thrill run through her. "You do?"

"Absolutely."

"What is it?"

"Brush your teeth first, sweetie. I'll come with you. And then, when we get back here, I'll tell you all about it."

Feeling almost giddy with anticipation, Keira released her friend and stepped to the door, unlatching it.

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Thankfully, Keira's father and Tracy didn't notice her leaving the room. She quietly entered the bathroom where she brushed her teeth and washed up. Tara stood beside her, waiting patiently. As always, she was careful not to look at herself in the mirror. She was very pretty but she didn't like to see her reflection; it made it appear as if she were alone.

While drying her face, Tara wrapped her arms around her from behind and

pulled her close, kissing her neck. Keira laughed quietly and leaned into her, absorbing Tara's love as much as she could. It filled her easily and often, but she was always eager for more. The world sucked it out of her at every turn.

"Come on, honey," Tara whispered. "Let's get back!"

"Okay."

Keira returned the towel to the rack and slipped into the hallway, careful not to make any noise. The sounds coming from down the hall were now brutal and disgusting, and she knew even if they heard her they wouldn't stop what they were doing. She got back into her room and shut the door, latching it again and smiling at Tara.

"Good work." Tara kissed her on the mouth. The kiss was full of hope and promise. It felt wonderful. "Now how about getting out of those clothes?"

Keira didn't waste any time. She quickly pulled off her sneakers and tossed them under the desk. Her socks followed, and then she stripped out of her t-shirt and jeans. While she did this, Tara sat on the bed and removed her new boots.

"Thank you again for the boots," she said. "I love them so much."

"You're very welcome. I'm so glad you like them."

"I love them. And I love you."

Joy rushing through her, Keira unhooked her bra. "I love you too, Tara!"

"I know." She gave her a warm smile and began to undress.

Feeling more and more excited about Tara's surprise, Keira tossed her bra onto the little pile of laundry in the corner. Wearing only her underpants, she watched as Tara finished removing her own clothes and then peeled back the bedsheets.

"Come on!" Tara said. "Get in!"

Keira did, her happiness building even more as the two of them climbed under the covers and embraced. Their legs tangled together as they held each other close and shared warm little kisses.

Tara giggled. "Thank you so much, Keira."

"For what?"

"For being my friend."

Keira's heart was bursting with adoration. "Thank *you*!"

Tara laughed again and kissed her some more. They rolled around in the bed, loving each other and allowing everything to disappear around them. Soon they were lost within each other and Keira, her eyes closed against the world, pressed her mouth to Tara's ear.

"So what's my surprise?"

"Oh!" Tara shifted in the bed and kissed her again. "I almost forgot! We're going to Australia!"

Keira trembled with excitement. "We are? When?"

"Right now! There's a little beach I want to show you there."

"A beach?"

"It's beautiful. Like you. It's warm and sunny and clean. And no one else will be there. Only you and me."

"Really?"

"Yes! I promise! Just the two of us!"

"Oh, god, Tara! I can't wait!"

"Just hold me, Keira. Hold me tighter. We'll go right now."

Keira held her as tight as she dared.

“That’s it. Are you ready?”

“Yes!”

“Keep your eyes closed, sweetheart. We’re on a path in the woods. The beach is just up ahead. Maybe a mile.”

Keira saw the woods. They were isolated and beautiful. “Like you,” she whispered.

Tara giggled again and kissed her. “Hold my hand.”

Keira did. They walked on, down the path through the woods, both of them feeling very happy. It was early afternoon and the sun was still high in the sky, and there were no people anywhere. Just her and Tara. And the beach ahead.

Soon they rounded a bend and Tara squeezed her hand very hard. “Look! The beach! Do you see it?”

Keira did. “Yes!”

“Oh, Keira! We’re going to have so much fun together!” She kissed Keira all over her face, making her laugh.

The sounds from the other room, her father and Tracy, the house itself, the homework she wasn’t doing, the town, the entire world was gone. There was only this beautiful beach and this clean sea and her and Tara. There was nothing else anywhere.

She clutched Tara, holding her even tighter and loving her more and more.

## Chapter 3

When Keira awoke the following morning, her spirit was crushed. It happened every morning, but that didn't make it any easier. She woke up alone in the wrong world, in a worn-out old bed with a sagging mattress in a shitty house with a shitty father and no mother or friends. She lay trembling for a moment, her mind scrambling to make sense of things. Life was shit and the world was shit; everything was shit. Pure, raging shit.

She squeezed her eyes shut and began to cry.

Then, abruptly, Tara was there. Right there in the bed with her. She rolled over and wrapped Keira up in her arms, kissing her.

“Keira! Don't cry!”

Keira felt the horror and misery of the world drop away around her. She held tight to Tara, burying her face in Tara's soft, dark, beautiful hair and breathing deeply, feeling almost as though she were being healed. “Thank you, Tara. Thank you, so much!”

“Thank you, honey. I lost you for a minute. I was so scared!”

“Me, too!”

“Thank god I got you back.”

“I missed you, Tara. Please don't ever leave me again.”

Tara stroked her hair, kissing her gently on the mouth. “I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. I would never do such a thing on purpose.”

Keira felt much better. “I know you wouldn't.”

“Just hold me, sweetheart. And I’ll hold you.”

“Okay.”

They held each other for a long time, and Keira felt herself slowly fill up with the happiness and adoration that Tara always brought to her. It filled her until she was brimming with it, and the world, though not hers, was manageable once again. Then, together, the two of them got up from the bed and headed into the bathroom to shower.

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In the kitchen, Keira managed to eat breakfast thanks to a package of English muffins she found on the counter. Her father must have bought them the previous day. She ate one and took another with her to have for lunch. She’d bring one for Tara, but she knew Tara would refuse it.

When she left for school her father was nowhere to be seen. Most likely he was passed out in bed. It didn’t matter; the important thing was that she didn’t have to deal with him. Keira let herself out the front door and began her walk to school, Tara holding her hand and walking beside her as usual.

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The school day was similar to all others. Keira sat quietly in one classroom after another. Her fellow students, which she considered her enemies, teased her and tormented her and made the same jokes they always did. It went virtually unnoticed by her, as it was such a routine part of things and because she was buffered from them by the constant companionship of Tara, who sat beside her in each of her classes, encouraging her and inspiring her and loving her.

The only difference on this day was during English class, her fifth period, when the teacher, Mrs. Fallio, set a folded slip of paper on her desk and told

her she'd been requested by Mr. Richards, the assistant principal.

Keira looked at her, despite not wanting to. "What for?" she asked.

"I don't know," Mrs. Fallio replied. "I just got the note before class. He asked that you come right to his office."

Nodding, Keira collected her books and stood up. There were several comments made as she crossed in front of the room to the door, but she didn't pay any attention to them. She never did. She was busy thinking about why the assistant principal would want to see her, and even busier thinking about a special surprise that Tara had promised her after school.

Mr. Richards had an office just down the hall, and she found it with no problem. The door was open and she stepped up to the threshold, looking in at him.

He was behind his cheap desk, talking on the phone. When he saw her he motioned for her to come in and close the door, which she did. He then hung up the phone and asked her to sit down, which she also did. Tara sat beside her, in secret, holding her hand and leaning into her.

"Thanks for coming, Keira," Mr. Richards said. He was about 45 years old and completely bald on top, a half-ring of dark hair circling the back of his head.

Keira nodded her head slightly. She had never been in this room before and didn't know why she was here now.

"I guess you're wondering why you're here," he guessed correctly. He smiled, showing off his perfect little white teeth.

Keira nodded again, wishing she were back in class. Tara squeezed her hand and leaned further into her, whispering in her ear. "This'll be over soon, honey. Just think about tonight. Wait until you see what I've got planned for us!" Keira had to struggle to resist smiling. Happiness crept into her and she leaned over, pressing against Tara and losing herself in Tara's sweet, feminine scent.

Mr. Richards shifted in his chair. His smile vanished as quickly as it had appeared. "Are you alright?"

Keira nodded yet again.

"Not very talkative, are you?"

Keira shook her head. She decided she didn't like Mr. Richards. He rubbed her the wrong way.

"Well, you're going to have to say something while you're in here. I've got some questions for you, and they can't all be answered by a shake or a nod of your head."

Keira nodded, trying not to laugh. Tara was nibbling her earlobe and blowing hot breath into her ear. She wanted very badly to turn her head and kiss Tara, but knew it would be unwise. She promised herself she'd kiss her as soon as they got out of here.

Mr. Richards sat back in his chair, folding his hands on his blotter. His office was small, with several bookshelves and filing cabinets against the walls. His one window showed only a bleak view of the parking lot. He drew in a deep breath and then expelled it noisily. "Keira, let me ask you something. Why do you think it is that you're required to come to school each day?"

Keira looked him in the eyes. She wasn't stupid and she resented being treated as such by intelligent adults. The other students were worthless pieces of shit and not worthy of her actions or reactions, but this Mr. Richards was different. He mattered in some small way. She licked her lips. "I come here because I feel obligated."

He seemed surprised by her response. "Obligated? You mean, you don't want to be here?"

"Do you?"

He almost laughed. "We're talking about you, Keira. Why is it you show up every day?"



She was confused by the question. “Are you saying you don’t want me to?”

“No, no. Not at all. I’m just trying to understand why I have a student with an absolutely perfect attendance record who pays little to no attention in any of her classes.”

“I pay attention.”

“You’ve got four teachers who say otherwise.”

She thought about this. Tara was poking her tongue into her ear and it was making her want to laugh. “I pass all my tests,” she said.

“You do. But you rarely turn in any homework.” He stared at her, waiting for a response. When he got none, he continued. “In other words, you’re a smart kid, but you’ve got a bad habit of blowing everything off. And ignoring everyone. One of your teachers tells me you don’t answer any questions in class, even when she calls on you. I won’t mention any names, but...”

Keira was trying to appear interested in the conversation, but the fact was, she wasn’t interested in it at all. She’d heard the same complaints from her teachers already and now apparently they were passing the buck to this assistant principal. She grew bored with it and began studying the patterns in the wood-grain of the desk. Tara saw what she was doing and laughed. “What do you see, honey?”

Smiling, Keira pointed out a kangaroo with two heads and very long tail.

“I see it!” Tara said. “It looks like he’s pushing a lawnmower, too!”

Keira saw that she was right and giggled quietly. She did her best to keep her happiness hidden, even though what Mr. Richards thought of her was of very little importance.

Tara wrapped an arm around her and pulled her into a half-embrace, kissing her on the forehead. “This reminds me of that time when you were getting reprimanded by the gym teacher. What was his name?”

Keira smiled, remembering. “Mr. Dunhill? Something like that.”

“Yes!” Tara agreed. “Dunghill! He went on and on and on. Do you remember what we did?”

Pleasant memories surfaced in her as she remembered. “We went to that little park by the shore. We sprawled down on the grass and you kissed me, over and over!”

“Yes!” Tara said. “It was so warm and sunny! Remember, we completely forgot that it was January. And you --”

“Keira?”

She looked up and saw that Mr. Richards was staring at her, a scowl on his face. “What?”

His scowl grew more pronounced. “You weren’t even paying attention to me, were you?”

She nodded. “Yes. I just --”

“You tuned me out. This is exactly why I called you in here. You can’t do this. Just showing up every day isn’t enough to get a diploma. You can’t sit there in class all day, ignoring everything and everyone around you and expect...”

Keira tuned out again. It was easy, and no one could stop her. When you were trapped in the wrong world you could get away with a lot, because the consequences of your actions weren’t the least bit important. Those who judged you weren’t important. Nothing was important.

“I’m sorry,” Keira said to Tara. “What were you saying?”

Tara kissed her on the jaw and continued. “I was just saying... it was so cold out that day, and there we were in the park, with the sun shining and the warmth all around us. And everyone else was just gone! Remember? And you let me hold you all afternoon, just you and me, rolling around in the tall grass. It was wonderful!”

Keira remembered, and it was wonderful. “I wish we were there right now.”

Tara smiled at her and squeezed her shoulder. “Me too. What do you say we go, sweetheart?”

Sighing happily, Keira nodded. She turned her head and gave Tara a kiss, not caring if Mr. Richards saw or not. Then they were there, in the park. Everything was just the same as she remembered. It was a warm, sunny day and the clouds were big and white and fluffy like wads of airborne cotton candy. The grass was long and green and soft, and she and Tara strolled across it until they reached the shade of a willow tree. It was still very warm in the shade, and they decided to sit down there and relax. Tara slipped an arm around her and they leaned back, lying down together and sharing a sweet kiss.

“We’ll just stay here for an hour or so,” Tara said.

“Maybe a few,” Keira answered. “I’m in no rush to leave.”

“Well, then. Maybe we’ll stay all day.” Tara laughed and kissed her again.

They rolled around in the soft, fragrant grass, giggling. “Maybe we’ll stay forever!”

“Keira!”

Keira looked up. Worlds crashed and her reality shifted unpleasantly. The big ugly head of Mr. Richards was staring at her, his eyebrows knitted in distress.

“Have you listened to a single word I’ve said?”

She smiled absently. Tara was pulling at her. She’d left her all alone in the park. She wanted to get back quickly.

“I think I’m going to take the advice of Mrs. McReynolds,” Mr. Richards said. “And have you scheduled to see a psychiatrist. What do you think about that, Keira?” He leaned forward, staring at her intensely, trying to ensure she didn’t slip away again.

She swallowed with an audible click. “That’s fine.” She didn’t care. She just wanted this to be over with.

“You have no reservations about seeing a psychiatrist?”

“No.”

He nodded, seemingly pleased with the answer. “Good. There’s one we use, on occasion. She’s very good. I think you’ll like her, and I think she might do you some good.”

Keira shrugged.

“I’ll just need to process some paperwork and set up the initial appointment. And, I’d like your father to approve it, even though you’re eighteen.”

Keira smirked. “Good luck with that.”

Mr. Richards lifted his chin, gazing at her quizzically. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

She shrugged again. “Nothing. I’m sure he’ll do anything he can to help.”

He nodded. “Alright. It sounds like a plan. Why don’t you go on back to class now, and please, try a little harder to pay attention...”

Keira drifted away again. She felt terrible about leaving Tara alone in the park. Luckily, Tara wasn’t the least bit upset. In fact, she was thrilled when Keira rejoined her.

Keira sat down beside her. “I’m so sorry!”

“Don’t be sorry, honey. Those dickheads have to be dealt with. I know that.”

“Still...”

Tara giggled and wrapped her arms around Keira, pulling her down onto the grass and kissing her. “I’m just glad you’re back! I missed you so much!”

Love flooded through her and she laughed, kissing Tara's neck. Everything was good again. They rolled on the grass and held each other, the warm sun beating down on them.

As Keira made her way down the hallway and returned to her classroom, she smiled, the filthy little school and everyone in it not a part of her real world at all.

## Chapter 4

That day when Keira got home, her father was still awake but he was exceedingly drunk. He looked a mess in his shorts and dirty t-shirt, sprawled on the couch with the neck of an almost empty vodka bottle clenched in one fist. His hair was matted and he hadn't shaved in at least a couple of days. He was also alone.

"Well look who it is," he slurred.

Keira walked through the room quickly, holding tight to Tara's hand.

"Hey, I'm talking to you."

She paused near the kitchen doorway. Sometimes he had to be dealt with.

"What's this shit about a psychologist?"

"Psychiatrist," she corrected.

"Whatever. What the fuck is this?"

She shrugged, not looking at him. "I don't know. The school suggested it."

"Well, why didn't you un-suggest it?"

"I tried," she lied, not caring.

"You obviously didn't try hard enough. I don't want you going to any fucking psychologist."

"So I won't go. I don't want to anyway."

He thought about this in silence for a moment. "Why did they ask in the first place?"

She looked at him. His eyes were red and glassy. A couple more drinks and he'd be unconscious. "I don't know. With your parenting skills, it must seem almost insulting."

He glared at her. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

She had to be careful not to upset him too much. He had the potential to become violent. "It means I'm not sure. I guess the assistant principal is just stupid."

He grunted. "You got that right. He talks like a fucking ivy-league prick."

"He is."

"Well, what the fuck. I don't like it." He took a drink from his bottle, vodka dribbling down his chin. "I don't want you going to any fucking shrink."

"Alright." She looked away, stepping into the kitchen.

Tara pulled her into a tight embrace right away, kissing her head and easing the discomforts brought upon her by having to speak with her father. Keira hugged her back, letting the misery melt away and finding herself again in the place she belonged.

"Thank you, Tara."

"You're welcome." Tara kissed her again. "Why don't we find you something to eat and get to our room? I don't like it here, so close to him."

"Me either." Keira stepped away from her briefly and took a quick inventory of the kitchen. There didn't seem to be much in the way of potential dinners. She opened a cabinet, and then another, looking for something she could eat. There were a variety of spices and seasonings, but nothing to use them on.

"Maybe the refrigerator," Tara said.

"Good idea." Keira shut the cabinets and opened the refrigerator. There was very little inside. A few cans of beer and some mustard, ketchup and salad dressing. She closed it, disheartened.

“Well,” Tara said. “There’s always the emergency stash.”

Keira nodded. “That’ll work. It’s getting low, but there’s still some there.”

Tara put an arm around her as she found a glass and filled it from the sink. “It’ll be okay. Soon we’re going to be far away from here. Wait until you see where I’m taking you tonight!”

Keira laughed, happiness washing over her again at Tara’s words. “I can’t wait!”

“You won’t have to. It’s almost time. Let’s get going!”

Shutting off the faucet, Keira carried her water across the kitchen, feeling almost giddy at the prospects of spending the rest of the day with her best friend, uninterrupted. She held onto Tara’s hand very tightly as she crossed into the living room, hoping her father wouldn’t look up or say anything else.

He did. “Nothing for dinner. Sorry.”

“It’s okay,” Keira muttered. She kept walking.

“Tomorrow for sure. Tracy’ll be over.”

Keira had almost reached her door.

“Hey! Come back here! I’m talking to you!”

“Forget it,” Tara warned. “Just go in. Lock the door.”

Keira thought fast. If her father came after her, it could be very bad. “I don’t know,” she said. “Maybe I’d better just see what he wants.”

Tara sighed. “Maybe. You decide.”

“I don’t want him breaking down my door, that’s for sure.”

“You’re right, honey.” Tara kissed her. “Better see what he wants.”



“Keira!”

Turning around, she headed back down the hall.

Her father was sitting in the same spot, the bottle still in his hand. “Don’t walk away when I’m talking to you. It pisses me off.”

“Sorry.”

“No you’re not.” He stared at her for a moment, his features softening. He patted the couch beside him. “Why don’t you come sit with your old man for a little while. Don’t you get sick of being shut up in that room all the time?”

“Don’t do it!” Tara warned.

Keira didn’t need to be told. Her father did this from time to time. “I have a lot of homework,” she said. “I really need to get started.”

“You’ve got time to sit with me for a little while. Come on.” He patted the couch again as if that made the prospect more appealing.

She shook her head, squeezing Tara’s hand. “I can’t. I have a big test tomorrow.”

He frowned, absentmindedly slipping a hand into his shorts. He lifted his bottle and took another drink. There wasn’t much left. “Come on. Just for a few minutes. You never sit with your dad anymore.”

Her skin beginning to crawl, Keira shuddered with revulsion. “Maybe tomorrow. I really need to get this done.” She stood still for a moment, waiting to see if he would let it go. He’d never taken it beyond this point before, and she knew she had Tracy to thank for that. Without her in the picture, Keira might have been in serious trouble by now.

He grabbed himself inside his shorts, staring at her. “Just a few minutes. I just wanna talk.”

“Maybe I’ll mention this to the psychiatrist,” she warned.

The hand froze. He glared at her. “Fuck the psychiatrist.”

“I have a lot of homework. I’d better get started.”

Lifting the bottle, he took another drink, draining it. He held it up for a moment, getting every drop he could and then tossed it onto the far end of the couch. He stared at her again, his eyes barely focused. “Cunt.”

Keira flinched. “What?”

“Go. Go do your fucking homework.”

“Thank you.” She turned and quickly walked down the hall.

“Cunt!” he called after her.

She made it to her room and closed the door, locking it. She held her hand over the lock for a moment, afraid if she let it go it would spring open and he’d come barging in.

Tara put an arm around her. “It’s okay, sweetheart. He’s not coming.”

Keira was shaking, fear and disgust coursing through her. “I hope not.”

“He’s not,” she insisted. “He’ll be asleep any minute. He couldn’t even keep his eyes open.”

“You’re right,” Keira said, but she wondered.

Tara pulled her into a secure hug, leading her away from the door. “Come on. We’re safe. He’s not coming in here.”

Keira allowed herself to be lead across the bedroom as she held on to Tara with both arms, her head buried in the hollow of Tara’s neck. She felt on the verge of tears, but then Tara twisted in her arms and began kissing her all over the face. It felt so good that she forgot about the tears.

“I love you,” Tara said.

Keira smiled, her heart swelling. “I love you too, Tara.”

“We’re safe in here. That’s a promise.”

“Thank you.”

Tara smiled and kissed her on the mouth. The kiss lingered and Keira felt her knees go weak with love and adoration.

“I won’t let anything bad happen to you, Keira. Ever.”

They held each other and little by little Keira’s shaking subsided. She felt almost reborn, safe in the arms of Tara.

“I love you so much, Tara. What would I ever do without you?”

“You’ll never be without me, silly.”

Keira giggled. Everything was okay again.

“Now what about your dinner?”

“What about it?”

“Shall we tap into the emergency stash?”

Keira nodded. “I suppose we’ll have to.” She released Tara, very hesitantly, and made her way over to the closet. Inside, up on the top shelf, was a cardboard box. She reached up and brought it down, setting it on the desk.

“Look at the bright side,” Tara said. “It’s probably healthier than pizza anyway.”

Smiling, Keira opened the box, revealing several cans of beans, a can opener and a fork. She reached in and took out the fork and the opener, and then selected a can of pinto beans.

“Good choice,” Tara said.

“Thanks.”

“We’ll have to restock it soon. Maybe even this week.”

“Okay.” Keira used the opener and slowly removed the lid from the can, setting it aside.

“My god,” said Tara.

Keira looked over at her, startled. “What?”

Tara smiled. She reached out a hand and ran her fingers through Keira’s hair. “You’re so beautiful. Sometimes it slips my mind and then when I see you in a certain light, it takes me by surprise.”

Keira’s lips trembled. The love she felt for Tara was boundless. “Thank you. You’re beautiful, too!”

“I’m so lucky to have you, Keira.”

Keira beamed. “I feel the same way.”

Tara kissed her cheek. “Come on. Eat up. As soon as you’re done we can leave here, and we don’t have to come back until morning!”

The happiness building within her, Keira smiled and dug her fork into the can of beans.

## Chapter 5

It was almost a week later when Keira arrived for her first appointment with the school-appointed psychiatrist. She walked to the office on a Wednesday after school, Tara by her side. There was a short wait in the reception area, and then she was called into a well-decorated office where she met Dr. Jennings.

“You can call me Leyla,” Dr. Jennings assured her. She was a tall, very attractive woman in her early 30’s. Her long dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail. She was dressed in dark business clothes, a matching jacket and skirt, her long shapely legs sheathed in nylons. On her feet were glossy black heels. She extended her hand to Keira.

Keira shook it, stepping further into the room. She was a little intimidated by Leyla’s beauty, but the doctor gave off an aura of kindness, and Keira was very good at picking up on such things. So was Tara, and Tara seemed to be quite relaxed with the entire situation. She stood directly at Keira’s side, holding her left hand and squeezing it gently to remind her that she was there and that she loved her.

“It’s nice to meet you, Keira. Please, have a seat.” She motioned to a dark leather couch, which was also sort of a lounge chair. The entire room was dim, all the furniture dark and appearing to be very expensive.

Keira stepped over to the big leather chair and sat down.

“You can turn sideways and lean back, put your feet up if you’d like,” Leyla offered.

Keira tried it. It was very comfortable, but she was embarrassed by the sight of her dilapidated sneakers, which were a sharp contrast to the quality and cleanliness of the furniture. She tried not to think about it as she settled back, Tara sitting with her and encircling an arm around her shoulders.

“How’s that? Comfy?”

Keira nodded. The whole atmosphere of the office was comfortable and peaceful, and she found herself feeling almost at home here. As if she really belonged somehow. It was not something she’d expected.

Doctor Jennings, Leyla, sat on a soft black leather chair off to one side and picked up a clipboard and a pen from a desk nearby. She didn’t sit at the desk, but alongside it. She crossed her legs and adjusted her skirt, smiling at Keira.

“So, Keira, first of all, I’d like to get to know you a little. I’m sure you know why you were asked to come here, and I’m sure you know that it’s my job to try and help you through whatever problems you might be having, but I’d like to put all that aside for the time being and just chat a little. No pressure, you know? Just a friendly little talk so we’re not such strangers to each other. Okay?”

Tara turned her head and kissed Keira on the cheek. “I think she’s nice. Maybe you could really talk to her.”

Keira looked at her, surprised. “Seriously? What’s the point?”

Giggling, Tara ruffled her hair. “There doesn’t have to be one, does there?”

“There should be. If I’m going to talk to her, there almost has to be.”

Tara chewed her lip thoughtfully. “They’re going to keep asking you to come back until you talk to her, so you might as well get it over with. Besides, like I said, she seems very nice. Not like... most people.”

Keira sighed. She wasn’t sure about any of this.

“Keira?” Leyla asked. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” she said.

Leyla smiled again. Her smile was very sad, Keira noticed, and she couldn’t help but realize that Leyla herself was very sad. She was trying to hide it, but

Keira could feel it coming off her in waves. “Good. I’m glad. Why don’t you start by telling me how you’re feeling right now. Right at this very minute. Be honest, because if there’s anything you don’t like about any of this, I can try and change it for you.”

Keira shrugged. “I... I guess I don’t really mind being here.”

“That’s good to hear. It is kind of nice, isn’t it?”

Taking a deep breath, Keira glanced around the dim room. She felt very comfortable lying in the fancy chair with Tara’s arm around her and this nice woman speaking kindly to her. She was still a little bit tempted to ask Tara to take her somewhere else, but it didn’t seem as important as it normally would have. “It is. I like it.”

“Good! That really helps. Now why don’t you tell me how you feel, Keira? Anything you want to say, just say it.”

Keira had to think about it first. She wasn’t used to talking at length to strangers, unless perhaps she was arguing with them. And even then it was rare. “I feel okay.”

Leyla nodded. “Go on.”

She didn’t have much to add to that. She shrugged. “I feel fine.”

Smiling, Leyla shifted in her chair and leaned back. “Okay. I’m glad you feel fine. Now...” She looked Keira in the eyes, very directly. “If there was anything in the whole world you could talk to me about... anything at all... and remember, I mean *anything*!... and if you knew that it would never go beyond these four walls, because it won’t... that’s a promise... what would you like to talk about, Keira? This is for you now.” As if to emphasize her point, Leyla set her pad and pen down on the desk and clasped her hands together, resting them on her knee.

Keira thought some more. Was there something she wanted to talk to someone about? She did all her talking to Tara, and Tara was all she ever needed.

“Maybe she wants you to talk to her about me,” Tara suggested.

“I won’t be doing that,” Keira answered. “There’s no reason for it. You’re all mine.”

Tara smiled and kissed her, making her giggle.

“Something funny?” Leyla asked.

“No. I just... I’m trying to think of something to talk to you about.”

“Anything at all, Keira. You shouldn’t even have to think about it. What’s on your mind?”

She looked closely at Doctor Jennings. Then, feeling uncomfortable suddenly, she looked back at her sneakers. “I don’t know. I guess...”

“Yes?”

“I guess I’m wondering what it is I’m supposed to accomplish by coming here. Why the school sent me.”

“Well, of course I was planning on getting to that. But I was hoping we’d have the chance to talk a little bit about something else.” She waved her hands theatrically. “Anything else. Anything you want.”

“I guess... that’s probably what we should talk about.”

Leyla nodded, uncrossing her legs and then recrossing them in the opposite direction. “Okay. If that’s what you want.” She sighed, seemingly disappointed. “Some of your teachers are concerned that you don’t appear to be paying any attention in class, and that you have a tendency to ignore them, even when they’re speaking directly to you. Does that sound like a familiar complaint?”

“Yes.”

“Is there any truth to it?”



Keira sighed. “Yes.”

“Would you care to elaborate on that? I mean, you seem to be paying attention to me just fine. You don’t seem very talkative, but I certainly don’t get the impression you’re ignoring me.”

“No,” she agreed. She swallowed nervously. How should she handle this? She couldn’t tell the truth, not all of it. It wouldn’t be jeopardizing Tara, but it would still feel like she was betraying her somehow. Even if Tara approved of it, she wouldn’t do it. She had to work around it somehow.

“Keira?”

She looked up. “Sometimes at school, when I’m in class...” She pursed her lips, thinking it over. Maybe telling some of the truth would be good. Some of it, but not all of it. She’d keep Tara out of it entirely. “A lot of people like to make fun of me. Most of them. Almost all of them.”

Leyla sat up straighter in her chair. She was listening very closely. Her patient was speaking now. “Yes?”

“Yes. And so I... I ignore them. I... concentrate on other things. So I won’t have to hear their shitty remarks”

“What kinds of remarks are you talking about?”

“Shitty ones. They think I’m stupid because I ignore them.”

“And you ignore them because...?”

“Because I don’t like them.”

“Okay. And do you think they know you don’t like them?”

Keira smiled coldly. “It wouldn’t be hard for them to pick up on.”

The air in the room seemed to change. Leyla glanced at her pad and pen but did not make a move to pick them up. “Would you like them better if they stopped making fun of you?”

“I doubt it. We’re not...” She took a very deep breath and let it out slowly. “I don’t know if it’s a good idea to be talking about this.”

“It is a good idea. It’s why you’re here.”

She nodded. “Alright. If you say so. Although I’m not sure that’s accurate.”

“Please, Keira. At least try. Would you like them better if they stopped making fun of you?”

“I’ll never like them, no matter what.”

“Why?”

“Because...” Suddenly Keira seemed on the verge of tears. “Because...”

“Because why, Keira?”

“Because I’m not even supposed to *be* here!”

At first, Leyla thought Keira was talking about her office. She quickly realized she was wrong about that. “You’re not supposed to be where?”

“Here,” Keira said loudly, waving her arms. “In this stupid world.” She felt like she was going to start crying, but then Tara was wrapping her in her arms and holding her, stroking her hair and kissing her. She held onto Tara and breathed deeply, inhaling the beautiful scent of her.

Leyla frowned, uncertain. “Why would you think that? Did someone tell you that?”

Keira smiled bitterly. “They didn’t have to. I knew it from day one. I’ve always been out of place here.”

Leyla licked her lips. “A lot of people feel that way...”

“No. Not like this. I know for a fact I’m in the wrong place. I’m not saying it’s anyone’s fault. There are a lot of worlds, you know,” she said matter-of-factly. “And mistakes get made. Somehow I ended up coming here, when I

wasn't supposed to. Now I'm stuck here, until I die, with all these..." She waved her hands again, being careful not to hit Tara. "...absurd people. And it hurts."

"Keira..."

Keira wasn't done. "Knowing I can never go home again. Not really. Not while I'm still alive. And if I die, who's to say I won't end up in some other shitty world where I don't belong and start the whole thing all over again?" Tears began to well in her eyes.

"Keira, I'm not sure --"

"I can go, though. For short periods of time. To other places. And I do. I have to. To get away from *them*. I do it a lot. It's the only thing I *can* do, to keep from slitting my wrists. Because that's what this world is to me. It's nothing but a place to escape from. And someday I will. Nothing anywhere can stop me from that. Someday I *will* get away. And I'll eventually find my way home." The tears spilled down her face as she thought of Tara and how they would be together, really together in that other world, the one she truly belonged in.

Leyla glanced again at her pad and pen, but decided it was too late. She reached to the desk anyway and took a box of tissues from it, getting up and crossing over to the couch. She held it out, offering it to Keira.

"Keira, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get you so worked up."

Taking a tissue, Keira wiped the tears from her face. She sniffed, her nostrils now filled with moisture. "It's okay. It's not your fault." She looked at Doctor Jennings. "You know, I never told anyone all this before."

Leyla reached out and ran her fingers through Keira's hair, smiling warmly at her. It had a profound effect on Keira. No one had ever done that to her before, besides Tara. "Well, I'm glad you told me. This is all very important."

"I don't know about that."

“What do you mean?” Leyla stepped back to her chair, setting the box back on her desk and taking a seat.

“I mean, it’s not really that important.” She leaned into Tara, holding her close. Tara had both her arms around Keira, keeping her calm and feeling protected.

“How can you say that? You don’t think it’s important that you believe you exist on the wrong planet? With people you consider aliens?”

“Oh, god. That’s not what I said. I said I’m in the wrong world, not on the wrong planet. I don’t belong on *any* planet, not the ones they talk about in school.”

“But...”

“And the only alien around here is me. *I’m* the alien. Everyone else is home. I’m stuck here against my will, and there’s nothing I can do about it. Like a fucking... like a fucking monkey in a cage at the zoo. Everybody laughs at it and points at it and there’s nothing the monkey can do. Why is it in that cage? How does it get out? Where is its real home? What the hell happened?”

“Keira, do you really believe these things you’re saying? Do you really honestly believe that you’re not a human being and that you --”

“I *am* a human being. That’s part of the problem. I’m not *supposed* to be.” She raised her hands and studied them. “I’m this fucking *thing*. I look like everyone else around here. But it’s a mistake. It’s a *mistake*. I don’t belong here. I’m not one of them.”

Doctor Jennings had a lot of patients and she’d seen a lot of disorders, but this was all a little bit of a twist to her. And yet there was something almost familiar about it. She couldn’t quite put her finger on it. “Keira, if you really believe that you’re here by mistake, why didn’t you try to explain all this to someone before now?”

“What’s the point? There’s nothing that can be done. And besides, who would I tell? Who would care? Who would even pretend to care?”

“I care.”

Keira smiled at her. “I know.”

Leyla smiled back, feeling suddenly very nervous. “You do?”

“Yes.” Keira licked her lips. “At least, I get the impression that you do. That’s why I’m telling you all this. But there’s something I don’t think you realize.” Tara gripped her hand, squeezing it.

Leyla was still smiling, but it no longer felt appropriate. “And what is that, Keira?”

Keira was staring at her. “The *reason* you seem to care. I never met anyone like you before. I have a sort of... *awareness* about these things.”

Leyla nodded her head. She was leaning forward in her chair. “And what is the reason, Keira?”

“You’re not one of them either.”

“I’m not?”

“You’re like me.”

## Chapter 6

The room was very quiet. Leyla and Keira sat staring at each other for a moment as Keira's words sank in, time seeming almost to stand still. Then, against her will, Leyla looked away first. She felt almost exposed, even though she wasn't entirely sure what Keira was talking about.

"Keira..." She looked back at her new patient. "I'm honored that you opened up to me. I think that it's very important for you that you have. But I'm not sure..."

"I think you know what I mean," Keira interrupted.

"I know what you're *implying*," Leyla corrected. "But, Keira, you need to understand that it's actually not all that uncommon for someone to feel that they don't belong. To not fit in. In fact, a *lot* of people feel that way off and on."

"This isn't off and on. And this isn't just a feeling." It actually felt kind of good to be talking to Leyla about these things. Keira found herself glad she'd come. "I know for a fact that I'm here by mistake. But, like I said, it's all temporary. I just have to wait it out. I'm eternal, and eventually we'll be home."

"We?"

Keira swallowed, realizing her error. She squeezed Tara's hand in apology. "Me. Sorry. Eventually I'll be home."

Leyla nodded. "And you think I'm in the same boat as you..."

"Not the same boat. I don't mean that. I just mean, I get a very strong sense that you're one of the few... people... for lack of a better word... like me... who really don't belong here. I don't mean you're necessarily the same as

me, because I actually don't think you are. But you're not one of them, either. We're both here by mistake, is my point. We have that in common. You must know what I'm talking about, even if you want to pretend you don't."

Leyla feigned a smile. Her heart was racing.

Keira smiled back. "Why did you become a psychiatrist, anyway?"

"I'm not sure that's something we ought to be discussing here."

"Maybe it is. You're trying to help me, and I appreciate it. But I don't think there's anything you can really do to help me. So maybe I can help you, instead."

Leyla's smile became genuine. She laughed softly. "Keira..."

"You became a psychiatrist so that you could try and figure yourself out, didn't you? Because you knew there was something different about you..."

"Keira..."

"Why are you so sad? Did someone hurt you?"

Leyla froze. She was dumbstruck by Keira's insight. How could she possibly know? She slowly got hold of herself. "Keira..."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

"You didn't upset me. I just..." She was at a loss for words. "I'm not sure..."

"I only want to try and help. You're the first person I ever..." She looked away and shrugged. "I like you."

Leyla felt a surge of warmth go through her. "I like you too, Keira." She tried to compose herself with a deep breath. "I'm just..." She laughed nervously. "I admit, you've got me a little curious all of a sudden. Some of the things you've said are very interesting. But we're really not supposed to be discussing *me* here."

“We can if you’d like.”

“Oh, yeah?” Her smile grew wider.

“Sure. Would you like to switch seats?”

Leyla laughed, the first time she’d even laughed out loud with a patient. “I don’t think so.”

“I won’t tell if you won’t.” She smiled, feeling very good. Tara was resting her head on Keira’s breast, smiling happily and enjoying every word.

“Thanks for the offer. But I think we really need to try and work out your... issues at school.”

“Alright.” Keira hid her disappointment well.

Leyla leaned back, attempting to focus once again on the task at hand. She felt as though she’d been carried off track. “To do that, I think we should actually go back a little further. To your parents.”

Keira tensed up. “My parents?”

“Yes. I’m wondering why you never went to either of them with all of this. And by being your parents, wouldn’t they, also, be... I’m not sure how to put it... wouldn’t they be here by mistake, too?”

Keira shifted uncomfortably on the chair. “No. Me being here by mistake has nothing to do with my parents. They had no control over it, any more than any parent has control over such a thing.”

“Did you ever bring this up with them?”

“No. I...” She looked down at her hands. “I couldn’t.”

“Why not?”

Keira was silent for a moment. She was staring at her hands. “My mother... she’s been gone for a long time. I never even got to know her very well.”



“I’m sorry, Keira. I had no idea.”

Keira shrugged. “It’s okay. You couldn’t know.”

“No. But still...”

“It’s okay. Anyway, my father is a rotten shit. I don’t tell him anything unless I absolutely have to.”

Leyla finally reached over and grabbed her clipboard and pen, making a few quick notes. She tried to maintain as much eye contact with Keira as possible while she did. “But you live with your father, correct?”

“Yes.”

“And the two of you don’t get along?”

“I hate him.”

“I see. And why is that?”

Keira sighed. Tara lifted her head and smirked at her, waiting to hear what she was going to say. Keira smirked back and then turned to Leyla, her smirk transforming into a sad smile. “He deserves to be hated. He’s disgusting.”

Leyla waited for more, the pen poised in her hand. “How so?”

Her smile disappeared altogether. “I’d rather not go into it.”

“Okay. We don’t have to. I was just trying to get a better idea --”

“He’s basically just pointless. I mean, most people are. But most people at least have some type of goal or purpose, no matter how ridiculous. My father just likes to stay drunk. He hardly even leaves the couch. And when he’s drunk, sometimes he...”

Leyla waited for her to finish. When she didn’t, she lifted her chin. “Yes?”

Keira looked suddenly depressed. “I don’t want to talk about him now.”

“I’m sorry.” Leyla was silent for a minute. “So you don’t feel you can talk to your father about any of this?”

“I know I can’t. And I wouldn’t want to even if I could.”

“Why not?”

“Because he’s one of them. In fact, he’s worse. Even if he understood, he wouldn’t care.”

“But you never really *tried* to tell him?”

“No, and I never will. I don’t want to tell anyone. It couldn’t possibly do any good.”

“But you’re telling me.”

Keira smiled, squeezing Tara’s hand. “Yes.”

“Because... I’m different.”

“Yes. Much different.”

“And because you like me.”

Keira nodded. “I do.”

Leyla scribbled something on her pad, but it was just a scribble. Her mind was very busy. “I’m wondering... I know you already said that I’m an... outsider, too... and let’s just say that’s true... but what else is it about me that causes you to feel as though you can... put faith in me?”

Keira thought for a moment. It was a good question. “I’m not sure. I just have a way of...” She shrugged. “A *feel* for things. And I can just tell... you’re kind of on my wavelength. It’s a very obscure wavelength. I’ve never met anyone else before who was even close.”

Leyla wrote something “I see.” She looked very intently at Keira. “And so that’s sufficient for you to be able to open up to me about all this?”

“Well, that and the fact that you asked. No one else ever has. Most people just ignore me or make fun of me, one or the other.”

Leyla looked at Keira sadly. “I’m sorry to hear that. What about boyfriends?”

“What about them?”

“Do you have one?”

“No.”

“Have you ever?”

“No.”

“Why is that?”

“I don’t know. I don’t want one.”

“There are no boys at school that you... have an interest in?”

Keira’s expression changed to one of profound distaste. She stared at her sneakers. “I’m not interested in having a boyfriend. I’m not interested in people in general, and boys in particular.” She glanced up at Leyla. “As with my father, I find them disgusting.”

Leyla tried to conceal her smile, but it forced its way onto her face. She bit her lip in order to disguise it.

“What a pretty little smile she has!” said Tara. “When she smiles genuinely, she reminds me of you. She doesn’t want you to see it.”

“I see it,” Keira responded happily. “And you’re right. It’s very pretty.”

“*She’s* very pretty. And so nice. I wish she’d come over here and kiss you.”

“Tara!”

“Well, I do!”

Keira was now trying to conceal a smile of her own, burying her face in Tara's hair. "She's not going to kiss me! And besides, why would I want her to? I have *you*! And I *love* you!"

"I love you too, Keira. But sometimes I wish --"

"What exactly is it you find disgusting about them?" Leyla asked.

Keira looked over at her, taking a deep breath. It was hard having two conversations at the same time. "They're just... I don't like them." She frowned. "I just plain don't like them."

"None of them?"

"No."

Leyla smiled again. "They can't *all* be disgusting."

Keira thought about it. "Of course they can. Do *you* like them?"

Leyla's smile faltered. "We're not really talking about me."

"I wish we were."

The smile was back. It was even in her eyes. "You really are an intriguing individual, Keira. There's no doubt about it."

"Thank you."

"You almost remind me..." Her voice trailed off and she became quiet, her eyes looking into the past.

"Who? Who do I remind you of?"

Leyla shook her head. "It's not important."

"I remind you of yourself, don't I?"

"Keira..."

“Please? You can talk to me.”

Leyla took a deep breath, composing herself. “You know, I almost wish that I could.”

“You *can*!”

“I can’t. There are... certain rules.”

“Fuck the rules. Rules are for *them*.”

Leyla laughed again. “I wish I could!”

“You can.”

“I can also lose my license.”

Keira sat up on the couch. “Who would ever know? I’m certainly not going to tell anyone.”

The look on Leyla’s face told Keira she was almost considering it. “It’s very tempting, Keira... It really is. But I think we’ll stick to procedure. At least for now.”

Keira nodded. She was again disappointed, but she appreciated that Leyla had thought to add those last four words. They spent the next twenty minutes discussing Keira’s schoolwork and her relationship with her teachers, which was almost nonexistent. The conversation became very mundane to her and she was tempted to slip away with Tara, but she managed to restrain herself. It was really quite refreshing to talk to Leyla, even about such trivial matters as school; and she knew that eventually they’d get around to discussing more interesting topics, such as Leyla herself.

When Leyla looked up at the clock and announced that their time was up for the week, it took Keira by surprise. She didn’t realize she’d been there so long.

“Will I be able to come back?”

“Of course! Every Wednesday. At least until I feel you’ve made enough progress.”

Keira frowned. “That may never happen.”

Leyla waved her arms. “Well, then you can keep on coming back forever.”

Keira smiled politely. She didn’t want to leave. To have to go home and deal with her father after such a pleasant afternoon seemed somehow unfair. “I’m already looking forward to coming back.”

Leyla stood up. “Believe it or not, I’m looking forward to it, too.”

It was a nice thing to say, and Keira felt a deep sadness wash over her. She was going to miss Leyla. She didn’t want to have to wait a whole week to see her again. “Is there any way I could come twice a week?”

Leyla laughed. “No.” She produced a business card. “But you can call me, if you feel the need.” She extended her hand, requiring Keira to rise from the couch in order to reach it.

When Keira had the card she glanced down at it, loving the look and feel of it. She would keep it safe; she would treasure it. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” They stood looking at each other for a moment. Leyla smiled warmly. “It was very, very, *very* nice to meet you, Keira.”

Now that they were both standing, Keira felt slightly uncomfortable. It had a lot to do with her shabby appearance next to that of Leyla’s glamor. “It was really nice meeting you, too. Maybe next time we can... talk some more about... other things.”

Leyla nodded. “We can. I’d like to start out by letting you talk about anything you want. But I still need to work on the reason you’re here, too. Maybe it will all merge. Usually it does.”

“Okay.”

“Are you going to be okay going home, Keira? After hearing about your

father, I'm a little concerned."

"I'll be okay. I'm used to it."

"Still... keep my card handy. If you need to talk, feel free to call me. I mean that."

Keira wanted to cry. She didn't want to leave Leyla. "Alright."

Leyla reached out again, this time to initiate a handshake.

Her emotions roiling, Keira held out her own hand and gripped Leyla's. It was very soft and warm and it made her feel happy and sad at the same time.

"I'll see you next week, Keira. Take care."

"Hug her!" Tara said. "Just do it!"

Without even thinking about it, Keira stepped forward and wrapped her other arm around Leyla's waist, pressing herself up against her. They were almost the exact same height, and Keira's ear touched against Leyla's. The subtle scent of her perfume and shampoo made Keira almost dizzy.

Leyla was taken aback, but she recovered quickly and smiled, letting go of Keira's hand and embracing her gently. Keira's other arm circled her and they stood that way for several moments, holding each other in the dim room. Keira felt the sadness pouring out of Leyla very clearly. She was hurting badly inside. Then, suddenly, Leyla pulled away.

"Okay, Keira. I've got another patient I've got to see."

Keira looked up at her, tears running down her cheeks. "I'm sorry."

Reaching out again, Leyla brushed the tears away with the back of one hand. "Oh, Keira. Are you sure you're going to be okay?"

She nodded sadly. Tara was holding her hand now, keeping her composed. "I'm okay. I just... I didn't plan on liking you. Now I'm going to miss you."

Leyla smiled. “It’ll be Wednesday again before you know it. Soon you’ll be sick of me.”

“Never.”

Placing one hand on Keira’s shoulder, Leyla led her toward the door. “I wish we had more time, Keira. I really do.”

“So do I.”

“I really meant what I said about calling me, too. Any time, day or night. If I don’t answer, leave a message.”

Keira took a deep breath, nodding. “Okay.” She looked at Leyla once again. “You take care of yourself, too.”

“Thank you. I will.”

“I hope you feel better. I don’t like it that you’re so sad. You don’t deserve to be.”

Leyla’s heart began racing again. She tried to smile. “Okay, Keira.”

Leyla opened the door.

Keira and Tara walked through it, their hands clasped tightly together.



## Chapter 7

The next few days were spent almost entirely absent from the conventional world. After the short hour spent with Leyla, Keira was not able to maintain any semblance of normalcy around other human beings, and she gave up the pretense of even pretending. They seemed to her even more disgusting and repulsive than ever. And to think about Leyla hurt too much, so she focused solely on Tara, the two of them off on one escapade after another.

It was on Saturday afternoon, when Keira was especially hungry after not eating for over 30 hours, when things took a turn for the worse. Her and Tara had spent the day locked in her room, lying in bed and sunning themselves on a deserted tropical island at the same time. Keira's stomach was growling audibly and it was getting harder for her to ignore.

"Let's take a quick look in the kitchen," Tara suggested. "I know there won't be much, but maybe we missed something the last time we checked."

Keira sighed, her arm around Tara as they stared up at the ceiling. "I don't know. Don't you think we should wait a bit longer?"

There had been a lot of noise coming from the rest of the house throughout the afternoon. First it was a long, vicious argument between her father and Tracy, an argument that escalated into what sounded like physical violence. The constant screaming back and forth had ended when the smashing of glass had begun. Then it was just Tracy screaming, accompanied by loud crashing noises. The front door had banged open and Tracy fled the house. The voice of Keira's father had called after her for several moments, loud and drunk and furious. Then there was more smashing. After that, silence ensued, but every once in awhile there was another crash or series of loud clatters, some of them enough to shake the house and rattle the windows. Keira and Tara had remained in the bed, waiting for it all to end.

"It's been quiet for over an hour now," Tara said.

Keira thought about it. Eventually she'd have to leave the room and find something to eat. "I guess we could try it. I just want to make sure he's passed out before I open that door."

Tara kissed her forehead. "I want to make sure, too. But I hate seeing you so hungry, and hearing your stomach carry on like that."

Keira nodded. She was not only hungry, she was also very thirsty. She'd sipped some water from the bathroom sink after brushing her teeth that morning, but none since. "Alright. But I don't even think there's any food to be found in there. And it didn't sound as though Tracy was planning on coming back later."

Tara knew she was right. "What about the money? You still have almost a dollar in change. We could stop at the grocery store and pick up a little bag of rice, or a can of beans."

"I could." She licked her lips. "If he's passed out, I might even try checking his wallet. I should really stock up the emergency stash again. I hate when it's empty."

Pulling her into a tight hug, Tara kissed her all over the face. "Let's do it, Keira! You've got to eat!"

Keira smiled, feeling a little better. She hugged Tara fiercely, loving her. "Okay!"

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After getting dressed, putting on her coat and retrieving her small purse, Keira made her way to the bedroom door and paused, listening carefully with her ear held close to the wood. She didn't hear a sound.

"He must have been really pouring it down earlier," Tara whispered. "I'll bet he's out like a light."

"I hope so."

“Just be quiet, and it’ll be fine.”

“Okay. Thanks, Tara.”

Tara squeezed her hand affectionately.

Holding her breath, Keira unlatched the lock on her door. She did it slowly and carefully, but there was still an audible click. It couldn’t be helped. She waited a moment afterward, and, not hearing anything from beyond the door, she turned the knob silently and pushed it open.

The hall was empty and quiet. She could see the upended coffee table and some other out-of-place furniture strewn across the living room from where she stood, along with broken glass, and once again she became very apprehensive about proceeding. She had a bad feeling that something was more wrong than usual.

“Let’s just go,” said Tara. “If he’s awake we’ll just leave the house. We can get something to eat and worry about the rest later.”

Keira took a deep breath and nodded. “Okay.” Tara was right. She had to get something to eat. She stepped out into the hallway and very carefully made her way toward the living room. The sun was in a position so that long shadows stretched across the floor, giving everything an even creepier feel than normal, and with all the broken and misplaced detritus on the carpet, it almost paralyzed her with fear. She held tight to Tara’s hand and continued on.

“Almost,” Tara said. “Remember, if he’s awake, just bolt to the door. Don’t even look at him.”

Keira nodded again, too frightened to speak. She took another step, and then another. The mess that came into view was even worse than she’d imagined. Her father had smashed the television set; it lay broken on the floor, the screen shattered. One of the bookshelves had been torn down, broken wood and books strewn everywhere. She’d never seen such a mess. She took another step. There were broken dishes...

“Hi, Keira.”

She froze, looking over at the couch. Her father sat there, his red eyes staring fixedly at her. He was wearing only a pair of boxer shorts. In his hand he held a half-empty bottle of gin.

“Hi.” She didn’t mean to speak; her own voice took her by surprise.

He smiled and raised the bottle, holding his arm out and drawing an arc across the room. “Made a bit of a mess.”

“I see.”

“You feel like cleaning it up?”

She looked around again, taking it all in. Somehow even the kitchen chairs had made their way into the room, their broken wreckage a testament to a very bad afternoon. “I guess... *somebody* will have to.”

He took a small drink from his bottle and smiled again. “That would be you.”

She nodded. She thought she’d try and be civil. Sometimes it worked. “I will. But first...” She looked at him. “I haven’t had any food in a couple days. Do you think maybe...?” She let the question hang there, hoping he would offer her some grocery money.

Instead, he patted the couch. “Why don’t you come sit down first?” He raised the bottle again, displaying it. “Have a drink with your old man.”

“Let’s go,” said Tara. “Out the door.”

Keira squeezed her hand, letting her know she was ready. But first she wanted to try and obtain some spending money.

“I will,” Keira said to her father. “But I’m really hungry. How about I go do a little grocery shopping for us first? You’re probably hungry, too.”

His grin widened. “I’m hungrier than you think. But not for food.” He slid one hand into his pants and gripped himself.

“Keira, let’s go!” Tara shouted. She was practically pulling Keira off balance.

“Wait,” she whispered. Then, to her father: “Please. Just give me a few dollars for some groceries, and when I get back I’ll clean up this mess.”

He took another drink. His hand was working inside his shorts. “How much you want?”

Keira shrugged. “Ten dollars? Just enough for some rice and noodles and maybe a few --”

“Wouldn’t you rather have some meat?” His grin was enormous, his red eyes half-closed but still somehow focused sharply on her. “Come sit with me, Keira. Just for a little while.” He patted the couch again.

“No. I...”

“Sit with me for ten minutes, and I’ll give you ten dollars. How’s that? Fair?”

“I don’t want to sit with you. Please. I just want to buy --”

He was up in a flash, the gin bottle rolling across the couch and falling to the floor, spilling its precious cargo into the carpeting.

Keira screamed and spun around, trying to run into the kitchen and make it to the back door. She made it two steps before tripping over the microwave oven, which had somehow ended up in the doorway. She threw her arms out to try and catch herself, but it was too late; she went sprawling into the kitchen, falling flat on her stomach and bumping her chin on the linoleum. Her purse flew from her hands and her teeth slammed shut, biting a gash on the inside of her cheek. She tasted blood and saw stars as she scrambled to get to her feet before her father could reach her.

“Get up!” Tara was trying to help her. “Hurry!”

Keira made it to her knees and then placed one foot on the floor before she was grabbed from behind. Searing pain shot through her scalp as her hair was pulled hard enough to lift her. She screamed again, beating the air with her fists.

“Got you!” her father exclaimed victoriously. “Little bitch!”

She turned her head and saw his evil, grinning red face as she felt his thick arm circle around her waist and lift her up. She kicked and punched at him, screaming and thrashing as he effortlessly carried her back into the living room laughing.

“You’ve got a lot of spunk! That’s good. So do I.” He laughed again and threw her onto the couch.

She tried to jump up and make a run for it, but he held her down, pressing a knee brutally into her soft abdomen and squeezing her wrist hard enough to mash it.

“Sit still! Sit the fuck still!” He slapped her across the face, rocking her head to one side and splitting her lip.

Keira stopped screaming. She moaned, feeling dazed. He’d gotten her. She couldn’t believe how stupid she’d been. Why hadn’t she listened to Tara?

“Tara? Where are you?”

Her father stared down at her. “What?”

“Tara?”

“Shut up.” He took his knee off her stomach and caressed her arm, sliding his hands up and down it. His eyes were suddenly blazing. “Jesus fucking Christ, Keira. When did you get so fucking hot?”

Keira had never in her life felt so sick or scared. She swallowed, tasting more blood. She had to do something. If she waited much longer something horrible and irreversible was going to happen.

Her father slid a hand under her unzipped coat, cupping one of her breasts and squeezing it roughly. “My god, you’re almost perfect. You make Tracy look like shit.”

She pulled away as best she could, but there was no where to go. She gnashed her teeth, trembling, her heart hammering in her chest.

The face of her father grew larger. She felt his rough stubble graze her face and suddenly she was assaulted with the stench of body odor and sour booze. She twisted her head away and then felt his tongue taking a big lick of her cheek. She cried out and twisted further and then the tongue was on her neck.

“Leave me alone!” she screamed. She began thrashing around again, causing him to pounce on her. His knee dug painfully into her thigh, one forearm across her throat.

“Stay still!”

“Do you realize what you’re doing?”

He grabbed her crotch through her pants. “My god, you’re fucking beautiful. I can’t believe all this time you’ve just been going to waste.”

Keira twisted again, trying to get out from beneath his awful touch. She screamed, but it was hampered by his arm crushing her windpipe. “Get off me! Get off!”

He shifted on the couch, taking his knee off of her and placing it between her legs. With his free hand he shoved at her inner thighs, trying to separate them more and get between them. “Just relax, Keira. This doesn’t have to hurt. In fact, I think you’re going to like it.”

“No! Leave me alone!” She looked around for Tara but didn’t see her. Tears were streaming down her face, mingling with the blood on her lips.

“Quit yelling.” He reached down and found the button on her pants, unfastening it. “I’m telling you, this is going to be fun. We could have been doing this for *years*!” He took his arm off her throat and used both hands to tug at her jeans. She could feel his erection pressing against her calf.

Keira screamed again, as loud as she could. She lifted her head, choking on phlegm. She was looking past his shoulder. “Tara! Tara, please help me!”

In a moment of alarm, her father let go of her pants. He rose up slightly and turned around in confusion. “Who the fuck is Tara?” He was glancing around the room for some unseen intruder.

“Now, Keira!” Tara shouted.

Keira looked up. She saw her chance. While her father’s head was turned she drew her knees up to her chest and then pistoned her feet forward, slamming her heels into her father’s chest. The force of the kick combined with his inebriated condition was enough to throw him off balance. He tipped backward over the arm of the couch and fell to the floor amid a pile of scattered books.

“Fucking cunt!” He was immediately scrambling to get up.

Keira leaped up off the couch in a heartbeat. She tore across the junk-strewn room, this time carefully hopping over the destroyed microwave and entered the kitchen. Her purse was there on the floor. She was going to leave it, not wanting to lose a single precious second, but something within her told her the purse was invaluable. She needed it. Stopping for just a moment, she bent and retrieved it, hearing her father’s harsh breathing and the splintering of cheap wood just several feet away. Then she was off again, through the kitchen and into the back room, her hand gripping the doorknob.

“Keira, wait!”

She looked up and saw him dashing toward her. He appeared sick with rage. She quickly turned the knob and threw the door open.

“Keira, no! Wait!” He was right there, ready to tackle her.

She flew out the door and down the little wooden staircase. As she jogged across the lawn toward the side of the house she fumbled with her pants, tugging them higher and fastening the button.

“Keira!”

Looking back, she saw him standing in the doorway, panting with excursion.



His erection was visible, bulging against his shorts. He looked insane. What kind of a father was this? The kind of father god bestowed upon her; just another one of her punishments for having been born into the wrong world.

Keira gave him the finger. Then she dashed along the side of the house, making her way to the front lawn and the street beyond. Tara was there, and she took Keira's hand in hers.

"I'm so sorry, Keira!"

"Not now! We've got to move!"

They ran together, down the street and around the corner. Then down another street. Keira ran for ten minutes, until her lungs were burning and she had cramps in her belly. Then she slowed to a walk, but kept on going, heading for the woods near the lake.

Someplace where no one would find her.

## Chapter 8

The afternoon had been very deep, and very sad. It was one of those emotionally hellish afternoons that no one ever wanted to experience and, when they did, they hoped they would never have to experience again. Leyla sat alone on her couch and waited in silence as Tiffany finished gathering various odds and ends from the rest of the house, the atmosphere oppressive and heavy and laden with misery.

She took a sip from her can of diet soda and then rested it between her legs. She was sitting hunched over, and though her back was getting sore she didn't care enough to straighten up. What was the point? She was already thinking about later on, after Tiffany had finished collecting her things and left. She was going to get drunker than she'd ever been in her life. She was going to get so drunk she'd be virtually paralyzed with sickness all the next day. Maybe the day after, too. Who cared?

"I think this is it," Tiffany said, entering from the den. "If there's anything I missed, it's not important."

Leyla looked up. Tiffany was holding a large duffel bag, not quite filled with various items of clothing and accessories. She nodded. "Okay."

Tiffany crossed the room and set the bag down near the couch, staring down at Leyla. "Leyla, listen. I'm sorry, okay? I didn't mean for this to happen."

Leyla didn't want to hear it again. She just wanted Tiffany to leave. Well, that's not what she really wanted, but she'd never get what she really wanted. For that she would need for Tiffany to have never cheated on her in the first place, and to have never met someone else, and to have never dumped her. That would certainly be a good start. But all of those things had happened, and so there was very little she could do other than except it and move on. "Goodbye," she said sadly.

Tiffany sighed. “God, you’re making me feel like shit.” She was dressed down for the weekend, her long blonde hair spilling down over her shoulders and the collar of her pink polo shirt. She had on a pair of faded jeans and clean new white sneakers.

Leyla stared at her, her heart aching. There was nothing she’d rather do than gather Tiffany up in her arms and lead her into the bedroom, where the two of them would spend the rest of the weekend making each other feel happy and wonderful and loved, the way they had spent so many previous weekends. But all that was over now, and there was no getting it back. She’d already tried. “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to.”

Her head drooping, Tiffany moaned. “You’re doing it again!”

Leyla sighed tiredly. Her eyes were wet from crying. She was dressed very casually, in a pair of white shorts and a light green t-shirt, her hair hanging into her face. “Please just go, Tiffany. There’s nothing else to say.”

“I know, but... I feel like there should be. I feel so fucking horrible.”

“Me too.”

“I feel like I’ve killed you somehow.”

Leyla nodded. “Me too.”

“Oh, god, Leyla, I’m *sorry!*”

The two of them had been together for over a year, and while they’d never actually lived together, Tiffany had gotten in the habit of staying over almost every weekend. This weekend was a little different. “Please just go. I can’t take any more of this.”

“Can I at least give you a hug?”

“What for?”

“Because I still love you, and I feel terrible about this!”

“You made your decision. You can go hug Cindy.”

Tiffany frowned. “Cynthia,” she corrected quietly.

Leyla glared at her. “Goodbye.”

Nodding, Tiffany bent and picked up her bag. “Okay. But would you please call me tomorrow? I want to make sure you’re really okay. I hate leaving you like this.”

Leyla looked at her bitterly. “I’m not going to call you. Why would I? After what you’ve done to me --”

“I didn’t mean to! I didn’t plan on any of this! It just... it just happened!”

“Just go. Leave me alone.”

Tiffany took a step toward the door. “I still care about you, Leyla. I hope you know that.”

“Goodbye.”

“*Please* call me tomorrow?”

Leyla picked up her soda and took a gulp. “Goodbye.”

Tiffany exhaled in frustration and opened the front door. “Goodbye.” She looked back at Leyla, who was still hunched over on the couch, unmoving. “I’m really, really sorry.” She waited a beat, and when there was no response she stepped outside, closing the door behind her.

Leyla set the can down on the coffee table and leaned back, feeling a whole range of emotions wash over her. She was sad and depressed and miserable, and yet she was also relieved. Tiffany had actually told her the news over a week ago, and she’d spent much of the past week trying to get her to change her mind. It had been a long exercise in frustration and futility, but at least now that part of it was over. Now she could finally relax and try to forget everything.

She'd start with a drink. A very strong drink.

She got up and crossed the room, entering the kitchen. The house was large and it felt almost ridiculously empty now that she knew with certainty that Tiffany wouldn't ever be coming back. The realization hit her like a punch to the gut and she had to stop in the middle of the kitchen floor as a surge of sorrow coursed through her. She took a deep breath and tried to force herself not to think about any of it.

It didn't work. She stood there feeling sorry for herself for what seemed like a very long time, and then finally she moved forward, stepping up to the counter and gripping it with both hands.

She didn't want a drink. She wanted to die.

Her hand reached out and found the bottle of vodka. She'd drink anyway. She'd drink and she'd cry.

There was nothing else to do.

## Chapter 9

The weather had warmed up a little over the past few days, and while this helped in some ways, it hurt in others. Keira crept into the woods, her old sneakers getting sopping wet as she trampled through piles of melting ice and snow. She no longer felt as shaken up as she did when she'd first left the house; the long vigorous walk had helped to calm her emotions. She held tight to Tara's hand and they climbed in deeper and deeper, getting away from the road and looking for a place to sit down and rest.

"Wait a minute," Tara said.

Keira stopped. "What?"

"Come here."

Turning toward her, Keira felt herself trembling again. Her little world, which had been unstable to begin with, was now completely shattered. She was as good as homeless. And broke. And hungry. She stared at Tara, the emptiness filling her.

Tara pulled her into a loving embrace, enveloping her in her arms. She held her very close and gently kissed her ear. "Please look at the bright side, Keira," she whispered.

Keira hugged her back, her feet in a freezing puddle of slush. "I still have you."

Smiling, Tara rubbed her hands up and down Keira's back. "That's right! You do. And you always will."

"Thank you, Tara."

"You're welcome." Tara straightened up, gazing into her eyes. "Plus, we got

away.”

“Just barely.”

“Yes, but we still got away. In time. It could have been so much worse.” She ran a finger just below Keira’s lower lip, causing her to smile slightly. The lip was still coated with dried blood and split along the right side. When she smiled she could feel the cut trying to pull open.

“You’re right. I wouldn’t have... survived that. Not really.”

Tara pulled her back into a tight hug. “Well, you don’t have to worry about it anymore. I don’t think we’ll be seeing that douche bag ever again.”

Keira held her friend, grateful for the contact and the love. It was a wonderful contrast to what she’d just been through. Then her predicament reoccurred to her and she felt something loosen inside her; the tears were next, streaming down her face and running into her mouth. “I sure hope not.”

“You don’t have to hope, honey. We’d be crazy to go back there again.”

“I know. But... we lost our bed, too. And our clothes. Everything.”

Tara pulled back and looked at her again. “That’s true. But those things are replaceable. Really. There is a sliver lining here. No more living in fear of whether or not he’s going to be passed out every time we walk in the door. No more wondering if the bolt on the door is enough to keep him out. No more worrying about... what almost happened this afternoon.”

Keira nodded. “That’s true.” She leaned forward and gave Tara a kiss. “Thank you for helping me.”

Tara smiled happily. “I love to help you. I only wish I could do more.”

Looking around at their surroundings, Keira shivered. She stepped sideways out of the puddle. “What do you suppose we ought to do now?”

There was a fallen tree off the path just up ahead. It looked dry. “Why don’t we sit down for a little while and rest? You need some time to calm down.”

It sounded fine to Keira. She began walking toward the tree, once again holding Tara's hand. "That's a good idea."

"And when you feel a little better, maybe we can pay a visit to the grocery store. I see you remembered to grab your purse."

"Yes. But I don't even have a whole dollar. And now I have no can opener or stove or any pots or pans..." She began to tremble again as the reality of her situation became more distinct.

Tara squeezed her hand, leading her to the tree. "You don't need those things. Not tonight. We'll get a cheap loaf of bread and maybe a banana or something. You can get stuffed."

Keira giggled cheerlessly. "Sounds delicious."

"It's better than nothing."

"That's true." They reached the fallen tree and it was indeed dry. She sat down on it, feeling the muscles in her legs and back ease up. She sighed, content for a moment.

"Maybe you can lie down?" Tara suggested. "I know it's kind of rounded, but it's a big tree."

Keira tried it. She twisted sideways and leaned herself back, stretching out along the length of the old tree. It was far from comfortable, but it wasn't too difficult to stay balanced and it felt nice to be able to lie down, even for a few moments. "Not bad," she said.

"Just for a little while, honey. Rest yourself. Then we'll go find something to eat." Tara climbed on with her, getting right on top. "Don't mind me. I don't weigh much."

Giggling, Keira wrapped her arms around Tara. They lay there, tummy to tummy, holding each other as a cool breeze rustled the dead leaves and pine needles all around them. "Thank you, Tara. I love you so much."

Tara smiled and kissed Keira's neck. "I love you too, princess."



“I actually wouldn’t mind staying here all night. As long as you’re with me like this, it’s not bad at all.”

“I’m not going anywhere. Not without you.”

Relaxing further, Keira sighed peacefully. “Maybe we can take a little trip.”

“Now you’re talking. Where would you like to go?”

Keira thought about it. “Somewhere warm. And somewhere where we have a nice soft comfortable bed to lie in. Just you and me.”

Tara hugged her tighter. “I think I know just the place!”

Keira smiled. “Really?”

“Sure! Close your eyes, sweetheart.”

Keira did. Soon they were lying in an enormous bed with lavender sheets. The pillows were large and soft and scented with a very subtle perfume. The room was dark and warm, and there was no one else around, anywhere. Most importantly, Keira and Tara were together. Keira felt her entire body relax and she twisted in the big bed, holding Tara tighter and burying her face into one of the pillows.

“Just rest, Keira. We’re safe here.”

Keira kissed her. “Okay. Thank you, Tara.”

She took a very deep breath, almost a sigh, and fell asleep.

## Chapter 10

Leyla made herself a tall cocktail with vodka and lemonade and carried it into the living room. She took a sip, appreciating the bite of the citrus and then set it on the coffee table, licking her lips. Although she planned on getting completely hammered, she liked to start slow. It gave her something to do and something to look forward to.

She sat on the couch and contemplated putting the television on. It didn't take her long to decide against it. She'd rather be alone with her thoughts than with artificial company. The idea of hearing people laugh or talk in exaggerated cheerfulness made her feel even more demoralized than she already did.

Lifting her glass, she took another sip and settled back. She tried to clear her mind of everything external and focus only on herself. She'd been doing this a lot lately, since Tiffany had told her she was no longer wanted, and she found that it really didn't work. At least not well.

It was funny, she thought. All the patients she'd given advice to and yet when it came to her own problems, she seemed unequipped to deal with them. It never would have crossed her mind to tell one of them to go home and get drunk. She wondered briefly how many of them she'd really truly helped over the years and how many simply tolerated her and fooled her into thinking she'd helped them so that they could move on. She had no way of knowing the answer. Perhaps she'd never really helped anyone. The thought disturbed her.

She took another drink. She felt as though she needed to find herself again. Everything appeared to be slipping away. Even the thought of returning to work again filled her with dismay. She would prefer to just disappear somehow and cease to exist. Or at least go someplace where no one could find her, or hurt her. Someplace where she could be numb.

The idea of it caused her to smile sadly to herself. It brought to mind one of her newer patients: Keira. Poor little Keira who spoke of an ability to leave reality whenever the desire struck her. Keira, who claimed her humanity was a mistake and that she treasured her ultimate escape. Keira, who claimed that she and Leyla shared the misfortune of being stuck in the wrong world.

Leyla knew very well that Keira was a misguided schizophrenic, but there was something about the girl that touched Leyla in a way that no one else ever had. There had been several occasions during their session when Leyla got the impression that Keira was almost reading her mind. Or at least seeing into her somehow. She didn't really believe that such a thing was possible, but she was at a loss to explain how Keira had been able to make so many connections with her. It was impossible to deny that they shared... *something*.

Thinking about it made her smile. It was no longer a sad smile. She took another drink and wondered to herself what Keira was doing now. She truly liked the young woman and had been looking forward to seeing her again on Wednesday. Leyla had had other schizophrenic patients in the past, but none like Keira. There was something both unique and peculiar about her, and Leyla was very interested in getting to know her better.

The more Leyla thought about Keira, the more her depression seemed to lift. She took another sip from her glass and tried to recall some of their conversation from three days earlier. Keira had made a lot of profound statements. Leyla remembered the excitement she'd felt when Keira told her that she "wasn't one of them," and that she'd never met anyone like her before. And she seemed to know that Leyla was suffering emotionally. "Seemed to" was inaccurate; she knew. And the sudden hug she'd surprised Leyla with near the end of her visit was almost astounding. Several of her patients had hugged her before, but not in that same context, weeping with what was almost certainly affection. With Keira it was... almost loving. Leyla felt herself a little bit choked up with emotion just thinking about it.

She hoped that Keira was alright. She seemed so vulnerable. And the way she'd spoken of her father had really concerned Leyla.

Blinking the thought away, she took another sip of her drink. She was supposed to be focusing on herself, not her patients. She tried again to clear

her mind.

This time she succeeded.

But only for a moment.

Then she was thinking about Keira again.

## Chapter 11

In was only about ten minutes after she'd fallen asleep that Keira shifted on the old tree and ended up rolling off, falling to the wet ground below. Her entire left side became immediately drenched in freezing cold water. She sat up gasping, wiping at the sleeve of her coat. The move left her sitting in water. She got to her feet, groaning, noticing in the fading light how dirty the water was; it was actually very thin mud. She whimpered sadly, wiping at herself some more and stepping away from the worst of it.

"Oh, Keira, I'm so sorry!" Tara put an arm around her and tried to comfort her as best she could. "I should have been holding you tighter."

"No, it's my fault. I should have been more careful." She glanced around at the bleak woods and felt despair coming down on her like a big wet blanket. Turning, she stared into the puddle she'd just climbed out of. "Do you think that's deep enough for my head?"

Tara tensed up at the question. "What do you mean?"

Keira looked at her. "I mean... maybe it's time to finally quit."

"Quit?"

She nodded, the depression almost overwhelming. "Maybe we should." She gently wrapped her arms around Tara. "I don't think there's anything left for us here."

Tara squeezed her. "Honey..."

"We can quit *together*. We can *leave* together. Maybe we can finally go home."

"Keira..."

“I know, I know. But at least think about it. If we were to get out of here once and for all, it would pretty much solve all our problems.”

Tara buried her face in Keira’s hair and kissed her neck. “Sweetheart, please don’t talk like that. Please don’t even think like that. Try to relax.”

“But we could get away! For real! Forever! We could go home and be together, the way we’re supposed to be...”

“But it might not *work*,” Tara whispered harshly. “What if we got separated? There are no guarantees. I may never see you again.”

Keira clutched her fiercely. “Don’t say that! I need you!”

“You have me, Keira. But if you... do something drastic... we’ll have no control over it. It’ll be like spinning a wheel. We might both lose.”

“But... Tara...” Tears were streaming down her face. “I don’t know what else to do! I have no hope! It’s all such shit here!”

Tara’s arms squeezed even tighter, her hands rubbing circles on Keira’s back. “I know it is, sweetheart. But you’re not alone. We’ll figure something out. You just have to be patient and give it a little time. We still have options.”

Keira was staring at the puddle again. There was a lump in her throat. “It would be so easy. No one would even care. You could hold my head under the water...”

Tara pulled back abruptly. “No! Keira, please!”

Keira was shaking. “I’m just so tired of it all! I don’t know what to do anymore!” She looked pleadingly at Tara. “I just... I can’t keep going. We could get *away*, Tara!”

“No. Keira, listen. You’re cold and wet, and you’re very hungry. You just went through an incredibly traumatic experience with quite possibly the shittiest father on earth. You’re not thinking clearly right now. You need to get something to eat and get out of those wet clothes. You need to sleep. You need to give this some more thought.”

Keira was crying. “I need so much. And I don’t have anything. It all keeps getting worse and worse. It doesn’t make any sense to just keep plodding along...”

“Keira, please!” Tara took her hand and began pulling her along, back toward the path. “Please just hold off on this. At least let’s get something to eat, and see how you feel then.”

Nodding, Keira allowed herself to be lead away. “Okay.” She sniffed, wiping her eyes. “But I want you to think about it, too, Tara. This world is just so fucking awful. If we just ended it... this whole rotten mess... we might be back where we belong in a flash.”

“And we might not. We might never see each other again.”

Keira groaned.

“Well, it’s true. I’m not willing to take that chance. I don’t want to lose you, Keira.”

Keira stopped, her expression one of pure anguish. “I don’t want to lose you, either! Oh, Tara, that’s not what I meant at all!”

Tara immediately wrapped her into a warm embrace. “I know that, silly! I know exactly what you mean! But you know what I mean, too. Come on now. We can always do something desperate later, if we absolutely have to. Right now we have choices.” Tara pulled back, looking into Keira’s eyes. “Now are you going to keep on about this?” She leaned forward until their noses were touching. “Or will you at least give this another try with me?”

Keira felt some of her fear and misery taper off. Being this close to Tara always helped. “I’d try anything with you.”

“Good.” Tara leaned in even closer and kissed her on the mouth. “Because the thought of being without you scares the shit out of me.”

Smiling now, more tears leaked from Keira’s eyes. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to sound like I was trying to abandon you.”

“I know what you were doing, sweetie. And it hurts me to know how bad you feel. But I think we should keep going, at least while we still can.”

Keira nodded. “Okay.” She kissed Tara. “I’ll do anything you want.”

“That’s more like it. Right now, I want to get you some food.”

“Okay.”

“So let’s hike back into town and hit the grocery store.”

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The store was only a little over a mile away. It was a small grocery store, a little overpriced, but they were certain to have something Keira could afford. She approached it from the street, holding tight to Tara’s hand, her clothing still wet from the escapade in the woods.

“Maybe they really will have a loaf of bread for under a dollar,” Keira said as they got closer.

“Sure. That could be breakfast and lunch tomorrow, too.”

“It could last me three days, if I really wanted it to.”

“I don’t know about that.”

Keira slowed. “It better. What will I do when it runs out? There won’t be any more money.”

“Don’t worry about that now, honey. Just go inside and get something to eat.”

Suddenly Keira stopped. The despair was crashing down on her again. “What am I going to do when I have no money left at all?”



“Keira...”

“No, really. This will last two or three days at best. Then I’ll have nothing.”

“Please don’t think like that. Something will come up. You find change on the sidewalk every once in awhile.”

“Oh, god. Where am I even going to sleep?”

“Keira, no. Don’t think about that now. You’re falling down into the hole again. Let’s just get some food. Please.”

With a distressful sob, Keira started forward again. “Alright. But I just don’t see how it’s going to last.”

“Nothing lasts. We just have to keep going as long as we can, as well as we can. We’ll worry about sleeping later.”

Feeling thoroughly depressed again, Keira stepped up onto the walkway in front of the store. Several people were walking out with carts and bags filled with all kinds of wonderful groceries. It almost made her angry. She’d be lucky to walk out with a single loaf of the shittiest bread known to man.

“Maybe you could ask for spare change,” Tara suggested.

Keira turned and looked at her. “Never! I’d rather die!”

“I’m sorry.” Tara looked away. As soon as she did, she saw a payphone. “Hey, wait! There’s a payphone!”

Looking over, Keira saw it. It was near the soda machine, covered in graffiti. “What about it?”

Tara shrugged. “Might as well check the coin return. Maybe there’s a quarter in there. Who knows?”

It wasn’t a bad idea. Keira stepped over to it, glancing around to see if anyone was watching. No one was. She raised her hand and pushed one finger into the coin return compartment and felt around. “Nothing.”

Tara nodded. "Sorry. It was just an idea."

"It was a good idea. It just didn't pan out. Maybe I'll check it again tomorrow."

She was about to step away from the phone when something caught her eye. It was a white card, stuck into a crack in the phone assembly. She reached over and pulled it out. As she did, she was almost overwhelmed by the intensity of the coincidence. Her mouth opened in surprise as she stared at the printing on the card.

"What is it?" Tara asked.

Then, abruptly, Keira dropped the card. "Nothing." A flood of feelings washed through her, igniting all kinds of new ideas. "I thought for a minute it was..."

"What?"

"I thought it was Leyla's business card. Like the one she gave me on Wednesday. But it's not. It's just some tax accountant." She stood there thinking it over. She was staring at the phone.

"Keira?"

"Yes?"

"Do you still have the card that Leyla gave you?"

She nodded. She suddenly felt a little bit excited. "It's in my purse."

They looked at each other.

Tara smiled. "Do you think she might know what to do?"

Keira began to cry again. She nodded. "Maybe."

"Call her, Keira! Tell her what happened!"

She considered it. “I’m not sure she’d really care. I know she told me to, but she was probably just being nice.”

“She *is* nice. You know she is. And I think she was being sincere. And either way, she might have some type of idea about what we can do.”

Keira sighed. “I don’t know.” She looked at the phone. “It’s going to cost me fifty cents. There will be nothing left for bread.”

Tara rubbed her shoulder. “Fuck the bread! You said yourself, the bread is only good for a few days. Leyla might have a real answer, Keira.”

Keira smiled, thinking of Leyla. “I guess it’s worth a try.”

“It is. I have a good feeling about this.”

She put her purse on the little shelf near the phone and began digging through it. The thought of talking to Leyla again was making her pleasantly anxious. “I hope I didn’t lose it.”

“Oh, please tell me you didn’t!”

Keira pulled out the card. She stared at it, her vision blurring with new tears. She was grinning. “She *did* say to call, didn’t she? If I needed to?”

“She certainly did.”

She reached back into her purse and began pulling out coins.

## Chapter 12

The first drink relaxed her a little, but did nothing to lessen her depression. Perhaps that was one reason she didn't recommend getting drunk to her patients. She gulped down the last of it, catching a melting ice cube in her mouth. She crunched it as she got up off the couch.

As she began mixing her second drink, this one a bit stronger, Leyla contemplated making herself some dinner. She dismissed the thought quickly. Despite having not eaten all day, she had no appetite. She'd just consume five or six more cocktails and go to bed.

Standing at the counter and stirring her vodka and lemonade, Leyla's eye caught a glimmer from the silverware drawer. With one finger she opened it further, revealing a great many sharp objects. A paring knife, in particular, called out to her. She set the spoon down and hesitantly reached into the drawer, taking hold of the potentially vicious little tool.

Leyla stared at it, mesmerized. She pictured the shiny steel blade penetrating her wrist and flaying open her entire forearm. Would it hurt? It probably would, but would she really feel it? Or would her mind be too busy with her final thoughts? She considered it. It might actually be nice. And there'd be no hangover tomorrow. No work on Monday, either. There'd be no anything. She could escape from all this, just like Keira had said.

Her eyes glistening with tears, she brought the point of the knife to her wrist and pressed it gently against her skin. She watched, fascinated, as her flesh dimpled. She held it steady for a moment, not breathing, and tried to come up with a single reason not to press it all the way in and drag it up the length of her arm.

Shuddering, she removed the knife from her wrist and tossed it onto the counter. She didn't really want to die. She just wanted things to be better. Maybe more alcohol really would help. There'd be plenty of time to

contemplate the knife later.

Leyla picked up her glass and took a big sip. She immediately followed it up with another. Wiping her eyes with the back of one hand and taking an enormously deep breath, she returned to the living room.

The sun was just beginning to set, and the room was getting dim. She thought for a moment she'd leave it that way, but then quickly changed her mind. In half an hour it would be completely dark. She stepped over to the light switch and flipped it on. As the room flooded with artificial light a little song began to play, momentarily confusing her. Then she realized it was her cell phone ringing.

She set her cocktail down on the coffee table and slipped the phone from the pocket of her shorts. The number on the display was one she didn't recognize. Knowing it was probably one of her patients, Leyla was about to dismiss the call. Then her nagging sense of obligation got the better of her and she pressed the accept button, lifting the phone to her face.

She tried to clear her voice of any despair. It wasn't easy. "Hello?"

The voice on the other end was quiet and hesitant. "Dr. Jennings?"

Leyla recognized the voice at once. A surge of unexpected warmth flooded through her. "Keira?"

"Yes!" Keira sounded suddenly excited that she'd been recognized. Then she was quiet again. "I'm sorry to be calling on a Saturday. And so late..."

"It's okay, Keira." Leyla was starting to feel a little excited herself. She could feel her sadness beginning to disperse. "Are you okay?"

There was a hesitation on Keira's end. Then she answered, sounding nervous. "I think so. I'm not sure. I..." Her voice cracked for a moment. "Some bad things happened, and I'm not sure what to do."

Leyla began pacing around her living room, no longer interested in her own problems. Keira was suddenly more important. "Tell me what happened."

“My...” She sobbed, the sound heartbreaking over the phone. Leyla wished she could reach out and comfort the girl. “My father...”

Leyla was gripping the phone. “What is it, honey?”

“My father... he... I can’t go home anymore. I don’t know what to do.”

“Where are you?”

“I’m... at the grocery store, on Sunset. I was going to buy something to eat, but then I remembered... you said I could call --”

“You can. Anytime.”

“Thank you. I’m not sure... I don’t know what to do.”

“Keira, listen. Do you have a pen?”

“I don’t...” The sounds of Keira fumbling in her purse were broadcast over the phone. “I don’t think so...” She sounded as if she were crying now.

“Keira, it’s okay. Forget the pen. Do you know where Vineland Street is? Near the lake?”

“Yes,” she answered confidently. “I go past there all the time.”

“Okay, good. I live there, Keira. At 2114. I want you to come here right now, okay? We can talk more when you get here.”

It took Keira a moment to respond. When she did, the surprise was evident in her voice. “Really?”

“Yes. Can you find it? Will you remember the number? I could come pick you up, if you want.”

“2114,” Keira repeated. “Vineland Street. I’m not that far from there.”

“Good! Can you make it over? Right now?”

“Yes! You really want me to?” She sounded almost ecstatic, and the happiness and relief in her voice conveyed itself directly to Leyla, who also began to feel much better.

“Yes! Keira, just come right up to the door and knock, okay? I’ll put the porch light on for you.”

“Okay.” She sounded as if she were crying again. “Thank you, Leyla.”

“You’re very welcome. Don’t forget. 2114.”

“2114. I’ll never forget.”

“I’ll see you soon, Keira.”

“Okay. I’m coming right now.”

“Be careful.”

Leyla ended the call. Her tears were long gone. Could she really have gone to pressing a knife to her wrist to feeling almost happy in such a short time? She smiled and picked up her drink. She took a long sip, no longer needing it. She actually felt quite wonderful.

Walking to the front door, she flipped the switch to activate the porch lights. Then she took another drink and stood there thinking. She felt full of energy.

She wished she’d asked Keira if she’d eaten yet. Leyla herself was suddenly very hungry. She decided to head into the kitchen and get something going. A nice lasagna. It would keep her busy until Keira arrived.

## Chapter 13

When Keira hung up the phone and stepped off the curb into the grocery store parking lot, her entire outlook had changed. She wasn't lost anymore. She had a goal now. A destination. She almost floated as she made her way back to the highway and turned left, heading toward Vineland Street and the miraculous woman who waited for her there.

She figured the distance between them to be about two miles. The cold wetness of her clothes and the hungry gnawing in her gut no longer bothered her much as she hiked on, her hand firmly grasped in Tara's.

"I told you," Tara exclaimed joyfully. "I told you she was nice!"

Keira actually laughed, a big smile on her face. "I already knew that, silly!"

"Oh, Keira, I think she's really going to help us."

"Me too."

Tara squeezed her hand harder and they continued on, chatting happily about all the possibilities that a friendship with Leyla might entail. And to be invited right to her house... It was almost too much.

By the time Keira reached Vineland Street she was trembling with anxious optimism. The porch light was on, just as Leyla had said it would be. As Keira climbed the steps she began to weep softly to herself.

"Maybe I should wait out here," Tara said awkwardly.

Keira turned to her, alarmed. "No! Why in the world would you want to do that?"

Tara shrugged. "It's not that I want to. I just thought it might give you a



better chance to concentrate on explaining our situation.”

“Tara, I’m not going *anywhere* without you. *Ever*.”

Smiling, Tara leaned closer and gave Keira a kiss on the cheek. “Thank you. I just thought I’d give you the option.”

“Forget it. You’re coming with me or I’m not going at all.”

“Okay. But...”

Keira studied her quizzically. “What?”

“Please feel free to really talk with her. I think it’s important that you do. Don’t worry about me, or what I might think.”

“Tara...”

“Please, Keira.” Tara squeezed her hand again and gave her another kiss, this time on the lips. “I just want you to be able to focus on what you need to talk about.”

Keira nodded. “Okay. I will. But that doesn’t mean I’m going to ignore you.”

Tara smiled. “Alright.”

Keira gave her a quick hug. “Thanks, Tara.”

“Thank you. And good luck!”

Releasing her, Keira stepped up to the door and raised a fist. Her heart fluttering in her chest, she knocked three times on Leyla’s front door.

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Within fifteen seconds there was an audible click as the lock disengaged, and then the door was swinging open. Leyla stood there, looking beautiful in

shorts and a t-shirt. She smiled brightly when she saw Keira. “Keira! Come in!” She stepped back, ushering Keira inside.

“Thank you.” Keira climbed up into the warm house. As Leyla closed the door behind her, she was greeted by the delightful scents of what could have been an Italian restaurant.

Leyla was surveying her, taking in the wet and dirty clothes and the blood on her face. “My god. What happened to you?”

Suddenly overwhelmed, Keira was unable to respond. Tears began streaming down her face as she took it all in: the massive, immaculate living quarters; the warmth; the scent of delicious food; the presence of Leyla herself, who was obviously concerned about her. No one else in the entire world was concerned about her, except, of course, for Tara. She stepped closer to Leyla, almost in a daze, and reached out her arms.

Leyla read the look in her eyes and her heart flooded with sympathy. She opened her arms to Keira and enveloped her in an affectionate embrace. “Oh, Keira. I’m so glad you’re here.”

The words caused Keira to break down crying. Had she heard Leyla correctly? She’d never heard anyone say such a thing. Her whole body shook as they held each other in the bright living room, Leyla’s hands rubbing up and down the back of Keira’s filthy, damp coat.

It took a few minutes, but Keira finally stopped sobbing and let go of Leyla, stepping back and wiping her nose. “I’m sorry. I just... I...”

Leyla was smiling. “Don’t be sorry. You didn’t do anything wrong.” She took a moment to look Keira over. “It appears as though you’ve been through a war.”

“I have. My... my father...” Her face scrunched up again and fresh tears spilled from her eyes. “I don’t even know if I can talk about it.”

Leyla reached out a hand and brushed a stray lock of hair out of Keira’s eyes. “You don’t have to. Not right now. Is anyone after you? Following you?”

Keira looked at her strangely. She shook her head. “No.”

“Okay, good. Then you’re safe here.”

Keira nodded. “I think so.”

“Good. Then you can relax. We can talk about what happened later.”

She nodded again. “Thank you.”

“In the meantime, would you like to clean up? You’ve got blood on your mouth.” Leyla knew that professionally, she was taking a big risk by inviting Keira into her home and allowing her to forestall explaining what had happened, but she didn’t care. At least not at the moment. At the moment she only cared about Keira, and about herself, and something within her gave her permission to act accordingly.

Keira had forgotten about the blood. She nodded again. “If it’s okay.”

Leyla smiled again. “Of course it’s okay. How would you like to take a nice hot shower? And get out of those damp clothes?”

Now Keira was smiling, the tears still in her eyes. “Really?”

“Really. Just go upstairs and turn right. The bathroom is right there. I’ll leave some clean clothes outside the bathroom door while you’re in there. There are clean towels on the rack.”

The generosity amazed Keira. “Are you sure?”

“Certainly.”

“Thank you so much! I promise I’ll pay you back.”

Leyla laughed, delighted. “You don’t have to pay me back! I’m happy to help you.”

“You’re so nice.”

“I try.”

Keira wiped her eyes and looked around the huge room. “Your house is so beautiful.”

“Thank you. I’m glad you like it.”

“I love it.”

“Are you hungry?”

Keira looked at her. She nodded again, feeling guilty. “A little.”

“Good. I have a lasagna in the oven. Do you think you’d be willing to help me eat it, after your shower?”

Keira began to answer and then started crying again. She leaned forward and found herself once again wrapped within Leyla’s arms. She cried for several minutes, trembling, and wasn’t able to see the happy little smile on Leyla’s face. But she did feel her happiness. It felt much better than the sorrow she had been radiating only three days earlier. When Keira finished crying she looked up at Leyla, smiling back.

“Thank you so much, Leyla.”

“You’re very welcome.”

“I knew I liked you. I knew it right away.”

Leyla beamed at the words. “I like you too, Keira. Now why don’t you head upstairs, and I’ll make us a little salad to have with our lasagna?”

Keira nodded, dizzy with gratitude. “Okay.”

## Chapter 14

While Keira was in the shower, Leyla found a pair of faded jeans and a white t-shirt in her room. Her and Keira were about the same size, so she didn't think there'd be a problem with the way they fit. She considered it for a moment and then grabbed a pair of clean panties, too, wrapping everything into a neat little bundle and setting it outside the bathroom door.

Downstairs, she checked on the lasagna, which was coming along nicely. Then she got busy pulling vegetables out of the refrigerator and putting together a large, fancy salad. By the time she heard the water go off upstairs she had just completed the salad, and spent the next couple of minutes tidying up the kitchen.

Finished, Leyla sighed, feeling nervous. She almost felt as if she were preparing for a first date. In a way, she supposed she was. Smiling to herself, she decided to make another drink, and to make one for Keira, too. If she was going to break the rules, she might as well break them all.

Her timing was perfect. As she stepped into the living room with the two glasses, Keira was just beginning to descend the stairs. Leyla smiled at her as she set the drinks on the coffee table. "Everything go okay up there?"

Keira looked much better. She was dressed in Leyla's clothes, barefoot, carrying the large dirty bundle of her own things under one arm. Her hair was wet and clean, the blood gone from her face.

"Yes," she answered. "Thank you. And thank you for the clothes." She reached the bottom of the stairs and glanced around. "I wasn't sure what to do with this stuff."

There was a table near the foot of the stairs. "You can just tuck it under there for now."

Keira did.

Watching her, Leyla wanted to go to her and wrap her in her arms again. She didn't know if that would be appropriate; in fact, she knew it wouldn't be, but that didn't make the desire to do it any less compelling. "You look much better," she said.

Keira nodded. "Thank you. I feel much better."

"Dinner will be ready in just a few minutes." She motioned to the couch. "Would you like to eat in here, or in the kitchen?"

Keira was still completely overwhelmed. "I'd be happy just to eat." She gazed at Leyla, nervous and grateful and afraid.

Almost sensing that Keira felt the same confusing jumble of emotions as her, Leyla stepped forward and held her arms out again. "Come here a minute, Keira."

Keira immediately came toward her.

"I think you need another little hug." As she said it, she wrapped her arms around her, feeling Keira do the same to her. It felt wonderful to be holding her, and she somehow knew Keira felt the same way. They really did have some sort of connection, as unlikely as it seemed.

"I do," Keira answered, burying her face in Leyla's hair. The shower had made her feel a hundred times better, and now this was causing her to nearly melt with gratification. She stood there with her arms around Leyla, feeling their hearts beating together and trying to remember if she'd ever felt so good. She knew she hadn't. The subtle scent of Leyla, the feel of Leyla's body pressed up against her own, the soft, steady swelling of Leyla's breasts as she drew each breath, all combined to put Keira in a state close to nirvana. She held tight to Leyla, never wanting it to end.

Sadly, it did. Leyla released her, stepping back slightly and giving Keira a warm smile. "I think we both needed that."

Keira nodded, too grateful to speak.

Leyla ran her fingers through Keira's damp hair. "What do you say we have a little dinner? You can tell me what happened afterward."

"Okay."

"Have a seat on the couch. I'll take dinner out of the oven and bring the salad out here. Is Italian dressing okay?"

"It's perfect."

"Good!" Leyla stepped away, heading into the kitchen.

Keira took another look around the massive living room. It was beautifully decorated with expensive furniture, shelves of books everywhere. The carpeting looked almost new and was very deep. She carefully sat down on the big beige couch, sinking into the soft cushions and feeling as if she had stepped into a fairy tale.

"This is amazing," she whispered to Tara.

Tara was sitting right beside her. "It sure is. I'm so glad we called!"

Keira giggled. "Me too."

"I hope she invites us to stay overnight."

The thought of it thrilled Keira. "That would be wonderful."

"She certainly has enough room."

"That's true. And she seems happy that I'm here. I think she really likes me."

Tara kissed her cheek. "Of course she does. Why wouldn't she?"

"Most people don't."

"Most people are stupid assholes, Keira."

Keira nodded. "That's true."

"You just relax and eat dinner. Have a nice talk with Leyla. I'm going to look around at some of these books."

"You can stay here with me. You don't have to --"

"No, really. I want you to spend some time alone with her. Please. And I really want to check some of these books out. She's got so many, and they really look interesting."

Keira nodded. "If you're sure. But please don't think --"

Tara kissed her again and stood up. "Relax! Things are finally looking up! Have a nice dinner. I'll be right over there." She motioned to a bookshelf under the staircase and began walking toward it.

Keira sat watching her for a moment and then suddenly Leyla was back, carrying a large wooden salad bowl and two smaller bowls, along with some forks and napkins.

Leyla looked very happy as she set the bowls down on the coffee table and began rearranging things to make room. "We can take our time with the salad," she said. "The lasagna needs a little while to cool."

The salad bowl was almost overflowing with an abundance of colorful vegetables, mixed into a huge nest of romaine lettuce and wet with Italian dressing. The sight of it made Keira's mouth water. "It looks wonderful."

"Thank you." She stepped around the table and took a seat very close to Keira, picking up both of the glasses. She handed one to Keira. "I wasn't sure if it would be appropriate to offer you a mixed drink, but I thought that... well, I'm still not really sure exactly what happened to you today, but... either way... I thought that after whatever it was, it would be okay for you to have a little drink with me."

Keira accepted the drink happily. It felt icy cold in her hand. "This is a real drink?" She was smiling at it. "With booze?"



Leyla laughed. “Yes. Is that okay?”

“Sure.”

“Have you ever had one before?”

Keira nodded. “I... I sometimes make them for my father. There’s always plenty of booze around the house. I’ve tried them on occasion, but I never sat down and had a whole glass all to myself.”

“Well, tonight you get your own. A little toast?” Leyla raised her glass.

Smiling, Keira touched her glass against Leyla’s.

“To a nice, peaceful Saturday night,” Leyla said. “After a long shitty day.”

Keira grinned. “I’ll drink to that.” She took a sip, her taste buds coming alive as the tartness of the lemonade washed over them. “Wow, that’s really good.”

Leyla took a sip of her own drink and then set it down on the table. “I’m glad you like it. I made the lemonade myself.”

“It’s delicious.” Keira took another sip before setting down her glass.

Reaching forward, Leyla took the tongs from the large salad bowl and began lifting out salad, filling each of their bowls. It looked as though there was enough to fill each bowl three times. “Eat as much as you want,” she said. “I’m not interested in leftovers.”

Keira watched as the bowls filled up. She tried to identify all the different vegetable she saw mixed in, and wasn’t sure she could. There were so many. She counted lettuce, onion, tomato, cucumber, green pepper, mushrooms, scallions, thinly sliced radish and even croutons and diced cheese. Every time Leyla took out another scoop she seemed to spot another ingredient. “That’s the best looking salad I’ve ever seen.”

Leyla set the tongs back down and handed Keira a fork. “I love salad,” she said. “It’s probably my favorite food.”

“I can see why.”

Leyla laughed softly, feeling very good. Things had certainly taken a turn for the better. Instead of getting drunk and crying herself to sleep, it looked as though she'd be spending an intriguing night with her new friend. She needed to keep in mind that Keira was also her patient, and while it was clear to her she was violating certain ethics, she didn't care. She was tired of putting regulations and meaningless social standards ahead of her own interests. Keira needed help, and she was helping her. The fact that Keira was also helping Leyla was a bonus, and nobody else's business. She picked up her salad bowl and leaned back on the couch, stabbing her fork into the colorful mix. “Eat up, Keira.”

Keira eagerly lifted the bowl onto her lap and mimicked Leyla, settling back and going to work on her salad. As she chewed and swallowed forkfuls of the fresh salad, the hunger pangs in her stomach finally subsided and she began to feel even better. They sat crunching happily, eating mouthful after mouthful of the delicious, tangy salad and making appreciative comments until both their bowls were empty. Then Leyla set hers back down on the table and lifted the tongs again.

“How about a refill?”

Sitting forward, Keira nodded. “Alright. But I might be too full for dinner.”

There was a piece of grated carrot on Keira's upper lip and for a moment Leyla almost leaned over and kissed it off. She had to be careful. Her growing attraction to Keira was something she'd have to keep in check. Having her over for dinner as a friend was one thing, but she couldn't let it go any further than that. As much as she wanted it to. “Oh, something tells me you'll manage.”

Keira grinned as her bowl was filled again, and soon they were leaning back and chomping away once more. Despite the fact that it was really only salad she was eating, Keira began to feel very full as she finished her second bowl. Her stomach wasn't used to so much food.

She set her empty bowl on the table and took a long drink of her cocktail.

“Boy, that’s good. It goes down so easy. Are you sure you put booze in mine?”

Leyla nodded. “I made yours kind of weak. I don’t want to corrupt you or anything.”

Keira felt very happy. “It’s fine. It’s perfect. It’s the best drink I ever had.”

“I’m glad.” Leyla set her bowl down and took a sip from her glass. “This is my third. I made my first one before you called.”

Keira studied her with mild concern. “Are you drunk? You sure don’t seem like it.”

“No, honey. I’ve been drinking them slow, and mine are weak, too.”

“That’s good.”

Leyla set her glass down and leaned back, stretching her legs out before her. She looked at Keira. “Did you want to talk about what happened yet? Or did you want to eat first?”

Thinking about it, Keira’s face grew troubled. She seemed to be looking inside herself. “I’m not sure I want to talk about it at all.”

“I think you should, at some point. It doesn’t have to be right now. Or even tonight. But I think it will help you to talk through it with someone. With me.”

Keira nodded. “I will. But... maybe not tonight.” She looked at Leyla. “When I called, I was really looking for advice on what to do. I mean, since I can’t go home anymore.”

“Why can’t you go home? Did your father kick you out?”

She shook her head, looking depressed all over again. “Not exactly. But I can’t go back. I’m... I guess I’m homeless now.”

Leyla put a tentative hand on Keira’s shoulder. “You’re not homeless. You

can sleep here tonight.”

Keira’s mood brightened at the words. “Really?”

“Of course. Did you think I was going to send you away, with nowhere to go?”

Keira didn’t know how to respond. Anyone else would have done just that. She shrugged, feeling uncomfortable. “I don’t want to be a burden to you.”

“You’re not a burden.” Leyla spoke from the heart before thinking about what she was saying. “You’re a friend. And you can stay here for as long as you want. Until we figure things out.” She gripped Keira’s shoulder more firmly and looked steadily into her eyes. “You are *not* homeless. Okay?”

Trembling slightly, Keira nodded. Her eyes grew very moist. “Okay. Thank you so much, Leyla. I promise I’ll pay you back.”

“Stop saying that. There’s nothing to pay back. I’m helping you because I want to. I’m helping you because I like you. I don’t want any paying back.”

Tears ran down both sides of Keira’s face. She wiped them away quickly. “I wish there was something I could do for you. Something... to help you out, the way you’re helping me.”

Leyla smiled. “You’re helping me out just by being here. Can’t you tell?”

Keira looked at her with a bemused expression. “I... I wasn’t sure.”

“Well, I am.”

“I can tell... you really are glad I’m here. I thought I might have that wrong.”

“You don’t. Your magical powers are working just fine.”

Keira smiled at her, beginning to feel much better. “What is it with us, anyway?”

Leyla laughed. She leaned over and kissed the top of Keira’s head. “You tell

me. But first, let me get us each a nice big slab of lasagna, okay?”

Feeling happy again, Keira nodded. “Okay.”

## Chapter 15

After Leyla collected up the salad dishes and returned with them to the kitchen, Tara wandered over and rested her chin on the back of the couch, smiling at Keira.

“What?” Keira asked. She was also smiling. She suddenly had two friends. She’d never had any besides Tara before.

“Somebody looks happy,” Tara teased.

Keira twisted on the couch and craned her neck, giving Tara a little kiss on the mouth. “Things really have improved since we ran out the back door, haven’t they?”

“They sure have.”

“You find anything interesting to read?”

“All kinds of stuff! There must be over two dozen books I want to read on that shelf alone.”

“Do you want to have some dinner with us?”

“You know I don’t like rich foods.”

Keira nodded. It was true. “Did you hear? We’re going to be spending the night.”

Tara grinned. “I did hear. It’s wonderful, Keira. This house is so beautiful. Maybe we could stay here permanently.”

“Wouldn’t that be something? But I doubt it. Even a few days would be great. She’ll probably help us find a rooming house somewhere. I’m not sure,

really.”

“It will work out. Don’t worry about it now.”

“I won’t. You were right telling me not to worry before. I should take your advice more often.”

Smiling, Tara leaned forward and kissed her. “Yes, you should. Now I advise you to have a nice dinner and a nice time with Leyla. I’m going to get back to some more reading.”

“Okay. Thanks Tara. I love you.”

“I love you, too.” Tara stepped away from the couch and headed back toward the bookshelf. There was an old rocking chair there, and she settled into it and picked up the book she’d been reading, a giant hardcover with no dust jacket. Keira watched her find her place and the two of them smiled at each other for a moment.

“Get it while it’s hot,” Leyla called from the doorway.

Keira turned around and watched as Leyla stepped into the living room with a giant plate of lasagna in each hand. Steam was rising from them, and the delicious aromas of tomato sauce and garlic grew even stronger in the room as she brought them to the table and set them down.

“Holy cow,” said Keira. “I hope you don’t expect me to eat all that!”

Leyla laughed happily. “Eat what you can. I want you to go to bed stuffed.”

Tears threatened to spill from Keira’s eyes again at the thoughtfulness and kindness of this new friend of hers. If she ever spoke to Mrs. McReynolds or Mr. Richards at school again, she was planning to thank them for sending her to Leyla. It was quite possibly the best thing that had ever happened to her. “Thank you,” she said softly.

“You’re very welcome.” Leyla sat beside her on the couch and picked up her glass. “How about another little toast?”

Keira leaned forward and retrieved her drink. “What shall we toast this time?”

“New friends.”

Keira smiled and they clinked glasses. “New friends.”

They each took a long drink and set their glasses back on the table. Keira wasn't sure if she was feeling the effects of the alcohol a little bit or if she was just overwhelmingly happy to be sitting with Leyla. It made her feel guilty to have her back turned to Tara, but she knew it was Tara's own idea. She decided to take Tara's advice and just concentrate on having a nice time with Leyla for the next hour or so. She could fill Tara in on all the details when they turned in for the night, hopefully in a nice big soft bed.

Leyla picked up her plate and began cutting into her lasagna with a fork. “I hope I didn't use too much garlic. I have a habit of really pouring it on.”

“I love garlic,” Keira assured her. She grabbed her plate and cut off a big piece. “This looks so good!” Long strands of cheese stretched between the plate and her fork as she lifted it to her mouth. She scooped it in, using her fingers to grab at the cheese and lift it to her lips. It tasted so good she almost laughed and cried at the same time. She had no recollection of ever having food so flavorful.

“How is it?” Leyla asked. “Be honest. I can take it.”

Keira nodded, swallowing it down. Another stray tear ran down her cheek, but she was smiling. “It's the best thing I've ever tasted.”

Leyla rolled her eyes. “Sure it is. I just hope you don't hate it.”

Putting her hand gently on Leyla's arm, Keira shook her head. “No. Leyla, I'm not kidding. It really is the best thing I ever had. It's perfect. I can't believe... food can be like this.”

Now Leyla smiled gratefully. “Are you serious?” She slid her fork under her lasagna and then placed her hand on top of Keira's.



“Yes. I love it.”

“Thank you. You’re easy to please.”

Keira laughed. “That may be so. But it’s still delicious.”

“I’m glad you like it.” She patted Keira’s hand and then retrieved her fork. “There’s another few pounds of it in the kitchen.”

That made Keira laugh again and she removed her hand from Leyla’s arm and resumed eating. She scooped up one forkful after another, amazed that she could eat so much. Her appetite seemed to increase rather than diminish as she got down to the last few bites.

Leyla couldn’t keep up with her. “Don’t tell me you’re going to finish the whole slab.”

Keira slid another piece into her mouth, chewing happily. “I certainly am.”

“Well, then I’ll just have to get you some more.”

“Oh. I don’t know if I could eat any more after this. As good as it is, I don’t think I could hold it.”

Leyla ate another forkful. “We’ll have plenty of leftovers to heat up for lunch tomorrow.”

The statement caused Keira’s heart to race. The thought of spending tomorrow with Leyla was almost too much for her. She realized with amazement that the two of them very well might spend all of Sunday together, right here in Leyla’s beautiful house. There was nowhere on earth she’d rather be. “That would be wonderful.”

Leyla was watching her. “You really like it, huh?”

“Of course. You’re a great cook.” Keira took another mouthful, only one bite left on her plate.

“I’ll have to cook for you more often.”

The implications were staggering. Keira could only nod, assuming Leyla was just being nice. Surely once she helped Keira find a place to live they'd only see each other on Wednesday afternoons.

"Are you okay?" Leyla asked.

Keira looked at her, trying to appear unmoved by all the kindness. Leyla was probably getting sick of her predictable reactions to everything. "Yes. Thank you. Are you?"

Sighing, Leyla reached forward and set her plate down on the table. She'd eaten plenty, but not as much as Keira. When she leaned back she regarded Keira with a little smirk on her face. "I am now. I was actually feeling kind of rotten before you called me." She thought briefly of the paring knife she'd been pressing into her wrist.

"I'm glad you feel better."

"I do. You seem to have a calming influence about you."

It was news to Keira. "I do?"

"Well, I would think so. I mean, ever since I answered the phone, I've been feeling better. And now that you're here, I feel great."

Keira couldn't finish her last bite. Her heart and mind were both racing, trying to keep up with all that was going on. She set the plate on the table and picked up her glass. "That's funny," she said.

Leyla found her own glass and they each took a drink. "What's funny?"

"I could have said almost the exact same thing."

Leyla giggled musically. "We're quite a pair." She took another drink and set her glass down. "You know, ever since we talked on Wednesday, I haven't been able to stop thinking about some of the things you said."

Keira was surprised. She wouldn't have guessed Leyla had ever even thought of her. When she had dialed the phone, she was afraid Leyla wouldn't even

remember who she was. “Really?”

“Yes.” She leaned back, sinking into the cushions. “Remember, you told me that we have a lot in common. That we’re both here by mistake. That we share a peculiar wavelength, which would make sense, if we really are both here in error. And you seem to...” She shrugged. “You seem to be able to guess what I’m feeling.”

Keira finished her drink and set the glass down. She leaned back, turning to look at Leyla. “Does that bother you?”

“Bother me?” Leyla grinned. She reached over and tickled Keira’s ribs. “It makes me feel fantastic.”

Keira giggled, clutching Leyla’s hand. “It does?”

“Sure. It makes me feel like I’ve found something... something important... something that’s been eluding me my entire life.”

“You have.”

Leyla stared at her in wonder. She suddenly felt lightheaded. “I have?”

Keira nodded. “We both have.”

Staring at each other, they both began to feel almost reverent. “What have we found?” Leyla asked.

Keira licked her lips. “I’m not sure. But there’s a connection. Don’t you feel it?”

Leyla did. “Yes. What does it mean?”

“I don’t know. But maybe...”

“What?”

“Maybe we’ll figure it out. Maybe if we keep it going, it will get stronger.”

The thought of it thrilled Leyla. “I’d like that.”

Without even realizing it, Keira leaned into her and wrapped her arms around Leyla, resting her head on her shoulder. “Me too.”

Her heart thundering in her chest, Leyla embraced Keira and lowered her head, placing her cheek on the top of Keira’s hair, which was still slightly damp and smelled of her own shampoo. They sat quietly for several moments, just holding each other and breathing softly as Leyla’s heart rate slowly returned to normal.

Leyla had never felt anything that felt so right, and yet she worried it was somehow wrong. She shifted her head and kissed Keira’s hair. “I don’t know if we should be doing this, Keira.”

Keira was almost lost in Leyla’s comforting embrace. She couldn’t move, and didn’t want to. “Why is that?”

“Because... it feels... too good.”

Keira giggled. “It does, doesn’t it?”

“I would say so.”

“So you think we should... what?”

Leyla took an enormously deep breath and let it out slowly. Her whole body felt peaceful and relaxed. She realized she didn’t want to move. “I think... I think I’m tired of worrying so much about everything.”

“What are you worried about?”

“Stupid things. Things that don’t matter.”

“You mean, like their rules?”

“Kind of. Maybe.”

“Don’t you remember what I told you about their rules?”

Leyla grinned. “I believe you said to fuck them.”

“That’s right.”

“I’d like to. It’s just... kind of scary for me. I guess I’m a conformist, even if I don’t want to be.”

“Well. You could always work on that.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Sure. Instead of worrying about things that don’t matter, why don’t you worry about what *does* matter?”

Leyla smiled. “That’s a wonderful idea.”

They sat holding each other for a few moments longer. In the deep silence of the room, a clock could be heard ticking off in a far corner, measuring time.

“I hope you don’t have any plans for the near future,” Leyla said softly.

Keira was smiling against her shoulder. “Why is that?”

“I don’t think I’m going to be able to let you go.” Leyla’s embrace became even tighter.

Keira moaned happily, trying to nestle in closer. “I hope not.”

## Chapter 16

The ticking continued quietly in the far corner of the living room. Keira and Leyla listened to it together without speaking, their heartbeats keeping almost perfect rhythm with the clock and with each other. Everything seemed to be in sync.

They still had their arms wrapped around each other. Keira shifted her head, nuzzling it closer to Leyla and burying her face in the hollow of Leyla's neck. "What are you thinking about?" she asked.

Leyla felt almost too peaceful to answer. She opened her eyes slightly and rubbed her hands up and down Keira's back. "Can't you surmise?"

Keira considered it. "Maybe. Kind of. But I don't want to intrude on you. It's not polite."

Leyla smiled. "You're such a little sweetheart."

Keira sighed. "I can tell you're feeling better."

"You seem to be feeling better yourself."

"I am. Thanks to you."

Leyla was silent for a moment. Then she turned her head and kissed Keira's hair. "Keira?"

"Yes?"

"I want you to know... I don't want you to think that I'm taking advantage of your situation. That's not my intention at all."

Keira shifted again, lifting her head so that she could see Leyla. "What do

you mean?”

“I mean... I don’t want you to get the wrong idea about me. I would never do anything to hurt you. I would... never use you. I care about you, very much.”

“I care about you too, Leyla. But what are you worried about? You did nothing wrong.”

Smiling, Leyla nodded. “Maybe not. But... sitting here with my arms wrapped around you, I almost feel like I am. And at the same time, I feel better than I have in my entire life. It’s a little bit scary.”

Keira wanted to tell her that she felt better than she ever had, too. Somehow she didn’t think it was necessary. “Why is it scary?”

“I’m not sure. Rules again. Maybe because I’m your doctor. Or maybe because I’m almost twice your age.”

“Does that bother you? Because it certainly doesn’t bother me.”

“I just... don’t want you to think that I’m some kind of pervert or something.”

Keira sat up, breaking their embrace. Neither of them wanted it to happen, but suddenly Keira wanted to talk. “Leyla, you’re the most wonderful person I’ve ever met. I think the world of you. Please don’t think that I have any negative opinions of you. I don’t.”

Leyla smiled. “Thank you. I just...” She shrugged. “I don’t know. I just don’t want you to think that I’m taking advantage of you somehow.”

“I don’t. I only hope you don’t think *I’m* taking advantage of *you*. You’ve been so kind to me, and I didn’t even do anything to deserve it. No one else in the world would have helped me the way you have. I don’t think I could possibly admire you or respect you any more than I do. I think you’re perfect. For real.”

Leyla had never heard such praise. She took Keira’s hand in hers and raised it to her face, using it to wipe the tears that were threatening to spill from her eyes. “Keira... You’re like magic.”

Keira smiled. "I think I might know what happened to you. But I'm not really sure, because if I'm right, it makes no sense."

"What do you think happened?"

"I think... somebody hurt you. Somebody rejected you." Keira squeezed Leyla's hand. "I think somebody had your heart and they just threw it away."

Now tears were running down Leyla's face. She stared at Keira, ignoring them. "You're very insightful."

"Am I right?"

Leyla nodded.

"But Leyla..." Keira gazed into her eyes. "How?"

"How what?"

"How could anyone do that?"

Leyla thought about it. "It's a cruel world. It didn't seem hard to the perpetrator."

"But... I just don't see how anyone could possibly not want you." She squeezed Leyla's hand again and raised it to her mouth, giving it a little kiss. "You! The very best person in the whole world!"

Leyla laughed, using her free hand to wipe her face. "Believe it or not, Keira, not everyone sees me like you do."

Keira seemed to think about it. "I guess not. But... whoever it was, I bet they're going to regret it real soon. When they realize their mistake."

"Do you really think they made a mistake?"

"I know they did. Look at what they lost."



“Keira...”

Keira looked at her. “Yes?”

Leyla studied her for a moment, her eyes shimmering with affection. “Please hold me.” Leyla pulled her closer and wrapped her arms around her again.

Keira smiled and threw her arms around Leyla, once more burying her face in her hair and holding her. This time they sat for almost half an hour, neither of them wanting to break the contact.

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When Keira awoke, thirty minutes later, she sat up, releasing her grip on Leyla. Her back made an audible popping noise and she winced, stretching out and gazing down at Leyla, who was still asleep. She looked like a troubled angel, her long dark hair spilling over her shoulders as she snored softly.

Keira moved in closer, studying Leyla’s face. There were faint worry-lines beginning to appear at the corners of her eyes; not wrinkles by any means, but faint little etchings. Keira wanted to kiss them. She studied Leyla’s pretty nose and her generous, perfectly formed lips. She was examining the texture of them and wondering what they would feel like pressed up against her own when Leyla suddenly opened her eyes.

She smiled at Keira. “Hi there.”

Keira smiled back. “Hi.”

Leyla stretched, yawning erotically. “I’m sorry. I guess I fell asleep.”

“It’s okay. I did too, for a little while. It’s so nice and peaceful here.”

“It is,” Leyla agreed. She looked at Keira for a moment. “How are you?”

“I’m okay.” She glanced over at the rocking chair where Tara was still

absorbed in her big book. Tara knew exactly what was going on, Keira knew, and she was very happy about it. She looked back to Leyla. "I feel so... grateful. For everything. Thank you again for dinner."

"You're very welcome. I'm so glad you liked it."

Keira nodded. "And thank you for saving me today. I don't know what I would have done if it weren't for you."

Leyla ran her fingers through Keira's hair. "I could say the same thing, honey."

Keira swallowed. "Maybe. But I'd probably be sitting in the woods right now eating cheap bread and wondering whether or not..." She let her voice trail off, looking away.

"Keira, don't think about that now. It's pointless. You're here, with me, and you're welcome to stay as long as you want. In fact, you're more than welcome." She smiled, stroking Keira's hair again. "I have a lovely little guest room upstairs, right next to my bedroom. I think you'll like it. It's yours as long as you want."

Keira was crying again. She couldn't help it. She nodded and leaned into Leyla, holding her.

"Oh, sweetheart," Leyla said, wrapping her arms around Keira. "You're going to spoil me."

Keira giggled, despite herself. She burrowed her face into Leyla's neck, hugging her gratefully. "If you give me the chance, I promise to try."

Leyla squeezed her, smiling happily and rocking back and forth on the couch. "Oh, Keira, where did you come from?"

"A shitty little house on East Burnham Street."

Leyla laughed, squeezing her even tighter. "Well, you're on Vineland Street now, sweetie, and I'm glad."

“Me too.”

They sat holding each other for a little while longer, swaying rhythmically on the big couch. Then Keira sat up. “I just thought of something.”

Leyla was all ears. “What?”

“All my stuff. Everything I own, it’s all back at... my father’s house.”

“That’s okay. Is there something specific you needed tonight?”

“My toothbrush.”

Leyla laughed. “I’ve got an extra one you can use.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. I think I actually have about five or six.”

Keira nodded. “All my clothes, too.”

“You can borrow mine. We seem to be about the same size.”

“Okay. But... I don’t know if I’ll be able to go back there to get my stuff. Ever.”

“Keira, what happened? You never did tell me.”

She frowned, looking glum. “I’ll tell you tomorrow. I promise. It’s just... I don’t know what I’m going to do about... things. I don’t have anything.”

“You have plenty. You’ll share with me. This house is absolutely filled with stuff, Keira, and I want you to feel free to help yourself to whatever you want.”

Keira was looking at her with astonishment. “I can’t do that! I can’t just take your things!”

Leyla playfully pinched her cheek. “I’m giving you permission. I don’t even

use half the stuff around here.”

“But... a lot of it is probably personal. Or private.”

“If you’re in doubt about something, just ask. But otherwise, what’s mine is yours. I mean it. The thought of sharing with you...” Leyla smiled, looking somehow sad. “You have no idea how happy it would make me.”

Keira was staring at her. “How can you possibly be so nice?”

Leyla laughed. She placed a fingertip on Keira’s chin and drew a line below her lip. “I’m not really sure. This isn’t something I would offer to anyone else. This is something between you and me. Maybe...” She looked off in the distance, almost seeming to look right at Tara, but that wasn’t possible. “Maybe I feel that we already share something very special...”

“We do.”

“Well, then. We might as well share everything else, too. Is that okay with you?”

“Of course. But... I’m still not sure...”

“About what?”

“I mean... I don’t have *anything*. Not even underwear.”

Leyla laughed again. She couldn’t remember the last time she’d laughed so often. “We’ll get you some underwear. In the meantime, you can wear mine. In fact, I believe you already are.”

Keira looked down, almost ashamed. “I’m sorry.”

Using one finger, Leyla lifted her chin back up. “For what? I offered them to you. If you’d have refused, you would have hurt my feelings.”

“I feel like a moocher.”

Leyla moved her face closer to Keira’s. “You’re not a moocher. You’re my

friend. Keira... you told me yourself that you could tell I was feeling really rotten a few days ago, didn't you?"

Keira nodded. "Yes. And you're feeling a lot better now."

"That's right. And it's because of you."

Keira smiled. "I'd like to think so."

"I'm telling you, it is."

"We're quite a pair."

Leyla giggled. "Exactly."

Keira thought for a moment that Leyla was going to kiss her. She hoped so. She was quite certain that Leyla wanted to, but was afraid. Then Leyla swallowed nervously and ruffled her hair instead. "Are you getting sleepy, little angel? Would you like me to show you to your room?"

Keira sighed, looking around. "Let me help you clean up."

"You're a guest! No cleaning up for you."

"But if I'm going to be staying here for awhile, I at least want to do my fair share of the chores."

"Fair enough. But not tonight. You had a rough day. I'll get this stuff."

"Are you sure?" She put her head on Leyla's shoulder. "I'd love to help you."

Leyla smiled and put an arm around her. "Well... in that case..."

\*

They washed the dishes together, and Leyla wrapped up the leftovers, finding room for the them in the refrigerator. They chatted happily as they worked,

and Keira continually expressed her astonishment at the size of Leyla's kitchen and all the food she had stored there. There were dozens of cabinets and cupboards and even a pantry, all of them fully stocked.

"You could get snowed in all winter and never go hungry," she pointed out.

"Too bad winter is almost over. I kind of like the idea of getting snowed in here with you."

Keira smiled, wiping her hands on a dishtowel. "It would be kind of nice."

Their progressive flirting had put a charge in the air, and they were both simultaneously enjoying it and trying to pretend it wasn't serious. They both knew what they felt, and they were also fairly certain they knew what each other felt, but it was all so new to both of them. They wanted to be careful.

Leyla removed a pitcher of iced tea from the refrigerator and began filling a glass. "Would you like a drink to take up to bed with you? I always like a little something on my nightstand in case I get thirsty."

Keira nodded. "That would be nice. Do I have a nightstand, too?"

Leyla filled another glass and handed it to her. "You sure do."

Keira sipped her tea. It was delicious, like everything else Leyla had given her. "I never had one before."

After returning the pitcher, Leyla took a sip from her own glass. "Well, you do now. Get used to it."

"I'll try."

"Is there anything special you'd like for breakfast? I've got all the basics."

Keira thought of the cheap loaf of bread she would have bought. Then she thought of hunting through the crumbs in her father's dirty little kitchen for something edible. She smiled warmly at Leyla. "Anything at all would be wonderful."

“You must have a favorite. What would you really like, if you could choose anything?”

There was an amused glint in Keira’s eyes as she pondered the question. She felt as though she’d won the lottery. In a way, she supposed she had. “What about...” She looked apprehensively at Leyla. “Pancakes?”

“Pancakes! That will be fun! I haven’t made them in months.”

“Really? You have all the stuff?”

“Sure. With blueberries or without?”

“With!”

“No problem. We can have eggs, too. Do you like eggs?”

It had been so long since Keira had had eggs that she barely remembered what they tasted like. “I think so. I used to eat them sunny-side up when I was little.”

“Well, then, how about sunny-side up eggs and blueberry pancakes? Does that sound good?”

Keira pictured herself eating cheap bread directly from the bag, sitting on a wet log in the woods. “It sounds great! Can I help you cook?”

“If you’d like to, sure.”

The thought of hanging out with Leyla in the kitchen and helping her make breakfast filled Keira with an almost palpable joy. It would be an entirely new experience for her, one she suddenly craved. “I’d love to. I can’t wait!”

“Well, then. It sounds like we’ve got a plan.”

\*

Upstairs, Leyla found a spare toothbrush in the hall closet and gave it to Keira. She also gave her a spare bath towel and pointed out that they'd be sharing the upstairs bathroom.

"I'll get you some clothes, too. But first let me show you your room."

Keira followed her down the hall. She took a peek over her shoulder to see if Tara was following, but there was no sign of her. She knew Tara was encouraging her to get closer to Leyla, and Keira certainly appreciated it, but she was beginning to miss Tara terribly. She couldn't wait to cuddle up with her and talk things over.

Up ahead, Leyla stepped into a doorway and flipped on a light. "I know it's not the Ritz, but I think you'll be comfortable here."

Keira stepped into the room, holding her glass of iced tea, her toothbrush and her towel. The room was beautiful, as she knew it would be. There was a large bed, almost twice the size of her shitty little bed on Burnham Street, and it was adorned with a velvety pink comforter. There were several large pillows, also decked out in pink. The carpeting was thick and clean and white. There was a nightstand, as promised, with a lamp and an alarm clock on it. There was also a desk and a dresser, with a large mirror over the latter. There were two closets, both of them closed. The bookshelf against the far wall was filled with at least a hundred books. Tara would love it. There was even a rocking chair there, in the corner, for her to sit in and read, right beside a large window.

"I've never been to the Ritz," Keira admitted. "But I would guess this is better."

Leyla laughed and rubbed one hand up and down Keira's back. "Maybe not. But like I said, you've got all the necessities. Feel free to rearrange things the way you like. Consider it your room."

Keira walked to the nightstand and set down her glass. She tossed the toothbrush and towel on the bed. Then she returned to Leyla and wrapped her arms around her again. "Thank you so much."



Leyla held her, loving the feel of her. She was Keira, and there was no one anywhere she'd rather be with. "You're so welcome, Keira. I want you to feel at home."

"I do. I feel closer to home than I ever have in my life."

Smiling, Leyla kissed the side of her head. "Maybe you're not so far away anymore. From where you belong."

Keira straightened up and looked at her. The idea seemed almost sanctified to her. "Maybe you're right."

"I hope so."

"That would really be something."

They smiled at each other. Then Leyla fell back on her nervous habit of ruffling Keira's hair. "Come with me for a minute."

"Okay." Keira followed her back out into the hall. The floorboards squeaked softly as they reached the next doorway.

Leyla turned on the light and stepped in, beckoning Keira to follow.

It was Leyla's bedroom. It was decorated similarly to the guest room, but it was filled with all of Leyla's personal belongings. Keira felt her heart begin to beat faster as she looked around at Leyla's jewelry boxes filled with her many little treasures and several pairs of her shoes sitting outside the closet door. There was a chair near the bed with laundry piled on it, and a pair of socks tossed on the floor near a small filing cabinet. The mirror over the dresser held tiny old photographs that Keira couldn't make out from a distance. It looked so lived-in, and it was lived in by Leyla. It felt almost magical to her. And there, right in the center of the big room, was Leyla's bed. The comforter was pulled back and she could see the lavender sheets. They were the sheets she'd seen in her fantasy, earlier in the afternoon when she'd been in the woods with Tara. This was the bed. It was Leyla's bed, and it was real, and Keira felt a thrill run through her blood at the sight of it.

Leyla didn't seem to notice. She was over at the dresser, pulling a pair of underwear from one of the drawers. As Keira watched, she also produced a pair of socks, another t-shirt and a pair of white shorts. She brought them to Keira with a little smile.

"Here you are. Just a little something to tide you over. We'll work on getting you some other stuff later. But this should be good for morning."

Keira accepted them. "Thank you." She was still in awe in regards to the bed.

Leyla noticed her looking at it. "Would you rather sleep here? You're certainly welcome to." She hesitated a moment. "There's plenty of room for both of us." Leyla's pulse began to accelerate as she made the unplanned offer.

The question surprised Keira. "No. I... I was just looking. Everything here is so beautiful."

Smiling, Leyla brushed the back of her fingers along Keira's cheek. "I agree."

Her heart was already racing. Now Keira's heart began to sprint. She wasn't sure what to do or say. "What time do you usually get up?"

"Well, on Sunday I usually sleep a little later. But I'm always up by seven."

Keira looked at her. "Shall I meet you at seven?"

Leyla nodded. "You shall meet me whenever you wish."

"Okay."

"Really, Keira. I'll be right here. If there's anything you need during the night, please, like I said, feel free to help yourself."

"Thank you."

"And if you need me..." She smiled. "...for anything... just come right in. I'll leave my door open for you. Don't be afraid to wake me up, if you feel

frightened or worried, or whatever. Or even if you just want to talk. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Otherwise I guess I’ll see you in the morning.”

Keira nodded. “Can I hug you goodnight?”

Leyla smiled. “I’d feel terrible if you didn’t.”

After setting the clothes down on the bed, Keira went to her and they embraced again. Leyla tried to make it last. She had been hoping Keira would’ve chosen to stay with her.

## Chapter 17

After brushing her teeth and washing up in the enormous, sparkling clean bathroom, which was done up in lavender tiles and pink-striped wallpaper, Keira made her way back to her room and shut the door. Then she thought better of it and opened it a crack. She knew Leyla was leaving hers open, and she thought it would be polite to do the same. She didn't want Leyla thinking she was trying to keep her away.

Not surprisingly, Tara was there in the rocking chair, holding a book and smiling at her. She appeared to be very pleased about something.

As Keira stepped further into the room, Tara got up, leaving her book on the chair. They met near the bed and Tara gently took Keira's hand and pulled her closer.

"I missed you."

Keira smiled. "I missed you too, Tara."

They put their arms around each other and Keira felt herself filling up with the potent love that Tara always supplied. She wasn't as depleted as she normally would have been, thanks to Leyla, but she still soaked up a good deal of what Tara had to offer.

"How are you doing, Keira?"

"I can't complain. How about you?"

"Oh, I'm fine. I'm a little excited about all those books. Everywhere I look I find two dozen more I want to read."

"Sounds like you're going to be busy for awhile."

Tara straightened up. She kissed Keira on the cheek. “Sounds like you’ve got some plans, too. Blueberry pancakes? That’s wonderful!”

Keira smiled sadly. “Yeah. But... I feel like I’m ignoring you. And I really don’t mean to. I don’t want to. I love you so much, Tara.”

Tara was smiling. “Take off those clothes, sweetheart. Let’s get into bed.”

Keira nodded. She removed her t-shirt and jeans and then pulled back the bed covers. She made a quick trip back to the light switch to toggle it off and then got into bed, sliding under the sheets with Tara, who was already there waiting for her.

“What an amazing bed,” Tara said. She snuggled closer and wrapped Keira up in her arms. “We won’t even need to travel tonight.”

“No,” Keira agreed. “I don’t think there’s anyplace I’d rather be.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

“Oh, Tara,” Keira moaned. “What am I going to do?”

“What do you mean?”

“You must know what I mean. I mean Leyla. I think... I think she really likes me.”

Tara giggled. “She does.”

Keira pinched her playfully. “See? You *do* know!”

“Of course I know. But, Keira, what are you worried about? I think it’s wonderful.”

Keira was filled with conflicting emotions. “But... I don’t know what to do.”

“About what?”

“About Leyla. About you. About us. About everything.”

Tara pressed her nose to Keira's and kissed her softly on the lips. "I think you worry too much."

"Probably. But I'm so confused. I don't want to hurt anyone."

"You're not hurting anyone."

There was just enough moonlight coming through the shades for Keira to be able to see. She stared at Tara. "Aren't I?"

"No. Keira, you've got to understand something. You and me will always be together. Always. Nothing can ever change that. The planet could explode and you could burn up and die, and we'd still be together. We're eternal, Keira, as I think you know."

"Yes, but..."

Tara silenced her with another kiss.

"The problem for us is, as you also know, you happen to have been born into this human existence. You have, but I haven't. So, because of that, we're not really together the way we should be. The way we used to be. The way we will be again, in the future, when your time here is over. Because, like all humans, Keira, your time here is limited."

"Yes, I know. But..."

"And as much as I love you, and as much as I want to be with you in every possible capacity, there is simply no way for me to become human. It's out of the realm of possibilities. And, so, I'm unable to really be with you the way that I wish I could be, and that you undoubtedly wish that I could be."

"Tara..."

"Just wait. Leyla, on the other hand, is stuck here, just like you. And she's tragically human, like you. And, as you probably well know, she also feels much the same way you do. About... almost everything."

Keira nodded. "I know."

“Well, sweetheart. Then I want you to think about it. You’re both stuck here. And it’s completely temporary, in the grand scheme of things. It could be fifty years or longer, but it’s still temporary. You and I will be together for eternity. But you and Leyla...” Tara hugged her tighter. “The two of you only have a short time together. And the two of you could help each other make that time a lot more pleasant. I want you to do this, Keira.”

“But, Tara...”

“I want you to. Please? I hate seeing you so sad. You’ve been sad since you were born here.”

“I’m not sad when I’m with you.”

“No. But again, I’m only partially here. I can never be fully here. If I could, I would, but I can’t. And, Keira, I want you to be with someone who really is entirely here. For your own sake, and for mine. And for Leyla’s. She’s perfect for you. She even reminds me of you. And she... cares about you, just like I do.”

Keira couldn’t disagree, but she still felt unsure. “But, Tara, I just don’t know. It would feel like I was... trespassing.”

“You wouldn’t be trespassing. You have my blessings. You’d be happy, Keira, and so would I. The fact that Leyla would also be happy is a huge bonus. I like her a great deal, and I’d love to see her happy. Everyone wins.”

“I’m just not sure about this, Tara.”

“Please? It’s what I want for you. For now. For your time on this earth.”

Keira sighed. She felt more confused than ever. “I can’t just... switch over...”

“You’re not switching over, silly! I’ll still be right here. We’ll still be together every day, just like we are now. The difference is, you’ll be with Leyla on a human level. You can experience... humanity... with her. Something you and I can never do.”

Keira swallowed. Tara’s points were all valid, and yet it still didn’t seem

right somehow. “Oh, I just don’t know...”

Tara sighed. “If you don’t do it, Keira, you’re always going to be thinking about escaping. Just like this afternoon, when you asked me to hold your head under the water.”

Keira thought about that. She realized, deep down, that Tara was right.

“And if you don’t do this, Leyla will also feel crushed. She’s found something in you. Something she’s always wanted. Something that has always evaded her. Something she needs. You gave her a glimpse of it, Keira. It’s why we’re here, in her home right now.”

Keira also knew this was accurate. The thought of hurting Leyla was almost as bad as the thought of hurting Tara. “I don’t want to hurt anyone,” she said again.

“You don’t have to. You don’t even have to make a decision. You’re worrying for nothing. All you have to do is go in there and make it clear to her how you feel about her.”

Keira considered it. “I think she already knows.”

“I think she’s got a pretty good idea. But she’s confused as to why you chose to come in here alone instead of staying with her.”

“I’m not alone. I’m with you.”

“I know that. But she doesn’t. She doesn’t even know about me. She only knows that she feels she’s found the one thing she’s always wanted. And by leaving her alone in there, you hurt her a little bit. She’s very sensitive. She’s in there crying, Keira.”

The news was like a blow to her gut. Keira had no idea. “How do you know?”

“I just do.”

Keira had no doubt she was right. Suddenly her heart ached for Leyla. After



all she'd done for Keira, Keira had chosen to leave her alone. The thought of it almost made her sick.

"Please, Keira," Tara said again. "We have eternity. Leyla needs you now."

Keira had tears in her own eyes now. She looked at Tara. "I..."

"Please, Keira."

She nodded. "Are you sure?"

Tara kissed her. "You know I am."

"What are you going to do?"

Tara smiled. "I'm going to read, of course."

Keira laughed. "I had a feeling." She hugged Tara again. "I love you so much, Tara."

"I love you, too. And I always will. Nothing will ever change that."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Now why don't you go in there and see if you can make Leyla feel better. She deserves it."

Keira nodded. "She sure does."

## Chapter 18

Leyla's door was still partially open. Keira opened it further and stepped through, not sure if she should be quiet or intentionally make her presence known so that she didn't end up frightening Leyla. There was enough light coming through the window for her to see that Leyla was lying on her side, facing away from her. If she was crying, she was doing it silently. Keira knew Tara would not have lied, and it upset her deeply to know she was the cause of Leyla's tears.

Approaching the bed from behind Leyla, Keira pressed down on the mattress and cleared her throat. "Leyla?"

Leyla jumped slightly, startled. She flipped over and sat up. "Keira?" She blinked in the darkness. "Is everything okay?"

"Yes. I'm sorry I spooked you."

Smiling, Leyla wiped her eyes. "It's okay. I told you, you're free to come in whenever you want." Her smile widened. "I'm glad you did."

"Thank you." Keira could feel the happiness building in Leyla simply due to her presence. This in turn caused Keira to feel happier. It was hard to believe she'd just met this woman a few days ago and had only spent several hours with her. Their connection felt decades strong.

Leyla studied her for a moment. "How are you?"

"I'm okay. How are you?"

"Good. Even better now that you're here. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

Keira tried to appear nervous, when in fact she suddenly felt very confident. She wasn't nearly as confused anymore, thanks to her talk with Tara and

Leyla's obvious delight to see her. "I was just wondering..."

Leyla leaned toward her, propping herself on one elbow. "Yes?"

Keira thought she looked very beautiful lying there like that. The idea of climbing into bed with her was exhilarating. "Do you think..." She shrugged. "I was just feeling a little funny, and I wondered if it would be okay... if maybe I lie down with you? Even for just a little while?"

The emotion that radiated from Leyla was unmistakable. She beamed with happiness. "Of course, Keira!" She rubbed her hand on the bed beside her. "Please! Hop in!"

The words sent a shiver of arousal throughout Keira's body. She had put her t-shirt back on before entering the room, and she decided she ought to leave it on, at least for now. She climbed up onto the bed and slipped under the sheet and comforter, scooting over and positioning herself alongside Leyla. It was a moment she'd always remember. "Thank you, Leyla." Her head sank into the big soft pillow, and the subtle perfume scent from her earlier dream became prevalent once again.

"You're more than welcome. This is really a nice surprise."

Keira turned on her side so she was facing Leyla. "I hope I'm not intruding."

"No way." Leyla's eyes were glowing in the dark room. Any tears that were there had given way to eager anticipation. "So the guest room didn't work out for you?"

"Oh, no. I love the room."

Leyla pursed her lips, thinking it over. "Don't tell me. The tree branches were scraping on the windows again? I know that sounds kind of scary."

Keira smiled. "I didn't hear any tree branches."

"Oh?" Leyla was smiling back. "Should I keep guessing?"

Keira slowly moved the hand that wasn't propping up her chin closer to

Leyla, under the covers. Her own courage surprised her. The pretenses of earlier in the night seemed almost ridiculous now. “There was only one problem with the room, as far as I can tell.”

Leyla was staring into her eyes. “And what was that?”

Keira found Leyla’s hand and closed her own around it. She watched the surprise register on Leyla’s face as her smile grew wider. “There’s no Leyla in there.” She could feel the warmth bloom in Leyla’s chest as if it were her own.

“Oh, Keira.” Leyla’s face was full of emotion. “Does this mean you’re going to spend the night with me? Right here?”

“I hope so.”

Leyla squeezed her hand, her whole face lighting up. “I’m so glad!”

Keira smiled. “I was hoping you’d let me.”

“Let you?” She laughed. “There’s nothing I want more.”

“Me either. We seem to be getting pretty close.”

Leyla laughed again. The tears were back, but they were different now. “Do you have any idea...?”

Keira scooted a little closer. “What?”

“You’re like a little dream come true. I feel like... I don’t even know. I seem to like you more and more almost every minute. I don’t even know if ‘like’ is the right word any more.”

Any doubts Keira had about what she was doing were gone. She moved even closer. “I want to share with you, Leyla. Everything.”

Tears ran down the side of Leyla’s nose and dripped onto the sheets. “How can you possibly be real?”

Keira giggled. “I don’t know. Maybe I’m not.”

“I pray that you are.”

Raising her head, Keira leaned over and kissed Leyla on the forehead. “Would you hold me, Leyla? I want to spend the night in your arms.”

Wasting no time, Leyla hungrily pulled Keira into a warm embrace. She kissed her hair, wiping it with tears of joy. “Oh, god, Keira. You can spend the rest of your life in my arms.”

Keira hugged her back, their legs tangling together. If ever there was a better place to be, neither of them knew of it.

“Is that a promise?” Keira asked.

“Yes.”

“Okay, then. I accept.”

Leyla laughed, and cried, and hugged her tighter.

## Chapter 19

The sun began creeping through the blinds just before seven o'clock. Keira and Leyla had fallen asleep very soon after they reunited in Leyla's bed, and had slept soundly in each other's arms all night long. Now they began to stir, waking up to the pleasant reality of where they were and who they were with and a hundred promises of what their futures might hold. It was the single best morning either of them ever woke to.

Keira peeked at Leyla through the tangles of her hair. Leyla was peeking back. "Good morning, Leyla."

"Good morning, little angel." She smiled brightly. "How did you sleep?"

"Best sleep I ever had. I didn't even wake up, until now."

"Me either. I guess we're very compatible in bed."

Keira smiled. "I guess so."

They stared at each other, getting lost within their happy thoughts. They had drifted slightly apart during the night and now Keira slid closer, as close as possible. The heat of Leyla's body felt wonderful against hers and she pressed up as snugly as she could. "Thank you for sharing your bed with me."

Leyla wrapped her arms more securely around Keira, holding her close. Their noses were touching. Something had changed in a very short period of time, and they both felt it clearly. "It's not mine," she whispered. Her eyes were smiling. "It's ours."

Keira was speechless. Her whole body was purring with love. She felt it everywhere. She pressed her face closer to Leyla's and suddenly their lips were touching. Leyla's lips were the softest, sweetest things her own had ever encountered and she became almost dizzy with arousal. She nearly lost her

ability to breathe as she felt Leyla begin to respond.

Leyla moaned softly and opened her mouth slightly. She pulled Keira's lower lip between her own and ran her tongue over it. Any concerns about being Keira's doctor went out the window. Nothing else in the world mattered anymore; only this, right now. She pulled Keira somehow even closer and then she felt Keira's tongue poking out and gently, lovingly, tasting her own. Leyla opened her lips wider and sucked Keira's tongue into her mouth, causing her to gasp. She rubbed her hands all over Keira's back as the kiss became deeper.

Keira had never experienced anything like it. Her whole world became focused solely on Leyla's mouth as their kiss lingered on and on. Their tongues playfully slid around and sparred with each other, exploring and tasting and caressing. Her heart raced wildly as their lips worked together in a kiss that threatened to overwhelm her. She was as close to Leyla as was possible and yet she craved to be even closer. She pulled her tongue from Leyla's mouth and then sucked Leyla's tongue into hers, feeling the thrill of it in her belly and below. There was a powerful surge of excitement building deep within her center and she lifted her leg high in air and threw it over Leyla, grinding their pelvises together.

When Leyla finally pulled her mouth away from Keira's, the room was fully bright, the sun flooding in through the slats in the blinds. Birds were chattering excitedly outside the window. Leyla smiled, breathing very fast. "My god, Keira. I don't know... I'm so happy, I feel like I'm going to burst."

Keira kissed her again. "Me too," she gasped. "I think..." She smiled nervously. "I think I need you."

Leyla kissed her all over the face. "I *know* I need you." She swallowed. "Have you ever done this before?"

"No. But I want to. With you. Right now. Will you show me how?"

Leyla laughed sexily. "Good god, Keira. You don't have to ask." She slipped one hand under Keira's t-shirt and gripped it, tugging it up. "Can you take this off, sweetheart?"

Sitting up, Keira tore it off and threw it to the floor. “No problem.”

Her breasts were revealed, the sunlight playing off their full-formed beauty and casting erotic shadows that painted their way down her ribs and her slender tummy. Leyla reached up and took one in her hand, pressing her palm against Keira’s erect pink nipple. “You’re so beautiful, Keira.”

Keira was rolling her head back on her neck, a big smile on her face. Her long dark hair spilled all the way down to the pillow. “God, that feels good.”

Sitting up, Leyla craned her neck and took Keira’s other nipple into her mouth. She sucked at it and let her tongue dance over and over it. “I want to make you feel so good, honey.”

“You already are.”

Leyla suckled her breast for a bit longer, and then lifted her head, engaging Keira in another kiss. After a moment she pulled away, and then moved back in, licking at Keira’s lips.

Keira tangled her fingers in Leyla’s hair, smiling. “You’re going to make me explode.”

Moving her face over, Leyla kissed Keira’s ear and then whispered into it. “Lie down, sweetheart. I think we should keep it simple for your first time.”

“Anything you want.” Keira slid down in the bed, rubbing one hand along Leyla’s arm and down to her thigh. Leyla’s skin felt silky and smooth under her hand and caused her to become even more aroused.

“I want you to come, honey.” Leyla slid down alongside of her and stroked her taut stomach, kissing her on the lips. “I want you to come for me in our bed. Will you do that?”

Keira wrapped one hand around Leyla’s head, pulling her closer. “I’d do anything for you. Just... please don’t stop kissing me.”

Leyla pressed her lips to Keira’s and slipped her tongue into Keira’s mouth. At the same time she slid her hand lower, so that it was inside the panties she



had loaned to her.

Keira moaned softly and spread her legs wider, inviting Leyla's touch. She was sucking on Leyla's tongue and running her fingers roughly through her hair, tangling it up.

Moving her hand lower, Leyla found Keira's swollen labia. As she ran one finger alongside it, Keira shuddered and pulled her hair. She whimpered into Leyla's mouth. Leyla smiled and slowly slipped her finger into Keira's wet opening.

Keira released Leyla's hair with one hand and grabbed onto her arm, squeezing it. "Oh my god, Leyla. You're going to make me..."

Leyla pulled her mouth away and began kissing Keira all over her face again. "I'm going to make you come."

"Yes. Yes, you are." She spread her legs even wider, lifting her feet into the air.

Keira's clitoris was swollen and protruding, and Leyla slowly rubbed her thumb over it as she slid one finger in and out of her vagina, which was slick with arousal. Keira began to moan loudly and pull down on Leyla's hair so that their mouths were pressed together again. "Please don't stop kissing me," she panted. "Please."

Leyla kissed her hungrily. She slipped her tongue back into Keira's mouth and worked her thumb over Keira's clit in quick little circling motions. Suddenly Keira was squirming around and gasping, her hips bucking up and down in the bed. Leyla felt Keira contract on her finger and she slowly pulled it out.

"I think somebody came," Leyla said seductively.

Keira smiled, breathing very fast. She unwound her fingers from Leyla's hair as the tremors finished working their way through her body. "Oh, Leyla! That was amazing!"

Leyla giggled. “I hardly even did anything, sweetie. You were really wound up.” She lifted her hand to her mouth and slipped her finger between her lips.

Keira watched her, entranced.

Grinning down at her, Leyla removed the finger. “You taste as good as you look.”

“Oh, Leyla.” She raised her head up off the pillow and kissed her on the mouth. “I want to make *you* come.”

“I was hoping you would.”

\*

Lying beside Leyla on the bed, Keira rolled over so that she was partially alongside of Leyla and partially on top of her. She massaged her breasts with one hand, causing Leyla to moan happily and caress the smooth contours of her back. “Can I taste?” she asked.

“You can do anything you want, sweetheart. Always.”

Keira kissed her again and then lowered her mouth, taking Leyla’s nipple between her lips. She ran her tongue over it, feeling the thrill between her own legs. Leyla felt it too, moaning louder and slipping a hand down into her panties.

Seeing what she was doing, Keira grinned and lowered her own hand, gently brushing Leyla’s out of the way. She slipped it in further and cupped Leyla’s soft, fuzzy mound.

Leyla wiggled her hips around, pulling Keira closer. “Oh, Keira. I don’t think it’s going to take much.”

Still holding Leyla’s nipple in her mouth, Keira reached down further and traced one finger along either side of Leyla’s folds. Leyla gasped and moaned languidly, clutching Keira’s arm and grimacing. “Oh, honey. Oh, my sweet

little Keira.”

Keira licked her nipple again and then raised her face, pressing her open lips to Leyla’s. Leyla responded by pulling Keira’s head closer and slipping her tongue once again into Keira’s open mouth.

Sliding one hand beneath Leyla’s neck, Keira deepened the kiss while at the same time finding Leyla’s slit and working a finger into it. She slid it up and down, watching out of the corner of her eye as Leyla’s feet spread further apart and began flexing along with the motions of her hand.

“Oh, Keira,” Leyla moaned into Keira’s mouth. “Fuck me, honey.”

Keira slid her finger in deeper and then found Leyla’s clit with the edge of her hand. She rubbed up and down on it while working her finger along the sides of her slick labia. “How is that?” she asked.

Leyla’s answer was a throaty moan. She pulled her mouth away from Keira’s and sucked air in through her teeth as her whole body tensed up. Her thighs closed on Keira’s hand, halting her maneuvers as wave after wave of intense pleasure surged through her. “Oh, Keira.”

Pulling her hand free, Keira smiled and kissed Leyla on the mouth. “Did I do okay?”

Leyla laughed, still recovering. She rolled onto her side, wrapping her arms around Keira and holding her. “You did more than okay.” She kissed her ear. “You did perfect.”

Keira pressed her face to Leyla’s cheek, which was slightly damp with perspiration. Her hair was also mildly damp. Keira kissed her again and then lifted her hand to her mouth, tasting her finger.

Leyla smiled, thrilled at the gesture. “How is it?”

Keira returned her smile, pulling the finger from her mouth. “Delicious. It’s sweet, like the rest of you.”

Leyla giggled and took Keira’s hand, pulling it toward her own mouth. She

slowly sucked Keira's finger between her lips, working it over with her tongue.

Keira lifted her leg and draped it over Leyla. "You're getting me all wound up again."

"Good," Leyla whispered. "We've got plenty of time to take care of that."

## Chapter 20

Keira took the first shower while Leyla relaxed in bed, her face on Keira's pillow. She could smell faint traces of her on the pillow case and she slipped one hand between her thighs as she inhaled deeply. She was in love, she knew. It had happened before, but never like this and never this suddenly. Keira was perfect in every way, despite her schizophrenia, and Leyla was already thinking of ways she could change her life to incorporate Keira fully into it.

Pressing her face deeper into the pillow, Leyla shook her fingers back and forth over her glistening nub. Her and Keira had already brought each other to orgasm twice in the past forty minutes, but it wasn't quite enough for her. The sexual tension that had built up the previous night combined with the experience of finally being together with Keira had her nearly overwhelmed with arousal. She didn't think she could ever get enough of Keira. Her sweet innocence, her psychological mystique and her perfect beauty were enough to send Leyla over the edge.

She began to whimper softly into the pillow as her fingers danced wildly between her legs. She pictured Keira naked, sliding into bed beside her and she moaned loudly, losing herself in yet another orgasm. She quivered on the mattress, panting, realizing happily that Keira would undoubtedly be sliding into bed with her that very night. Perhaps every night.

Leyla kissed the pillow.

She missed Keira already.

\*

While Leyla showered, Keira spent a few happy minutes talking with Tara.

She filled her in on what had transpired during the night and morning, and Tara expressed her excitement and encouraged her to keep up the good work.

“She’s falling in love with you, Keira.”

“I hope so. I already love her.”

Tara laughed. “I’m so glad.”

“Thank you for... everything, Tara.”

“There’s no reason to thank me.”

“I feel there is.”

From upstairs came the sound of the bathroom door opening, followed by the squeaking of floorboards as Leyla made her way toward the stairs.

Tara kissed Keira on the cheek. “Enjoy your breakfast, Keira. I’ll see you again real soon.”

Keira grinned. “Okay.” She watched as Tara made her way back to her rocking chair and picked up a heavy book. Keira wasn’t sure if it was the same one or not. Then Leyla was coming down the stairs, smiling at her.

“Good morning again, sweetheart.”

Keira watched her descend, her heart beating wildly from all the love. She was surrounded by it. It was like nothing she’d ever known before. “Good morning again to you, too.”

When Leyla reached the bottom of the stairs, Keira stepped over to greet her. Face to face, they smiled at each other and shared a soft, sweet kiss.

Keira slipped an arm around Leyla’s waist and pulled her closer. “I missed you,” she whispered.

Wrapping her arms around Keira, Leyla hugged her tightly. “Oh, honey, I missed you, too.” They embraced for several moments and then shared

another kiss. It felt like Christmas morning as a child to both of them, only much, much better.

“Is my little angel hungry?” Leyla asked.

“I’m hungry for you.”

Leyla laughed and kissed her again, taking a playful lick of her lips. “You’ll get plenty of that real soon, I promise. But I believe we had plans for eggs and pancakes.”

“We did,” Keira admitted.

“Were you still interested?”

Keira pressed her face to the side of Leyla’s neck, nuzzling her. She peppered Leyla’s neck and throat with a dozen little kisses. “Of course.”

Leaning her head back, Leyla moaned. She rubbed one hand down Keira’s arm. “Oh, honey. What a treat today is going to be.”

Keira giggled. “You can say that again.” She kissed Leyla again on the mouth.

Leyla sighed, very deeply. There was nothing that could possibly happen that would make her feel any happier. She placed her hand on Keira’s cheek, caressing it. “Why don’t you make yourself comfy and let me cook a nice big breakfast for you?”

Keira shook her head. “I thought we were going to cook together?” She had really been looking forward to it.

“We can if you’d like. I just don’t want you to feel like you have to work. The thought of slaving away in the kitchen for you while you rest out here in a comfortable chair with your pretty little feet up makes me hot.”

Keira laughed. “It makes me hot, too. But the thought of standing beside you in there and helping you... sharing with you... just being with you... it makes me feel so happy.” Keira kissed her again. “I don’t want to be away from you

if I don't have to be."

"You don't have to be, sweetheart. I have no obligations or plans of any kind today. We can spend the entire day together." She smiled. "The night, too."

Keira wrapped her arms around Leyla again, hugging her tight.

\*

They entered the kitchen together, holding hands. Leyla was wearing a light blue t-shirt and a pair of black shorts; Keira's t-shirt and shorts were both white. Each of them was barefoot.

"I don't know where anything is," Keira reminded her. "So I guess you'll have to get things started."

Leyla gave her a seductive look and then spun her around, pressing her up against the refrigerator. "If you say so." She pressed her mouth against Keira's, kissing her passionately as their bodies molded together. Keira moaned, wrapping her arms around Leyla and gripping her ass, squeezing.

Leyla pulled back slightly, smiling. "Oh, god, Keira. I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"I just... I can't stop."

"I don't want you to."

"I don't either. But we really should have breakfast."

Keira nodded. The little incident had taken her breath away. "Okay."

"Just promise me one thing."

Looking into her eyes, Keira nodded again.



“Promise me we’ll have sex again as soon as we’re through eating.”

Keira smiled. “I promise.”

Leyla pressed her face forward and kissed Keira again. Then she stepped away, opening a cabinet near the sink.

Keira watched her pull two large frying pans out and set them on the stove. “Is there anything I can do to help?”

Leyla grinned at her. “Since you’re standing right there next to the refrigerator, you could open it up and find the butter and eggs. The blueberries, too. There’s a little plastic container on the second shelf.”

While Keira scouted out the necessary items, Leyla busied herself by pouring instant pancake mix into a large bowl and adding water. She used a wire whisk to mix it up, stirring and stirring until the batter was nice and smooth.

“Oh, could you get the coffee out, too?”

“Of course.” Keira had already gotten everything else. She set the items down on the counter and went back in search of the coffee. She wasn’t sure where it was and chose to look on the lower shelves first, bending way over. Leyla couldn’t resist strolling up behind her and running a hand over her perfect little bottom.

Keira jumped, surprised, and then laughed.

“You’re such a little cutie,” Leyla said. She leaned in behind Keira and kissed the back of her neck.

Standing straight up, Keira realized the coffee was right in front of her. She reached in and got it. “I thought you wanted to concentrate on breakfast first,” she said, turning around.

“I do. Kind of.” Leyla kissed her again, on the mouth. “It’s just hard with you distracting me like this.”

Keira lifted up Leyla’s t-shirt, exposing one of her breasts. “I’m not sure what

you mean.” She lowered her head and took the nipple into her mouth, sucking it gently.

Leyla moaned, rolling her head back and pressing Keira’s face closer to her breast. “Maybe we should just forget breakfast.”

After giving her nipple a playful nip, Keira straightened back up. She looked very happy. “I’m sorry. Let’s try again.”

“Okay. We’ll try. But if we slip up again, we’ll just have to cancel it for now.”

“Fair enough.” She tried to hand Leyla the container of coffee, but Leyla wouldn’t take it.

“I think you know how to make coffee, my little princess. At least I hope so.”

Keira giggled. “Oh, so you want me to actually do some work?”

“The faster we make breakfast, the sooner we can eat. And the sooner we eat, the sooner we can...”

“I’m moving, I’m moving.” Keira danced across the kitchen to the coffee maker, smiling over her shoulder at Leyla.

Leyla watched her for a moment and then got busy buttering the pans. There was no doubt about it; she was in love.

\*

They sat at the kitchen table to eat. Everything had turned out perfectly, and they were both very hungry after their early morning of fun in the bedroom. They each had two eggs and three blueberry pancakes, covered in real maple syrup.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had real maple syrup,” Keira said, studying the bottle.

“You might not like it. It doesn’t taste much like the fake stuff most people are used to.”

But Keira did like it. She wasn’t used to any syrup at all, or even pancakes for that matter. Her breakfasts were usually leftover beans or stale bread. Or nothing at all. She ate hungrily, polishing off half her pancakes before Leyla had consumed more than three bites.

“Boy, you’re really in a rush. You must be dying to get back to...”

“I am.” Keira shoved another forkful into her mouth and chewed happily.

Leyla laughed. “Me too.” She cut a piece of fried egg and lifted it to her mouth.

“This really is delicious,” Keira said. “I know I said that lasagna was the best thing I ever had, and it was. But now I wonder... you may have outdone yourself.”

Leyla looked at her skeptically. “Are you going to say that about everything I make?”

“Maybe,” she admitted. “But it’s true. I’m not used to really eating. Just shitty junk.”

Reaching across the table, Leyla brushed a stray lock of hair off Keira’s forehead. “Well, you’re going to be eating good stuff all the time now, honey. That’s a promise.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

They ate in silence for a moment, occasionally taking sips of coffee. Keira finished first and pushed her plate forward on the table. “I’ll wash the dishes,” she insisted.

“Would you like some more food? I’d be glad to make you something else.”

“No. I’m full. But thank you. Really, like I said, I’m not used to eating so much. In fact, on Sundays I almost never eat.”

Leyla put down her fork and placed her hand over Keira’s. “Honey...”

Keira placed her other hand on top of Leyla’s “Yes?”

“I know you don’t really want to talk about it. But... you still didn’t tell me what happened yesterday. And you promised you’d tell me today.”

Sighing, Keira nodded her head. She knew she needed to tell Leyla eventually, and the idea of getting it over with seemed like a good one. She squeezed Leyla’s hand and looked up at her, meeting her gaze. “He... tried to rape me.”

With a sharp intake of breath, Leyla sat up straight in her chair. “Keira... are you serious?”

She nodded. The memories of it came rushing back and she began to feel sick. “Yes.”

“But... why didn’t you call the police? Or did you?”

“No. I didn’t know what to do.” She bit her lip. “It’s not the first time... he... oh, I really don’t want to think about it. I got away in time. Nothing really... happened.”

“But, honey. He needs to be punished for this.”

She nodded. “He should be. But... I just don’t want to go back there, or ever see him again. I want nothing more to do with him, ever.”

Leyla stroked her hand lovingly. “Tell me what happened. Can you?”

Keira licked her lips and sighed. She reached forward and picked up her mug of coffee, taking a long drink. “I could. If you really want me to.”

“I don’t want to make you re-live a nightmare. But I do want to know what happened to you. You’re more than just a friend now. You’re... suddenly,

you're everything to me."

Keira looked at her, her eyes full of love and hope. "Am I your girlfriend?"

Leyla felt an inappropriate tingle between her legs. She smiled. "Do you want to be my girlfriend?"

There was no hesitation. "More than anything in the world."

Squeezing her hand, Leyla beamed. "Then you're my girlfriend, Keira. And I'm yours."

Suddenly there were tears in both their eyes. They clutched each other's hands, almost afraid to let go. After a moment they both leaned forward, sharing a soft kiss over the table.

"Thank you," Keira whispered.

"Thank you."

They sat holding hands for a moment longer, relishing this new development. Then Leyla stroked Keira's cheek very gently. "We're going to be very happy together, sweetheart. I promise you that."

"I know we are. I can feel it."

Leyla pulled Keira's hand to her mouth and kissed it over and over. "Me too."

Keira swallowed, smiling through her tears. "I guess... I guess if you really want to know, I could tell you about... my old life..."

Leyla nodded. She was holding Keira's hand very tightly in her own. "Get it off your chest, honey. It's no good to hold onto it."

Keira sighed. She nodded. She looked at Leyla and began to talk.

## Chapter 21

When she was done, they were both crying. Leyla stood up, pulling Keira by the hand. "I'm so sorry, honey."

Keira also stood, and they put their arms around each other, hugging fiercely. "Don't be sorry. You're the one who saved me."

Leyla rubbed her hands briskly up and down Keira's back. Keira suddenly felt so fragile in her arms. "You're the sweetest, most beautiful, innocent person I've ever known," Leyla whispered. "To think that you've been living like that... for so long... with that... piece of shit..."

Sobbing, Keira clutched her as tightly as she could. She'd told Leyla everything there was to tell, except, of course for Tara. Tara would forever be hers and hers alone. "It's okay," she said between sobs. "I'm okay now. Thanks to you."

"Still... I wish there was something more I could do."

"Just hold me. You're my hero, Leyla."

Leyla laughed without humor, holding Keira as if her life depended on it. They rocked back and forth near the kitchen table, the sweet smell of maple syrup still heavy in the air. "You're my little princess." She kissed Keira's ear.

Keira also laughed, her tears having run their course. She released Leyla and straightened up. She stared lovingly into Leyla's eyes. "You're the best friend I ever had."

"Same here." Leyla wiped the stray tears from Keira's face with the back of one finger.

“Really?”

“Definitely.”

Keira smiled. “You’re my girlfriend.”

“Yes,” Leyla agreed, smiling. “I’m your girlfriend. And you’re my sweet little angel.” She leaned forward and kissed Keira. “And I love you.”

Keira’s chin trembled. Her face scrunched up and fresh tears spilled from her eyes. “I love you, too, Leyla!” She burried her face in the hollow of Leyla’s neck and they embraced again. They held each other for a very long time.

\*

A little while later, they were lying on the couch together. The dishes had been washed and the tears had dried up and they were once again comfortable in each other’s arms. Leyla was stretched out with her back flat on the cushions, Keira resting on her side with an arm and a leg thrown over Leyla. Her chin rested near Leyla’s shoulder and she continually kissed it as they talked.

“Is there someplace you’d like to go today?” Leyla asked.

“Not really. I like just lying here with you.”

“I like it too. And I’m perfectly happy spending the whole day just cuddling with you. More than happy. But if you think of something you’d like to do, or someplace you’d like to go, don’t hesitate to ask. I know you’ve been kind of... sequestered... because of your situation... but things are different now. We’ve got my car, and I do quite well financially. So if there’s anything at all you can think of, please let me know.”

“Thank you, Leyla.” Keira kissed her shoulder again. “I appreciate it. But I don’t want anything besides you. I don’t think I ever will.”

Leyla smiled, her heart swelling. She turned her head and kissed Keira’s hair.

“You’re very good for my ego, sweetheart.”

“I’m glad I’m good for something.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’re good for all kinds of things.”

Keira laughed. “If I’m not, I’m willing to learn.”

Leyla ran her fingers through Keira’s hair, feeling peaceful and happy and full of love. “You relax and take your time, honey. Despite the fact that I only recently met you, I already know that I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

Keira hugged her tighter, moaning happily.

“Would you like that?” Leyla asked.

“Of course I would! I’d love that!”

“We can grow old together, right here on Vineland Street. Unless you don’t like it here, then we can move and grow old someplace else.”

Keira giggled. “I love Vineland Street. It’s my favorite street in the whole world. That’s where my beautiful Leyla lives.”

“That’s right. And her even more beautiful girlfriend, Keira.”

Keira laughed, delighted. She rubbed one bare foot up and down Leyla’s leg. “And how are those two getting along these days?”

Leyla shifted on the couch, turning onto her side and wrapping Keira up in both arms. “Oh, you wouldn’t believe me if I told you. The story of Leyla and Keira is one for the ages.”

Keira laughed again, kicking her feet. “Tell me!”

“Well, let’s see...” Leyla had a big smile on her face as she thought about where to start. “About a year after they met, Leyla and Keira decided to get married.”



“Married?” The thought of it excited Keira to her very core.

“Yes. It was an amazing ceremony. Everyone in town showed up to congratulate them.”

“Oh, I don’t think Keira likes big ceremonies.”

“Well, like I was saying, no one showed up at all. It was just the two of them, and it was nobody else’s business.”

“I’ll bet Keira appreciated that.”

“I hope so.”

“Did they go on a honeymoon?”

“They did. I think. You might have to ask Keira about that.”

“Perhaps I will.”

“What do you suppose she’d say?” Leyla kissed her all over the face, making her squirm around and laugh.

“I think she’d say they just stayed home for the honeymoon. Because that Keira, she’s a homebody. All she ever wants to do is lay around with her beautiful girlfriend and make her come.”

Leyla raised her head up in mock surprise. “Make her *what*?”

“Come!” Keira laughed.

“Whatever do you mean by that?”

“I mean...” Keira reached a hand down and slipped it between Leyla’s legs. “She likes to make the beautiful Leyla *come*.”

Leyla gasped, spreading her legs wider. “Oh. I see.”

“Do you?”

“I think so. And this Leyla... does she like to... come?”

“She loves it! She can’t get enough!”

Leyla laughed. “Well good for her! It sounds like she definitely found the right girlfriend, then.”

“She sure did. They both did. They make each other come all the time, day and night.”

“Is that a fact?”

“It’s absolutely, irrefutably true. You can ask either of them.”

“Perhaps I will.”

“What, you don’t believe me?”

“It’s not that. It’s just...”

“What?”

“Perhaps I need some sort of proof. Some sort of signal from Keira’s left hand.”

Keira laughed again and dug her hand deeper into Leyla’s crotch. “Perhaps you’d prefer Keira’s mouth this time.”

“Keira’s...what?”

“Her mouth. Perhaps Keira wants to taste you.”

Leyla pulled her head down slightly so that her mouth was level with Keira’s. “Perhaps...” She kissed Keira on the lips. “Perhaps Leyla loves you so much she can hardly stand it.”

Keira put her arms around Leyla again and pulled her closer. “Keira loves you, too. No perhaps about it.”

Then their mouths were together and they were lost in another kiss. They groped each other, their hands going everywhere as their kiss became feverish. They were comfortable with each other now, and yet they were both still a mystery. But there was no longer any doubt what either of them wanted, and they wanted the exact same thing; they wanted each other.

Keira pulled her mouth away for a moment to get a breath of air.

“Sorry,” Leyla said. “Am I smothering you?”

“No,” Keira panted. “Kiss me.” She pressed her lips back to Leyla’s, slipping her tongue into Leyla’s mouth and holding her. Their bodies pressed together, molding to every hollow and curve. Keira raised her leg higher and ground her pelvis against Leyla’s leg, working herself into a frenzy.

Leyla reached around and slipped her hand into the back of Keira’s shorts, running the palm of her hand over the soft, smooth skin of her buttocks. She sucked on Keira’s lip and pulled her even closer with one arm, their breasts mashed together. She felt heat and electricity spreading to every part of her body, from her swollen clitoris to the tips of her toes.

“Good god, Keira,” Leyla whispered hoarsely into Keira’s mouth. “Leyla’s going to come.”

Keira kissed her some more. “So is Keira.”

“Baby, you’re so amazing.”

Keira sat up abruptly. “Can I take your pants off?”

Leyla was dizzy with desire. She smiled, feeling like she was in a dream. “Do you think there’s even the remotest possibility I’d say no?”

Smiling, Keira climbed lower on the couch and began to unfasten Leyla’s shorts. “You get your shirt. I’ll get your pants.”

Propping herself up on one elbow, Leyla proceeded to remove her shirt, exposing her full, generous breasts. She tossed it unceremoniously to the floor near the coffee table and watched as Keira began tugging on her shorts.

She lifted her ass up off the couch to make it easier for Keira, and soon the shorts, as well as her panties, were sliding down the length of her legs.

Keira got the shorts and panties all the way down to Leyla's ankles and then paused. She got up on her knees in order to pull them all the way off, and as she tossed them aside she took a sudden interest in Leyla's feet. She studied them curiously and ran her hands over the soles. The skin was tremendously soft and smooth. "They're so pretty," she whispered.

Leyla was lying back, pinching her nipples and grinning. "You think so?"

"Oh, yes." Keira rubbed her face against the bottoms of Leyla's feet, enjoying the way they caressed her cheeks. Then she kissed them over and over, causing Leyla to giggle.

"That tickles!"

Keira looked over at her. She watched as Leyla played with her nipples for a moment and then gazed in awe at Leyla's flat stomach and her beautiful legs. With one of Leyla's feet in each of her hands, she spread Leyla's legs apart, looking down between them.

"What do you see, honey?"

Keira swallowed. "You're so beautiful." She gently lowered Leyla's feet to the couch and eased herself between her legs. Lowering her face, she nuzzled up against Leyla's inner thighs, covering them with soft, sweet little kisses. She slowly worked her way higher, gently spreading Leyla's legs apart further until she reached her groin. Here she stopped, gazing in admiration at Leyla's beautiful pink labia, framed by soft, neatly trimmed dark hair.

"My god, Keira. You're going to make me come just by looking at it."

Keira smiled. This was Leyla's most private part. She stared in wonder at the lovely pink folds, admiring the way they glistened in the light. Leyla was very wet, and very swollen. Keira eased her face closer, pressing her mouth to the soft flesh of Leyla's pussy and giving it a kiss.

Leyla moaned ecstatically, releasing her nipples and reaching down, slipping her fingers into Keira's hair. "Oh, Keira. Oh, honey."

Keira kissed her pussy again, and then she poked out her tongue. She pressed it alongside Leyla's labia and ran it up alongside the folds, collecting the moisture and causing Leyla to moan languidly. The taste was warm and sweet and musky and she quickly repeated her action on the other side, licking the slick juices from Leyla's skin.

Leyla gripped her hair more firmly and inadvertently pressed Keira's face into her crotch. "Oh, yes, honey! Oh, god, yes!"

Keira loved it. She kissed Leyla's lips over and over and then began to lick them. She sucked the folds into her mouth and ran her tongue over them, enjoying the slick wetness and the soft, silky feel of them on her tongue. She felt her own pussy begin to throb as her tongue worked higher, slipping up along the folds until it reached Leyla's protruding nub.

Leyla gasped. Her feet shot into the air and she wrapped her legs around Keira's back, holding her in place. "Oh, Keira! Please don't stop!"

Keira had no intention of stopping. She nuzzled her chin into Leyla's cleft and pulled Leyla's clit in between her lips. As Leyla yanked her hair even harder, Keira rolled the soft little bud over her lips, dancing her tongue across it. She licked it, loving the feel and taste. Each time she licked it she could feel Leyla growing more and more aroused as she squirmed around on the couch.

"Oh, yes! Oh, Keira, yes!" She gasped as her orgasm ripped through her, wave after wave of dense pleasure playing off her every nerve. She finally released Keira, who glanced up at her happily from between her thighs.

"Did you come?"

Leyla laughed. She grabbed Keira by the arms and pulled her up. When they were face to face, with Keira lying on top, Leyla kissed her hungrily, tasting herself on Keira's mouth. It got her excited all over again. "My god, Keira. That was the best ever!"

“Really?” Keira wasn’t sure if she’d done okay or not. She only knew that she’d loved it.

“Oh, yes.”

“The best in your life?”

Leyla smiled. “Easily.”

Keira was surprised. “I think I could do even better next time.”

“I hope not. You might give me a heart attack.”

Keira smiled and Leyla kissed her again.

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“Are you kidding? I loved it!” She stroked Keira’s hair. “I didn’t pull your hair, did I?”

“A little. But I liked it.”

“Did you, now?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I hope I didn’t hurt you.”

Keira kissed her, sucking on Leyla’s lower lip. “I wish you would.”

Leyla giggled. “I’ll tell you what.”

“What?”

“Why don’t we get your clothes off, sweetheart. I think it’s Leyla’s turn to make you come.”

Keira sat up and began tearing off her shirt. “Keira likes the sound of that!”

\*

Naked, Keira sat on the couch with her feet on the floor. Leyla was kneeling in front of her, between the couch and the coffee table, which she had moved back slightly to make more room. Leyla gripped Keira's ankles in her hands for a moment and then slid her hands higher, slowly raising them to Keira's knees. She then used her fingernails to softly graze the flesh of Keira's outer thighs, dragging them down along the length of her legs. Then she dragged them along the inner thighs, causing Keira to smile and spread her legs wider.

"Am I hurting you?"

Keira shook her head. "It tickles."

"How about now?" She reached up and gently grazed Keira's ribs.

Keira laughed and wiggled around. "That tickles, too."

Leyla leaned forward, her face only inches from Keira's groin. She could smell the sweet muskiness of it, and it was causing her to feel almost berserk with lust. She lowered her eyes to it, and the sight of the glistening pink lips caused her heart to begin hammering in her chest. Her mouth was literally watering. She breathed deeply, filling her lungs with the faint, heady aroma. "How about now?" Suddenly she thrust her head forward and buried her face between Keira's legs, unable to restrain herself a moment longer.

Keira winced, sucking in breath. She shuddered as she felt Leyla's tongue dart out and begin exploring her. "Oh. Oh, Leyla."

Leyla didn't hear her. She slid her hands under Keira's ass and lifted her slightly, granting herself better access. She rubbed her face between Keira's legs, coating her skin in the delicious, fragrant juices. Leyla had had her share of women, but never had she tasted anyone so sweet and pure. She slid her tongue between Keira's folds, kissing her everywhere. Her own clit began to quiver with desire as she sucked the moisture from Keira's pubic hair. Then she was licking Keira's labia again, and sliding her tongue as deeply as she could into her soft passage.

Keira was rolling her head back on her neck, completely lost in the ecstasy Leyla was bringing to her. She reached down and grabbed twin handfuls of Leyla's hair, at the same time lifting her feet in the air and wrapping her legs around Leyla's neck. Never had she felt anything so good. She'd thought the same thing earlier that morning when Leyla had used her sexy little fingers on her, but this... this was heaven.

Leyla lifted with both hands, raising Keira's ass further up off the couch. Then she lowered her face and dragged her tongue down the soft flesh that connected Keira's vagina to her puckered little anus.

Keira trembled with excitement, whimpering softly and leaning back into the cushions. "Oh!" She unwound her legs from around Leyla's neck and stretched them out, setting her feet on the coffee table and swaying them back and forth rapidly.

Leyla was barely able to restrain her passion as she began sliding her tongue over the soft ridges of Keira's opening. She kissed the flesh all around it and dragged her tongue over the sweet little hole before using the tip of it to begin prodding forward. Leyla heard Keira gasp as her tongue slid partway in and then her hair was being pulled almost as roughly as she had pulled Keira's only moments before. She smiled to herself as she sank her tongue in even further, sliding it as deeply as she could. Keira moaned loudly and began to thrash around on the couch as Leyla felt her tongue being squeezed by the contracting muscles. She reached up and ran a finger over Keira's clit and immediately felt Keira's entire body go rigid.

Keira practically screamed out in ecstasy. She released Leyla's hair and clawed her fingers across the couch cushions as her climax slammed through her. Her chest heaved, her feet kicking in the air. When it finally began winding down and Keira was able to relax herself, Leyla slid her tongue out from Keira's bottom and slowly rose up on her knees. Keira's legs were draped over her shoulders and she clutched one in each hand, stroking them lovingly.

"How's my little princess?" she asked.

Keira looked almost overwhelmed with happiness. "My god, Leyla. What



was that?”

Leyla laughed. “Just a little something.”

“Little? That was huge.”

“I wanted you to come good.”

“Well, you certainly got what you wanted.”

Leyla laughed again. She lifted Keira’s legs up and off her shoulders, gently lowering her feet to the floor. Then she scooted closer, pressing up in between her thighs and pulling Keira forward on the couch. Their mouths met in a soft kiss, both of them awash in happiness.

“You want to lie down with me for a little while?” Leyla asked.

Keira kissed her again. She caressed her cheeks with the palms of both hands. “Of course I do.”

They arranged themselves back on the couch, lengthwise, and put their arms around each other. They kissed again, softly, and smiled.

“Thank you for a wonderful morning,” Leyla said.

“Thank you for the same.”

Another kiss, this one lingering. Keira nibbled on Leyla’s lip and ran her tongue over it.

Leyla hugged her tighter. “Maybe we’ll have a wonderful afternoon, too.”

“We will. I can feel it.”

Leyla kissed her again and stared into her eyes. She seemed to feel happier by the minute. “I really love you, Keira.”

Keira ran her hands through Leyla’s hair, which was slightly damp with perspiration. She kissed her on the lips. “I really love you, too.”

“I’m so glad we found each other.”

Keira nodded. “I don’t even want to think about the alternative.”

“Me either.” She leaned her head back and kissed Keira on each of her eyelids. “I don’t want to think about anything right now. Only you. And how much I love you.”

Keira felt as if she were going to cry. She nodded again. “Okay. Thank you so much, Leyla.”

“For what, honey?”

“For you.”

Leyla smiled. “You’re very welcome.”

They kissed again, very gently. They closed their eyes and held each other close.

Relaxing, breathing softly, comfortable in each other’s arms, they began to drift off to sleep.

## Chapter 22

When they awoke, it was just before noon. Keira woke up first, and as she shifted herself to get comfortable, she woke Leyla. Then they were smiling at each other and sharing more kisses.

“Good morning yet again, little angel.”

“Good morning to you, too!”

They kissed warmly, embracing each other.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had such a perfect day,” Leyla said.

“I know I haven’t.”

“I hope it never ends.”

“It won’t. We won’t let it.”

Leyla laughed. “It’s a deal.” She kissed Keira again, and again.

Keira turned onto her side and threw her leg over Leyla. She began to rub her hand up and down Leyla’s arm, and then found her breast.

Leyla smiled and kissed her again. “Shall we have relations again? Or would you prefer to have some leftover lasagna first, and then relations?”

Keira giggled. “How about relations first, then lasagna, and then more relations?”

Leyla hugged her tight and rolled over on her. “Oh, Keira! Somebody sure is naughty!”

“I love being naughty with you!” Keira clutched Leyla’s breasts and ran her

fingers over the stiff nipples, causing Leyla to moan.

“Okay, sweetheart. Relations it is.”

“Thank you.” Keira pressed her lips to Leyla’s and held her, the love she felt almost staggering.

\*

When they’d finally had enough, both women sat up on the couch. They were both sweaty and in need of a hairbrush. They were also both very hungry, but they were well satisfied otherwise.

“I think I’m going to have to put a limit on how many more times I can have relations with you today, honey. As much as I don’t want to.”

Keira looked at her sadly. “A limit? Really?”

Leyla nodded. “I’m really sorry. But you’re wearing me out.”

Placing a hand on Leyla’s shoulder, Keira leaned over and kissed her. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

“I know you didn’t. It’s okay. I love it, believe me. I love every minute of it. But I think... twelve more times before bed, and that’s it.”

Keira laughed. “Twelve?” She considered it. “I don’t know if I can handle twelve more times today.”

Leyla ruffled her hair. “Oh, come on. Of course you can.”

“I’ll need an extra big piece of that delicious lasagna.”

“Don’t worry. You’ll get it.” Leyla stood up and rummaged around on the floor for her panties. Both their clothes were strewn all over, and she had no idea who’s was who’s, considering they were all really hers. She picked up a pair of panties and began to slip them on.

Keira was watching her. “I think those are mine.”

Pulling them up, Leyla glanced over at her. “Oh?”

“I’m pretty sure.”

Leyla stepped over to her and placed one hand on each of Keira’s shoulders. She was smiling. “Well, considering I already have them on, may I have your permission to wear them?”

“I don’t know. What will I wear?”

Glancing at the other identical pair of panties on the floor, Leyla said, “Perhaps you can wear mine.”

“Do you really think that’s appropriate?”

“Yes. Considering we just spent the past half-hour with our faces between each other’s legs, I think that it is.”

Keira was trying not to giggle. “Okay. I guess I could wear them. But would you please kiss me now?”

Leyla bent down and kissed her.

“Thank you.”

“Thank *you*.” Leyla straightened up. She picked the other pair of panties up off the floor and tossed them to Keira. “Now you just relax, honey. I’ll bring you a nice lunch in just five minutes.”

“Leyla?”

Leyla stopped and turned her head. “Yes?”

“I love you.”

Leyla smiled warmly. “I love you, too, Keira. More than anything in the world.”

\*

They each had another bowl of salad and another giant slab of lasagna. They ate the salad first, and after setting the bowls aside it was Keira's idea to share one piece of lasagna at a time.

Leyla smiled at the suggestion. "That sounds nice."

They were sitting side by side on the couch, and Keira put her arm around Leyla and gave her a kiss. "I'm glad you think so."

"I do." Leyla leaned forward and picked up one plate and both of the forks.

"Just one fork," Keira instructed.

Leyla set one fork back down. "We're going to share that too, huh?"

"Why not? Less dishes to wash."

"I like your way of thinking." She leaned back and put the plate on her knee. Keira watched as she used the fork to cut off a nice-sized square of the lasagna and scoop it up. "Who gets the first bite?"

Keira kissed her cheek. "You do, sweetie."

Leyla smiled. "Sweetie? That's *my* name for *you*!"

Keira giggled. "I just wanted to try it out. I like it. I don't have any cute little names for you."

"Well, you need to think up your own. You can't just go stealing mine."

"Okay, okay. Eat your lasagna, my little buttercup."

"Buttercup? That makes me sound fat!"

Keira laughed. She rubbed her hand up and down Leyla's back. "Sorry. Eat your lasagna, my little turtledove."

Grinning, Leyla shook her head. "I don't think so!"

"Well, what then? Sugarplum?"

"No!"

"Peaches?"

"God, no!"

"Tasty-puss?"

Leyla laughed, almost dropping the fork. "Tasty *what*?"

"Puss."

"Keira, I appreciate your effort, but why don't you just call me Leyla for now?"

"Fine." She kissed Leyla again, this time on the mouth. "You get the first piece, Leyla."

"Thank you." Leyla scooped it into her mouth. While she chewed it up she used the fork to cut another piece.

"How is it?" Keira asked.

After she swallowed, she licked some stray sauce off her lips. "Delicious." She raised the fork to Keira's mouth. "Open up, princess."

Smiling, Keira opened her mouth. Leyla gently inserted the fork and Keira pulled the lasagna off the tines with her lips. After she ate it, she nodded her head. "You're right. It's delicious. Even better than it was last night."

"I'm glad you think so." Leyla leaned over and they shared another kiss.

“Your turn, beautiful.”

Leyla cut off another piece, smiling. “Okay, fine. You can call me beautiful.”

Keira perked up. “Really?”

She grinned alluringly, batting her eyelashes. “I suppose it fits.”

“It sure does!”

“Thank you.” Leyla ate another forkful.

Keira leaned her face on Leyla’s shoulder and rubbed her back, her mouth open and awaiting the next piece.

\*

They got through the first plateful quickly, and started right in on the second. This time Keira took a turn doing the feeding, and before long they were down to the very last forkful.

“You go ahead,” Leyla said. “I’m plenty full.”

“No.” Keira scooped it up and raised it to Leyla’s mouth. “I want you to have it.”

Leyla rubbed Keira’s bare leg. “You eat it honey. Really. I’m stuffed.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

“Okay.” She hesitated.

“What’s wrong? Don’t you want it?”

Keira nodded. “Yes. It’s too delicious to pass up. It’s just... my jaw is a little



tired from all the chewing.”

Leyla smiled at her. “Your *jaw*? Are you kidding?”

“Not at all. It’s a little sore.” She rubbed it theatrically. “Do you think... do you think you could chew this for me?”

The smile that appeared on Leyla’s face was enormous. “Well, someone’s certainly feeling amorous.”

Keira nuzzled her neck, kissing her over and over. “That would be me.”

Leyla looked at the forkful of lasagna. “You really want me to chew that for you?”

“Please?”

She nodded. “Okay. But only because your jaw is so sore.”

Keira giggled and lifted the fork to Leyla’s mouth. Leyla gobbled the big piece of lasagna off the tines and very slowly chewed it up, making a show of it.

Leaning forward, Keira sat the empty plate and fork on the coffee table. When she leaned back, Leyla was still chewing. “Make sure you get it nice and soft. No lumps.”

Trying not to laugh, Leyla nodded. “I think it’s ready,” she said through the big mouthful of paste. She leaned toward Keira and puckered her lips.

“Oh, good!” Keira moved forward and tilted her head back, opening her mouth to receive the food. “Serve it up.”

Leyla pressed her lips gently to Keira’s and allowed the watery lasagna paste and saliva to run out of her mouth and into Keira’s.

Keira caught it all and gulped it down eagerly. She moaned happily as she sucked more of it from Leyla’s mouth and then she put her arm around the back of Leyla’s head, pulling her closer and slipping her tongue into Lelya’s

mouth, searching for more.

Leyla sighed languidly, sucking on Keira's tongue and putting her arms around her. They kissed for several moments, until all traces of the lasagna were gone.

"Thank you, beautiful," Keira said into Leyla's mouth.

"You're welcome, sweetheart."

"From now on, I want all my food pre-chewed."

Leyla laughed. "I don't know about that."

"Please? It tastes so much better directly from your mouth."

"Keira..."

Keira kissed her again and smiled. "Hmm?"

"You're getting me all wet again."

Slipping a hand into Leyla's panties, Keira nodded. "You're right." She kissed her again, and then again. "It's okay, though. You did say we could have sex again right after lunch, correct?"

Leyla giggled and pulled Keira closer. "I said relations."

Smiling, Keira began tugging off Leyla's panties.

## Chapter 23

Later that afternoon, after several more hours of lovemaking and resting on the big couch, Keira and Leyla decided to take a long walk together. It was bright and sunny outside and the end of the weekend was quickly approaching. They thought it would be nice to spend a little time together outside, while they still had the chance.

“Maybe we can even have dinner while we’re out,” Leyla suggested. “If we pass by an interesting little restaurant.”

The thought of eating out at a restaurant was entirely foreign to Keira. She liked it, though. “Okay. If you want.”

“I do. It would be kind of fun.”

Keira agreed, feeling slightly guilty. “I wish I had some way of paying for it.”

Leyla pulled her into a hug, kissing her hair. “Don’t worry about that, Keira. You’re still in school.”

Keira hugged her. “I know. But still...”

“Just relax. Don’t worry about it. I’ve got plenty of money. I’m just so glad I have someone to share it with. Someone who I love.”

Keira hugged her tighter. “Thank you, Leyla. I love you so much.”

Leyla broke the hug and smiled at her, caressing her cheek. She kissed her on the mouth. “I love you too, angel. Now you just relax, okay? I’m going to run upstairs and wash up.”

“Okay.”

“Then we’ll take a nice long walk and find somewhere to have dinner.”

Keira nodded.

Leyla kissed her again and then collected her clothing from the floor. She smiled at Keira as she did it, and then walked sexily toward the stairs. Keira watched her climb, feeling suddenly lonely without her. How was she going to get through school tomorrow? Nine or ten hours without Leyla seemed impossible now.

To her right, Tara cleared her throat. “Forget about someone?”

Keira looked over. She immediately turned to the side and opened her arms, allowing Tara to drop down on the couch next to her and pull her into an embrace.

“Oh, Tara. Of course not. I just...”

Tara kissed her on the forehead. “I know, I know. I was just kidding.”

“I’m sorry, Tara. I feel like I’ve been ignoring you.”

“Let’s not go through this again, Keira. I just wanted to remind you that you’re not going to be alone at school tomorrow. You’ll be with me all day.”

Keira smiled, knowing it was true. In fact, now that she recalled the happiness that came from being with Tara, she was looking forward to it. “I will, won’t I?”

“Of course you will.” Tara stroked her hair.

“Thank you, Tara.”

“My pleasure. So how are you lovebirds doing?”

Keira giggled. She couldn’t help it. “Have you been spying?”

“Just little glimpses. Here and there.”

Feeling embarrassed, Keira looked away. “Sorry. I guess we haven’t been very discreet.”

“There’s no reason to be discreet. I don’t want you to be discreet. I want you to have as much fun as possible. This is all way overdue.”

Keira looked at her. “You really think so?”

“Of course.” She studied Keira for a moment. “Is there anything I can do for you, Keira? Anything at all?”

“No. Just hold me for a minute. I really miss you, you know.”

“I know you do. I miss you, too.” Tara held her, filling her with love. It didn’t take much; Keira was already close to brimming with it.

“What have you been reading?” Keira asked.

Smiling, Tara rubbed her cheek softly against Keira’s. “Death On The Installment Plan. I think you’d like it.”

“Maybe. What’s it about?”

“Everything.”

“It sounds interesting.”

“It is.” Tara pulled back slightly. “You can read it when I’m done.”

“Okay.”

She kissed Keira on the mouth. “In the meantime, please have fun, sweetheart. Enjoy your time with Leyla. And remember I love you.”

Keira pulled her back into a tight hug. “I love you too, Tara!”

“I know you do.” She caressed Keira’s naked back with both hands. “Please stop worrying about things. Everything’s going great for a change.”

“I still feel like I’m ignoring you.”

“You’re not. You’re saving yourself, and you’re saving Leyla, too. Keep it up. Besides, I’ve got about thirty or forty more books lined up.”

“But...”

Tara kissed her. “No buts. I need to get back to my book. And you need to get ready for dinner. At a restaurant!”

Keira laughed. It was kind of exciting. “I guess.”

They sat quietly for a moment, just holding each other. Then Tara kissed Keira’s ear. “Okay, sweetheart. Leyla will be back down in a minute. You have a nice dinner, okay?”

Releasing her, Keira nodded. “Okay.” She felt very badly, not being able to spend more time with her best friend. But Leyla... she needed Leyla, too.

“Be happy, Keira. We’ll be together almost all day tomorrow. I even have a few ideas lined up for us, if you’re interested.”

Keira smiled, suddenly feeling better. “Oh, I am!”

“Good! I’ll tell you all about them tomorrow. We’ll walk to school together.”

It sounded wonderful. “Okay!”

Tara got up, kissing her one final time and then slowly made her way back to the rocking chair in the far corner. Keira watched as she picked up her book and began reading. She continued watching Tara for a few moments longer, feeling very happy, and then got up, collecting her clothes off the floor and putting them on.

\*

The light was just beginning to fade from the sky as Keira and Leyla began

their walk. They made their way down Vineland Street to Lafayette Hill Road and turned right, heading south along Lake Michigan. Leyla was wearing a pale yellow button-down shirt and a pair of black jeans and little hiking boots. She also wore a lightweight brown suede jacket, her hair spilling down loosely over the collar. Keira had borrowed a pink polo shirt and wore the same faded jeans from the night before. She had also borrowed a pair of clean white sneakers and a white cotton jacket. Their hands were clasped together as they made their way toward downtown and the many restaurants that populated the area.

“Is there any particular kind of food you’re in the mood for?” Leyla asked. They were passing by a small park which was completely deserted. It was forty degrees and breezy, the ground littered with sloppy patches of melting snow.

“Anything would be fine,” Keira answered. She felt very happy and at peace with everything. It felt wonderful to be holding hands with Leyla and walking with her down the sidewalk, completely outfitted in her clothes. The love and gratitude and admiration that coursed through her was so potent she almost felt drugged.

“I haven’t walked down this way in quite awhile,” Leyla admitted. “But now that I am, I kind of remember a little Mexican place a few blocks further up. I used to go there every once in a while, a year or so back. It was always pretty good.”

Keira smiled. “It sounds fine to me.” She could sense mild guilt coming from Leyla, and knew that she used to attend the restaurant in question with a previous girlfriend. Leyla’s guilt was unnecessary, and although Keira wanted to tell her so, to ease her mind, she didn’t want to alarm her by reminding her that she could sense such things in the first place.

“Do you like Mexican food?”

“Maybe. I’m not sure I’ve ever had it.”

Slowing her pace, Leyla squeezed Keira’s hand. “Are you kidding? You’ve never had a taco? A burrito? An enchilada?”

Keira slowed to a stop, her feet in a slippery patch of melting ice. She smiled at Leyla. “I’ve heard of them. And I’d love to try them. I’ve just never had the chance.”

Leyla stared at her, astonished. “Really?”

“Really. I’ve never even been to a restaurant, except the fast food places. But I’m really looking forward to it. In fact, I can’t wait. It’s something I’ve always been curious about.”

“Oh, sweetheart.” She let go of Keira’s hand and stepped closer to her, pressing their breasts and stomachs together. She put her hands on Keira’s shoulders. “You’ve been missing out on so much. That’s going to change, Keira.”

Smiling again, Keira put her hands on Leyla’s hips. “It already has. Thanks to you.”

Leaning forward, Leyla kissed her softly on the lips. “I’m glad.” She ran her fingers through Keira’s hair. “You deserve so much. I promise, honey, we’re going to make up for lost time.”

“I’m not worried about lost time. I’m just glad I’m with you now, so I’m not wasting any more.” She circled her arms around Leyla’s waist and hugged her.

Leyla hugged her back, the love washing over her.

\*

The restaurant was called La Merenda. Keira and Leyla were lead by the hostess to a booth near a window which overlooked the tiny parking lot. They took their jackets off and sat across from each other, Keira feeling slightly nervous and out of place.

The hostess had left them a couple of menus, and Leyla pushed one closer to



Keira. “Order whatever you want, honey. Including a nice drink. I think I’m going to have a beer. I love beer with Mexican food.”

“Okay.” Keira glanced around the large room, taking in the many exotic paintings on the walls and the intriguing collection of statues and other works of art. It was unlike anyplace she’d ever been. There were only a few other occupied tables, and after scanning them in curiosity she opened the large menu and began looking through it. It didn’t take her long to realize that nothing was familiar to her. “I don’t know what any of this stuff is.”

Leyla laughed politely and reached across the table, putting her hand over Keira’s. “I’m sorry. I should have warned you.”

Closing the menu, Keira set it aside. She smiled at Leyla. “Can I just order the same as you? I love everything about you, so chances are I’ll like whatever you order.”

Leyla sighed very deeply and closed her own menu. Then she quickly rose up and leaned across the table, giving Keira a little kiss on the mouth. “I love you, Keira.” She sat back down smiling, holding Keira’s hand in both of hers.

Keira’s heart was fluttering happily. “I love you, too!”

“Of course you can order the same as me. In fact, since you’re not sure of what anything is, why don’t I just order for the both of us?”

“That would be perfect.”

“Good. You like chicken?”

“Sure.”

“Okay. What about beer?”

“Beer is fine. I’ve only had the super-cheap shitty stuff in a can that my father buys once in awhile. High Life. But I don’t mind it.”

“Well, you’re not getting any High Life here. You’ll have something good.” She stroked Keira’s hand, looking over her shoulder. “Here comes the

waitress now.”

The waitress was a middle-aged Mexican woman, who smiled happily and introduced herself as Emilia. The smile disappeared as she set down a basket of chips and a bowl of salsa, noticing their hands clasped together on the table. “Can I start you with something to drink?”

Leyla nodded. “We’d each like a bottle of Dos Equis. Amber.”

Emilia scribbled it down, nodding. “Okay. And do you need time to look at the menu?”

“No. We’d each like an order of chicken enchiladas.”

“With rice and beans?”

“Yes. Please.”

She scribbled some more, nodding, and then quickly collected the menus. As she did, she glanced disdainfully once again at their clasped hands. “Okay. I’ll be right back with your drinks.” She walked off, toward the kitchen.

“I don’t think she approved of our insolent display of affection,” Keira noted.

Leyla smiled. “Who cares?” She lifted Keira’s hand to her mouth and kissed it, over and over.

Keira giggled. She reached her foot out under the table and rubbed her sneaker gently along Leyla’s leg.

“Careful,” Leyla said. “Emilia might see.”

Keira giggled again, feeling wonderful. “I hope not.”

Leyla took Keira’s hand and dipped one of her fingers into the little bowl of salsa. Then she lifted it back to her mouth and slowly began to suck it off. She pulled Keira’s finger all the way into her mouth and ran her tongue over it, causing Keira to moan softly and melt down into her seat.

“Oh, Leyla. I want you so much.”

Leyla smiled, Keira’s finger still in her mouth. “Soon, baby. As soon as we get home.”

“I don’t know if I can wait that long.”

Leyla pulled Keira’s finger from her mouth, lowering their hands back to the table and this time dipping another finger. She raised it back to her mouth and began sucking off the salsa. “Mmm. You’re so spicy!”

“I’d like to eat some of that out of your --”

Suddenly Emilia was back, setting their bottles of beer on the table. Her eyes widened as she took in Leyla, sucking on Keira’s finger. She looked away quickly and rushed off.

“I think you upset her,” Keira scolded.

Leyla smiled. “It’s okay. I didn’t mean to.” She kissed Keira’s hand lovingly and set it back on the table. “Try some chips and salsa, honey. Or did you want to save the salsa to eat out of my...?”

Keira laughed. She took a chip and dipped it in the salsa. “I think I prefer you plain. I like your natural, sweet flavor.” She popped the chip into her mouth and crunched it up.

“Oh, god, Keira. You’re getting me all wet again.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, no. It’s okay. I like to have something to look forward to.” Leyla dipped a chip and slid it into her mouth, grinning.

“I can’t wait to climb back into that nice big bed with you tonight.” Keira ate another chip, grinning back.

Leyla laughed. “Okay. Enough of that. Let’s concentrate on eating for a little while.”

“Okay. The chips are pretty good.” She took another one.

“Try your beer.” Leyla picked hers up and held out the bottle in a toast.

Keira lifted hers and they tapped them together. “To us.”

“To us,” Leyla repeated. “Always and forever.”

Smiling, they both took a drink.

“How is it?” Leyla asked.

Keira needed a moment to ascertain what she had tasted. She thought about it and then took another little sip, holding it in her mouth before swallowing. She smiled and nodded. “Really good. It’s completely different from that shitty stuff I had before.”

“There are a lot of good beers out there. We’ll have to get you some others soon. Maybe a nice stout, or an IPA next time.”

Smiling, Keira took another sip. “You know I’m only eighteen, right?”

Leyla shrugged, taking another chip. “Aren’t you the one who told me to fuck the rules?”

Keira laughed, setting her bottle down and reaching across the table for Leyla’s hand. “I can’t believe how fast everything has turned around. Yesterday at this time, I was ready to kill myself.”

“Keira...”

“No, really. And now, every minute is like a gift. All because of you.”

Leyla couldn’t help it. She rose up again and leaned across the table. This time when she kissed Keira, the kiss lingered. “This is just the beginning,” she whispered. “We’ve got a lot of years ahead of us, me and you.”

Nodding, Keira squeezed her hand. “I hope so. But I want to try and concentrate on enjoying them while they’re happening. I’ve never been able

to do that before.”

Leyla sat back down, smiling. “Well, I’m glad I helped to turn things around for you, honey.”

“You did more than that. You saved me.”

Picking up another chip, Leyla scooped some salsa onto it and reached across the table, slipping into Keira’s mouth. “No more praise. You’re making me feel too good.”

\*

They had just finished the last of the chips when Emilia returned, setting down two large plates covered in food. She nodded at them and snatched away the empty chip basket and salsa bowl. “More beer?” she asked.

Leyla nodded. “Yes. Two more of the same, thank you.”

After she walked away they each lifted their bottles and finished them off.

“Thank you for dinner, Leyla.”

“You’re very welcome. I hope you like it.”

“It looks good. I’m just not sure what it is.”

Smiling, Leyla leaned in closer and motioned to Keira’s plate with her fork. “It’s chicken, sweetheart. Wrapped up in corn tortillas with sauce and cheese over it. Try it. I’m sure you’ll like it.”

Keira cut a piece off and held it up, allowing some of the steam to dissipate. She blew on it and then scooped it into her mouth.

Watching her, Leyla cut a piece from her own enchilada. “How is it?”

“Very good!” She picked up the lime wedge that came with her dinner and

squeezed it over the rice. “You’re going to make me fat.”

Leyla laughed. “I wouldn’t worry about that. You could put on another ten pounds and still be thin, honey.”

Emilia appeared again, setting down two more bottles and collecting the empty ones. When she was gone they each lifted a fresh bottle and took a drink.

“Next time we come here, you can try the tacos,” Leyla said.

Keira smiled. “We’re coming again?”

“Sure. Don’t you like it?”

Looking around again, she nodded. “I do.”

“Maybe we can walk over again next Sunday. We could make it a habit.”

“I don’t know if Emilia would like that.”

“She’ll get used to it.”

Nodding, Keira put another big piece of enchilada in her mouth. A long strand of cheese hung down from her chin and she pinched at it, smiling across the table at Leyla.

\*

Leyla ended up leaving a \$20 tip, which came as a real shock to Keira.

“That’s too much!” she complained. “That’s the same price as both our dinners combined.”

“It’s okay. I like the food here, and next time we come in maybe she’ll be nicer.”

Keira nodded, but she still didn't approve. She was thinking about all the cans of beans she could have bought with that much money.

They left the restaurant and made their way toward home, holding hands and feeling slightly buzzed after consuming two beers apiece. The sky had gone completely dark and the wind was noticeably stronger. Their hair blew out behind them as the wind gusted off the lake, encouraging them to lean forward and stay close together.

"It feels like it's getting colder, too," Leyla complained.

Keira was smiling. "That's okay. Pretty soon we'll be climbing into bed together. I can't wait!"

Leyla laughed and leaned over, giving her a quick kiss on the mouth. "Oh, Keira. I'm so lucky."

"You're beautiful, too."

Leyla stopped walking. She had to. Her heart was brimming with adoration. She reeled Keira in, almost crushing her in a frenzied hug. They held each other tightly as their hair whipped around their heads. Despite the cold and the wind, Leyla felt warm inside. "I love you so much, Keira. More than anything in the world. Thank you for a perfect day."

Keira held her, her heart brimming with happiness. "I love you, too."

## Chapter 24

They awoke on Monday morning in each other's arms. Leyla twisted in the bed, glaring at the clock with one eye and reaching over, switching off the alarm clock before it had a chance to ring.

Keira groaned. "Don't tell me Sunday is over."

"I'm sorry, sweetheart." Leyla wrapped her up again and kissed her cheek. "But we've still got half an hour before we have to get up."

Smiling sleepily, Keira began to caress Leyla's naked back. She found her mouth with her own and kissed her. "I know we were up late last night..."

Leyla smiled and kissed Keira again. "You can say that again. I'm still sore."

"Oh, no. Really?"

Laughing, Leyla slipped her hand lower and ran her fingers through Keira's pubic hair. "Yes. But that doesn't mean I don't want more."

Keira kissed her again. "I don't want to hurt you."

"I'm going to be without you almost all day, honey. I want you now, while I can still have you."

Keira smiled. "I want you, too." She pulled Leyla's lip into her mouth, the exquisite ache deep within her growing stronger.

\*

"This stinks," Leyla complained.



“I know.”

“I’m going to miss the hell out of you all day.”

“Believe me. I know how you feel.”

They had just finished breakfast and were getting ready to leave, Leyla for work and Keira for school. Keira felt very nervous, dressed up in Leyla’s nice clean clothes. She was sure to be picked on because of it. She tried to put it out of her mind; she’d spend hours today with Tara, and then, after school, she’d be back with Leyla. Everyone else she’d ignore to the best of her ability.

Leyla finished her coffee and set her mug in the sink. She stepped over to Keira, who was putting on her white cotton jacket. “I want you to remember something while you’re at school today, honey.” She put her hands on Keira’s shoulders.

Keira smiled. “What’s that?”

“I want you to remember that I love you. And that no matter what happens, I’m here for you. You’re not alone anymore, Keira.” She leaned forward and kissed her, very softly.

Keira reached up and grabbed Leyla’s arms, pulling her into another kiss, this one much deeper. “Thank you, Leyla. Remember that I love you, too.”

Leyla smiled. “I certainly will. I’m already looking forward to getting home and being back together with you.”

They kissed again, and then shared a hug.

“Would you like a ride to school, honey? I know you said you don’t need one, but if I leave right now I’d have time to take you.”

Keira shook her head. “Thanks, but I really like to walk.” She had a lot to talk about with Tara, and as much as she loved Leyla, she was a little anxious to spend some quality time with her other friend. It had been a long time; longer than ever before.

“Are you sure? I’d be happy to drive you.”

Keira kissed her again. “Thank you, Leyla. But really, I’m used to walking, and this house is closer to school than my father’s house. I’ll be there within fifteen minutes of leaving.”

“Okay. I just don’t want you to think you have to walk if you don’t want to.” She stepped back, admiring Keira. “You look wonderful. You’re really going to turn some heads.”

“I hope not.”

Leyla ruffled her hair, which she had neatened up with the scissors the night before. “Don’t let anyone bother you, honey. Remember what we talked about.”

“I will.”

Leyla smiled. “God, I’m going to miss you so much!”

Keira pulled her into another hug. “I’ll see you tonight, beautiful.”

Leyla laughed. “It’s a date.”

“Every night is a date. You and me.”

Leyla kissed her again. “You said it, sweetheart.”

\*

For Keira, the day was a blur of happiness. She made up for lost time with Tara, the two of them relaxing on the fresh grass at a park in northern Scotland. If her fellow students had anything to say to her or about her, it escaped her entirely. The joyful bliss of the morning and early afternoon, combined with the knowledge she’d be back in Leyla’s arms that evening kept her spirits high and her mind at ease.

For Leyla, it was more difficult. Her responsibilities were far greater and she struggled consistently throughout the day with her concentration. The hours passed, though, and the constant chatter of her patients gave her at least some respite from her longing for Keira.

Keira was the first to arrive back at the house on Vineland Street, letting herself in with the key Leyla had provided her with. After their long day together, Tara was eager to get back to her rocking chair and finish the novel she'd been reading. Keira kissed her and the two of them parted for the time being.

"You know where to find me if you need me," Tara reminded her.

"I'll always need you. And yes, I know where to find you."

In the kitchen, Keira turned on the faucet and began filling a large pot with water. When it was half full, she set it on the stove and turned on the gas burner. She thought she'd surprise Leyla with a nice spaghetti dinner, one of the few things she knew how to prepare.

After a quick search through the cabinets she found a shelf filled with an assortment of boxes of dried pasta. She surveyed them, and despite the many varieties available, she ended up choosing regular spaghetti. It was her favorite.

She set it on the counter and then found half a jar of sauce in the refrigerator along with some mushrooms and garlic and a green pepper.

For the next fifteen minutes, Keira lost herself in the kitchen, thoughts of Leyla in her head and a happy little smile on her face.

\*

"Oh, something sure smells wonderful in here!"

Keira had heard the front door open from inside the kitchen; that alone was enough to excite her. The sound of Leyla's voice, however, caused her to

break out in goosebumps and send her heart racing. She fled through the doorway and into the living room, her eyes lighting up at the sight of her beautiful girlfriend.

“Hi, Leyla!”

Leyla’s whole face lit up. “Hi sweetheart!” She dropped her purse and briefcase on the coffee table and threw open her arms.

Keira rushed into them, hugging her relentlessly. They squeezed each other, rocking back and forth and smiling, the long hours of the day now behind them.

“I missed you, Leyla!”

“Oh, Keira! I missed you more!” She kissed Keira all over the face, making her laugh. Then they kissed for real, holding each other and becoming reacquainted with each other’s presence.

“Would you like some dinner?” Keira asked. “I made you spaghetti.”

“Oh, you little angel!” Leyla kissed her again. “I’d love some.”

Keira took her by the hand and began leading her into the kitchen. “I hope you like it.”

“I’m sure I’ll love it.” Leyla squeezed her hand, feeling as though she’d just won some grand prize. “Just maybe not as much as I love you.”

Stopping, Keira spun on her heels and stared into Leyla’s eyes. “I love you, too. I love you so, so much!”

Tears of happiness in her eyes, Leyla kissed her again and pulled her into another hug. “Oh, Keira. I can’t even tell you how wonderful it is coming home to you.”

Keira swallowed, a lump in her throat.

\*

When they were finished with dinner, they sat on the couch for a little while, holding each other and sipping glasses of wine. They'd both eaten an enormous amount of spaghetti, finishing the entire pound Keira had cooked.

"Thank you again for a lovely dinner, sweetie. That was a nice surprise!" Leyla took a sip of chardonnay, leaning back and sighing contentedly. They both had their shoes off and their feet up on the coffee table.

"You're welcome. I'm just glad you liked it."

"It was delicious."

Keira sipped her wine. "This is pretty delicious, too."

Leyla smiled and nuzzled her face in the hollow of Keira's neck. She kissed it and took a little lick, causing Keira to giggle. "Speaking of delicious..."

"I think the wine is making you amorous," Keira pointed out.

"I think *you're* making me amorous." Leyla kissed her on the mouth, slipping her tongue in just a little.

Keira shuddered, almost spilling her wine.

"Are you okay?" Leyla asked.

She nodded. "Yeah. I just..." She smiled and took another sip of her wine. "God, Leyla, you just make me feel so *good*. Like I matter. Like I'm wanted."

"You do matter. And you're wanted, big time." She brushed Keira's forehead with the back of her fingers. "Trust me, Keira, there's nothing in the world I want more than you."

Keira smiled. "I feel the same way about you."

Leyla also smiled and took a big sip of her wine, almost finishing the glass. “Can I ask you something?”

“Of course. Anything.”

She leaned into her, kissing her again. “I just want to get your opinion on something.”

Keira rubbed Leyla’s arm, grinning. “Yes?”

“I know it’s only six o’clock. But... what would you think about going to bed a little early tonight?”

Keira put her feet on the floor. Then she took another sip of wine and leaned forward, setting her glass on the coffee table. She stood up, holding both her hands out to Leyla.

Smiling, Leyla also put her feet on the floor and set down her glass. She took Keira’s hands, allowing Keira to pull her up from the couch.

“It sounds like a fantastic idea,” said Keira. “Can we go right now?”

“I don’t see why not.”

They shared another kiss, not bothering to hide their excitement. Then Leyla began moving across the room, pulling Keira by the hand. They raced up the stairs, giggling, and rushed into their bedroom.

## Chapter 25

Tuesday was very similar to Monday, the main exception being that instead of Keira cooking dinner, Leyla came home and picked her up. They drove to a new seafood restaurant on the west side that Leyla had heard about, and settled in for a long, relaxing meal. They each ordered beer, this time going with an IPA. After an exhausting search of the menu, Keira ordered the blackened salmon and Leyla chose the scallops.

“Is something bothering you, honey?” Leyla asked after they had ordered and the waitress walked away with the menus.

Keira chewed her lip. “Not really. It’s just...” She shrugged.

Leyla put her hand over Keira’s. “What is it?”

“It’s just... this place is even more expensive than the place we went on Sunday. I can’t help but feel guilty about costing you money.”

Leyla smiled, squeezing her hand. “I wish you’d stop worrying about that. Money isn’t something you need to think about anymore. You’re my girl now, Keira, and I’m going to take care of you. It makes me happy to spend money on you.”

Smiling, Keira nodded. “I know. But I still feel guilty.”

“Well, stop it. Feel happy instead.” She lifted Keira’s hand to her mouth and kissed it.

Keira looked around the crowded restaurant.

“And don’t worry about Emilia, either. She’s not here.”

Keira giggled. “How did you know what I was thinking?”

“We have a connection, remember?”

“Of course. How could I forget?”

Leyla smiled knowingly. “What am *I* thinking?”

Keira tried to read her thoughts and her mouth almost immediately opened in surprise. “Leyla! Here?”

Leyla laughed. “Of course not, sweetheart. Later, when we’re in bed.”

“Oh. Well, then. It seems like a fine idea.” She lifted her beer and they toasted.

“To us, little angel,” Leyla said.

“To us. And to later, when we’re in bed.”

They each took a sip.

“How is it?” Leyla asked.

“Very good. Kind of... bitter.”

“That’s the hops. They really pack them into this stuff.”

“I like it.”

“Good. It will go well with your salmon.”

“So would a kiss.”

Leyla grinned and leaned across the table, meeting Keira’s mouth with her own.

\*

Back at home, Keira and Leyla spent a little time cuddled up on the couch,



but they were unable to keep their hands off each other. They quickly decided to retire early once again and headed up to the bedroom, their eagerness increasing with almost every step.

After stripping out of their clothes, they dove under the sheets and met in the middle of the big bed, embracing warmly and kissing each other in a frenzy of desire.

“God, Leyla, I just can’t get enough of you.” Keira was kissing her neck and running her hands all over Leyla’s breasts and smooth, taut abdomen.

“I would hope not. That would spoil everything.” Leyla slipped her tongue into Keira’s ear, causing her to giggle and squirm erotically on the sheets.

They found each other’s mouths again and kissed hungrily, their hands drifting lower.

“Oh, sweetie,” Leyla moaned. “I want to come so bad.”

“Don’t worry,” Keira whispered into her mouth. “You’ll be coming for the next two hours.”

Leyla started to laugh, but then she gasped as Keira’s fingers worked their way into her depths. She clutched Keira, pulling her closer, already feeling her first orgasm roaring down on her.

## Chapter 26

On Wednesday afternoon, Leyla was sitting in her office behind her desk, catching up on some paperwork. She'd seen four patients already that day and had one more scheduled. She set her pen down and stretched, glancing at the clock. She smiled to herself, anticipating what might transpire during the next hour. Before she had much of a chance to speculate on it, the door opened and Keira walked in.

Leyla's heart almost stopped at the sight of her. She looked so beautiful with her alluring little smile that it was difficult to believe that she was hers. Really, truly hers.

Keira shut the door behind her and flipped her hair back in an unintentionally enticing gesture that stirred Leyla's arousal. It amazed her that Keira could fill her with so much love and longing at the same time.

"Hello, Dr. Jennings."

Leyla smiled. "Hello, Keira." It was strangely erotic just having Keira back in her office after all they'd been through together. Her heart pounding, she stepped closer to Keira and slipped an arm around her waist. "You look so beautiful, honey."

"Thank you, Dr. Jennings. So do you." Keira wrapped her arms around Leyla and they kissed, softly at first and then much deeper. They embraced eagerly as their breathing accelerated, both of them aware of how risky their behavior was in Leyla's office but not able to restrain themselves.

After a moment, Leyla straightened up. "It's very good to see you again."

Keira smiled. "It's good to see you, too."

Leyla kissed her again. "Why don't you have a seat on the couch, Keira. Make yourself comfortable."

“Alright.” She stepped over to the leather couch and sat down. She turned sideways and leaned back, putting her feet up. Her shoes weren’t an embarrassment to her as they had been the previous week; she was wearing the same pair of Leyla’s white sneakers she’d been wearing for the past several days.

Leyla took a seat in her chair, picking up her clipboard with a little smirk. She crossed her legs, looking very desirable in her black skirt, stockings and high heels. “So tell me, Keira. How have you been?”

Keira almost laughed. Happiness was rushing through her in waves. She stared at Leyla, loving every detail of her and knowing that the two of them would be going to bed together that night in the bed they now shared permanently. “I can’t complain.”

“Good. Last time you were here, you were having some problems in school. How are you doing with that? Are you paying more attention? Doing your homework?”

Keira nodded. “Yes, Doctor. I’m far from perfect, but I am making progress.”

“Excellent.” Leyla scribbled something on her clipboard. “That’s what I like to hear.” She looked back to Keira. “You seem a lot happier than you did last week.”

“Oh, I am.”

“And why is that?”

“Well... because I have a girlfriend now. A wonderful, beautiful girlfriend.”

Leyla looked at her skeptically. “Don’t you mean a boyfriend?”

Keira smiled. “No. A girlfriend.”

Leyla frowned, making another motion with her pen. “Is that so.”

“It is.”

“Tell me about her.”

Keira giggled. “Okay. Her name is Dr. Jennings.”

Leyla whistled softly. “That’s a hell of a coincidence.”

“It certainly is.”

“And you say you like this woman?”

“I love her.”

“I see. And why is that?” Leyla leaned forward in her chair, reaching down to slip off her shoes.

Keira watched her, feeling excited. “Because she’s perfect in every way.”

“No one is perfect, Keira.” She smiled. “Except maybe you.”

Keira blushed. “I don’t know about that. But Leyla is.”

“Leyla?”

“My girlfriend. She’s beautiful and smart and generous and loving. She saved my life. She makes me happy all the time and she loves me. And I love her.”

“She sounds like quite a gal.”

“She is. She’s a great cook, too. And you wouldn’t believe what she can do in bed.”

Leyla giggled, standing up. “Why don’t you take off your sneakers, sweetheart? Get nice and comfy.”

Keira leaned forward and began unlacing her shoes. Leyla stepped over and began helping her, pulling them off and setting them on the floor.

“Isn’t that better?”

“Yes, Doctor.”

Leyla smiled, taking a seat on the couch beside Keira and stretching out. “You don’t mind if I lie here with you, do you? It’s been a long day and you look so fucking cute.”

Keira laughed, putting an arm around Leyla’s neck. “I don’t mind. In fact, I highly prefer it.”

“That’s good.” Leyla put her arm around Keira and turned slightly toward her. “Would you mind terribly if I kissed you?”

“I’d love it if you kissed me.”

Leyla pressed her lips softly to Keira’s, inhaling deeply and running her fingers through Keira’s hair. “I love you so much, sweetheart.”

Keira smiled. “I love you too, Leyla”

“I’m so lucky.”

Keira slid her tongue along Leyla’s lower lip. “Me too.”

Leyla leaned into her, kissing her all over the face. “Is there anything in particular you’d like to talk about this week?”

Keira thought about it. She nodded.

“What?”

Smiling, Keira brushed a stray lock of hair out of Leyla’s eyes. “I’m not really sure if it’s appropriate.”

Leyla kissed her again. “Go ahead. What’s on your mind?”

Looking embarrassed, Keira shrugged. “The same thing that’s always on my mind these days.”

“And what’s that?”

Keira slowly slipped her hand under Leyla's skirt and between her thighs.

Leyla sucked in breath, feeling a surge of arousal at Keira's touch. "Oh!" She smiled. "So you're saying... *I'm* on your mind?"

"All the time."

Setting her hand down over Keira's, Leyla nodded. "We've still got about 45 minutes." She squeezed Keira's hand. "Do you think that would be enough time to... ease your mind?"

Keira nodded. "Among other things."

Leyla caressed her hand, moving closer and helping herself to another kiss. "Why don't you show me exactly what it is you're talking about?"

Keira licked Leyla's lips. "Exactly?"

"Yes."

Pulling up Leyla's skirt, Keira smiled mischievously. "Alright."

Leyla leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Then she was moaning softly, her fingers tangled in Keira's hair.

- end -

# **Arielle's Awakening**

**by Kate Clairmont**

# Chapter 1

Department 262 was a large, cavernous room on the third floor of the sprawling Arlington Brody Corporation. Three shifts worked around the clock, Monday through Friday, manufacturing and assembling computer modules, which were in constant demand. Most of the employees had no idea what the modules were used for; they only knew how to go about doing their specific and relatively simple jobs.

It was 7:29 on a Tuesday morning. Arielle stood near her locker, buttoning her static-sensitive lab coat and waiting for the buzzer to sound so she could proceed to her work station.

She'd been working at Arlington Brody for almost seven years now. When she started, through a placement service, she'd had no intention of sticking around for so long, but one thing led to another and the months sped by, becoming years. Now she was suddenly 32 years old and stuck in the same dead-end job with no real prospects for the future.

She was a relatively attractive woman, and some people might ever consider her beautiful. She stayed in shape, thanks in part to her many long walks, and took care of her health, but never went out of her way to impress anyone. Her long, dark hair was clean and neatly cut, spilling in waves down to her shoulders. Her bottle-glass green eyes were bright but not piercing. Beneath her lab coat she wore a pink polo shirt and faded blue jeans, a pair of clean white sneakers on her feet. Fashion didn't matter to her as much as comfort, and since she had no friends at work, or, sadly, outside of work, she didn't care much what anyone thought of her.

She spent most of her time alone, by preference. She was an avid reader and an amateur writer and found it difficult to concentrate seriously on anything outside the realm of the written word. She spent virtually all her free time reading, everything from horror and the classics to mystery and romance.



And for the past year or so she'd been spending more and more time doing her own writing. She knew she'd probably never get published, but she did get better with each new short story, and her progress inspired her. She was at the point now where she was beginning to consider starting a novel. It was an intimidating prospect, to say the least, but she thought she was ready to give it a try.

7:30 arrived, the buzzer signaling the shift change. A small army of weary night shift workers abruptly came to life and began scrambling out the doors, clutching empty lunch bins and thermoses, their captivity over for the next fifteen hours. They were quickly replaced by the day shift workers, who flocked to their prearranged stations and settled in for a long day of monotony.

Arielle's station was a clean, static-free workbench that included a swivel chair and an electric screwdriver, which was suspended from an overhead fixture. It was her job to slide small circuit boards into plastic casings and secure them with tiny screws. She normally did about 200 of them per day, although she was capable of doing many more. She saw no reason to push herself, considering there was no quota and no one ever paid much attention to her or how many units she assembled. As an experiment, she once spent an entire day doing nothing, and her supervisor, who normally sat in the break room smoking endless cigarettes and playing games on her cell phone, never said a word. As long as she appeared to be working, it was apparently good enough.

There was already half a tray of circuit boards and a bin full of casings on her bench, leftovers from her overnight counterpart. She sat down in her chair and got comfortable, wasting a few moments while no one else was around.

There were two other stations very near hers; one directly beside her to the right, and another directly beside that one. These stations were occupied by two other women, Donna and Elaine. They were both younger than Arielle, and both much more socially active. They were also both friendly with each other and quite often very nasty to her. She did her best to ignore them, but it wasn't always easy, especially when they got on a role and tried to outdo each other with their mean-spirited comments.

Donna approached her bench a minute late, as usual. She glared at Arielle, not speaking. She didn't want to waste any of her bitchy remarks without Elaine there to appreciate them, and Elaine was still nowhere to be seen. She normally showed up several minutes late, and no one seemed to care.

Arielle sighed, straightening up in her chair. She removed one of the circuit boards from her tray and began working, her mind filled with thoughts of all the things she'd rather be doing.

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A few minutes later Elaine suddenly appeared, crossing the room and taking her place behind her bench. The atmosphere changed noticeably, becoming almost hostile. Her presence was like a virulent cloud over an otherwise harmless morning. Arielle and Donna were capable of spending an entire day working alongside each other without incident; they didn't like each other, but they could coexist peacefully. With Elaine, the balance tipped heavily in the other direction; it became a battlefield, two against one, and not even Arielle's complete silence could prevent it from coalescing.

Elaine liked to speak loudly. Even though her and Donna sat very near each other and were able to hear what each other said without raising their voices, she liked to ensure that Arielle heard every word. That way she could make Arielle feel bad without even speaking to her.

"God, I'm tired," Elaine complained to Donna.

Donna turned and looked at her. "Rough night?"

"You could say that." Elaine was about 25, thin and extremely beautiful. Her long blonde hair was very pale, making her complexion look slightly darker than it really was. Her deep set eyes were icy blue and gave the perception of infinite depth; many men had become lost looking into them, and quite possibly many women, too. She looked good and she knew it, and this gave her confidence a constant boost. She covered her mouth with one hand, stifling a yawn and showing off her long pink fingernails. "I feel like

crawling under my bench and taking a nap.”

Donna smiled. She was pretty, but not as pretty as Elaine. She had long brown hair and a thin face, her gray eyes always bright and sparkling with an inert intelligence. She dressed very nicely, but it was hard to tell since the lab coats they were required to wear covered up most of their clothing. She leaned back in her chair, in no rush to start working. “Why don’t you? If Dianne comes by, I’ll wake you up. You can just say you were picking up some screws.” Dianne was their supervisor. She walked by to check up on them once or twice a day, but rarely paid any significant attention to what they were doing. She only did it to fulfill her obligations, which didn’t seem to amount to much.

Elaine shook her head. “I don’t think so. Mary Poppins over there would probably rat me out.”

The comment stung Arielle, but she pretended not to hear. In the four months that Elaine had been working there, Arielle never once complained about her to the supervisor, as much as she sometimes wanted to. The truth was, Arielle was very attracted to Elaine, though she would never admit it. Elaine was simply far too cruel to her, and if she were ever to discover Arielle’s attraction to her she’d almost certainly find a way to use it against her. Arielle slid another circuit board into a casing and began putting in screws.

Donna glanced at her and then looked back to Elaine. “She’s not going to say anything. Go ahead. Take a little nap.”

“Nah. I’ll be okay.” She reached for a circuit board of her own, yawning again. “God, I’m sore, too.”

Donna giggled. “Don must’ve worked you over pretty good last night, huh?”

Elaine looked puzzled for a moment and then smiled. “Oh. No. Don’s visiting his father all week. I thought I told you that.”

“You did. I forgot. But then who...?”

Elaine laughed. “Some asshole who lives down the hall from me. He’s been

wanting to fuck me for a long time. I figured since Don is away, why not?"

Donna nodded. She didn't seem overly excited by the news. She was a lesbian and thoroughly in love with Elaine. "You think Don'll find out?"

Elaine shrugged. "Who cares? What's he gonna do?" She threw her head back and ran her fingers through her hair. When she pulled them away she looked at them in disgust. "God, I think I still have come in my hair."

Donna laughed. "Didn't you take a shower?"

"Yeah. But the asshole really sprayed me good. I might have missed some."

"I hope you're not planing on asking to use my hairbrush any time soon."

"No. I wouldn't do that." She looked past Donna, at Arielle. "Hey, Arielle, can I borrow your hairbrush for a minute?"

They both laughed, looking at Arielle. She ignored them, continuing to work.

"Please? I promise I'll give it right back."

Donna leaned closer to Elaine, smiling. "I think she's got come in her hair, too."

"I'm sure she does. You rarely see her without a good looking guy at her side. Sometimes two."

They laughed again.

"What do you say, Arielle? Can I borrow your brush or not?"

"Fuck off," Arielle muttered. She didn't even bothering to look at them. She was already starting to feel sick to her stomach from their verbal abuse and she'd only been at work for ten minutes. Trying to concentrate on her ridiculously easy job, she put in a screw, and then another.

"I think you got her mad," Donna pointed out.

“Maybe. Am I supposed to care?”

Donna looked back and forth between them. “Would you really want to use her brush, anyway? She’s probably got fleas.”

More laughter. Arielle reached into her lab coat pocket and pulled out a folded up piece of paper. There was a pen already on her bench. Sometimes it helped to take her mind off her shitty coworkers when she spent a little time writing. She normally wrote two or three pages by hand while at work each day and then typed them up when she got home. She sat and concentrated on the story she was currently working on, doing her best to ignore the senseless cruelty.

“Oh, look,” Donna announced. “She’s getting an early start today.”

Elaine craned her neck for a glimpse. “I wonder if she’ll remember us when she’s a famous author.”

“I hope so. Do you really think she’s going to publish all those little scraps of paper?”

“No, but she probably does. Look at her go with that pen. She’s probably writing a love story about her dog.”

Donna laughed. “I wonder if her dog comes in her hair?”

They both laughed, feeling very good. It was fun being mean to Arielle.

Ignoring them, Arielle continued to write. She didn’t care if they saw her or not. She’d long ago stopped trying to hide what she was doing. It was more important to her to spend at least a little bit of her time at work doing something worthwhile, and this was it. She was nearing the end of a story about a woman who had survived a car accident on an isolated road during a blizzard. The entire car was off in a ditch and covered in snow, and the woman had been trapped inside for almost a week. It was very emotional and she felt a strong connection to the character. She tried to get inside the woman’s head, to become her, to feel what she was feeling and see what she was seeing. It helped tremendously in allowing her mind to escape it’s own

reality, which in many ways was worse.

“So what’s this guy’s name?” Donna asked, finally reaching for a circuit board. “The one you’re sleeping with?”

Elaine sighed. She was hanging her head, looking more tired than usual. “Tom.” She thought about it. “Or Ted. Something like that.” She laughed. “Maybe Tim. I’m really not sure.”

“What did you do? I mean, besides the obvious?”

“Oh, nothing. We just did a bunch of shots and then made out. He wanted to watch a movie, but I figured, why bother, you know? If we’re gonna fuck, let’s just fuck.”

Donna nodded. She’d only been with a man once, and hated it. If it was up to her, she’d be the one sleeping with Elaine. She did, in fact, sleep with Elaine on rare occasions, but unfortunately for her, Elaine preferred men. “Do you like him? I mean, are you going to fuck him again?”

“He’s kind of a jerk.” Elaine slid her circuit board back and forth across her workbench like a hockey puck. “I don’t know. I guess I’ll fuck him a few more times, until Don gets back. But just out of boredom, you know? He’s supposed to take me out to dinner tonight.” She giggled. “I’m going to pick that new seafood place on Capital. It’s super expensive. I swear to god I’m gonna order the most expensive thing on the menu, even if it’s something I don’t want. I’m gonna get shitfaced, too. The drinks are like seven bucks apiece. It’s gonna cost him a fortune.”

Donna felt a thrill run through her. “God, that’s a great idea!”

“I know! I’m not gonna get any sleep again, though. He just keeps going. Even after he comes, he’s ready again in like half an hour.”

“Just get extra drunk. You can pass out and sleep all night.”

“Maybe.”

They were silent for a moment and then Elaine looked over at Arielle, who

had put her pen down and was once again working. “Hey, Arielle. What did you do last night? You see a lot of action?”

Arielle ignored her. Sometimes it worked and sometimes it didn’t. This time it did.

Donna laughed. “She’s busy.” Looking back to Elaine, she smiled. “I’m gonna get a coffee from the machine. Can I get you one?”

Elaine thought about it. Then she nodded and reached for her purse.

Getting up from her chair, Donna collected her own purse and stepped over to her. “No, no. It’s my treat.”

“Are you sure?”

“Positive.”

Elaine nodded again, pushing her purse back to the far end of her workbench. “Thanks.”

Donna stepped up behind her and put one hand on each of her shoulders. She massaged them gently and lowered her face to Elaine’s hair. “I don’t see any come in your hair.”

Elaine giggled, leaning back and relaxing her shoulders. “Oh no?”

“Not at all.” She rubbed her face in it, inhaling deeply. “It looks beautiful, like always.”

Elaine rolled her eyes. “Okay, Donna. It’s kind of early to get sweet on me.”

“Sorry. I can’t help it.” She kissed Elaine softly on the cheek and stepped away. “One coffee coming up.”

Arielle watched her walk away. Then she watched Elaine as she slowly began to assemble her first module. Elaine glanced over and caught her staring.

“What are you looking at?”

*The most beautiful woman in the world*, Arielle thought.

“Nothing.” She looked away and reached for another board.



## Chapter 2

The hours passed slowly, as they always did. Thankfully, Elaine was truly exhausted and she spent much of the morning slumped in her chair, saying less than usual. And when Elaine wasn't saying much, neither was Donna.

Eventually the lunch break came around and Arielle spent it working on her story, sitting off at the end of one of the tables by herself. She'd brought a turkey and cheese sandwich, which she ate quickly with a cup of coffee she got from the vending machine. The coffee tasted terrible, but it was cheap and it delivered a little boost of caffeine which she found helpful to carry her through the rest of the day.

There were about forty people in the department during first shift, and the break room became very crowded. Arielle had long since learned how to block out the loud talking and constant barks of laughter from her coworkers as she puzzled over each new sentence and worded it to the best of her ability. She was an amateur, and she knew it, and the last thing she was attempting to do was impress anyone with her dedication, but many of the other employees enjoyed making fun of her efforts and seemed to take great joy in demeaning her. If anything, she tried to conceal her writing and yet they were somehow unable to leave her alone. She was almost glad when the break was over and it was time to return to her workstation.

When the break was over, Arielle once again took her place at her bench and grabbed another circuit board. Elaine and Donna were late returning from lunch, and she was glad. The combination of her attraction to Elaine and the woman's constant cruelty to her were sometimes overwhelming. She sat and worked, thinking about the paragraphs she'd just written and pondering on the ones she'd write next. Then Elaine and Donna were back, and the anxiousness was once again coursing through her.

"Oh, no, we're two minutes late," Elaine called out. "I hope Arielle doesn't

outdo us again. I was really hoping to do more assemblies than her today.”

Donna laughed, falling into her chair and leaning back. “Keep dreaming, Elaine. She’s been here for almost forty seven years. No one can put screws in like Arielle.”

They both laughed, looking over at her for a reaction which didn’t come. The comments didn’t even make sense to Arielle, who rarely worked hard. She did her 200 assemblies a day and spent the rest of her time thinking and writing. Elaine and Donna were simply incapable of leaving her alone.

Elaine spun around in her chair, rolling her head back on her shoulders. “God, I can’t take another four hours of this. I want to go home and sleep!”

“You want to go home and fuck,” Donna corrected.

Grimacing, Elaine gave her the finger. “I want to sleep, sunshine.”

Donna smirked. “You want to eat lobster and get sprayed again.”

“No. That’s what I’ll do, no doubt, but sleep is what I want.”

“You just need some stimulation.”

She smiled. “Stimulation is always welcome.”

“Hey, I’ve got an idea,” Donna said. She smiled enticingly.

Elaine recognized the look. “Uh oh. Don’t tell me. You want me to take my pants off so you can eat me out.”

Donna laughed, delighted. “That would be great!”

Arielle felt herself grow wet at the very thought of it. She tried to ignore the rush of heat between her legs as she reached for her screwdriver.

“I don’t think so,” Elaine said. She glanced at Arielle, who didn’t seem to be paying attention. “I kind of need this job right now.”

Donna sighed. “Well, that’s not what I was going to suggest anyway, as much as I do like the idea.”

“What were you going to suggest?”

Smiling, Donna glanced down at Elaine’s sneakers. “How would you like a nice foot rub?”

Elaine giggled. Then she seemed to consider it. “Seriously?”

“Sure.”

Elaine glanced around. The little area they worked in was very secluded, and the only person who ever came by was Dianne, and even that was quite rare. “You really want to rub my feet?”

“I’d love to rub your feet.”

“Arielle,” Elaine called. She knew Arielle could hear them and wasn’t in the mood to risk losing her job over a foot massage.

Arielle looked over, feigning disinterest.

“You have a problem with Donna giving me a little foot rub?”

She felt a wave of desire wash over her. *She* wanted to rub Elaine’s feet. “It’s fine with me.”

Elaine put her hands together and bowed sarcastically. “Oh, thank you. You’re very kind.”

Donna laughed quietly and got to her knees, her back turned to Arielle.

Elaine turned her chair slightly and bent forward, beginning to unlace her sneakers.

Donna quickly reached forward, brushing Elaine’s fingers with her own. “I’ll take care of that. You just relax.”

Sitting back up, Elaine smiled. She sighed contentedly and watched as Donna carefully untied her shoes and gently slipped them off. She set them aside and then smiled up at Elaine. "Thank you."

Elaine smiled back. "You're welcome, sunshine."

Donna took one of Elaine's feet in both hands and began kneading it through her sweat sock. She squeezed it firmly, pressing her thumbs up into Elaine's arch.

"Oh, that feels good," Elaine whispered, leaning back in her chair. She rolled her head back on her neck and closed her eyes.

"You just relax, sweetheart," Donna whispered. She massaged Elaine's foot for several moments and then switched over to the other one. Each time she squeezed her hands around it she felt little pulses of pleasure run through her, culminating between her thighs. She massaged Elaine's foot passionately for a few minutes and then lifted it to her face, kissing it through the sock. She rubbed it against her cheek, inhaling deeply. "God, you're so sexy, Elaine."

Elaine smiled, peeking through her eyelids. "I know. Don't forget my other foot."

Donna giggled and changed feet. She rubbed it vigorously and glanced around, making sure no one was watching. Arielle was sneaking glances at them, but Arielle didn't matter. Taking a chance, she quickly gripped Elaine's sock in her fingers and peeled it off, causing Elaine to sit up in her chair and open her eyes.

"Hey," she said.

Donna was smiling, looking down admiringly at Elaine's naked foot. She saw that Elaine had her toenails painted blue again, and it caused her already swollen clitoris to tingle even more. "God, your pretty little toes match your eyes!"

Elaine giggled, wiggling her toes. "You're right. I never thought of that."

“Oh, they’re so *cute*!” Donna wrapped her fingers around Elaine’s toes and rubbed them, loving the feel of them in her hands.

Elaine was looking around again, worried about being seen. The only one around was Arielle, and she was pretending not to notice. “Maybe we should wrap it up,” she suggested.

“Wait!” Donna pleaded quietly. “Not yet!” She raised Elaine’s foot to her mouth and began kissing it. She kissed it all over and then held it to her face so that she was kissing the heel. “God, you’re so fucking hot.”

Elaine giggled again. “Somebody needs some pussy.”

“Oh, please don’t tease me.” Donna’s tongue was suddenly out, taking little licks of Elaine’s foot. She licked it all over, causing Elaine to twitch in her chair and giggle.

“That tickles!”

“It tickles me, too. Right between my legs.” She licked more, sliding her tongue along the sole of Elaine’s foot and then wrapping her lips around her toes.

Elaine gasped. “Oh!” She gripped the arms of her chair with both hands. “You’re really going to town.”

Donna sucked Elaine’s toes into her mouth, one after the other. “I’d go anywhere with you.” She sucked them again, over and over. Then she was rubbing the bottom of Elaine’s foot all over her face.

“God, Donna. You really want me bad.”

“I know.”

“Shit.” Elaine pulled her foot away.

Donna grabbed for it. “Oh, please, please.”

Putting her feet on the floor, Elaine leaned forward in her chair and placed

one hand on each side of Donna's head. "Hey."

Donna stared into her eyes. The need between her legs was throbbing out of control. "Yes?"

"Put my sneakers back on." She leaned forward further and kissed Donna gently on the mouth. "And I'll do you a little favor."

Donna moaned. "Kiss me again. Please?"

Elaine kissed her again, slightly harder. Donna's tongue slipped into her mouth and she sucked it gently, causing Donna to moan louder. Her whole body was trembling with desire.

Breaking the kiss, Elaine sat up.

Donna wrapped her arms around Elaine's legs and hugged them. "Oh, god. Let's go home early. We can go to my place. We can..."

Elaine ran her fingers through Donna's hair. "Calm down, Donna."

Donna kissed her legs through her pants. "I can't. I want you so much."

"Put my shoes back on. I told you, I'm going to do you a favor."

Getting herself under control, Donna nodded. She released Elaine's legs and picked her sock up off the floor. She glanced nervously at Elaine and then held the sock to her face, inhaling deeply.

Elaine laughed. "God, you're hopeless. Why does everybody have to fall in love with me?"

"How could anybody *not*?"

Placing her foot in Donna's lap, Elaine wiggled her toes again. "Sock, please."

Donna sighed. She lowered the sock to Elaine's foot and very gently slipped it back on. She made sure it was just right and then raised her foot for another

little kiss.

“Shoes,” Elaine prompted.

As Donna slowly slid Elaine’s feet into her sneakers and laced them up, Arielle watched out of the corner of her eye. She was so aroused she was close to coming. She knew if she so much as touched herself, even through her clothing, it would be enough. She sighed, trying unsuccessfully not to think about it.

\*

“What’s the favor?” Donna asked. She was standing at Elaine’s bench, her back still turned to Arielle.

Elaine looked around again, very cautiously. There was still no one around. She slowly reached one hand under Donna’s lab coat and undid the button on her pants.

With a sharp intake of breath, Donna felt her heart begin beating faster. She gently ran her fingertips over Elaine’s hand, caressing her soft, golden skin. “Oh. Oh, Elaine, I can’t take any more teasing,” she whispered.

Elaine stood up, sliding the zipper of Donna’s pants down. “I’m not teasing you, honey.” She kissed her softly on the mouth and reached her hand into Donna’s jeans.

Donna gasped into her mouth. She wrapped an arm around Elaine’s waist, biting her lip. “Oh, god. Oh, Elaine, please.”

“You don’t have to beg, sweetheart. We are friends, after all.” She cupped her hand over Donna’s mound, marveling at the wetness of her panties. “God, you’re so wet!”

“I know!” Donna moaned and her knees grew weak at the sensuous touch. She nuzzled her face in the hollow of Elaine’s neck and kissed the soft, supple skin. She ran her tongue up under Elaine’s ear and playfully nibbled

on the lobe. “Make me come, Elaine. Please.”

Elaine slid her hand beneath Donna’s panties and ran her fingers along either side of her swollen labia, causing Donna to gasp again and clutch her arm tightly. “Don’t worry. I will.” She found her mouth again and kissed her, at the same time sliding one of her fingers into Donna’s slick opening.

Donna trembled, whimpering into Elaine’s mouth. She found Elaine’s tongue and began sucking on it, pulling her even closer. She pressed herself against Elaine’s hand and felt the intensity of her passion escalate to entirely new levels.

Sensing her friend about to come, Elaine kissed her harder and used another finger to prod her clitoris. It was a stiff little nub, swollen with need, and she ran her finger over and over it, causing Donna to almost lose her balance as her orgasm roared down on her. She wrapped her other hand around Donna’s waist, holding her steady so she wouldn’t fall.

“Oh!” Donna pulled her mouth away, shuddering. She squeezed Elaine’s arms with both hands as wave after wave of searing pleasure tore through her body, leaving her almost breathless. “Oh, yes! Oh, Elaine, yes!”

Elaine smiled, feeling Donna’s muscles contract on her finger. She slipped it out and, still holding her friend with one arm, raised the finger to her mouth. Placing it between her lips, she sucked on it seductively. Then she pulled it out and ran it below Donna’s lower lip. “You’re really sweet.”

Donna was still recovering. She laughed softly, trying to catch her breath. She wrapped her arms around Elaine and pulled her into a tight embrace. “Oh, god, Elaine! Thank you so much!”

“My pleasure.”

Donna kissed her all over her face, making her laugh. “Let me make *you* come! Please?”

“You’d better button up your pants, sweetie. Before somebody sees.”



“I want to make you come!”

“Another time. I promise.”

Donna began fixing her pants. She was still breathing hard. “I want to sleep with you again. It’s been weeks,” she whispered. “You have to let me, one of these nights. Please?”

Elaine smiled at her. “You really like me, don’t you?”

Donna pressed her mouth to Elaine’s in a solid kiss. “I fucking love you.”

Laughing, Elaine pulled her into another hug. “Don’t worry. We’ll get together soon.”

“Do you promise?”

Elaine nodded. “Not tonight, though. I have to deal with Tim, or whoever.”

“Maybe tomorrow?” Donna asked excitedly. “While your boyfriend is still away?”

“Maybe.”

“Please? I’ll do anything!”

Elaine giggled. She kissed her again, very softly. “Okay. How about Friday night? We can sleep in on Saturday and fuck around all morning, too.”

The look on Donna’s face was one of pure exaltation. She forgot to breathe as she straightened her lab coat and ran her fingers through her hair, which had grown slightly damp. “Oh my god,” she whispered. She took Elaine’s hand and raised it to her mouth, kissing it. “I’m going to make you so glad, Elaine. I promise.”

Elaine smiled. “I don’t doubt it.”

“You’re not going to change your mind, are you?”

“No, sweetheart.” She caressed Donna’s cheek with the backs of her fingers. “My bed might get a little busy, but when I make a date I keep it. Friday night.” She smiled. “I’m already looking forward to it.”

“Oh, god!” Donna quickly returned to her chair and sat down before she fainted. She stared at Elaine with a look of pure love and tried to force herself to begin working.

Elaine also sat. She smiled happily and began playing with a circuit board.

To their left, Arielle was breathing heavily and staring off into space. She was more aroused than she’d ever been in her life, and she had no idea what to do about it. She was concentrating on not thinking of anything at all, and it wasn’t working.

## Chapter 3

After work, when most people headed out the back doors to the parking lot, Arielle made her way out the front and crossed the street to the bus stop. She'd had a car in years past, but she could never keep up with the maintenance and the monthly payments. And whenever she was faced with a breakdown or a costly repair, which for her was surprisingly often, it was emotionally overwhelming. She'd finally gotten rid of her car and went back to buying weekly bus passes.

Taking the bus involved its own set of challenges, however. She had to wait at the corner with a group of people she didn't know, or, worse, that she did know and didn't like; or that didn't like her. She also had to transfer to another bus partway through her commute home, and all the waiting around really ate into her spare time. It took her over an hour from the time she left work until the time she got home, and it was only six miles. Also, there were the people on the bus. Some of them were dangerous. She'd seen her share of robberies and muggings while on the bus, and even an attempted rape. Fistfights and arguments were relatively common, as was drinking. She hadn't seen a murder yet, but she knew if she kept riding the bus, she eventually would.

Her ride home on this day was worse than usual. She was lucky enough to find an empty seat, but a young black man slid in beside her almost immediately and began explaining to her all the bad luck he'd been having. He'd just lost his job, and his brother had been killed in a shootout. On top of that, his mother was very sick and needed money for her prescriptions. Could Arielle help him out? It would be appreciated.

Arielle made it a point to never give away money to beggars, even when she had an extra dollar or two to spare. She shook her head, looking out the window and willing the bus to move faster so she could get home.

The young man didn't like the shake of her head and made a grab for her purse. She clutched it tightly and held it between herself and the side of the bus, twisting in her seat to shield it with her body. He got a hand on it and tugged, breaking the strap.

"Gimme that fuckin thing!" he yelled. He punched her in the back and grabbed at it again, this time ripping the strap right off.

She was crying and about to scream when someone did the unthinkable and actually pulled him off of her. There was a loud argument, much of which she didn't understand, and then the kid was pushed toward the back of the bus. The driver either didn't notice or was pretending not to. Arielle straightened up in her seat and kept her now-strapless purse tucked under her leg, afraid to look back and see what had happened to her tormentor. There was a lot of yelling back there.

The bus rolled on, and with each stop more people got on or off. Soon the crowd she'd gotten on with was all but gone and her stop was just a few blocks ahead. She was trembling when she climbed down the steps, tears still in her eyes. She glanced around for the kid who'd tried to rob her but didn't see him anywhere. She quickly walked down the sidewalk, crossing the street and taking her place among another mob of people. She was halfway home.

\*

Arielle's apartment was a one bedroom studio, very small. Her kitchen table was directly inside the front door, and as soon as she dropped her purse on it she closed the door, throwing the deadbolt and securing the chain. She leaned back against it, her breath coming in harsh gasps as she tried to get herself under control. She'd been harassed on the second bus, too; not as badly as on the first one, but in her overly-sensitive emotional state, even an unwelcome sexual advance felt like torture.

She stood with her back against the door for what felt like a long time, tears coursing down her cheeks. She took a deep breath and wiped her eyes. Her hands were shaking badly. She never wanted to get on the bus again; it was

even worse than work. Of course, without the bus she'd have no way of getting to work. Her whole body shook and fresh tears were streaming down her face.

She sobbed out loud, the first time in a long time. Things just kept getting worse. She wished she had someone to talk to. She'd lost both of her parents years ago, and had no brothers or sisters. No friends. She was completely, utterly alone.

Arielle stood crying for awhile longer, feeling sorry for herself. She knew it was her own fault. She made no real effort to get along with people. The truth was, she didn't like most of them and wouldn't want the majority of them as her friends. But she wished she had *someone*. Someone who she truly liked that would hold her and make her feel better. Someone she could be happy with, and share with.

She'd had a couple of boyfriends in the past, but it never worked out for her. One of them had been a violent asshole, the other shallow and self-absorbed. She'd had nothing in common with either of them, and the time she'd spent with them had been just as miserable as the time she spent at work. The only time she was really happy was when she was alone.

But right now she didn't want to be alone.

She wanted to be with Elaine.

The thought just kept returning to her. Elaine practically detested her, but she couldn't get her out of her mind. No matter how cruel or mean-spirited Elaine was to her, she could not bring herself to think badly of her. Not only that, but she was quite certain she was falling in love with Elaine, much as she suspected Donna already had. If not love, than at least lust. If she could choose one person in the entire world to hold her and comfort her and be able to do the same for in return, she had no doubt she'd choose Elaine.

Arielle sighed, finally getting herself under control. She crossed the small room to the refrigerator, which was right there near the table; the living room and kitchen were one and the same. She poured herself a glass of white wine and then settled on the small couch, taking a sip. It was very warm in the

apartment, and the wine was good and cold. It made her feel a little better.

Setting the glass down on the coffee table, Arielle opened her laptop computer and turned it on. As she waited for it to boot up, she took another sip of wine and then removed several sheets of folded paper from her back pocket. She'd make dinner later, after she typed up her day's work. She liked to get that part out of the way so she could spend the rest of the night writing.

She typed for several minutes, pausing on occasion to take sips from her glass. She was having a very hard time concentrating. Her mind kept returning to the image of Elaine and Donna playing around at their workstations. It had made her incredibly excited and she still hadn't done anything about it.

Arielle carefully lifted the computer off her lap and set it on the couch beside her. Then she unbuttoned her pants and pulled down the zipper. In her mind, she pictured Elaine's face. Then she pictured her pretty little feet, being fondled by Donna. Finally she pictured Elaine completely naked, sliding into bed beside her. She slipped her hand into her pants, her fingers gliding over the wetness. She began to whimper, her hand dancing back and forth.

## Chapter 4

Wednesday morning at work started off no different than usual. Arielle was lucky enough to have no problems on the bus, and she got to her workstation before either Donna or Elaine. She'd bought a cup of coffee from the vending machine and she set it carefully off to one side, near the back of her workbench. No one was supposed to bring drinks or food to their work areas, but most people did anyway. As long as it stayed partially hidden, it wasn't likely to be a problem. She sat down and pulled a folded sheet of paper from her pocket, setting it near her little bin of screws. She was ready to start writing as soon as the urge struck her.

Donna was the first to arrive, offering Arielle her customary glare and taking a seat at her bench. Elaine followed soon after, dropping into her chair and hanging her head again, looking a little less put-together than usual.

"Wow," Donna commented. "Another rough night." She got up quickly and stepped over to Elaine, putting a hand on her shoulder. She leaned down and gently kissed her on the mouth.

Elaine grinned miserably. "I told you it would be."

"For someone so beautiful, you really look like hell."

"I feel like hell. God, I can barely walk."

Donna laughed. "Are you bragging?"

"Maybe." Elaine lifted her head and looked around. "I might really need to sneak a nap today. I didn't sleep at all."

"Again? Did you at least get your lobster?"

Elaine smiled. "Just the tail. But I had two of them. \$57 apiece."

Donna grinned wickedly. “Nice!” She stepped back to her chair and sat down.

“Plus two bottles of wine. They were almost \$100 each. Ted almost shit his pants when I ordered the second one.”

“So his name is Ted?”

Elaine’s eyes went hazy for a moment. “I think. Ted or Tim.” She shrugged. “Anyway, he only ordered some cheap-ass sandwich for himself, trying to keep the price down. The final bill was almost \$400.”

“God!”

“I know! I burned his ass good.” She flipped her hair back. “But I’m worth it.”

“You sure are. Did he get anything for his troubles?”

Elaine smirked. “He got laid, if that’s what you mean.” She looked over at Arielle. “Hey, Arielle, did you get laid last night?”

They both laughed, staring at Arielle. She stared back, looking at Elaine, her eyes pleading.

“I’m sure she did,” said Donna. “She’s got such a happy glow about her.”

Elaine smiled at the look of hurt on Arielle’s face and then looked back to Donna. “Anyway, he didn’t invite me back out to dinner tonight. I think he was pretty upset about the bill. Especially considering I didn’t eat the second lobster tail.”

“What happened to it?”

“He was going to take it home with him. But then I figured, what the hell, you know? So I pretended to eat it. I really just mashed it up all over the plate and let the waiter take it away.”

“Damn. You’re good.”



“I know.”

Donna giggled. “But he kept you up all night again.”

“Actually, no. He fucked me in his bed, and then fell asleep. I waited a little while, but it was too hot to sleep, so I got up and left.”

Picking up a circuit board, Donna pursed her lips. “So then why didn’t you get any sleep? Didn’t you go home and go to bed?”

“That was the plan.” Elaine glanced around again and sighed. “I kind of ran into someone in the hallway. Some new guy who just moved in down the hall.”

Donna was staring at her. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I was kind of half naked and still pretty drunk from all the wine at dinner.”

“Oh, no. Don’t tell me...”

Elaine laughed. “He invited me in for a drink. I couldn’t say no. He’s pretty hot.”

“But you didn’t...”

“We drank for like an hour. Tequila. Then, yeah, I let him fuck me. Why not?”

“God! That’s kind of slutty.”

If the comment offended Elaine, it didn’t show. “I know! It was fun, though. He didn’t even seem to notice I already had a load of come inside me.”

“Oh, gross!”

Elaine laughed. She picked up a handful of screws and let them sift through her fingers. “Anyway, we never did get to sleep. He wanted to fuck me again before work, but I was just too sore. I sucked him off instead.” She glanced

over at Arielle, who was busy writing. “Hey, Arielle, are you getting all this?”

Donna laughed and looked over. “Hey, you don’t think she really writes down the things we say, do you?”

“I would assume so. What else would she be writing every day?”

Donna thought about it. “I don’t know. Hey, Arielle, what are you writing, anyway?”

Arielle looked up at her. It was the first time she’d been asked a normal question by either of them. She knew Donna didn’t really care, though, and so she shrugged. “You wouldn’t be interested.”

“Just tell me. What is it?”

“Yeah,” Elaine agreed. “Tell us.”

She was still working on her story about the woman trapped in the car. “Just a story.”

“Is there a lobster tail in your story?” Elaine asked.

“No.”

“Does it involve double penetration?” asked Donna.

Arielle looked away. She didn’t understand why they liked to hurt her so much.

“Aw, you offended her,” said Elaine.

“That’s okay. I meant to.”

Elaine was going to say something else, but suddenly a figure was walking towards them. The three of them looked over and watched as Dianne slowly made her way over and stood between Elaine and Donna.

“What’s up?” asked Elaine.

Dianne feigned a smile. She looked angry. “I need to speak to the two of you. In the break room, now.” She began walking away, her heels clicking on the tiles.

Donna and Elaine looked at each other. “What the fuck?” asked Donna.

“I don’t know.” They both stood up, looking over at Arielle. “Does this have something to do with you?” Elaine asked.

Arielle gazed at her, her eyes wide with concern. “No.”

Elaine glared at her. “It better not.”

“I swear,” Arielle said. “I have no idea.”

“If you ratted us out, you’re going to be sorry,” Donna warned.

“I didn’t. You know I didn’t.”

“We’ll see,” Elaine promised.

Then they walked away, toward the break room.

Arielle sat waiting, her heart suddenly racing.

## Chapter 5

For the next ten minutes, Arielle sat working diligently, wondering what was going on. She hadn't said a thing to anyone, and had no idea why Elaine and Donna had been called away. Well, she did have an idea, but as far as she knew, no one had seen what they'd gotten up to. She sat thinking about it and assembling one module after another, and then finally she sensed her coworkers returning.

Donna arrived first, glaring at her with a look of pure hatred. "Fucking cunt," she spat. She took seat in her chair, staring at Arielle in disgust.

The words shocked Arielle. "What?" She had done nothing. "What are you - \_"

Suddenly Elaine stepped from behind the other side of her workbench. "So that's how you want to play it, huh?"

Arielle spun her head in confusion. "What...?"

Elaine sneered at her. With one hand she reached out and knocked Arielle's coffee cup over, spilling it all over her tabletop. It flowed over the edge, dripping down to the floor in little splatters. "If it's a war you want, you got it. Little bitch."

Arielle was stunned. Against her nature, she suddenly shot from her chair. It was one thing to feel love for someone who saw you as a joke, but to have that person literally hate you was something else entirely. She couldn't tolerate it, even for a moment. "Wait a minute," she said.

Stepping right up to her, Elaine practically pressed her nose against Arielle's. "What? What does the little narc bitch have to say?"

Arielle felt tears welling in her eyes. She'd never been falsely accused of

anything before and wasn't sure how best to handle it. "I don't know what just happened, but I swear to god it had nothing to do with me."

"Fucking liar," Donna spat from behind her.

"Who the hell else would have done it?" Elaine asked bitterly. "No one else was even back here."

"It wasn't me." Arielle was shaking. Confrontations made her sick. "I swear it wasn't." Tears spilled down her cheeks and she quickly wiped them away.

"It had to be." The look of rage in Elaine's eyes was lurid. She was obviously furious. "No one else could have known. And you're the only one here who hates me."

Arielle gasped, almost choking on a sob. "No!" she cried. "I don't! I *like* you! I would never --"

"Give me a break. Don't even fucking *pretend*, Arielle. You're just a rotten little bitch who wants to get me fired so you don't have to deal with me anymore. But guess what? All I got was a verbal warning. And now that you've started a war --"

"No!" Arielle cried again. She very carefully reached up and put her hand on Elaine's arm. "I swear to you, I didn't do anything!"

Elaine shook her hand off. "Don't fucking touch me, cunt."

More tears ran down Arielle's face. Her insides felt twisted and raw. "I swear to god I didn't tell on you!" Something occurred to her. "I can prove it!"

Elaine stared, breathing hard. She was ready for a fight. "How?"

"Did Dianne say it was me?"

"She didn't have to. There's no one else it could have been."

"But there must be! Because it wasn't me!"

“Bullshit.”

“Let’s go ask her!” She tried to grab Elaine’s hand, but she pulled it away. Normally she would have been too timid to even attempt such a move, but the emotional turmoil that was raging through her spurred her on.

“Why bother? I already know.”

“We both know,” agreed Donna from behind her.

“But you *don’t*! Because it wasn’t me!” She stared into Elaine’s eyes. “Just because you don’t like me doesn’t mean I don’t like you. I would *never* do anything to hurt you.”

“Liar.”

“No! *Please!* Let’s go ask her right now.”

“She’s not going to say who told.”

Arielle thought about it. “I’ll confront her. I’ll make her tell.”

For the first time, doubt crept into Elaine’s eyes. “There’s no one else it could have been.”

“What about Terry?” Arielle asked. It was just a guess, but it was the best one she had. “She comes over to the parts-shelf every day, and it’s hard to see her from where we sit. But she can see us.”

“You’re just trying to blame someone else.”

“It *was* someone else. It had to be, because it wasn’t me!”

The smell of coffee permeated the air. It was still dripping slowly off the workbench, a puddle spreading out on the floor below. “You know something, Arielle,” Donna said from behind her. Arielle turned and looked at her. She appeared angry and sad at the same time. “I always knew you were kind of... weird... but I honestly never thought you’d stab me in the fucking back.”

Arielle spun on her heel. “I *didn’t*! Didn’t you hear me? I swear I didn’t!”

“Little backbiter,” Donna responded. “I should tell her about all the fucking writing you do back here.”

Arielle’s eyes went wide. “But --”

“Hey, that’s a good idea,” Elaine said. “If we’re going to fuck each other over, we might as well go whole-hog.”

Arielle spun back to Elaine. “No! You’re not listening!” She was so upset she was trembling. “Please, just give me a chance!”

The behavior was so out of the ordinary for Arielle that Elaine crossed her arms over her breasts and stared at her. “I’m listening. But I’ve got to say, I’m really losing my patience with you.”

Arielle nodded. “Okay.” She looked very intently into Elaine’s eyes. She almost got lost in them; they were such a brilliant, icy blue, flecked with little sparkles of violet. She’d never been this close to Elaine before; never looked into her eyes like this before. She was so captivated by the experience that she forgot what she had intended to say.

“You’d better say something,” Elaine warned. “Or I’m going to walk up there and complain to Dianne that you spend several hours a day writing your little stories back here.”

Taking a deep breath, Arielle tried again. “Elaine... that’s a good point. Did you ever notice that I don’t bother to hide my writing from you, or from Donna? I don’t care if either of you see me, because I trust you not to tell on me.”

“I trusted you, too, and --”

“Yes! I know!” She gently reached out and touched the sleeve of Elaine’s lab coat. “Because you knew you could. Because you knew I wouldn’t go behind your back.”

Elaine pulled her arm away. “But you did.”

“No! I didn’t! Don’t you see? I wouldn’t! I... I know this is hard for you to believe, because of the way we... the way we interact... but, the thing is, I really like you. I always have. Even when you make fun of me, I still like you.”

Elaine smiled doubtfully. “You’ve got a funny way of showing it.”

“I know. And I’m sorry. But I swear to you, I would never do anything to intentionally get you in trouble. Or to hurt you.” She pleaded with her eyes. “Never.”

“She’s lying,” said Donna.

Elaine glanced over at her, biting her lip. “I don’t know. She’s pretty convincing.”

Encouraged, Arielle turned and looked at Donna. “I would never do anything to hurt you either, Donna. I swear I wouldn’t.”

“Right.”

Arielle turned back to Elaine. “Please believe me. I didn’t say a word. It never even crossed my mind.”

Elaine stared into Arielle’s eyes. Something seemed to pass between them and suddenly Elaine’s gaze softened considerably. She smiled wryly. “Let’s say I believe you. And trust me, I’m going to find out who ratted on me...”

“It wasn’t me,” Arielle whispered. She was entranced by Elaine’s gaze, unable to look away.

“For the record, I believe you,” Elaine answered softly. “But now I’m wondering about something else.”

“What?”

“You keep saying you like me. I don’t understand.”



“I do like you.” They were speaking so quietly now that Donna couldn’t even hear them.

“But you just ignore me. You never even say hello.”

Arielle nodded. “Because... I’m very nervous around you. I’m... intimidated. And, also, I always thought you hated me.”

“Why would you like me if you thought I hated you?”

“I just do. You’re... you...” She had to look away.

“What?” Elaine asked.

Arielle took a deep breath and looked back at Elaine. She was shaking. “I... I just...” She had to look away again, unable to finish.

“Oh, god,” Elaine groaned. She smiled, putting a hand on Arielle’s shoulder. “Not you too.”

Arielle looked back in her eyes. “I just... I...”

“I’m going to go have a little talk with Terry. I *do* see her sneaking around those shelves from time to time.”

“She does. Quite a bit.”

Elaine nodded. “I’m going to get to the bottom of this. But you and I are going to have another little talk later on.”

“Okay. But I swear --”

Elaine squeezed her shoulder. “I believe you. We’re going to have a talk about something else.”

Arielle felt an abrupt thrill run through her. She nodded. “Okay.”

Then Elaine’s hand was gone. She looked past Arielle’s shoulder to Donna. “You want to come with me? I’m going to have a few words with Terry.”

Donna glanced back and forth between them and then nodded. She wasn't doing any work anyway. "Alright."

They walked off, past the shelves toward the back of the room where the packaging tables were.

Arielle sighed, deeply. She felt like she'd been through a battle but had come out victorious. She took the roll of paper towels from her bench and slowly began to blot up the coffee spill. She didn't mind. For the first time since she'd met Elaine, she was looking forward to speaking with her.

## Chapter 6

It was less than ten minutes later when Donna returned. She walked slowly to her chair and sat down, taking a circuit board in her hands and just holding it, staring at it. Arielle stopped working for a minute and watched her, waiting for some type of comment.

After a moment, Donna turned and looked at her. She shrugged. "I guess I jumped to a conclusion." She smiled, embarrassed. "I guess it wasn't you after all."

Relief flooded through Arielle. She knew she hadn't done anything, but she wasn't sure whoever did would admit it. "It was Terry?"

Donna nodded. "The bitch. She said --" She caught herself and stopped. She wasn't used to speaking civilly with Arielle and wasn't sure this was a good time to start. Then again, she was secretly very attracted to Arielle and hoped to eventually do something about it.

"What?" Arielle asked.

Donna shrugged again. She stared at the circuit board in her hand. "Nothing." Then she looked at Arielle and smirked. "Apparently she disapproves of me. If you know what I mean."

Arielle nodded. "I'm sorry, Donna."

The words seemed to thaw Donna out. Her shoulders relaxed visibly. "I guess I should be the one saying that."

"It's okay."

"Anyway, Elaine is back there now. Smoothing things over, so to speak. But yeah, she admitted it was her. So..." She shrugged again, looking away. "For

what it's worth, I'm sorry."

Arielle felt a wave of warmth wash over her. "It's worth a lot. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"Can I still write back here?"

Donna laughed softly. "Of course. Just don't let Terry see you."

They both began working, slowly at first, and then they got into a rhythm and became busy, the sounds of their electric screwdrivers humming throughout the area and the feelings of tension all but dissolved.

\*

Several minutes after her little talk with Donna, Arielle looked up to see Elaine walking toward her from the front of the department. She was holding a cup of vending machine coffee. Arielle paused in her work as Elaine stepped up to her bench and set the cup down carefully.

Arielle studied her. "What's that?"

Elaine was chewing her lip. "Coffee. Sorry I spilled yours earlier. I've always been kind of clumsy."

The gesture thrilled Arielle. "Thank you."

"You take it black, right?"

"Yes. You didn't have to buy me one, though."

"I wanted to. I owed you one."

Arielle nodded, feeling almost happy. She was so accustomed to being ridiculed, even the simplest gesture of kindness had a significant impact on her. "Thank you very much."

“You’re welcome. Did Donna tell you?”

“Yes.”

Elaine smiled. The sight of Elaine standing there and smiling at her was almost enough to cause Arielle to melt. “I guess I owe you a little apology.”

“It’s okay. I’m just glad you know it wasn’t me.”

“I do.” She put a hand gently on Arielle’s shoulder. “And I really am sorry for accusing you.”

Arielle loved the feel of Elaine’s hand on her. She wanted to lower her mouth and kiss it. “Accepted,” she said.

“Good.” Elaine squeezed Arielle’s shoulder and bent down, placing her mouth very close to Arielle’s ear. “We’ll talk more later,” she whispered.

Then she did something that caused Arielle’s heart to begin galloping in her chest: she kissed her ear.

\*

Elaine and Donna normally took their lunch breaks together, and this day was no exception. Arielle spent her break alone, as usual, working on a new story and thinking about Elaine. She couldn’t get her off her mind. She spent much of the morning fantasizing about her and feeling herself grow more and more aroused. Just the thought of her touch or the memory of the kiss on her ear was enough to fill her with warmth and longing. As she sat at her bench after lunch, waiting for Elaine to return, she found herself looking forward to simply catching a glimpse of her. She realized she was falling in love and she also knew Elaine was probably the wrong person to be falling in love with. She knew Elaine was a bonafide slut, but that did nothing to lessen her attraction to her; in fact, it may even have heightened it. If there was even a chance she could be with Elaine, even once, she wanted to take it. She was suddenly almost overwhelmingly infatuated with her. Arielle had never been with a woman before, and Elaine had awakened a desire within her that she

simply couldn't ignore.

Arielle came out of her reverie as she sensed Donna and Elaine returning from lunch. They glanced at her, smiling, as Elaine returned to her seat. Donna paused to lean over and kiss Elaine quickly on the mouth before returning to her own seat.

"Have a nice lunch, Arielle?" Donna asked. There was no hint of sarcasm or cruelty in her voice. In fact, she was smiling warmly. They had been talking kindly to her all morning, and she was still trying to get used to it.

"Not bad," Arielle answered. "You?"

Donna glanced at Elaine and giggled before turning back to Arielle. "Oh, pretty good. I just wish it was longer."

Arielle nodded. She knew they ate lunch in one of their cars; she wondered what else they did. "Me too."

"Maybe you could join us sometime," Donna offered.

Arielle blushed, heat rushing through her. The implications of the statement were almost too much for her to consider. She nodded again. "Maybe."

Elaine suddenly stood up, her plastic bin of screws in both hands. She held it up. "Oh, dear. I'm almost out of screws, and I don't remember where to get more." She looked at Arielle. "Arielle, do you have a minute?"

"Sure." It had been quite a day so far, and it was a long way from over. She stood up carefully, her knees feeling weak. She met up with Elaine, who grinned at her, and the two of them sauntered off into the shelves where the larger supplies of parts were stored.

Elaine knew right where the screws were. When she reached the giant metal bin she leaned against it and took a quick look around. They were completely isolated from anyone's view. She turned to Arielle. "How are you doing?"

Arielle couldn't help but smile. She felt extremely excited. "Okay. How about you?"

“Oh, pretty good.”

“I’m glad.”

Elaine smiled. “So tell me more about what you were saying earlier.”

Arielle grew very nervous. She pursed her lips in thought and shrugged. “I’m not sure what to say. I just... wanted you to know that I’d never do anything to hurt you.”

“Because you like me.”

“Yes.”

“That’s the part I’m curious about.” She leaned a little closer. “When you say you like me, what exactly do you mean?”

Arielle’s heart began to race. She didn’t think she’d be able to maintain eye contact with Elaine, but the truth was, she was unable to look away. Elaine’s eyes were literally arresting. “I mean... I really do like you.”

Elaine leaned even closer, smiling warmly. Their noses were only inches apart. “Do you want me?”

Arielle tried to swallow and couldn’t. She couldn’t speak, either. She nodded.

The grin on Elaine’s face grew even wider. “I thought so.”

“Are you upset?” Arielle managed.

“Why would I be upset?”

“I don’t know. I just...”

“You may find this surprising, Arielle. But the truth is, I think about you quite a bit.”

Now Arielle was having trouble breathing. She stared into Elaine’s eyes,

which were quite possibly the most beautiful things she'd ever seen. Her whole body seemed to quake with each heartbeat, and they were coming very rapidly. "You do?"

"Yes. Sometimes I like to think about you... when I'm alone."

Arielle suddenly took an enormously deep breath. She needed it.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes."

Elaine raised one hand and gently ran a fingertip just below Arielle's bottom lip. "You're really beautiful, you know that?"

Her heart was pounding now. "So are you."

Elaine moved even closer. Arielle could smell her, and she suddenly longed to taste her. "I'm really glad you want me."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"Why is that?"

"Why do you think?"

Arielle couldn't answer. She could only stare into the depths of those astonishing blue eyes.

"Kiss me," Elaine said.

Arielle didn't even think about it. Her face simply moved forward, as if pulled by a magnet. Her lips pressed against Elaine's, and her entire body felt suddenly electrified. The kiss was very soft, and very quick, and she could feel herself growing wet. She stood waiting for Elaine to do or say something mean.



Instead, Elaine smiled again. “That’s not a kiss. This is a kiss.” Then their mouths were together again, this time more forcefully. Arielle gasped, feeling the entire world slip away as the soft sweetness of Elaine’s lips pressed firmly against her own. She moaned softly and leaned into Elaine, her hand coming up and finding Elaine’s arm, which she gripped. Then Elaine’s tongue was poking between her lips and snaking its way into her mouth. Arielle welcomed it. As she felt Elaine’s hands circle her waist and pull their bodies together, she sucked gently on Elaine’s tongue. Never had she tasted anything so soft and sweet and sensual. She had to close her eyes to keep from getting dizzy. The arousal she felt was overpowering; the need between her legs almost crippling as she stood there, tasting and feeling the one person she wanted more than any other.

Then, as suddenly as it started, it was over. Elaine pulled away, the smile back on her face. For a moment Arielle was unsure of what was happening. She leaned forward, trying to initiate the contact again, but Elaine pulled back further, her hands still securely on Arielle’s waist.

“Easy now, sweetie. We don’t want Terry seeing us.”

Arielle’s eyes darted around as she recalled what they were doing and where they were.

“It’s okay. I don’t think anyone is around. But let’s play it safe.”

The burning need between Arielle’s legs was pure torment. She desperately wanted Elaine. “I want you,” she moaned.

Elaine ran her fingers through Arielle’s hair. “I know you do. I want you, too.”

Her breath caught. “You do?”

“Yes.” She smiled warmly. “Are you busy tonight?”

“No.”

“Good. You’re on the bus, right?”

Arielle nodded.

“Okay. Why don’t you let me give you a ride home?”

“Really?”

“Would you like that?”

She smiled, on the verge of weeping with happiness. “I’d love that.”

“Good. I’ll drive you home, and maybe you could invite me up for a drink.”

“I have wine,” Arielle offered.

“I love wine.”

“You really want to come over?”

“I sure do. I was planning on getting some good sleep tonight, but... things change.”

Arielle nodded.

“Do you live alone?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe I could spend the night.”

The desire between Arielle’s thighs threatened to overwhelm her. “Okay.”

“Would you let me sleep with you in your bed?”

“I love you.” Arielle didn’t know where the words came from. She didn’t regret them, though.

Elaine laughed softly. She ran the back of her hand across Arielle’s cheek. “You’re sweet. But let’s not get carried away.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. But I’ll take that as a yes.” She leaned forward and kissed Arielle again on the mouth, very softly. “I’m not exactly girlfriend material, Arielle. But I’ve wanted you for a long time.”

Arielle was stunned. “You have?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve wanted you too. I still do. More than ever.”

“Good. Then let’s plan on tonight. You and me. Sound good?”

“It sounds wonderful.”

Elaine kissed her again. “Let’s get back to work. I don’t want to have to go through that whole warning process again.”

“Okay.”

They began walking, Elaine with a happy little smile on her face.

Arielle was too surprised to smile. But she was smiling inside. Inside, she’d never felt better.

## Chapter 7

The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur of fantasies and speculation. Arielle's mind raced from one scenario to the next, all of them involving Elaine and herself and what would transpire that night. The intensity of her arousal kept climbing and at one point she gave serious consideration to going into the ladies room and touching herself. She didn't, though, wanting to save herself for Elaine.

With only a few minutes left before the end of the shift, Elaine and Donna were standing together and talking softly. Arielle watched them, and then Elaine was signaling her to come join them, which she did immediately.

"You lucky dog," Donna said, smiling.

Arielle wasn't sure what she meant. "What?"

"I hear you're getting a ride home."

She nodded. She wasn't sure how much Elaine had told her.

"It's the least I can do," Elaine said. "I feel terrible about this morning."

"It's okay, really," Arielle promised. "It was just a misunderstanding."

Elaine looked at her. "You still want a ride home, right?"

She nodded. "If you don't mind."

Now Elaine smiled. "Oh, I don't mind at all."

Donna slapped her on the ass, laughing. "I'll bet you don't! You behave yourself!"

Elaine laughed, spinning out of the way. Watching her, Arielle almost came

in her pants; Elaine was just so beautiful. She was going to say something, just for the sake of speaking, when the buzzer rang.

The three of them left the department together, amid a rush of others, and made their way down the stairwell to the street. Arielle normally took the stairs toward the front, but the parking lot was in back and she found herself growing more excited as they approached a line of cars at the far end of the lot.

“God, I wish you were giving *me* a ride,” Donna said as they stepped up to Elaine’s car, a sporty-looking white Saturn Ion with black tinted windows.

Elaine smiled, sliding one hand sensually over Donna’s ass. “Don’t worry, sunshine. I’ll be giving you a ride on Friday night.”

Donna giggled and pulled Elaine into a brief kiss. Arielle watched them, unable to look away. She thought she should feel jealous, but the sight of the two of them kissing actually fueled her desire.

After their kiss they shared a quick hug, and then Donna stepped away. “See you in the morning,” she said to Elaine. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Elaine smiled. “Have a nice night, honey.”

Donna had to pass Arielle to get to her car. She smiled and surprised Arielle by reaching up and gently running her fingers through Arielle’s hair. “Have fun, Arielle. Be gentle with her.”

Arielle tried to suppress her astonishment at the comment, but she was unable to. Her mouth dropped open, any possibly response escaping her.

Donna laughed, kindly, and gave her a little wave. Then she unlocked the door to her Civic and climbed inside.

Elaine came up behind Arielle and slipped an arm around her waist. “Relax. She’s just being silly.” She kissed Arielle’s hair and then used her key to unlock the passenger door. “Hop in, princess.”

Arielle thanked her and opened the door. She got inside, marveling at the soft

seats and clean interior. It had been years since she'd been inside a car and she found herself loving the experience. When Elaine was seated beside her she turned and looked at her. "I like your car."

"Thank you."

Arielle stared at her.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded. "I guess Donna knows that you're... coming over."

Elaine started the car. "Does that bother you?"

Arielle thought about it. "No. Not really."

"Good. Me and her are kind of close. As you've probably noticed."

"I have. But..."

"What?"

She shrugged. "I'm just wondering why you'd want to... be with me. I mean, if you have Donna..."

A horn honked lightly and they both looked up to see Donna waving at them. They waved back and watched her drive off. Then Elaine put her hand on Arielle's thigh and leaned toward her.

It took Arielle a moment to realize she was waiting for a kiss. Her pulse quickening, she leaned over and pressed her lips to Elaine's. The softness of them was exhilarating, and she felt another surge of desire run through her.

When Elaine sat back, she was smiling. "I have a feeling we're really going to have fun tonight."

Arielle returned the smile. "I hope so."

Elaine rubbed her hand briskly up and down Arielle's thigh. "I want to be

very up-front with you about something, Arielle.”

Suddenly nervous, Arielle nodded. “Okay.”

“I like you. I like you a lot.”

“But?”

Elaine smiled. “But nothing. I really like you. But...” She giggled. “I like a lot of people. I don’t want you to get the impression that you and I... can be exclusive. You know?”

It was in line with what Arielle had expected, but she still felt a sudden jolt of disappointment. “So... you mean this is a one-time thing.”

Elaine rubbed her leg again. “No, honey. I don’t mean that at all. When I say I really like you, I mean it. I think you’re hotter than hell. We can get together whenever we can both manage it.” She smiled brightly. “I’d love to fuck your pretty little brains out regularly. I just need you to understand that I’ll be sleeping with other people, too. Including men. I’m very promiscuous.”

Arielle nodded. If Elaine’s hand rubbed her just a little higher she was fairly certain she’d come.

“Are you okay with that?”

She looked into Elaine’s eyes. “In all honesty, I think I’d give everything I have for even just one hour with you.”

Elaine beamed. She placed her palm on Arielle’s cheek. “You’re so fucking sweet!” She leaned over and kissed her on the mouth, running her tongue along Arielle’s lower lip.

Arielle gasped, her heart thundering.

“I guess we’d better get going,” Elaine said. “Otherwise I’m going to climb on top of you in a minute.”

Arielle nodded, dizzy with lust. "Good idea."

"You just tell me which way. I have no idea where you live." She put the car in drive and they began to roll.

"Just get on 94 east. Take it all the way to the lake."

"That's easy enough."

Elaine maneuvered her way through several blocks of rush hour traffic and found the entrance to the freeway. After making her way up the on-ramp and merging with the eastbound traffic she glanced at her passenger. "Can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

Elaine smiled. "This isn't how I was supposed to broach the subject, but... what do you think about Donna?"

Arielle considered the question. "Did she ask you to ask me that?"

Elaine smirked and nodded. "Don't tell her I just blurted it out. She wanted me to kind of... hint around and get your opinion." She glanced again at Arielle. "She really likes you, by the way."

"She does?" Arielle was surprised to hear it. She thought their relationship was neutral at best, and she figured by becoming intimate with Elaine that Donna would be bitter if not outright resentful.

"She does." Elaine waited a moment. "So what do you think about her?"

"I think... I think she's beautiful." She looked at Elaine. "Not nearly as beautiful as you, but still beautiful."

Elaine laughed. "Thanks for that."

"I like her," she continued. "I guess I never really thought of her... like that before..."



“Why not? You obviously like women, right?”

Arielle licked her lips. “Kind of. Actually, I’ve never been with a woman.”

“You haven’t?” Elaine seemed shocked.

“No.”

“You mean... I’d be your first?”

She nodded. “I’ve had boyfriends, but I... don’t like them.”

“So you do like women.”

“You’re the first woman... I’ve ever even... thought about...”

She beamed again. “Really?”

“Yes.”

Elaine reached over and stroked her leg. “God, Arielle. I’m flattered.”

Arielle put her hand over Elaine’s. She could feel herself growing wet with arousal. “You’re so... perfect.”

“You’re going to give me a swelled head.”

“You’re giving me a swelled... something else.”

Elaine laughed. “God, I’m going to make you come so good!”

Arielle moaned. She was very close. “I think I...” She tried to organize her thoughts. “The way I feel about you... it’s overwhelming.”

“Don’t mistake lust for love, sweetie.”

“I don’t know what to think.”

“Don’t worry, Arielle. You want to fuck me, right?”

Arielle laughed nervously. “More than anything in the world.”

Elaine smiled. “Well, there you go. I’m going to take you home right now and you can do anything you’d like with me. All night.”

Arielle couldn’t speak.

Elaine laughed again, rubbing Arielle’s leg. “And you and I can do it again next week, too. And the week after that. And so on. As long as you like.”

Arielle looked at her. “You can move in with me. We can --”

“No. That’s the point I’m trying to make. I don’t want to move in with you. I think you’re beautiful and sexy, and I can’t wait to get my face between your legs, and I admit, I --”

Arielle groaned and clutched her chest.

Elaine gripped the wheel, looking over at her. “Are you okay?”

She nodded. “You’re getting me... I think I’m...”

Giggling, Elaine looked back to the road. “Take a deep breath, honey. You’re all worked up. Anyway, what I’m saying is, we can do whatever you want, and we can do it every once in awhile. But...” She shrugged. “I’m not available as a full-time girlfriend. I never will be.” She was silent for a moment, allowing it to sink in. “Anyway, this is really none of my business, but, like I said, I promised Donna I’d feel you out for her. I personally think the two of you would make a really nice couple.”

It had never even occurred to Arielle to consider such a thing. “Really?”

“Really. She’s really sweet.” She glanced over. “Not as sweet as you! But very sweet. And she... kind of wants someone permanent. And she told me in no uncertain terms that she’s interested in you.”

“You’re not making this up?”

“No! She told me... she’s kind of worried about how you might feel about

her... because, you know... we weren't all the best of friends..."

"That's true."

"It was all a big misunderstanding as far as I'm concerned. We both thought you hated us."

"I didn't."

"I know that now, Arielle. And you can see how quickly my attitude toward you changed."

Arielle smiled. "Yes. I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about. Like I said, it was all a stupid misunderstanding." She reached over and rubbed her arm. "Anyway, give it some thought. Donna, I mean. She really does like you, and she made it very clear... she wants you, too."

Arielle felt another rush of heat go through her. She didn't know how much more she could take. "Why don't you tell her... tell her that I might be..."

"Tell her yourself. If I was you, I'd walk right up to her in the morning and grab her and start kissing her." She laughed. "She'll fucking love it. She'll probably come right in her pants."

"Oh my god," Arielle moaned. Just the thought of it almost made her do just that.

"Seriously. You already know she likes you. Just do it."

"I don't know..."

"Do it, Arielle. Please. You two would be really happy together. And you and I could still fuck around on the side. Hell, me and Donna could still fuck around on the side, too." She laughed again, looking at Arielle. "All three of us could get together. Shit, could you imagine?"

Arielle could, and did. It was almost too much for her. "I'll talk to her."

“I hope so.”

“I will. I promise.”

“Good.” She smiled. “Hey, do you think all three of us would fit in your bed?”

Arielle’s breath caught in her throat. She raised on hand and pointed. “That’s my exit.”

## Chapter 8

Elaine found a parking spot on the street within one block of Arielle's building and soon they were climbing the stairs to the third floor. The drive had only taken fifteen minutes.

"I can't believe how early it is," Arielle commented. "It usually takes me well over an hour to get home."

Elaine smiled and took her hand. "This will give you more time for... other things."

In the two years Arielle had been living in the apartment, she'd never had a single visitor. She felt as though the last several years of her life had been spent in a waiting room and now everything she'd missed was culminating into this particular evening. Everything about it felt magical. She squeezed Elaine's hand, feeling the heat within her grow in intensity. "Thank you so much for being here."

Elaine smiled. "You're very welcome."

They reached Arielle's door, and as she slid the key into the lock Elaine began kissing her neck. Arielle moaned, leaning her head back and pushing the door open.

They stepped in together. Arielle immediately shut the door and tossed her keys and purse onto the kitchen table. Then Elaine had her pressed up against the wall, her hands around Arielle's waist. She leaned toward her until their noses were touching. "Hi there."

Arielle's heart was racing. "Hi." She gently put her arms around Elaine, feeling her hot breath in her mouth. Then Elaine's mouth was on hers, their lips pressed tightly together. Arielle moaned and hugged Elaine to her, loving the way their bodies fit together. She could feel the heat from Elaine's soft

breasts and her taut stomach and thighs right through her clothing; the soft caress of Elaine's mound against her own caused her to shudder. Then Elaine's tongue was slipping into her mouth and she whimpered, her whole body quivering.

Elaine pulled her mouth away. "Are you okay?"

Arielle nodded. "I think... you're gonna make me come."

Elaine smiled happily. "We'd better get you over to the couch. I don't want to hurt you."

Arielle was breathing very fast. "Okay. Can I get you some wine first?"

Taking her hand again, Elaine led her across the small room. "Later. I want you to sit down first. You're all worked up, honey."

"Okay."

They stepped up to the couch and Elaine prompted Arielle to sit. Then she pulled the coffee table out of the way and knelt down before her. "Relax, sweetheart."

"Okay."

Elaine began untying Arielle's shoelaces. When she had them loose, she slipped off one sneaker and then the other. She set them aside and then removed her own shoes.

"Does that feel better?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"You're welcome." Elaine took a seat beside her on the couch. She turned sideways and leaned her back against the arm, placing one foot up on the cushions. "Come here, honey. Lie down a little and lean your back against me."

Arielle looked at her, not sure what to do.

Elaine smiled. "Come on, Arielle." She held out her arms. "Lean your back against my breasts. I want to hold you for a minute."

"Okay." She was so excited she didn't know what to do or what to expect. She was just thrilled that Elaine was there, and being kind to her. More than kind. She was being... loving. She twisted on the couch and leaned backwards into Elaine, feeling Elaine's arms and legs wrap around her. It was like being enveloped into the warmest, most affectionate embrace she could imagine. She felt Elaine's breasts pressing against her back as Elaine folded her arms across Arielle's stomach.

"Lean back, sweetheart."

Arielle leaned her head back, feeling Elaine's soft cheek caressing hers. Then Elaine's mouth was on hers again and they were kissing. Her body trembled again, the desire overwhelming her. She parted her lips, hoping that Elaine would slide her tongue between them, and she wasn't disappointed. When it was offered, she pulled it into her mouth and gently sucked on it, licking and tasting it with her own. She groaned aloud, her arousal spiraling out of control. Then she felt Elaine's hand unbutton her jeans and pulling down the zipper. Her heart galloped wildly and she closed her eyes, becoming lost in this new little world that excluded everything but the two of them.

Elaine pulled her tongue away for a moment and kissed Arielle on the cheek. "Take a deep breath, sweetie."

Arielle did. Then she felt Elaine's hand sliding down into her pants. She felt it slip under her panties, Elaine's thin, beautiful fingers brushing their way through her pubic hair. She pushed herself back, further into Elaine, attempting to bring her swollen clitoris closer to Elaine's miraculous hand.

Elaine smiled and kissed her again, on the mouth. "My god, you're soaking wet. Does that feel good?"

Arielle's throat felt tight. "Yes," she managed. Then Elaine's fingers slid lower, gliding along either side of her labia and she moaned loudly, biting her lip.

“You need to come, Arielle.” She kissed her all over her face. “Would you come for me?” She slid her fingers over Arielle’s soft folds, which were slick with desire. Then she found Arielle’s clit and gently rubbed it with one wet fingertip.

Arielle gasped and began squirming around on the couch between Elaine’s legs. She shoved her back harder against her, whimpering and emitting passionate little cries. “Oh! Oh, Elaine!”

Elaine kissed her again and again, working her finger faster. “Come for me, sweetheart. I want to feel you come while you’re in my arms.”

Arielle felt it speeding toward her. It felt like a monster bearing down on her, and she knew before it arrived that she’d never experienced anything like it before. “Oh, yes! Oh, Elaine, yes!” She shivered with heat as her climax roared through her, her fingers digging into the couch cushions. Wave after wave of bliss pounded her senseless and she was momentarily lost from the world.

Elaine held her, loving the feel of her trembling body as she rode out her orgasm. She kept her hand in place until Arielle stopped quivering and then slid it slowly out. She kissed Arielle tenderly on the mouth, swallowing her final few gasps and then sucking softly on her lower lip. “How is my little angel?” she whispered.

Arielle’s chest was heaving. She laughed quietly. “Oh, my god. Oh, Elaine. That was... oh, god...”

Elaine giggled. She raised her fingers to her mouth and tasted them.

Watching her out of the corner of her eye, Arielle drew in a sharp breath.

“Mmm. I knew you’d be tasty.”

“Oh, Elaine....”

Elaine kissed her. Then she slipped her fingers into Arielle’s mouth.

Arielle sucked on them, feeling herself become aroused all over again.



“See how good you taste? Maybe later you can let me use my mouth on you.”

“Oh...”

She smiled. “Just relax for a minute, okay?” She wrapped her arms around her again and held her. “I want tonight to be really special. For both of us.”

Arielle closed her eyes and relaxed. A warm smile materialized on her lovely face. “It is. Oh, god, Elaine, it is.” She put her hands on Elaine’s arm and leaned back into her. She’d never felt better in her life.

## Chapter 9

They ended up falling asleep, but only for about half an hour. The sun was blaring through the blinds, throwing bars of light across their bodies as they lay still, snoring softly. Then Arielle began to stir, causing Elaine to wake up. She smiled and hugged Arielle to her, kissing her softly on the cheek.

“Sorry, sweetheart. I didn’t mean to fall asleep on you.”

Arielle twisted her head and kissed Elaine on the mouth. “It’s okay. I drifted off, too.”

“Mmm. I love your sweet little lips.”

Arielle moaned happily. It was the most blissful moment she’d ever awakened to. “You’re gonna get me all wet again.”

Elaine laughed. “Good. I’m pretty thirsty.”

Her heart pounding again, Arielle sat up. “Oh. Let me get you that wine.”

Elaine smiled. “I wasn’t talking about wine.”

“I know. But... wouldn’t you like some?”

She nodded. “Okay. That would be kind of nice, actually.”

Arielle got up off the couch and stepped into the kitchen area. She had a bottle of white wine already open, and there was just enough left to fill two glasses. She returned to the couch and handed one to Elaine, who took it gratefully.

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Arielle raised her glass in a toast. “To us?”

Elaine smiled at her and touched her glass to Arielle's. "To us. And to tonight."

They both took a drink. It was good and cold and felt refreshing in the warm apartment. Elaine smacked her lips and set the glass down on the coffee table.

"Do you like it?" Arielle asked. She set her glass down beside Elaine's.

"I do. It's very sweet. Like you."

Arielle smiled and sat down next to her. Elaine put an arm around her shoulders and pulled her into a brief kiss. It felt almost too good to be true, having Elaine here like this. It was all she'd ever wanted, and she promised herself to enjoy it as thoroughly as she could.

She stared into Elaine's eyes. "Can I offer you some dinner?"

Elaine considered it. "You mean order out for something? Or do you propose to cook for me?"

"Whichever you'd like."

Elaine smiled. "I kind of like the idea of watching you hustle around in your little kitchen, cooking for me."

"I'd love to cook for you."

"What did you have in mind?"

"I... don't really have that much. I have some spaghetti, and some frozen ravioli..."

"Ravioli sounds good. Does it come with a salad?"

Arielle smiled. "It does if you want it to."

Elaine pulled her closer and kissed her face. "I want it to. And after we're finished eating, I want you for dessert."

Arielle's throat was suddenly feeling dry. "Okay."

Elaine kissed her, very deeply. It lingered for a long time, both of them breathing heavily and rubbing their hands over each other. When Eliane finally pulled her mouth away she was smiling again. "You'd better get cooking. Otherwise I'm going to end up having my dessert first."

"Alright."

Elaine laughed and caressed her face with one hand. "Let me know if I'm overwhelming you, sweetheart."

"You're overwhelming me. But I love it."

"I thought so."

Arielle stood up and had a quick sip of wine. It felt wonderful on her throat. "I'll start the water boiling. They don't take that long to cook."

"Do me one little favor first?"

"Anything."

"Take all your clothes off."

Arielle stared at her. "Now?"

Elaine nodded. "Please? I want to watch you cook for me. But I want you to be naked."

Arielle continued to stare. "Really? Shouldn't I..."

"Oh, never mind," Elaine pouted. "It was just a little fantasy I had. It's not important."

"No! If you really want me to, I will."

She nodded. "I really do. I've never had a beautiful woman cook for me in the nude before."

Arielle smiled and pulled her shirt off. "Then, this will be new for both of us."

Elaine giggled and reached for her glass of wine. She sat back and enjoyed watching Arielle strip out of her clothes, feeling very fortunate at how the day was turning out.

\*

"Is Italian dressing okay?" Arielle asked. She was leaning into the refrigerator, her naked bottom poking out from behind the door.

Elaine had a big smile on her face. She was lying flat on the couch with her ankles crossed, her glass of wine balanced on her flat stomach. The longer she watched Arielle toiling in the kitchen, the more aroused she became. "Italian is fine, honey. Make sure you shake it up real good."

Arielle pulled out the bottle and shut the refrigerator door. She grinned at Elaine as she shook it up, her full breasts bouncing sexily with the motion.

"God, you're hot!" Elaine slipped a hand into her pants. "I wish we'd gotten together sooner."

"Me too." Arielle stopped shaking the dressing and removed the cap. "I hope you're not going to make yourself come in there. I wanted to make you come."

"Oh, don't worry. I'm just prepping myself."

Arielle laughed and poured some dressing on the salad. She used her big pair of tongs to mix it up and then carried it over to the coffee table. "Ta-da!"

Elaine sat up, taking another sip of wine. "Boy, that looks good!"

Glancing at her, Arielle saw she was looking at her crotch. "How about the salad?"

She laughed and took a glance at the salad. "That looks good, too. Wow, you even cut up little cubes of cheese!"

"Didn't you see me doing it?"

"Sort of. I wasn't exactly staring at your hands, you know."

Arielle smiled. She had been very self conscious about parading around naked, something she didn't even do when she was alone, but somehow she'd gotten accustomed to it. Elaine's constant compliments helped a lot. She was surprised Elaine found her so attractive; she kept thinking she was simply being kind, but the sexy little glimmer in her eyes made Arielle think she was very sincere.

"I see." She stepped away for a moment to get salad bowls and forks, and then returned to the couch, sitting beside Elaine and setting them on the table.

"It looks wonderful, Arielle. Thank you so much." She kissed her softly on the cheek.

"You're more than welcome. Help yourself."

Elaine smiled and used the tongs to fill each of their bowls. Then they sat back, sinking into the cushions and enjoying their salads. Arielle had used up most of her fresh vegetables for the job, including romaine lettuce, green pepper, cucumber, tomato, red onion and a carrot which she grated. Everything was fresh and crunchy and coated in a thin layer of Italian dressing, and within minutes their bowls were empty.

"I didn't realize I was so hungry," Elaine said.

"Have some more."

Elaine kissed her. "Maybe I will."

"Please do. Have all you want."

While Elaine filled their bowls again, Arielle finished her glass of wine. She noticed Elaine's glass was also nearly empty.

“Would you like some more wine?”

“Kind of. But I thought I saw you throw the empty bottle away.”

Arielle stood up quickly. Elaine smiled and leaned over, kissing her smooth bottom and making her giggle. She danced to the refrigerator and reached inside, pulling out another bottle of white wine. “I’ve got two more whole bottles in the fridge. Plus a few more in the closet.”

“You’re a regular wino.”

She found the corkscrew and began twisting it in. “Kind of. I do like to drink a little each night. It helps with my writing.”

“Why is it that all writers like to drink?”

“I don’t know if they all do. Maybe it’s just that a lot of drinkers like to write.”

Elaine took a bite of salad, thinking about it. “I don’t know. I love to drink, but I have no interest in writing. Or reading, for that matter.”

Arielle got the cork out and brought the bottle over to the table. “How about fucking?”

She laughed, spraying little bits of grated carrot onto her pant leg. “Now that I like!”

Arielle refilled both glasses and set the bottle down near the salad bowl. She rejoined Elaine on the couch, cuddling right up next to her. “I’m glad. It’s been so long for me... and I’ve never been with anyone that I truly wanted to be with before.”

“Oh, honey.” Elaine set her bowl and fork down and wrapped Arielle up in a warm hug. She kissed her hair, rubbing one hand over her smooth arm. “I’m so glad to be here with you. I promise, you’re going to remember tonight for the rest of your life.”

“Thank you, Elaine.”

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They finished most of the salad, and then Arielle brought the dishes into the kitchen and wrapped up the leftovers. When she came back, she was holding two enormous plates of steaming ravioli covered in tomato sauce and grated cheese. She set them down on the table, evoking a complimentary whistle from Elaine.

“Geez, Arielle! That looks better than what I’d expect at a fancy restaurant!”

The comment elated her. “I did my best.”

“You did wonderful.” Elaine took a gulp of wine and reached for her fork.

“I do have one request, however.”

Pausing, Elaine looked up at her. She smiled curiously. “Yes?”

Arielle smiled back. “Since I’ve been naked for the past half hour, I was hoping maybe you could... join me...”

“You mean... you want me to take my clothes off?”

“Please?”

She feigned shock. “Are you kidding? You want me to eat dinner in the nude?”

Arielle laughed. “No. Of course not. That would be absolutely preposterous.” She sat down and picked up her wine.

Elaine laughed and stroked one hand up and down Arielle’s smooth thigh. “Actually, it’s a pretty good idea. I can’t help feeling a bit overdressed while watching you strut your stuff.” She twisted on the couch, turning her back to Arielle. “Would you help me with my shirt, honey?”



Arielle took a quick gulp of wine and set her glass back down. Then she gently gripped Elaine's t-shirt and tugged it up, slowly working it off as Elaine raised her arms up in the air. She tossed it to the far end of the couch and then unhooked Elaine's bra.

"Oh, you're so good at everything," Elaine said. "You're making me want to give up men for awhile."

Arielle smiled, peeling Elaine's bra off and tossing it on top of her shirt. "Maybe you should. Maybe we could get married."

"Oh, god!" She spun around and grabbed Arielle before she even managed to get a good look at her breasts. She hugged her tight and kissed her all over the face. "If you keep this up, you're going to have me actually considering it!"

Arielle was giddy with desire again. The feel of Elaine's bare breasts pressed against her own was causing her to tremble with excitement. She smiled and found Elaine's lips, sucking on them and licking them with her tongue. "We could have our honeymoon right here, in my apartment."

Elaine laughed, squeezing her even tighter. "We don't have to get married for that. We're going to have a honeymoon anyway, starting in about half an hour."

Arielle sat up, beaming. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah." Elaine gave her a soft, wet kiss. "Just as soon as I get my pants off and we eat some of this delicious ravioli."

"Oh!" Arielle stood up. "Well, then, by all means, let me give you a hand with those pants!"

"You're such a sweetheart." She lifted her feet up off the floor and unbuttoned her jeans.

Arielle grabbed the cuffs and began tugging on them as Elaine lifted her bottom off the couch and shoved her pants down. Soon the jeans were in the

same little pile as her bra and t-shirt and Arielle was peeling off her socks.

“There’s those pretty little toes again,” said Arielle.

“Oh! So you did notice them at work.”

Arielle giggled. “You have no idea how badly I wish it was me... doing what Donna did...”

Elaine wiggled her toes. “Don’t tell me you want to suck on them too.”

“I want to suck on everything you have, Elaine.”

She laughed, delighted. “This is really getting exciting!”

“I know!” Arielle peeled off her other sock and pressed them both to her face, inhaling deeply. It was one of the things she’d been fantasizing about since seeing Donna do it the day before, and the sweet, subtle scent of Elaine’s socks caused tremors to pass through her body. She rubbed them in her face, peeking at Elaine out of the corner of one eye.

“You’re really turning me on, Arielle.” Elaine put her feet back on the floor and slipped a hand into her panties, which were the only item of clothing she still wore.

Arielle quickly set the socks aside and leaned forward. “I’ll take care of that for you.”

Elaine smiled and pulled her hand out of her underpants, which were a hot pink. She slowly pressed her finger to Arielle’s lips. “We’re going to eat dinner first, honey. But here’s a little taste of what’s to come.”

Arielle sucked Elaine’s finger into her mouth, tasting a hint of the musky sweetness of her. She moaned softly and sucked it in further, running her tongue all over it.

Elaine laughed. “You like?”

Nodding her head, Arielle continued to suck on her finger. Then Elaine

pulled it away and leaned forward, giving her a tender kiss on the mouth. “Come sit with me. Let’s eat so we can play!”

Arielle got up from the floor and quickly took a seat beside Elaine. “Hey. What about your panties?”

“Oh yeah.” She stood up and slowly slid them down, revealing her smooth, golden bottom and a triangle of soft, blonde pubic hair which was trimmed very short. Her entire body was taut, the muscles almost perfectly defined and yet covered in a lovely softness that Arielle ached to touch. She stared in awe at Elaine’s pubic hair, wondering what it would feel like against her cheek. She could feel herself swelling again, wetness coating her between the legs. She reached up and ran one hand down Elaine’s beautiful thigh. “You’re so... perfect.”

When Elaine’s panties were down near her ankles, she stepped out of them and sat back down on the couch. She lifted the panties with one foot and snatched them with her hand. “You’re not so bad yourself, Arielle.” She gently fit the panties over Arielle’s head like a little pink hat, smiling happily at her. “You look so cute with my panties on your head!”

Unable to restrain herself, Arielle pulled them down further and rubbed them in her face, inhaling through them. She licked the fabric with her tongue, thrilled to find that they were partially wet where Elaine’s juice had soaked into them. She sucked the fabric into her mouth and tried to drink the moisture, whimpering with desire.

“Jeez, you’re really roaring to go.” Elaine grabbed the panties and pulled them off of Arielle’s head, tossing them across the room. She smiled at Arielle’s sudden disappointment, but then leaned over and kissed her again. “Wouldn’t you rather have it fresh, right out of my pretty little hole?”

A wave of intense lust ran through Arielle and she nodded vigorously. “Yes.” Her voice was very husky.

Elaine reached over and picked up a ravioli with her fingers and brought it to Arielle’s mouth. “Well, okay then.” She pressed it to her lips and Arielle gobbled it out of her hand, licking her fingers. “That’s it, sweetheart!” She

watched as Arielle chewed it up and swallowed it, and then allowed her to lick the warm tomato sauce from her hand.

“More,” Arielle said.

Elaine laughed. “You want me to feed you?”

She nodded. “Would you?”

“I suppose I could. Why not?” She reached over and picked up one of the dishes, bringing it over and setting it on her legs. It was slightly hot, but she balanced it so that her knees were holding the edges of the plate where it was cooler. Then she plucked another ravioli from the pile and lifted it to Arielle’s mouth. “Open up, little angel!”

Arielle did. Elaine pressed the ravioli to her mouth and she sucked it out of her hand. She chewed and swallowed it quickly and held Elaine’s hand with her own, licking the sauce from her fingers.

“Mmm, that feels nice.” Elaine fed her another one and then gave her a little kiss. “Maybe you could feed me some, too. I’m kind of hungry, you know.”

“I’m sorry!”

“Don’t be.” She licked sauce from her own fingers and watched as Arielle reached to the plate on her lap and scooped up several pieces of ravioli. “Oh, boy! Are those for me?”

“Yes.” Arielle lifted the handful of food to Elaine’s mouth and watched as she lowered her head and began feeding from her palm. The feelings that washed through her were a mix of passion and longing and pure, raging desire. Her hand trembled as Elaine ate from it, and when the food was gone Elaine ran her tongue over and over it, licking up all the tomato sauce. She moaned again as Elaine began sucking each of her fingers into her mouth and cleansing them with her tongue.

“Your turn!” Elaine sat up and scooped some more raviolis from the plate. She held them in one hand and plucked them, one by one with the fingers of

her other hand, pressing them into Arielle's mouth. Sauce was dripping onto their breasts and legs, but they ignored it for now.

As Arielle finished chewing, she reached over and selected another ravioli from the plate. She raised it to Elaine's mouth and smiled at her, loving this new experience. Elaine sucked it from her fingers and began to chew it, but then stopped, staring at Arielle.

"Is something wrong?"

Elaine nodded, her mouth still full. "I think I got one of yours."

The comment confused Arielle. "One of mine?"

She nodded. "Open up." She leaned toward Arielle, pressing her mouth very close.

Arielle smiled and then opened her mouth and tilted her head back slightly. She felt Elaine's lips press against hers and then the mouthful of chewed ravioli and saliva flowed into her mouth. She swallowed it eagerly and slipped her tongue into Elaine's mouth, searching for more.

Elaine laughed, pulling her mouth away. "How was it?"

"Delicious!"

"Sorry I accidentally chewed it."

"I'm not. I prefer it that way."

"Oh yeah?"

"Would you chew another one for me?"

Elaine smiled and pressed another ravioli into Arielle's mouth. "Okay, honey, but first I want you to chew one for me."

Arielle did. When she had it nice and soft and pasty, she transferred it to Elaine's mouth, both of them giggling. Sauce and spit ran down their chins,

dripping to their legs.

“You’re getting all dirty,” Elaine said. She lowered her head and licked some of the runoff from Arielle’s breast. While she was at it, she took her nipple between her lips and teased it, dragging her tongue over and over it.

“Oh!” Arielle leaned her head back and sighed, running her messy fingers through Elaine’s hair.

Elaine continued to suckle on her nipple for several more minutes, and then switched to the other one. She massaged her breasts with both hands, inadvertently spreading tomato sauce over them. When she raised her head back up and saw the look of pure lust on Arielle’s face, she couldn’t help but press her mouth to Arielle’s and engage her in a deep kiss.

“Elaine,” Arielle gasped after a moment. She was rubbing her hands all over Elaine’s body.

Elaine pulled back, the plate of ravioli almost slipping from her legs. “Yes?”

She looked her in the eyes, very directly. “I want you so much. I can’t wait any more.”

Elaine nodded. “Alright, honey.” She glanced down at the plate of food on her lap and wondered what to do about it. Then she scooped up another handful of the warm raviolis and began pressing them into Arielle’s mouth. “Just eat a few more. I hate to waste them.” She ate a few more herself, too, until the plate was empty. She set the plate on the coffee table beside the other one, which was still full, and then, while their mouths were both crammed with food, she began kissing Arielle again. They kissed and chewed, swapping and swallowing until their mouths were empty, both of their hearts racing as a result of this new style of dining.

“I’m ready for dessert now, Elaine.”

Elaine studied her. She smiled. “Do you have any idea how beautiful you look right now?”

Arielle also smiled. “No. But I can see how beautiful you look, and it’s driving me crazy.”

Elaine ran one saucy hand over Arielle’s face, smiling warmly at her. “What would you like to do, honey? You just name it, and that’s what we’ll do.”

Arielle was breathing very fast. She stared into Elaine’s eyes. “I want to eat you.”

## Chapter 10

Elaine positioned herself on the couch so that she was lying down with her head resting on the arm. One of her feet was on the floor, the other one propped up on the back of the couch. Her hands were at her sides and she had a little smile on her face. “How’s this?”

Arielle knelt before her, studying her. Elaine was even more beautiful than she had imagined. Her entire body was literally flawless, other than the occasional smear of tomato sauce, which only seemed to heighten her natural beauty. She took in her well defined legs and her taut stomach with the trim little patch of pubic hair beneath it. Her breasts, coated lightly with sauce from their dinner, were perfectly symmetrical and appeared so tempting that Arielle had to struggle with choosing them first or doing what she had initially set out to do. She glanced back down between Elaine’s legs and felt a powerful surge of desire between her own legs, her mind made up. “Perfect,” she whispered.

Elaine smiled and watched as Arielle leaned forward and began kissing her inner thighs. She spread her legs a little wider to accommodate her, running her fingers through Arielle’s hair. “My little sweetheart. All ready for her first taste.”

Arielle’s heart was pounding. She could smell the faint muskiness of Elaine and see her glistening pink lips right there before her. She kissed her way up to them and then slid her hands beneath Elaine’s legs, pressing her face gently to her and touching her with her mouth. She heard a sharp intake of breath from Elaine and glanced up at her. She was smiling, her head thrown back.

“Oh, Arielle. That’s so nice.”

Encouraged, Arielle kissed her moist labia, loving the softness against her lips. She marveled at the fact that her face was actually between Elaine’s



legs; it had been her fantasy for so long, it seemed almost impossible that it could really be happening. She breathed deeply, filled with happiness and desire, and poked out her tongue. She dragged it up alongside Elaine's swollen labia, tasting her and loving it. It was so much better than the little imaginings she'd run through her mind. She could hear Elaine moaning softly, and as Arielle licked the moisture from around her soft folds, Elaine began to squirm around slightly on the couch.

Arielle pressed her face further in, kissing Elaine everywhere. She slid her tongue in between the silky flaps of her vagina, feeling the ache of desire within in her own. Then she slid her tongue between them, stretching it out and sinking it as deeply as she could inside of her.

"Oh, baby, that's so good!" Elaine wrapped her fingers in Arielle's hair and rolled her head from side to side. Her arousal had been building up for a long time, and she knew it wouldn't take much for her to come. "Are you sure you've never done this before?"

Smiling, Arielle pulled her tongue out of Elaine's channel. "I'm sure. But I hope to do it again."

"I hope so too."

She kissed Elaine's pussy again and then found her swollen little nub, clamping it between her lips and dancing her tongue over it. It was slick and erect and delicious.

"Oh, honey, that's it! Oh, yes!"

Arielle danced her tongue over it faster, sucking at it, her face pressed firmly into Elaine's crotch. Elaine began to whimper loudly and wiggle her ass all around, pulling at Arielle's hair. She brought one hand out from under Elaine's leg and slid two of her fingers inside of her, causing her to gasp.

"Yes! Oh, Arielle, I'm going to come!"

Arielle kept it up for a moment longer, licking Elaine's clitoris and fucking her with two fingers, and then she could feel Elaine's entire body stiffen with

her approaching orgasm. She moaned very loudly and twisted around, almost laughing and pulling Arielle's hair as she climaxed. Her body quivered and her breath came in harsh gasps and then she was smiling down at Arielle and clutching her face in both hands.

"Oh, honey, that was wonderful!"

Arielle smiled at her. She was very hesitant to remove her face from between Elaine's legs. She loved it there. "Can I do it again?"

Elaine laughed. "Of course! But let me do you first!" Before Arielle had a chance to respond, Elaine sat up and pressed their mouths together. She slid her tongue deep into Arielle's mouth, exploring its depths and tasting herself there. Then she pulled Arielle up onto the couch.

"Sit up, honey." Elaine climbed down onto the floor. When Arielle was sitting on the couch before her, she gently took one of Arielle's legs in each hand and spread them apart. "God, you look good!"

Arielle smiled, feeling more excited than ever. She watched as Elaine began caressing her calves and kissing her legs all over. Then her mouth was up near Arielle's crotch and she shuddered as she felt Elaine's hot breath on her tender folds.

"Oh!" She tangled her fingers in Elaine's hair as she watched her snake out her tongue and begin licking Arielle's vagina as if it were an ice cream cone. "Oh, Elaine!"

Elaine smiled up at her. "Mmm! You're so fucking tasty!" She continued to lick, sliding her tongue between the soft folds and slipping it into Arielle's moist opening.

Moaning, Arielle threw back her head. She lifted her feet up and set them on the coffee table, putting her heel right into the plate of ravioli. She squeezed her legs together, trapping Elaine's head between her thighs.

Busy below, Elaine seemed not even to notice. She sucked the moisture from Arielle's pubic hair and ran her tongue over it, loving the softness and the

texture and the deep, heady aroma. Then she plunged back into Arielle's depths, finding her clitoris and sucking the erect little bud between her lips.

Arielle practically squealed with delight. Her thighs pressed together with even more force and her feet shot up into the air. She pulled at Elaine's hair as she wiggled around on the couch, her orgasm pummeling her with enormous waves of pleasure intense enough to cause her to gnash her teeth. When she finally stopped quivering, she lay limp, her arms and legs relaxing, a disheveled look on her beautiful face. "Holy shit. What happened?"

Elaine laughed, climbing up onto the couch beside her. She wrapped an arm around her and pulled her down lengthwise so that they were lying side by side. "You came in my face, you sweet little honey!" Elaine kissed her, holding her in a tight embrace. "And I loved every second of it."

Arielle grinned. "Me too!"

"Thanks for inviting me over, Arielle. I'm having a really nice time."

"So am I." Arielle had never felt so good. She was naked, lying on her couch with her dream-girl in her arms, their warm, soft bodies pressed together. She couldn't even imagine anything better. She held Elaine even tighter and kissed her lovingly on the mouth, casually tasting her lips with her tongue.

Elaine giggled. "It's going to be so nice sleeping with you. I feel so peaceful with you holding me, sweetheart."

The words had a powerful effect on Arielle. She swallowed, her throat suddenly dry. "I know you don't... I mean... you don't have to believe me, but... I really do feel love toward you."

Elaine smiled warmly and caressed Arielle's cheek. "Oh, Arielle. You're so sweet." She kissed her. "I feel love, too. And I love being with you."

The comment thrilled Arielle. She sighed contentedly and buried her face in the hollow of Elaine's neck. She never wanted to let her go.

They held each other for a long time, and almost fell asleep again. Just as Elaine began to drift off, Arielle kissed her and stirred, trying to sit up.

Elaine rubbed her thigh, stroking it softly. “You okay, honey?”

“Yes. I just need to... use the bathroom.”

“Gotta pee?”

Arielle nodded.

“Can I watch?”

She giggled. “Really?”

Elaine kissed her. “Sure. Why not?”

The thought of it sent a shiver of arousal through her. “Okay.” She slipped carefully out of Elaine’s comfortable embrace and stood up. “If you really want to.”

“I do.” Elaine also stood and they entered the small bathroom together.

Arielle smiled at her, a trifle embarrassed, and then perched herself on the toilet. “No one’s ever watched me pee before.”

Elaine took her hand and bent over, kissing her on the mouth. “Has anyone ever kissed you while you were sitting on the toilet before?”

A rush of heat went through her. “No.”

“Well, you’re getting a lot of firsts tonight, sweetheart. Go ahead and take your pee.”

Arielle did. She had a little trouble getting the flow to start, but once it began it would have been impossible to stop it. She really had to go.

Elaine smiled down at her, still holding her hand. “You’re so fucking sexy, Arielle.” Their toes were pressed together, Elaine’s painted blue and Arielle’s pink. Elaine slipped her other hand between her legs and began rubbing herself.

Still urinating, Arielle moaned softly and leaned forward, kissing Elaine’s hand. She pushed past it with her face and Elaine arched her back and pressed her pelvis forward, offering herself to Arielle, who began to rub her face in Elaine’s pussy. She licked it and slid her tongue inside, Elaine’s hand now resting on the back of her head.

“Oh, baby, that’s nice,” whispered Elaine. “Eat me, sweetie.”

Arielle did, losing herself in Elaine. She finished urinating without even being aware of it, all her focus on Elaine’s soft, silky folds. She pulled them into her mouth and ran her tongue over them. She found Elaine’s clitoris again and began sucking on it and suddenly Elaine was bending her knees, almost losing her balance as another orgasm roared down on her.

“Oh, god! Oh, Arielle, that’s it! Oh, yes!”

Arielle sucked harder, pressing her tongue against Elaine’s clit and dragging it back and forth. Then Elaine was groaning, throwing her head back and grabbing the towel rack for support. She shook with the force of her climax, gasping for air and smiling happily.

“God! You get me so fucking hot!”

Arielle smiled. “I could say the exact same thing.” She reached for the roll of toilet paper.

“Wait!” Elaine got down on her knees between Arielle’s legs. “Allow me!”

Arielle studied her in confusion. She was expecting Elaine to reach for the toilet paper and blot her, but instead she lowered her face to the toilet seat and pressed forward, sucking the wetness from Arielle’s folds. “Oh, Elaine!” She put her hands on Elaine’s head, her fingers tangling in her soft, blonde hair.

“Lean back, sweetie,” Elaine said. She gently pushed Arielle backwards so that she was leaning against the toilet tank, her feet sliding forward on the tile floor. “That’s better. Oh, you taste so good!” She lowered her face again and lapped at Arielle’s vagina.

Arielle lifted her legs and slipped them over Elaine’s shoulders, crossing her ankles behind her back. What they were doing seemed so forbidden, and Elaine was so astonishingly beautiful to begin with, that Arielle found herself almost immediately ready to come again. She whimpered ecstatically, her heart hammering in her chest as Elaine’s tongue slid its way in and out of her and frolicked all over her clitoris. Then Elaine reached in with a finger and began rubbing her.

“Oh! Oh, god, Elaine!” She uncrossed her ankles and lifted her feet into the air, clutching Elaine’s head with both hands. “You’re going to make me come!”

“I hope so!” She lifted her face and found Arielle’s mouth with hers while continuing to rub her clit with two fingers. She slid her tongue into Arielle’s mouth and felt her begin to shudder with yet another orgasm.

“Oooh!” Arielle almost fell off the toilet with the force of her climax. “Oh, Jesus, Elaine!” She began to laugh as she hugged Elaine to her, kissing her all over the face. “That was so... dirty!”

Elaine laughed. She grinned mischievously. “Not really. I’ll show you dirty when you’re ready for bed.”

## Chapter 11

Back in the living room, Arielle spent a few moments transferring the leftover ravioli from the plate to a Tupperware container. “You’re sure you’re not still hungry?” she asked Elaine.

Elaine smiled. “Not for food.”

Arielle grinned back. It seemed that no matter how many times she came, she was still ready for more. Elaine had a remarkable effect on her. She nodded. “I hate to waste it. I’ll just save it for another day.”

“Why don’t you bring it to work tomorrow? We can have it for lunch.”

Arielle loved the idea. “Really? We can... have lunch together?”

“Sure. We’ll eat in my car.” She smirked. “You don’t even need to bring any forks. We can feed each other with our fingers again.”

Arielle’s eyes widened, her pulse quickening. “What about Donna?”

“She always brings a little something. We can all... share.”

Arielle licked her lips. “Do you think... she’d want to eat with me?”

Elaine laughed. “I already told you, honey. She wants to eat *you*.”

Arielle thought about it. She began to get very aroused. “Maybe I will bring them.”

“Bring them. We can teach her our little chewing game.”

And just like that, Arielle was once again throbbing with lust.

\*

They ended up drinking some more wine, sitting together on the couch. They sat very close, holding each other and spending long moments kissing. As the sun disappeared from the sky, the room grew very dark.

“Would you like the light on?” Arielle asked.

“No.” Elaine stroked her inner thigh and kissed her again. “I’d like you to take me to bed.”

She swallowed with an audible click. “Okay.” She slowly rose to her feet, pulling Elaine by the hand. “I just need to brush my teeth.”

“Oh. Darn. I have no toothbrush.”

“I have an extra. In fact, I think I have two. Still in the wrappers.”

Elaine leaned over and kissed her gently on the mouth. “I *hate* new toothbrushes. Do you think I could just use yours?”

Arielle nodded, her heart racing. “Yes, you can.”

\*

When they were ready for bed, they entered Arielle’s room holding hands. When Elaine saw the little twin bed she smiled, pulling Arielle into an embrace. “Oh, it’s so nice and small! We’ll be all over each other!”

Arielle giggled. She ran her hands over the soft smoothness of Elaine’s body, smelling her sweet skin and burying her face in her hair. She loved everything about Elaine, except maybe for the fact that she wasn’t truly available on a permanent basis. “I only have one pillow,” she warned.

“Good. I love to share.”



Arielle was overcome with a profound sense of happiness. It was the best night of her life and she knew it. She lifted her head and pressed her nose to Elaine's, looking into her eyes. Then she kissed her lips, very affectionately. "I just want you to know something. Even though... it might not really matter..."

Elaine smiled. "What?"

"I just... it's something I already told you. I just... it feels so strong, I can't pretend I don't feel it."

"What is it, honey?"

"I love you."

"Oh, Arielle." Elaine ran the palm of her hand over Arielle's cheek.

"I know, I know. I just wanted to say it. I just..." She looked away. "I really do. I can't help it."

"I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything. I already know you're... not acquirable that way. And that's fine." She looked her in the eyes again. "But I still love you. I always will."

"Arielle, sweetheart..."

"You don't have to say anything. Or do anything. It's just the way I feel. I just needed to let you know. This day has been... the best of my life. And the idea of sliding under those sheets with you right now..."

Elaine smiled. "Trust me. I want that as much as you do, if not more."

Arielle laughed. "Thank you. For everything."

"Thank you, too." Elaine kissed her, and they stood still for several minutes just holding each other. They could feel each other's hearts beating rhythmically through their chests. Arielle ran her fingers through Elaine's

soft blonde hair, which had become slightly damp from all their exertion and the warmth in the room.

“Anyway,” Arielle finally said. “Would you sleep with me?”

Elaine laughed. “I’d love to sleep with you, honey.”

Arielle got in bed first, sliding under the sheet and comforter and scooting over next to the wall, making way for Elaine. Elaine got in beside her, pulling the covers up over them both and snuggling close, their heads resting comfortably on the single pillow. Then they both turned toward each other, embracing gently and tangling their legs together. They found each other’s mouths and began to kiss.

They held each other for a long time, kissing and fondling in the small bed. Then their arousal began to escalate again.

“Turn over, honey,” Elaine said. “Lie on your stomach.”

Arielle did.

Elaine slid down in the bed, crouching between Arielle’s legs and kissing her soft buttocks. She ran her hands over the silky smoothness of her legs and pressed her face in the cleft of Arielle’s ass. “Just relax.”

“Okay.” Arielle did her best to follow these instructions as she felt Elaine gently pull her cheeks apart. Then she felt Elaine’s tongue running along the sensitive skin between her vagina and her anus. She gasped when Elaine found her puckered little hole and began probing it.

“Relax, honey,” Elaine repeated. She smiled to herself as she slowly played her tongue over the soft ridges. As she gently slid it into the tender opening, she felt Arielle quiver beneath her and emit a soft, sensual whimper.

As tired as Elaine was, she managed to stay awake for another two hours. The neighbors on the other side of that particular wall had never heard anything quite like it.

\*

They slept until just before 5am, when Arielle reached up and switched off her alarm clock before it had a chance to ring. She sighed, rubbing her eyes, and turned toward Elaine, who was just beginning to stir. She wrapped her arms around her and kissed her.

“Good morning, lover.”

Elaine smiled. “Hi, sweetie. You sleep okay?”

“Better than ever.” She kissed her again, biting gently on her lower lip.

Elaine responded by embracing her and slipping her tongue into Arielle’s mouth.

Arielle was immediately aroused and slid one hand down between Elaine’s legs.

“Oh! Someone’s in the mood again.”

“I’m always in the mood for you.”

“Well, that’s good to know.” Elaine reached down and found Arielle’s swollen clitoris. “Oh, you’re nice and wet.”

Arielle giggled. They rolled over, kissing, and began again.

\*

The ride to work was very short. Elaine found a parking spot in the same area as the day before, noticing as she pulled in that Donna’s car was already there. She removed the key from the ignition and turned to Arielle.

“Have you thought any more about... Donna?”

Arielle took a deep breath. She nodded.

“Well?”

“I’m really nervous. I’m... not sure what to do.”

Elaine smiled. “Just kiss her. I’m telling you, it’s exactly what she wants. The question is... is it what *you* want?”

Arielle’s response was immediate. “I want you.”

Elaine sighed. “I know you do, honey. But if you don’t get this straight in your mind now, it’s going to keep coming back and hurting you. I was very clear up front...”

“I know, I know. You were. I just...”

“Give her a chance, Arielle. Really. You and me... we can still be together once in awhile, like I told you yesterday.”

Arielle nodded. “It would be kind of nice... having a girlfriend...”

Elaine smiled and ran her fingers through Arielle’s hair. “She feels the same way. And I agree. I think the two of you would love each other.”

Another sigh. “Okay.”

Elaine glanced down at the Tupperware container in Arielle’s lap. “Just think. By lunchtime, the three of us could be... very close.”

“I’ll try. But I’m kind of scared.”

“Don’t be.” Elaine leaned over and gave her a kiss. “If anything goes wrong, I’ll stick up for you, honey. But I’m sure I won’t have to.”

“Okay. Thank you.”

“Thank you.”

They opened the car doors and climbed out, the massive behemoth of the Arlington Brody Corporation sprawled out before them.

## Chapter 12

For the first time since Arielle and Elaine had been working together, the two of them arrived at their workstations together. Donna was already sitting there, her hands folded on her bench and an inquisitive smile on her face. Arielle grew very nervous and slowed down, allowing Elaine to step ahead of her and greet Donna first.

Taking a quick look around to make sure no one was watching them, Elaine put a hand on Donna's shoulder and bent over, giving her a soft kiss on the mouth. "Good morning."

Donna smiled. "Good morning yourself." She glanced at the small triangle of Elaine's t-shirt which was visible above the top snap of her lab coat. "Isn't that the same shirt you wore yesterday?"

Elaine giggled. "So it is. I guess I never made it home."

"Oh, really." She turned to Arielle. "Jesus, Arielle. I don't remember ever getting here before you."

Arielle nodded, smiling cautiously. She didn't know what to do. "Sorry," she said.

"Oh, I'm not complaining. It's about time I beat you." She grinned. "Did you have a nice night?"

It was the first time she'd ever asked the question without any rancor. Arielle loved the change. "Yes. Thank you for asking."

"Oh, I've got all kinds of questions to ask."

"Oh yeah?" Elaine asked.

“Yeah. I can’t help but wonder... what did you two do last night?”

“Boy, you get right to it, don’t you?” Elaine asked.

Donna laughed. “I’m dying to know! I can’t help it!”

Elaine stepped over to her bench and sat down. “If Arielle wants to tell you, she will. In fact, I’m pretty sure she has *something* she wants to tell you.” She smiled at Arielle. “Don’t you, honey?”

Donna turned her head and looked at Elaine. Then she turned back and focused on Arielle. “You do?”

Arielle sighed. She glanced at Elaine and then back at Donna. Her hands were trembling. She simply didn’t feel courageous enough to kiss Donna; she was unaccustomed to even being friendly with her. “I...”

Donna sat unmoving, waiting for her to speak.

“Tell her, Arielle,” Elaine prompted. “Just get it over with.”

Donna spun in her seat. She had a pretty good idea of what was going on, but she wasn’t positive. “What? Does this have something to do with me?”

“Maybe a little,” Elaine admitted.

They smiled conspiratorially at each other as Arielle stepped a little closer to Donna. Donna sensed her and turned around again, their eyes locking.

Arielle wanted very badly to go through with it, but she was extremely frightened. She stared at Donna, realizing for the first time how truly lovely she was. Not beautiful like Elaine, but thoroughly attractive. Her heart fluttered in her chest at the thought of them being together. Possibly permanently. It was something she was definitely interested in. “I...”

Donna leaned forward, smiling happily. “What is it, Arielle?”

It occurred to Arielle that most women in Donna’s position would be upset with her. She’d just slept with Donna’s lover and Donna knew it. Of course,

Elaine was practically anyone's lover, so perhaps it didn't bother her too much that they'd spent the night together. Still, it seemed very inspiring to her that Donna was treating her so warmly.

"I..." She glanced at Elaine, who was grinning and nodding enthusiastically. Looking back to Donna, she felt a quick jolt of passion while gazing into her bright gray eyes. Elaine was right, she knew. Donna was waiting for her. Steeling herself, Arielle abruptly leaned over and gave Donna a quick kiss on the lips.

Donna gasped, but she didn't pull away. She stared at Arielle with a look of stark surprise on her face. For a moment Arielle thought she was going to hit her or scream or get up and run for the supervisor. She began to sweat, thinking that Elaine had tricked her. Then the corners of Donna's mouth curled up in a grateful little smile. "What was that for?"

Arielle's heart was pounding. She tried to smile back, but couldn't. She was still trembling. "I... wanted you to know..."

Donna waited for more. "Yes?"

"I..."

"Did you really just kiss me?"

Arielle nodded. "I'm sorry..."

Donna's smile disappeared. "You are?"

"I... no, I mean... I wasn't sure..." She felt so confused she couldn't speak.

"Did you *want* to kiss me? Or were you... put up to it?"

Elaine was being uncharacteristically quiet, watching them from her seat.

"I... wanted to."

"You did?" Her smile was back.



Arielle nodded. “Yes. I like you, Donna. A lot.”

Suddenly Donna shot out of her seat and pressed her mouth to Arielle’s. She slipped her arms around her waist and pulled her into a quick little hug. “You do?”

Arielle felt overwhelmed again. She laughed at Donna’s surprising reaction. “I do.”

Donna was bouncing up and down, very excited. It almost felt as though they were dancing. Elaine could be heard applauding very quietly in the background. Then Donna stopped and put her hands on Arielle’s shoulders, looking her very intently in the face.

“Did Elaine tell you... anything?”

Arielle smiled. “Just a little. Just... enough.”

Donna beamed. “You really want to... try being friends? I mean... *real* friends?”

“Very much.”

Donna smiled brightly and kissed her again, this time on the cheek. “Good. Me too.”

\*

The three of them huddled together for a few minutes, chatting excitedly about the night before. Elaine filled Donna in on some of what had transpired, but keeping much of the more intimate details private. When it was discovered that Arielle had brought the remaining raviolis for them to share at lunch, Donna hopped up and down again, thrilled.

“Can I have one?”

“You can have as many as you want,” Arielle said happily. Her happiness grew even stronger when Donna smiled at her and gave her another kiss.

“Boy, you two are really going to be happy together,” Elaine said. “I can tell.”

Donna looked at Arielle and grinned. “Do you think she’s right?”

“I’m pretty sure she must be.”

Donna laughed. “God, I feel like... it’s Christmas or something.”

“You two should sit together today. Get to know each other better.”

Donna nodded, looking at Arielle. “That sounds kind of nice. Would you mind if I... bring my chair over to your bench?”

Arielle loved the idea. “That would be great.”

“Really? You’re not just saying that?”

Taking a chance, Arielle reached over and took her hand. It was very soft and warm. She raised it to her mouth and pressed it to her lips, kissing it. “No. I would love it.”

The look on Donna’s face was one of pure bliss.

“Okay,” said Elaine. “We’d better get to work.” She smiled at them. “You two have a nice morning!”

They nodded, hardly hearing her. They were looking at each other. Donna reached over and grabbed her chair, still holding Arielle’s hand. She rolled it over to Arielle’s workstation and the two of them sat down.

## Chapter 13

Arielle and Donna sat together all morning, working slowly and talking quietly. They were both very conscious of Elaine's presence and didn't want to exclude her, but they felt the need to spend some time together, just the two of them. They were both excited to realize they had a lot more in common than either of them thought, and they got along wonderfully now that they decided to give each other a chance.

"I can't believe we've been sitting next to each other for all these months," Donna commented. "And we never even..."

Arielle nodded. "I know. It's probably better not to dwell on it. Things certainly seem okay now." She reached for another casing, purposefully brushing her fingers against Donna's hand. She did it each time, and Donna was careful to keep her hand accessible.

"They sure do."

"From now on, I'm really going to be looking forward to coming to work each day."

Donna smiled and took her hand, caressing it. She raised it to her mouth and gave it a little kiss. "Not if we wake up together. Then we'll want to stay home."

Arielle blushed, heat rippling through her blood. She was already aroused, and had been all morning. She swallowed, grinning at Donna. "Do you really think we'll be waking up together?"

"We will if we go to bed together."

Arielle laughed. She squeezed Donna's hand. "I mean, do you think... do you think we will?"

Donna placed her other hand over Arielle's and stroked it softly. "We will if you're leaving it up to me."

Her heart racing, Arielle glanced around to make sure no one was looking. Elaine was the only one in the area, and she seemed to be busy working. Arielle leaned forward and kissed Donna on the mouth. "Got any plans for tonight?"

Donna slipped a hand behind Arielle's neck and pulled her closer. "I do now." She giggled and then poked her tongue out, licking Arielle's lips. "God, you're so cute! I can't wait until we can really be together."

"Me either," Arielle whispered. Then their mouths were together in a soft, sweet kiss. Arielle felt her clitoris twitch as Donna slid her tongue between her lips and deep into her mouth. She reached out with one hand and cupped Donna's breast through the thin material of her lab coat.

"Psssst!"

They pulled away from each other, scrambling to look innocent. They peered over at Elaine, who was smiling at them and laughing quietly. "You guys better be careful!"

After ensuring that no one else was nearby, Arielle and Donna both sighed and looked into each other's eyes. "She's probably right," Donna said.

Arielle nodded. "Probably. But it's almost time for lunch..."

Donna smiled. "You wanna join us?"

"You mind?"

"I insist."

Arielle grinned and moved her chair slightly, so that their legs were touching.

\*

When lunchtime finally arrived, the three of them got together in the backseat of Elaine's car. It wasn't planned out, but Arielle found herself in the middle and her excitement reached new heights when she was flanked in the small, confined space by the two people who suddenly meant more to her than anyone else in the entire world.

"Well isn't this comfy," said Elaine. She wasted no time, slipping an arm around Arielle's neck and leaning heavily into her.

"It is, isn't it?" said Donna. She also slipped an arm around Arielle, and leaned in to give her a welcoming kiss.

The arousal Arielle felt was literally intoxicating. Her whole body buzzed with pleasure at the feel of these two beautiful women pressed up against her and showering her with affection. One moment Donna was kissing her, their tongues sparring, and then next moment her head was gently turned around and there was Elaine's mouth on hers and another tongue to contend with. Both of her new friends seemed to want her, and they both slid hands down between her legs, rubbing her with slow, fervid strokes.

"I think we're overwhelming her," Elaine told Donna.

"I'm a little overwhelmed myself."

Elaine smiled and craned her neck out past Arielle, finding Donna's mouth and giving her a slow, deep kiss.

Arielle stared at them, the kiss taking place directly in front of her face. It was so amazingly arousing that she couldn't help but lean forward and press her own face between the two of them, getting involved in the moment. They both shifted slightly and turned their heads to accommodate her, and then the three of them were sharing a loose, sloppy kiss. Their tongues darted out, tasting one another, and as Elaine's hand rubbed harder against the crotch of Arielle's pants and the flaming desire within them, she felt herself begin to lose control of herself.

She gasped, falling back against the seat. They both looked at her, and, realizing what was happening, Elaine increased the pressure and tempo of her

hand. Donna moved in with her face and pressed her mouth to Arielle's, swallowing her soft moans and slipping her tongue into her mouth.

Arielle pulled them both closer, shuddering as her climax overtook her. They both held her gently, easing up on her and peppering her face with soft kisses as she caught her breath and got herself under control. She laughed quietly, looking back and forth between them.

"Wow," said Elaine. "Someone sure looks happy."

"You should join us for lunch more often," Donna told her.

Arielle felt almost reborn. She hugged them both at the same time. "Maybe I will. If I'm really invited, I definitely will."

"Oh, you're invited," Elaine assured her.

Donna kissed her tenderly. "There's no getting out of it now, cutey pie."

Arielle laughed. "Like I'd try."

They all took turns kissing one another again and then Donna was rummaging for her lunch bag. "Maybe we should eat lunch while we still have time." She withdrew a homemade tuna sandwich on wheat bread. As she was unwrapping it, Arielle reached between the front seats and retrieved her bin of ravioli which she'd placed there before climbing into the back.

Elaine watched them, biting her lip. "I hope you guys are in the mood to share. I didn't bring anything."

Arielle smiled at her, opening the lid of her Tupperware. "I'd be happy to share with you. In fact, I thought we'd already decided on that."

Elaine ran her fingers through Arielle's hair. "You're right. We did."

The smell of tuna filled the car as Donna pulled her sandwich from its wrapping and took a big bite. She held it out in front of her. "Anyone want a bite?"

“I do.” Elaine reached over and took it from her hand. “Mmm, it smells like your panties.”

Donna laughed, spraying bits of chewed sandwich onto the back of the seat. “I don’t think so!”

Elaine took a bite, chewing happily.

“I think it smells good,” Arielle said.

“Then you’re really going to like Donna.”

“Stop!” Donna protested.

Elaine was still chewing. “Oh, no. Hey Arielle, I’ve got some bad news.”

“What?”

“I think I accidentally took your bite. Here, let me give it back to you.” She tilted her head, leaning closer to Arielle.

Arielle leaned her head back and opened wide. Her heart began racing again as Elaine spit the gooey wad of paste into her mouth.

“God,” Donna said. “That’s so fucking hot.”

Her arousal soaring again, Arielle giggled and swallowed the tuna paste. “It sure is.”

“Hang on honey,” Elaine said. “I got some more.” She hawked loudly, and when Arielle opened her mouth again in anticipation, Elaine spit into it.

“Oh, baby!” Donna moaned. “I want some of that!”

“There’s plenty more for you,” Elaine promised. She took another bite and began to chew.

Donna glanced at Arielle, and then down to the open container on her lap. She licked her lips. “Would you be willing to chew up one of those raviolis

for me? They look delicious.”

Arielle smiled. “I’d be happy to.”

\*

When they were done eating, Donna passed around a small box of apple juice which she’d brought with her. They took turns sipping from the tiny straw and discussing Arielle’s and Donna’s new friendship.

“So you two are getting together tonight?” Elaine asked. She slurped the last of the apple juice from the box.

Arielle looked at Donna. “I hope so.”

Smiling, Donna nodded. The two of them were holding hands. “Definitely.”

Elaine leaned over and kissed Arielle high on the cheek. “Oh, boy! You’re a hot commodity.”

Arielle giggled. She felt wonderful.

“She’s *my* hot commodity!” Donna warned.

Elaine pouted. “You mean you won’t share her? Not even once in awhile?”

Donna considered it. She shrugged. “Maybe. But only with you.”

The comment made Elaine smile. “Thank you, honey.” They both leaned over and shared a kiss.

It thrilled Arielle to be talked about in such a way. She felt herself grow very wet.

“What about you, Arielle?” Elaine asked. “Will you share Donna with me once in awhile?”



Arielle looked back and forth between them, desire surging through her. “Yes.”

“Oh, thank you!” Elaine gushed. She gave Arielle a big wet kiss and stroked her thigh.

“Yes,” Donna agreed. “Thank you, Arielle.” She also took a turn kissing her. Arielle felt like she was going to come again.

“Looks like you won’t have to worry about taking the bus again, honey,” Elaine pointed out.

“That’s right!” Arielle said. “I’d forgotten about that!”

Donna kissed her again. “So we’re going to your place tonight?”

“Unless you’d rather we went to yours.”

“I’d prefer we went to your place. Mine is a mess right now.”

“Okay.”

“Wait’ll you see her cute little bed,” Elaine said. “It gets me hot just thinking about it.”

Donna giggled. “I can’t wait. Although I’m thinking more about her cute little ass.” She looked at Arielle. “I hope you didn’t change the sheets this morning.”

Arielle blushed. Her clitoris was pulsing with need. “I didn’t.”

“Hey,” said Elaine. When Donna looked at her she grinned. “I just remembered. You and I have a date tomorrow night.”

Donna smiled. “That’s right!”

They all took turns looking at one another. Then Elaine looked back to Donna. “Maybe Arielle will let us have our date at her apartment.”

“I guess we could ask her.”

Arielle was breathing very fast. “Would I be invited?”

They both laughed, each rubbing a hand briskly up and down Arielle’s thighs.

“You’d be the main attraction, honey,” Elaine said. She smiled sensually at her and cupped her chin gently in one hand. Then she leaned closer and engaged her in a deep, lingering kiss.

Arielle moaned, losing herself in the moment and loving the feel of Elaine’s tongue in her mouth. Then Donna was tugging on her arm, pulling her away from Elaine.

“Hey,” she said. “What about me?”

Elaine released her and Arielle turned, smiling at Donna. Donna quickly pulled her into a kiss, wrapping her arms around her and holding her close.

“Maybe I could join you two tonight,” Elaine said. She was feeling extremely amorous all of a sudden.

Donna broke the kiss and stared at her, a peculiar look on her face. “Tomorrow,” she pleaded. “I want her for myself tonight.”

Elaine pouted again, but she nodded her consent. “Alright. Fine.”

Arielle wasn’t sure what to do or say. She’d never been the center of attention before, and certainly never the object of desire. She sat and imagined the three of them climbing into her little bed tomorrow night and all of the things they might do together. The feel of their warm bodies pressed up against either side of her, and their hands rubbing her thighs combined to send her close to the edge again.

“What’s wrong?” Donna asked. “Arielle, are you okay?”

“Oh, god!” Elaine said. “I know that look! She’s going to come again!” She quickly ran her hand up into Arielle’s crotch and began rubbing.

Arielle gasped, her head pressing back into the seat.

“Look at you!” said Donna. “What a little angel!” She kissed Arielle on the mouth as Arielle began to tremble and whimper, another orgasm finding her and turning her inside out.

Arielle laughed, quivering between them. She felt worn out. But she knew she’d be ready for more. Right after work.

## Chapter 14

That afternoon, Arielle and Donna were sitting together on Arielle's couch eating pizza, which they'd had delivered, and drinking wine. The scenario felt vaguely familiar to Arielle, and at the same time erotically different. She found it almost impossible to believe that she was entertaining a different woman only a single day after she'd shared her apartment and her body with Elaine. She was, though, and it thrilled her to no end. She could barely eat due to the excitement she felt at having Donna sitting beside her.

Donna, on the other hand, had no trouble eating. She ate four slices of the medium mushroom-covered pizza as she happily rattled on, telling Arielle stories of her youth and of how she ended up working at Arlington Brody.

With two pieces of pizza remaining and their wine glasses empty for the second time, Arielle got up and opened a fresh bottle. She poured them each another glass and sat back down beside her newest friend.

"Thank you, Arielle."

"You're welcome."

Donna lifted her glass. "How about a little toast?"

"To us?" Arielle offered.

"Definitely." Donna smiled. She swallowed, nervous for the first time since arriving at Arielle's apartment. "I'm really hoping this could be serious, you know? I'm not trying to scare you, but I love the idea of having a real girlfriend. Full time. Something... long term. Even permanent." She looked deep into Arielle's eyes. "I'm hoping you are, too."

Arielle nodded. She loved the thought of being Donna's girlfriend. "I'll definitely drink to that."

Gently brushing Arielle's cheek with the back of her fingers, Donna smiled again and they clinked their glasses together. "Thank you, Arielle. I'm really excited about... being with you. Not just... you know... sexually, although I'm excited about that, too..." She laughed softly. "But I'm really hopeful... about us. I want you to be my girl."

Swallowing past the lump she suddenly felt in her throat, Arielle nodded. She'd never been so aroused and so choked up at the same time. "I'd love to be your girl, Donna."

Donna beamed. They took a sip from their glasses and then set them down on the table.

"How about a little kiss?" Donna asked.

Arielle leaned closer and felt Donna's hand slip behind her neck. She reached her own hand behind Donna's back, caressing her as their lips met. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to get lost in the kiss, which lingered on for a very long time. Donna was very gentle, and Arielle found that she preferred the calm, sweetness of Donna to the aggressiveness of Elaine. They kissed on and on, and soon they shifted on the couch so that they were lying down, their arms wrapped around each other as their lips and tongues continued to explore.

"I feel so comfortable with you," Donna whispered.

Arielle smiled and kissed her again. "That's good. I feel the same way."

"I thought... there might be some... awkwardness between us. But I don't feel any at all."

"Me either." Arielle stroked her arm, looking into her eyes.

Donna smiled. "You're really something, you know that?"

"You're something too, Donna."

"Oh yeah? And what's that?"

Arielle giggled. She brushed back a lock of hair from Donna's eyes. "You're my sweetheart."

A flood of warmth surged through Donna and she sighed, very happily. "Thank you."

"Thank you, too."

Donna grinned at her, at a loss for words. She was simply enjoying the moment.

"Donna?"

"Yes?"

"Why'd you stop kissing me?"

She laughed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

Their mouths met again, and this time their kiss lasted much longer.

\*

As she did the previous night, Arielle ended up drifting off to sleep on her couch, this time with Donna instead of Elaine. She felt so comfortable lying there in her arms, and she'd gotten less sleep than usual the night before. They snored softly together, their breath mingling, until a little past 7 o'clock. Then Donna stirred, waking Arielle and smiling at her.

"Hi honey." She kissed her softly on the mouth.

Arielle smiled. "Hi yourself."

Donna slipped a hand under Arielle's t-shirt and ran it up and down over her taut abdomen. "So this is what it feels like waking up next to you."

They had removed their shoes, but nothing else. Arielle moaned as her shirt

was lifted higher and Donna's fingernails grazed her softly, over her ribs and up near her breasts. "Something you could get used to?" she asked sleepily.

Donna stared into the depths of her eyes. Deep shadows swirled there, making her feel as though she were gazing into an ethereal sky. She kissed her. "You have the most beautiful bedroom eyes. I feel like I could get lost in them."

"Thank you, Donna. Yours are beautiful, too."

"You really think so?"

"Yes." Arielle kissed her again. "Everything about you..." She lifted one leg and threw it over Donna's legs. Then she gently caressed her side through her shirt. "I feel like I want to just pop you into my mouth."

Donna giggled. She playfully bit Arielle's lip. "Funny you should say that. I was just wondering what you might taste like."

Arielle felt a jolt of desire as her clitoris swelled. "Really?"

"Really."

"Maybe... we should consider taking our clothes off."

Donna kissed her again and smiled brightly. "Consider it considered."

Arielle bounced her leg up and down, eliciting an approving response from Donna's leg, which slid between her own and pressed firmly into her groin. "And what did you decide?"

Holding her tighter, Donna pressed her face against Arielle's and whispered, "I want you, Arielle."

"I want you, too."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

“Positive?”

“Yes.”

“Absolutely, unquestionably certain?”

“Yes!”

Donna climbed off the couch, pulling Arielle by the hand. “Good.” She smiled. “If you take off my clothes, I’ll take off yours.”

Arielle nodded, feeling very excited. “Okay.”

Donna got things started by pulling Arielle’s shirt up and over her head. She tossed it to the floor beside the radiator and then reached both of her hands up and under Arielle’s bra, cupping her breasts.

Sighing, Arielle leaned her head back and placed her hands on Donna’s hips. She held them there as she basked in the pleasure of Donna massaging her beneath her bra and teasing her nipples. “Oh, god, Donna. I want you so bad.”

“You’ll get me, sweetheart. Be patient.” She reached behind Arielle’s back and unclasped her bra, peeling it off and dropping it to the floor. She ran her palms over the soft smoothness of Arielle’s breasts, the nipples jutting out like little stones. “You’re so fucking sexy.” She lowered her head, taking one of Arielle’s nipples into her mouth.

Arielle groaned and ran her fingers through Donna’s hair. “Ohh. You’re going to make me come, Donna.”

“I sure am. But not just yet.” She spent a couple of minutes with her mouth on each of Arielle’s nipples and then slid her hands down, unfastening the front of Arielle’s pants. She bent lower, kissing her way down Arielle’s flat, smooth tummy and running her tongue along the silky skin. She tugged Arielle’s pants and panties down together, all the way to her shins. “Oh, my!” she exclaimed, liking what she saw. She then kissed Arielle’s soft patch of fur and ran her cheek over it. She felt her own pussy begin to throb with



desire as the scent of Arielle filled her nostrils. “May I have a taste?”

“Yes,” Arielle managed.

Getting fully to her knees, Donna reached her hands behind Arielle’s thighs and held her steady as she leaned forward, pressing her mouth to the soft, wet mound before her. The taste of Arielle thrilled her, and the feel of Arielle’s hands fisting in her hair and of her soft moans filling the room caused her to become even more evoked. She ran her tongue over Arielle’s swollen folds, feeling her entire body tremble.

“Oh, Donna.” Arielle pressed herself forward, against Donna’s mouth. “That’s so good!”

“It sure is.” Donna wanted to make Arielle come, but not just yet. She kissed her vagina very tenderly and then reached down, gripping her pants again, which were bunched around her ankles. “Lift your feet, honey.”

Dizzy with lust, Arielle managed to keep her balance as she lifted one foot up off the floor. Donna worked her pants down over her foot and then signaled for Arielle to lift the other one. She got her pants and panties off and set them aside. Then she placed her hands over Arielle’s calves and ran them up and down the length of her legs. “God, you’re so hot!” She began kissing her legs and sliding her tongue over them.

Arielle giggled, not sure how much more she could take. “I think it’s my turn to take off your clothes now.”

Donna was still busy rubbing and kissing her legs. “Hold on a minute.” She tugged on one of Arielle’s socks. “Lift your feet again.”

Complying obediently, Arielle did. Donna peeled off her socks, one foot and then the other. Her face lit up at the sight of Arielle’s pink toenails. “Oh, what pretty little feet!” She lowered her face and began kissing them. “You’ve got to let me spend some quality time with them later on!”

“Okay.”

“You promise?”

“Yes.”

Smiling, Donna kissed her feet again and then stood up. She raised her arms, spreading them out to either side in an open invitation to Arielle. “Okay. I’m ready. Strip me down.”

Her hands shaking slightly with excitement and desire, Arielle worked from top to bottom, unbuttoning Donna’s shirt. When it was open in front, revealing a tempting hint of Donna’s smooth stomach and a glimpse of her lacy black bra, Arielle spread it open wider, her breath catching at the sight of the perfection of Donna’s body.

“Oh, Donna.”

Donna smiled at the obvious delight in Arielle’s eyes. “See something you like?”

She carefully removed Donna’s shirt and set it on the coffee table. “I see something I love.” She reached her arms around Donna to unfasten her bra, and as she did, Donna found her mouth and engaged her in a deep kiss.

As the kiss lingered, Arielle’s fingers worked to removed the bra and drop it to the floor. Then her hands rubbed seductively over the soft, smooth surface of Donna’s back.

Donna pulled her tongue from Arielle’s mouth and kissed her on the nose. “Get my pants, honey, before I come in them.”

Arielle nodded. Thought and speech seemed suddenly difficult. She got to her knees before Donna and began removing her pants, sliding them down in much the same way Donna had removed hers. When they were off, Arielle couldn’t resist gazing at the delightful utopia between Donna’s thighs.

Loving her reaction, Donna smiled and squatted slightly, spreading her legs. “Would you like a little taste?”

Arielle nodded, her heart pounding in her chest. “Yes.”

“Go ahead. Help yourself.”

Arielle didn't hesitate. Her head moved forward, her mouth encompassing as much of Donna's sex as it possibly could. Her tongue darted out and licked everywhere as she sucked the moisture from Donna's glistening flesh.

Donna whimpered, quivering on her feet as she leaned over, bracing her hands on Arielle's head. “Oh, baby. Maybe we'd better use your bed.”

Arielle nodded at the suggestion, but she was unable to remove her mouth from Donna's labia. Her lips and tongue worked feverishly, trying to taste her everywhere.

Donna leaned over, placing one hand in each of Arielle's armpits and gently pulling her upright. She kissed her on the mouth, tasting herself on Arielle's lips. “Please take me to your bed, honey. I want to have sex with you now.”

Arielle smiled, her eyes gleaming. “I'm sorry. I just... I couldn't stop...”

Donna returned the smile. “You don't have to apologize.” She kissed her again, running her tongue along her lower lip. “I'm just afraid I'm going to fall down when you make me come.”

Clutching Donna's arm, Arielle pulled her toward the bedroom. “In here. We can... do all kinds of things.”

They reached the bed, which was still unmade from Arielle's and Elaine's busy morning, and settled down on top of it. They embraced, and Donna once again initiated a kiss. They rocked back and forth with their legs tangled together, their tongues darting around like little fish in each other's mouths.

After a few minutes, Donna broke the kiss, her breath coming in harsh gasps. “God, you're getting me so hot!”

Arielle laughed. “I was going to say the same thing.”

Donna kissed her again, smiling. “You still want to eat me?”

Arielle nodded. "More than ever."

"Good! Let's try this." She climbed up onto her knees and began to rearrange herself on the bed. As Arielle watched her, she realized she could still detect a faint trace of Elaine's scent on her pillow. She inhaled deeply, feeling herself grow almost intoxicated with the knowledge of how far her sex life had evolved over the past 30 hours. Then Donna's feet were suddenly on either side of her head, her rump being lowered into her face.

"How's this?" Donna asked, wiggling her ass.

Arielle clutched it with both hands. Donna's glistening pussy was right there, directly over her mouth. "It's wonderful!"

"Enjoy it, sweetheart!"

Arielle lifted her head up off the pillow and plunged her face into Donna's inviting nether-reigns. She pulled her silky folds into her mouth and at the same time she felt Donna's mouth between her own legs, her tongue sliding into her as Donna's long hair spilled down over her thighs, tickling her.

Her heart racing, and her arousal almost overwhelming her, Arielle rubbed her face all around over Donna's soft flesh, coating it in her fragrant wetness. She gasped as she felt Donna's fingers find her swollen clitoris, her orgasm only seconds away. She slid her mouth along Donna's sweet opening, using her lips to locate her stiff little nub and suck it gently into her mouth.

Arielle felt Donna stiffen at the same instant her own body went rigid with the first spasms of her release. They moaned loudly, in unison, and Arielle reached up with one hand, rubbing Donna's clit as her orgasm rolled through her.

Donna squealed, her ass squirming around above Arielle's face; then a jet of liquid shot from her opening, blasting Arielle. It thrilled her and surprised her, soaking her face and hair. Before she even had a chance to realize what had happened, she was hit with another blast of the sweet, musty, clear juice. Donna cried out in ecstasy as it sprayed from her depths. Arielle opened her mouth and caught the next load of juice on her tongue, swallowing it down

with an intimate thrill. Then Donna's body shuddered and she whimpered softly, her ass sinking down and resting directly on Arielle's mouth.

Arielle kissed it and licked some of the salty perspiration from her supple skin. It caused Donna to giggle. Then she was getting up and twisting around in the bed. She lay beside Arielle and put an arm around her.

"Jesus, Arielle! I haven't come like that in a long time!"

Arielle grinned, her entire face covered in Donna's spray. "I hope you can do it again real soon."

Donna smiled, turning to look at her. When she saw how soaking wet her face was she laughed and covered her mouth. "Oh my god! I forgot to warn you!" She laughed again, delighted. "I'm kind of a squirter!"

Arielle licked her lips. "I kind of figured that out."

Rolling over, Donna wrapped her up in her arms and kissed her all over the face. They embraced, kissing and laughing and rolling around in the tiny bed. It was still relatively early and they knew they had plenty of time to enjoy each other.

They had all night.

## Chapter 15

Morning arrived quickly, and while it was somewhat of a disappointment they still had time to play around for a little while before heading off to work. They greeted each other with a soft kiss, and Donna held Arielle tightly, loving the feel of her in her arms.

“Maybe we could call in sick,” she suggested.

Arielle considered it. “We could, I suppose.” She ran her hands over Donna’s soft skin, feeling completely in love with her. “We could just stay in my bed until someone makes us get out.”

“Now you’re talking.” She sucked Arielle’s lip into her mouth and reached down, slipping one hand between Arielle’s thighs.

“Oh! Good morning!”

Donna laughed, working one finger inside of her. Arielle rolled over slightly to accommodate her, spreading her legs and making soft whimpering sounds. “You’re so beautiful, Arielle. Are you really mine?”

Smiling at her, Arielle nodded. “Yes.”

Donna climbed partially on top of her, continuing to fuck her with one hand. She kissed her softly on the mouth. “Do you want to be... exclusive?”

“Yes.”

It made Donna smile. “Really? Just you and me?”

Arielle wrapped her arms around her and pulled her closer. “Yes. We could move in together.” She gasped as Donna’s fingers danced over her clitoris. “We could... sleep together every night.”

“I would *love* that!”

“Me too.”

As Donna continued to rub her, she stared into her eyes. “What about... Elaine?”

“What about her?”

“She’s kind of under the impression that we both want to... still be with her. At least from time to time.”

Arielle thought about it. It was hard, with Donna drawing her closer and closer to the brink of another climax. “Do you want to... be with her? From time to time?”

Donna studied her. “That would mean we wouldn’t really be exclusive.”

She nodded, squeezing her thighs tight against Donna’s hand. “Oh, god. I’m going to come.”

Donna giggled and kissed her again. “That’s good, honey. I want you to.” She rubbed harder, and then Arielle was moaning and twisting around beneath her. She felt her body tense up as her orgasm crested and then she was shuddering, sliding her feet up and down on the sheets as her head rolled back and forth on the pillow.

“You’re so sexy when you come, Arielle.”

Arielle smiled, unable to speak just yet.

Donna kissed her, and then removed her fingers from between her legs. She raised them to her mouth and sucked on them. “Mmm. So tasty, too.”

Giggling, Arielle pulled her down into a kiss. They kissed for several moments and then rolled over again, so that Arielle was on top. She buried her face in the hollow of Donna’s neck, kissing and nuzzling her. She reached one hand down between her legs, gliding a finger over her wetness. “What do *you* think about Elaine?”

Donna moaned happily, allowing her legs to drop open further. “I’m not sure what to think”

“Do you... still want her?”

“You know I do. I’m not going to lie to you. But... I’d be willing to give her up, if you want me to.”

Arielle thought about it while sliding her fingers in and out of Donna’s moist opening and rubbing her thumb gently over her distended clit. She pictured Elaine’s beautiful face in her mind and felt a warm surge of love run through her. It wouldn’t be fair to ask Donna not to sleep with Elaine anymore if she herself still planned to do it. And the idea of not being with Elaine again when she knew that Elaine wanted her made her feel almost sick with loss. “I want her too.”

Donna smiled, running her fingers through Arielle’s hair. “Maybe there’s a way... we could work something out.”

Her hand slowing, Arielle twisted her head and kissed Donna on the mouth. “Maybe there is.”

“Maybe we could be exclusive... with the exception of Elaine. She could be our... special friend.”

Arielle was thinking the same exact thing, but she’d wanted Donna to say it. She loved the idea. “Would you be okay with that?”

Running the backs of her fingers over Arielle’s jaw, Donna looked her in the eyes. “Yes. But only if you would be, too.”

Arielle nodded. “I would be. She’s... really special.”

Donna smiled. “She is, isn’t she?”

“Not as special as you are. But yes, she is.”

Donna giggled and then gasped as Arielle’s thumb brushed over her again. “Oh! That feels so good!” She smiled, caressing Arielle’s back with one



hand. “Well, anyway, I guess we’ve reached a decision.”

“Yes.” Arielle kissed her again. “You and me. And... sometimes Elaine?”

Donna nodded. “That would be... perfect. In fact, I believe she said something about tonight.”

“I seem to recall that as well.”

“Perhaps the three of us could... discuss it at work.”

“Perhaps the three of us could squeeze into this bed tonight.”

Donna moaned, spreading her legs even further. “God, that would be hot!”

“It sure would.” Arielle felt herself swelling with arousal just thinking about it.

“Oh, honey. I think I’m gonna come.”

Arielle’s pulse quickened. “Are you going to squirt again?”

“I think so.”

“Do you think you could do it in my face again? Pretty please?”

Donna grinned, her body quivering. “You’d better get your pretty little face down there quick, honey. I’m ready to blow.”

Arielle made it just in time.

## Chapter 16

When Elaine approached her workstation that morning, Arielle and Donna were already sitting together at Arielle's bench, talking quietly. They saw her coming and looked up at her, smiling.

"Good morning!" she said. She set her purse down and walked over to visit with them. "You two have a nice night?"

They both spun on their chairs, gazing up at her in admiration. Then they glanced at each other, giggling quietly.

"I certainly did," Donna said.

"Me too," said Arielle.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it." Elaine leaned over, looking into Arielle's eyes. She smiled warmly and kissed her on the lips, very softly. "Hi, Arielle."

Arielle felt an electric charge run through her. She'd almost forgotten how stunningly beautiful Elaine was. Even the subtle scent of her caused Arielle to tremble with desire. She found herself feeling very glad she'd agreed with Donna to include Elaine in their exclusivity. "Hi, Elaine."

Elaine stroked her cheek and then turned to Donna. She kissed her also. "Hi, Donna."

Donna grinned. "Hi, Elaine."

They all giggled and then Donna and Arielle looked at each other. They smiled and shared a quick kiss, the three of them feeling very excited.

"So what's the scoop?" Elaine asked.

Donna shrugged. “Nothing much.” She put her arm around Arielle’s shoulders and pulled her closer. “Although we are officially girlfriends now.”

Elaine smiled and clapped her hands. “Congratulations!”

“Thank you,” they said in unison.

“That’s wonderful. I’m so happy for both of you.”

“Thanks,” Donna said.

Elaine scrutinized them for a moment. She suddenly felt out of place. “Well, maybe I should give you two some time alone. I don’t want to... intrude.”

“You’re not intruding,” said Arielle.

“Thank you. But... I should still probably give you guys some time together. Are we still on for lunch?”

“Of course,” Donna answered.

“That’s good. I brought a provolone sub sandwich. I thought maybe we could all share it.”

Arielle smiled at her. “Speaking of sharing...”

Elaine cocked her ear. “Yes?”

“We were wondering...”

“Wondering?”

Donna nodded. “About the date we had set for tonight.”

Elaine pursed her lips, frowning. “That’s alright. I understand.” The disappointment was clear in her eyes. It almost broke Arielle’s heart. She reached out and took Elaine’s hand.

“I don’t think you do.”

“Oh?”

Arielle raised Elaine’s hand to her mouth and kissed it. Then she rubbed it against her cheek, lacing their fingers together. “We were hoping that all three of us could get together.”

Elaine smiled. The sorrow was gone as quickly as it had arrived. “Oh?”

“At my place. Right after work.”

Now Elaine was beaming, looking at each of them in turn. “I won’t be... upsetting any type of balance?”

“No!” Donna said quickly. “Our balance includes you, honey.”

“It does?”

“Of course! We *want* you to come. We *need* you to come.”

Arielle laughed. “I’d even be willing to *help* you come.”

They all laughed, and Elaine leaned forward to kiss them each again. “Well, in that case I’d better come!”

“God,” Donna exclaimed. “It’s going to be wild!”

They could all feel the excitement building between them. They looked at one another, smiling in anticipation of what was to come. Then Elaine went and retrieved her chair, rolling it across the floor to join them at Arielle’s bench. None of them were in the mood for doing any work.

## Chapter 17

They started the night out by ordering Chinese food. Arielle had a delivery menu and they spent a few minutes huddled together on the couch studying it and choosing their favorites. Donna placed the call from her cell phone and they each put \$15 aside for the delivery person.

Arielle broke out a fresh bottle of wine, and they toasted their new friendship in general and this little get-together in particular. They all drank deeply and then set their glasses aside, leaning back on the small sofa and sinking into the cushions. They were crammed together, with Arielle in the middle.

“Well, this is certainly cozy,” Elaine said.

“It is,” Donna agreed. They had taken off their shoes, but otherwise they were still fully dressed. “What shall we do while we wait for the food to get here?”

“We could have sex,” Arielle suggested hopefully. She kept thinking she couldn’t possibly feel any more aroused, but each night she consistently outdid herself. She was practically jumping out of her skin with desire.

Elaine and Donna laughed. “We’ll certainly get to that,” Elaine promised. She leaned over and kissed Arielle on the mouth. “No need to worry, little sweetie.”

“Hey,” Donna said. “Arielle, do you have any cards? Maybe we could play strip poker.”

Arielle liked the idea, but unfortunately didn’t have any cards. “I’m sorry.”

“That’s okay,” Elaine said. “We could save a lot of time and all just strip.”

The three of them agreed on it, and got up off the couch. For the next couple

of minutes they removed their clothing and piled it neatly beneath Arielle's kitchen table, the only place in her tiny apartment there was any extra room. Then they were all standing naked together and decided to drink another toast.

"To Friday night," said Elaine. She clinked glasses with Donna and Arielle.

"To our inevitable little threesome," said Donna. They all grinned and clinked again. Then they were looking at Arielle, waiting for her to add something before taking a drink.

Looking at them in her small living room, stripped nude and glistening with sex and beauty, Arielle felt a rush of wild passion. She didn't want her old life back, ever again. She'd come too far, and she loved it; she felt like a new woman. She raised her glass, smiling mischievously. "To the three of us, getting together like this every Friday night. Forever."

Donna and Elaine beamed. Then they were cheering her.

"Now that's ambitious," Donna said.

"I could manage it," Elaine added. "I'd never give you two up willingly."

They touched glasses again and drank, their throats working furiously as they polished off their wine. Then they set the empty glasses down on the table and pressed themselves together in a group hug, their soft, warm bodies melding sensuously. Their hands began to slide up and down over one another, and then Elaine's mouth was suddenly on Arielle's, her tongue playing over her lips and then sliding into her mouth.

Arielle moaned, savoring the taste of Elaine. She'd almost forgotten how delicious she was. She kissed her deeply, feeling the breasts of both her friends pressing against her own, driving her almost mad with lust. Then Donna was pulling her away from Elaine and mashing her own mouth to Arielle's. The taste and feel of Donna's tongue in her mouth so abruptly after Elaine's sent new shivers of desire through her and she felt as though she were going to faint with delight.

Before she did, Donna pulled her mouth away and then Donna and Elaine were kissing. Arielle took the opportunity to catch her breath and rub her face along the smooth contours of Donna's breasts. She had spent a lot of time with them that morning before work, and she missed them already. She crouched down slightly and took one of Donna's nipples into her mouth and then Donna was pressing her face against her and whimpering.

"You're going to make her come, Arielle," Elaine warned.

Arielle looked up at them. "Sorry. I'm going to come myself, in a minute."

They laughed breathlessly, the desire in the room almost palpable. Then Donna was pulling them both toward the couch.

"I've got an idea. Please, please, please, let me do this!"

Arielle and Elaine smiled, following her and allowing her to sit them down on the couch. Donna herself crouched before them, pushing the coffee table out of the way.

Elaine slipped an arm around Arielle's shoulders and snuggled up beside her, their bodies pressed together as they watched Donna on the floor. "I'll bet this has something to do with our feet," she whispered to Arielle.

Arielle laughed softly and rubbed her face alongside Elaine's cheek, desire and love flooding through her. "She does seem to like them." She found Elaine's mouth and kissed her. Then Elaine was leaning into her, kissing her deeply. Arielle moaned, sucking Elaine's tongue into her mouth.

On the floor, Donna had found her own little paradise. She was sitting cross-legged, with both of Elaine's feet and both of Arielle's feet bunched together in her lap. She took one of their feet in each hand, studying the toes with their blue and pink polish, and began to rub them sensually. She caressed them and lifted them to her face, kissing them and running her tongue along the soft, smooth skin. Elaine and Arielle hardly seemed to notice; they were entirely lost within each other.

Donna took one of Arielle's feet in both hands and rubbed it vigorously. She

loved the feel of it in her hands. Then she raised it and began kissing it. She ran her tongue along the bottom, thrilling at the silky softness. She rubbed it in her face, loving it, and then began to suck Arielle's toes into her mouth. She took them one at a time, in turn, sucking them gently and running her tongue over them. She did it slowly, savoring each one of them. When she'd gotten them all, she set Arielle's foot back down in her lap and chose one of Elaine's. She rubbed it and kissed it and licked it. Then Elaine's toes were in her mouth, one after the other.

On the couch, Elaine and Arielle continued to make out. Arielle would have been happy to never stop. She was dimly aware of someone playing with her feet, but most of her focus was on the slippery sensuality of Elaine's tongue and lips as they mingled with her own, and the growing sense of want and need humming between her legs. She closed her eyes and willed herself to simply belong to Elaine and Donna, her passion carrying her on an invisible wave of pure bliss.

Time ceased to be a factor. The three of them became lost in one another for what may have been five minutes, or possibly fifteen. Then Donna was sitting up, rubbing her face between Elaine's thighs. Elaine spread her legs to allow Donna to get her face further between them.

Donna took full advantage, burying her nose in Elaine's soft, trim pubic hair and gliding her tongue over her slippery folds. Elaine gasped into Arielle's mouth, running one hand through Donna's hair. "Oh, baby. I'm right on the verge."

"I want you to come in my mouth," Donna whimpered. She pressed herself further in, finding Elaine's bloated clit and sucking it between her lips.

"Ohh! Donna, honey!" She wiggled around on the couch, her mouth inadvertently coming away from Arielle's. She closed her fist, pulling Donna's hair slightly as she leaned down and pressed her face into Arielle's breasts. Arielle held her there, stroking her head and watching in awe as Donna gobbled away between her legs. Then Elaine was jerking, her spine arching as her orgasm flooded through her. She emitted shrill little cries and pressed Donna's face further into her, her whole body shuddering with release.



When it was over, Donna sat up, smiling. “God, that was hot!”

Elaine laughed. She raised her head from Arielle’s breasts and bent over, finding Donna’s mouth and kissing her. “It sure was!”

Donna slid her tongue into Elaine’s mouth, feeling herself grow even more swollen with lust. They kissed for a moment and then she pulled away, moving on her knees over toward Arielle. When she was positioned between Arielle’s legs, she smiled up at her and winked. “How are you doing, honey?”

Arielle smiled back. “Oh, pretty good. You?”

Donna giggled, kissing her way up Arielle’s thighs. “I can’t complain.” She kissed higher, using both of her hands to gently part Arielle’s legs. When they were sufficiently spread, she slid her face forward, burying it in Arielle’s crotch.

Arielle gasped, throwing her head back. She grabbed Donna’s head in one hand and held her steady as she felt Donna’s mouth begin to work on her. She knew it wouldn’t take much; she was very close to the edge already.

“She’s a hungry little vixen,” Elaine commented.

Arielle smiled, opening her eyes and gazing at Elaine. “She’s my girlfriend.”

“I see that.”

Arielle giggled and moaned at the same time. Donna’s tongue was all over her clitoris, and it felt as though she were fucking her with several of her fingers. “Kiss me, Elaine.”

Elaine immediately obliged, leaning over and claiming Arielle’s mouth. As soon as her tongue slid in, Arielle was coming. She clamped her thighs tightly against Donna’s head and rocked back on the couch, her lips sliding off of Elaine’s tongue. She cried out loudly, her body quivering as she climaxed. It took her a long time to catch her breath, and when she did, Donna’s face was still pressed tightly up into her. She spread her legs, lifting

Donna's head by one handful of hair.

"Are you okay?"

Donna smiled. "I'm great. How are you?"

Arielle laughed. "Never been better."

Donna straightened up and leaned forward, drawing Arielle into a kiss. They kissed for a moment and then Donna ran her tongue along Arielle's chin and down her neck. "God. I feel like I'm gonna burst."

Quickly, Elaine hopped up from the couch. She grabbed Donna by the arms and pulled her up. "Come here, honey. Sit on Arielle's lap." She spun Donna around and then Donna was suddenly sitting on Arielle's legs, her own legs spread wide.

Arielle wrapped her arms around Donna and held her in a tight hug, kissing her shoulder. "What do you want for Christmas, little girl?"

They laughed. Donna leaned back into her, grinning. "I want this night to never end."

"I know what you want," Elaine stated seriously. She dropped to her knees between Donna's feet and grazed Donna's thighs with her fingernails. Then she kissed her way up them, her hands caressing Donna's calves. "You want to come, don't you?"

"Yes," Donna whispered. "Yes, I do."

Elaine moved closer and began kissing Donna's vagina. Donna immediately slid down in Arielle's lap, pressing herself into Elaine's face and latching onto her hair with both hands. "Oh, Elaine. Oh, baby, that's so nice." She lifted her feet into the air and stretched her legs out, leaning back against Arielle.

Arielle gripped her firmly and lowered her face, engaging Donna in a kiss. Then Donna was sputtering into her mouth, hardly able to contain herself as Elaine's tongue began poking its way into her anus. She gasped, her hands

fisting in Elaine's hair as she felt it slide into her.

"Oh, my god! Elaine!"

With her tongue in Donna's tight little opening, Elaine reached up and began rubbing her swollen clitoris with one wet finger. She slid her tongue in and out, feeling the muscles of Donna's ass squeeze against her.

Arielle found Donna's mouth again and began smothering her with a deep kiss. Then Donna exploded, twisting around like a fish on Arielle's lap as her orgasm slammed through her, jets of fresh juice spurting from her and showering Elaine as she continued to rub Donna's engorged clitoris. Elaine's tongue slipped out of Donna's anus as Donna thrashed around. Her vagina released two more heavily drenching blasts into Elaine's face and then she was gasping for breath, lying limply on Arielle's lap with a big smile on her face.

"Jesus, Donna!" Elaine exclaimed. She was also smiling, her face and hair dripping wet. She licked her lips, getting a good taste of Donna. "That was fucking awesome!"

"I couldn't agree more," Donna moaned.

Arielle leaned over and kissed her on the mouth, and then looked at Elaine. She smiled. "Do you think... I could have a taste of that?"

Elaine got to her feet right away and stepped over to Arielle, taking a seat beside her on the couch. She leaned into her, beaming. Then Arielle was licking the juice from Elaine's face and kissing her all over. Donna watched from her position on Arielle's lap, feeling herself grow aroused all over again. "Oh, god. You two are amazing."

Elaine was going to respond, but just then there was a loud buzzing noise which caused all three of them to jump. Donna and Elaine looked at Arielle.

"Food's here," she said.



## Chapter 18

Arielle told Donna where the buzzer was, and she got up off her lap to press it, unlocking the lobby door and allowing the delivery guy to enter the building.

“He’ll be up here in thirty seconds,” she warned.

They looked at one another, not sure what to do. Then Elaine laughed. “Don’t worry. I’ll answer the door.” She kissed Arielle again and then got up, walking to the table and picking up the small pile of bills.

“Put something on first,” Donna warned. She sat on the couch beside Arielle and put an arm around her, holding her close. Arielle put an arm around Donna and they cuddled, watching Elaine as she considered her options.

“Do you really think I should?”

“Of course! You’re completely naked!” Donna said.

“You’re dripping with Donna’s sexy juice, too,” Arielle pointed out.

They laughed, and as Elaine bent over to retrieve something to put on, there was a knock on the door. She looked at the two of them on the couch, who were pressing together tightly and trying to conceal each other. “Oh, fuck it,” she said. She stepped over to the door and undid the bolt. Glancing back at them, she smiled. “You ready?”

They both shrugged, holding their hands over each other’s breasts.

Elaine winked at them and then turned the knob, opening the door.

“\$38.16,” said the young man before he realized who he was speaking to. When he saw Elaine standing there naked, he froze, every part of him except

his eyes. His eyes were wide, and very busy. They roamed up and down, taking her in.

She held out the money, smiling sweetly. “Keep the change.”

He looked back up at her, an expression of stunned bewilderment on his face. He swallowed nervously and then glanced past her, into the living room. When he saw Donna and Arielle cuddled naked on the couch, he seemed almost as if he were going to topple over.

Elaine wiggled the money. “Keep the change,” she said louder.

He looked down at her hand and then seemed to come out of his daze. He reached over and took it, and then handed her a large paper bag. He licked his lips, staring at her. “Everything okay?”

“Sure,” she said. “Me and my girlfriends are just having sex.”

He nodded, his eyes still wide. He peered past her again. “Is... your boyfriend here?”

“No. Just us girls.”

He smiled, exposing crooked teeth. He looked at her pleadingly. “You need any help? With anything?”

“No. Have a nice night.”

He nodded. “Are you sure? I’d be willing to --”

“Goodbye,” she said, shutting the door.

He stared at her until it was completely closed and then Elaine threw the deadbolt. “Please don’t stand outside the door, or I’ll call the police.”

“I’m going,” he said through the door. “But are you sure --”

“Goodbye!” she yelled.

“Goodbye,” he said.

Grinning, Elaine carried the bag over the the coffee table and set it down. “Looks like it’s dinner time.”

Arielle got up off the couch. “Let me get us some more wine.”

“Yes!” said Donna. “I feel like getting a little bit drunk.”

“Let’s get fucking wasted,” Elaine said.

They laughed, and Elaine tore open the bag.

\*

They each ate a plate of food and then piled their dishes on the table. Besides the little containers of rice, there were containers of garlic chicken, sesame chicken and walnut crystal shrimp. They each took a carton and used their forks to eat directly from them, occasionally sharing amongst themselves and feeding each other.

“This is pretty good,” said Elaine. She gobbled a forkful of sesame chicken from Donna’s fork and scooped some shrimp into Arielle’s mouth.

“A little salty,” said Donna. “But definitely good.”

“Have some more wine,” Arielle said, scooping some garlic chicken into Donna’s mouth.

Donna did. They’d emptied another whole bottle, and they were beginning to feel it.

“You want some more shrimp?” Elaine asked.

They both looked at her. “I’ll have some,” Arielle said. “But only if you chew it for me.”

Elaine giggled. "I'd be glad to." She put some in her mouth and began to chew.

"I'll have some, if I can eat it out of your gorgeous little pussy," Donna said.

They laughed, Elaine spraying food out of her mouth.

"Don't waste it," Arielle said. She pressed her mouth to Elaine's and began sucking the chewed shrimp from her. As she did, Elaine leaned back on the couch and dumped the remainder of her carton in her lap. She spread her legs slightly to allow it to drip down between her thighs.

"Oh, baby!" Donna got down on her knees and stared at the shrimp and vegetables and sauce coating Elaine's mound.

"Come and get it," Elaine said, smiling.

Donna dove right in, eating the food from her lap. She gobbled up the vegetables and shrimp and then began licking the salty sauce from her legs and sucking it out of her pubic hair, causing Elaine to giggle.

Arielle watched, her arousal growing. "I wish I had another shrimp."

Elaine rubbed one hand over her arm. "Why don't you check for one, honey? I think I feel something way down deep."

Smiling, Arielle climbed down onto her knees beside Donna and began licking Elaine's legs. Elaine spread her thighs apart further, causing the two of them to bump heads as they moved in, searching for more to eat. "Sorry, guys!"

"It's okay."

"Hey, Arielle," Elaine said. "Is there any more wine in that bottle?"

Arielle turned and grabbed the half-full bottle of wine from the table. She took a drink directly from the bottle and then handed it to Elaine. "Plenty more."



“Thanks, honey!” Elaine took it and lifted it to her mouth, guzzling away.

Down below, Donna was still licking. She found Elaine’s clit and was circling it with her tongue.

“See if you can make her squirt,” Arielle told her. “I want to get squirted!”

Donna laughed. “Not everyone can do it, sweetie.”

Elaine spread her legs even wider. “I can squirt.”

They both looked up at her, startled. “You can?”

“Sure.” She smiled. “What, you don’t believe me?”

“I believe you,” said Arielle. “Can you squirt me in the face?”

“Sure thing, little angel. Get your face in there.”

Arielle joined Donna between Elaine’s legs, and Donna began rubbing her briskly with one finger. “This I gotta see.”

“Wait, wait, wait!” Elaine called. “No rubbing! Just position yourselves.”

Donna and Arielle looked at each other, not sure what was going on. Then Elaine brought one hand down and used her fingers to spread apart her lips. They stared in wonder at her adorable little pussy, waiting for something to happen. They continued to wait, and very soon there was a trickle of liquid bubbling out. It ran down her leg and soaked into the couch cushion.

“Hey,” said Donna. “That’s pee!”

Elaine laughed. Then the trickle became a fountain, and it shot up into the air, hitting Donna right in the face. She gasped, moving back slightly as the urine showered all over her chest. “You’re peeing on me!”

Arielle was thrilled. She moved in closer, positioning her face in the trajectory of the golden arc. It hit her right between the eyes and cascaded down, all over her face and neck and breasts. She opened her mouth and

allowed it to fill with Elaine's pee.

"That's it, honey!" Elaine cheered. "Drink up!"

Arielle swallowed a mouthful of the warm urine. It tried to fight its way back up, but she held it down, and held her face under the spray. She closed her eyes and licked her lips as more of Elaine's pee blasted her, covering her entire face and hair and dripping down all over her legs and soaking into the carpet. Then she opened her mouth again and took another gulp.

"Hey," Donna said. She pressed her face in front of Arielle's. "Don't hog it all." She opened her mouth and caught some, too. As she swallowed it, the fountain resumed its status as a weak trickle and then it was just barely coming out at all. A few more spurts escaped and soaked into the couch, and then Elaine pulled her hand away and took another drink from the bottle.

"That's all I got for now," she said. "Come back later for some more."

Arielle and Donna laughed and moved their faces closer again, licking the urine from Elaine's legs. Then Donna moved lower and licked it from Elaine's feet.

"There she goes again with my feet!"

Arielle giggled. "Hey," she said. She licked Elaine's pussy and then smiled up at her. "I just remembered. I can squirt, too!"

"Uh oh! Make way for Arielle!"

Donna climbed up on the couch and lay down across it with her head in Elaine's lap. "Spray my face! Please?"

"Do it!" Elaine encouraged. She took another swig from the bottle and handed it Arielle.

Arielle took a long drink, almost finishing off the bottle. She was almost trembling with excitement. After handing the bottle back to Elaine, she climbed up onto the couch, her feet planted on either side of Elaine's legs. Then she braced her hands on the wall and reached down, spreading her lips.

“You really want me too?”

“Yes!” they both cheered.

She giggled, feeling very good. She knew she was a little bit drunk, but that was okay. She was having a lot of fun. She squatted slightly and concentrated, and within seconds there was a warm stream of urine shooting from her and splattering down right into Donna’s upturned face.

Donna squealed in delight, snapping at it with her mouth. She gulped down a mouthful, and then another, her head rocking from side to side on Elaine’s lap.

“Don’t forget about me!” Elaine called out.

Arielle smiled, and shifted so that she was peeing in Elaine’s face. Elaine also squealed, smiling and catching it in her mouth. She thought she’d run out of urine before she gave them their fill, but it just kept flowing. She’d drunk an enormous amount of wine, way more than usual, and she hadn’t used the bathroom since getting home from work.

Finally, the steam began to die out and she shook herself, managing to get an extra little spurt or two to shoot out and splatter Donna’s face. Then she carefully climbed down to join her friends on the now urine-soaked couch. The whole room reeked like pee.

“God, that was hot!” said Donna.

“You think everything’s hot,” mocked Elaine.

Arielle sat down beside Elaine and put an arm around her. She kissed Elaine on the mouth, tasting her own urine.

“Everything is hot,” Donna countered. “At least around here.”

There was still a little bit of wine left in the bottle, and Elaine lifted it to her mouth and drank it down. “I think we need another bottle.”

“You know what’s funny?” Donna asked.

They both looked down at her. Her head was still resting on Elaine's lap, her feet on the window sill. "What?"

"Under normal circumstances, I'd get up right now and use the bathroom."

Arielle wasn't sure what she meant, but then she glanced down at Donna's groin and saw a stream of urine beginning to flow from it. It arced up slightly and came back down, soaking into the cushion between her legs.

Elaine laughed and reached down, caressing Donna's face with one hand. "You naughty girl! You're peeing all over Arielle's couch!"

Arielle sighed, watching the pee soaking into the fabric. "I'm going to have to get a new one. This one is going to stink."

They laughed again. "Sorry, honey," Donna said. The flow increased briefly and it shot across to the window, splattering against the shades. Then it was almost over, just a light trickle between her legs. "But it's so much easier than getting up to use the toilet."

"She's got a good point," said Elaine.

"Oh, I'm not complaining," said Arielle. "I think it's wonderful. I needed a new couch anyway."

"That's the spirit!" Elaine leaned into her and began kissing her again.

\*

A little while later, they had all cleaned up in the bathroom and took turns using Arielle's toothbrush. Arielle had opened up all the windows to let some fresh air in, and set a fan blowing on the couch to dry it up overnight.

"We'll all chip in and get you a new couch, honey," Elaine said. "Don't worry about it."

“Oh, I’m not worried. This one was actually here when I moved in. I was due for a new one, no kidding.”

“We’ll chip in anyway,” promised Donna. She kissed her and gave her a hug. “You’re my girl. I’d do anything for you.”

The comment filled Arielle with love and adoration. She hugged Donna back, very tightly, and then kissed her all over the face. “Thank you, Donna.” She turned to Elaine. “And thank you, too, Elaine.”

Elaine joined them for a group hug. “Thank you, honey. That’s what friends are for.”

They stood holding one another in the small living room for a moment, and then Elaine reached down and slipped a hand between Arielle’s legs. “I don’t know about you two, but I’m ready for some more pussy.”

They all laughed quietly, although it was not really funny. They all felt the exact same way.

“Do you really think we can all fit in your bed, Arielle?” Donna asked.

Arielle looked at her, her heart racing again. She was very aroused and ready to share her bed with her beautiful new friends. “First of all, it’s *our* bed.” She kissed Donna. “Remember? You’re my sweetheart.”

Donna grinned. “I remember.”

“And second of all...” She smiled, looking at them each in turn. “Well... there’s only one way to find out, isn’t there?”

They giggled and quickly dashed into the bedroom. Elaine got there first and climbed in. She pulled the sheet over her, kicking her feet with excitement. Donna was right behind her, climbing up and getting on top of her. Arielle slid in last, wrapping her arms around both of them and feeling their warm kisses peppering her face. Then she felt a hand between her legs, and had no idea who it belonged to.

It didn’t matter, anyway. They were all girlfriends.

“Looks like we fit,” said Elaine.

“Just barely,” said Donna.

“Are you complaining?”

“Hell no!”

It was much darker in the bedroom, and Arielle couldn't tell who was who. She found someone's mouth and engaged them in a deep kiss, two hands now sliding between her thighs. She rolled over, finding another mouth and slid her own hands down, finding two pairs of thighs. She reached between them, finding moist folds. She smiled to herself, enjoying the warmth of their bodies and the hot breath on her face and the soft moans filling her bedroom. It was wonderful. And tomorrow was Saturday. They could all sleep in and spend the whole day together.

- end -