

BLUE COLLAR LESBIAN



Verda Foster &
Pat Cronin

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Blue Collar Lesbian Erotica Anthology

Edited by

Pat Cronin and Verda Foster

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A Good Idea

by Kate Sweeney

"NO," MY GIRL said simply. I groaned like a kid who'd just been told she couldn't have dessert. Well, this was almost the same thing.

"C'mon, please," I whined and begged.

Sara hesitated and looked at the ceiling in contemplation.

I have no idea why I wanted her to do this. Our sex life is phenomenal, actually. We both love to experiment on occasion. Respecting, loving and trusting--this being a very important part as you will see--each other completely. We've been together now for nearly ten years and God love her, Sara is such a good sport. She almost never says no to my idiotic ideas and it rarely ends up badly. Well...

"Honey, I don't think this is a good idea. Something will go wrong. I can feel it."

"Sara, you will look sooo sexy in it," I said honestly. I had seen it in a magazine that a friend of ours reads.

"Jo really, some of the ideas you've had in the past have been great, but recently you've lost your touch, kiddo. Remember the last thing?"

I just knew she was gonna bring that up.

"Sara, that was a manufacturer's defect," I said firmly. She snorted sarcastically, which I chose to ignore. "Who knew that pump would pull off so easily?"

The vision of my poor partner lying there with the, well, see I had this idea. Once again, I found it in that fucking magazine. It was an inflatable dildo. See, and it seemed like such an erotic idea at the time, you insert it and you have a hand held little bulb pump that inflates it. Looking back on it, it was ridiculous, but that's my imagination for you. Thank God for Sara. God, I love this woman.

"Yes, but who had to go the hospital and have it surgically removed?" she asked seriously. "Who?"

"You honey," I answered obediently and hung my head.

It was true. I had to rush the poor woman to the hospital after my inept attempts to dislodge the bugger. It was embarrassing for her and I held her hand the entire time, as if she was giving birth. We both had a laugh afterwards comparing the two.

"I don't know why I let you talk me into these things, Joanna. I must be sick or something."

"You're not sick! We like to experiment that's all. The little butterfly stimulator didn't turn out so badly. We still use that," I offered trying to reassure her.

She nodded in agreement. "That's true. I do like that little thing. Especially when you're kissing me and touching my breasts--" she stopped immediately and shook her head. "God, how do you do that to me?"

We both laughed as we continued making dinner. I chopped the broccoli as I glanced at Sara. I could tell by the way she was absently staring off, she was thinking about doing this, but I didn't want to push it.

As we ate dinner, Sara sipped her wine and gave me a curious look. "You are sure nothing can happen?"

I grinned wildly and nodded. "Positive."

"Why don't you do this?"

I rolled my eyes. "Honey, look at me and look at you. Which one of us would look hot in a chastity belt?" I asked honestly.

It's not that I'm grossly out of shape, but being nearly fifty, life and gravity have taken their toll. Sara on the other hand, is younger than I am by a good ten years. She has one hot body. The woman works out three times a week. I, well I go with her and...I usually end up watching her ass, pure and simple. Sorry, I can be just as base as a guy. At least I'm only looking at my girl's ass and no one else's.

Sara is about five-eight and about one hundred and thirty pounds of toned, fit lesbian. I'm the same height, definitely not the same weight, but I am lesbian. So, me in a chastity belt? I'm thinking no.

I watched her for a moment as she ate. She looked up and I grinned. She laughed then and shook her head. "Tell me again where you got this lamebrain idea?"

I scrambled to the coffee table, nearly taking the tablecloth with me and rushed back with the magazine. I flipped to the page and presented it to her.

She wiped her mouth on her napkin and gave me an indulgent grin. She looked at it and read the advertisement. "I have to get measured?"

"Sure, they're custom made. It is sooo hot," I said with enthusiasm.

Sara bit at her lip and chuckled. "It is a bit erotic. What are those things attached, they look like dil--"

"They are, anal and vaginal. Also, a clitoral stimulator controlled with a wireless remote," I said calmly.

She smirked and grunted. "Which you control," she said.

I smiled sheepishly and nodded. "Which you will enjoy," I added with a devilish eyebrow wriggle.

My wonderful lover actually blushed. "Oh, why do I think this will end up with me in the emergency room," she moaned and handed me the magazine. "Get the measuring tape."

"Yippee! God, I love you," I said and kissed her deeply.

THE DAY ARRIVED. It came! I felt like a kid on Christmas morning, as I placed the box on the coffee table. We both sat on the couch staring at it waiting for it to do something.

Sara broke the silence. "Do you think it's weird that we like to experiment like this? I mean is this normal sex?" she asked and I heard a note of seriousness in her voice.

"For us, yes. We do have normal sex, whatever that is. What are you talking about, honey? Just because we like a little variety doesn't make us weird. Look, I love you, Sara, like I've never loved anyone in my life. I also respect you and trust you, and you know I don't throw that around easily. You're my partner in this life, Sara. What you and I do is very private and it is always done with love; deep soulful love. Don't you agree?"

"Of course I do, Jo. I love you just as much. I never thought you'd look twice at me and here we are ten years later. I still get goose bumps when you touch me," she said and kissed me tenderly.

I sighed happily. "If we never do anything else but kiss, I'd be totally happy," I whispered against her lips.

Sara pulled back and gently cupped my face. "You're absolutely adorable when you lie to please me," she said and patted my cheek. "You'd never be satisfied with just kissing and neither would I. Now, let's get this monstrosity assembled."

I rubbed my hands together and tore open the box. After checking out the instructions, Sara picked up the crotch part of the belt. "Honey, this feels like steel," she said in a worried voice.

"It is, but there's neoprene or whatever type of cushioning all around it so the metal isn't against your skin," I explained as I read. I glanced at Sara who was still holding the crotch piece.

The anal and vaginal plugs caught my eye. I saw her shiver and I laughed quietly as I concentrated on my reading.

I held up the clitoral stimulator and the wireless remote. "Glad I didn't forget batteries."

"Hmm..." she said absently. "Am I going to be able to get out of this thing? What if I have to go to the bathroom?"

"Honey, you won't keep it on that long. This is just for fun. Now, let me read," I begged quietly.

After a few minutes, I was confident I had it all figured out. That was my first of many mistakes.

"Okay," I said and rubbed my hands together, then wriggled my fingers as though I was getting ready to play a piano virtuoso. I looked at Sara's lovely body and realized I was about to do just that.

It struck me then, how much I really love this woman. Not because she indulges in my fantasies, but because she doesn't think they're stupid. Childish perhaps, lame brained most definitely, but not stupid. I always feel loved and nurtured by this younger woman. Sara stole my heart and soul ten years ago and she has given her word that she will never give them back.

Sara stood and removed her sweats and panties, breaking me from my reverie in a most seductive manner. "Wait, I have to go to the bathroom and shower," she said and dashed into the bathroom. So much for seduction. I laughed heartily and waited in the bedroom.

In a relatively short time, she reappeared completely naked. I gazed at the beautiful body wondering why the gods above favored me in such a way. Sara Jenkins is a beautiful woman. Her long dark hair is always shining. Her soulful doe eyes are always sparkling. Her full lips are always inviting, and I have never met a more secure and thoughtful person in my life. Sainthood, I'm thinkin'.

"Jo?" I heard her snap her fingers, shaking me from my musings.

"Oh right. Okay, here goes nothing," I said.

Following the instructions, we snapped all metal nubs into their appointed slots and fit the belt around her waist. Sara moaned a bit as the small plugs fit in both orifices. That's all I will say about that, use your own imagination. She blinked and grinned as she moved her hips slightly.

"Feel okay?" I asked nervously.

"Feels very okay," she answered emphatically.

I picked up the little lock and the only key the manufacturer sent and wiggled it. "Ready to be locked up?" I asked.

Sara let out a nervous laugh. "Ready as I'll ever be. You lose that key, Jo..." she warned.

I slipped the lock in place and closed it, giving it a professional tug. I looked up and smiled as I kissed her taut abdomen right above the steel waist belt. "You're mine now, Miss Jenkins," I purred against her stomach.

Sara quivered and ran her fingers through my short hair. "What are you going to do about it?" she asked in a challenging tone.

I let out an evil laugh. "Lay back. I have to attach this clitoral stimulator."

"No drooling, Jo. I know this is your favorite part," she said as she stretched out on our bed and opened her legs. "This actually doesn't feel too bad. I mean, I'm getting kinda..." she said with a wicked grin and winked.

"Don't you dare go any further. Hold on," I said with a laugh as I attached the stimulator and fit the metal shield over it, hiding it from view.

I sat back then and picked up the remote. "Here goes. Ready?" I asked and she nodded quickly. I hit the lowest setting and watched her carefully.

"Nothing," she said seriously. "Are you sure it's working?"

I hit the remote with the heel of my hand and tried again. I gave her a hopeful smile. "Nothing?"

"No. Try another setting," Sara said.

I looked at her and she took my breath away. Lying there, legs open, firm breasts rising and falling with her nervous breathing. Her lustful eyes alert as she licked her lips; I nearly had an orgasm.

"Jo, honey, you're near drooling. Now you got me into this contraption. I have plugs up both..." She stopped and chuckled. "Get busy, Miss Windham."

I laughed and tried the next setting. Sara jumped.

"Ahha. We have liftoff." I said, and slid my body next to her on the bed. She was purring and gently moving her hips as I kissed her deeply.

"God, Jo, this feels so good."

"Tell me, sweetie. Tell me what it feels like," I whispered in her ear.

"I feel so full, Jo. So full," she whispered sensually, which sent me throbbing uncontrollably. "My clit is tingling," she purred against my neck.

I believe my right foot started twitching. I felt like Thumper. I reached down and slipped my fingers up and down her abdomen. "So beautiful. So hot," I whispered and kissed her once more. She moaned and slipped her tongue deep into my mouth. Both of us were groaning and moaning softly. Time to kick it up a notch. I glanced down at the remote and hit the next level.

"Oh God!" Sara cried out against my lips. "Geezus!" Her body quivered and shook. "Gonna come, Jo!" she cried out.

"This is so hot, Sara. You're coming without me even touching you," I said softly.

And boy did she come. She writhed, quivered, trembled and shook as the orgasm ripped through her. I held her, kissed her, ran my fingers all over her quivering body and felt her having another orgasm.

"God, Sara, again?"

She nodded and screamed once more. What a great idea I had! I've never seen her have so many orgasms. She was sweating and clawing at my back as I feasted on her firm luscious breasts.

Finally, the poor woman couldn't take anymore. "Jo, stop it. Turn it off honey. I-I can't come anymore!" she panted.

I grinned just a bit. "Not even one more?" I cooed in her ear.

She tried to laugh but her body was still trembling with the aftershock. "I don't think. I can't take it," she panted.

I reached for the remote and as I tried the last setting, Sara reached for the remote. "NO! Please!"

I couldn't do it. She's never begged me to stop like this. Relenting, I gradually lowered the setting. Immediately, she took a deep lungful of air. Panting through the tremors, I held onto her. "I'll bring you down slowly, baby," I whispered and she whimpered slightly, but nodded as she clung to me. I turned it to the next lowest setting.

"Jo, I can still feel it, sweetie. Turn it off," she sighed.

"Party poop!" I chuckled as I kissed her dry trembling lips. I turned it off and set it on the nightstand. A few passionate kisses later, she pulled back.

"No fucking around, Jo. Turn the damn thing off," she said breathlessly.

"I turned it off," I argued quietly as we kissed. "It's just the aftershock."

She laughed quietly. "It is not the aftershock. That thing is making me throb again, Jo. I'm gonna pass out."

I reached for the remote and sat up. "See, it's off."

"It's not off. I can still feel it. Dammit, give me that!"

She took the remote, pointed it at her crotch, and hit the button. I oddly thought she looked like a Samurai about to commit hara-kiri with a remote.

"God, Jo. It won't go off."

"Oh, of course it will." Won't it?

I took it from her and stupidly stood up, thinking I needed some distance. I am not very good with electronic or battery operated equipment. I ridiculously remembered last week when I put a knife into the toaster to retrieve the wayward burnt bread. I shorted out the entire house.

Anyway, back to the present dilemma. I pointed it and pushed. Nothing. Dammit. I banged it against the heel of my hand again.

Now, poor Sara was moaning again and quivering. "JO! Turn the damn thing either up or off. This is killing me. I can't come!"

"Shit!"

I felt the sweat forming on my brow. I had that anxious, uh-oh feeling deep in my gut. I continuously pointed and pressed, pointed and pressed; stabbing in the direction of her crotch. "It's not working, Honey!"

"Then dammit take this belt off! Unlock it before I go insane," she threatened.

Good idea! I whirled around and looked for the key. Finding it, I fumbled trying to get the small lock. "Stop moving hon; I can't get the lock steadied," I said desperately trying to remain calm.

"Shit! I can't stop moving. God, why did I let you talk..." she stopped and groaned deeply.

I looked down at her as her eyes rolled back in her head. I knew that groan.

"Are you coming? Again?" I asked stupidly with just a hint of incredulity.

Sara's eyes flew open as she grabbed her hair. "Will you get this thing off?" she yelled and I jumped.

I finally got the key in the lock. I twisted the key back and forth and nothing would work. God, no...I began to sweat in earnest now. It was dripping down my back. I wiped my brow and tried again.

Poor Sara was moaning loudly, the onset of another orgasm. Can you die from too many? I thought stupidly, as concentrated on my task.

"What's...w-wrong?" she gasped as her legs trembled. "OH, God, I'm coming, JO!"

"Shit!" I said angrily. I never in my wildest dreams thought that I'd be terrified of an orgasm. "Hold on..."

"Fuck!" she said and pushed my hands away. She tried to no avail.

I took the key once again and gave it a quick twist and the unthinkable happened. I sat back with the broken key in my hand. I blinked stupidly at my poor lover who just had her sixth orgasm. She really didn't know what happened. Trying to collect myself, I reached for the remote and banged it on the table. I pointed at her quivering body and pressed the off button. Thank God!

"Ohgodohgod," Sara moaned as the tremors stopped. She let out a contended sigh. "Unfuckingbelievable."

I took a deep grateful breath. Sara laughed quietly and reached for me. I allowed her to pull me into a warm embrace before telling her what happened. It was a nice loving hug. I basked in that love knowing in about three seconds it would be over. I swallowed hard and pulled back.

Sara was coming out of her euphoria. "Hmmm, what a good idea even if that stupid remote didn't work. It must have a short. God, Jo, I'm exhausted," she sighed tiredly.

I still had the broken key in my hand.

"Um, honey?" I said softly.

It was the tone of my voice, I'm sure, that made her eyes pop wide open.

"What?" she asked in a quiet terrified voice.

I took a deep breath and held up the broken key.

Sara blinked rapidly several times as if trying to register the extent of this disaster.

"The key broke off in the lock, honey." I somehow felt the need to explain this out loud.

"You broke the key off in the lock to this contraption?" she asked quietly irate, but very succinct, I might add.

"Well, now a moment ago, you said it was unfuckingbelievable," I reminded her with a weak smile.

"Get...This...Thing...Off...Me," she said. The tone in her lovely voice nearly made me soil myself.

"Okay. Okay. I, um, well," I stumbled and scratched my head. I looked down at my beautiful lover locked in the shiny steel prison. Locked.

I reached over my prone lover and grabbed the phone. After a few rings...

"Stacey? Jo. How are ya?"

I heard Sara growl lowly and got to the point. As I explained, Stacey roared with laughter. So much so, that Sara heard her. She closed her eyes to calm her anger. I avoided her completely. "So can you come over?"

"What do you expect me to do, Oh Great One?" she asked.

"You're a locksmith for chrissakes. Smith this lock!" I said helplessly.

"Okay, I'm closing shop in ten minutes. I'll be right over.

Chastity belts...you two beat all, you know that?" she said laughing.

"Just get here, please," I begged and hung up.

Sara lay there with a smug look. "Smith this lock?"

I laughed quietly and I hesitantly lay next to her. "Baby, you feel ok?"

"Yes, baby is fine. And you, dumpling?" she asked calmly. I didn't want to laugh, but this woman is just so wonderful. I chuckled, she joined me, and in a moment, we were both hysterical, rolling around the bed. Sara groaned and stopped.

"What's wrong?" I asked urgently.

"Forgot about the plugs," she winced and lay back.

"Shit, Sara. We'll get you out of that thing in a few minutes. I am so sorry, sweetie," I said earnestly.

Sara reached up and gently touched my cheek. "I know you are. Actually, this was a good idea. It's just that sometimes--"

"I know; I'm a bonehead. I don't know why..."

Sara reached up and pulled me down to her. She kissed me with such love it took my breath away. "You are a bonehead but you're my bonehead," she whispered with a grin. "But you know what?"

"Huh?" I mumbled quietly. I closed my eyes as she raked her fingers through my hair. She controls me completely when she does this. I was breathing deeply, reveling in her touch.

"I have to go to the bathroom," she whispered against my lips.

My eyes flew open as I pulled back. "You can. Here, wait..." I said and I scooted down between her beautiful thighs. I slipped the metal shield off and slipped off the-- Shit! I sat there with the clitoral stimulator in my hand. I felt like such a moron.

"Do you mean to tell me, you could have taken that thing off at any time?" she said, her voice rising with each word.

I winced as she spoke. "I-I forgot. I was so worried the remote didn't work. You know how I am with electronic stuff." I tried to defend myself.

There was no defense. I sat back on my heels, the picture of stupidity and dejection. I looked up at her. "At least you can go to the bathroom now." I smiled sheepishly.

Sara, my beloved, glared at me, her nostrils flaring. "That's not where I need relief," she said through clenched teeth.

"Eeww," I said with a grimace.

Sara closed her eyes and shook her head. "Someday I will kill you, and when I tell the judge of all your ideas, I doubt I'll do any time at all really. Perhaps just a visit or two to the psycho ward..."

I said nothing, still trying not to laugh. I ran my hand over my mouth in the attempt.

With that, mercifully, the doorbell rang.

"The locksmith, cometh." I said and jumped from the bed.

When I brought Stacey into the bedroom, Sara had slipped into her silk robe. I frowned deeply. Geesh, she could've put on a pair of sweats. I glanced at Stacey who was grinning with eyes wide open.

"Well, hello, Sara. I hear you're in need of my services," she said in a sultry voice.

"Okay, Casanova, just get the lock off," I said quickly.

Stacey walked around the bed to sit on the other side with bag in tow.

I leaned into my beloved. "Do you have to look so sexy?" I whispered.

She glared at me. "Don't even go there, Houdini," she said, evoking a low chuckle from Stacey, who pulled out the tools of her trade, in a variety of shapes.

"Say ahh," she said with a grin as she flexed the steel clippers.

I reached over and slapped her head. Sara laughed as she opened her robe.

"Don't even think about getting aroused by this, Stacey," I warned and Sara rolled her eyes.

Stacey gave me an incredulous look. "I'm sitting on a bed with a drop dead gorgeous woman who's wearing nothing but a black silk robe and a chastity belt, which I'm about to cut off, and you expect me not to get aroused? Man, that's just brutal," the young blonde declared and shook her head as she chewed her gum. She then concentrated on her task.

Twenty minutes and a minimum amount of pain later, Stacey had the lock cut off. She grinned evilly and reached for the lock. I grabbed her wrist and pulled her off the bed.

"Ouch, okay, okay..." Stacey grimaced as I led her to the door.

"Jo Windham," Sara scolded as I yanked our young savior out of the bedroom. "Thanks, Stacey." I heard Sara call out.

"Anytime." Stacey called back and I slapped her on the head again.

"Thank you, Stacey," I said sincerely.

She rubbed her wrist. "You're welcome," she said as she opened the door. She leaned into me. "Was it hot?" she whispered.

"Totally," I assured her.

The young locksmith groaned helplessly as I closed the door on her.

Sara was not on the bed when I returned. I heard the toilet flush and winced. Then I heard the shower running. I slipped out of my clothes and joined her.

"Let me get your back," I offered as I stepped into the steamy spray. "It's the least I can do."

WE LAY IN bed later that night, Sara cuddled close to my side. I absently ran my fingers through her hair.

"Mad at me?" I asked, hating that I sounded so juvenile. I heard her take a deep breath.

"No, I am not mad at you; not anymore anyway. I love you," she whispered and kissed my shoulder.

"God I love you, Sara. I always will," I said emphatically as I rolled her onto her back.

She gave me a worried look. "What are you thinking?" she asked softly as she caressed my cheek.

"Page forty-two. There was this article on this certain technique..." I stated as I kissed her neck.

"No. No more experiments, Jo," she said.

"Mhmm," I agreed as I tenderly kissed her earlobe. I felt her body shiver.

"W-What kind of technique?" she asked. "It doesn't involve any metal does it?"

I laughed quietly. "Nope, this is just me and you," I assured her tenderly.

"Now that's a good idea, Jo Windham. You may proceed," she whispered and pulled me down for a long loving kiss.

I gave one last glance at the treacherous chastity belt as it lay in a twisted heap in the chair, mocking me. I laughed inwardly. It's nice to spice up your sex life, but when it really comes down to it, there is nothing better than the woman I love, loving me, loving her.

Barfly

by Trish Shields

I SAT IN the corner, the lights dim, except those over the pool tables. A few couples played, their shots sounding like an accompaniment to Patsy Cline as she crooned over the jukebox.

My fingers drew abstract images in the condensation sliding off the side of my beer bottle. Both boots were propped up on the chair across from me, and my chair was tipped back. The same faces greeted me and I realized that I'd finally gotten to a place where I'd heard too much country music. Not that there was much choice.

Not a gay bar per se, just one of a few that didn't care what color your money is, just that you spend it there. And as long as you're discreet, you won't be messed with. I could understand that and respect it. Nobody wanted trouble, only a place to sit and watch their lives go by. I was okay with that, too.

I blended in easily with my leather jacket, high hobnails and solitary ways. Most of the clientele are truckers, but some are locals. Those that are keep to themselves, away from those of us of questionable tastes.

A glance at the clock showed me that it would be "last call" very shortly. I glanced at my half empty bottle. I don't come for the beer really, just for the chance to get out of the place I call home--a 14 foot trailer inherited from my mother. Well, if you can call her leaving me to wake up one morning at the tender age of 12 to find her gone, a small note indicating she'd send money when she could, but that she couldn't stand the life she was presently tortured by, an inheritance.

Thinking back on it now, I guess it was the kindest thing she did for me, or anyone else for that matter. Hard-bitten and totally oblivious as to how to bring up a child, let alone keep her own life straight, she did right by letting me do the job. It made it a hell of a lot easier coming out three years later with a nice brown skinned girl in the next small town. I'd always enjoyed riding my bike, but I could peddle that sucker and go like the wind with the thought of an afternoon in her arms as my prize.

But then she grew up and moved away and I started coming to the bar, watching the wildlife, engaging my gay-dar, and getting lucky every now and again.

Questions began nagging me though--was this all there was to life? Wasn't I headed down the same damned road my mother had taken years ago, abandoning myself just as she had done?

The bowl of peanuts was empty, but as my eyes picked out another bowl nearby, they picked out two coal black eyes staring so intently at me that I swear she was looking into my very soul. My chair came down with a crash and I sat with both palms flat on the table. My mouth was dry and yet I couldn't make my hands move, couldn't lift my beer if my life depended on it; pinned like a rare butterfly on the corkboard of life.

She sat there, and as her eyes moved from mine, down slowly, taking in every inch of my body, I thought I might just burst into flames. As her gaze was moving back up I was taking my own time perusing the delicacy before me on the way down. I couldn't see much in the semi-darkness, but I could see that she had close-cropped curly hair and a wicked smile that promised more than anyone had a right to enjoy in one lifetime.

Someone walked between us, the bond broken, and I dragged in a full deep breath of air. I felt as if I hadn't exhaled in at least an hour. Finally able to move my hands, one went to the bottle and the other to wipe at the sheen of sweat that had appeared while I was lost in limbo. Downing what was left of my beer, I decided to use it as an excuse to get up and perhaps wander my way over to the beauty's table on my way back from getting another beer. Would I be so bold and would she care? My eyes darted up and I felt pinned all over again. It took an effort to pull my eyes away from hers, and although my knees felt weak, I did lumber to my feet and then waded through the morass the air had suddenly turned into. Each step seemed in slow motion and I felt I must have aged as I finally gripped the side of the bar counter. Josie, the bartender and owner, cocked an eye in my direction. I rarely have more than one beer, and only if I've had a shitty week at work. That wasn't the case and Josie knew it. I was one of only two mechanics in town worth their salt so I got lots of work. I could have moved out of that damned hellhole I lived in, but it had always been home so I placed most of my paycheck into the local bank and forgot about it. I'd been working on Josie's truck since midweek and things were coming along just fine.

I cleared my throat and cocked my head slightly to the right.

"Know who she is, where she's from, who she's with?"

Josie shook her head and snorted. "What am I, 'Dear Fricken Abby'? Go ask her yourself." We'd known each other all through school. She was one of the first people I'd shared my little secret with and I remember how she laughed, because it really hadn't been a secret in the first place, at least not to her. She knew the type of women I liked, and I could tell that she thought I might be a little out of my league. "She looks too good for you anyway, Tony." She wiped the bar down and slammed her hand on the counter. "Now, you want another beer, that I can help you with."

I placed the empty on the bar along with a five-dollar bill. With a nod Josie grabbed another Bud out of the cooler and slid it down my way.

My heart was racing when I turned and found that the object of my desire wasn't at her table. My eyes scanned the room quickly and my breathing caught in my throat as I saw that she'd moved to my table.

Forcing one foot in front of the other I made my way back to the table and sat down. The music in the bar faded away and all I could hear was the click I was making as I tried to swallow a bit of moisture down my throat.

Now that she was closer, I could see the toffee color of her skin, her fine boned frame and almond eyes to die for. I could smell a scent of cinnamon. She was exotic and yet somehow familiar. When she reached her long tapered fingers across the table to lie on mine I thought I might die. I could imagine those fingers slowly moving over my body, entwined in mine as I moved over her, with her, inside her. I longed to see the contrast her hands would make as they clutched and kneaded my breasts, her full lips pulling my nipples into taut points of intensity.

I felt a sense of great loss when she removed her hand and instead placed the new bottle of beer between my hands. "You look thirsty, kiddo." Her voice was like honey or caramel or a mixture of the two with just a touch of chocolate to keep it all together.

One gold dangling earring shone in what little light the bar afforded. She had a stud higher in her other ear and I wondered what other succulent flesh might be pierced with tantalizing bits of gold. That thought took me down another merry path of torture as I imagined her legs over my shoulder with the scent of cinnamon inhaled with every breath and a piece of gold caught in my teeth.

Another click filled my head as I managed to force a bit of liquid down my throat. I'm not the talkative type, preferring others to do the talking while I took care of the action part of the equation. As the silence lengthened between us I wondered who would win the staring contest I hadn't even known had begun. Finally, I broke away from her steady gaze and pulled the bottle to my lips. The tip of her tongue slipped out from between two full luscious lips as I slowly consumed the contents of my beer without taking a breath.

Her chair creaked as she dragged it closer to mine, out of the partial light and into the shadows I was sitting in. Her hand moved slowly from the table and I watched it as if it were a snake, ready to coil about my body. As her hand moved up my leg, wandering onto my inner thigh, I expelled a breath and caught her hand hard against my jeans.

My mouth opened, the words wanting to tumble out as to who she was and where she thought we were going with all this teasing. But before I could, she purred, "Now you aren't going to ask what a nice girl like me is doing in a place like this, are you?" Her hand twitched beneath my own. "I figured you for more of an imagination." My mouth snapped shut, the words caught behind my teeth and forgotten immediately.

Her journey up to the juncture of my jeans continued and as she reached her final destination she gasped. I had visions of her pulling her burned hand away but she didn't, and instead began to massage the fabric, pushing harder as she moved closer, her mouth just inches from my ear. "I'm

going to make you cum right here in this bar with everyone around, all of them oblivious to the ecstasy I'm going to put you through." The way her lips moved across the sensitive skin of my ear lobe was all too familiar, and images of the perfect mate, the one that had punctuated every night of my life since I was old enough to know I loved women more than I loved to breathe, came to the fore.

I didn't know this woman, but somehow I did. It felt natural for me to simply lean back and slowly open my legs. I shuddered as her teeth grazed my lobe and her tongue worked its magic inside my ear. With one hand gripped on the bottle and the other on the table, I tried to look normal, as if sanity was a usual state of mind for me, that I was still the boring 30 year old that came in and sat in a dark corner nursing one beer before heading home, usually alone.

Part of me wondered how anyone could be fooled by attempts to look like anything but a woman getting a hand job in the middle of a bar on a busy Friday night. Couldn't they see the sparks flying? How could they miss the molten ore coursing through the fabric of my jeans, catching my lover's fingers like matchsticks as she ignited a series of forest fires that might spread and consume our table and everything surrounding it?

But everything continued as if nothing were out of the usual, though it did seem like everything was in slow motion with voices totally out of synch with the people speaking to each other. I gazed over at the bar, my mouth slightly open as my zipper was slowly lowered and I felt the soft cool flesh of my lover's hand move between me and my briefs, trailing through the short crop of crinkled hair before moving expertly through throbbing nether lips and into places that begged to be filled.

I registered the fact that Josie was smiling as she dried off a few glasses, all the while keeping her eyes on what was going on at the back table in the dark corner.

My eyes locked with hers; she knew a secret and it was up to me to find out what it was. My hips rocked against my lover's hand and I felt my belt buckle almost slip to the floor.

"Last call, boys and girls," Josie yelled before moving to the jukebox and putting on some of the newer music. It wasn't long before half the patrons got up and took to the dance floor while the other half bellied up to the bar. Josie winked my way as the tables nearby emptied and I was left alone to endure my torture.

I moved a shaky hand onto her thigh and she ceased all movement. "This is my show, my way, get it? I'll tell you what I want when I want it." I swallowed and nodded, pulling my hand away, letting it flop back onto the table like some floundering fish. My mouth was open as I panted and she plunged. My eyes rolled back into my head and my head tilted back as she worked me over. I jerked as my hand was taken gently and slipped under her blouse. Her flesh was soft and smooth and slightly cool as if her actions of turning me into an inferno were not affecting her in the least.

My breathing was ragged and my legs wide as I rode her, not caring if anyone knew what was going on, what planet I was currently inhabiting or if I'd somehow slipped into another dimension, one lacking sound.

As another finger stretched me wide I groaned, "more," and she complied until I was totally filled with her long delicious fingers. She'd moved so close that she was almost sitting in my lap. An image of me fucking her against the wall assaulted my senses, pushing me closer to the precipice. I wanted to see her writhe like she was making me, I wanted to feel one of her slender legs wrapped around my waist as I filled her with my dick, her hands gripping my harness tightly, urging me on.

My mind pulled reluctantly from such images as my hand was pushed up to cup her breast, full and silky. And as my finger outlined the barbells piercing her nipple, my mouth opened and I screamed silently as my world spun out of control.

Another beer was pushed into my hand and I drank greedily from the bottle, my head spinning and my senses aroused beyond anything I'd ever experienced. I could touch her scent, feel her voice, see her touch molding me, setting me free.

And as I turned to her, I managed a smile while she pulled her fingers out and painted her upper chest with my essence. "For later," she said and returned the smile. The truth of who she was suddenly hit me and I could still feel my knees almost touching my chest as I peddled my bike the two miles out to her house. "Hey, Connie, how you been?"

She smiled back and then licked what was left of the moisture on her fingers. "How does it feel like I've been?" I shook my head, still in the daze of an afterglow. All I knew was I'd been fucked so well that any reasonable thought beyond the sentence I'd barely gotten out was totally out of the question. I blinked lazily as she chuckled and pulled my clothing into something resembling normal.

I was still sitting there dazed as she got up and stood by the table. "This was just my way of saying 'hey, I've moved back into town.'" I followed her stupidly out of the bar and ran smack dab into her as she stopped by my Harley. Her rich laughter filled the air and I relished every bit of it as the cool night air brought me back to my senses. "I see some things haven't changed, though I gotta say I'm gonna miss that Schwinn you used to own." She snuggled up beside me as I got on my bike. "I would have been back sooner but I had to wait until my father died and left the house to me. Old fool had me moved east as if a private school could beat the gayness out of me." She hugged me close. "But now I'm back and I can resume the life I wanted." She paused and then slipped a hand under my jacket. "Unless you've moved on the last fifteen years?"

I grabbed her hand as she tried to pull it away, sensing she might have made a mistake and stepped into a relationship already in the works.

"There could never be anyone but you, Connie, you know that."

She hugged me close. "Never been anyone for me neither, lover. Almost killed me when my old man moved me away without me even being able to write you a note."

I shrugged. "Figured you might have moved on, got married and raised some kids." I could feel her lips on the nape of my neck.

"You're the only baby I want in my life, sugar. Ain't no man got what we have and never could." She tapped my shoulder. "Now let's get out of here." I pointed the Harley away from my house, away from the painful memories and into a brand new life with the woman I'd always loved. We'd both just been in a holding pattern until things got back to square one.

As I sped down the road, the wind in my hair and my darling clutching me closely, my heart was full.

I BLINKED AT the clock as its tick tock finally worked its way through my haze. I wondered what day it was, even what year. As my eyes focused on the dingy light bulb hanging from the center of the room reality slammed back into me with a force that might have put fissures into my back molars had they been in contact with the rest of my teeth. We were in a cheap motel. That much I could remember. Every muscle and bone within me felt abused and I eyed the empty Dasani bottles that littered the floor. Water was the source of all life but I knew there was another fuel that kept me alive. Connie.

She sat in the corner quietly doing her nails. All of her tools were spread out on the table in front of her, a mini pharmacy of lotions, colored polish and smelly concoctions. Her foot tapped silently, her shapely leg bent casually over her other knee.

I sat with my back plastered against the wall, trails of sweat still slowly making their way through my soaked hair. I knew she was aware of my gaze by the curl of her lips. The soft wisp of her nailbrush accentuated the silence, along with my raspy breath. It had been a long night and I should be dead tired and fried, and yet I felt ready to go another 15 rounds with the champ.

My hands fidgeted in my lap, the heat from my well-used body almost welding them together. I felt flushed as if my skin had been reduced to fine coals, banked well to last. I managed to untangle one hand from the other and pulled the sodden sheet away from my belly. I closed my eyes tightly as the scent of our lovemaking wafted up. Well, so much for banked embers. The tip of my tongue snaked out and licked at her memory. And still she sat across the room, pretending to ignore me.

One hand trembled as I brought it to my lips long enough to coat it before sending it sliding over one nipple and then the other. It took everything I had not to moan at the contact. wasn't sure whether it was the pain of what we'd done last night, all night, or the absence of it but I felt rocked to the core.

Even with eyes closed tightly, I could still see her teeth, bright as pearls against her dark skin, pulling at me, tempting me to heights I longed to stay at, before replacing sharpness with a soft silken tongue, lavishing her way down my body before staking her claim on the very core of me. My toes curled at the memories and I longed to burn again.

I panted with mouth opened, lost in my thoughts, oblivious of the creak of her chair. My eyes opened wide as a black dildo slowly slipped between my lips. "I'm gonna fuck that nice mouth of

yours for a while, Tony, just to loosen you up. Been a long night, huh?" I swallowed and snaked my tongue up and down the shaft of her dildo. My tongue engaged every plastic vein, every crease of the head she fucked me with as my hips kept rhythm and my hands held onto the sheets for dear life.

No woman had ever taken me this way; I preferred to be on top, the dominant one who led her prey from one sensuous attack to another. But here I sat, wishing the dick was plunging in and out between other lips, my bruised flesh already throbbing and begging to join the fun. But all I could do was slide slowy back down onto the damp sheets, silently accepting everything she was willing to do to and for me.

Suddenly my mouth was vacant and I opened my eyes, wildly wondering if my torture was just ending or changing venues. I'd learned at a young age that Connie loved to tease me to a fevered state. My trembling fingers spread my labia in invitation and now I had the upper hand. Connie bit down on her lower lip as she eased the dick inside me, just enough to coat it with my essence.

My breath stilled, making my lungs feel like they'd been filled with lead as she lifted one leg and settled her foot against the molten flesh between my legs. Her eyes fluttered closed as she pushed the dick slowly into her hot cunny. I watched as the dildo was pushed inside up to the hilt. It was coated with my spit, my want, making a clear slick path for a part of me that I never knew I wanted. But at that moment I would have given anything to feel her lips sliding up and down my cock, the building heat urging me deeper and harder, feeling her muscles expand and contract around my engorged flesh.

Moving faster than I ever thought possible, I tore the sheets from my body and had my dusky skinned lover wide-eyed and gasping as I inched the other end of the dildo into my waiting cunt.

Her knees were high and her mouth slack as I began to move and adjust the plastic, gripping it with muscles as hard and stiff as steel. I could feel a roar in my ears as I began my rhythm, getting caught on the sounds she was making, greasing me like a piston suddenly made flesh.

My fingers snagged her nipples, squeezing and kneading them with every thrust until my ears rang as she screamed my name, the sound echoing from wall to wall. But still I continued, my buttocks tight, my center dripping, and my hands still pulling at her flesh. When her screams were replaced with moans and soft whimpers, I slowed my pace, my eyes blinded by a whiteout of pure ecstasy.

The tip of my clit felt distended and raw, having banged against the soft curls of my lover's mound for what seemed like hours. Her knees were still high, her legs still clenched around my middle, and I could feel the aftershocks of her orgasm as I slipped a finger along side of my dick, stretching her swollen flesh a little bit more. I could tell by the glazed look in her eyes that she wasn't done with me. A sad sigh slipped from between her pouting lips as I withdrew.

I could hear her panting as she rolled over and ground the sheets between her teeth, again urging me on. I leaned in, kissed her softly between the shoulder blades and helped her to her knees. Her vagina was fully distended, open and waiting for my next move. I laved the swollen flesh

with my mouth and tongue until her ass rocked against my face and then, after generously coating my hand with lube, plunged in three fingers, wiggling them until I heard her beg for more.

I was lost in the sweet sight of her body accepting more and more of me until my wrist slipped passed her lips and I was enveloped in white heat. The pucker of her ass pulsed along with the muscles of her sweet cunt as my hand was held tightly. Adding a bit more lube, I pushed in deeper and then withdrew, waiting until she pushed back, impaling herself on me in a slow dance of lust.

I rimmed her ass with my thumb, wanting to fill every hole, every part of her until there was no difference between the flesh we shared.

I twisted my wrist, flexed my fingers and probed every fold, bump and hollow. She fucked my hand deeply, allowing the first knuckles to be seen before they plunged back inside. I could feel her silky flesh ripple and I thrust my thumb in and out of her ass, pushing her over the edge. My mind went white again as I felt her balloon out, her muscles momentarily releasing their grip on my hand as she came and came again.

And when I pulled out slowly, wiping the bruised length of her pussy in thanks, I was surprised as the dildo I still had clenched within me flopped down onto the floor. Moving her legs wider, pressing my sweaty body against her exhausted heaving flesh, I tangled my fingers between hers, and rested my cheek against her back. "God, you're so good to me."

Connie groaned as she looked at her damaged nails. "If you keep this up we'll never get to my place, baby."

I smiled at the red polish streaks bright against the white sheets. Her nails felt fuzzy and dull. I chuckled, wondering just how many coats we'd ruined in the past 36 hours.

"Oh, fuck it. Neither one of us could have waited that long," I said in a very lazy voice. At that moment I didn't care if we ever left this room, now that I'd found her again. I smiled at that. It felt like the intervening years between us were nothing but smoke.

She moved slowly beneath me and I lifted my body until she was once more facing me. A pool of sweat gathered between her nice small breasts, the barbell twinkling at me. She tried to lift her legs up to cuddle me closer but gave up with a weak moan. I could feel the heat building again as she leaned up and purred into my ear, "No, sugar, fuck me. I think there are a few places that need your undivided attention." I feasted on her lips and tongue for awhile. She was sweet nectar I couldn't get enough of. I grabbed a bottle of water off the night stand and guzzled its contents. 'Ali, Ali, Ali,' chanted within my mind as an imaginary bell announced the next round.

Edenfield Road

by Victoria Oldham

THEY MET AS the sirens screamed around them. How it had missed her house, Leah didn't know. She heard it as it careened around the sharp curve above the house, and she braced for the car to hit the wall as it had seven years before. Instead, seconds later, she heard it slam into something else, and before she could even put on her fuzzy blue robe and slippers, people from the White Lion Pub across the street were already surrounding the car and calling for help.

Leah glanced back up the street, and the flashing lights illuminated the skid marks around the bend, which sharply turned again just before her wall. Had the driver hesitated one more second, he would have been parked in her living room.

She sat watching as the emergency team peeled back the roof of the car. They all stayed around the driver as they lifted him out and loaded him quickly into the ambulance. It drove off, lights flashing, sirens screaming, and Leah watched it until the lights no longer bounced off the buildings as it raced past.

"Excuse me, Miss?"

Leah, startled, look up at a woman with impossibly high cheek bones and full, naturally red lips. She found herself unable to speak because of the butterflies that suddenly invaded her stomach and subsequently turned her tongue to mush.

"Sit down, and I'll be right back. Don't move." With that, the fire-fighter turned and loped back toward the long red truck, her broad back moving easily under her large yellow jacket.

Leah did as she was told, sitting down on the curb, tucking her knees up tight against her chest and wrapping her robe around her legs so she didn't flash anyone.

The fire-fighter returned and draped a large leather jacket around her shoulders, lightly brushing the side of Leah's breast as she pulled away. Leah prayed it wasn't accidental. Only then did she realize how hard she'd been shivering.

She smiled gratefully. "Thanks. I didn't realize I was so cold."

A shout came from the crash site, and the gorgeous woman immediately turned around. Striding off, she called over her shoulder, "I'll be back in a few. Just stay warm, okay?" She gave Leah a quick, soft grin before she was engaged by fellow fire fighters directing traffic and mopping up the crash site.

Leah nodded, cursing herself mentally for not finding something cute and witty to say. Although, it probably wasn't polite to ask emergency personnel back to your place when they had just saved someone's life, was it? She curled further into the warmth of the soft leather and inhaled, recognizing the scent of CK One. She thought of the woman's broad shoulders and wondered what color her eyes were, since it was far too dark to tell.

The fire fighter came back about ten minutes later, and Leah thought about what she must look like, sitting there in her robe and slippers, with a borrowed leather jacket draped over her shoulders.

The woman leaned down and stared intently into Leah's eyes.

"I think you might be in a bit of shock. Why don't you go inside, get something hot to drink, and get some sleep. Tomorrow will be better."

Leah nodded and began to shrug out of the jacket, embarrassed when her robe opened slightly to reveal a bit of cleavage.

The fire fighter took a deep breath and, barely remembering to make eye contact instead of stare at the woman's exposed flesh, she said, "Why don't you hold on to my jacket, and bring it by the station tomorrow? That way you don't get chilled walking back to the house."

Leah stared back at the woman's strong face and intense eyes and said, "Okay."

"Tomorrow, then," and the gorgeous woman backed away, smiling, until she reached her truck and fellow emergency workers, who seemed to be dishing out some good natured teasing about having held them up.

LEAH TOOK A deep breath as she walked up to Rochdale Volunteer Fire Station, smoothing her sweaty palms down the front of her pants.

She called that morning and asked if this was the station that had responded to the accident on Edenfield Road the night before, and if so, might she request the name of the female firefighter? The woman on the other end of the line suddenly had other calls to answer, and after a few minutes of waiting, Leah smiled when she heard a familiar voice pick up.

"This is Murphy," said the leather jacket's owner.

"Um, hi. Last night, you responded to a call on Edenfield, and you left your jacket." Leah trailed off, not sure what else to say. *Lets go to bed* would probably be too forward.

"Oh hey, yeah! I was going to wander up and down the street this afternoon calling for it. Or just hoping some hot blonde came out and returned it to me, if it didn't grow legs."

Leah laughed and said, "Well, I'll save you the walk. Would you like to have lunch?" Leah held her breath, remembering the feel of a light brush against her breast.

"If not, that's okay, I mean, I could just drop off your jacket, or whatever, I'm sure you're on duty..."

"No! I mean, yes, I would love to go to lunch. I got off duty this morning, but was just cleaning up and doing some paperwork. What time, and where? Oh, and do you have a name?"

"My name is Leah, and how about 2 o'clock? I have to run some errands this morning. I'll pick you up at the station." *Like get new underwear, a new bra, stockings, god willing she sees them.*

"Two is fine, and my name's Chris. See you then."

Was that a flirtatious tone Leah heard in that husky voice? After hanging up, she grabbed her purse and ran out the door, heading for the nearest Victoria's Secret.

FOUR HOURS LATER Leah stepped through the doorway of the station and said to the Matronly woman at the front desk, "Hi. I'm supposed to meet Chris Murphy." The bouffant wearing, rouged woman gave her a big smile and said, "One minute honey. I think she's still getting ready." Her cackle echoed off the walls as she punched in an extension and in a sing-song voice said, "She's here."

Leah nervously ran a hand through the long, wavy blonde hair she had given up on straightening, and pushed her wire-rimmed glasses up on her nose. Her new outfit, tight black jeans, with a tight, low-cut black blouse that showed just the right amount of cleavage above her black lace bra made her feel sexy and a little wanton.

The station door opened and Chris, with her short blonde hair and fantastically broad shoulders stepped out into the sunlight. Her blue jeans hugged her clearly muscled thighs and a tight black t-shirt her thick arms. Her heavy black boots were a perfect complement to the rest of her. Leah swallowed hard and hoped she didn't faint right at Chris's feet. Or, at least if she did, she woke up naked and being given CPR.

They laughed and talked like old friends as they drove, learning about one another in a relaxed manner. Leah kept sneaking glances at Chris's large, calloused hands resting easily on her knees.

"So, where do you want to go for lunch? I've been talking so much I didn't even think about where we were headed," Leah admitted, blushing.

"Is Italian okay?" Chris asked, not wanting to seem pushy. "There's a great little restaurant down Pike Street, with a great view of the canal."

Leah nodded and drove happily toward one of her favourite restaurants.

Once seated in the dimly lit little café, with its checked table cloths and votive candles, Leah began to get nervous. What if this wasn't a date after all? What if Chris was just being nice to her after the traumatic evening she had?

She looked up from the menu to find Chris staring at her intently. She watched as Chris reached across and, picking up her hand, drew her lips gently against Leah's knuckles. She never lost eye contact, and the look in them was clear.

Yup, it's a date.

"Maybe we could have dessert after?" Chris asked, with her meaning clear in the purr of her voice and the way her eyes travelled over Leah's exposed cleavage.

Leah nodded, mesmerized by the feel of Chris's soft lips as she turned her hand over and began to kiss her palm. Once again she was left speechless.

"Would you like to go now?" Chris asked softly.

Leah grabbed her keys off the table, took Chris's hand and yanked her out of the restaurant, desperately searching for something witty to say, but feeling only the flaming heat between her thighs and the aching in her lace covered breasts.

On the ride back to her place, Chris traced lazy circles on Leah's thigh, then leaned over and nibbled on her earlobe. It took all of her concentration not to drive off the road. Or, even better, to just pull over and go for it right there on the street.

As soon as they got out of the car, Chris pulled Leah tight against her muscular body, and she melted into the strong arms holding her. She groaned as Chris's mouth crushed her own, her tongue dancing deeply inside, making promises of the night to come, as Leah knew from their earlier conversation that neither of them had anywhere to be the next day.

They stumbled up the two stairs, and as Leah fumbled with the keys to her door, Chris stood behind her, her large hands cupping Leah's breasts and lightly playing over her increasingly hardening nipples. "I wanted you the moment I saw you in your bunny slippers," Chris whispered in her ear, and then tugged Leah's earlobe between her teeth. They fell in the front door, and between burning kisses Chris whispered, "Bedroom?" to which Leah answered by waving a finger in the general direction. She gasped when Chris scooped her up in her arms, and without breaking their kiss, carried her up the steps and into the dimly lit bedroom, where she lay her down on the black comforter and then covered her with her own hard body.

Chris's mouth trailed down Leah's neck, and over her silky cobalt blouse to the nipples poking through the fabric. She sucked them into her mouth, watching Leah's face as her back arched and she moaned. She sat up and gave the shirt a sharp tug, grinning as the buttons went flying and Leah's black lace bra was exposed. Chris took a breast in each hand, squeezing gently, rubbing them, caressing them until finally she heard what she wanted to hear.

"Chris, please. Oh, God, Chris, you're driving me crazy. Please."

Chris unbuttoned Leah's pants, yanked them off and threw them behind her head. Sliding her hands up Leah's soft calves and along the inside of her thighs, she looked into Leah's eyes and smiled, then dropped her head into the well trimmed nest of curls between Leah's legs, smiling again when she heard her moan.

She moved her tongue lightly over the engorged lips, stopping occasionally to flick her tongue over the swollen pink clit. Leah was gasping and bucking, and Chris wrapped her arms around Leah's thighs and began to fuck her with her tongue, moving in and out, deep and hard. Leah was nearly screaming by the time she moved up to her clit and sucked it hard into her mouth, moaning when Leah came in a hard gush almost instantly.

Chris rested her head against Leah's thigh as they both caught their breath. When she began to move back toward the hot, wet mound, Leah made a sound of protest and pulled on Chris's short hair, so that Chris had to move up and on top of Leah

Leah smiled through a sex haze and said, "Oh no. You too." Chris smirked and pulled her t-shirt over her head then pulled her pants off, and then peeling her sports bra and Calvin Klein boxers off as well revealing an amazingly muscular body, with a flat stomach and rock hard thighs. She lay down on Leah and began nibbling and sucking on her neck, while grinding down on her leg.

Reaching down, she slid two fingers inside Leah's wet centre while at the same time picking up her tempo as she rode Leah's leg, driving them both to deafening orgasms.

Collapsing on top of Leah, they lay there for a long time, drifting in and out of sleep, wrapped up against one another, neither feeling the need to talk. Leah slowly awakened to a warm wetness on her breast. She opened her eyes and found Chris sucking gently, rolling her nipple around in her mouth, teasing it with her teeth, and she groaned.

Suddenly, Chris tucked an arm under her and rolled, so that now Leah was on top. "Ride me," she said, and slid three fingers into Leah's tight, swollen pussy, trapping her hand between her own thigh and Leah's body. Leah rode, enjoying the control and the depth of Chris's hand inside her, while Chris's other hand twisted, pinched and tugged at her nipples. Chris watched as the beautiful woman sat astride her, her soft skin glowing and flushed, her breasts bouncing slightly with her movement, her hair flowing and mussed. She rode faster and harder, moaning and then screaming as yet another orgasm crashed down on her, her back arched and her long hair tickling the inside of Chris's thighs as she tossed her head back.

Gasping for breath, she slowly lowered herself onto Chris, who shifted slightly so that the hand inside Leah was now resting against her own wet patch as well. She began to move slowly, rocking against her hand, moving it gently inside Leah who moaned quietly, nearly unconscious from the pleasure. With an increasing pace she rocked them both into one last orgasm, holding Leah tightly against her as they both cried out and collapsed in exhaustion.

Finally satiated, Leah glanced sleepily at Chris as they both drifted off and said, "So, does this mean I can keep your jacket?"

Chris pulled her close and said, "Why don't we talk about it over breakfast?"

Fluid

by Sammo

JIFFY LUBE! I adore Jiffy Lube and not just because anything that mentions lube gets my pulse racing and pussy clenching, but because Frankie works there. Frankie the grease monkey mechanic is the butch of my dreams.

Frankie has been changing my oil, checking my fluids and making sure my hoses are intact for the last nine months. Nine months, two weeks and three days, to be exact.

I'm a femme. I know that when I put the pedal down, the car moves forward. When I brake, the car stops. I know that I need to run it through the car wash occasionally, and how to pump my own gas. That's what I know about cars. The first time I went to get my oil changed, it was because my dad threatened to stop paying half of my car payment. I had driven 11,000 miles and hadn't even thought that my brand new Nissan Sentra might need service. It turns out all that stuff under the hood needs occasional attention. Who knew?

So, I drove to the Jiffy Lube on the corner of Franklin and Lincoln. (Our town likes dead white guys.) And that's when I saw the butchest of the butch. When she walked over to the car with clipboard in hand, muscular arms straining her Jiffy Lube shirt and oil on her cheek, I cursed myself for not reading the drivers manual and discovering a car needed an oil change every 3,000 miles. I could have been here twice already!

She flashed me a big smile, her white teeth standing out against the grime on her face. I took in the "Frankie" patch on her pinstriped mechanic shirt, her baggy black "Dickie's" pants and steel toe boots and my heart threatened to lurch out of my chest. Her spiky blonde hair had streaks of what I figured must be grease from dragging her hand through her hair as she spoke to me.

"Oil change?" she asked in a Janis Joplin voice.

"Yes."

"We do a full service which includes--"

"Yes." Smooth Hannah, real smooth.

"Checking the coolant, checking tire press--"

"Yes." Oh, could I be any more fucking articulate?

Frankie smiled again.

"Hop out and I'll take it from here. You can sit in the waiting room until I bring the paperwork in. I should be done in about a half hour. There's free wireless internet connection," she said, giving me a wink and a grin.

I stumbled out of the car in my pink, three inch high-heeled sandals.

I stepped into the office feeling like an idiot. It's not like I haven't seen a butchie before. I have. Many of them. Shit, I've even slept with a few of them. Not as many as I would like, but still, I'm no newbie!

When I drove up to the Jiffy Lube entrance this evening, (for the fifth time in two months) a short man with a severely receding hairline headed my way with the requisite clipboard.

"No fucking way," I mumble, about ready to careen past him and out of the side entrance, when I'm saved by a deep, scratchy, come-give-it-up-kind of voice from the office.

"I got this one, Gary. If you want to check the Escort it should be pretty much done, only the paperwork's left."

"Sure thing, Frankie."

Frankie strutted over to me, feral grin in place.

"Oil change?" she asked. Her eyes showed her amusement, although she was evidently too polite to laugh at me directly.

Fuck. I was busted. It hadn't even been three weeks since my last oil change. I thought fast.

"My air conditioner's on the fritz."

"The fritz, huh? Well, we can't have that. We're closing in about 45 minutes though, so if it's just a quick fix I can take care of it now, but if it's a big deal you'll have to come back."

"No problem," I responded too quickly. "Should I wait in the office?"

She shook her gorgeous spiky-haired head. "Office is closing. I'm afraid you'll have to hang out here by the pit. Make sure to stay to the side though. I wouldn't want you getting lube on your pretty dress." Her soft grey eyes wandered up and down my latest acquisition from Old Navy.

Oh. My. Fucking. God. OH MY FUCKING GOD! I resisted the temptation to yell that I wanted lube on my dress, settling instead for an understanding smile. I clenched my thighs together to stop the pounding in my clit.

How can she do that? One mention of the word "lube" and I'm a dizzy, wet wreck. I leaned my shoulder against the wall and attempted to read a poster about transmission fluid, differential fluid, power steering fluid and windshield washer fluid, all the time trying not to think about my *own* fluid, which threatened to spill down my legs at any moment.

I watched as Frankie headed down the steel steps into the pit. She spent at least twenty minutes banging and clanking in the pit, during which time I tried not to think about her muscular arms and hoped she hadn't discovered that my air conditioner story was a phony. I watched as it grew darker outside and soon I was the only customer left.

Gary popped his head into the bay and shouted, "You gonna lock up, Frankie?"

"Yeah, I got it," she yelled from the shadowy automotive depths. "I just need five more minutes with this Nissan and then I'm done."

"Good night," he said, and let the metal door clank hard into place behind him.

Another few minutes passed before I saw Frankie emerge from the pit.

"Okay," she said, "There's no problem with your air conditioner."

I felt myself flush. *I should have just worn a sign around my neck that said PLEASE FUCK ME!*

"However," she continued, "You seem to have a leak."

I looked at her dumbfounded. Could she really see my inner thighs from the pit?

"Excuse me?" I asked in my best Marilyn Monroe voice.

"You have a small problem with the valve cover gasket. It's leaking oil onto the exhaust manifold. Your car is still under warranty right? You should take it back to your dealer and have them take care of it. It shouldn't have this problem with such low mileage, but it's an easy fix."

"It's got a leak?" I asked idiotically.

"Yeah, the valve cov-- Look, why don't you come down with me and I'll show you."

I didn't answer. I was stuck on the words "come down." I looked closely at Frankie who was grinning evocatively. Oh yeah, I'll come down.

When we got into the pit I took in the variety of boxes lining the work benches and shelves. There was a puddle of black liquid on the floor and dirty rags strewn all over the place.

Frankie looked me up and down, her eyes traveling slowly from my painted toenails to my painted lips. The hunger in her gaze made me blush and then without warning she was on me, her lips claming mine. Her tongue thrust inside and I moaned into her. She took that as her cue. She pressed her lower half into me and I groaned. *Fuck me, she packs, and at work no less.* I ran my hand down her inner thigh. She was packing a hard cock, one well concealed by her baggy Dickie's.

I rapidly unzipped her and reached into her boxers, fondling her cock. Frankie grabbed the back of my head and pulled me harder to her, screwing my mouth with her tongue. *Oh my.* It was all moving so fast and yet not fast enough. My lonely nights of rubbing the pillow between my legs and dreaming about how her lips would feel against my distended clit were catching up fast. Already the reality was proving way better than my dirtiest fantasy.

She planted her hands against my ass and I knew then that my dress was ruined. And I *so* didn't care. She thrust against me, her bulge both rigid and soft at the same time.

"You like?" she asked.

I didn't answer. I moved my hand up and down her shaft, slowly jerking her off.

"Suck me," she whispered.

The wetness flowed from my pussy, seeping into my panties as she gently pushed my head down.

"Suck me," she repeated, her demanding hands pushing down on my spaghetti-strapped shoulders.

I lifted my dress above my knees and knelt on the black, slippery floor. Slowly I released her chocolate colored cock from the boxers and looked up at her.

"Now." She grunted as I touched the tip of my tongue to the head of her cock. Her hips thrust slowly and I opened my mouth to take in more. The cyber-skin, silky and stiff, rested against my tongue. I gently curled my lips around her and pulled her deeper into my mouth.

"Fuck yeah. Suck harder."

I felt her pelvis push a little faster and I drew her stiff rod deeper into my mouth, letting my pink lipstick smear along the faux veins.

My clit was pulsating against the cotton of my panties. Juices flowed, in danger of dripping onto the floor at any minute, mixing white with black.

I increased my speed and took the whole of her cock deep into my mouth, giving her head, making her eyes roll and her hands grip my head like a vise.

Suddenly, she pulled me up by my hair and slammed me against the work bench, lifting me onto it and pulling up my dress at the same time. Frankie reached between my thighs and tore my panties completely off, discarding them somewhere on the greasy floor. Without skipping a beat she lowered her head and buried it between my thighs, her tongue plunging in and out of my cunt. She wasn't gentle, she wasn't tender; she was primal. She fucked me with her tongue until I was dizzy.

I leaned back and braced myself with one hand, while the other reached into my bra and toyed with my tits. They were swollen and heavy and my nipples ached. I caught one of the rigid peaks between two fingers and slowly tugged. More juices flowed into Frankie's mouth as I roughly handled my nipples. I needed something bigger, something harder.

"Please, Frankie, your cock," I gasped.

Frankie lifted her head. Her lips were bruised and her face covered in my cream. Her spiky hair had been flattened by the pressure of my thighs, her pin stripe shirt was wrinkled and her glorious cock dangled between her legs.

Somehow I managed to blurt out, "I want you to fuck me, Frankie. Fuck me hard."

As if she had been told she only had minutes to live, Frankie lifted me off the work bench, turned me around and leaned me over until my face was up against boxes of brake pads. And then she filled me from behind. Her cock slid deep inside me, hard and fast. Frankie hoisted my dress even higher, grabbed my hips and propelled herself into me. She rammed me with such force my feet were repeatedly lifted off the ground, and my face slammed into boxes that smelled of dust and cars.

I tried desperately to hold onto something solid. I grabbed at a box that mentioned something about filters as Frankie increased her speed. I knew I wouldn't last long. My orgasm building, I yelled, "Harder, dammit!" Frankie withdrew almost fully and then hammered her shaft deep inside me. I exploded and screamed. And I mean *screamed*. I half expected to hear sirens by the time I regained some sense of where I was.

Frankie however, was far from done. She fucked me as though I would be her last conquest ever. I felt her palms digging deep into my hips, pulling me back onto her as she pushed into me. Unexpectedly she stopped thrusting, pulled out of me and turned me around to face her. She raised me back onto the work bench, pulled my butt forward to the edge of the bench, placed my legs over her shoulders and entered me again. I managed to open my eyes and what I saw in Frankie's eyes almost made me come instantly.

Never before had I seen a butch fuck with such intensity in her eyes. Sweat poured down her face and her blue eyes were barely open as she resumed her rhythm and devoured me with that sweet, hard cock of hers. I like it rough, and Frankie was certainly rough. She took me completely, my hips rising off the bench to match every even stroke, astounding me with her stamina and strength.

Frankie fucked me so hard and so thoroughly I didn't know if I would be able to walk ever again. My second orgasm grew and I felt as though I might implode, but I didn't want to come without Frankie. Her grunting told me she was close.

"Open your eyes," I said. "Open your eyes, Frankie. Look at me when we come."

Frankie groaned and reached up to grab my ankles. Then she held my legs open above her head and moaned a deep, guttural sound as she exploded inside me. I followed closely behind, drenching us both with my orgasm.

She released my ankles and collapsed on my stomach, trying to catch her breath. "Wow," she muttered. She raised her head to look at me, and smiled a slow, lazy smile. I whimpered something totally incoherent and Frankie's grin widened. She slowly withdrew from me, looking apologetic as my teeth clenched with the loss of every inch.

"Sorry about your panties," Frankie said as she glanced down at my shredded pink underwear.

I reassured her that it was okay. "I just won't wear any next time," I added with a wink.

"Good idea."

Frankie held out her hand and helped me off the work bench. I pulled my dress down and smoothed the front. There were multiple stains; greasy hand prints, my own juices, who knows what else, and there was a tear in the seam on the side. A small price to pay for such remarkable sex.

"You don't work with Linda Tripp do you?" Frankie tossed a wicked smile as she placed her cock inside black boxers and zipped up.

I laughed, "No, I'm just a college student. No dress saving politics here."

"Well, your methods of study are unorthodox but I happen to like them a lot. I really am sorry about your dress though."

Frankie took my hand and led me back up the metal stairs. As she walked me to my car she reminded me to get my leak fixed. Opening the car door, she slid a piece of clear plastic over my seat so that I wouldn't stain the seat with grease. I slid in behind the wheel and Frankie leaned in, giving me a chaste kiss on the cheek.

"I'll drop by and let you know what the dealer says about my leak," I said.

"I look forward to it," Frankie replied, grinning as she closed the door.

I started the car and looked in my rear view mirror, watching as she pulled down the huge steel doors. I wanted to see this butch again, and I had a feeling it would be mutual. Thank goodness I finally learned how important it is to keep the fluids in your car clean.

It's That Simple

by Karin Kallmaker

NITA HAS NO idea what her Santa has in mind. She's such an adorable elf. The short skirt she's required to wear offends my feminist sensibilities, but it also delights my little butch heart. Modern life is full of such conflicts; right now the butch is winning.

These jobs were sexist, she'd complained. I had to agree. Butch me got the cushy sitting down job, and long-legged, curvaceous her got the standing up hard work. But if we wanted to go away for New Year's Eve we needed some extra cash. She sits the kids on my lap and I listen to what they want under the tree. I'm not half bad at holding babies, though more often than not the bushy white beard scares them.

Tonight's our last shift, Christmas Eve. I am so tired of holding kids and smiling. Nita's elven slippers scuff across the floor and I'm wishing she could have a rest.

Maybe sit on Santa's lap.

The thing that has always worked between Nita and me is that if she likes it, I like it. If I like it, she likes it. It's that simple.

My friend Emily thinks about it too much. I tell her if a nice dyke wants to get on top stop talking it to death and enjoy the ride. Does it really matter if the privilege might be implied from the missionary position? Especially if they both like it? Far as I'm concerned if there are only women in the room, it's lesbian sex. I like lesbian sex. A lot.

I don't think enough, or so I'm told. I'm just an uncomplicated butch and I want Nita to remember this Christmas Eve.

"That's it, Laney." Nita drops onto the faux reindeer bench and kicks off the torturous slippers. "I'm going to sleep until noon tomorrow."

"What about presents?" I want out of the clunky boots in the worst way, but I can stand them a little while longer.

"We weren't supposed to get presents!" She eyes me suspiciously.

"I've always got a present you can open." I wonder if she can make out my smirk behind the beard.

She gives me her sideways one-eyed wink. "Oh yeah? What about last night, and the night before, and the night before that?"

"Tired, baby. And you were, too, you know it."

I like watching her shoulders rise and fall when she sighs. "I know. I'll own it. Working two jobs sucks."

I pat my lap. "Come have a nice rest with Santa."

She grins at me as she scoots onto my knees. "I've never kissed a girl in a beard before."

I cup the back of her head to pull her down to me. Her lips touch mine and I feel the zing that always straightens my spine. She has such soft, moist lips. And she always tastes so good. I think kissing is underrated as foreplay. Emily can keep her feather dusters and blindfolds, I'll take five minutes of kissing any day.

Nita melts into my mouth. She's all female when she kisses, receptive and aggressive. She invites my tongue, then surprises me with hers moving into my mouth, sinuously twining with mine. She loves to kiss me. I love to kiss her. It's that simple.

The sound of her elf hat whisking across the floor brings me back from the far side of Venus. Her carefully pinned hair is coming down. She looks so ready for love I could cry.

I have to blink to focus on her face and I hope she doesn't notice. She likes to let me feel like I'm the stronger one, but after those kisses I'm starting to wonder if I can stand up.

"Time to go home," Nita whispers. I watch her fingers untie the top of the striped green and white blouse that was the choice of female elves. The lacing parts and her fingertips move into the opening. The sound of her fingers brushing her cleavage makes my heart skip a beat.

I pull her to me for another kiss, turning her so she straddles me. The clownish black gloves keep me from feeling the heat of her back, but I'm not going to take the time to remove them right now. I clutch her hips and hold her onto my lap. She is the hottest thing Santa's throne has ever had on it.

She moans into my mouth, then pulls away. "Okay...don't know how you do that. I'm really tired and you've got me thinking about an all-nighter."

The lights go to half-intensity and I know the security guard will eventually be around to make us leave the little enclosure. "Home, then."

As I follow her into the styrofoam and baling wire Gingerbread House where Santa and the elves keep the extra instant film and supplies, I tuck the black gloves into the back of the jeans I'm wearing under the bright red trousers. It's good to have the use of my hands back. I unzip my jeans and make a critical adjustment as I walk, hoping she doesn't catch me.

I firmly believe that with all presents, surprise is the crucial element.

She bends over to pick up her tennis shoes from the floor of the little structure. The perfect moment almost gets by me as I lose myself gazing at the pleasure of her curves. There's just nothing better than a shapely woman. There's nothing better than women, any shape. Women do it for me and they always have. It's that simple, really.

I lift her skirt and cup her lovely bottom through the pantyhose. "Don't be in such a hurry."

She straightens abruptly and steps back. "I'm not doing it here, don't be silly. The floor's hard and--"

I silence her with a kiss as I lift her onto the small table. Packets of unopened film smack to the floor. I spread her legs and feel her crotch. I'm not being all that gentle. Gentle isn't what she wants sometimes.

"Laney, it's not that I don't--oh my fucking heaven, what is *that*?"

I shift my hips so my present pushes firmly against the thin layer of her pantyhose.

Her hand grasps the toy through the crushed velvet pants. Her mouth parts as she assesses the size.

Suddenly I can smell her and I know she's wet.

I kiss her harshly, tipping her head back with one hand in her hair. She moans into my mouth, then breaks away, gasping.

"You said you wanted a big one."

"It's...it's huge." There was nothing uncertain about her eagerness. If there were I would give her more time to think about it.

"Take it out."

She shivers as she loosens the Santa pants. They fall to the floor and she reaches inside my open jeans. "Laney, it's so big.

"Like you wanted, sweetheart," I whisper in her ear. I hook my index fingers into her panty-hose and pull downward. "I'm going to fuck you with it right here."

She gasps but keeps her hold on the warm, pliant silicon.

I free one leg from the pantyhose and spread her open. "You want it, don't you?"

She nods and pulls it toward her. I really want to hear the sound of my new cock sliding into her, but I hold back. "Nita. Baby."

She looks up from the toy and I see that her eyes are blank and unfocused. Then her gaze falls to my crotch again and she swallows hard.

"Nita, I want out of this outfit." I take her hand off the cock and put it on the hooks hidden behind the white trim of the jacket.

She sucks in a deep breath and her fingers begin tearing at the Santa coat. I start at the bottom and she at the top, but she is well past halfway down when our fingers meet. She pushes it off my shoulders, takes one look at the tight tank I'm wearing underneath, then yanks that over my head, taking the beard and cap with it.

I pull her hips to the edge of the table and press the length of the new toy against her wet, swollen cunt. "Back pocket, sweetheart."

The look she gives me as she tears open the small packet of lube is a mix of adoration and lust, like she wants to kiss me thank you and tell me I was thoughtful, but she wants to fuck too much to find the words.

In a matter of moments everything is wet enough. Lube trickles past the harness and into my cunt. The tickling sensation lights a new fire in me. I push her legs wider apart and she hisses.

"This is what you want, isn't it? A nice, big cock." I rub the large head at her opening. I love that moan, the one that says she's already lost in the idea of it being inside her.

She whispers something.

"I didn't hear you, sweetheart."

"Fuck me with it."

"Is that what you need?"

She lifts her gaze from between our legs, then slowly, deliberately wraps both hands around my shoulders.

Her nails dig into my bare back, and she slowly draws them downward. My nipples tighten and I want to feel them against hers.

Fuck the buttons, she was never wearing that blouse again. The fabric gives under my hands as I tear at it. After I snap her bra open I drape my body against hers, loving the feel of her skin against mine. I could have stayed like that for hours, reveling in her skin, but her nails rake over my back and I remember why I have her spread out.

She whimpers in my ear. "Please, Laney. Do it."

She is holding me so tightly. Her nails feel fantastic on my back.

"There you go, baby, do you feel that? Feel it?"

Her hands go down to my hips and she grabs hold as she tips her hips to meet mine. The taut wet slide of something big going into her heat--that sound is like no other.

"Damn it, Laney, fuck me!"

"I'm taking my time. You feel so good to me tonight."

She answers with her heels slamming into the backs of my thighs. I yelp, drive forward and hear a moan from her like I've never heard before.

I like that moan. It's worth giving up listening to the sound of me slowly taking her, and worth the loss of the slow kisses I usually want while I give her a long, good fuck.

I push deeply again and hear that hoarse gasp wrapping itself around my ears. Yes, I like it. I like to fuck her because she likes it so much.

I move faster and she moans louder. Her heels pummel my thighs and her nails leave marks I know will be there for days after.

She takes it all. Over and over I sink into her eager, receptive cunt. Her nipples are like rocks and her eyes are squeezed shut. She puffs for breath when I shove in, then lets it out in a shudder. And always with that moan.

I'd fuck her all night to hear that moan. I don't care about anything else but filling my ears with the sound of her loving the way I fuck her.

I can't tell her moans from mine anymore.

I catch her when she lets go of me and stiffens, grinding herself down on my cock until I can feel the prickle of her pubic hair tangling with mine.

"Are you?"

She nods frantically.

"Come on my cock, Nita. Lover. Please."

"So big, baby." A rising cry. "It's hitting *everything*, oh *fuck*."

"Come...come on."

She nods tightly, her mouth working. I feel her first gush then, soaking my crotch. I wedge my hands under her ass and lift her so I can move her up and down on my cock. She hisses her pleasure and I feel a second gush.

She is abruptly done, crumpling against me. I slowly pull the slick toy out of her cunt, and she caresses it against my abdomen. I slip my hand down to feel her.

I could play with her open, wet lips for days. They feel like silk against my fingertips.

"I thought...I thought..." She takes a deep breath as my fingers circle her roused clit. "I thought we weren't getting presents for each other. The trip..."

"I ate peanut butter and jelly for three weeks," I admit. "I knew. I knew you wanted it. Want it."

She gazes into my eyes and I feel her hand assessing it again. She nods with a trembling mouth and I push into her again, firmly, this time as my fingers play with her clit.

She falls back on the table with that fantastic moan. I lift her calves to my shoulders as she grips the edge with her hands. Her abandon electrifies me and I feel a surprising clench in my own cunt as she lets out a sharp, needy cry. I stop moving, for just a second, not sure I can go on standing up if I come, too. I can't believe how the sight of my cock spreading her wide open turns me on.

She cries out again and I don't have a choice. I plunge into her with an animal growl and she lifts herself to meet my strength with her own.

"That's right," she whispers fiercely. "Fuck me like you mean it."

"As long as you want it."

"Fuck me until you come."

"Yes."

"You going to come, baby?"

"Yes."

Little noises escape her with each pounding thrust. "So big. So full. Fuck. Fuck me."

She's biting her lip and I know she's holding it back, trying to wait for me. I'm nearly there. I can't believe that I'm nearly there.

"You better come." She cups her breasts, her voice breaking. "Come now. Take me home. Put me on your lap again--oh. Yeah, Laney, yes!"

I freeze deep inside her, my clit throbbing, my legs shaking as contractions flow down my body. I feel her coming around the cock and her wet mingles with mine. I love it. All of it. The feel of her and that moan, and the smell of her sex, the slick of her skin. It's all so good.

So good.

SHE LOOKS UP at me with her hair falling down around her shoulders, nearly naked, her private, wet places exposed. I'm the only one who gets to see her this way, and I adore her like this. "I thought I was the one who liked the idea of something big."

I blush. "I got it for you."

"Uh huh." She tweaks my nipple and gets a wicked look when I shiver. She gathers her clothes, stuffing them into the pockets of her long raincoat. She puts the coat on with nothing but the little short skirt underneath.

I stand there in a daze as she folds my abandoned uniform and leaves it on the table where we just fucked. I finally move, trying to tuck the cock back into the uncomfortable position down my leg.

"No." She catches my hand. "Just zip."

"I can't zip my jeans with it in any other position. I've tried. I think I bruised the inside of my leg having it tucked in there. Thank goodness for the baggy clown pants or you'd have seen it."

"That was..." She kisses me sweetly. "Quite a surprise. No, don't take it off, either. Leave it out and put on your coat."

"Honey, I can't walk around with it hanging out."

She opens the door to the gingerbread house. "You only have to get as far as the car. Then I'll make it worth your while."

I gulp and hurry after her. Dignity is the last thing on my mind when she is in the kind of mood that lets her strut ahead of me wearing nothing but pumps, a skirt and a long coat.

I like what she likes. She likes what I like. It's that simple.

Mankato Tree Service; Customer Satisfaction Guaranteed and Free Estimates Available

by Ali Vali

"AVERY, DR. WILSON called while you were out," Eileen, Avery Mankato's assistant yelled out the window when she saw her boss drive up. "The old guy wants his oaks trimmed along the south end of the yard, says the leaves keep blowing in the pool."

"He does realize that those particular trees, as well as all the ones in the front yard, are on the registry? I can trim them but I can't cut them down." Avery kept taking equipment out of the back of her truck so she could send her guys home early, the gray t-shirt she wore sticking to her because of the sweat she'd worked up.

"He said that if you're not out there by the morning, he'll poison them and blame you when the garden society ladies picket in front of his house."

Claiborne Wilson had been her first customer when she went into business and no matter when he called it was always the same. Avery had to drop everything and tend to his wishes no matter how many other people were on her list ahead of him. "Any place in particular he wants me to start?"

"The ones by the pool first. His niece is staying with them for a few weeks and he doesn't want her sun worshipping disturbed."

"God forbid," Avery said shaking her head. Tomorrow was going to be another long hot day, but until she actually won the lottery, they all would be. The blessing was that she loved her job. "And I bet I have a better tan than Claiborne's niece," she said to herself as they unloaded the last of the equipment.

THE SLEEK BLACK Mercedes was backing out of the driveway as Avery's truck turned in, and Claiborne stopped and rolled down his window. "I thought semi-retired people didn't get out of bed until noon," Avery said with a smile, waving to Mrs. Wilson.

"We're headed out for a few days to play golf, so try not to fall out of anything growing in the backyard while we're gone," Claiborne said. "If you do, you can forget suing me. I'll swear on a stack of bibles that you were drinking just like you do every time you come out here."

"Don't mind the old codger, dear, and I wanted to tell you how much I love your new billboard advertisements," Mrs. Wilson said. "You look rather muscular hanging from that maple, and they really capture that great smile of yours."

"Thanks, ma'am, and have fun." Avery waved again and started to pull her equipment out of the back. The trees in the Wilson's yard were beautiful, and most of them were planted before the Civil War, so it would take her rope harness to safely navigate through the massive and extensive branches.

With her chainsaw, rope and cleats she made her way to the back yard, figuring to start with the one closest to the pool. By the time anyone came out to enjoy the space she'd be far enough away to not disturb them. Since none of the large branches were coming down, and it was mostly taking out the small dead wood, she'd decided to send her crew to the next location and get this one done herself.

Perched on a branch she took the chainsaw off her back and cranked it. After one last look to the ground to make sure she wasn't going to drop anything on anyone she got to work.

SAMANTHA WILSON MANEUVERED her chaise lounge away from the water and toward the trees so she could watch Avery work. After her aunt had pointed out a billboard on the way to dinner a couple of nights ago, Sam had started working on her Uncle Claiborne to have something trimmed. Avery really wasn't the type of woman she was usually interested in, but stranger things had been known to happen if you kept an open mind and saw what was right in front of you. At least that's what her mother was always preaching in her weekly phone calls from Boca Raton while her father was out playing his three hundred thousandth game of golf.

"Keeping an open mind is certainly working for me today, Mother," Sam said to herself as Avery moved out of view for awhile as she finished the backside of the tree. "I'd think you'd totally agree with what I have in mind if you saw what was right in front of me today." What surprised her was that her nipples were rock hard just from looking. They were so hard they felt uncomfortable pressed up against the fabric of her bikini top. To take care of that, she reached up and pulled on the knot behind her neck and dropped it to the slate decking of the pool area.

It was totally uncharacteristic of her, but she figured Avery wouldn't mind she was topless if she happened to look her way, and there was no one in the house to be concerned over. There was only one way to know if Avery would even notice her, but just in case it took awhile she squeezed some sunscreen on her hand and lathered it over her breasts. It was one thing to try and excite the help, but quite another to do it with a sunburn that would sting for days.

Avery finished with the first tree and used the harness to repel down, outlining her butt as she slowly let the rope out until her feet were on the ground. The sight of her tight ass made Sam sit up for a moment to get a better view for the next climb. She'd started to pinch her nipples and roll them between her fingers imagining it was Avery's hands on her.

It was getting hot as Avery made it to the next tree and Sam ran her hand along her chest liking how easily her palm glided over her sweat lubricated skin. Before Avery made it up to the branches Sam lifted her butt and took the bottom of her bathing suit off as well. The chainsaw started again and she heard it rev a few times, and she could just imagine Avery's finger on the trigger and it made her wet. With her one hand on her left nipple, she moved the other one down slowly until she reached between her legs.

For easier access she spread her legs and ran her index finger through her wetness as easily as Avery was cutting through the wood. She kept stroking herself, hoping that Avery would turn in her direction and see her. She wanted Avery to not only notice her but to finish what she'd started. She was wet and she could feel how hard her clitoris was, but she moved her fingers slowly and softly along her sex. No matter if it came at Avery's hand or her own, Sam wanted it to be slow--torturously slow.

"Come on, look up," Sam said softly, wanting to will Avery into glancing in her direction. "If you do I'll give you something new to trim." She added a little more pressure and it made her lift her hips just slightly off the chair and that's when Avery must have looked in her direction because she heard the chainsaw's engine gun for a long stretch then sputter dead.

Avery turned to get to a dead limb that was slightly further down the branch than any of the others. As she stretched to reach it not wanting to walk too far out and take the chance of cracking the living part of the tree, she saw her. The redhead sitting on the lounge with her hand between her legs obviously pleasuring herself. Her brain went blank for a moment. In reflex, she squeezed the trigger of the chainsaw long enough that from the odd angle she was hanging she flooded the engine.

"Shit," Avery let slip just as she heard the woman moan now that it was quiet. The sound, together with the way she was looking straight at her, made Avery drop the saw and lose her footing. Considering that she was still tethered to the tree, the harness let her fall only so far but left her dangling embarrassingly upside down about four feet from the ground. She was twirling and only saw glimpses of the woman who stood and made no attempt to cover up.

"Are you alright?"

"I'm fine, it's just my ego that's bruised. Before I release the harness and take the chance of knocking myself unconscious, let me apologize for intruding on your privacy." She stopped twirling when Sam stepped closer and put her hand on the side of her hip leaving Avery's line of sight slightly below breast level, but hell if she was going to bother looking at her stomach. "I really thought I'd be finished before you made it out here."

"Uh huh," Sam said as she brought her other hand up and put it on Avery's leg, sliding it downward to see just how far up her shorts she could get it. "You're not bothering me at all," she peered down to see if Avery appeared upset with the touch and laughed when Avery's blue eyes were glued to her breasts.

The heavy cotton of Avery's shorts felt stiff but the pant leg was wide enough for Sam to get her hand in until she almost reached her goal, but the harness stopped her. With one more quick look down Sam undid the button on the shorts with a flick of her fingers and the zipper going up sounded like when Avery was starting the chainsaw. Now that the shorts were open she smiled at the navy blue boxers with little green trees on them.

"I've actually been waiting for you all morning," Sam said as her fingers reached the soft hair that in this case was just below Avery's opening. "My aunt showed me your new ad and I wanted to see if your claim is true." The harness was making the material of the shorts pull taut against Avery's crotch, so Sam had to inch her fingers forward until she reached the wetness she was glad was there. It was never any fun when admiration that was strong enough to turn to lust was one sided.

"Claim? I'm not sure I've made any just yet," Avery said and Sam could tell it was all she could do to concentrate on the words. The pad of her index finger was sitting just on top of Avery's clitoris and if anything it felt impossibly harder than hers.

"Sure you have." Now that Sam was actually touching Avery and not herself, she decided that slow might not be the way to go. "It's written on the side of your truck."

"Free estimates?" Avery asked then laughed. "You're going to pay me?"

"I might just leave you hanging in more ways than one if you don't try guessing again." The threat was followed by Sam bending her finger, which applied more pressure to where Avery most craved it then she eased off. Before she could say anything else Avery lifted her head and sucked in one of her nipples and further anchored her position by putting her hands on Sam's hips. When Avery changed her tactics and bit down gently Sam came close to having her legs buckle.

To take back some control she pressed down harder and moved her finger back and forth as much as the tight confines would allow her. She could feel that Avery was wet and she couldn't reach the source just yet, but the thought of making her come like this, hanging upside down suddenly became her goal.

"God that feels good," Avery said after her lips made a popping noise as they broke away from the dark pink nipple.

Sam spread her legs for more balance and grabbed a hand full of shirt to keep Avery from twisting away from her if she started to wiggle too much. Since Avery was hanging she pushed her away just a little to admire the strong body that was hers at the moment to do with as she

pleased. More than anything she wanted to feel Avery wrap around her fingers in the most intimate of ways, but the pants would only allow her access to the hard clit.

The short firm strokes seemed to be enough as Avery started grunting and moving her hips to Sam's cadence. The movements made the material shift enough for Sam to be able to straighten her finger so that it glided from Avery's opening back to her clitoris. Sam's finger was getting wetter, which in turn made her efforts easier so she sped up. Avery's face was turning red and the muscles in her neck and shoulders were standing out in vivid detail but her hips didn't stop moving.

"Don't stop," Avery grunted and Sam pressed their bodies together so she could keep Avery from swinging.

With Avery's head against her chest Sam could feel her own excitement dripping down her leg. The added desire was coming from the fact that each time Avery exhaled, it was directly over her right nipple and at the moment it felt like that part of her anatomy had a live wire attached to her groin. The tree limb holding Avery started creaking when she moved against Sam's hand but neither of them stopped.

Even though Avery was upside down Sam was amazed just how easily she was able to thrust. As they moved together it didn't take Avery long to climax and when she did she kissed the skin between Sam's breasts before she straightened up as much as she could.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Sam asked as she put her hand against Avery's face.

"I will be in a minute." With a smile she pressed the latch on her waist and released the rope holding her up. On the way down she flipped and landed on her feet staggering a few steps as the blood rushed from her head. The sudden movements made her shorts and the harness fall to her ankles and she kicked them off leaving her in her boxers, t-shirt and boots with the cleats attached.

After she shook her head a few times she took a step forward making Sam take a step back. She took another step and Sam took another one back. By the fourth time they repeated the movements, Avery caught up with her. After years of doing physical hard work Avery had no problem picking Sam up until she wrapped her legs around her waist.

"I know you're into trees but that bark looks rough," Sam said as Avery started walking.

"Considering you just managed to knock me out of a tree for the first time in my life, a few scratches might be a just punishment," Avery said as she kept walking, having to lift her legs slightly higher since her cleats would bury themselves in the grass as she went along. The movements made Sam bounce in her arms, her wet center rubbing along the front of Avery's t-shirt. "But I have something else in mind."

The cleats sounded loud as they reached the deck surrounding the pool. Carefully Avery laid her on the lawn chair.

"Don't tell me that my punishment is you're going to leave me here," Sam said.

"Hardly," Avery bent down to remove her climbing equipment and shoes. The shirt and sports bra came next, followed by the boxers.

Sam propped herself up on her elbows and watched the strip tease. When she was naked it was amazing just how much darker the skin on her arms and legs were from her torso. Sam's wetness increased when she was pulled to the end of the chair and Avery draped her legs over her shoulders.

"Before I fell out of that tree," Avery spread the glistening lips apart as she spoke, "I noticed how slowly you were going." She stopped and kissed the inside of Sam's thigh. "Do you like it slow?" She kissed the other side of her thigh.

"Slow or fast, I don't care as long as you touch me," Sam said sounding like she was out of breath.

Avery responded to the plea by circling her clitoris with the tip of her tongue. She moved with Sam so that no matter how hard Sam tried to get her to put her tongue on the hard point she continued to circle it. Sam pressed her feet into Avery's back and came close to coming when Avery suddenly took her into her mouth and sucked in Sam's clitoris against her tongue. It felt like all of a sudden her passion had exploded in Avery's mouth.

She pressed her feet harder into Avery's back and her legs clamped down on her head as if she was trying to keep Avery just where she was. It felt like all of her nerve endings were in the hard bundle in Avery's mouth, and it only intensified when she slowly inserted one of her fingers.

More than anything Sam wanted to give into the orgasm that was building, to speed up her hips and reach the finish line she was racing toward, but just when it seemed like she had gotten to the point of no return, Avery took her mouth away and pulled her finger out.

"No," Sam let out the protest and moved to put her own hand between her legs. She was so desperate...

Before she got anywhere near her sex, Avery grabbed her hand and put it above her head as she got on the chaise with her and put her knee between Sam's legs. "I know," she said softly into Sam's ear when she leaned over her. "I could feel you squeezing my finger because you want to come so bad, but not yet, baby." Avery brought her other leg up and used them as a wedge to keep Sam spread open. With her left hand she held Sam's hands above her head and with the right she got her index and middle finger wet by swirling them around the opening of Sam's vagina.

"I know what you want, but you taste so good." Avery brought her fingers up and painted one of Sam's nipples with her juices.

Sam was able to break her hands free when Avery sucked her nipple dry of her essence then painted the other one. Not wanting to lose the sensation of pressure Sam squeezed the breast Avery had left. Her self pleasuring must have inspired Avery who sucked on the other nipple to the point that Sam's hips bucked up in an attempt to connect with something.

"Please," Sam tried again. The edge in her voice made Avery move down and put her mouth back on her. This time she ran her tongue from Sam's opening to her clit and just as Sam thought she was going to repeat it so that it caused the same delicious sensation, Avery pushed her wet fingers in suddenly filling Sam up and touching the spot no one else had been able to find. "Fuck," she said when Avery sucked her in.

Sam pulled on Avery's blond hair as if she wanted her to stop but it was only a reflex that Avery thankfully ignored. She sucked and pumped her fingers until Sam's body became rigid as the orgasm finally washed over her.

Her eyes remained closed as the final spasms died away and Avery lifted her up off the chair and carried her to the shallow end of the pool and descended the steps into the cool water. The contrast in temperature felt good against her overheated skin, and she was content to float in Avery's arms as she took them a little deeper. She was almost too tired to smile when she felt the kisses to her throat.

Their first kiss of the day was long and sweet and when their lips parted Sam finally opened her eyes. "I guess that customer satisfaction boast isn't just a slogan huh?"

Avery laughed and tweaked a nipple for the tease. "This is a service exclusive to one customer so I'm glad you're satisfied. And good for you my insurance is paid up after you knocked me out of that tree."

"Just wanted to see if I could still make you sweat as much as those trees you love so much," Sam said then bit down on Avery's neck. "And speaking of trees, Uncle Claiborne says you'd better finish his job or he's charging us rent while we stay here."

"Are you going to be out here the whole time sunbathing naked?"

"I thought it might encourage you to go faster."

"It'll encourage me alright, but not to trim trees." Avery maneuvered her until they were front to front and her hands were on Sam's butt.

"And my uncle thought I was crazy to hook up with a blue collar type," Sam leaned back, confident that Avery wouldn't let go but, she wanted to give her more room as Avery squeezed her hand between them. "At least my aunt understands."

"What are you talking about?" Avery asked as her fingers brought Sam's clit back to life.

"After seeing your new ad and how good you look hooked into that tree, she was tempted to call you for a free estimate," Sam laughed as soon as her head came back above the water after Avery had dunked her. "Don't worry, baby, I told her your free estimate days are over." Avery threw her over her shoulder and got out of the pool and when Sam was on her back on the chaise again she gave thanks to whatever higher power was listening that her Uncle Claiborne had bought a house with lots of trees.

Nightcap

by Cheri Crystal

ALICE DROVE SLOWLY, barely making it over ten miles per hour, due to high winds and patches of ice. Old Country Road was brighter than usual from snow reflecting the glow of the street lamps, but the twinkling holiday lights on Bobby's Bar and Grill caught her eye. She passed the corner bar every night on her way home from work, but hadn't given it a second thought. Alice was not one for going out alone. But it sure beat sitting home all by herself.

Most people were probably home wrapping presents. Finding a parking space was easy. Sadness nudged her as she remembered that she had no presents to wrap this year for that special someone. She pushed the thought aside and braced herself as she stepped out of the car and walked up to the entrance.

With the New Year approaching, Alice prayed for peace on earth and good will toward women. All right, men too. She would be satisfied with peace of mind, ridding her of painful memories of Nicki that consumed her every waking moment and monopolized her dreams. Right then and there she made a decision to put the past behind her and to get on with her life.

A grapevine wreath, festooned with pine cones and a huge red bow, hung on the door. Alice entered and welcomed the rush of warm air on her face. The spicy aroma of Buffalo wings, fried onions, and beer assaulted her senses. Her stomach growled; she didn't remember taking a dinner break.

Alice brushed the snow from her short hair, and then removed her coat. She shook it out, hung it up on one of the hooks by the door, and looked around. The place held a bar, booths, tables, and a tiny dance floor. Celine Dion's, *My Heart Will Go On*, played on the jukebox. Tears stung her eyes for the second time that evening. Her heart ached as she remembered watching *Titanic* with Nicki and how they vowed to live each moment to the fullest and love each other forever. Alice scrubbed the tears from her face and looked for a seat, determined not to dwell on Nicki for another second.

Three men sat nursing their drinks at the bar. In one booth, a young couple held hands and gazed intently into each other's eyes. Between the bar and the booths sat two empty tables, one of which was in the corner. Not a busy night at all, but the bar was as festive on the inside as it was on the outside. Alice instantly felt at home in the cozy, dimly lit room, decorated with garland and lights tastefully done with what looked like much thought and planning. Alice felt her spirits lift just gazing at the Christmas tree. There was an electric Menorah for Chanukah and even a Kinara for Kwanzaa. The owner thought of everyone. Nice touch.

Alice chose to sit at the corner table, scraping the chair on the hardwood floor as she made herself comfortable. She placed her hands over the candle to warm them and watched the men shooting whiskey. The bartender refilled their glasses. He had to lift serious weights from the looks of his strong arms poking out of the tight black T-shirt that sported the bar's logo. He held her interest for less than half a second. The waitress making her way toward the young couple had dark hair past her shoulders. Her bangs kept falling into her eyes. There was something in the way she walked, balancing two overflowing plates of food on one arm and a basket of onion rings in the other. Or was it the way she put the food in front of the lovers and rubbed her hands over the back of her pants? Nah, it was that confident butch swagger that immediately gave her away.

Her broad shoulders were encased in a white button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up to her elbows. The top few buttons were open, revealing the swell of ample breasts and just a hint of cleavage as she leaned down to place the plates on the table. Alice delighted in how smoothly the shirt tucked into tight black Levis, emphasizing a narrow waist cinched with a thick black belt and shiny gold buckle. She imagined yanking the shirt from the grasp of those tight jeans, playfully running her fingers along smooth fields of skin that would turn to goose bumps, and stealing through lush valleys to approach mountains of warm flesh that culminated in pebbled peaks.

Alice was pulled out of her sensual reverie when a voice said, "Evening, what can I get you?"

When she looked up into piercing blue eyes, Alice gulped. She knew she should probably stop staring, but she couldn't turn away. Heat rushed to her face and elsewhere.

"Would you like to see a menu?" The waitress's sultry voice made it sound like an invitation. Her blue eyes glanced at Alice's lips then back at Alice's green eyes. The penetrating look sent the vibes Alice was hoping for. Her gaydar was on high alert, and it felt great.

"Sure." Alice read the waitress's name tag. "Uh, what've you got, Bobby?"

"It depends. Are you hungry or just thirsty?" The suggestive way Bobby said it made Alice squirm in her chair.

"I'm ravenous. It's been way too long since I've had anything good to eat." Flirting was like riding a bicycle. Alice was pleased she hadn't forgotten how.

"We'll have to fix that." Bobby winked before grabbing a menu from the nearby counter and handing it to her. "The jalapeno chicken breasts are tasty. They come with Monterey Jack cheese, smothered in onions, and guacamole on the side. Delicious, if you like hot and spicy."

Alice yearned for a taste of hot and spicy breasts beneath her tongue. Were they on the menu? A nice little appetizer before the main meal? Along with Pussy Alfredo? Alice began to feel very warm. Somehow, she knew there was plenty to feast on beneath Bobby's clothing that would stimulate more than her taste buds.

"That sounds great. I like hot breasts--the hotter, the better."

"And, what can I get you from the bar?"

"I don't know. Surprise me."

"You like peaches?"

"Love 'em. Nice soft round ones I can sink my teeth into." Alice lifted her hands as though holding two ripe peaches and pretended to take a bite.

Bobby laughed aloud. "That wasn't what I had in mind, but we have a drink on special. If you like peaches, I think you'll like this."

"Sure, I'll try anything once."

"Great. Be back in a minute." She took the menu from Alice and headed toward the bar.

Watching as Bobby spoke to the bartender, Alice caught an eyeful of her butt before she turned around and glanced in Alice's direction. Their eyes locked for a brief moment, and selfconsciously, Alice looked away first. She felt a blush creep up her face at having been caught staring. It was hard to remember the last time she was this attracted to anyone. Alice felt like a cloud had lifted and she was ready to fly again. Only this time her wings seemed stronger. For the first time that evening--that month--heck, for the past six months, Alice felt free. Her body relaxed one muscle fiber at a time. Could she be ready to move on? She hoped it wasn't just a rebound lurking around this corner. She wanted to get to know this woman. She could tell Bobby was sizing her up, and she loved the feeling.

She watched Bobby push her hair behind her ear and imagined putting her hands through her hair, tracing high cheekbones with her finger, touching wet, parted lips...

"Let me know what you think," she said as she put the whiskey tumbler down.

Alice sniffed it. "What's it called?"

"Dublin Peach."

Alice took a sip. "Yum! Is there Amaretto in here too?" Bobby nodded. "How did you know I love Amaretto?" Alice drank some more.

"Lucky guess. Glad you like it." Bobby made no move to leave. "What's that great scent you're wearing? I've never smelled anything quite like it."

"It's an assortment of fine fragrances. I work at the Christian Dior counter at Macy's in Roosevelt Field." She sniffed her wrist. "This one is *Escada* from the Givenchy counter across from mine." She raised her wrist, and Bobby inhaled deeply, which Alice found delightful.

"And this one is *J'Adore* from my counter." She let Bobby have a whiff of her other wrist. "I must have sprayed on several others tonight as well. I can't even remember the names of all of them."

"Well, the combo suits you."

"Thanks. You smell like you're wearing *Beautiful* by Estée Lauder."

"Nah, the only scent I carry around is beer and liquor." They both laughed. "Be right back with your order." She paused. "You know my name, but I don't know yours."

"Alice."

"Nice to meet you, Alice," Bobby held out her hand. Alice shook it, reluctant to let go.

"You new in the neighborhood? I've never seen you in here before."

"No, I live a couple of miles away. In Hicksville. I was on my way home from work after and this place looked inviting."

"I'm glad you stopped in." The cook stuck his head out of the kitchen door and waved to Bobby. "Your order's ready. Be back in a sec."

When Bobby put the plate in front of Alice, it was sizzling, just like its server. Tantalizing smells of chili peppers and fried onions made Alice's mouth water. Bobby hesitantly turned to leave. Alice detained her by saying, "You and the bar have the same name. What's up with that?"

"I own this joint." A cocky grin accompanied her words.

"No kidding? And you waitress too?"

"Not usually. Just filling in. I gave Mary, my full-timer, the night off to shop."

"You're sweet."

"No, please. Not sweet." Bobby squared her shoulders and stood with her legs wider apart. "I'm cool."

"That, yeah, and modest too." They both laughed.

Encouraged by Bobby's genuine smile, Alice said, "I love what you did with the decorations."

"Thanks. I better let you eat before it gets cold. Enjoy." Bobby went to wait on the newcomers, and Alice had a tough time concentrating on her food. Yes, the drink was going to her head but the intoxication was more the result of one incredible woman named Bobby.

The young lovers put on a Rap song, and Alice found herself dancing in her seat. She felt the beat pulsating in the bottom of her soul. She wasn't usually a fan of Rap, but all of a sudden, everything sounded better, looked brighter, smelled more enticing. Savoring every sip of her Dublin Peach, she felt the warmth move downward and settle somewhere in her crotch.

Bobby was busier as the evening progressed, but she found time to check on Alice often enough.

"How long have you owned the place?" Alice longed to know everything about her.

"I worked here since high school and bought it when the owner retired a few years ago." There was a slight shadow over her contented grin. "This place is more or less my life. I live alone, so I don't mind the long hours."

"I can certainly relate to that," Alice said more to herself than to Bobby.

They chatted on and off while Bobby schmoozed with the regulars and greeted a few stragglers who came in to sit at the bar. Without being asked, Bobby replenished Alice's drink and said it was on the house.

Alice enjoyed watching Bobby move. Enraptured by each delectable feature, she was surprised when Bobby announced last call. Alice couldn't believe the time, or that even after two Dublin Peaches, her new favorite drink, she was wide awake.

She was headed over to the ladies room when Bobby intercepted her and said, "Why don't you stick around while I clean up? If you want to, that is."

"I'd love to. Be right back." She nodded toward the door that said "Women."

"Great."

Alice checked her hair in the mirror. The short cut and gel made her baby-fine blonde hair seem fuller. Fortunately, it still looked good even after she'd worked all night and been out in the snow. She touched up her make up, wiped off the remnants of soft pink lipstick, and replaced it with clear lip-gloss. Satisfied her appearance was passable, she went back out.

The bar was empty and dim. Even the bartender and cook had vanished. Alice felt like she was in Wonderland and the fairytale was about to begin. With only the Christmas lights on, and a slow romantic tune playing on the jukebox, she felt every nerve in her body tingle.

The tingle became a thrum when Bobby came up behind her and whispered in a low, raspy voice, "Want to dance?"

"I thought you'd never ask." She offered her hand and was nearly swept off her feet. They melted into each other's arms, breast-to-breast and hip-to-hip, as Bobby led her around the floor.

Bobby sang along with Eric Clapton's *Wonderful Tonight*, breathing the words into Alice's ear and Alice thought Bobby was wonderful too. She'd always longed to have someone feel about her the way Eric Clapton felt about his beautiful lady. It was unbelievable; she could have no better dream than being in the arms of this sexy stranger who was serenading her with a love song. Bobby's sensuous voice and soft fragrant breath caressed Alice's cheek. Melancholy sailed away, leaving only hunger and desire in its wake.

When the song ended, Bobby took her hand and led her over to the bar. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Water would be nice, thanks."

Bobby filled a glass with ice and sprayed some water over it with the nozzle. Holding the filled glass in one hand, she grabbed a beer with the other and gestured with her chin toward a table.

When they had settled in their seats facing each other, Alice said, "You have a lovely voice."

"Thanks." Bobby leaned in closer, resting on her elbows with her hands around her bottle. "I used to sing here on weekends when old man Foggia owned the place."

"You don't do it anymore?"

"Nah, no time. I have enough to keep me busy." She took a long swig of her beer then peered intently into Alice's eyes. "So, why does a beautiful woman like you live alone?"

Alice told her the whole depressing story of how Nicki dumped her for a flirtatious femme with a mansion in Great Neck and a summer home in the Hamptons.

"Ouch, the bitch." Bobby listened with a sympathetic ear.

As Alice talked, the pain disappeared and loneliness was a distant memory. "Your turn."

"It's been a long time since I've had anyone serious in my life. I didn't know what I was missing." Bobby took Alice's hands in her own and rubbed her thumbs over Alice's knuckles. "Until now."

The next song played on the jukebox. "Oooh, I love this," Alice said, brightening.

Bobby stood, put out her hand, and led Alice to the dance floor once again. Alice thought she'd die if Bobby didn't kiss her but she couldn't make the first move. When Bobby pulled her in with her strong hands for their first tender kiss, it was like getting everything you ever wanted for Christmas with a few surprises thrown in.

Alice lost herself to sensation as their parted lips and tongues danced in time to the music. She wrapped her arms around Bobby's muscular body and their kiss deepened. The tune faded into the background as Bobby pulled Alice's blouse loose and slid her hands under it. Alice trembled, so sure she was alive from the beating of her heart but not positive it was real.

"You're so beautiful," Bobby murmured. "I feel like we've known each other before." Her breath caught in her throat.

Alice kissed her with all that she felt and all she desired. She felt starved for attention and affection, and Bobby attracted her beyond her physical need. Their passion building, Bobby backed Alice up to one of the booths and lifted her onto the polished wood table in one fluid motion. Alice was giddy with delight and anticipation. The outside Christmas lights blinked through the window and played their surreal light across the booth and onto Bobby's intent face. Alice thought she was in Wonderland for sure.

Bobby unbuttoned Alice's blouse and reached around to unhook her bra. Not bothering to take them off, she pushed them up and out of the way. Alice moaned when her bra glided past her swollen nipples, which turned into hard pebbles beneath Bobby's fingertips. If Alice had any reservations, she quickly brushed them aside. She wanted this woman: heart, mind, body, and soul, and if she was going to start with the body, then so be it. She reached for Bobby's belt.

"Not yet." Bobby slid her hands up Alice's thighs. She pushed Alice's skirt up, assisted only by a butt wiggle to release the garment from underneath. She pulled off Alice's black pumps and let them drop to the floor. Grasping the waistband, Bobby tugged off the silken hose and caressed her way down smooth legs, careful not to miss any spots. Goosebumps followed the hand trail, and Alice giggled with delight.

"You're ticklish, hmmm? I'll have to remember that." Bobby moved up to kiss her again and ran neatly trimmed fingernails along the tremoring skin of her side. Alice arched her back, and Bobby worked her way down to the slopes of Alice's breasts placing kisses around each deep pink aureola, then suckling at each breast before taking tender bites of the hardened nipples.

Once again, Alice tried to undo Bobby's belt. "Not yet, baby," she said, continuing to feast on Alice's soft skin with hot moist breath.

Alice's clit throbbed and she ached for release. She thrust her crotch into Bobby's belt and groaned at the incredible feeling of the buckle against her engorged center. Bobby removed the cotton panties, adorned with pictures of reindeer and Jingle Bells, lyrics and all, and brought the colorful fabric to her nose.

"Cute," she said with a smile, and Alice blushed. Bobby dropped the underwear on the booth seat, slipped an arm around Alice's waist, and pulled her closer. She dug the heel of her hand into Alice's most intimate recesses and spread slick lips with her fingers. Careful not to touch Alice's clit, Bobby worked around it, saving the best for last.

Alice thrust her hips closer to Bobby's hand, trying desperately to get relief. The teasing reached a crescendo and just when Alice was about to burst, Bobby removed her hand and tasted Alice's hot center.

Alice grabbed fistfuls of Bobby's hair and moaned as Bobby drank up her juices. Her hips danced in time to Bobby's lips and tongue. An intense ache spread from Alice's pelvis clear through to her clit as Bobby worked her pussy and clit in perfect harmony. "Please...ohgod..."

Bobby kissed her words away. She spread Alice's legs further with her arms and dipped her fingers into Alice's moist opening using the lubrication to encircle her engorged flesh, stopping briefly to take her with four fingers. Alice whimpered.

"I know." Bobby's rhythm increased. Her thumb rubbed the underside of Alice's clit and Alice reached the first plateau. Bobby kissed her way down to the inside of Alice's thighs, and the sensation built up more fiercely than before. She was so close but Bobby had other ideas. She again ran her tongue inside slippery lips and lapped up more copious juices. The third time Alice was sure this was it.

"I'm...coming...oh..."

"Not yet," Bobby whispered. She straightened up and eased Alice down onto the table. She leaned over her, kissed her deeply, and Alice moaned once more as she tasted her own familiar sweetness. Bobby prolonged the torture as she moved down Alice's body, kissing, licking, and teasing. Alice gripped her fingers and at last they were swallowed up between pulsating walls. She shuddered and panted.

Alice writhed on the table and begged Bobby for more, while holiday lights merged with the music from the jukebox, filling her with an insistent rhythm. Her hips bucked in time with it, and Bobby thrust in three fingers, harder and faster, matching every movement.

With one last, desperate thrust, Alice reached a harder climax than the sweet release, which had her begging just moments ago. Waves of pleasure washed over her. Her mouth dropped open, and her body involuntarily shook. Bobby moved up and closed her mouth over Alice's. She inserted her tongue, thrusting it in and out in time with the continuing strokes of her fingers until the last wave subsided. Then Bobby removed her fingers and pressed against Alice's clit several times, draining the last few spasms.

After the last shudder abated, Bobby drew Alice in for a slow, lingering kiss before hugging her tightly. Pulling away ever so slightly, she gazed into Alice's eyes, reflecting the desire they shared.

The embrace ended, and Bobby helped Alice sit up. She slipped her fingers behind Bobby's belt, and pulled her closer. "Now?" she asked, her mind already picturing what she wanted to do to please Bobby.

Bobby placed a hand over her belt buckle, stopping Alice. "Wait, baby. I have an apartment upstairs. How about continuing this little nightcap at my place?" Bobby leaned in. "I have some new toys we can play with." She kissed Alice tenderly. "And you don't have to wait until Christmas."

"Oooh, I'd love that. After all, 'tis the season."

Bobby pulled her closer and said in a seductive, sex-roughened voice, "Let's go play."

Off the Meter

by Radclyffe

IT WAS TEN minutes to one. Ten minutes until I was officially off the meter. I'd started work at eleven the previous day. That's eleven *a.m.* I'd lost count of the number of times I'd crossed Manhattan, north-south, east-west, around and around. But I couldn't complain; I'd been busy all day and had a pocket full of neatly folded bills, my tips, to show for it. There was a lot of money to be made driving a cab in New York City, if you were faster and more fearless than the other cabbies. And I was.

Still, I was feeling the effects of the long hours of fighting the traffic, hyped on adrenaline, too much caffeine, and not enough food. I should've passed up the last fare, but there was something about the way she stood under the awning of the Waldorf-Astoria, clearly in need of a cab but too aloof and sophisticated to flag one down, that caught my eye. No unseemly show of waving arms and shouting in the streets for *her*. Despite the fact that I'd already lit the off-duty sign on my roof box, signaling that I was out of service, and was headed back to the barn, I swerved across three lanes of traffic and screeched to a halt in front of the slender redhead in the sleek black dress and stiletto heels.

When she didn't move, I thought at first I'd been mistaken about her needs. Illuminated by the lights of the grand hotel's entrance, her face was elegantly made up. A diamond choker nestled in the hollow of her throat, and her eyes, as they swept over me without the slightest sign of interest, were remote. She looked more the type to be waiting for a limo than a yellow cab. Then, although she hadn't made the slightest movement, suddenly knew exactly why she waited. Slamming the transmission into park, I bounded from the front seat, having totally forgotten that

five minutes earlier I'd been reeling with exhaustion and nerves, and hurried around the front of my vehicle.

"Taxi, madam?" Don't ask me why I said that. She just looked the part. Regal. Yes, that was it, as if the ordinary worlds of ordinary people revolved in some parallel universe from which she was far removed. I wished for a crimson-lined cape to spread over the littered sidewalk. Bowing slightly and feeling not the least bit foolish, I indicated the slightly battered vehicle with a sweep of my arm and an open hand, presenting it as if it were a gleaming coach with four white steeds.

She tilted her head and nodded with a faint smile. "Yes. Thank you."

Don't ask me either why I opened the *front* door and not the rear, or why she slid in without the slightest hesitation. But thirty seconds later I was settled behind the wheel, and she was only inches away, angled slightly to face me, her knees pressed demurely together and pulled partway up onto the seat.

"Where may I take you?" My throat was dry and my voice sounded unusually deep to my own ears. Carefully, I placed my hands at two and ten on the familiar wheel, its warm, smooth surface imprinted on my palms from years of intimacy. Suddenly self-conscious in my well-worn work khakis and white cotton T-shirt, I felt like a peasant in the presence of a noblewoman.

"Would you mind very much opening the windows?" Her voice was silky smooth and honey rich. "I dislike air-conditioning."

"It's too hot outside to do much for you," I replied as I dutifully lowered both front windows. The August night was thick and humid and immediately settled around us like fog.

"I find a breath of air on my skin refreshing, especially when it's warm."

I turned my head and met her eyes. They were large, long lashed, and deep, deep blue. Ocean-drowning blue. I never even considered not going under. "I forgot where you said you wanted to go."

She laughed, a surprisingly full and enormously sensuous sound. She leaned forward, her hand inches from my thigh, and flipped off the air-conditioning. "That's because I didn't tell you."

"Just say where." Now I understood how monarchies survived for centuries. Being the recipient of her smile was better than gold. *Allow me to serve you.*

"Take me for a ride."

My mind went completely blank, my stomach turned somersaults, and a ball of fire ignited between my thighs. *Command me, I'm yours.*

"How far..." My voice cracked and I cleared my throat.

"How far did you have in mind?"

She rested her fingertips ever so gently on the top of my right hand, which was now clenched around the gearshift. "How much time do you have?"

The muscles in my forearm quivered uncontrollably as I nodded to the blank face of the rectangular fare box mounted to my dash. "I'm done for the day."

"Well then," she said, her fingers insinuating between mine, "it's up to you, isn't it?"

Carefully, fearful that I'd dislodge her hand from mine, I maneuvered the gearshift into drive, flicked my eyes to the side-view mirror, and eased into the late-night traffic. "Your wish is my command, m'lady."

"You honor me," she murmured, sliding infinitesimally closer, leaving only a sliver of space between her thigh and mine. Her fingers left my hand and brushed with mesmerizing frequency up and down my bare arm. "Pretend I'm a tourist and show me the sights."

"Are you? A tourist?" I had no idea why it felt completely natural for the stranger to caress me. Her touch was gentle, but possessive. And it felt exactly right.

"In a way." She sighed quietly and rested her cheek against my shoulder, her breast gently cushioned against my upper arm.

I did the only thing I could. I took her on a slow tour of Manhattan, pointing out the sights as I drove: St. Patrick's Cathedral, the theatre district, Times Square. Now and then she inclined her head to look up through the windshield or leaned forward to peer out the driver's window for a better view. Each small movement of her body against mine caused my heart to race and my nerves to jangle. Somehow, I kept my eyes on the streets even as my awareness dissolved into sensations of her. Her scent, delicate and mysterious, stirred my blood; her voice, a mellifluous murmur, sent chills down my spine; her body, firm and warm and enticing, aroused mine.

"There." I raised my free hand, the one where her fingers still rested on my wrist, and pointed briefly. "The Empire State Building."

"Mmm, very phallic." One hand drifted to my thigh as she caught my right hand in the other and drew it down to her lap, linking our fingers once again.

I laughed with surprise at the comment and pleasure at the unexpected touch on my leg. "Seems to be a theme with monuments. I guess it's all about the power."

"Too obvious," she murmured. She moved closer and rested the tip of her chin on the point of my shoulder. I felt her gaze hot against my cheek. "I prefer a subtler kind of power."

"And what would that be?" My voice was barely a whisper because I was finding it hard to move air in and out of my chest. Her palm rested on the inside of my leg, less than an inch from my

crotch. I knew without looking that there was a damp spot soaked through the material stretched between my thighs, and if she touched me there even by accident, she would know without doubt what she'd done to me.

"The kind that has nothing to do with winning and losing." She pressed her mouth to the side of my neck and traced the tip of her tongue over the pulse that beat frantically beneath my skin. "Passion is the true power." Her fingers danced up my fly to my stomach, where she tugged my T-shirt from my pants and slid her hand underneath. "*Shared* passion."

My stomach went rigid, my thighs stiffened, and I had to concentrate not to press down on the gas pedal and rocket us up Sixth Avenue. Her hand was so hot my skin burned. When she massaged me in slow circles, the pressure went straight into my clit. If my legs hadn't already been spread, I would have had to part them, just to make room for it as it promptly swelled and twitched. I groaned softly, and I swear she laughed.

"Take me through Central Park."

"You won't...see much at night."

"Mmm, I'm not thinking of the scenery *outside*."

As she spoke, she drew my hand beneath the hem of her dress. While she leaned against me, still stroking my stomach, she guided the backs of my fingers up and down the inside of her thigh. When I felt the subtle lift of her hips beside me, I knew I was lost.

"I can't drive like this," I whispered.

"Find a place to pull over." The hint of command was still in her voice, but the faint tremor there now went right to my head.

My vision blurred for an instant and reflections from neighboring headlights became dancing moonbeams. I struggled to keep the cab in the lane. "Oh God--"

"Steady. There's time."

I drew a tremulous breath and squeezed down hard on the steering wheel with my left hand, blinking to clear my eyes. "I can't...I can't think. I want to touch you so much."

Her laughter held a note of triumph. "Will that help your concentration?"

To emphasize her point, she brushed my fingers higher between her thighs, the silk of her dress sliding up my arm as my fingertips slid over silken skin. I touched slick wet heat and gave a sharp cry of shock.

"No," she murmured throatily, "I didn't think so."

Mercifully, I'd just reached the entrance to the park where the traffic at least would be thinner. I made the mistake of glancing down into her lap and saw our arms disappearing beneath the silvery blackness of her dress, even as my fingers beneath it parted her ready flesh. I veered into a tiny turnaround and with my left hand awkwardly jammed the transmission into park while in the same motion turning toward her. In less than a second my mouth was against her ear, my fingers spread over the cleft between her thighs, cupping all of her, hot and wet and swollen. "I can't wait. Please, may I touch you?"

"Yes," she breathed, "I give you leave."

Abruptly, she released her hold on my hand where she held it between her legs and pushed both of hers beneath my T-shirt to grasp my bare breasts. The force of her fingers closing on my tense nipples and swollen breasts wrenched another cry from my throat. Before the sound died, her mouth was on my neck, the weight of her body forcing me back against the seat.

Even as her lips and teeth and mouth nipped at my skin, I fumbled with my left hand between the seat and the door, found the seat release lever, and pulled it. The front seat slid back away from the steering wheel, enough at least to allow us to turn and face each other. I arched my neck, offering myself, as she sucked on the tender flesh just below my jaw. Gently, I eased my fingers into her depths, marveling at the heat and softness. She moaned and pressed down against my hand.

"We can't--" My body bowed from the seat as she lowered her head and caught a nipple in her teeth through my T-shirt. Tugging at it, making the blood roar in my head, she adroitly opened the button on my chinos and flicked down the zipper. "Police...could come."

"They won't," she said fiercely, rolling her hips in my palm. "Come deeper inside me. Fill me up, make me come."

I gazed down through clouded eyes and saw her push her hand down my pants. The sight alone nearly made me come. I knew as soon as she touched me I would explode, and I wanted her to come first. Her fingers glided through the dampness between my legs just as I entered her. As I filled her, holding her in my palm, I worked my thumb back and forth over her clitoris. The muscles spasming around my fingers signaled she was nearing her climax.

"That's right," she murmured, "that's right. I'm coming. "

Her fingers closed around my clitoris as the first wave of her orgasm rolled through her. She pressed her face to my breasts, rocked her hips convulsively against my hand and arm, and even though she shuddered and moaned, still managed to jerk me to a shattering climax.

For minutes, possibly hours, I was blind and deaf and barely breathing. The engine idled quietly in the background, a soothing contrast to our hoarse cries and desperate moans. When at last I fell back against the seat, limp and thoroughly sated, she raised her head and kissed the corner of my mouth.

"Wherever this spot is, it should get four stars in the guidebook."

"It's not on my usual tour route," I rejoined lazily.

She caught my wrist as I was about to slip out of her and held my fingers inside, undulating her hips slowly. "No, not yet. You feel so good filling me."

"We have to get moving." I turned my head on the seat, not certain I had the strength to sit up. Her eyes were liquid, so dark and satisfied they appeared black. "We haven't finished our tour."

The corner of her mouth lifted and she squeezed down around my fingers one more time before gently guiding me out. "You mean there's more?"

"Uh-huh. Lots."

"Do you have time?"

"All the time in the world." I smiled and leaned forward to kiss her. "I'm off the meter, remember?"

Out of Habit

by MJ Williamz

SUMMER ON THE Central Coast. Scantly clad coeds parade around downtown, showing off their California bodies. Shame I had to move all the way to Oregon to really appreciate the town where I grew up. But appreciate I did as I sat in the outside eating area of the Firestone Grill. I'd just finished a tri-tip sandwich and was enjoying a local brew while watching the scenery.

The day was a scorcher by San Luis standards--eighty-five degrees. Why these women weren't at the beach was beyond me, but I couldn't complain about the bikini tops, bare midriffs, and shorts so short that cheeks were showing. Rollerblades carried these delights up and down the street, showcasing their toned, tanned legs.

I was considering heading down to the beach myself when I heard someone call my name.

"Chase? Chase Riley? Is that you?"

Chase is short for Chastity, a name no one had called me since kindergarten. Turning, I saw an attractive woman walking toward me. She was a total hippie--her graying hair worn in a single braid, her denim skirt long and flowing, Birkenstocks on her feet. She looked familiar, but I couldn't place her. She reached my table and smiled brightly, her beautiful white teeth a sharp contrast to her bronze skin. Her blue eyes shone with a youth that her hair belied.

I stood and took two full plastic bags from the woman and set them on the table before I offered my hand. "I'm sorry. I can't place you."

Her face turned a pleasant mahogany, further showcasing her deep blue eyes.

"I'm so sorry. How rude of me," she said, taking my hand with hers, surprising me with their calloused feel from what I guessed were years of hard work. "My name is Brigid. Sister Brigid. I met you last year..." Her voice trailed off.

"Oh! Sister Brigid!" The light bulb finally went on. "You sang at my father's funeral. Wow. I'm sorry I didn't recognize you."

"Nonsense. You had more important things on your mind."

Even as she said that, I remembered her tender kiss on my cheek that horrible day. I was in so much pain--missing my father, dealing with the acrid tongue of my mother--and still I remembered the kiss. Soft lips against my cheek. Soft breasts pressed into my arm. I knew it was inappropriate to enjoy it at that moment, but I enjoyed it nonetheless. I'd thought of her often in the months that followed. She looked pleasantly different out of her habit.

She placed her other hand over mine, obviously slipping into counselor mode.

"How are you, Chase?"

I needed to change the mood. And fast.

"Where are my manners? Please have a seat."

I pulled the chair out for her and she gracefully accepted, allowing me a wonderful view down her light blue blouse in the process. Her full breasts were confined in a practical white cotton bra. At that moment, it was the sexiest bra I'd ever seen. I felt like an adolescent schoolgirl again, lusting after those strict nuns. I wasn't thinking of Sister Brigid as hard and strict, though. Soft and pliant was more like it.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"No, thanks. I need to get back to the convent. I just wanted to say hi. It's funny. I was just thinking about you."

"Really? So this encounter was rather serendipitous, wasn't it?"

She laughed then tilted her head, and still smiling said, "I love that word. It sounds so magical."

"It's one of my favorites, too." A proud grin crept across my face.

"Did you go to Mission Prep, Chase?"

"I did indeed. Why?"

"I bet you were quite a handful for the nuns."

"I went to confession every Saturday." I shrugged. "So I was always forgiven."

I realized that sounded sacrilegious, so I tried to play it down. "That sounded horrible."

But she was laughing. "Really. It's fine." She covered my hand with hers. "I like your logic."

"Seriously, Sister. I meant no disrespect."

"Please, call me Brigid. And I meant what I said. I appreciate your thought process."

"So why the hurry to get back to the convent? You sure you don't want a beer? Pepsi? Lemonade?"

"I'd love it, but I really need to get these things home."

"What's in the bags?"

"Just some caulking and cleaning supplies. The community shower needs some serious attention."

Community shower? Visions of ribbons of steam rising in a crowded shower, dancing between and around dozens of naked nuns lathering one another up flashed through my head. In my mind's eye, I saw slick bodies pressed against each other, hands reaching everywhere, making sure all parts were clean.

"Chase? Hello?"

I cleared my throat and tried to lose the vision. But the woman sitting with me was still stark naked. I stared out into the street until I thought I could face her.

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay?"

"Fine. Sorry. So how are you getting home?"

She laughed. "I'm walking. It's just a couple of blocks to the Mission."

I looked around, getting my bearings. I felt stupid.

"Oh, yeah. I guess it is. Still, I'd be happy to give you a lift if you'd like."

"I'd hate to inconvenience you."

"Please. It wouldn't be an inconvenience." I grinned. "Besides, I've always been curious about what the inside of the convent looks like."

"It's pretty sparse."

"A lot of crosses and rosaries," I offered.

"And cots."

"And a community shower." Shit! Was that out loud?

She sighed. "Yes. The shower. I really need to get going."

"Do you ever get to the beach, Sister?"

"Please, call me Brigid. And no, I don't get to the beach very often."

"Okay, Brigid, I have an idea. How about I give you a ride home and help you in the shower?"
Shit again! "I mean..."

She was smiling at me, staring into my eyes. I could feel myself blushing under her scrutiny and cursed my Irish heritage. She seemed to be enjoying my discomfort.

"You meant?"

"That I could help fix up the shower and then we could go down to Avila. What do you say?"

"I couldn't impose on you."

"Impose nothin'. I'm offering here. Come on." I stood, grabbed the bags in one hand, and held my other out to her. "Let's get the work done and go play."

She placed her hand in my hand but remained seated, her eyes boring into mine.

"Why are you doing this? Surely you have better things to do on a Saturday afternoon. Besides, you must be on vacation, right?"

"Yes, I'm on vacation. And what better way to spend an afternoon than fulfilling a fantasy?"
When would I learn to shut up?

A natural, non-plucked eyebrow shot up. She didn't need to say a word. When a nun looks at you like that, you know you've got two seconds to explain. I made myself laugh.

"I'm talking about seeing the inside of a convent, Brigid. Now come on!"

She stood and held my hand a moment longer than necessary. Despite the heat, my hand felt cool and empty without hers. I led the way to my '66 convertible Mustang and held the door for my guest.

"Wow, Chase. This car is nice."

A woman who appreciated a good ride? Who was also a nun? Could my day have gone any better? I was thinking how hot it would be to take her for a different kind of ride when I realized she was still standing next to me.

"Thanks. I've had her since high school. She's my baby."

As she got in, she asked, "Why are cars always female?"

"Because they're like real ladies. You care for them, pamper them, treat them right, and they're more than happy to perform for you."

Brigid turned to face me, resting her elbow on the top of her seat.

"So you like the ladies to perform for you, do you?"

When backed into a corner, I've always believed that honesty is sometimes not a bad policy.
"Look, Brigid. I guess I should come clean here."

"Please, Chase. Do you think I don't know you're a lesbian?"

When I didn't respond, she laughed. "Have you seen you? Besides, do you think you'll be the first lesbian ever in a convent?"

My mind went back to the convent. I pictured two nuns lying on the bed, habits around their waists, each of them with her face buried between the other's legs. I visualized another room, another cot. On the cot lay two nuns wearing only their wimples, mouths opened against each other's. One's legs spread wide while the other slid her fingers in and out of her. I could hear them moaning into each other's mouths.

"Chase?"

"Huh? Uh, no. I mean, I don't know. I guess I've never really thought about it."

"You haven't, huh? Lucky for you, there's confession this evening." She turned back in her seat, and with a shaky hand, I started up the only female I'd been faithful to since high school.

Brigid had said the convent was sparse. Barren was more like it. We entered through thick oak doors that had been fashioned over two hundred years before. The floor was the same polished red clay I remembered from the hallways at Mission Prep. Our footsteps echoed loudly as we walked down the hallway. We passed a large dining room with three long tables lined with high-backed wood chairs. Comfort was obviously not the goal. A picture of Saint Luis, the Bishop of Toloso and the town's namesake, hung on the far wall.

We continued down the hall, passing smaller wooden doors, spaced about eight feet apart. "Are these your rooms?"

"Yes, ma'am, they are."

"So do I get to see inside one of these rooms?"

"There's really not much to see, but if it's that important to you, I'll show you mine when we get there." My mouth went dry as her blue eyes gleamed at me. "Your mind doesn't stop, does it?"

Busted. Before I could think of a comeback, we'd stopped in front of one of the nondescript doors.

"Here we are," she announced. "Are you ready for the further fulfillment of your fantasy?"

She knew what she was doing to me. She knew and yet she continued. It would serve her right if I backed her into the door and kissed her right then. My hands itched to slip under her shirt and run over her plain cotton bra to cup the full breasts underneath. I told myself to be cool. Even if I wasn't still a practicing Catholic, I had to believe that molesting a nun wouldn't bode well for my next life. I decided it was best to simply play along.

"So let's do it, Brigid."

The smile she gave me was a cross between condescending and teasing.

"I'm always happy to fulfill fantasies," she tossed over her shoulder. "Just one more service we provide here."

When she turned her back to me, I slid my hands in the pockets of my cargo shorts to keep them from caressing the sweet sister's backside.

I followed her into a tiny room that affected me in the most unexpected way. The room was a six-foot square. A metal cot that looked like World War II Army issue was against one wall, a kneeler--basically a red rubber-covered two by four--was under a crucifix on the wall directly across from the door. A small, four-drawer bureau lined the third wall, and the wall by the door was bare. At first I was filled with pity, then with respect. To think that someone was dedicated

enough to something, even something I didn't believe in, to live like this. What an amazing strength Brigid must possess.

"Do you like what I've done with the place?"

Relax. "Yeah. I'll have to get the name of your designer."

"The Diocese of Monterey."

"Of course, I'll contact them at once. I'm sure they could do wonders with my apartment."

"Okay, funny girl. You need to leave now so I can change."

I knelt quickly and bowed my head. "You won't even know I'm here."

She walked behind me and placed her hand on my shoulder. "Oh, but, Chase, I don't think there's a woman alive who wouldn't know you were in the same room. Nice try, though. Go ahead and take those supplies down the hall. There's a set of double doors on the right. That's the bathroom. In the back area is the shower."

I had been dismissed, but I'd liked it. My shoulder burned where her hand had rested. I stood and looked down into her eyes. I hadn't realized the height difference until that moment. I was only five-nine, and she had to be about five-five, based on the angle at which I would have to bend my neck to kiss those full lips of hers. They called to me, slightly parted, begging for my mouth.

"Okay." I backed away. "I'll see you when you get there."

THE CONVENT BATHROOM reminded me of the bathrooms in my college dorm. The wall-length mirror and sink to my right, the ten metal stalls in front of me. The white tiled floor was in remarkably good shape for the amount of traffic it must see. I wondered if Brigid had to keep that area clean, too. Following her instructions, I walked around past the toilets to find the shower area. It was a large circular space with twenty showerheads set four or five feet apart. Metal panels separated each individual shower, but they couldn't afford the nuns much privacy. Sure, the nun next to you could see only your lower legs and shoulders. But with no panel behind them, any nun using a shower across the room would be treated to quite a show.

I imagined Brigid turning in the shower to rinse her hair and catching sight of another nun lathering her small, perky breasts. I imagined Brigid rubbing her own large breasts while she watched, pressing them together, teasing her nipples until they stood at attention. I could see one hand sliding slowly down her body, fingers extending, moving between her legs.

"I see you found the shower."

I jumped at the sound of her voice. Clearing my throat, I responded, "Yeah. It's just where you said it would be." Taking a deep breath, I turned to see Brigid looking even less like a nun than she had in her skirt. She was wearing navy blue Mission Prep gym shorts, complete with a gold set of praying hands on the leg. A white tank top loosely covered her breasts. I noticed that the bra had disappeared. She had traded in her Birkenstocks for white tennis shoes. I felt it was safest to let my focus rest on her feet.

"Is everything okay?"

"Sure," I lied. "Everything's fine."

"So you see how bad the tile is in here, huh?"

"Yeah," I lied again. "I was just trying to figure out where we should start."

"I'm sure you were."

She took the bags from my hand and set them down.

"You know, Chase, you really don't have to do this. I'll give you one last chance to back out."

"I wouldn't dream of it." I was starting to feel more in control again. "By the way, nice outfit."

"You like this, huh?"

"Well, I gotta say. I've always wondered what nuns wear in the privacy of the convent."

Brigid laughed at me again. "Surely you don't think we wear our habits all the time."

"Well, I'd considered that. But you weren't wearing one earlier, so that mystery was solved. But I didn't know if you had dress codes. You know," I offered as my gaze roamed casually over every inch of her, "I wondered if a certain amount of skin had to be covered or something."

"Ah. And now you know the answer to that, too. So do you want to caulk or clean?"

Did she say cock? I wondered how she'd feel if I'd been packing. I pictured Brigid on her knees, sucking me, getting my cock nice and wet before I slid it into her waiting pussy.

"Chase?"

I could hear her calling my name while I drilled her.

"Chase?"

Shit! She really is calling my name. Focus, Chase.

"Huh? I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"I asked if you wanted to caulk or clean first."

"Why don't we go ahead and clean this side? Then, while it dries, we can clean over there. Then we'll caulk."

"Or maybe then we'll head for the beach."

I laughed. "Yeah, maybe by then we'll need the beach."

We filled our buckets with soapy water and knelt in adjacent showers. I looked over as she scrubbed and watched her large breasts straining against their flimsy cotton confines. Her whole shirt moved side to side as she scrubbed, and I longed to lie under her and hold her still, taking first one nipple, then the other in my mouth.

I turned all my attention back to the chore at hand and scrubbed the floor as hard as I could, hoping to scrub away my frustrations in the process. Three stalls later, I continued to scrub, ignoring the pain in my lower back and the pressure on my knees. I was gonna make that shower floor sparkle.

"Wow. You're doing a great job, Chase."

I don't know if it was the praise from the attractive woman or the knowledge that she was standing behind me, looking at my ass while I was on all fours, but I felt the heat flow over every inch of me. I immediately sat down and faced her, leaning my back against the wall.

"What's the point of doin' a job half-assed? Excuse my language," I added.

She sat next to me. "No need to apologize. And I truly am impressed. This has to be more than you bargained for."

I wiped the sweat from my forehead and grinned. "I'm not one to complain if something turns out to be a little more than I expect."

"You've still got some suds there."

"Huh? Where?" I dried my hands on my shorts and wiped my forehead again.

"No." She leaned toward me. "Right here." She brushed some suds out of my hair.

I fought the urge to pull away. And I fought the urge to pull her close. I sat as still as I could, willing myself to form words.

"So where is everyone? What do nuns do on Saturday afternoons?" It was lame, I knew, but it's all I could come up with.

She was still on her hands and knees looking at me.

"Some are out working in the garden. Some are visiting nursing homes. Others are at the school working on lesson plans. Why do you ask?"

Her eyes flicked back and forth, looking into mine. She was making me crazy. Did she know what she was doing?

My voice cracked when I answered, "I just wondered. It's awfully quiet here."

"It's always quiet here, Chase. It's a convent," she whispered.

I looked away from her eyes and ended up staring down her shirt. Her breasts hanging free and swaying a hair's breadth away tested the very last of my self-control. I tore my gaze away, and it landed once again on her full lips. I knew I needed to get out of there or I was gonna do something really stupid.

"I'm thinking that maybe we should head for the beach. What do you think?"

She closed the distance between us and knelt before me. She brushed the back of her hand over my forehead and down my cheek.

"Is that really what you want?"

She traced the outline of my lips. I could feel the lips between my legs responding.

"I think it's what we need to do."

"But what if I want to do something else?" she asked, sitting back on her haunches and pulling her shirt off.

"Oh, God, Brigid, I'm not this strong."

She took my hands and placed them on her while she leaned into me and kissed me. The kiss was soft and tender, as was the touch of my hands on her firm breasts. As our lips explored each other, my hands moved slowly, exploring the soft mounds that filled them. I knew I was being tentative, but I still couldn't believe I was kissing and fondling Sister Brigid. Her lips parted and my tongue slid into her mouth as my thumbs ran over the tips of her rock hard nipples.

Brigid's hands went to my shoulders. She eased me onto my back while she lay on top of me. The feel of her body against mine pushed the thought that she was a nun out of my mind. My hands let go of her breasts and went around to her back, moving all over her, pressing her body into me. Her skin was so soft and smooth. And hot. She was on fire with desire, and I was sure I could make her burn hotter still.

Cupping her shapely ass, I forced our crotches together. I arched my hips and ground into her. She moved against mine in circular motions, little at first, then larger and more forceful. I separated her cheeks and moved my hands down, nearing her opening, but not touching. I wanted to tease her like she'd been teasing me, drive her crazy wondering what was coming next.

Brigid shifted slightly and lowered herself against my leg, which bent to accommodate her. Her hands framed my face, her tongue plunging deep into my mouth as she moved on me. I could feel her pussy under the flimsy shorts pressing into me and wondered how long I'd be able to hold out.

That question was answered when she rolled off me, stood up, and slipped her shorts down. I thought I would explode just watching her. Instead of simply stepping out of them, Brigid hooked them over one foot and kicked them onto my face. I was overwhelmed with the scent of her. I grabbed the shorts and held them against my nose.

"Oh, God," I groaned.

She stood over me then and spread herself. "Do you like what you see?"

"You know I do."

My hands slid up her tight calves and pressed into the back of her knees, forcing her to bend them. I guided her down until she had one knee on either side of my face. I peeled back her hood and sucked her rigid clit into my mouth.

"Oh, Chase. Yes. That's it."

My hands glided up the back of her thighs and pulled her harder down on me. My tongue licked the length of her hardness, coaxing it harder still. My fingers ran along her slit, teasing her wetness.

"Please, Chase. You've been playing with me, driving me mad all day. Please, don't tease me anymore. I need you to take me."

I licked her one more time before I eased her back down on top of me, pressing my knee into her hot pussy. I kissed her hard, sharing her juices with her. Rolling over, we continued to kiss while my hand moved down to cup a breast, squeezing, kneading the soft, enticing flesh before running my palm over her hardened nipple.

Breaking away, I trailed kisses down her cheek, sucking her earlobe, my tongue darting inside her ear. She moaned in pleasure, arching into me. My thumb and finger closed tightly on her nipple.

"Oh, yeah. That's it. Pinch me harder. Oh, God, Chase."

Always happy to oblige, I squeezed her with more force before surrendering the nipple to my mouth so my hand could move lower, gliding over smooth skin that rippled at my touch. When my fingertips brushed through her soft curls, her legs opened wider and I felt her hips thrust upward.

My tongue lapped around her nipple before my teeth closed on it just as my fingers slipped past her wet hair and over her slick clit. She reached down and lay her hand over mine, pressing my fingers into her, around her. Our fingers moved together, rubbing her. I could feel her hardening, pulsing under my fingers. I finally released her nipple and kissed all over her breasts. First one. Then the other. Light kisses, soft bites, teasing licks. All the while her hips were gyrating, bucking into me. Moving up and around, encouraging my fingers to stroke her harder, faster.

After one final kiss to the soft underside of a full breast, I nibbled my way to her belly button. Her panting and groaning urged me on. I traced a tantalizing line to the top of her hair with my tongue, teasing her, knowing that I wasn't playing fair and loving the response. Our fingers continued to massage the length of her. I was surprised at how far her clit extended. She was standing straight out, begging for release.

Brigid used her free hand to push my head lower, while her other hand pushed three of my fingers inside her waiting pussy. I licked her hardness from base to tip over and over while my fingers moved in and out of her. The sound of her cunt sucking my fingers deeper drove me crazy, compelling me to pump harder. I slid a fourth finger inside her while she met my every thrust. She grabbed my wrist and used my hand as a dildo, fucking herself with my fingers. I surrendered my arm to her completely. I could feel her tight walls compress against me; so much of her juices flowed down my wrist that her grip slipped slightly. She held more firmly and picked up the pace.

The scent of her arousal flooded my nose, surrounding me, dragging me in, and making me dizzy. My tongue reveled in her musky flavor, sucking as much to get my fill of her as to guide her over the edge. My teeth closed on her clit, pressing into it while sucking on it at the same time. My world was between her legs. There was no past, no future, only that moment, that pussy. Every one of my senses was attuned to pleasing her.

From somewhere in the distance, a sound invaded my world. I became aware of heavy breathing, panting, whimpering. Next came a guttural moan followed by a loud scream that coincided with Brigid's pussy clenching tightly around my fingers. I slipped my free hand under her, pressing her into me while she rode out her orgasm.

When the shudders ceased, Brigid released her grip on me, and I withdrew from her. I kissed my way up her body, taking her lips again with mine. The kiss was soft, saying so much without words. I lay next to her and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her close, still amazed at what had just happened.

"Chase?" Brigid's voice was low, still husky from desire.

"Yeah?"

She propped herself up and looked into my eyes, smiling. "You still think you're the first lesbian in the convent?"

I threw my head back and laughed, now well aware of the answer. "I don't guess I am."

Sliding her hand under my shirt, she whispered, "There's still time before confession," before she kissed me hard, her tongue immediately in my mouth, fanning the fire she'd started.

Bless me, Father, indeed, I thought as her hand closed over my breast. I closed my eyes, blocking out everything but the sensations of her touch, knowing that whether I made confession or not, I was about to experience heaven for the second time that day.

The Pole

by Pat Cronin

"SO, YOU'RE A fireman?"

Bailey felt the woman's warm breath on her ear and the sensation gave her heart a jolt. She carefully took a drink of her Corona and turned to find herself staring into the most amazing pair of blue eyes. "Um, what did you say?"

The eyes twinkled with amusement. "I said, so you're a fireman?"

Bailey's gaze moved to her busty chest and glanced at the fire department insignia over her left breast, then went back to the blue eyes. "I don't see any men in here."

"Funny." The woman sat on the bar stool beside her and ordered a beer. "Do you work around here?"

"Yep. Right across the street."

"I'm Amber."

"Bailey."

Amber smiled and signaled the bartender to give Bailey another Corona. "It's on me."

"Thanks, but I--"

"No." Amber leaned closer, pressing her fingers lightly across Bailey's lips. Her light brown hair touched Bailey's arm and she had to fight the urge to touch the soft strands. "I want to do this."

The firefighter winked at her and kissed the fingers that still touched her lips. She was rewarded with a seductive smile and could almost feel herself getting wet just from the look. It made Bailey wonder how long it had been since she'd last had sex. Heh. Too damn long if you have to think about it.

Bailey took a long drink of her beer, then swirled it around a bit. Amber was staring at her in the way that a woman stares when she has just one thing on her mind. Bailey swallowed hard and drained the last bit of her drink.

"So, do you live around here?"

"About two miles away." Amber's hand was now on Bailey's thigh, her long fingers trailing toward the firefighter's hips. "I've never seen the inside of a firehouse before."

"Really?" Bailey placed her hand over Amber's, stopping the play, but letting the woman know with a quick look that the game was far from over. "I can take you there. Everyone's sleeping this time of night."

"Can we go now?"

"You bet." Bailey tossed a few dollars on the bar, grabbed Amber's hand and led her out of the bar, across the street and to the firehouse doors. Her hands were shaking, but she managed to get the key out and let them in.

"The sleeping quarters are in the back of the house, but we have a rec room upstairs."

"Let's start there." Amber slid her arm around Bailey's hips, letting her hand rest comfortably in the other woman's back pocket.

Bailey picked up the pace, hoping no one was in the rec room. She breathed a sigh of relief when she found it empty.

Amber was only a few steps behind her and took a moment to look around the small room. Six leather recliners were in a semi-circle around a TV stand that was equipped with DVD and VCR players. "Cozy."

"Yeah, we like it."

"I can see that." Amber stepped closer to Bailey, letting her hands rest on the woman's shoulders. "I bet a lot goes on here. I mean, besides sleeping."

"Oh sure." Bailey found herself held in the grip of those eyes, forgetting that she was in the firehouse, forgetting that at any moment someone could walk in on them, forgetting that a call

may come in and the station would be flooded with firefighters. She could only think of those eyes, until the hands began to roam.

Amber slowly untucked Bailey's shirt from her jeans, then worked her hands under the smooth cotton fabric to touch the warm skin beneath it. "Soft," she whispered, leaning forward to nibble on Bailey's neck, her lips lingering near the pulse point.

Bailey felt herself shiver involuntarily. "I--"

"Shh," Amber brought her lips to Bailey's mouth, preventing any more discussion. Her hands continued to explore the soft skin. She rubbed along the edges of Bailey's breasts, her fingers teasing the nipples under the sports bra. She felt them harden and let her thumbs flick across them as her hands moved to grasp the shirt and pull it over Bailey's head.

Amber tossed the shirt away and then slid her hands around Bailey's back to loosen the bra, freeing the large breasts for closer examination.

Bailey sucked in a breath when her skin was exposed to the cool air. Her balance teetered when Amber's warm mouth surrounded her right nipple and areola, taking more of it in than Bailey thought possible. She sucked hard and fast and it nearly sent her over the edge right there. Bailey reached back to steady herself on one of the chairs. She didn't realize her mistake until she pressed her weight against the chair and found herself falling as the chair reclined.

There was a soft thud and then a giggle as Amber landed beside her on the floor. "Well, that was interesting."

Bailey felt the blush heat her cheeks. "Sorry. I was--well, you were--"

Amber saved her from further talk by running her tongue across Bailey's lips. "Yeah, where were we?"

There was no answer from the half-naked firefighter.

Amber straddled Bailey's hips and bent forward to continue her ministrations of the woman's right breast. Her hand slipped to Bailey's left breast, where her fingers pinched the sensitive nipple.

Bailey wrapped her fingers in the light brown hair above her, pulling Amber's face closer as she sucked harder. Just when Bailey was sure she couldn't take any more, Amber released her right breast and immediately began attending to the left one, attaching her mouth to it with such vigor that a gasp escaped Bailey's lips. Her over-sensitized right nipple was now getting attention from Amber's hand. The moisture between Bailey's legs was growing by the second.

She barely noticed when Amber's right hand stopped twisting her nipple and began a steady slide down her body. The pull of her zipper was too soft to hear, but the moment those fingers scratched the surface of her panties, Bailey's eyes opened wide.

"Lift your hips, babe." Amber urged her, tugging at the jeans that were in her way.

Bailey didn't hesitate to comply, lifting her hips so Amber could slide the pants down to her knees. Amber then hooked her thumbs in the sides of Bailey's underwear and slid them down as well.

Bailey leaned back against the floor, her fingers again tangled in Amber's hair as the woman began a slow journey down the length of her body. Lips nipped and sucked along her rib cage to the six-pack abs she was so proud of, and ended up just above the soft curls between her legs.

Long fingers rubbed against those curls, teasing her as they barely touched her heated skin. "You're moist." Amber's voice was low, almost a growl. "I like that."

"Oh God." Bailey could feel herself getting wetter, anticipating the feel of those fingers inside her.

"You want it bad, don't you?"

"Yes!" Bailey squirmed beneath Amber. "Please!"

"Soon." Amber slid further down Bailey's body, taking her time as she removed Bailey's sneakers, then the rest of her clothes.

Bailey started to reach out to remove Amber's shirt, but her hands were shooed away. Amber slowly unbuttoned her own shirt, tossing it aside. To Bailey's delight, Amber was not wearing a bra. Her breasts were small and firm, her nipples already hard.

Amber noticed Bailey eyeing her and winked. "You'll get your turn later." She stood up long enough to remove her shoes and pants.

Twitching with desire, Bailey moved her right hand toward her groin, intent on getting some relief. But Amber was quick and pulled the hand out of her way. "Not yet."

Bailey wanted to protest, but words were lost to her when she felt Amber's warm breath brush against her hardened clitoris.

Amber took hold of Bailey's hips, keeping them steady as she lowered herself into position. She gazed at the woman beneath her, pleased to see her shaking with anticipation. Amber closed her eyes and pressed her face between Bailey's legs, darting her tongue out to find the clitoris. She worked circles around the warm skin, feeling Bailey tremble, hearing the labored breathing.

Her lips closed on Bailey's clitoris, sucking and pulling with nearly as much fervor as when she'd suckled Bailey's breasts. Amber knew that Bailey was closer now and released her, letting her tongue slide between the labia, where she could taste the moisture.

Bailey's hips were thrusting toward Amber's mouth, her entire body shaking. Amber moved her tongue away from the labia and back to Bailey's clitoris, at the same time sliding in her fingers. Amber began a rhythmic in and out motion that came in time with the thrusting of Bailey's hips.

Amber felt the opening widen as she brought Bailey closer and closer to orgasm.

It seemed like a lifetime passed before Bailey felt the orgasm shudder through her body. "Oh yes! Oh, god yes!" The wave of pleasure moved over her, leaving Bailey in a sweating heap, her heart pounding wildly and her breathing coming in short gasps. Amber slowly removed her fingers, letting them slide gently through the thick pubic hair, down the inner thighs, spreading Bailey's moisture along her body.

Amber lay beside Bailey, her hand resting between soft breasts, waiting patiently for her to float back down.

Bailey slowly opened her eyes and gazed over at the blue eyes beside her. She lifted her hand to caress Amber's cheek. "Thanks."

"No. Don't thank me."

"Oh." Bailey instantly worried she had said something wrong. It certainly wouldn't be the first time. "Um, I didn't mean--"

"I was thanking you." Amber turned her head and kissed the hand that had been touching her cheek. "You're a firefighter. It's the least I could do."

Bailey didn't know whether to laugh or cry or what. She stared at the woman for a few moments, then sat up, pushing her gently to the ground so that she was now on top of Amber, enjoying the feel of skin on skin. "Well, let me at least return the favor."

Amber was looking over Bailey's shoulder. "Under one condition."

"What's that?"

"I get to slide down the fire pole."

Bailey glanced behind her at the shiny brass pole and grinned. "Sure. But that won't be the only thing you slide down tonight."

"Oh, I knew I liked you," Amber purred.

Bailey pressed her lips against Amber's, her tongue sliding them apart so she could reach Amber's tongue. Bailey sucked it into her mouth, holding it there for a few seconds before moving to Amber's lower lip. She captured it between her teeth and tugged gently, giving it a nip before letting go.

Bailey's hand kneaded Amber's breast, while the left slid between their bodies, working its way toward Amber's groin. Amber leaned her head back and gasped when she felt Bailey's fingers slip through her curls to rest against her labia.

Blue eyes gazed up at Bailey and the firefighter grinned, letting the nail of one finger graze against Amber's heated skin, almost laughing at the instant moisture she felt there. "Wow. You're more ready than I was."

"Bitch," Amber whispered the word, but there was only passion in her tone. She grasped Bailey's face with both hands and pulled the woman closer for a long kiss, their tongues parrying for dominance.

Bailey continued to tease Amber, her fingers getting closer and closer, but never touching for more than a second. Amber moaned into her mouth, thrusting her hips upward in an attempt to force Bailey's fingers inside.

Strong hands captured Amber's hips, pinning them down as Bailey slid her knee between Amber's legs. "It's better when you wait."

Amber's breathing was coming in shallow gasps now, her heartbeat quickening with every touch of Bailey's fingers. She tried to press herself against Bailey's knee and whimpered when she couldn't. "Please!" She begged for release.

"I will." Bailey's lips moved along Amber's jaw line, to her ear, then down her neck. She spent a few extra seconds sucking along her prominent collarbone before moving to the soft mounds of flesh she'd been eying most of the night.

Bailey's mouth took in Amber's breast, bringing an almost immediate gasp from her lover. Bailey let her tongue circle the hardened nipple, then the areola, coming to a stop when she felt Amber shiver.

Her ministrations moved to the other breast and earned her a deep sigh from Amber. Bailey smiled and kept up her work on both breasts until she was sure that Amber was going to kill her.

She chuckled softly and moved her leg out of the way, slipping her fingers between Amber's folds. Amber's hips thrust upward to meet Bailey's fingers just as they slid into her. They began the in and out motion, going faster and faster until Amber let out a scream.

"Yes!"

Bailey nearly panicked, reaching up with her free hand to cover Amber's mouth. She continued pumping her fingers, hoping to bring the woman to orgasm soon and hoping no one had just been awakened.

"Oh, Bailey! Faster! Faster!"

Amber rocked her hips, trying to get Bailey's fingers in deeper, screaming for her to work faster. Bailey was certain she couldn't go any faster when Amber opened her mouth. The orgasm was muffled by Bailey's hand as the woman beneath her arched her back for a few seconds, then slowly came back down, resting flat against the floor.

Bailey removed her hand when she was sure the screaming was over, letting her fingers trail along the woman's soft abdomen.

Amber was breathing fast, but opened her eyes to gaze up at Bailey. "Now can I slide down the pole?"

"Well, you need to put your clothes on first."

Amber raised an eyebrow at her. "Why? Won't that ruin the fun?"

"The fun--oh man." Bailey shook her head. "You really don't want to slide down that thing, um, naked."

"Why not?" Amber got up and walked over to the pole. There was a red trap door around the base of it and a hole just big enough that she could see the outline of two fire trucks below. "It's not that high up."

"It's not the height." Bailey rubbed one hand along the surface of the pole, her skin making a squeaky noise. "You'll get burned if you're not wearing clothes. It's like a rug burn."

Amber reached for the pole with her right hand, wrapping her fingers tightly around it. Then she wrapped her legs around and slid upward a few inches. She closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation against her groin.

"Oh, there's no burn. Not if you're moist enough."

"Amber, you--"

Amber was sliding up and down the pole just enough to get a little friction going as her skin stayed in contact with the metal. "Oh, this is--you have to--Oh God!"

This time Bailey could not quiet the woman as she increased her motions and brought herself to climax.

"Yes! Yes!" Amber threw her head back and let go of the pole just enough to slide closer to the trap door.

Bailey reached out for her but was not in time to stop her as the door opened and Amber slid through.

The woman was still in her climax as she reached the floor.

Bailey quickly put her clothes on, grabbed Amber's clothes and started down the pole. But Amber was still wrapped tightly around it. Not wanting to end up on top of her...at least not like that...Bailey ran down the stairs. She reached Amber just as the bay lights came on and the alert tones sounded for a fire call.

"Shit!"

"What's that?"

"A fire call!"

"Cool!"

"Not cool!" Bailey pulled Amber to her feet and hurried her into a storage closet, pulling the doors shut. "Get dressed!"

"Okay, okay," Amber grumbled, slipping on her pants and shirt and trying to get Bailey to open the doors so she could see the other firefighters moving around.

Bailey peaked out, watching as two men moved past their hiding place and toward the engine closest to the brass pole. He stopped at the base of the pole and Bailey felt her heart leap into her chest. "Shit," she mumbled.

The man was staring at the pole, looking up to the trap door, then down to the base, his eyebrows arched in confusion. "Yo, Dave. I thought you polished this thing."

Dave, who was tossing his gear onto the truck turned to stare at him. "I did. About an hour before we went to bed."

"You did a lousy job. There's Brasso all over the thing."

"What?" Dave shook his head. "No way."

"Way." The other firefighter opened the door to the driver's side of the engine and climbed in. "There's white stuff all over it."

Bailey couldn't hear Dave's comment over the roar of the fire engine's motors, but she could only imagine what they would say if they knew what the "white stuff" was. The thought made her giggle.

Amber pressed closer to Bailey and whispered in her ear. "When can I come slide down the pole again?"

Bailey laughed out loud. "Any time you want, babe. Any time you want."

Redneck Lesbos

by Pat Cronin

A GREASY HAND appeared from under the Chevy Dualie pick up truck, the fingers making grabbing motions. "Hey babe! Hand me a beer, will ya?"

"Why? Your legs broke?" Sissy asked as she placed the beer into the greasy hand. "You done yet?"

"Nope." Rai twisted the top off the bottle and took a swig. "Ahh, much better."

"You know we're supposed to be at Slug's at four."

"Slug can wait. It ain't like we're that far away." Rai set the beer on the pavement, swiped her arm across her forehead to get rid of the sweat and went back to work getting the new oil filter in place. "Besides, we've got all the wood. He can't even start the fire until we get there."

"And he'll be bitchin' about how late we are."

"Sissy, honey, all you have to do to get him to shut up is give him a beer."

Sissy laughed and glanced at the open cooler. "There won't be any left if you don't stop drinking them and get the damn oil changed."

Rai rolled her eyes.

"And stop rolling your eyes at me."

Rai stopped what she was doing and looked in Sissy's direction. "You got x-ray vision now?"

"No."

Rai held up her middle finger.

"You know the answer is no. I'll be too tired after the party tonight and we'll be in a tent in your brother's back yard. No way we're doing the 'wild thing' with his kids and half your family running around."

Rai glanced at her finger, then shook her head. "How the hell do you do that?"

"Because you're so damn predictable." Sissy squatted near the front tire of the truck, leaning forward enough to see under the vehicle. "But I may reconsider if you hurry."

Rai tightened the filter one last time with her hand and smiled. "Wanna join me under here or in the shower?" she asked, wagging her light brown eyebrows.

"Neither. If I get under there I'll get dirty. If I join you in the shower, we'll never make it to Slug's."

"And that's a bad thing because..."

"Rai!"

"All right!" Rai was laughing as she scooted out from under the truck. "Can I at least get a kiss?"

"Fine." She lifted her head to kiss Rai, but backed up when greasy hands came at her. "Go!"

RAI STEPPED OUT of the shower and put the towel around her body. She headed into the front room and found Sissy on the couch with her head back and her eyes closed. Rai stood over her and shook her wet hair, laughing when Sissy's eyes opened wide.

"Bitch!" Sissy rolled away from Rai, wiping the water from her face as she did.

"That's Ms. Bitch to you." Rai plopped onto the couch beside her.

"At least you're clean now. Go get dressed so we can get going."

Rai tossed the towel on the floor and got onto her knees beside Sissy. "Sure you want me to do that?"

Sissy's eyes narrowed slightly, but the admonishing look only lasted a few seconds. "I really hate when you do this."

"Do what?"

"This." Sissy pointed to Rai. "Get all showered and clean...then get all naked in front of me when we should be leaving."

"You don't want me naked? Or you don't want me clean?" Rai crawled close enough to Sissy that her bare breasts rubbed against Sissy's arm.

Sissy licked her lips. "Well," she took hold of Rai's hand and rubbed the calloused fingers. "Actually, I don't think I've ever known you not to have grease stains on your hands." She kissed Rai's fingers. "It's hot."

"Yeah?" Rai positioned herself so she was straddling Sissy's lap. "How hot?"

"Too much yapping," Sissy claimed Rai's mouth with hers, pulling her onto the couch so that Sissy was now on top.

"Oh, this I like."

Sissy removed her shirt and tossed it aside and pressed her bare breasts against Rai's. "Mmm. Me too."

Rai reached for Sissy's pants, but got her hands slapped. "What?"

"You get to wait for that." Sissy clamped her mouth down on Rai's breast, her tongue flicking across the taut nipple.

"Oh, baby. Nice."

Sissy's hand played with the other nipple like she was playing an instrument, pulling and flicking it, making Rai squirm beneath her.

"You are such a tease," Rai dug her fingers into Sissy's short hair, holding her head while she continued to suckle her breast. It was making her body tingle, creating an ache between her legs that was driving Rai mad. She thrust her hips up, only to have Sissy press them back down.

"Down girl," she said, moving her mouth to Rai's. They kissed frantically, Rai shoving her tongue into Sissy mouth, groaning when Sissy sucked it.

Rai held Sissy's head with both hands, needing her kisses, wanting her touch.

Sissy pulled back from Rai to catch her breath. Their eyes locked and no more words were needed. Sissy's hands moved down Rai's body and Rai leaned her head back, sucking in air as she anticipated her partner's next move.

Rai felt the soft touch against her inner thighs and shivered. She was already wet and way past ready. She closed her eyes when fingers moved through the curls of hair between her legs.

"Wet. Nice." Sissy's fingers parted the hair, lightly moving between Rai's lips. They slid in easily, finding the hard nub immediately.

It was almost too much. Rai's hips bucked, pushing into Sissy's hand. "Please baby. Right there."

"I know." Sissy took the nub between her fingers and played with it, pressing it, twisting it, driving Rai crazy by bringing her close, but not close enough.

"Oh God! Oh, that's--that's it!" Rai's fists opened and closed, her hips now thrusting upward as Sissy's grip on her tightened. Rai threw her head back and moaned. "Please. I--I need you inside. Baby..."

Rai felt Sissy release her, sliding her fingers further down. They were just along the rim. Sissy's fingers teasingly went inside Rai, then came out again in a slow, deliberate motion.

Rai looked at Sissy to find her smiling back at her. "Baby..."

"It'll be so good, sweetie." Sissy's fingers continued to play at Rai's opening as Sissy placed her mouth over Rai's clit.

The touch was soft and pleasing against Rai's sensitive skin. Sissy's tongue licked the sides of the clit while her fingers slid in and out.

Sissy's finger moved in tandem with Rai's hips, slowly at first, then speeding up as Rai got closer and closer.

Sissy's mouth suddenly took in Rai's flesh and suckled it hard while her fingers moved faster.

"Oh baby! Yes! So very close...harder. Harder!"

Rai's hips shoved harder, trying to drive Sissy's fingers deeper inside.

"I'm coming!" Rai screamed and her body began to shake and spasm. Her toes curled and her hips rose up. She tightened around Sissy's fingers and held her there.

Rai was lost in the moment until she felt Sissy kissing her mouth. She could taste herself and it made her shiver again. The wonderful throbbing between her legs seemed to go on forever, even after Sissy removed her fingers.

Rai let out a deep breath and looked up into Sissy's face. Her lover was comfortably lying on top of her, a very pleased expression on her face.

"Wow."

"Yeah, wow." Sissy said. "You're gonna need another shower."

"Hmm. Wanna join me?"

Sissy laughed. "You're insatiable!"

"Yeah. And I'm horny." Rai kissed her.

"We still have to go to Slug's."

"He can wait. He only wants us to come because we always bring the beer."

"So, you wanna stay home?"

Rai lifted an eyebrow at the question. "Are you kidding? We could have a shower, play some more and be done in time for Wrestling at 7."

Sissy said, "So we're not going to your brother's house?"

"Hell no." Rai pulled her close for another kiss. "Slug can get his own damn beer."

The Relief Pitcher

by Nann Dunne

I'M VERY ATTRACTED to big, good-looking women. And Greta Shuler, pitcher for the Sundowners Bar slow-pitch team, is really big and really good-looking. Her teammates call her Mack, as in truck, but in my mind, heart, and soul, I call her the Goddess.

I'm in a new job, in a new town, on a new team. Joining a bar team can be a fast way to get acquainted, especially to women who are inordinately fond of other women, as I am. Is the Goddess one of us? I don't know that yet, but I sure as hell am going to find out. I'm basically shy by nature, so that might take me awhile, but it will happen.

Ever since I got to town, I'd been scouting for a team to join, and Monday evening I watched the Sundowners play. "Who's that pitcher?" I asked a bystander.

"That's Mack Shuler."

"She looks pretty good," I said.

"She's probably the best in the league."

But I hadn't been talking strictly about her skill as a pitcher. She looked pretty good, period. Nearly six-foot tall, broad and muscular, she had tight white-blonde curls cropped too short to move when she pitched. But other parts made up for that lack of movement. Whew. Her breasts

were sized perfectly for her body and no bra on this earth could keep them quiet when she lobbed the ball. The batters getting hits must be hets.

Thick through the trunk and chest, she had thighs as big as a slim teenager's waist, and it was all muscle. With a little more fat on her body, she could have sat for a Rubens painting. But to me, she was perfect just as she was. On first sight, my mind dubbed her the Goddess. She could rule over me anytime she wanted to.

I spotted a tough-bodied woman who appeared to be the manager, and I caught up to her between innings. "Hi. My name's Syl Bentner. I'm new in town, but I've been playing softball forever. You interested in a pitcher-outfielder?"

She gave me a casual glance. "Everyone calls me Murph." She turned back to the game. "Come to practice Wednesday night. I'll check you out."

So, it's Wednesday, and here I am, waiting on the bench for Murph's summons. The Goddess is at the mound, warming up. And while I watch her, my mound is warming up too. She takes a slow, measured step toward the plate, then as she hurls the ball up into its arc, she brings her other foot forward until she's in a square stance. Like a tiger, she rises to the balls of her feet, ready to pounce on anything that might be hit toward her. Her breasts are still bobbing, and I go into fantasyland, imagining myself being pounced upon, with those breasts slapping my cheeks.

Murph goes to the mound and says something to the Goddess, then they both walk my way. I stand up, wipe my hands on the sides of my baggy shorts, and command my suddenly weak knees to stay locked.

Murph speaks. "Mack, this is--" She stops. Obviously, she's forgotten my name. Now I'm hunting for a tongue that's in danger of being swallowed.

"Bentner. Syl Bentner." I stick out my hand, and it gets engulfed by the Goddess's. Her handshake is firm, but not bone-crunching. With one look at my fawning face, she has to know she can bring me to my knees anytime she chooses to. With or without a handshake.

Up close, she's even more impressive. Full, black brows curve above deep-set, deep blue, deeply probing eyes. Her slightly arched nose sits above wide, firm lips and a square, no-nonsense jaw.

"Greta Shuler. But call me Mack," she says in a low, yet intense voice whose rumbling timbre makes up for any lack of volume. I suddenly realize I still have hold of her hand, and I drop it awkwardly. Amusement flickers through those gorgeous eyes, and I wonder what kind of impression I'm making.

I'm average in size, shape, and weight. My only claims to fame--as imparted by some past bed mates--are my chestnut brown hair that lightly sweeps my shoulders and my hazel eyes that change color according to what I wear. And I have a "charming," though narrow-mouthed, smile. I flash it at the Goddess, hoping that the charm part is working, but it's impossible to tell. Murph's voice--I had forgotten she was there--breaks my concentration.

"Mack pitches most games. Our second pitcher doubles as an outfielder. But you never know when you might need a relief pitcher to take over a game, so you can't ever have too many."

She hands me the softball she received from the Goddess during their little chat at the mound. "Go do a few warm-up tosses, then we'll take a look at your skills."

I was warmed up as soon as the Goddess touched me, but I follow Murph's plan.

To make a long story short, I get to join the team. I'm a pretty good pitcher if I do have to say so myself, good enough to be a starter on some teams, but I'm satisfied to pitch in relief for this one. I don't come anywhere near the Goddess in ability. In that one game I watched, she cut down batters like a machete in a sugarcane field. Wow. Gorgeous *and* powerful. The woman of my dreams. But what if she's not... Don't even go there, Bentner! Think positive! My body sure is thinking positive. It's positively drooling, in all the right places.

I don't get a chance to talk with the Goddess again, though I want to. When she's almost finished pitching to some of the batters toward the end of practice, a helpful, but plan-destroying player takes me across the field to an old YMCA building. Seems the County owns it now and uses it for meetings and different affairs. Some generous benefactor has even installed automatic lighting to save on electricity. But most important to the sports teams, they're allowed to use the shower and locker rooms. My new teammate shows me the facilities. The tiled shower area, next to the locker room, is a strip of eight open showers with no privacy panels. It serves the welcome purpose of a place to get cleaned up without having to go home first. She gives me a key to the building and one to a locker after I sign in blood that I won't abuse either one.

Since I live a good distance away, I'd brought clean clothes with me. I hoped to find a service station that was enough of a dinosaur to still have public restrooms. I could wash up in one and change my clothes before scoping out cruising spots. In a pinch, a fast food restroom would do. Anyway, the teammate returns to the field, and I get the clean clothes from my car and put them in my new locker.

From the building's doorway, I can see part of the field. The sun is going down, practice is breaking up, and some players are already heading here. Some apparently have other plans and aren't coming this way. I'm terribly disappointed that I don't see the Goddess.

I hadn't had sex with another woman for so long, I've been half afraid my juices would dry up, but every contact--by eye or hand--with the Goddess has dispelled that worry. Lack of lubrication is not a problem. In fact, I'm so horny right now, I'm afraid to be with naked women in a shower--I might get arrested for eye-trespassing. Or drooling without a license. So I wander into a nearly empty room and decide to wait out the other bathers.

I wait about half an hour for the laughter and chatter to die away as the place empties, but the time is not wasted. An old exercise bike had been stashed in one corner of the room. I step aboard it to offset some of the aches that result from a first workout after a long layoff. Softball workout, that is, I amend with a wry grin. That thought leads to another.

This old bike has handlebars with removable rubber grips. Am I horny enough to use one of them? After all, they are washable. Hmmm. I grin when my mind paraphrases an old song: If you can't be with the dildo you love, then love the dildo you're with. I wait about ten minutes after the last bather leaves, then I pull off one of the handlegrips--still bright gold, in spite of age--and trot into the locker room. I undress and pile my dirty clothes on a bench. Then I take one of my towels from the locker and leave the clean clothes still inside. Alone in the building, I have the freedom to walk around nude, which I do.

The starkly white shower area feels warm and damp, with a mingled scent of soap and shampoo. I hang my towel on a hook, adjust one of the shower heads to a wide spray, and step under it with a sigh of contentment. First, I wash the makeshift dildo and set it on the soap shelf. Then I rinse off a scrap of Ivory soap and wash my hair with it. Ugh. I'll try to remember to bring my own soap and shampoo next time. I thoroughly rinse my hair until it squeaks, and then I soap my whole body. My nipples wake up and beg for attention. Hell, I'm so starved for tactile stimulation that my own hands are turning me on without even meaning to.

The gold handlegrip suddenly grows in importance. I think of the serrated ripples on one side of it, intended to keep your fingers from slipping. They're ideal for additional stimulation of the parts I have in mind--parts that are urging me to hurry up and get rinsed off.

At last, I lift the dildo from the soap dish, and after rinsing it one more time, hold it down just in front of my clit--close enough to sense, but not touching--a delightful tease. I run my other hand over my wet breasts, then my belly, then my thighs, then my nipples, which I twist and pull against. As my hand makes another pass over my inner thighs, I moan, and just as my fingers again pull at my breasts, I touch the tip of the dildo to my clitoris, run its length on down against my lips, and dip half of it into my vagina. I can hear myself breathing.

Click. Suddenly, I go cold and literally freeze in place. That's the door to the locker room. Before I can get my brain in gear and react, a tall figure strides into sight. It's the Goddess, in clean jeans and an orange muscle shirt. I don't know whether to be relieved it's someone I know or embarrassed because of the position I'm in. Her eyes rake over me and don't miss a thing. A slow smile grows on her handsome features.

"Don't move one inch," she says in that smoky low tone of hers, just loud enough for me to hear over the shower. She takes off her clothes and tosses them to the floor. I know I can't possibly get a single muscle to function after that command. If I move at all, it will be to faint from seeing her gloriously naked body coming toward me, breasts swinging and muscles rippling.

She joins me under the shower, keeping her head out of it for the moment. She reaches down with both hands and grasps the gold dildo in one as she slides my fingers off of it with the other. Then she slowly pulls it out, carefully protecting it from the falling water. I cream inside when she sticks it in her mouth, pushing it in then pulling it out and licking it before setting it back on the soap plate. She grabs my face between her large hands and rubs her lips back and forth against mine, painting me with my own juice. She's so beautifully big, she blocks the shower from washing it off me too quickly.

I lift my hands to her waist, then slide them up her sides, aching to touch those magnificent breasts. But she stops my hands with her own and places them back on her waist. "I said don't move," she repeats in a guttural whisper. She presses her lips against mine, and as I open wide, she slips her tongue into the moist haven, again passing my juice back to me. Then her tongue darts in and out, licks every spot in my mouth, and dances with my tongue.

She puts one arm past my hip, grabs my butt, and draws me closer to her, allowing her other arm freedom to bring a large hand to one of my breasts, nearly smothering it. She squeezes and rubs one whole breast then the other, squeezing my butt in perfect synchrony. I've never had any other partner caress my breasts in quite the same way. Somehow, I'm satisfied and aroused at the same time. When her fingers finally find an already sensitized nipple and pull against it, something inside my lower belly twists and gyrates so strongly that my hips swerve with it until she presses her leg against my thigh to keep me stationary. I squirm, trying to move so her leg goes between mine, or mine between hers, but she won't let me. Oh my God...dess.

She continues to move her hand from one breast to the other until I'm struggling not to come to a climax. I'm torn between my body's need to come and my own desire to never have this rapture end. She lets go of my breast, moves her leg, and backs slightly away from me, one arm still around my hips.

I'm about to go to my knees to beg, but she puts her other arm under my legs and swoops me into the air. Locking her mouth onto mine, the Goddess slowly goes to *her* knees, then lays me down on the tile floor. She spreads her body on top of mine, swings my arms over my head and pins them down against the tile in one large fist. My hands are screaming along with the rest of my body; they want so badly to touch her. My mouth wants to suckle her breasts, my tongue to lick her clit, to taste her. My vagina wants to be filled with something...anything.

But what's going on at this moment is nearly sensory overload. The Goddess is rubbing her whole wet body against mine, up and down and side to side. I love her weight, her size, her power. I could cry with joy at the feel of her. I might come without her ever touching me intimately. Just about the time I think I'll burst, she lets go of my hands and kneels up between my legs. My knees bend and fly out so wide a truck could drive between them. And I want it to be a Mack. My freed hands are flexing spasmodically, yearning to pull her head down there, but I won't make that move without permission.

Now that the Goddess's body isn't shielding me, the shower water is flooding my eyes, and I can barely make out that she's reaching for the gold handlebar grip. While one hand alternately plays with my nipples, she sticks the gold dildo into my steaming, moist vagina and yanks it quickly back out, pulling at an angle so the finger ripples dance against my clit. Gently but firmly, she screws the lubricated dildo's tip into my ass and lets go, allowing the floor tile to push against it.

After all this teasing, my opening is so ready, she doesn't even bother sliding one thick finger into it; she thrusts in three or four all at the same time while she pushes her thumb against my clit. Those big fingers are warm, alive, demanding--better than any dildo. I come on the first thrust. Do I ever. My body bucks and writhes and twists. She shoves her hand into me again and again while the tile floor pushes hard against the handlebar dildo, doubling my ecstasy.

She slides her body down against me and the feel of her wet skin moving against mine adds another dimension to my exultation. For the first time, her lips close on my nipple and each strong suck on it causes an answering surge inside me. Then her mouth slips down to my clit, and when she tongues and sucks on it, my writhing starts all over again, only harder this time. I can feel and hear every single drop of water that pings against me. The smell of sex mingles with the water's dampness. My senses are participating in what seems like an orgy. It's hard to believe that one person can create this pulsing passion that engulfs every part of me.

Finally, when my body has been saturated by torrents of pleasure, and time slowly returns to almost normal, we lie under the warm waterfall, spent. At least, I'm spent. Although the Goddess obviously enjoyed giving me such peaks of passion, she'd been left out of its greatest rewards. She kisses me deeply one more time, stirring feathers of delight, then rolls off of me. She gets up and takes a step away, and my heart drops. I don't want her to leave. Ever. With her back to me, she bends over. I don't know what she's doing, but the sight she's treating me to pushes any wandering impulses from my mind. I am totally refocused. I grin and kneel up. My "spent" body has some life left after all. My famished hands and mouth revive their yearning to touch and taste her.

Still bent over, the Goddess turns around. Her swinging breasts, dripping with water, wake up a few more of my body parts. I see then that she holds the gold dildo in her hand. At some point, it had fallen or been pulled out of me, though I couldn't say when or which. My burning ass tells me it's still inserted there.

She stands up straight in the shower spray and rubs the dildo clean. Then she squats down on her haunches in front of where I kneel. I'm getting hot all over again as I watch the water sluice down over her large breasts and drip from her nipples. Rivulets run from her knees down her angled, muscular thighs and stream toward the hidden pool I want to drown in. Then everything in my body snaps into alert mode and my breath quickens. My heart pounds in my ears as the Goddess slowly spreads her knees and inserts the handlegrip almost completely into her own vagina.

As understanding dawns on me, her husky voice thrums in tune with the streaming water.

"Time for the relief pitcher to take over the game."

I lick my trembling lips and reach for the gold.

Research

by Kate Sweeney

I STOOD IN the dark corridor of the leather bar looking down at the woman kneeling at my feet. I was speechless, which rarely happens. I just needed to use the bathroom and all of a sudden this blonde kneels down and unzips me. She mumbles something about servicing me right there, to which I intelligently reply, "Huh?"

Okay, wait. Let's back up and start from the beginning.

What am I doing at a leather bar? Me--a fifty-two year old with a body that certainly has seen better days. I'm not that out of shape, but gravity is taking its toll. Swimming regularly and a visit to the gym when the mood strikes; really works wonders. You'd be surprised how much swimming does for a body. It's better really then... Sorry, I'm getting off the topic. Where was I? Ah, the leather bar.

Is that what they call them? I didn't know. I was doing research for a book I was writing. A murder mystery set in the dark world of BSMD, BDSM or was it BMDS? I had no clue. It's amazing that I've lived this long, have had many satisfying sexual relationships, with a myriad of different women, and realize how little I know. It truly is mind-boggling.

My last relationship, which was a wild six-month affair, showed me just how far the toy industry had come. And not the Disney type. This was also eye opening. I've spent too much time sitting at my computer, and not near enough time, well, you know.

Anyway, I found out about this bar from a friend of a friend, who shall remain nameless (the university would frown deeply).

I went so far as to buy a pair a black leather pants, and I don't mind telling you they're a bitch to get on--even when you're in top shape, which I've mentioned, I am not. The black leather vest, no shirt underneath mind you, was fine, a little constricting but fine. Oh, I borrowed a pair of boots. You're getting the mental image, right? Okay.

My nameless source gave me all the information I needed. I was desperately trying to blend, as it were. I sat at the bar and drank a beer; not the lightweight sissy kind (which I actually prefer) but the big pint of some dark sludge. So, there I was in leather, sweating profusely, drinking some black goop and looking tough. I tried to smoke and almost coughed up a lung.

Now, I'm not passing judgment, truly. It's just another world, that's all; God love 'em. As I walked in, I was stunned to see women all over in various stages of public indecency. One woman, almost completely naked with a leather collar around her neck, and a leash attached to it, knelt in front of a very surly looking woman who had a cigarette dangling out of her mouth and pulling on the leash. The poor woman practically crawled over to her. I almost screamed as I staggered slightly and reached out for something to hold onto. I was not expecting that at all. My

nameless source neglected to tell me this. As we speak, she is probably having a glass of wine and a good laugh at my expense.

I drink my beer and order another. After an hour of scoping out the bar, I realized just how much beer I drank, and nature called.

Now we can go back to the beginning of this odd story...

"Huh?"

The blonde looked up and gave me curious look and repeated her lewd offer. Trust me, please. I am by no means a prude. However, I've been too careful and am too old to be worried about having problems with my fun parts. Okay, call me a prude.

"Um," I respond again and nervously look around. I'm getting weird looks as very masculine ladies walk by. Some laugh and some seem annoyed with me. So, I was a little nervous. I quickly pulled the young woman up and walked down to the end of the corridor with her.

"Look, I appreciate your offer, but..."

She scratched her head in disbelief. "I can't fucking believe this. Are you telling me you don't want me to lick...?"

"Ai! Geez!" I winced. Although the thought of it wasn't all that unappealing and my groin twitched with anticipation.

With that, a very tall, very muscular woman came down the corridor dressed in so much leather with buckles and ties I stupidly wondered how in the hell she got into that outfit. I swallowed convulsively.

"Bitch," she growled angrily.

Was she talking to me? I looked around. The blonde cowered and backed up behind me. Great, she's her bitch or slave or whatever. Christ, what was I doing? I could be at home right now having a glass of wine or a sissy beer and enjoying the Cubs game.

The tall scary woman looked directly at me; I nearly soiled myself. She was clearly ten feet tall. Okay, literary license, she was about six feet. Her black hair slicked back, matched with those sunglasses that had the silver reflectors, gave her a very menacing posture.

"You're fucking with my slave," she growled and took a step forward.

I took a step back. "Oh, no, really. I was just heading to the bathroom."

"With my slut."

"No!" I insisted, although I didn't like the way she was addressing the trembling blonde, who now was holding onto my arm. I tried to wriggle away from her and in doing so I gave the tall woman a weak smile. "Really, here's your slave back."

This was my baptism, into the lovely world of Mistress and Slave.

"I'm not your slave," the blonde said and the tall woman yanked her by the hair, causing the blonde to shriek in pain.

"Hey," I started to protest and instinctively reached out. Very wrong, very stupid thing to do.

I tried to figure out how I got on the floor, so quickly, with my lip bleeding and my left eye closed. The dark woman loomed over me, and kicked me in the stomach. Christ that hurt; I fought the urge to yak all over my nice new leather outfit.

"You want her? She's not even a good slut," the tall dark woman barked and tossed the blonde as if she were a matchstick. She landed on top of me. "If you can train her, keep her or throw the slut away."

So, there I lay in a heap of sweaty leather, bleeding, with a sexy blonde slave strewn across my lap. Hmmm...

Several women passed by and all of them sneered at both of us. "Um, Ms. Slave, can you get off me now?" I groaned as the pain shot through my abdomen.

She scampered to her feet and helped me to mine. "I'm so sorry," she said and winced as she looked at my face. She gently put a hand to my closed eye.

"It's still there, isn't it?" I asked hopefully, as I looked around the floor.

She chuckled, "Yes, c'mon into the bathroom."

"No, I think I'll leave, thank you. It was a pleasure meeting you, really," I said sarcastically.

The blonde hung her head and nodded. "I-I am sorry," she repeated quietly.

I watched her for a moment as I put my sleeve to my cut lip and I realized I had no sleeve. For some reason, she didn't look like she belonged here. She looked lost. I know what you're thinking. I'm an old softy. Well, I am not. I'm tough...

"I really don't want to leave you here. Do you have a car?" I asked with a groan. My side was killing me. My head was spinning and I desperately needed to get out of this stinking leather.

She shook her head. "I'm fine. You leave before they get pissed."

"Who?" I asked trying not to show my alarm.

"Honey, you don't belong here and they get a little pissy when people come in and gawk."

"I was not gawking," I retorted. What am I doing? I'm arguing with a slave.

All of a sudden, I started laughing. This was just too ridiculous for words. The blonde gave me a scary glance and looked around. She grabbed me by the arm and I followed as I laughed heartily.

She led me out the back way, by that time I had stopped my hysteria. The cool evening helped the itch I felt along the inside of my legs. How do people wear these things?

"Okay, look, you're scaring me. I think you hit your head when Nadia hit you."

"Which time?" I asked as I flexed my jaw. "Your Mistress is an octopus. I think she got two punches in before I hit the ground."

"Three and she's not my Mistress."

Once, the cool air hit me, my head started spinning. I blinked and winced. My left eye was still swollen shut.

"Look, you can't drive. Let me take you home then I'll take a cab," she said.

I honestly couldn't argue with her. I was having a hard time seeing.

"This is your car?" she asked as she looked at the silver Lexus.

I looked around with one eye. "Where? Oh, yeah got it with my royalty check," I said and handed her the keys. "Well, quite a few checks, actually."

She opened my door and as I eased in, I hit my head and grunted. The blonde winced as I shook my head sadly. "God, can I just go home?"

"YOU LIVE IN a swanky place," she said as we took the old open elevator to my fourth floor loft. I leaned against the wall and nodded. I just wanted to get the hell out of these pants.

I swung the big heavy door open and walked across to my front door. "Well, you should be alright..." she offered.

"Come in. You can't just leave. Hell, I command you," I said

She narrowed her eyes at me. "Are you making fun of me?"

I laughed and shook my head. "No, just the situation. Please come in."

She looked around my loft with appreciation. I guess I never really thought about it. It was an old renovated warehouse on the edge of Wrigleyville in Chicago, turned into loft apartments. Complete with fireplace and a great view of the city, it was a nice find.

"Make yourself at home. I'm going to find a shoehorn and get myself out of these pants," I said honestly, eliciting a chuckle from the blonde. "There's beer in the fridge, wine in the rack." I called from my bedroom. "Anything stronger is in the cabinet above the stove." God I sounded like an alcoholic.

I sat on the bed and tried first to get the biker boots off. Good Christ they were heavy. I groaned openly and looked up to see her standing in the doorway. She came in and knelt in front of me. "Let me help, please. I feel so bad."

I wanted to say no. It seemed the proper thing to do, but quite honestly? I liked the attention and I was bleeding all over.

She unbuckled the boots, which I think they had Frankenstein in mind when they made them, and heaved them in the corner. "Okay, those pants..."

I raised an eyebrow and I know I turned red. I looked down to see the fly still opened. "No, really I can--"

"A good slave takes care of her Mistress," she said in a low voice, and gently pushed me back on the bed. I let out a groan of pain, then I swallowed so hard I'm sure she heard me.

Getting those pants off was a struggle, let me tell you. I was mortified. In all my fifty plus years, I have never been more embarrassed nor has it ever been this much trouble for a woman to get me out of my pants. The blonde pulled and twisted as I stifled a groan and held my side.

With a grunt, she yanked them down my thighs and flew backwards onto her ass. I blinked several times in astonishment. She sat there with my sweaty leather pants in her lap. God, I tried not to laugh, truly I did. I bit at my already bruised lip in the effort.

She looked at me and grinned. We both burst into laughter. Now, I'm sitting on my bed, in my underwear and leather vest.

My eye is swollen shut, my lip is bleeding, my jaw I'm sure is turning a nice shade of purple and a gorgeous young blonde slave is sitting at my feet with my leather pants in her lap.

After the second wave of hysteria, I painfully stood and offered my hand to her. I walked into the bathroom with her right behind me.

"Take a shower. I'll take a look at your face when you're done," she ordered quietly then walked out and closed the door.

What in the hell was going on? I thought. Three hours ago, I was a contented novelist just trying to do a little research. I started the hot water and struggled out of the rest of my imprisonment. I let the hot water run off my head and down my back. Now, I've been beat up and accused of stealing a woman's slave. God, Pearse, why didn't you just stay home?

As I dried off, I slipped into a safe pair of nice old fashioned faded Levi's and a sweatshirt and pushed up the sleeves.

"Are you decent?" Her voice called from beyond the door.

I smiled and opened it. She blinked a few times and looked me up and down.

"I know. I'm not a leather person," I said and ran my fingers through my damp, short salt and pepper hair.

"Oh, I don't know. I was the one on my knees," she reminded me with a nervous chuckle and walked into the bathroom. "Sit down, let me take a look at you," she said. "First aid?"

"Under the sink," I wheezed, trying to ignore her comment. I sat on the toilet, thanking God that I remembered to put the lid down.

She gently lifted my face and put her hand on my cheek. "I think I can butterfly that. You won't need a stitch. Sit still," she said and for the next ten minutes, she expertly tended to my battle wounds.

"You seem to know what you're doing," I said as she dabbed my cut lip with the gauze. We both winced as she continued.

"I hope so. Mom and Dad paid a pretty penny for medical school," she said absently as she continued.

I watched her intently as she cut the tape and made the makeshift bandage. "Medical School? You're a doctor?"

"Yep. Quit moving."

"Can I ask you a personal question?"

"Nope."

"Okay," I responded quickly. I don't blame her. It's none of my business why she was on her knees in a dark corridor in a leather bar. It bothered me though but I let it go. I looked up to see her watching me. It was then I noticed her crystal blue eyes.

Oh boy...

She stood back and gently turned my face from side to side. "There. Do you have an ice pack for your ribs? You need to get that eye iced as well. It'll be quite a shiner."

I SAT ON the couch with the ice on my eye, which she held in place, and on my ribs. "For Christ sake," I said angrily, as it dawned on me. "I don't even know your name."

She chuckled and I noticed now, the dimple, just one, on her right cheek. "Kerry Henderson," she said and stuck out her hand.

"Jennifer Pearse, but my friends call me Pearse," I said and shook her hand.

Her eyes widened in recognition. "Jennifer Pearse? The Dock Murders. The Rhonnie Spaulding Series? That Jennifer Pearse?" she exclaimed.

I knew I was blushing. "Yeah." I took the ice from her and put it over my face.

"I've read every one of your books. They're great!" she said seriously.

"Thanks," I mumbled from behind my protection.

"Wow, Jennifer Pearse."

"Just Pearse," I mumbled. I could feel her looking at me.

"Can I ask you a personal question?" she asked.

I peeked out from behind my icepack. "Sure."

"What were you doing in that bar?"

I laughed and Kerry listened to my boneheaded idea. "It sounded like such a good idea at the time," I said seriously.

"So you're not into any of that? I mean domination..."

"No, I leave that to my mother."

Kerry laughed openly and held the ice to my ribs.

"Are you?" I really wanted to know. Not that it mattered, right? Oh boy... "Is that behemoth really your Mistress?"

Kerry took a deep breath. "Not really," she explained and I leaned forward. "Hey, keep still."

I took the ice off my eye; surprisingly, I could see. "What do you mean, not really?"

"Well, Nadia is a bit too much."

"Really?"

Kerry laughed. "Yes, really. She likes her women submissive, all the time. No questions, no back talk. She wants a slave. It's a turn on for her. She's also into S&M and I'm not." She shrugged and avoided looking at me.

"What are you into?" I was truly afraid of the answer.

She gave me an exasperated look. "I'm not *into* anything," she said angrily.

I raised an eyebrow at the tone. She seemed like a very intelligent and well-adjusted woman. Not that, that had anything to do with it, but what was she doing at that bar on her knees?

"I know what you're thinking, Pearse," she said evenly. "I'm a doctor, a well respected doctor, why am I on my knees in a bar."

"Well."

"I'll tell you, why. There are times when I find it extremely erotic. I feel sexy and it's a turn on. Nadia opened up a life that I had no idea existed. I enjoy the erotic, Pearse. I like an occasional lift to an otherwise boring sex life. To me it's fun and exciting. To her, it's a way of life. However, I don't do it every night and I don't do it with every woman I see!" she went on angrily.

I winced at her anger. Geez! "Okay. Sorry. I was just..." I stopped and looked at her. "Why did you come up to me?" All at once, I needed to know.

Now she blushed to her roots. "I don't know."

I laughed and she glared at me. "Kerry, why did you come up to me?"

"Because I was watching you. Nadia had already given me the 'I'm the Mistress, you have a choice. Submit to me or leave'. So, I said no. I was on my way out when you walked in. I-I don't know. I just thought you looked sexy," she said and took the ice packs and walked into the kitchen.

Maybe she's insane. Sexy?

She came back with more ice and sat next to me. "Put your head back," she ordered and I did. She placed the icepack over my eye.

"Thank you, Doctor," I said with a grin. A ghost of a smile flashed across her pretty face. I like that look; she looked honest.

There was silence for a moment.

"So, what would you like to know? I mean for your research," she said and turned sideways on the couch to face me. She propped her elbow along the back cushion and rested her head on her hand. The room suddenly got warmer. Geezus, Pearse. Deep breaths, deep breaths.

"Honestly? Nadia would she, or anyone who is so ensconced in that world, would they go to any extreme to keep their, what? Slave or..."

"Submissive."

"Submissive. Have you ever heard of them going too far?"

"I really haven't, but, Pearse, as I said that's not my idea of fun so... But it would make for a good murder mystery, right?" she asked with enthusiasm.

"I thought so. To be honest, Nadia scared the shit out of me today."

"I know, she scares me as well which is why I said no," she said.

I had my head back and was thinking about the whole lifestyle. "This dom and sub thing. I assume you are more submissive? And I'm not trying to be a smart ass. I'm serious, I want to understand."

"Why?"

I took the icepack off and looked at her. "Because I like you. I'd like to understand you. Is that wrong?" Boy, this is new. I never talk this much.

"No it's not wrong at all. Pearse, when you're having sex are you a top or a bottom?" she asked frankly.

I had to think about that one. "I usually take the initiative. I'd say I'm a top," I said confidently. Kerry smirked just a bit. "What? I am. I'm the one in control."

"Okay, okay."

"Hey, I should know myself. Geez." Why am I getting so irritated?

"So if we were role playing; you would take the role of the Mistress," Kerry offered.

I blinked rapidly several times as if I were signaling a ship. "Well. I don't know. I... Just because I'm a bit dominant doesn't mean I'm a dominatrix," I said seriously. Is that the right word? "Does it?" I was all confused now.

My sex life, up until this evening, was average run of the mill. I met a woman. I liked the woman. She liked me. If we both wanted sex, there'd be sex. Right? Right?

"No, Pearse, it does not make you a dominatrix. I'm saying some women take the roles very seriously. It's the only way they can express themselves. I, personally, like a woman who takes control, and you don't have to slap me around or tie me up to show you're in control. Although a little bondage is fun," she admitted with a grin.

I swallowed and shivered...from the ice!

Again, there was silence. "So, you thought I was sexy, huh?"

"Very."

"Hmmm."

"Hmmm, indeed," she whispered as she watched me. "What, um, what was it? The leather?" I asked as my heart pounded so loud I knew Kerry could hear it.

"Uh huh. That and the tan and the way that vest hid just enough of your breasts," she whispered.

I swallowed again, thankful that my face was covered. "T-That was a friend's idea. She said I couldn't really wear something under it. So..." I stopped short when I felt her hand on my forearm. Her fingers lightly traced up and down. Then I felt her fingers on my face, lightly tracing the bruise on my jaw. Yikes, this was not good or it was too good. I didn't have a clue.

"Pearse?"

"Mhmm?" I think I groaned.

"Why did you stop me in the corridor?" she asked her voice now was right in my ear.

"Honestly? I was shocked and that has never happened to me before, but I've been thinking about it since."

"What have you been thinking?" she whispered and her tongue bathed my ear.

Where this came from, I have no idea. Maybe it was the experience of that leather bar. Maybe it was the vision of Kerry in the corridor. Maybe it was just plain erotic and sexy.

I took the ice and tossed it on the end of the couch and stood. Kerry looked up at me and saw the look of lust that I knew I had on my face. She blinked several times and I saw the pulse point in her neck going wild. I was breathing a bit heavily as I unbuttoned the top of my Levis. Kerry swallowed as our eyes never left one another.

I didn't know Kerry very well, but I knew what she liked, and dammit, if it didn't excite the hell out of me as well. I unzipped my jeans completely.

"I'm thinking you should finish what you started," I said in a low commanding voice. I swear I saw her eyes change from crystal to deep blue as she dropped to her knees before me. I put my hands through her blonde hair, running my fingers back and forth. Kerry slipped the jeans down to my ankles.

Kerry looked up into my eyes. "May I taste you, Pearse?" she asked in a solemn voice.

I grinned and gently guided her head in as I stepped out of my jeans, and placed one foot on the coffee table. I closed my eyes and moaned deeply as I felt her cool wet tongue glide over me. It was exquisite. Her tongue lightly flicked across my clit and for a moment, my legs shook. *Fine. That's all I need, to collapse on the poor woman. Do I stop her or fall on her head?*

As if feeling my dilemma, Kerry pulled back and guided me to the coffee table, thank God, and tossed my jeans out of the way. I let out a deep groan as she kissed from my knee and up my inner thigh. When her warm tongue touched between my folds, I fell back onto the coffee table. "Good God, woman," I moaned. I reached down and ran my fingers through her soft hair once again.

"So wet, Pearse," she mumbled against me.

I was extremely wet; I can't remember being this aroused. I felt my orgasm building and tried to control my breathing. I nearly passed out from the effort. "Kerry!" I called out my warning.

"Come for me, Pearse," she whispered.

I nodded furiously and when she entered me with two fingers, I did just that.

Magazines went flying off the coffee table and I nearly followed them. My orgasm rippled through me and I held onto the table. My body shook, trembled and writhed against Kerry's lovely tongue.

Finally, I gently pushed her away. "No more." I said in a ragged voice. I lifted my head to see her kneeling there, smiling. She licked her lips then kissed the top of each thigh. I groaned and twitched.

She moved up my body and loomed over me. I was half hanging off the damned coffee table. "Hello..." I tried to sound sexy; it came out in a low wheeze.

She lay between my trembling legs now, and I thought for sure the coffee table would give out. "Hi," she whispered and kissed me, sharing the taste of my arousal.

Kerry moved her hips against me. I was still throbbing as I arched into her.

"I can't believe how much I want you, Pearse," she murmured against my lips.

"I can't believe I haven't passed out," I replied honestly.

She laughed quietly and held my hands over my head. I raised an eyebrow at the cocky grin. "I thought you were a top?" she asked in an extremely sultry voice. "We'll just see about that."

I'm gonna *love* doing research for this book!

Service Call

by MJ Williamz

I CHECKED MY watch again as I walked up to my next job. Ten forty-five. I was half an hour early. Who knew my last job would only take twenty minutes? Some brat had shoved his stuffed Nemo down the toilet after seeing his mom flush his brother's goldfish. Once he copped to the crime, it was an easy fix. And this job was in the next quad over.

I waited three minutes after knocking on the door. Double checking the work order, I saw that I was at the right place. Apartment 802. The work order also said that I had permission to enter if the tenant wasn't home. I knocked again and waited. Still nothing. I took out the key I'd picked up at the office and let myself in.

"Hello?" I called. No answer.

I walked over to the sink and opened the cupboard under it. I turned on the faucet and stepped back to see the drip. I heard a gasp and turned to see the tenant, a tall brunette whose long hair fell to her shoulders. The dark green towel wrapped around her slipped slightly, exposing a large, soft white breast. Her wet hair framed her heart-shaped face, adding to her appeal. The beads of shower water dripped from her hair and clung teasingly to her breast. I ached to lick one, just one, bead.

"I knocked," I said, trying to look at anything besides her breast.

"I was in the shower," she offered flatly.

The last thing I needed was some half-naked woman tempting me. I'd gotten in trouble for that before. I was there to fix her sink, not fraternize. Or whatever the hell they called it when you

messed around with a tenant. I went back to work, lying flat on my back, getting ready to slide under the sink to check for the leak.

The beautiful lady would not leave well enough alone. She moved over to stand next to me. My gaze went up her shapely calf, to her firm thigh, up under the towel where I saw an open invitation. Her swollen pussy lips were parted slightly, begging my tongue for attention. Before I could do anything stupid, I slid under the sink.

"You see anything?" she asked sweetly.

Was she flippin' kidding? She stood with her legs apart inviting me to look. How could I *not* see anything? Or did she mean did I find the leak? Damn, it was hot in there. I couldn't get comfortable knowing she was standing there, barely covered. Looking at me. I felt vulnerable. I felt horny. I felt like I needed to get the job done and get the hell out of there.

"Do you see it dripping?"

She was killing me. I was shaking as I tried to stay focused and ignore the throbbing between my legs.

"I think I see a wet spot," she said.

I snapped my legs together. Was it that obvious?

"I think I've got everything under control here if you want to go get dressed or something," I suggested.

She didn't move. "Are you asking me to slip into something more comfortable?"

I wanted to sit up and rip that towel off of her. I wanted to see those breasts that I'd caught a glimpse of before. I wanted a better look at her hot pussy. I wanted to feel her, to taste her. I wanted to fuck her. Not trusting my voice, I opted to keep my mouth shut.

"Hmm. Maybe I misread you."

Why was she still there? What the hell was she talking about misreading me? The internal argument raged inside me.

Focus on the work. You need this job. Don't screw it up.

She's hot! I want to fuck her hard and fast right now.

Focus on your work.

But...But...

"I get it," the sexy voice continued. "I did misread you. But not completely."

The next thing I knew, she was kneeling next to me while she unbuttoned my jeans.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"I thought you'd want to drive. But it's okay. I can."

I about jumped out of my skin, banging my head on the garbage disposal.

"Shit!"

"Are you okay?"

I grabbed her wrist and pulled her hand away as I slid back out from under the sink.

"Ouch. Oh. You like it rough, huh?"

"How I like it is none of your business! I'm here to do a job. I'd appreciate it if you'd let me do it."

"I'd appreciate it if you'd let me do you," she replied, allowing her gaze to travel the length of my body, stopping momentarily to stare at my crotch.

"Look. I was sent to fix your sink."

She pouted. What the hell was that? Who can resist a pout? Her full lower lip protruded slightly, daring me not to suck it. I told myself to be strong.

"Will you *please* leave me alone?"

Apparently, that was too much to ask. She smoothly unwrapped her towel and dropped it. She stepped over so she straddled my face, her pussy wide open above me. Unable to take my eyes off her, I swallowed hard, my resolve wavering. She placed two long, perfectly manicured fingers on either side of her protruding clit, urging it to grow even more. She rubbed it slowly. Painstakingly slowly. She slid her fingers lower and slipped them inside her cunt. How was I supposed to maintain? I had had all I could stand when she brought her long fingers to her mouth and sucked her own juices off them. I sat up and buried my face between her legs, licking the length of her, sucking on her hard clit.

Placing my hands on her hips, I lowered the sexy stranger to my lap and kissed her hard, snaking my tongue into her mouth without waiting for an invitation. I knew all my pent-up frustrations were evident in that kiss. I didn't care. I kissed her with complete abandon, and she returned the kiss in kind; our tongues danced wildly together, moving the way I wanted them to move elsewhere on her. I wanted her and was going to have her. Right then and there.

She ran her fingers through my short black hair while my hands tangled in her long, thick, wavy brown hair before I slid them down her back, easing her to the floor. While I lay on her, I trailed my hand all over her body--down her side, down her thigh, up her stomach--until it came to rest on one large, firm breast.

I caressed her tenderly at first, running my hand all over the voluptuous mound. Breaking the kiss, I lowered my mouth to her rigid nipple and teased it with my lips. I finally closed over it and sucked it hard into my mouth while my free hand pinched her other tit. She was so well endowed that I was able to squeeze both breasts together and suck first one, then the other nipple before taking them both into my mouth at once. I felt her hands on the back of my head, encouraging me to continue.

She let out a moan as I brought my knee up and pressed it into her hot cunt. She spread her legs wider before wrapping them around my thigh and rubbing hard against me. I could feel how wet she was, even through my jeans. I pressed harder into her. Her hands moved to my jeans, unbuttoning them and pulling my shirttails out. I shrugged my shoulders out of my shirt.

I released her nipple so I could take my undershirt off and watched as she closed her mouth on my small, pert breast and tugged on my nipple ring. The sensations sent shockwaves between my legs. She closed her eyes and sucked on the ring. I could tell she was enjoying it as much as I was. I slid my hand between hers, teasing her pussy while I pressed my palm into her swollen clit. She was so wet and so ready for me. I turned my hand over and rubbed the back of it against her lips, coating it with her juices. I turned my hand back over again and slid two fingers inside her tight cunt. It welcomed my fingers, sucking me in deeper as she bucked her hips encouraging me. I slid another one in and she took it in stride.

We kissed again, and without letting my fingers go, she rolled on top of me. She looked so hot straddling me, bouncing on my fingers. She finished unbuttoning my jeans, and I heard her gasp her pleasure when my cock sprung free. Talented as she was, she moved up my belly until she pressed her clit into the head of the dildo. I watched her rub against it as I slid another finger inside.

After several minutes of fucking her with my four fingers, I slid my fingers out and steadied her hips as we positioned her over the tip of my cock. She lowered herself down, taking the dildo all the way inside. Rotating her hips, she rubbed her wet cunt on me, while pressing the base hard into my clit.

The sight of her riding me incited me even further. Reaching out, I took her breasts in my hands, running my thumbs over her erect pink nipples. She bent over, resting on her hands, and lifted her hips to allow the cock to slide partway out. Straining my neck, I sucked one of her enormous tits into my mouth. I arched my hips and she slid back down, taking the dildo deep again.

By this time, I was teetering closer to the edge than I cared to be. Seeing my cock buried all the way inside her, listening to it slide in and out, threatened to make me short-circuit and lose all ability to think. I wasn't ready for that. At least not yet.

I slid my hand between the two of us and rubbed her rock hard clit. She bobbed faster and harder on my dong, pushing the base into me with ever greater insistence. The pressure against my clit, the sight of her tits flopping as she moved faster up and down, and the sound were combining to make me dizzy. My mind clouded over as the orgasm threatened to tear through me. I'm too butch to come first. It's always ladies first in my world. I fought hard to wait my turn.

Finally, she screamed out as her clit pulsed madly under my fingers. Accepting that as permission, I gave myself over to the waves of the climax and crashed through that invisible wall with a force that shook me to my very core. The orgasms flowed over us as our hips continued to buck and our juices ran together until, totally exhausted, she collapsed forward on me. We lay nipple to nipple, completely spent.

I have no idea how long we stayed like that, but I finally roused her. "I still have to fix your sink."

"And I still have to get ready for my lunch date."

"So maybe you should climb off now."

She removed herself from my cock and stood looking down at me.

"I'm going to go take another shower."

"Enjoy," I told her, starting to put myself back together.

"You know, the fixtures in there might need some attention, too," she called over her shoulder as she walked down the hall.

I looked at the sink and then at her receding form.

"Don't forget your tool!" she said, turning into the bathroom.

How could I resist? I stripped my jeans off so my tool was all I was wearing and joined her in the shower. I knew that sink wasn't going anywhere. And after all, isn't customer satisfaction goal number one?

Smolder

by Georgia Beers

I'M BURNING.

From the inside out, I feel like I'm on fire. It's been this way for my entire shift. I've been doing a slow burn for nearly twelve hours, the heat and intensity only increasing as time passed. It's been almost painful.

It isn't my fault. This physical distraction that has suddenly begun to appear more often than I care to admit is not my fault; it's hers. I didn't plan on her, I didn't expect her, and I certainly didn't ask for her, but suddenly there she was. That sweet voice, those shining blue eyes, that perpetual smile...I was lost immediately. Who could blame me? She's stunning. Everything about her is stunning and in a heartbeat, she owned me.

And now, I swear to God she's turned me into a nymphomaniac. I know it sounds ridiculous, but there's no other way to describe what's happened to me since she came into my life. Nobody has had such a physical affect on me before. Nobody. Not ever. Sometimes, the intensity of my desire for her scares the hell out of me.

I've been on the night shift all week working on an install, so our schedules haven't meshed in several days. We don't live together--something I hope will change soon--and we've hardly been able to catch even a minute on the phone with one another. By the time I get home and fall into bed, she's on her way to her office. By the time I wake up and call her, she's beyond lunch, and if we're lucky, we can squeeze in dinner together before I have to go to work and the cycle starts all over again.

As I head home, I contemplate our conflicting schedules, stifling a yawn as I realize it's barely the break of dawn. We've been apart far too many days now, and the need I have to touch her is like a physical ache in my stomach, refusing to allow me a moment's peace. Before I realize what I'm doing, I crank my steering wheel to the right, pointing my car away from my own home, another destination in mind. I smile mischievously. She'll be surprised to see me. She's only been up for a short time, and she won't expect to hear from me until later this afternoon.

I pull the car to a stop in front of her small colonial house just as the sun begins to peek over the horizon. Her Subaru is parked in the driveway and there's a light on in her bedroom window. I breathe in slowly, exhale calmly, closing my eyes and imagining. The heat is still there, smoldering deep within me and I can feel her. I can taste her. I can smell her in my mind, just as I have for my entire shift. I've thought of nothing all night long but of having her.

I let myself in with the key she gave me, dropping my coat and bag carelessly on the floor in the foyer. Now is not the time for neatness. I need her.

"Hello?" I call out, not wanting to startle her by sneaking up on her.

I hear movement above my head, then her happily surprised voice from the top of the stairs. "Honey? Is that you? Hi! What are you doing here?"

I follow her voice and step to the bottom of the staircase. When I look up and see her standing at the top, my breath stops in my lungs. Simply stops. She is a vision.

She's obviously just gotten out of the shower. Her wavy, blonde hair is still wet, cascading past her shoulders in damp waves. The sash to her pink, silk robe is knotted very loosely around her waist, and the light from the bedroom illuminates her from behind so her naked silhouette is clearly visible to me through the sheerness of the fabric. She is barefoot and she smiles, though her eyes blink sleepily; she's not really a morning person. I remember to breathe again, though my mouth remains dry as I take in the sight of her--so much better in real life than the fantasies I've been having all night. The heat within me intensifies.

"Babe? Is everything all right?" She cocks her head slightly, and her expression shows concern at my silence. She starts down the steps as I start up, and we end up meeting on the landing. One look in my eyes, and she realizes exactly what's going on. I don't know if that makes me predictable, but she blushes hotly nonetheless. Pink is an amazingly sexy color on her.

If it had, by any chance, crossed her mind to escape me, she wouldn't have had the opportunity. I am on her immediately-- no warning, no small talk, no words at all. Her surprised intake of breath is cut short by my mouth as I claim hers.

We've been here before, done this before, and we'll do it again many times. She seems to understand this need that she's uncovered in me. Instead of allowing me to be embarrassed by it, she has helped me to embrace it, to follow it when it summons me. It's ironic, she being my first and all. You would think that with me being new to this lifestyle and her having been out for ten years, I'd be following her lead, especially in the bedroom. But, she's let me set the pace from our very first night together. I think she likes it this way. I know I do.

She has never rebuffed me, not once. This leads me to believe that maybe she needs this push and pull, this give and take, as much as I do. Even now, she responds to me immediately and moans, her soft lips parting, allowing, inviting my seeking tongue into her warm mouth. This, of course, only stokes the fire burning inside me, and I grasp the sides of her head, plunging in more deeply, wanting to taste her very soul.

She tries to say something, but I keep kissing her and don't let her speak. I know she wants to say that maybe we'd be more comfortable, not to mention safer, in the bed, but that's not going to happen. I want her right here, right now, right where we are. Wrenching away from her mouth, I push her against the wall. One simple yank, and her robe falls open, revealing the most glorious expanse of creamy, white skin on which I've ever had the privilege of laying eyes.

"God, you're beautiful," I whisper, filling each of my hands with a soft, pliable mound of flesh. She's heard it before. I tell her every chance I get. But, each time I see her nude form, I feel like it's the first time. My heart pounds, my blood races, and I *need* to touch her.

"For you," she replies, then gasps as I close my mouth over her nipple, fondling the other one with my thumb. I feel her fingers slide into my hair, and she kisses the top of my head.

"I have been thinking about you all night," I tell her between flicks of my tongue.

"All night?" she manages, though her breathing is a little ragged.

"All night. You have no idea." I scrape my teeth across her nipple while slipping both hands around and cupping her backside, pulling her more tightly against me. Each time I elicit a gasp from her, a surge of my own wetness is my body's reward. She's got nearly three inches of height on me, and this is one of the only times I wish I were taller than her. I would love to have her wrap those long legs around my waist as I carry her to the bedroom. Alas, it's not to be, so I'll enjoy her any way I can.

"God, babe," she whispers, hugging my head to her chest with both hands. I venture down her torso with one hand, sighing aloud at the smoothness of her skin. She's so soft; it amazes me every time I touch her. My fingers meet her crisp curls already damp with her arousal, and her hips push against me even as I'm pushing her against the wall.

"You're soaked," I state with barely veiled triumph in my voice. She gives me a mock glare, then begins to unbutton the front of my blouse. I am stroking her very, very lightly, my fingers hardly touching her, and I am finding it incredibly amusing to watch her try to concentrate on her task while I do my best to distract her. Her hips twitch involuntarily, and she catches her bottom lip between even white teeth, furrowing her brow at the remaining three buttons. It's a terribly sexy expression and I try not to smirk.

"Honey--" she warns me.

"What?" I am all innocence, putting just a hint more pressure on her with my fingers.

She swallows, and when she blinks, her eyes stay closed for a split second longer than normal. Then, without warning, she growls, and grasps the edges of my shirt, wrenching them apart, the remaining buttons bouncing down the hardwood stairs. This unexpected savagery sends a searing jolt of excitement through me. My mouth overtakes hers almost violently as I push my fingers into her. The groan with which she rewards me is like music to my ears, and I pull my own mouth away just to hear it. It's an incredibly erotic sound, one to which I hope to be treated for years and years.

I barely move inside her...just slightly, enjoying the feeling of her flesh holding me within her, hugging me, possessing me. I kiss her deeply, sliding my fingers slowly all the way out, then just as slowly, back in. She has one of my bra-clad breasts in her hand. Her other hand is holding tightly to my forearm, trying to guide my pace, but I don't let her. I am in charge here.

"Babe," she moans into my mouth. "Baby, please. I can't...I...I can't...stand up anymore."

I don't think twice. I pull her down to the floor and continue making love to her on the landing of her stairs. It's not the most comfortable of settings, but neither of us notices. I can't wait any longer. I need to taste her. Sliding myself down a step or two, I spread her creamy smooth thighs to accommodate me, and my mouth joins my fingers in exploring her most intimate flesh.

She has her own unique taste that mirrors her personality. She's sweet and smooth on my tongue, with a little bit of spice thrown in for good measure. I've never tasted anything quite like her, and I want more. I always want more of her. I push myself into her as she arches, her hand grasping and closing tightly around a spindle in the banister.

"Oh, God," she gasps out, her long, elegant fingers finding my head once again. "God, that feels good." I have slowed my strokes. I don't want her to come too quickly, but I do realize she needs to get ready for work. Just a little bit longer...let me stay in this bliss just a little bit longer...

Her grip on my head tightens suddenly and she pulls me into her, arching her back and clenching her teeth, a strained cry ripped from deep in her throat -- the most amazing sound in the world. I push myself against her, but stop any movement of my tongue, obeying the silent command from the hand that holds me to her. My eyes shift up...I love to watch her at this moment. She's the most beautiful sight I've ever seen when she's like this. The pink silk is fanned out around her glistening body, giving her the appearance of a precious gem on a velvet pillow. Her muscles are tensed, and they stand out prominently. Her knuckles are white where she grips the spindle and I briefly hope she doesn't snap it like a twig. And the sound...*God, that sound*. I swell with pride every time I realize that only *I* can cause her to make that sound.

After several minutes, her grip on my head loosens just enough for me to kiss her center one last time. Her hips jerk involuntarily, and I smile.

"Honey, I'm home," I tease quietly.

"You certainly are," she breathes, her eyes still closed, her chest rising and falling rapidly. "Wow."

"I love you," I say quietly, resting my chin on her belly. She opens her eyes and lifts her head slightly, meeting my gaze.

"I love you, too."

"You're going to be late for work."

"I know." She makes no move to get up for several minutes, just brushes her fingers through my hair. Then, she starts to chuckle.

"What?" I ask her, wanting to be in on the joke.

"On the goddamn *landing*, honey? For Christ's sake, you're an animal." Her gentle laughter takes the sting out, and I chuckle along with her.

"Yeah, but I'm *your* animal," I offer.

"It's true," she agrees, favoring me with that quirky little half-grin of hers. "Lucky me." We struggle to our feet, and she reties the sash on her robe.

"Thank you," I say with a grin.

"No, thank *you* for starting my day in such an interesting fashion. I hope I can concentrate on my job. Flashbacks can be distracting." She kisses me sweetly. "I am now going to take *another* shower." I happily watch her backside as she climbs the stairs ahead of me.

I am suddenly exhausted, physically and mentally and decide I don't have the energy to make it to my own apartment. The fire within now doused, at least for the time being, I follow her up the stairs, strip out of my clothes and slip between the sheets of her unmade bed. I sigh with bliss, soothed by the gentle sound of the water running in the bathroom. I wait, knowing that once she's done in the shower, I'll have the perfect view of her morning preparations. It sounds silly, but I love to watch her get ready...from the donning of the panty hose, suit, and heels to the application of her makeup and the selection of just the right jewelry, it's all very sensuous to me.

As I burrow into the pillow, I'm not at all surprised to feel the smoldering begin once again deep inside.

I scold myself, thinking of how she'll already be late for work and just how *much* later she'd be if I were to pounce on the poor girl once again when she emerged from the bathroom. Shaking my head in disbelief at my own train of thought, I close my eyes, hoping to drift off to sleep surrounded by the sweet, intoxicating scent that is my love.

A flashback of her body, mid-orgasm, hits my brain, playing like a movie on the inside of my eyelids, causing a pang to hit low in my body. I sigh contentedly as the water shuts off and I hear her humming softly. Life is good.

Taxi Tango

by Vada Foster

CHRISTINE WAS ABOUT to step into a taxi when she heard a vaguely familiar voice calling her name. She looked around and spotted a woman in a tank top and khaki shorts with a backpack slung over her shoulder. She flashed on one day the previous summer when the khaki clad hunk had helped her pass some very pleasant time. She searched her memory for the name and came up with it. "Hi, Kim. Good to see you again."

"You too. I'm surprised you remembered me."

Christine winked. "You underestimate yourself. Is someone picking you up?"

Kim shook her head. "I was going to take a shuttle."

"How about sharing a taxi?"

"Hmmm, let's see; sharing a taxi with you or being trapped in a van with a bunch of sun burned kids returning from a week at Disney World. Yeah, I'm in." She opened the front passenger door and placed her things on the seat, then climbed in back followed by Christine.

Christine tapped on the glass and told the driver where to take them then sat back in the seat. As the cab pulled away from the curb, Christine took Kim's hand in hers and began running her thumb across the back of her knuckles. Kim smiled and scooted closer so that their thighs were touching.

As they passed the Getty Museum up on a hill, Kim asked, "Have you ever been to the Getty?" Christine shook her head no, and Kim continued, "I've always wanted to go. How would you like to go with me some time?"

"Yes." Christine placed Kim's hand on her thigh, just below the hem of her very short skirt, and parted her legs, raising her eyebrow and giving Kim a nod that she should slide her hand beneath the skirt. "I'd like that very much."

"Oh!" Kim exclaimed, "Great." Her fingers lightly trailed up the inside of Christine's thigh until they reached the fabric of the thong that barely covered her pubic hair. "Do you have any idea when they're open?" She asked. Her voice husky with desire.

"I think they're open whenever you're ready. You just need to open the door." Christine slid a bit further down on the seat, and spread her legs open wider. Kim ran her finger under the elastic band of the thong and pushed it to one side, returning her finger to the moist slit and teasing it between the folds.

"Good. I like it when it opens for me. Especially this time of year when it's hot and wet. It's nice to go inside." She poised her finger at Christine's opening, and pushed one and then two fingers inside the damp cave. Her thumb brushed over Christine's stiffening clit. Christine moaned and thrust herself against Kim's hand.

"Yes," she gasped. "It's nice inside. I just hope we have time to see all the--masterpieces--before the museum closes."

"No problem. I can move faster, or slower, if there's something you want to take your time with. I want you to be happy with the experience."

"Faster would be good, I think." Kim's fingers began to thrust more deeply, and her thumb moved like a blur over the swollen nub. "Yes, that's it." She leaned her head against the back of the seat, and her eyes closed as she felt her orgasm building.

"You can lean your head on my shoulder if you'd like to rest." More softly, she added, "And I like it when you bite, so don't hold back"

"Thanks, I--" Christine gasped as the wave crashed over her, turning her head toward Kim, and muffling her cry against the strong tanned shoulder. She thrust repeatedly against the fingers that continued to move in and out of her until she could take no more, and collapsed back against the seat with a sigh. Kim gently removed her fingers and replaced the thong over Christine's still pulsing mound, then smoothed the skirt back into place. Christine rolled her head toward Kim, who smiled at her seductively as she placed her fingers in her mouth, sucking the juices off and smacking her lips with a satisfied sigh of her own. "Woo, that was intense," Christine whispered with a wry grin. "I'll never think of the Getty quite the same again."

Kim laughed. "Me either. And I can't imagine sharing it with anyone else. It would be anticlimactic, I think."

Christine nodded her agreement. "Yep, it's going to have to be you and me, kid. And speaking of anticlimactic," she whispered, "how do you suppose we might be able to get around those shorts of yours for a little reciprocation?"

Kim leaned toward the Plexiglas partition behind the driver and said, "Could you please hand me the poncho I left on the front seat?"

The driver nodded, and took her eyes off the road just long enough to grab the poncho. She opened the partition and stuck it through the opening. "Here ya go. If you're cold I can turn up the heat."

"Thanks. No need, I'm sure I'll be warm as toast in no time." She spread the poncho out over her lap and started to unfasten her shorts. Christine put her hand over Kim's and shook her head.

"Let me do that. Just lean back and relax." Kim nodded and leaned back as she was told. She felt Christine's hands deftly unbutton the shorts, and quietly pull the zipper down. When that was done, she tapped Kim on the thigh and motioned with a thumb up for her to raise her bottom off the seat so she could pull the shorts off. Kim did as she asked, and soon her shorts and underwear were pooled at her ankles. Christine pulled the poncho higher so that it covered Kim's breasts as well, and she slid her hand under the tank top to claim a taut nipple between her fingers. She pinched lightly, and Kim squirmed.

"I can't tell you how much I've thought about you doing that to me," Kim whispered.

"Really? And how about this," she raked her fingernails down to Kim's abdomen and back up again to circle the nipple with her fingernails. Kim's muscles contracted and she moaned softly. "Or this." While her left hand fondled Kim's breasts, her right snaked under the poncho and pulled her legs apart. She scratched the soft skin inside her thighs down as far as the knee, and then back up on the other leg. Kim's breath hitched in her throat and goose bumps broke out all over her body.

"Oh, please. I need you to touch me there."

"Gladly," Christine purred, dipping her finger into the honeyed wetness between Kim's legs. Her clit was already hard as a pebble, and the liquid dribbled down to pool on the car seat. She pinched the folds of Kim's labia and gave a small tug before parting the lips and inserting her finger. The muscles of Kim's vagina squeezed so hard it was all Christine could do to pull the finger in and out.

Kim groaned and began to grind herself against the finger, urging it deeper. Christine inserted two more fingers and filled the opening completely, moving them separately in search of her g spot. She found it.

"Is that what you want?" Christine asked softly, and Kim whimpered and nodded. "Come for me, baby. I want to feel it."

"Yes, oh yes, just touch my clit. Oh, God!" The explosion started deep inside, and mushroomed outward to envelope her entire being. The tremors continued for several minutes after the climax had waned, and Kim could only sit and try to catch her breath.

"That was beautiful," Christine whispered, placing a small kiss on the corner of Kim's mouth. "How I love making you come."

Neither woman noticed that the car had come to a stop until the door opened. They looked up to see the driver with a large grin on her face. "Is this a private party, or can anybody get in on it? And don't worry; I turned the meter off a long time ago."

Kim and Christine looked at each other, and with a laugh, moved over to make room for one more.

Unwinding

by Anne J. Kingdley

THE HOUSE WAS almost silent when Logan got home; the only sound the ticking of the grandfather clock. Curious at the stillness, she headed toward the kitchen in search of Nikki. Entering the kitchen, she noticed covered dishes sitting in warmers on the table. Lifting one of the covers, Logan gave an appreciative smile. *Hmmm...chicken and broccoli in Alfredo sauce...my favorite.*

As she placed the cover back on the dish, Logan spotted a folded piece of paper lying on one of the plates. Picking it up, she flipped it open, and read the words...*I'm in our room.*

Logan slipped the paper into the pocket of her slacks, grabbed a bottle of water from the refrigerator and started for their bedroom, shifting the bottle from one hand to the other as she shed her jacket.

"Nikki? Honey?"

"In the bathroom."

Logan kicked off her heels, sighing as her toes were released from their prison. Tossing her jacket on the bed, she padded on bare feet into the bathroom and almost spit out the mouthful of water she'd just taken. A squeaky "there you are" were all the words Logan could manage.

And there Nikki was indeed, her wet, bubble covered body, bathed in the glow of a dozen flickering candles.

Logan stood frozen, watching as Nikki lifted one slim leg from under the bubbles. Her eyes widened and she watched the slide of the bubbles down her lover's leg, zeroing in on the slow migration of one drop that seemed to be taking its time. Her breath caught and held as the drop lingered, then finally released itself, sending up a tiny splash as it joined its mates.

Nikki's arm rose out of the water and one long finger extended itself toward her then curled inward.

"Won't you join me?"

"Umm...uh...sure!" came out of Logan's mouth in a rush. She attempted to set her bottle of water on the counter but missed by a scant inch. The bottle hit the floor and bounced a couple of feet before landing against the side of the tub. Not sparing the bottle a glance, Logan stepped closer to the tub and lifted one foot up as if she were going to step in.

Chuckling, Nikki asked, "Don't you want to take your clothes off first?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah, sure."

When Logan began to remove her clothes, she noticed a change take place in Nikki's gray eyes. The amused look had changed to a smoldering gaze as Logan's fingers loosened the buttons on her shirt, slowly opening each one until the last one was undone and the shirt hung loosely open, hinting at hidden treasures.

Skimming her fingers upward along the inside edges of her shirt, Logan's hands stopped when they reached her bra. Nimble fingers released the front clasp then traveled downward until they reached the buckle of her belt. Opening the buckle, she removed the belt and tossed it to the side. Grasping the tab of the zipper she slid it downward until the zipper was fully open. Logan

grabbed the waistband of her slacks, gave a little shake of her hips and pushed both slacks and panties down her legs.

She watched Nikki's gaze follow the path of her slacks until they stopped in a heap at Logan's feet. Logan smiled as she saw her lover take and release a deep breath. Lifting one long leg, then the other, she stepped out of her slacks pausing just a millisecond before reaching up and removing her shirt and bra in one swift move. The lustful look in her wife's eyes told Logan that the tables were turning...that the seducer was rapidly becoming the seduced.

Taking the hand Nikki held out to her, Logan let her lover hold her steady as she stepped into the tub. Lowering herself into the water, she lay back against Nikki and sighed. A soft kiss was placed on the back of her neck as arms wrapped themselves around her waist.

Covering Nikki's hands with her own, Logan closed her eyes and reveled in the closeness, enjoying the moment.

"This feels nice." Logan could finally feel the tension of the day begin to release itself from her body.

Just as she was about to protest the loss of the arms around her, her senses took in the scent of peach. '*Ah*, she thought, *my girl's got my number tonight.*' Gentle, circular motions traveled across her shoulders as she felt Nikki began to bathe her.

"Lean up a bit baby."

Logan pulled her legs up and wrapped her arms around them. Laying her forehead against her knees, she leaned forward, sighing at how good it felt to be so tenderly loved.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Nikki dip the sponge in the water and lift it up then felt warm water cascading down her back. This was definitely heaven on earth.

Small hands patted Logan and gently guided her backwards until she was once again lying against Nikki.

Her nipples hardened as Nikki began to bathe her breasts, apparently having decided to drop the sponge and apply the more personal touch. Hands slid over and under Logan's breasts, causing her to suck in a sharp breath when soapy fingers tweaked the erect buds. Her wife's hands spent several minutes in worship of Logan's breasts before moving slowly southward.

Logan relaxed more and more as she felt Nikki's hands move across her body. She breathed in deeply, enjoying the scent of the vanilla candles. Her breath caught when Nikki's fingers slid down her stomach and in between her legs. Logan closed her eyes as those fingers moved, eliciting the most delicious feelings and making her legs shake.

"Do you like that?"

"Umm..." Logan hummed. Nikki's fingers continued to stroke up and down and Logan's mind was dangerously close to short-circuiting.

"Feels good?"

"Hmm..." was all the sound Logan could manage as two fingers slid into her, moving in and out in a steady rhythm. Her legs stiffened when Nikki's palm circled over her clitoris and pressed down.

Nikki's fingers slid into her opening again, and moved in and out with strong strokes. Logan trembled as her inner walls tightened around Nikki's fingers. She was lost the minute Nikki took hold of her clitoris and pulled...hard. Pressing her head against Nikki's shoulder, Logan's left arm came up, circling Nikki's neck. All Logan could do was hold on for dear life as her body jerked with each stroke as she was brought hard and fast to orgasm.

Logan's legs fell open against the sides of the tub and her arms hung limply at her sides. She had no time to recover, however, before she felt Nikki's fingers begin to stroke her once again.

"Baby, please. I need a minute." Logan's body felt like jell-o. "Whatever I did to deserve this, let me know so I can do it again." Fingers took hold of her chin and Logan's head was turned towards her wife. Nikki's lips met hers in a gentle kiss. "You looked so stressed this morning. I wanted to do what I could to help you relax."

Logan chuckled. "Well, I don't think I could get any more relaxed than I am now."

"Let's get out and dry off. Dinner's ready and I've worked up quite an appetite."

Logan stood and held her hand out to her lover, smiling as she pulled Nikki to a standing position. Carefully, both women stepped out of the tub.

Logan grabbed a towel from the shelf, and knelt to dry her partner's legs. She caught the scent of Nikki's arousal and dinner was forgotten. Dropping the towel she placed her hands on the inside of Nikki's thighs and applied gentle outward pressure.

When Nikki spread her legs, Logan closed her eyes and breathed in deeply. This was one of her favorite parts of making love with her partner. Nikki had a scent that Logan could never get enough of.

"Honey?"

Logan glanced up but didn't move her face. A twinkle appeared in her eyes as she took a long, slow lick. She wrapped strong arms around Nikki's thighs.

"I've got you, I won't let you fall."

Nikki braced herself by grabbing onto the sides of the old-fashioned vanity as her lover entered her with her tongue and began to move in and out with rapid strokes. The moans coming from Nikki gave way to full-out grunts when she pressed down on Nikki's clitoris with her thumb. Feeling the telltale signs of her wife's release, Logan tightened her hold on Nikki's thighs and drank in the juices that flowed from Nikki's body with the force of her release.

Logan gave several soft kisses to her lover's sex as she felt Nikki's body still. She slid her hands up Nikki's body as she stood. Now eye to eye with her wife, Logan gazed into her eyes, enjoying the look she found there. Times like this were when Logan really felt the closest to Nikki. No words were necessary as she wrapped her arms around the other woman's body and held her.

When her body had calmed, Nikki turned and grabbed the bottle of oil from the shelf where it had been warming.

Pouring some in her hands she said, "Turn around baby."

Nikki waited while Logan turned. Stepping up she wrapped her arms around Logan's naked body and gazed at their reflections in the full-length mirror on the wall. Her wife's body was flushed with arousal. Nikki began to rub the oil over Logan's breasts, watching Logan's facial reactions as she took her nipples between her fingers and pulled.

When Logan's hands moved up and covered hers, Nikki knew what her lover was asking, the plea in eyes reflected back to her was clear. Their fingers intertwined moving together down the strong body and stopping when they reached the vee between Logan's legs.

Logan's hands left hers and traveled back up her body to play with her own breasts as Nikki's fingers separated her nether lips and found the bundle in between standing rigid. Nikki slid a finger on either side of the shaft and squeezed making Logan's hips jerk forward.

Logan's breathing became rapid and Nikki held Logan's trembling body tight against her own, never stilling the movements of her fingers. A low, keening sound came from her wife as Logan's right hand came down to join Nikki's and both sets of fingers slid together in tandem.

Seeing Logan's eyes close, Nikki felt her wife tremble and knew Logan was close. Reaching for the tiny shaft, she grabbed it with two fingers and pulled...hard, almost losing her grip when Logan's orgasm hit and her body shook with strong spasms.

Nikki waited, keeping a tight hold, as her lover's body calmed.

When Logan's eyes fluttered open, they stood for several minutes gazing at each other in the mirror. Loosening her hold when she felt Logan began to turn, Nikki's arms stayed wrapped around Logan as Nikki kissed her softly. "Thank you love."

Backing up, Nikki traded soft kisses with Logan until they were standing in front of the window seat to the right of the tub. Nikki sat and held out her arms to Logan, "Come to me lover." Nikki waited as Logan knelt with her legs on either side of her own then spread her legs wide as Logan

lowered herself until their sex's met. Nikki locked eyes with Logan and their hips begin to move, their clits sliding against each other. Nikki whispered in her lover's ear, "Come with me."

Arms tightened their hold and breasts pressed against each other as orgasms approached and were reached on pounding hearts and quickened breaths.

Breathing quieted and silence reigned for several minutes afterward with Logan's head resting on Nikki's shoulder.

Nikki placed a kiss on the side of Logan's neck. "Baby?"

"Yea?"

"Dinner's ready."

Worth the Wait

by Verda Foster

LANIE LIFTED HER hand and waved at the approaching taxi. She sighed as it kept on going. This was the fourth taxi that had passed in the last couple of minutes. She'd been pushed and shoved in the scramble and had lost the previous cabs to seasoned New Yorkers who played the game much better than she did.

She'd thought she had this one, though. Finally she was the only one left, and the damn taxi was occupied. She spotted another one and lifted her hand again. This time the cab pulled over and stopped. She breathed a sigh of relief and pulled the back door open and climbed inside.

"Where to," the cabbie asked, without even looking back at her passenger.

"The Staten Island Ferry."

The cabbie nodded and pulled out into traffic, her right hand automatically starting the meter.

Lanie glanced at the rearview mirror and gasped at the familiar face she saw reflected there. Jessie? It can't be. Her eyes tracked to the hack license and read the name: Jessica Davies. Shaken, she closed her eyes as her head dropped back against the seat. Please don't let her recognize me.

It had been almost twenty years since she'd seen Jessie, and from what she could see, the years had been good to her. She thought back to the last time they were together and guilt washed over her.

Jessie had been her best friend all through high school, but graduation night everything changed when Jessie told her that she was in love with her. They'd gone to a friend's house for an after graduation bash. Beer was in abundance and neither one of them was feeling any pain. They ended up making love on the floor of a walk-in closet. Well, to be more accurate, Jessie made love to her. Somehow in Lanie's mind, she wasn't a lesbian if she didn't touch back.

She left Jessie asleep on the floor and found her 'sometimes' boyfriend Greg, and in a desperate attempt to prove to herself that she wasn't a lesbian, convinced him that they should get married. It didn't take much convincing though. He'd tried many times to get her to say yes with no success. Afraid that she might change her mind when she sobered up, he put her in the car and in five hours they were standing in a chapel in Las Vegas getting married.

Lanie opened her eyes and looked in the mirror again. Soft brown eyes were looking back at her. *She knows*. Lanie averted her gaze and said nothing. When she looked back, Jessie's eyes were once again on the road ahead. The silence was deafening.

They got to the Ferry and the cab pulled into the line of cars that were waiting to drive on board. It puzzled her because she had asked to be brought to the Ferry, not to her door. Still she kept quiet. Now that she knew that Jessie knew who she was, she couldn't bring herself to speak.

The cab parked on board and Lanie watched as the drivers in the surrounding cars got out and walked to the upper decks. Not able to take the silence any longer, she decided that she would go too. Just as she reached for the door handle, the front door opened and Jessie stepped out of the cab. Lanie pulled her hand back. If Jessie was going up top, she would stay in the cab.

She was surprised when the driver's side passenger door opened and Jessie climbed in beside her.

"Don't I even rate a hello?" she asked.

Lanie dropped her gaze to her hands. "I didn't think you'd want one."

Jessie shook her head. "Twenty years and you're still running away from me."

"I'm sorry."

"A little late for that, don't you think?"

"I know I hurt you."

"Do you have any idea how much?"

"I think so."

"You think so?" Jessie's eyes flashed and she leaned closer. "I bared my soul to you that night. I loved you, and you tossed me out like a piece of trash. No explanation. No goodbye--"

"I was scared."

"Of me?"

Lanie shook her head. "Of me. I was afraid of how much I wanted you. I didn't want to be a lesbian, and for some stupid reason I thought if I married Greg, it would go away. It didn't."

Jessie closed her eyes. She'd been angry when she first realized who was riding in the back of her cab, but now she just felt bewildered. Being in the same proximity with Lanie again brought back all the feelings that she'd tried so hard to exorcise over the years. She opened her eyes and looked at Lanie. "Your mother called me at six in the morning to ask if I knew where you were. She said you hadn't come home that night. Do you realize how frantic I was? I was there with your mom when you called with your happy news. I went home and started to drink. I didn't stop for almost a year."

Tears started down Lanie's face. "I'm so sorry. I understand now why you wouldn't accept any of my phone calls."

"Phone calls?"

"Every time I called your house, your mom told me you didn't want to talk to me." Lanie fumbled in her purse to find a tissue. "When I couldn't get you on the phone, I finally got up enough courage to talk to you face to face."

I wanted to tell you I'd made a mistake, that I loved you too. I went to your house but your mom told me you'd moved away. I asked where, and she said you didn't want to hear from me. I didn't blame you for not wanting to have anything to do with me. I deserved your wrath. I earned it."

Tears started down Jessie's face as well. "She never told me you called."

"Never?"

Jessie shook her head. "If I'd known..." She ran her fingers through her hair. "No, those years are gone. It's silly to think of 'what if's.'"

Lanie leaned closer and dabbed at Jessie's tears with her tissue. "I never stopped loving you. I hope you can believe that."

Jessie closed her eyes again and tried to swallow the lump in her throat. She ached to reach out to Lanie. To feel her in her arms again, but she just couldn't do it. It hurt too damn much last time. Soft hands caressed her face and she shuddered at the gentle touch. Oh, God. It had been so long. She opened her eyes and looked into Lanie's face and saw only truth shining in her eyes. "I believe you."

Lanie still held her face in her hands and she leaned closer until their lips met. The kiss was tentative at first, but soon deepened to one of desperate urgency.

Lanie unbuttoned Jessie's shirt, her mouth nibbling down her throat to Jessie's naked breasts. Jessie groaned when Lanie took a sensitive nipple into her mouth, teasing it mercilessly with her tongue and teeth.

Lanie let her hand slide down, unfastening Jessie's trousers and slipping into her welcoming wetness. "I want you to come for me." She bit the nipple in her mouth just hard enough to send a jolt to Jessie's groin.

"Oh, God, yes."

"Lift up," Lanie asked, pulling Jessie's trousers down when she complied. "I need to taste you."

Jessie leaned back and opened her legs, her long fingers twining in Lanie's hair, guiding her down to her need. Her hips rose to meet Lanie's hungry mouth, and she found it hard to breathe. She was so close. So very close.

Lanie nuzzled into the curly dark hair at the apex of Jessie's legs, and then ran her tongue along her swollen clitoris. Jessie's hands tightened in her hair as Lanie pulled the twitching shaft into her mouth and sucked, slipping two fingers inside.

Jessie wanted to hold on, make it last, but she couldn't. Her body became rigid as the orgasm roared through her, then she collapsed, gasping for breath.

She released Lanie's hair, then pulled her up, clutching her tightly. "That was incredible," she said. Fresh tears started down her face. "You were incredible."

Lanie wiped the tears away with her thumbs. "You're so beautiful when you come," she said. "You take my breath away."

Jessie smiled. "Thank you." She pressed her lips against Lanie's forehead. "I love you."

Lanie sighed and nuzzled into her breasts. "I can die happy now."

Jessie's smile broadened. "I still can't believe I found you again after all these years." She reached down and tilted Lanie's face up. "You were definitely worth the wait."

Author Biographies

Georgia Beers is the author of the novels *Too Close To Touch*, the 2006 Lambda and Goldie Award-Winning *Fresh Tracks*, and *Mine*, among others. Coming in June, 2008, *Finding Home*.

To find out more, visit www.georgiabeers.com or www.boldstrokesbooks.com.

Pat Cronin is a retired firefighter-paramedic who now has lots of time to devote to writing. This is Pat's first erotica publication and first editing of an anthology. She is in the process of completing her first novel, *Souls' Rescue*, a romantic adventure.

Cheri Crystal -Since *Debut* appeared in *E13: Lessons In Love* (Bold Strokes Books), Cheri has published short stories including: *Going Fishing After Midnight* (Cleis Press), *Escort* in *E14: Extreme Passions* (Bold Strokes Books), *Convention* in *Best Lesbian Love Stories NYC* (Alyson Books), *Exercise Dyke* in *Ultimate Lesbian Erotica* (Alyson Books), *Lobster Box* in *Best Date Ever* (Alyson Books), *Trucking* in *E15: Road Games* (Bold Strokes Books), *Seeing It Through* (Khimairal Ink) and *Dogging* in *Ultimate Lesbian Erotica 2008* (Alyson Books).

Cheri is working on her first novel while reviewing lesfic for www.justaboutwrite.com/ and www.midwestbookreview.com/rbw/index.htm Check out Cheri's Corner at www.queergirltalk.net/Literature/BookReviews/CC

Nann Dunne - A professional editor for many years, Nann began writing fiction ten years ago. She has a number of published novels and short stories, her latest novel being *The War Between the Hearts*. See and hear her read excerpts aloud at www.nanndunne.com.

Nann publishes a free ezine on the craft of writing called [Just About Write](http://www.JustAboutWrite.com) (JAW) at www.JustAboutWrite.com that includes articles on writing, editing, and promotion, as well as reviews, new releases, poetry, humor, and publisher announcements.

Nann has edited books for several publishers of lesbian literature and does freelance editing as well. Authors may contact her at pruferblue@aol.com for editing requests.

Vada Foster -Originally from a small town in Missouri, Vada has lived in southern California since childhood, most of that time with her twin sister Verda who also writes lesbian fiction. She has written several short stories as well as a one act play which was produced in Long Beach by Lambda Community Players.

In addition to writing, Vada is also an actor and director, most recently with Kentwood Players in Westchester. While in Florida for a writers and readers convention, she met Gypsy and her life

was changed forever. They shared a commitment ceremony in June of 2005 with family and friends and plan to stay together at least until the age of 90! Email: hrhvada@ca.rr.com; Website: www.vadafoster.com

Verda Foster has worked in and around the art and craft industry for twenty years, and you can often find her judging at one of the many ceramic and craft shows held throughout Southern California.

She has been teaching the art of painting statuary for thirteen or fourteen years, and enjoys seeing a student's eyes light up when they see a piece of white-ware come to life in their hands.

Her first book, *The Chosen*, was published in September of 2000, and a new, rewritten version was published by Intaglio Publications in 2005. www.verdafoster.com

Karin Kallmaker -Karin's romance novels include the award winning *18th and Castro*, *Just Like That*, *Maybe Next Time*, and *Sugar*. Many have been translated into Spanish, French, German and Czech. Short stories have appeared in anthologies from publishers like Alyson, Circlet, Bold Strokes and Haworth. Her writing career began with the venerable Naiad Press and continues with Bella Books and spans more than two dozen novels and sixty short stories and novellas. www.kallmaker.com

Anne J. Kingsley has been an avid reader and full-fledged supporter of writers of lesbian fiction for several years. New to the world of actually writing a story, Anne has viewed the whole process as a valuable learning experience.

One lesson definitely learned: when writing erotic sex... "you'll most likely want to go see what your girlfriend is doing" afterwards.

Hopefully you like her small offering. If you do, or even if you don't, you can write Anne at annejkingsley@yahoo.com

Victoria Oldham lives with her partner in the north of England, in a village slightly smaller and less interesting than a postage stamp. While she misses the California sunshine and wide roads, she spends much of her time now wandering over Roman ruins in the rain, attempting to pet the local sheep and doing some writing on her laptop while looking out over the Cumbrian Hills.

Radclyffe is the author of numerous lesbian novels and anthologies including the Lambda Literary Award winners *Erotica Interludes 2*, ed. with Stacia Seaman, and the romance *Distant Shores, Silent Thunder*. She has selections in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2006, 2007, and 2008, A Is For Amour, H Is For Hardcore, L Is For Leather, Caught Looking: Erotic Tales of Voyeurs and Exhibitionists*, and *Ultimate Undies: Erotic Stories About Lingerie and Underwear*, among others. She is also the president of Bold Strokes Books, an independent LGBT publishing company.

Sammo lives in rural Cumbria, England with her American partner, one pub, a bus stop and a maypole. *Fluid* is her first published work and she would like to think it's not her last!

Trish Shields resides with her wife and three children on Vancouver Island. She has poetry and short stories published internationally. Some of her publications include Regina Weese's *Elan* anthology, *Washing the Color of Water* (Golden Sun Rising Poetry Press), and the launch of her first chapbook, *Coast Line*, co-authored by Katherine L. Gordon, released in February, 2007. Trish is a member of the Canada-Cuba Literary Alliance, the League of Canadian Poets, The Publishing Triangle and the Canadian Federation of Poets.

Kate Sweeney was the 2007 recipient of the Golden Crown Literary Society award for Debut Author for *She Waits*, the first in the *Kate Ryan Mystery* series, which was also nominated for the Lambda Literary Society award for Lesbian Mystery. The second in the series, *A Nice Clean Murder* was released in December 2006 to great reviews. The third, *The Trouble with Murder* was released in January 2008.

Her novel *Away From the Dawn* was released in August 2007. She is also a contributing author for the anthology *Wild Nights: (Mostly) True Stories of Women Loving Women* (Bella Books).

Born in Chicago, Kate resides in Villa Park, Illinois, where she works as an office manager--no glamour here, folks; it pays the bills. Humor is deeply embedded in Kate's DNA. She sincerely hopes you will see this when you read her novels, short stories, and other works by visiting her Web site: www.katesweeneyonline.com E-mail Kate at ksweeney22@aol.com.

Ali Vali -Author of *The Devil Inside, Carly's Sound, The Devil Unleashed, Second Season*, and *Deal With the Devil* from Bold Strokes Books. For more information please visit www.myspace.com/alivali or www.boldstrokesbooks.com.

MJ Williamz grew up on California's Central Coast, but now lives in Portland, OR, where writing is an integral part of her life. Since 2002, she's had over a dozen short stories accepted for publication, mostly erotica with a few romances thrown in for good measure. Her first novel, *Shots Fired* will be published in November.

Another Anthology from Cronin and Foster

Women In Uniform: Medics and Soldiers and Cops, Oh My!

Cops, medics, soldiers, chefs, forest rangers...let's face it...who doesn't appreciate women in uniforms? Whether it's a nurse in Vietnam, a lesbian about to deploy to Iraq, a horny football player, a cop who likes bondage, a medic who needs pampering, or a security guard who finds out she's not past her shelf date, these stories of erotica and romance will rev you up, touch your heart, and make you feel.

You'll be delighted by great stories from some of today's top writers: Catherine Lundoff, J.M. Redmann, Lee Lynch, Analza Otis, Lori L. Lake, Chris Paynter, Sammo, M.J. Williamz, Ms. M, Diane S. Bauden, Karen D. Badger, V.W. Massie, Victoria Oldham, Bliss, R.G. Emanuelle, Andi Marquette, Jessie Chandler, Pat Cronin, and Lee Coats.

Other Yellow Rose Books You Might Also Enjoy

Family Ties

by Vickie Stevenson

Fleeing from her abusive husband, Jill Dewey impulsively returns to her small hometown. A chance encounter with a former teacher leads her to the safety of a local dude ranch, where she accepts work as a chef. Through an intermediary, she notifies her parents that she is well and does not wish to be found.

Ranch owner Casey McQuaid is pleased with Jill's performance as a chef and enjoys her company as a friend. Jill is drawn to the warmth and support of Casey's LGBT family. As she becomes involved in the family's struggle against a powerful adversary of the gay community, she is increasingly obsessed by unexpected feelings for Casey.

While Jill grapples with her newly emerging emotions, her parents and husband discover her whereabouts and work relentlessly and viciously to compel her to return. And as the battle against the homophobic enemy proceeds, Casey and Jill must confront the nature of the relationship that has developed between them.

Love's Redemption

by Helen Macpherson

Ten years ago talented Lauren Wheatley was on the verge of golfing greatness. As the world's number one amateur, she stood on the cusp of entry to the women's professional tour. However in a quirk of fate, she imploded in spectacular fashion, during a tournament that would have signaled her immediate entry into the professional ranks. She walked away and never played professional golf again.

Jo Ashby is a reporter narrating and producing the 'Where are They Now?' series, a program focusing on well-known people who have left fame behind, instead opting for a different direction in life. Her subject for the final program is the enigmatic Lauren Wheatley who, despite Jo's best efforts, evades her attempts at an interview.

Jo travels to the pristine wilderness of Tasmania to confront Lauren. However, instead of confrontation, she is captured by the beauty of the surrounding land and the woman herself. Coupled with this beauty lies a greater story behind the fragile façade of Lauren's life. Can Jo break through the barriers Lauren has shielded herself with, and conquer the riddle that is Lauren Wheatley? Can Jo reconcile her professional requirements, yet face her own demons and, once and for all, put them to rest?

Set against the backdrop of the Tasmanian wilderness, *Love's Redemption* follows the rocky lives of two headstrong women, affirming that sometimes the phrase 'and they lived happily ever after' is often more fairytale than fact.

They Neighbor's Wife

by Georgia Beers

Alex Foster's life is exactly as she wants it. She's quit her job as an English teacher and has decided to hole up in her newly acquired lake house for the summer to try her hand at writing a novel. She has close friends; she has her dog; she plays volleyball. She is content.

Jennifer Wainwright is a young, wealthy suburbanite who's life is exactly as she expected it would be. She's married to her high school sweetheart who is about to inherit his father's law firm. She has friends. And she has the whole summer to work on decorating the new house on the lake she and her husband have just purchased as their summer home. She is content.

A chance meeting over a runaway pooch is the start of a journey for each woman. Over the course of one unbelievable summer set on the beautiful shores of Canandaigua Lake in upstate New York, these two women will teach one another, learn from one another, question their own beliefs and expectations, and unwittingly fall in love.

Turning the Page

by Georgia Beers

Melanie Larson is an attractive, extremely successful business executive who shocks herself by resigning from her job when her company merges with another and relocates. While trying to decide what to do with her life next and at the urging of her uncle, Melanie heads to Rochester, New York, to stay temporarily with her cousin Samantha. She hopes to use her business savvy in an attempt to help Sam sort out the financial woes of her small bookstore. During her stay, Melanie meets and becomes close to the family that owns the property on which Samantha lives, the charming Benjamin Rhodes, a distinguished, successful businessman, as well as his beautiful and intriguing daughter Taylor. Surprised by what and how she feels for each of them, Melanie is soon forced to face the facts and re-examine what's really important to her in life, career and love.

True Colours

by Karen Surtees and nann Dunne

TJ Meridian, crippled in an attack on her and her brother, returns to Meridianville, Texas, a small town that her father all but destroyed ten years ago when he closed his ranch and meatpacking plant. Intending to right the wrongs, TJ, with the help of two friends, proposes to bring prosperity back to the area by restocking the ranch and modernizing the packing plant. When TJ's prized horse becomes ill, a local veterinarian is called to treat the animal. The vet, Dr. Mare Gillespie, has lived in Meridianville for the past ten years and has seen the poverty caused by Thomas Meridian's withdrawal from the area. Like most of the native residents, she harbors a great dislike for the family, yet she and TJ are each intrigued by the other woman and a relationship develops. Together they discover love and friendship that endures through personal misunderstandings, a night attack on the ranch, and an ecological disaster that could destroy the town and surrounding lands. Culminating in a life-threatening accident that requires some hard

decisions, True Colours is the exploration of hope and love and one woman's struggle to clear her name.

Many Roads to Travel

by Karen Surtees and Nann Dunne

Many Roads to Travel, the sequel to True Colours, continues the story of Mare and TJ. This work concentrates on the four friends dealing with the aftermath of the accident. TJ needs to work through the consequences of a second operation on her back and learn that her disabilities don't make her a lesser person.

Mare learns that sometimes things can't be fixed, and that all she can do is offer support and be understanding. The story also develops her relationship with her newly found father.

The friends, Paula and Erin, discover that a second surgery for TJ opens their eyes to the need for them to get away for a while and perhaps find a place of their own.

Together, the women work through the trials and tribulations of the operation and the discovery of TJ's half brother and his mother. They overcome old ghosts and discover new depths to their relationships.

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