

~ Stick to the Script (revised) ~

by Alex Tryst

Disclaimers: Same story, same characters (Jamie Dean and Sarah Talbot). New and improved scenes. Enjoy!

Disclaimers: This story is the third in a loosely connected series. It follows Love in Photographs and Georgia on My Mind, but this book can be enjoyed independently of those as well. However be forewarned the characters from the above mentioned pieces do make appearances, so it is suggested that you read those first to appreciate them to their fullest. As always, there are sure to be great characters and steamy scenes. What else would you expect from me?

Dedication: To my wife, you are my fondest wish. And to my many beta readers on this one. Thanks for all the help. I couldn't have done it without you all. You know who you are.

Feedback?? Write Alex: alextryst@hotmail.com

Now on with the show

Chapter One

Sarah Talbot sat in her trailer looking around contemplatively. This was the first day of shooting for her new movie, so she mentally prepared herself for the scenes. When the blonde had accepted the part of Special Agent Jessica Stuart, it had largely been in part to her co-star, Jamie Dean. Sarah had adored the other woman's work on stage and screen but had never gotten the opportunity to meet the elusive actress until this project.

The little woman recalled the evening they met just a few days before the shoot began. Jamie had called her and invited her out for drinks, since they were practically neighbors in New York. Agreeing, the blonde left her husband and two-year-old daughter at home to meet the tall dark-haired woman at the bar Jamie had suggested. Sarah had arrived first that evening. The crowd eyed her curiously. She figured it was due to her notoriety but was left alone at the bar. She watched everyone for about ten minutes as she casually sipped her glass of wine before she realized the establishment had only female patrons. Suddenly it struck her that Jamie had invited her to a lesbian bar for their meeting. She shook her head to herself. She had heard the rumors about the attractive addition to Hollywood but paid them little heed until that moment. Secure in her own sexuality though, she decided not to give it another thought.

A few minutes later the murmurs in the room began to rise as the general focus shifted toward the door. Curiously Sarah turned her attention there as well to see her new co-star making a flourishing entrance. Jamie was wearing a pair of ripped jeans, a white t-shirt, and a red jacket. Her dark hair was slicked back and she wore a charming grin as a cigarette sat tucked behind one ear. Sarah watched as the woman made her way over to the bar, bestowing kisses on every

woman who dared get close enough to her. Finally coming to where Sarah was sitting, the tall woman flashed a dangerous smile. "Ms. Talbot," she stated.

"Jamie Dean," she answered.

"In the flesh," the tall woman uttered sexily, signaling the bartender. She ordered a beer before looking back at the blonde. "Thanks for taking the time to meet me."

"I was glad to. In fact, I was hoping we would get a chance to talk before we started shooting. It's not often that I don't know my co-star before working together," Sarah mentioned. She had been in the business since she was a teenager and was well-acquainted with most of the select group of celebrities. "I've really loved all that you've done so far, Jamie, on Broadway and in Hollywood."

"Likewise, Sarah. That's actually why I asked that you be considered for the part."

"You asked for me?" the blonde inquired in surprise. Her business manager hadn't told her that when he first proposed the idea of the film.

"Yes. I admire your work, Sarah, and there is no one else I'd rather have as my leading lady for this piece. You match the profile they were looking for perfectly. When I was finally offered the part, they said you were one of a select group of women they were contemplating. I just had to put in my opinion and request you. Whether or not that had anything to do with your receiving the part, I don't know," she answered casually, taking a long sip of her beer from the bottle.

The small woman blushed lightly. "Well, I'll admit the main reason I took it was because of you. I wanted to work with you. I'm not much of an actor when it comes to suspense thrillers. I haven't done many of them since my youth. This is something new for you as well. You're breaking out of your big screen action genre."

Jamie nodded. "True. I've just grown tired of kicking ass all the time. I want to be taken as seriously on screen as I was on stage. I thought it was time for me to play a bad guy to accomplish that. I've never been one, well except when I played Rizzo in 'Grease', but there was nothing really bad about her. She was just a slut. It'll be nice to be beaten by a little pixie like you for a change," she teased, lighting her cigarette.

There was a lull in conversation for a moment, so Sarah asked, "So, is it true what I've read about you being named after James Dean?"

"It's true. My mother was a fan. Jamie Dean Desoto. I legally dropped Desoto after coming to New York. I thought it would give me a little more selling power. The way I look at it, with a namesake like that, I might as well use it to my advantage. I have a reputation to uphold where James Dean is concerned. Take this outfit for example. Fans like to see me dressed like a rebel, but if it were really up to me, I'd be meeting you in an Armani suit. That's the least a beautiful woman like you would deserve."

Choosing not to comment on Jamie's flirting words, Sarah said, "I knew I recognized this outfit. Your namesake wears something like this in one of his movies. Which one is it?"

"'Rebel Without A Cause'. What did I say? A reputation."

The blonde nodded. Looking around the bar, she stated, "This is an interesting place. I've never been here before."

Jamie chuckled. "I figured as much, but a little speculation about us couldn't hurt the movie ratings."

"True, very true," Sarah agreed, taking a sip of her wine.

"So, what to you think of the script?" Jamie inquired.

"It's good, very different. Audiences will definitely be surprised, I think."

"Dismayed is probably a better word. They'll never know it's me dressed as a man to begin with, and my male character playing your love interest will be intriguing. When they find out at the end, I think they'll be shocked into immobility. It definitely has a 'Silence of the Lambs' and 'The Crying Game' feel to it. This is quite a stretch for you as an actress, Sarah. I mean, I have to stretch myself here by playing a transsexual psycho killer. The closest I've ever come to this was playing the cross-dressing lead in 'Victor Victoria'. Sure you're ready for your role?"

She shrugged. "You mean the sex scenes, I take it. Well, I'm having sex with your male character, and neither of us is going to be naked really. It's just a part of film. I haven't given it any thought. Have you?"

"A little. The scene itself is nothing. It's the fact the audience will retroactively think about the two of us having sex once they realize I'm really me dressed as a man who is really a transsexual. There are some steamy scenes between us. In the last one when I try to kill you there is no doubt there that I'm both then, and that is definitely one of the more erotically horrifying moments."

Sarah shrugged again. "Jamie, I've done sex scenes before. These will be like the rest of them. I've had sex scenes with lots of men that aren't my husband and been okay with it. There's no reason why this should be any different simply because you are a woman. I'm a professional. Kissing you is just like kissing any of them. I've worked hard to get this role, Jamie. I've been in this business for more than a decade, and this film is my chance to prove to Hollywood once and for all that I am an Oscar contender. It is the perfect part to exhibit my talents, and I'm not going to let anything get in the way of that."

"Well, I'm glad you feel that way. I just wanted to make sure you were fine with it," the brunette mentioned.

"What about you? These will be your first sex scenes. Are you feeling comfortable with them?"

Jamie smiled. "I should be so lucky as to get to have sex with a woman like you. I have no problems with it," she teased with a sly grin. "This will be the first time I've kissed a woman in front of a camera though. I usually hide that stuff from the paparazzi, so that might take some getting used to, but I couldn't have asked for a better counterpart than you for that," she flirted. Sarah flushed but surprisingly didn't feel uncomfortable with the overt sexual innuendo. "I understand wanting an Oscar, Sarah. I was that way until I won my Tony. I wouldn't mind having an Oscar myself to sit next to it."

"What do you think of the title?" Sarah asked.

"'Mortal Games' makes it sound like the thriller it is I suppose, but as far as liking it, it's not my favorite. What about you?"

The blonde shrugged. "I agree, but they don't pay us to pick titles. Although we can always hope they change it before the release."

A knock on her trailer door brought Sarah back to the present. She knew it was time to go get into makeup for the first scene, so she left her cozy refuge and followed one of the assistants to the makeup trailer.

A little later that morning Sarah was just waiting around the set for Jamie as she talked to the director when she felt a tap on her shoulder. Turning around, her eyes fell upon a tall, handsome, dark-haired man. He didn't say anything, prompting her to question what he wanted.

Cracking a grin he questioned, "You don't recognize me? Good."

"Jamie?" Sarah inquired, looking closer. She could see the glint in dark eyes and identified the smile.

"In the flesh," she answered in her familiar way.

"Wow. You look incredible. I hardly knew it was you. That facial hair looks so real," she stated, instinctively reaching up to touch her counterpart's dark goatee.

Jamie nipped playfully at the blonde's fingertips. "Am I sexy enough to sweep Special Agent Jessica Stuart off her feet?" she joked.

"Oh, I think so," Sarah replied with a smile. "You're damn near sexy enough to sweep any woman off her feet."

"You included?" Jamie pressed in flirtation. Sarah only flushed in response as the director called their names. Both being complete professionals, they dropped their lighthearted antics and immediately focused on the task at hand.

That evening as shooting was called a wrap for the day, Jamie went to undress. As she stood in the costume trailer shedding the clothes that transformed her into her male character, she thought

of her co-star. She knew Sarah was married with a child, but she couldn't help but letting her lustful thoughts wander. She found the blonde irresistibly attractive, always had. That was her real reason for requesting Sarah's presence on the project even though she hadn't told anyone. She wanted the opportunity to see if her crush was as amazing in person as on the screen, and after the first day of shooting, her answer was Sarah Talbot was more so.

The petite woman had a high degree of professionalism, which Jamie respected. Sarah worked hard, always staying on task and rarely missing her lines or cues, impressing the taller woman. She had heard about the serious dedication Sarah held for her job but seeing it in action was refreshing, especially after some of the other actors she had worked with who threw tantrums when things hadn't gone their way. However, the blonde wasn't that way at all. She had made suggestions throughout the day but never got offended or discouraged if they weren't heeded. Sarah Talbot was a rarity in the business, she concluded, much like herself.

When she was finished disrobing for the day and had slipped into her own clothes for her journey back to the luxurious condos that had been arranged for all the actors, she wondered what the blonde was doing that evening. Even though they were in Washington, D.C., Jamie was too awake to call it a night. Her body was still on New York time when the days didn't even begin until long after the sun had set. After being driven back to her place, she took the elevator up to Sarah's floor instead of her own. Getting to the door, she casually knocked.

Sarah was just lounging on the floor with her daughter when she heard the knock. Wondering who it could be, she picked up the blonde baby that looked so much like her, placing her on her hip and moved to answer the door. Seeing Jamie she smiled. "Hi."

"Hi. I'm sorry. I didn't realize your daughter was here. I just was seeing if you had plans this evening, but apparently you already do," she mentioned.

"Oh, yes. This is my daughter, Eve. My husband came down to see me for the weekend actually. He just ran out to get us some dinner."

"Well, some other time then. Have a good evening. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Well, wait. Would you like to join us for dinner?"

"No thank you. I think I'd rather go find some trouble. See you bright and early," she said with a smile.

"All right. Good night."

Going up the staircase instead of the elevator, Jamie went to her condo. She decided to go out, so she wouldn't spend the evening thinking about the woman she wanted but couldn't have. She would simply find a substitute for the night, so after a quick shower and meal, she headed to one of the local lesbian bars.

Sarah was still on the floor playing with Eve when her husband returned. "Miss me?" he asked with a smile, setting bags of groceries down on the kitchen counter.

"Yes," the blonde woman answered, moving to wrap her arms around his waist from behind. "What are you making us tonight?"

"Well, I had hoped I could convince you to cook," he suggested gently. "You're so much better at it than I am."

"Robert," she whined.

"Please, Sarah? I traveled all the way from New York with Eve today."

"And I worked all day. Come on," she pushed.

He sighed in defeat. "All right. I'll cook but only because I love you."

She squeezed his frame. "I love you too, Robert," she answered, leaning up to kiss his cheek. "Maybe once after Eve goes down for the night I can show you how much."

"I like the sound of that," he answered with a grin.

Later that night, after Eve had been put down and she had made love with her husband of two years, Sarah laid awake lazily caressing Robert's blonde hair as he slept against her breast and thought of the woman who lived above her. She wondered where Jamie had gone that night, figuring it was to a bar or club. She knew if she wasn't tied down with a husband and child, she would like to be doing that as well but knew it wasn't possible. She had made her choices when she had gotten pregnant with Eve while she and Robert were dating and married him before she felt truly ready to commit her life to him as a mate. In her opinion, it was the only option she truly had being only twenty-three at the time, and she felt lucky her reputation hadn't suffered for the mishap. However, Jamie was free from such commitments, making Sarah slightly envious for the carefree life the brunette seemed to have. She figured the only thing the tall woman had to concern herself with was which woman to pursue.

It hadn't taken much to get a confirmation of the brunette's sexuality. Jamie's way with women made it obvious. During their first meeting, she had made it clear with her roaming eyes and sweet tongue, but Sarah hadn't paid it any heed. She was flattered by the attention and found it amusing to see the brunette in action. When the concentration wasn't directly on her, Sarah found it fun to watch women react to the striking actress.

Idly she pondered what type of woman Jamie found attractive. Through their short acquaintance, the blonde hadn't noticed a pattern to the women the tall woman laid her eyes upon. It truly seemed that any lady with a bright smile turned the sexy woman's head. Curiously Sarah wondered if Jamie had a significant other back in New York. She hadn't mentioned anyone during their first meeting, so she wondered if the brunette would have any visitors while they were on location.

As Jamie sat in the bar that night, her gaze roamed freely about the female patrons. She smiled as a small blonde caught her eyes across the way. She seemed to be a prime candidate for the actress's attention that evening, so she slowly made her way through grinding women to the little lady seated at a round table with friends. Putting on her sexiest smile, she greeted, "Ladies, how are you this evening?" They all welcomed her cordially. Focusing on the blonde, she asked, "Would you like to dance?"

"Sure," she answered casually.

Extending her hand to help her to the floor, the actress said, "I'm Jamie Dean."

"I know," the small woman giggled. "I'm Rachel."

"Nice to meet you, Rachel."

Taking them to an empty space on the floor, Jamie placed an arm around Rachel's waist as they began to move to the seductive beat. The smaller woman was a good dancer, further fueling the brunette's interest. Based on her past experience, she knew that any woman who could move her hips like that would be an active lover. Taking the initiative to make things more intimate between them, she slipped her other arm around the blonde and pulled her closer until they were body to body. Rachel responded accordingly, sliding arms around the tall woman's neck. They danced for several songs before the blonde suggested they go to the bar for beverages. Jamie obliged her.

Several hours passed in each other's company. As the alcohol and songs flowed one to another, Jamie could tell taking Rachel home would not be a problem. Wanting to see and feel more of the woman who had occupied her night, she suggested they leave the club for more personal conversation. She was surprised but pleased at how quickly her company agreed.

Sometime in the middle of the night Sarah awoke startled from sleep. Sitting up in bed, she wondered what had jolted her from her dreams. Looking next to her, she saw Robert stir and mumble, "What was that noise?"

"I don't know," Sarah answered, straining to hear if anything was amiss in the condo. She heard the racket again but coming from the floor above hers. Whoever was in the room directly above them was crashing around. She could only imagine what Jamie was doing to cause such a ruckus.

"Man, you have a loud neighbor. You're going to have to talk to someone about that," Robert grumbled, turning over and closing his eyes again.

Sarah tried to ignore the noise as she settled herself again, but her mind was too active. Her thoughts were with the woman above her, wondering what she was doing to be causing such sounds. Her first thoughts were fervent, that the tall actress had another woman with her, and they were in the throes of passion. Upon hearing a cry coming through the ceiling, she knew that had to be the case. Deciding it would just be best to try to disregard it, she placed a pillow over her head and tried to go back to sleep.

The following morning Robert and Eve went to the set with Sarah. Jamie arrived alone and hung over. The two women ran into each other in the makeup trailer. "Morning," Jamie mumbled, sipping her coffee before plopping down on the sofa.

"Good morning, party animal. You were up late last night."

"How did you know?"

"Because I heard you and your guest banging around up there most of the night. We really have to work on that. I have a baby at my place. I can't have you waking Eve up every time you get the inclination for a woman in your bedroom," she chided lightly.

Jamie groaned and raised her sunglasses to rub her eyes. "I'm sorry, Sarah. I didn't realize."

"Well, I forgive you this once. You didn't know. So, who was she?"

"A woman I met out. Her name is Rachel."

"Are you going to see her again?" the blonde asked in interest.

"Yes. She gave me her number. She's a cute little thing, a lot like you actually. I invited her to dinner tonight, but she said she wanted to cook for me. I'm not sure if we're doing it at her place or mine."

"Well, if it is at yours, bring her by. I'd like to meet her. Robert and I'll be in tonight."

"Okay."

"Well, I should get into costume. See you in a bit. Hope you feel better," Sarah said, standing up from her chair.

"Yeah. I'll be good as new by the time we shoot. Don't worry about a thing," Jamie replied, taking her turn in the makeup chair.

True to her word, Jamie looked perfectly normal by the time they shot their first scene of the day. They worked straight through until lunch. When a break was called, Sarah disappeared while Jamie went to get some food. Wondering where the little blonde was, she decided to head back to the actress's trailer with some food for both of them. Knocking loudly on the door, she waited for an answer. When Sarah called for her to come in, the tall woman prepared a smile and stepped into the trailer. The small woman was sitting on her sofa with Eve in her arms.

"Hey. I didn't realize Eve was here. I thought you might be hungry," she stated.

"Oh, thanks, Jamie. That's sweet of you," Sarah said. Just then the door to the bathroom opened, admitting Robert.

He stared at Jamie quizzically for a moment before Sarah took the initiative to introduce them. "Honey, this is Jamie Dean. Jamie, my husband, Robert Dawson."

"Hey. How's it going?" Jamie asked, extending her hand.

Robert shook it. "I didn't recognize you in that get up. I'm a fan of your work."

"Likewise," the tall woman answered, even though she wasn't really. In fact, she hated his films, feeling his acting skills were far from what Sarah's were. "I didn't know you and Eve were on the set today. I had just come by with some lunch for Sarah. Had I known though I would've brought more."

"It's all right. We'll get something a bit later. Thanks anyway," he mumbled, taking a seat on the couch. "Right now all I really want is a little alone time with my lady."

Knowing a brush off when she heard one, Jamie nodded. Taking it in stride however she answered, "I understand that. Who wouldn't? Well, I'll just let you be then. I need to go call Rachel anyway and see if I can solidify those plans tonight. Enjoy your time."

Sarah watched the woman walk out of her trailer before frowning at her husband. "Robert, what was that? You didn't have to be so rude."

"What are you talking about? I wasn't rude. I want to have time alone with you. She said she understood."

"Yeah but that doesn't make it right."

"Come on, Sarah. Don't get all defensive now. The less time you spend with Jamie Dean the better in my opinion. It's one thing to work with her but quite another to spend your leisure time in her company. I've heard things about that woman," he said.

"Things like what, Robert?" Sarah asked, not liking the tone she was beginning to hear in her husband's voice.

"You know, that she's a lesbian."

"So are a lot of women we know. Why is Jamie an issue?"

"Because I've heard she's got more arms than a damn octopus."

"Oh, Robert, you don't honestly think that she would try something with me."

He shrugged. "I don't know, but I don't think we should test the theory either. Just stay away from her to be safe. Let this Rachel girl take care of the overindulgent star."

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Robert, I've never known you to be the jealous type, and I don't like it. Jamie's my co-worker, and furthermore I like her. I'll spend time with her if I want to."

"Fine but when she gets you in her clutches and you need rescuing, don't say I didn't warn you," he grumbled.

The blonde woman laughed lightly. "That'll be highly unlikely."

He shook his head. "I don't think so. I think you're secretly attracted to Jamie Dean," he accused jokingly. "Why else would you act in this pseudo-lesbian erotic thriller?" he pushed.

"It's called money, honey. The price was right. For as much as they're paying me for this, I can kiss Jamie Dean with tongue a few times."

"Yeah because you secretly like her," he pestered.

"That's not it. I secretly like the sound of coins clinking into my pocket each time I feel her tongue in my mouth," she whispered sexually, giving him her best bedroom eyes.

He moaned lightly. "Well, thinking about you with another woman does have its advantages," he confessed. "Just wish it wasn't with Jamie Dean. I'd prefer it be someone like Tabitha Reid."

"Tabby? Oh, please, Robert. I wouldn't kiss Tabby for anything. She's too good a friend to hop into bed with, regardless of the price," she said with a laugh. "Besides Jamie has a hotter body."

"See. There. I knew you had a thing for her," he jested. "Although I heard Tabby has a thing for her too. Rumor has it that the infamous Jamie Dean has had Miss Reid."

"And what trashy magazine did you read that in, Robert?"

"Several so it has to be true," he joked.

"Oh, shut up and kiss me," Sarah stated tired of the banter. He obliged her. When it broke the blonde said, "Maybe we should just ask Tabby when she comes on the set. She's coming in to do her cameo sometime this week."

"I didn't know she was going to be in the movie. What roll does she play?"

"Just a small bit. She plays Jamie's victim in the first murder scene where she kills her as they're having sex."

Robert groaned. "Oh. Why does Jamie get all the good parts? She gets to have sex with you and Tabby in the same movie? We, men, don't get this lucky. Too bad I won't be around to see that though. I have to fly out of here tomorrow for my own shoot."

"That is too bad. I don't like being apart for as long as we will be this time."

"Yeah I know, but I haven't worked in so long. This is an important job for me."

"I know, but it'll be a big hit, and you'll find work again. I have faith."

He shrugged. "Yeah, I hope so. It's people like Jamie Dean who make it difficult for me to get action parts though. I guess it's hard to compete with a washboard stomach and a rack. I've never seen anyone who looked that good in spandex and camouflage."

"I think secretly you're attracted to Jamie Dean," his wife accused jokingly.

"Well, the whole lesbian thing is a turn off in her case. She's too butch for boys."

"I'd have to disagree with that. I've heard men comment about her. Girls do love her though. You know what we heard last night was her entertaining this Rachel woman."

"Seriously? My God. It was like a tornado up there. What were they doing? Setting the record for the world's loudest fucking?"

"Jealous that you don't have her stamina?" Sarah questioned.

"Yeah, well, strap her with a child and see how she does?" he answered without regard to his statement.

However, Sarah took the quip personally. "Strapped with a child? Is that what you really think I did to you?" she asked, her demeanor suddenly changing.

"That's not how I meant it, honey. I just meant she has the time to stay in shape for those vigorous workouts where with Eve we barely have time to sleep much less have strenuous sex. I'm just saying if she were in our position she probably wouldn't be able to keep up her late night activities. That's all I meant."

"But you said strapped with a child, Robert. That's not nice. You make it sound as if I forced you into having Eve," she stated with a pout. "Is that how you really feel about our daughter, Robert?"

"Of course not, Sarah. It's just that things would be so different now if we didn't have her. We could be more like Jamie, enjoying the life someone in their twenties should."

"Oh, I see. You'd rather be out partying and having sex with strangers," gruffly she replied, starting to become emotional.

"Sarah, what is wrong with you? I never said anything about sleeping with strangers."

"That's what Jamie does, Robert! That's the life she leads! That's what you're saying you want!"

"I only want some of it."

"Well, you know what, Robert? You want it? You got it! You're going off on a shoot away from your family for two months while I take care of Eve and work! You want to play, go play, Robert! Meanwhile I'll be the adult, taking care of our child!" she screamed, getting off her couch. Holding Eve more securely to her chest, she stormed out of her trailer.

She got several feet outside before she realized he wasn't going to follow her. Huffing at the situation, she decided she would just go about her business. Knowing she should take the opportunity to eat and feed Eve, she wandered off in the direction of their temporary mess hall. As she went into the food tent, she saw Jamie sitting with some of the females on the crew, entertaining them with her charm. Getting food for her daughter and herself, Sarah moved to sit alone.

Jamie saw the blonde walk in, but the little woman looked upset, so she wasn't sure she should approach. However, after several minutes when Robert didn't follow, Jamie decided to take the chance. Excusing herself from her present company, she went over to Sarah's table. "Am I interrupting your solitude?" she asked gently.

"Not at all. Please sit," Sarah answered. Jamie did so, choosing the space right next to the little actress.

Seeing Sarah struggling to eat and hold a fidgeting Eve, she offered her assistance. "Why don't I take her off your hands for a minute?"

"Are you sure?" she asked, not wanting to impose her daughter on the tall woman.

"Of course. I love kids. I volunteer at a children's program in Harlem when I'm in town. I love being with them. I think I can handle a little baby if I can handle teenage gang members," she joked, reaching for the blonde child.

Sarah was surprised when Eve went directly to her, because her daughter was usually shy with people. "You're a natural. She doesn't normally do that," she stated, taking a bite of her sandwich.

Jamie made goofy faces at Eve as she answered, "Because she knows she can trust me. She knows I'd never hurt her. Children are very intuitive."

Gazing at the brunette cooing at her daughter, Sarah felt those words wash over her. She knew Jamie was speaking the truth but not only about Eve. The tall actress could be her confidant if she wanted. "So they are," she agreed softly.

Taking that as her opening, Jamie gave Sarah a concerned look. "Want to talk about it?"

She shook her head. "Robert and I just got into a fight. It's nothing. Comes with the territory of being married."

Jamie nodded. She knew not to push, so she simply went back to enjoying the bundle of energy in her arms. "Eve's quite the mover, huh?" she joked. "I bet she would love it if she got a chance to run for awhile. There's a park near our condos, you know. Maybe someday we could take her there. Or you and Robert could take her. I wouldn't want to impose," she said quickly.

"About that, I'm sorry. He was rude to you."

Jamie shrugged. "I would probably feel the same way if I was married to you. I'd probably want to stay locked away with you and Eve as much as I could too. You're wonderful women," she said, smiling at Eve.

Sarah flushed lightly at the comment. Jamie Dean was more than she seemed. At first Sarah thought there was only the sexy, mysterious exterior, but it was becoming quite clear that there was a softer side to her co-star. "I'd like to take Eve to the park with you sometime," she offered. "After all, she'll be here with me while Robert goes off on a shoot himself. He'll be gone for two months, so it'll be just us."

"Well, now. We'll just have to have some wild milk and cookie parties while Daddy's gone, won't we, Eve? Yeah, we'll make a mess of Mommy's place," she said. The two-year-old laughed in response. Grinning at Sarah, Jamie stated, "Her highness seconds that motion, Sarah. What do you say?"

"Sounds like fun," she answered with her first smile since she had come in.

"Good. It's a date then. How lucky am I to get the company of two ladies?" she rhetorically inquired.

That evening when shooting was done for the day, Sarah returned to her trailer to find a note from Robert, saying he had left early for his shoot and that he would see her in a couple of months. It hurt the blonde that he hadn't bothered to say good-bye to his daughter or her. In fact, he had never walked out this way, even with all the fights they had over the years they had known each other. This was the first time his actions turned especially callous. The blonde wanted to cry at her husband's childish, heartless behavior.

Jamie was in her condo preparing for her evening with Rachel when she heard a knock on her door. Checking her watch she noticed it was too early for her company, so she was curious who it was. Going to the door, she threw it open to find Sarah standing there with Eve next to her, clutching tightly to her mother's leg shyly.

The brunette smiled down at the little girl. "Hi, Eve," she exclaimed with a smile, immediately squatting down to be more on the child's level. Instantly the blonde child smiled back and stepped toward Jamie's outstretched hands. "Hey, Sarah. What's up? Come on in," she suggested, assisting Eve into the condo by the hand. The blonde stepped inside, and Jamie shut the door behind her. "What brings you here?"

"I was just going to take Eve on a walk and was wondering if you'd like to join us."

"Oh, I'd love to, but Rachel's coming over. I'd love the company until then though."

"I wouldn't want to impose," Sarah mentioned. She didn't really want to be alone since she was still upset, but she didn't want to tell Jamie about her fight with Robert either.

"You could never impose. Have a seat. You want a drink or something?"

"Water, if you have it," she answered.

"And for milady?" she asked Eve, taking her little sippy cup from her hand. "Juice?" she inquired, looking at Sarah.

"Yeah but diluted with water a little. Thanks, Jamie."

"Anything for this darling," the tall woman answered with a smile, running her hand through Eve's blonde locks.

A few moments later she returned from the kitchen with three drinks. Instead of sitting on the couch with Sarah, the brunette sat on the floor with the two-year-old and handed her the cup again. Eagerly Eve took it and brought it to her mouth to drink. "She's so beautiful, Sarah," Jamie mentioned. "Just like her mother."

Sarah felt the blush rise in her cheeks at the comment. She realized she was doing that a lot with the tall woman around, but Jamie had a way of making her feel special. "You're really good with children. Do you want any of your own?"

"You mean other than the one I already have? Someday, I guess. I need to find that special lady first who could put up with me for a lifetime first," she joked lightly. "I'm a difficult person to be with."

"You have a child? I had no idea. Where are they?"

"Not many people know that. She's with her aunt, uncle, and cousins on Staten Island."

"What's her name?" Sarah asked hesitantly, unsure of whether she should be pressing or not. Jamie seemed somewhat reluctant to share.

"Her name is Katrina Taylor-Dean, and she just turned seven."

"Seven? How old are you, Jamie?"

"I'm twenty-seven."

The blonde nodded. "May I ask about her? I mean if you'd rather not talk about her, we don't have to. I'm just surprised."

"We can talk about her. I just don't normally tell people about her, because I don't want the press finding out about her and making her life difficult or anything like that. Katrina's mother and I met when I was twenty years old. I had gotten into a bar fight which sent me to the ER for stitches," she began with a little laugh. "There was a nurse on duty that night who attended to me named Stephanie Taylor, and the moment I saw her, I was captivated. She was this spunky little blonde, full of energy and life. She had the softest touch and manner about her. I was enamored from first sight. I left that night without any information about her, but I was so drawn to her I went back the next day and found out some information. I brought her flowers, because I've never been shy about going after what I want. She sweetly accepted them, and we started talking. I found out her boyfriend had just left her, and she was two months pregnant. I didn't care though. There was just something about her. We became casual friends, and I sort of helped her through her pregnancy. I was in the delivery room when Katrina was born. It was so beautiful. We had become closer by then. We'd started dating but obviously hadn't consummated the relationship due to the pregnancy. After Katrina was born, I just sort of found myself living with them, and before I knew it, Stephanie and I were inseparable. I honestly believed she was the one I was meant to be with for the rest of my life. I was doing Broadway by then, and Stephanie still worked as a nurse. Life was good for the three of us. Then when Katrina was two things changed. One night I found a lump in Stephanie's breast," she mumbled softly. Her voice started to fail her, so she stopped for a moment. Seeing the tall woman struggling, Sarah put an arm around her shoulders instinctively in support. "She had cancer. By the time I found it though, it was too late. Nothing worked for her. For two long years I tried to help her through surgery and chemo, but it was a losing battle from the beginning, and we all knew it. Stephanie passed away when Katrina was four. It was her wish that I adopt Katrina as my own. I petitioned the State of New York to do so, but they saw fit to only let me be her partial legal guardian. They gave Stephanie's sister partial custody as well. I guess they thought I was too young and irresponsible at the time, and they were probably right. I'm sure there wouldn't be a problem now if I wanted sole custody, but I don't want to fight with Stephanie's family like that. We've all just come to an amiable understanding. I love that little girl as if she were my own flesh. She barely remembers her mother, but I never let her forget the angel who brought her into the world. She's my daughter, but she'll always be Stephanie's as well."

Sarah took a deep breath as tears rolled down her face. The sadness in her friend's voice broke her heart. They sat in silence for a few minutes just watching Eve. When she had regained her composure, the blonde asked, "May I ask why she doesn't travel with you?"

Jamie gave a little shrug. "That's no life for a child. I want Katrina to have a normal upbringing. She lives with Stephanie's sister and brother-in-law, and she has cousins her age. She gets to go to a regular school and have normal friends. She's better off there. I try very hard to spend as much time with her as I can when I'm in New York and occasionally invite her and her cousins to shoots, but she'd rather be at home with them having fun. Being on a set or in a trailer isn't a lot of entertainment for a seven-year-old, especially since she hardly gets to see me then. It was a hard decision to make. I didn't want her to suffer because of my career, but it's hard to be without her too. Broadway was much easier for me in that respect, because I could see her all the time, but I wanted to make the break into movies." After another lengthy pause, the tall woman stated, "So, to answer your original question, if I found another woman who could put up with me, I

think I'd like to have children. I just don't think there's anyone out there who could understand my life as it is."

"That's hard to believe. You seem so charming. I think any woman would be lucky to have you."

"Charm has nothing to do with it. Women want to own me. They want to tie me down, clip my wings, but I'm like a bird. I need to soar. I need to feel free, even if it is only an illusion. Stephanie was good at making me feel that way."

"Then you'll just have to find the woman who wants to fly next to you. I'm sure there are many who feel the way you do."

"The thing is I don't think I could handle it if my lady was independent like me. I kind of want a homebody, someone who wants to have kids and take care of them. I guess that's kind of a double standard, huh?"

"Not necessarily. I'm sure there are a lot of women who'd be happy to be that for you as well. Personally if I wasn't acting, I'd like to be a full-time mother. There's no greater joy than being with Eve, and I find great comfort at home. I'm a homebody to the core even though you'd never know it."

"I could see all that," Jamie replied, looking at the little child, who was busy investigating her shoes at the moment. "Eve's a special girl, Sarah. You're extremely lucky."

"Thank you. I think so," she said moving to the floor as well to be closer to the topic of their conversation. Her body brushed Jamie's slightly. The adults were silent as they merely watched Eve for a few minutes.

When the little girl was tired of Jamie's shoes, she waddled up to her mother again, throwing herself into her mother's chest. "Mama," she mumbled, snuggling into to her generous endowment.

"Could I ask you about Stephanie?" Sarah inquired. When Jamie nodded, she asked, "What was she like? How old was she?"

"She was twenty-eight when we met, only thirty-two when she died. She was amazing, Sarah. She was an excellent nurse, had a professional yet comforting manner about her. At home she was everything I ever wanted. There were times when she was a tomcat," she mentioned with a devilish grin. "Her touch could set me on fire. No other woman has ever had that effect on me. Of course she was soft and yielding too. There was nothing like making love to her. She was also such a good mother. She adored Katrina from the moment she was born. We both did. Her blue eyes would just ignite when Katrina was near, a lot like the way yours do with Eve. We had a happy family and home, and I wouldn't have traded it for anything in the world. I would give anything, my fame, my fortune to have her back again. I'd even give my very life just to see her sweet face once more. She loved me in a way I've never known. She supported me and every dream I had. I've never had someone like that, but she also kept me in check," she joked. "After

all, I was still young. However, it was easy to be faithful to her. I couldn't have survived without her."

"She sounds like the perfect woman," Sarah stated, snuggling closer to her companion to extend further support.

"She was. As much as I miss her, I know I have to move on. She would want me to. I know she would like to see me happy and settled with another woman, raising Katrina and building new memories." Instinctively wrapping an arm around Sarah, the brunette put her head down against the blonde locks. Silence prevailed for a few minutes. It felt good to hold the little actress that way. What the tall woman didn't voice was that she saw the same qualities in Sarah as she had in Stephanie all those years ago, which made her all the more attractive to her. After the lengthy pause, Jamie smiled at the pair of towheads. It was a beautiful sight to see them resting in each other's embrace. "I imagine you were just as cute as Eve when you were a little girl," she commented. "A sweet, perfect angel."

Sarah laughed lightly. "And I bet you were a little hellion."

Jamie gave a devious grin. "If you only knew."

After a brief pause, Sarah hesitantly inquired, "Could I ask you something personal?"

"Sure. What do you want to know?"

"Do you have a girlfriend now? My husband's under the impression you're dating Tabby Reid."

"Tabitha Reid? I should be so lucky," she teased with a chuckle. "Tabitha and I are good friends, but she isn't my girlfriend. I don't really get serious, because it wouldn't be fair to any woman. If I were serious with Tabitha or any one else, I couldn't feel free to be myself. Tabitha's quite alluring though. If someone could tame me, I think it would be a woman like her or you, Sarah. She has to be extraordinary to get me to go that extra step. However, Tabitha isn't a lesbian, so there's no point in trying to win her affections. She wouldn't be able to commit to me even if I was able to with her. You know?"

The blonde nodded. "Sounds like you've contemplated Tabby as an option though."

"Who wouldn't?" countered Jamie with a one-sided grin as Eve made a move toward her. The tall woman accepted the child into her arms.

There was a pause in conversation for a moment while both women just enjoyed the closeness they were sharing. However, then Sarah curiously inquired, "How did you get interested in acting, Jamie?"

The older woman shrugged. "I've just always been into it. I did stage at the community centers when I was just a kid. In high school I seemed to win the lead in every production, especially when it came to musicals. I guess people were just impressed with my voice. It's just always

been my passion. Right after I graduated I ran off to New York with only my determination to make it. I struggled for about a year doing odd jobs and stuff, but then I met a woman that changed my professional life. Her name was Cara Lebowitz. I don't know if you know her, but she's a brilliant Broadway director. I've been in several of her productions. Anyway, I was fortunate enough to meet Cara. She seemed to be taken with me, at least physically, so I used that to my advantage, especially since she was not hard on the eyes if you know what I mean. Sleeping with one of the best certainly had its rewards. I started getting parts everywhere. We made quite a pair, but then I met Stephanie about a year after that. Thankfully Cara didn't take it personally. She had set her sights on a wealthier woman more her age, the woman who actually helped me petition New York for Katrina, my attorney, Blake Erwin. We still remained friends, and she got me my first lead in a Broadway show. Cara has been instrumental in a lot of areas of my life. She gave me a jump on a career and introduced me to some incredible influential women. When I wanted to break into movies, she even convinced one of her friends, Torrance Whitfield, who is a photographer, to get my face in as many magazines as possible. She's been an important part of my life, and I consider her one of my best friends."

Sarah nodded. "I think I've met Cara on a few occasions through Torrance and Blake actually. We're good friends. Tor's shot me several times for different magazines, and Blake just happens to be my attorney as well. Have you met her wife, Georgia?"

"Yeah. She's gorgeous. The night I met her was actually the night they got engaged. Blake caught me flirting with her. Of course I didn't know at the time," she joked.

Sarah laughed lightly. "Georgia is great. She's a good friend of mine. I bet you were taken with the accent."

"She does have that sweet drawl," Jamie admitted. "Enough about Georgia though. Do you know who is a real looker? Tor's wife, Helen. Oh my God. Talk about heavenly."

Sarah nodded. "Yes. I've heard Helen described that way by just about everyone who meets her. I'm friends with her too. She and Georgia are inseparable. I guess since their wives are best friends it seems fitting that they are as well. It seems strange that we both know all these people but have never met until now."

"True but I'm glad to know you now. You remind me so much of Stephanie, Sarah. You have the same fire for life and the same adoration for your child. It makes me reminisce about the best times of my life." Before Sarah could even respond to the compliment, there was another knock on the door. "Excuse me a moment," she stated standing.

Sarah watched as the muscular woman made her way toward the door with Eve in her arms. It was a pleasure to see someone adore her daughter as much as she did. Robert never gave Eve attention the way Jamie was, and she was just as pleased that her daughter was taken with the dark-haired woman.

When Jamie pulled open the door, Rachel was standing there with grocery bags in her hands. She was obviously surprised to see a child in the tall woman's arms. "You have a baby?" she questioned without a hello.

"Oh, no. She isn't mine. Come on in. I want you to meet someone." Escorting her date for the evening back into the den, she introduced, "Rachel, this is Sarah Talbot and her daughter, Eve. Sarah, this is Rachel."

Sarah rose to her feet to shake the woman's hand. She couldn't help but notice the similarities between Rachel and Tabby and herself with her blonde hair and slight build. "It's nice to meet you, Rachel."

"It's so wonderful to meet you. I'm a huge fan of yours," the blonde gushed.

The small actress flushed gracefully. "Thank you. I appreciate that."

"Here. Let me take those bags off your hands," Jamie suggested, reaching for the ones in Rachel's hands. She easily picked them up while balancing Eve in her other arm.

When she returned from the kitchen, Sarah said, "I better get going. I know you have dinner plans."

"No, stay here. The more the merrier. Robert's welcome too," the brunette invited, not wanting to relinquish the joy in her arms or lose sight of the angel's mother just yet.

"Robert actually left today for his shoot, so it's just Eve and me," she said.

Jamie noticed the sadness in her co-worker's blue eyes. Figuring it had something to do with her sudden appearance that evening, she didn't want the blonde to be alone. "Well, how about just you and Eve then? You have to eat," she pushed, not even bothering to check with her date about including others.

Sarah spared a look at Rachel. She could tell the plan was not what she had in mind but wasn't going to say anything. In truth, the actress didn't want to be alone to think about what had gone wrong that day. Smiling at them she responded, "All right. You convinced us. After all, Eve looks pretty comfortable on your big, strong shoulder." Her hand rubbed her child's fair hair. The picture of the tall woman holding her baby as she bestowed affection on her seemed familiar and intimate in that moment. She met dark eyes and held their gaze for a minute.

"Well, I guess I should get to that cooking then," Jamie announced after a moment. "You three ladies enjoy yourselves here in the living room." She handed Eve back to her mother.

"Do you need help?" Rachel inquired.

"You can help if you want. I don't mind people in my kitchen."

For the next few hours the three women sat around the small table talking. The tall woman let the two blondes lead most of the conversation over dinner as she just sat there enjoying the talk. Throughout most of the meal, Eve was insistent on being held by Jamie, so she obliged with pleasure.

Even as enthralled as Sarah was with the adult conversation, her eyes kept straying to her friend. It was adorable to see the tall woman cradling such a tiny baby, and she felt a sensation creeping into her heart that she hadn't in quite awhile. She felt joy for her daughter, knowing Eve was safe, secure, and well-attended in the strong arms that held her. Her little girl had formed quite an intimate bond with the woman she had known less than a day, but instead of feeling threatened by it, Sarah felt peaceful that someone revered Eve as much as she did.

Finally, when she noticed her baby was sleeping soundly against Jamie's shoulder, she knew it was time to leave the two women alone. She smiled at them saying, "I think it's time I take my little one home."

"So soon?" Jamie questioned, looking at the bundle in her arms. Eve was slouched down toward her chest clutching to her cotton button down and drooling as she slept soundly. "She's fine where she is."

Sarah shook her head as she stood. "No. I've taken enough of your time this evening. Besides, we have an early start in the morning, and with Robert gone I have to deal with Eve alone."

Jamie took to her feet slowly as to not wake the baby. "Well, all right, if you must. I'll walk you back."

"You don't have to. You have company."

"Don't be silly," she insisted. "Rachel, I'm just going to make sure they get back to their place all right. I'll be back in about five or ten minutes. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll just start on the dishes."

"Great," the brunette answered, bestowing a kiss on her date's cheek for her cooperation. "I'll be back in a few."

"It was nice meeting you, Rachel," Sarah said with a smile.

"You too, Sarah."

Jamie and Sarah moved out of the tall woman's condo. They walked quietly to the stairwell to take the one flight down to the blonde's place. When they arrived at the door, there was no discussion as she unlocked it. Jamie didn't wait for an invitation, instead walking right in. "Where does the little one go?" she whispered.

"I'll take her," Sarah stated.

"No. It's fine. Just tell me where she sleeps."

Giving a nod Sarah motioned for Jamie to follow her. They made their way back into the master bedroom. The petite woman went to the dresser and pulled out Eve's pajamas for her. Carefully Jamie laid the little girl down on the king-sized bed and started to remove her clothes. Sarah handed her the pajamas and then proceeded to make a makeshift bed for Eve on Robert's side of the bed.

"She'll just sleep here with me while Robert's gone. I don't like her being in a different room when it's just us," Sarah whispered.

"Understandable," Jamie answered, settling Eve into the place Sarah had made for her. Leaning down to the fair head, the tall woman kissed it before murmuring, "Sweet dreams, angel."

Sarah relished the picture for a moment. When Jamie turned to her, she cleared her head from the thoughts she was having. "I'll walk you out," she whispered.

They walked silently through the condo to the door. Jamie turned to look down at her companion. Without encouragement she reached for the blonde, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her into a loose one-armed hug. "I'm sorry you were upset tonight. I'm sure whatever you and Robert were fighting about will pass."

Sarah nodded. "Thank you for the dinner and company. And thank you for trusting me enough to talk about Stephanie and Katrina. I'm honored, and I'll keep your confidence. Maybe someday I could meet your obvious pride and joy?"

"She'd love that. She's a big fan of yours, well, from the one G-rated movie you've made anyway," she teased. "Dinner was my pleasure. You girls are always welcome at my place. I hope you come up often." Leaning down quickly she lightly brushed her lips against Sarah's forehead. "Good night, Sarah. Sweet dreams," she murmured in an alluring timbre.

Sarah gulped as the words struck a chord in her she didn't recognize. For a second she couldn't speak but quickly recovered. "Night, Jamie. You and Rachel keep the noise down up there," she joked.

"Don't worry about that. You'll never know we're screwing. See you tomorrow."

After locking the front door, Sarah made her way back to the master bedroom. She quickly changed her clothes for bed and then settled in with her glasses and a copy of the script. However, she couldn't concentrate on her reading. Instead, her mind wandered back to the evening she had shared with the mysterious Jamie Dean.

The tall woman was nothing like she had assumed. At first sight Jamie was a young, attractive, single woman making the most of her success in all arenas. She eagerly accepted women's attentions wherever she was without a real attachment to any of them. However, now knowing the full story of the brunette, Sarah understood that in the last few years for Jamie the numerous

beds were just a way of coping with her loss. She was completely blown away as well when she had learned of Jamie's daughter. That had never been leaked in the press, so she knew the tall woman had an inordinate amount of trust in her for sharing such intimate information about herself. Knowing that, Sarah was determined not to let it be her who allowed out the well-guarded secret.

Now that Jamie had lowered her attitude and ego, and Sarah saw the real woman under all the false bravado, she was even more charmed by the slightly older woman. Her comfort level with her had increased tenfold, and it actually felt good when the strong woman had embraced her. When Jamie had invaded Sarah's personal space, there was something about the air around the actress that seemed familiar. It felt perfectly natural that they should be that close, and it was pleasurable when the feeling seemed mutual.

Thinking about their good bye, Sarah sighed to herself. When Jamie had kissed her on the forehead, her mind instantly thought of other places those lips could be. They were so soft and yet firm too. The strong body and gentle bestowal was an enticing blend of sensations and nothing like what she felt with Robert. He was rigid and forceful where the tall woman was resilient and tender. Even though it was just a kiss on her forehead, she hadn't been kissed in such a manner in years. She wanted the moment to linger.

However, she felt remorseful for her thoughts too. After all she had given her life to another and shouldn't have been exchanging intimate good byes with anyone else. She knew if Robert knew about the simple exchange he would be upset, so she resolved not to speak to him about it. Instead, she decided there would be no harm in indulging in the fantasy of what it might be like to truly kiss Jamie Dean. She knew her moment was coming on the set when they would share their first love scenes, and she strangely looked forward to the moment more so than she ever had with any other counterpart.

Chapter Two

The next morning there was a knock on Sarah's door as she was getting ready for the day. Going to it, she was surprised but pleased to find Jamie standing there. "Good morning, Jamie."

"Morning, Sarah. I was just wondering if you needed any help down here with Eve. I thought I could lend a hand if you wanted."

"That's sweet of you. Thank you. I actually have it though. I was just finishing getting ready. Have a seat though. I'm sure there's someone in the kitchen who would love to see you."

Both of them moved in that direction. As soon as the two-year-old saw Jamie, she smiled brightly waving her oatmeal-covered spoon in her general direction. Of course the movement sent the oatmeal to the table and floor, but Eve didn't seem to notice. "Well, good morning, Eve," Jamie greeted, daring to step closer to the food flinger. "I see you are thoroughly enjoying your breakfast." She dropped a kiss on Eve's blonde locks before sliding into the chair next to her. The little girl excitedly dove into her milk-covered oatmeal again and extended the spoon in the

direction of her new friend. "Oh, how sweet. You want to share. Don't mind if I do," the brunette said.

Just as Jamie started to put it in her mouth, Sarah protested, "I wouldn't... do that." It was too late however as the tall woman already had the spoon in her mouth.

As soon as the taste hit Jamie's tongue, she looked up at the blonde. The taste was oddly familiar, but she couldn't place it at first. Regardless, it wasn't pleasant. Holding the oatmeal in her mouth for a moment, she realized what the flavor was. "Is that what I think it is?" she inquired with a mouthful.

"Breast milk," Sarah supplied. "I don't breast feed her any more, but I do still pump for her. The doctors said it's good for her. She likes it in her cereals."

Jamie nodded vigorously as she stood. The tall woman became flustered as she realized that in her mouth she held the nutrient-giving sustenance from the breast of the woman on which she had a large crush. She blushed furiously and quickly stuttered, "Excuse me a moment."

Sarah heard Jamie in the bathroom spitting the food down the sink. She found it somewhat amusing the tall woman was so uncomfortable with the idea. Jamie had been with her own daughter during that stage, but as Sarah thought about the horrible flush that covered the usually composed woman, she realized it was not the breast milk that bothered Jamie. The fact that it was Sarah's milk that Jamie had put it in her mouth was what had embarrassed the brunette. The thought of the dark-haired woman's mouth drinking her milk made her somewhat abashed as well, but she decided it would be fun to extort discomfort out of the older woman in jest.

A few moments later Jamie returned trying to act as if nothing had occurred. However, the blonde still saw the chagrin there, so she decided to play with her friend a little. "What's wrong, Jamie? Did you not like the way I tasted?" she inquired innocently.

The tall woman blushed badly a second time and suddenly found her shoes extremely interesting. "Maybe you should just go finish getting dressed. I'll watch Eve," she suggested.

That day on the set Jamie was supposed to have two love scenes, one with Sarah and one with Tabitha. Knowing she could get the blonde back for that morning's torture, she decided on a plot to make the little woman as uncomfortable as she had been. When the time came for the scene to take place, both actresses listened carefully to the director as to how the scene would be shot. When it was time, Sarah took her position across the bed while Jamie waited on the other side of a door to make her grand entrance. As the director called for action, the brunette knew the time was at hand. She pulled the door opened and stepped into the picture with her eyes focused on Sarah.

The little blonde was draped over the bed sideways wearing a short black dress that dipped extremely low to expose the vast expanse of creamy breasts. Sarah was doing her best to give her most seductive gaze, which struck Jamie deeply. Acting or not, she was thoroughly moved by the look those blue eyes were giving her. She wanted it to be real. Moving toward the bed, the tall

woman slid onto it, covering the blonde's body with her own. She looked down at her for a fleeting moment. Sarah's fingers reached up and gently stroked the fake goatee and lips as her part dictated. They had never had even practiced kissing, so this would be their first. Knowing what the scene called for, Jamie leaned down and claimed pink lips fully but not forcefully. They were supposed to be sharing a tender moment. As soon as their mouths connected, Jamie moaned a little, dropping her weight down completely against the smaller woman, whose thighs had parted to hold her. Even though the idea of the scene was for them to have sex, the director didn't want any clothes coming off, limiting what Jamie could do in the process. However, she decided to make it as hot as possible given their parameters. As they exchanged deeper kisses, the brunette slipped her large hand up over the blonde's right breast.

Sarah gave a little gasp as she felt Jamie's hands on her. She hadn't expected the move, but the way the woman's hand was gently cupping and squeezing her breast as her mouth moved down over her neck left the blonde with feelings she normally didn't have on a shoot. She could feel herself starting to become aroused at the combination of stimuli. However, before she totally forgot what they were supposed to be doing, she regained enough of her character to initiate her part. She slipped her hands down between their bodies to Jamie's belt and began to undo it.

Jamie groaned at the feeling of fragile hands fumbling with her belt and then zipper. She desired this moment in the privacy of their bedrooms, not in front of an audience, but she couldn't help but begin to feel excited at being so close to what she really wanted. When her pants were open, she took hold of Sarah's forearms and pinned them above her head on the bed for a few moments as their kissing continued. However, she knew her next part was coming, so she gently began to hike up Sarah's dress enough to give the illusion that they were about to consummate their relationship. Knowing it had to look authentic, Jamie got herself into a better position between Sarah's legs. As she brought her hips up against the blonde's, she thought about doing it for real. Both of them moaned as they began to move in unison, and their mouths joined again.

The brunette just let her feelings guide her through the scene, and it wasn't long until she was truly grinding against the little woman. Her mouth moved all over Sarah, taking in her mouth, neck, ears, and even the slopes of her breasts. In response the blonde's hands roamed freely over the strong actress. They mapped the skin of Jamie's back under her shirt and clutched firmly at the older woman's hips, bringing them closer with each thrust. Remembering her plan of retaliating though, the older woman moved her mouth back to Sarah's ear, which was out of sight from the cameras. Taking the lobe between her teeth, she whispered, "I wish I could fuck you like this for real." Sarah gasped loudly in surprise at the sentiment. Knowing she couldn't leave character though, she merely pulled Jamie closer, running her hands through dark hair. Even though what the brunette said was lewd and unprofessional, the little woman couldn't help but quickly go there, the thought of them really being together. The tall woman was taking her to the edge just by her movements. Jamie then murmured, "Fake an orgasm for me, Sarah."

The blonde moaned. She knew she could do it, but she also realized it wouldn't be much longer before the faking would be truly real. Jamie was working wonders on her even though it was only for pretend. However, she didn't want the older woman to have the last word, so she softly bantered so the camera couldn't see or hear her, "Eat me, Jamie."

Jamie growled in sexual frustration as she still kept the pace of their rocking hips synchronous. Not wanting to let the younger woman have the last word either, she quipped quietly, "With pleasure as long as you come."

Breaking their embrace, Jamie started to descend down the front of the blonde's dress, kissing over her as she went. As her head came to rest between the actress's legs, her body was screaming out of control, and cameras were the last things on her mind. All that mattered was that she had her head between the legs of Sarah Talbot and was about to partake of her fantasy. She panted when she realized she could smell the little woman's essence, and she felt the heat radiating from her core. Jamie wanted to drown in it. Kissing the blonde's bare thigh, she was about to make a move higher when the director screamed for the scene to cut.

Everything was completely silent a moment as Jamie realized where she was and what was really happening around her. Realizing how close her mouth truly was to the most intimate place on her friend's body, she quickly pulled away, at the same time pulling the hem of Sarah's dress down to cover her. Her dark eyes spared a look at blue ones.

Sarah was at a loss when the moment was over. She had lost her focus, instead allowing her true emotions to guide her. It ached to be left unfulfilled. She wanted the brunette to take her, possess her like she had never been in her entire life. She felt a need deep within her that had never been there before with anyone else, even Robert. Neither one of them spoke.

Jamie broke their stare after a second and then started to zip up her pants with trembling hands. She was on the edge and needed immediate relief. Not even waiting for the director to dismiss them, she made a quick exit without a word to anyone, leaving Sarah there alone. As soon as she was in the privacy of the bathroom, she moaned in anguish at what had just taken place.

"Well, I think we could all use a cold bottle of water after that one," the director stated.

Sarah rose from the bed and walked over to him. "You have to cut that last part," she demanded.

"Are you kidding me? That was the hottest thing I've ever seen in film without it being X- rated. You two are going to burn up the screen with that. It almost seemed like you two forgot the cameras were rolling," he joked lightly.

Sarah scowled at him. "I'm perfectly serious. My husband will have a fit if he sees Jamie Dean's head between my legs on the big screen! No one wants to see that! No one wants to see a straight woman like me being eaten out by a huge lesbian like her! You'll cut it before she goes down on me, or else you'll suffer the consequences!" she screamed.

"But the audience doesn't even know it's Jamie. She's in costume. It's not that big of a deal, Sarah," he tried to defend.

"Cut it, or I quit!" she demanded, storming off toward her trailer.

After Jamie had gotten herself under control, she returned to the set to find Sarah gone. "Where'd she go?" she casually inquired.

"She's throwing a prima donna tantrum," the director grumbled.

"That's hard to believe. What's the matter?"

"She wants me to cut the last part of that scene. She's worried about her husband seeing your face so close to his property," he jested.

Nodding in understanding, Jamie said, "She's right. You should cut it. It wasn't in the script and was a little too racy."

"But it's so good. You two are so natural together. As I told her, it's too good to leave on the cutting room floor."

"If she wants it cut, you should cut it. Have a little consideration for what she's going through. It wasn't supposed to get like that, but she went there with me, even though she didn't have to. You should have the decency to do as she asked this once. Robert will flip, and the audience doesn't really want to see that anyway. You would cut it if you were a concerned and decent director. It's worth walking out on this project if you don't," she calmly threatened.

He rolled his eyes at her and gave an exasperated sigh. "Fine! I'll cut the damn thing where Sarah wants! Now go get her calmed down! We're on a schedule here!"

Heading off to the blonde's trailer, Jamie knocked before entering it. Sarah was pacing the length of her domain angrily as she cried. When she brushed by the tall woman, Jamie tried to reach for her, only to be rebuffed.

"Don't touch me, Jamie!" she screamed. "Don't ever touch me again! What you did was totally unprofessional!"

Jamie nodded her head and dropped it forward guiltily. "You're right, Sarah, and I'm really sorry. I was being childish and petty. I wanted to get you back for embarrassing me this morning, but I took it too far. I'm so sorry," she apologized humbly.

"You never should have groped me like that! That wasn't called for in the script! If you pull shit like that anymore, I will never speak to you again! I'm not some toy or adult movie star! I'm an actress and a professional. I expect the same from you!"

"Again, I'm sorry, Sarah. I heard you asked the scene be cut, and I seconded the idea. It's going to be edited the way you want. I really didn't mean to upset you. It was just in poor taste and judgement, and I can't tell you enough how apologetic I am," she said again. "I'll leave you alone now. I can tell that you just need a little time. I hate thinking that I screwed up our friendship over this." When she was met with silence instead of a response, she gave a little nod. "I'll just go," she whispered, heading out of the trailer.

As soon as she was gone, Sarah's tears came harder. She desperately wanted Jamie's embrace in that moment, but the tall woman's touch scorched her. She couldn't fight what she was feeling with Jamie being that close. Her body yearned for the brunette. Falling onto her sofa, she cried herself into a light sleep.

Back in Jamie's trailer, the dark-haired woman suffered in the silence. She hated that she had gotten carried away with the scene. She just wanted it to be real so much and was so close to feeling her fantasy. Nevertheless, she had obviously ruined a growing friendship, and it pained her, especially after all the intimate information she had confessed. She was just off in her own thoughts when there was a knock on her door. Calling for the person to come in, she was greeted by a ray of sunshine amongst the gloom as Tabitha entered.

"Hey there. What's wrong?" the tall honey blonde asked, taking a seat next to the brunette. They exchanged a light peck on the lips.

"Sarah and I just got into a fight. It'll be over soon, I hope."

"Well, we have a hot sexy scene to do. That should make you feel better. You get to see me half naked, and of course maybe tonight you might get to see me totally naked if you're good," she suggested. Unable to help herself, Jamie smiled at the image of Tabitha in her bed. The blonde actress always gave her a good workout, so she knew that night would be no exception. Seeing the grin on her friend's face, she answered, "There you go. I knew that would cheer you up. Now come on. Let's go have sex on camera."

At the end of the day, Jamie went home alone. Tabitha had decided to have dinner with Sarah and Eve to catch up since the two friends hadn't seen each other in quite awhile. However, the tall blonde had promised to stay the night with her, so the brunette decided she would just relax until Tabitha came to her condo.

Sarah was still upset that evening. As she and Tabitha sat in her condo playing with Eve, the small blonde woman cried at what had taken place. Seeing the distress her friend was feeling, Tabitha asked, "Sarah, what's really bothering you? I know you've told me about what happened on the set today, but I can tell there's more."

Sarah shrugged at first. She didn't know if she should vocalize her feelings. She trusted her friend, but the idea of putting into words her confusion would leave her open to vulnerability. "Tabby, I just don't know what to do with Jamie. I mean today when she acted that way, it totally threw me. She groped me. She wasn't supposed to put her hands on my breasts. It's in my contract that my sex scenes are minimal contact, and she just totally disregarded that. Not only that, she kissed them, open-mouthed wet kisses. I should've stopped the scene there and slapped her, but I didn't."

"Why not?"

Sarah didn't answer the question at first. Instead she continued, "Then she started to go down on me, which really wasn't in the script, and I have no doubt she would have really put her mouth on me had the director not called cut. All the time I should've broken the scene myself."

"But you didn't. Why?"

Looking over at her friend, the petite blonde sigh with regret. "What happened on that set, Tabby, wasn't acting. We were really having sex, only with our clothes on. She was really fucking me on film and so well that I almost came," she confessed.

"Oh, I'm beginning to understand the problem now. You lost control of the scene, and you're afraid of what Robert's going to think when he sees it. You're afraid he's going to be able to tell."

Sarah nodded. "It's more than that though," she admitted. "He's going to know, but there's something even worse. I could've stopped it, but I didn't, because I didn't want to. I forgot the cameras were there after a few minutes, and what came out of that was something real. Jamie wasn't acting, and neither was I. I wanted it just as badly as she wanted to give it to me," she admitted as tears streamed down her face. "I don't know why I'm feeling like this, but when she touched me it was like a fire consuming me."

Tabby pulled her into her arms. "Oh boy. Sarah, you're married, and even more you're married to one of Hollywood's best looking actors. You two have a child together."

"I know," she cried.

"Jamie Dean's just a phase. So, you might have a little crush on her. It'll pass."

"I hope so. This is the first time I've felt this way for a woman. It's disconcerting, Tabby. Whenever she's around, I feel things I've never felt before. I've never wanted to have sex with a woman in my life, Tabby, but I can't stop thinking about her. I can't stop thinking about her touching me like that. I am desperately attracted to her, and I don't know what to do about it. I've never thought I could be this way. I just want her to go away, so I can get back to my life with Robert," she said, even though her heart protested the words. In reality she didn't want Jamie to ever leave. The feelings she had around the tall woman were the best things she had ever experienced in her twenty-five years of life.

"Look, Sarah. A lot of straight women are attracted to Jamie Dean, because she has a perfect balance of masculine and feminine qualities. Hell, I consider myself straight too, but I've been to bed with her. She's worth the excursion to me, but I'm not married either. I know you don't want to have an affair with anyone, so you'll just have to deal with this the best you can. All you have to do is finish this film, and then you never have to see her again if you don't want to. You're a professional, Sarah. Everyone in our business knows that. You're not going to let some inconsequential feelings for your co-star ruin your reputation. You'll just get a grip and act. That's all you have to do. You only have to see her on the set."

"That's hard though. She lives upstairs, and Eve adores her. She's going to want to see Eve."

"Then only let her see her on the set. Have Robert down more while you're here. That should help."

"He's away for two months on a shoot, and we left on bad terms. We got into a big fight, and I haven't talked to him since."

"Is it serious?"

"It was stupid really. It started out as a commentary on Jamie's sexual abilities, because we had heard her having sex. Her bedroom is right above mine, and it just went downhill. Suddenly we were fighting about Eve, because Robert had said I had strapped him with a child. I got mad at him and blew it out of proportion. That's happening a lot lately with us, I guess. I just don't know how to talk to him anymore without it leading to a fight. I know he feels cheated out of life sometimes, because we had Eve. I mean, he's only twenty-three, but I'm only twenty-five. You know there are times when I'd like to go out and play, but we made a choice to have Eve even though other alternatives were available. I don't regret the choice we made, but sometimes I think he does. I know he loves me, but there are times when I think he really wasn't ready to take on the responsibilities of a family."

"Do you still love him, Sarah?" Tabby quietly and hesitantly put forth, knowing she was treading on thin ice. When her little friend didn't give an immediate answer, she knew what that meant.

"Tabby, I'm so confused about Robert. I care about him, but I can't stand the apathy he has for Eve. She's his child, his little girl, but he avoids his responsibilities with her whenever he can. She's a child, and she deserves to be loved and adored by him. It's hard for me to feel close to him when he treats her that way. He's not anything that I wanted for the father of my children. I can't overlook his dismissive attitude with Eve, and I just don't know what to do about it. To make it worse, you should see Jamie with Eve. She's wonderful. The moment she sees Eve, she talks to her, hugs her, kisses her. She makes it seem like Eve's the most important person in the room, and Eve responds so well to her. My daughter reacts to Jamie's kindness in a way she doesn't with her father. Whenever Eve sees Jamie, her face lights up like she's just seen her favorite toy. I want Eve to know joy, and she does with Jamie."

Later that night Tabitha and Jamie were getting themselves ready for bed. The brunette was being unusually quiet as she thought about the woman downstairs. She hated the fact that Sarah was upset with her. Getting into her bed, she wondered about how to make things right with the light blonde haired woman. Those thoughts vanished though when her company emerged from the bathroom dressed in a skimpy teddy. Tabitha struck a seductive pose against the doorframe and smiled playfully. Jamie gave an inviting one-sided grin in return. "You look sexy, Tabitha," she complimented.

The tall blonde smiled. "I've been looking forward to this moment all day. I need my Jamie Dean fix," she said, moving over to the bed. Instead of slipping into her own side of the bed though, she went to Jamie's and crawled atop the sinewy body of the dark-haired woman, who was dressed in a tank top and boxers. Without pretense Jamie put her hands on her bedmate for the evening, and their all night frenzied fun began.

Hours later they rested, spooned together in silence. Breaking the stillness, Jamie pulled her friend closer, whispering, "Thank you for being here, Tabitha. I've had a hell of a day."

"I know. Sarah told me about what happened. Why did you act that way on the set?"

"I was being immature. It was wrong of me to make her that uncomfortable. I just wanted to get her back for the embarrassment she had caused me this morning with the breast milk thing, but I took it too far. I never should've treated her the way I did."

"Breast milk thing? I didn't hear about that."

"Oh, well it was just a little joke she pulled on me. I didn't know she still gave Eve breast milk, and this morning when I was downstairs Eve was having breakfast. She offered me a spoon of her oatmeal, and I playfully took it. I didn't realize it wasn't regular milk until it was in my mouth."

Tabitha gasped lightly. "You drank some of Sarah's breast milk?" she asked with a little laugh.

"By accident but it really embarrassed me when she told me what I actually had in my mouth. She could've let it go, but she didn't. She made some sexual innuendo about me not liking the way she tasted. I swear, Tabitha, no woman has ever flustered me like that. After that I wanted to embarrass her a little too. I just went overboard, but it felt so good. Tabitha, I know I've never done a sex scene before the two I've done today, but is it normal to get excited by your co-star even though you're both only supposed to be acting?"

"Well, I did, because I have been thinking about you screwing me since I got here. That's why I was, but under normal circumstances, I don't. Why do you ask?"

"Sarah did too. I could feel it between our clothes, and when I had my head between her thighs, I could smell her."

"What?" Tabitha questioned, turning in Jamie's arms.

"I know when a woman's hot for me, Tabitha. She was. It drove me wild. When I felt it, I sort of lost my focus on the reality of the situation. I kind of forgot cameras were rolling or that other people were in the room. All that seemed to matter was her body was calling to me, and I wanted to answer desperately. Had the director not called cut, who knows what would have happened? I might have actually done something totally inappropriate. That's why I was wondering if it was a normal thing, because I don't know if I can do this. We have another sex scene to do together where I'm supposed to try to kill her in the middle, and we still have a lot of making-out kind of things we haven't done. I don't know if I can do this, Tabitha. Guns, action, and fighting are all things I'm used to my movies, but this sex stuff is more than I think I'm able to handle. I can't pretend to have sex with Sarah, not when I want it for real. Tabitha, I haven't felt like this for another woman since my late wife," she admitted softly. "I want Sarah in a way I haven't wanted any woman in a long time."

"Your late wife? You were married? I had no idea."

"Most people don't. Anyway, the point is I can't put myself out there like that with her. I want what I can't have. She's married to Robert Dawson, and she has a baby as well. How can I compete with that? I can't, and I shouldn't, but it doesn't stop me from wanting to. It wouldn't be right."

Tabitha nodded. "You're a good woman, Jamie. You're honorable and thoughtful. There are so many women out there who would love to be with you. This thing for Sarah will pass. You're a professional, and you can get through this. I know you can."

"I'm not so sure," Jamie stated, rolling onto her back and staring up at the ceiling as her thoughts strayed to the woman who slept one floor below her.

Propping herself up onto Jamie's chest, Tabitha looked down into dark eyes. "Jamie, it's just a crush. She has a child, for goodness sakes. For arguments sake, say you two could be together, would you want a woman with a child?"

"I am as in love with that little girl as I am with her mother. To have Eve as my own would be a blessing. She's an angel, and I want to be with her as much as I do Sarah. I want to love and adore her as much as I do Sarah. I want to put joy in Eve's life that she obviously doesn't get from Robert, but it's not my place," she mumbled. "Tabitha, for a long time I've been infatuated with Sarah Talbot, but now that we're working together, that fascination has turned into a raging inferno. Whenever she's around I burn for her. I feel like I have to touch her or explode, but I can't."

Hearing Sarah's almost exact words echoed unknowingly through Jamie, Tabitha suddenly realized how serious the situation was between her two friends. They truly were feeling the same toward each other, so she wondered what might happen. She knew just by Sarah's side that her marriage was on shaky ground and that the little blonde found comfort in Jamie. Likewise, Jamie seemed as if she wanted the responsibility of comforting and loving the two little blondes.

"Jamie, if Robert wasn't in the picture, would you pursue Sarah?"

"Without a doubt but he is, and I can't forget that. Sarah's his wife, and Eve's his daughter. I'm just a sexy dark dyke in shining armor who wants to steal a fair maiden. Why should I spend my time thinking about the one woman I can't have, when there are so many more that would love to ride off into the sunset with me on my white horse?" she joked, trying to end the heavy conversation. Taking her cue, Tabitha didn't comment any more on Sarah, instead kissing Jamie thoroughly to initiate another round of activity.

The following morning Jamie and Tabitha were up early. The blonde actress had an early flight out to Los Angeles, so they wanted to spend a little time together. They went for a jog in the neighborhood before stopping at a local coffee shop for coffee and a bagel. Going back to the condo, Jamie helped her friend pack for her flight before taking her downstairs to her limousine.

As they stood there saying their intimate good byes, Tabitha realized it would probably be the last time she and Jamie ever shared such casual intimacy. After hearing both Sarah and Jamie's torment, she anticipated that her friends were eventually going to confront their attraction for each other, and Robert would ultimately suffer the loss for his indifference. "Well, I have to get going," she said.

"I know. It's been fun as always, Tabitha," Jamie stated, leaning down to kiss the woman in her arms.

However, just as the kiss grew in intensity, a familiar voice called out, "Jamie?"

The taller actress broke away and looked toward the sound of her name. Rachel was walking toward her. The small blonde she had met at the bar only a few nights prior was dressed in a fashionable business suit with a briefcase thrown over her shoulder.

"Rachel, hi. What are you doing here?" Jamie asked casually, trying not to let her surprise show.

"I walk this way every morning to go to the subway. I live just around the corner a few blocks from here," she answered, looking at Tabitha.

Seeing where her gaze was, Jamie said, "Rachel, this is Tabitha Reid. Tabitha, Rachel."

"Nice to meet you. How do you two know each other?" Tabitha asked conversationally.

Rachel responded casually, "Oh, Jamie and I met at a bar a few days ago, and she proceeded to treat me like a whore."

Tabitha gave Jamie a surprised look at the comment. Looking back at her friend, the brunette said, "It was good to see you, Tabitha. I hope to see you again soon."

"Likewise, Jamie. Take care of yourself," she answered, pecking the brunette on the mouth before looking at Rachel again. "Nice to meet you, Rachel. If you'll excuse me, I have a plane to catch."

Once Tabitha's limo had pulled away from the curb, Jamie looked back at the small woman.

"Treated you like a whore? How in the world did I do that?"

Rachel shook her head as if to clear her thoughts. "You know, Jamie, things that seem too good to be true usually are. When I met you, it did seem too good to be true. You were so dashing, and I couldn't help but fall for your charms. I guess I wrongly assumed that you were at least a serial monogamist. I didn't know I'd be competing against some of Hollywood's most glamorous blondes for your attention, but that's my mistake. You do have a fidelity problem, which accurately reflects the stories I've read about you. It's my fault for not believing them. Now if you'll excuse me, I must be getting to work."

As the little blonde passed by her, Jamie reached out to stop her. Their eyes met. "Could I call you later?" she asked, knowing what the answer was probably going to be.

"I'd prefer it if you didn't. Good bye, Jamie."

Jamie nodded her head in understanding. "Good bye, Rachel. It was a pleasure," she said, extending her hand. Tentatively Rachel reached for it, but instead of shaking hands, the brunette brought the small hand up to her lips, kissing it tenderly. Seeing the blonde's facial features soften, the actress made her move, wrapping an arm around Rachel's waist. Her mouth moved from the smaller woman's hand to her cheek and then lips. She heard Rachel moan as they slowly kissed. Knowing she changed the woman's mind, Jamie whispered, "Are you sure I can't call you later? How about dinner tomorrow night? Just the two of us. I'll take you anywhere you want to go."

"I shouldn't," Rachel mumbled, raking her hands through dark hair as the taller woman took in her neck. "You're trouble, Jamie Dean."

"But don't you want to?"

"All right but just dinner," the blonde stated, pulling away from the strong woman. Jamie nodded in agreement, knowing that she could easily sway Rachel for intimacy after that meal.

"Great. I'll call you tomorrow afternoon to confirm it. Have a good day, Rachel."

The actress stood there watching Rachel make her way away from her for several blocks. However, just as she was about to turn and go inside herself, she saw the blonde of her heart walking toward her with Eve in her stroller. Sarah was carrying a couple of bags of groceries in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other as she pushed Eve along. The dark-haired woman smiled in spite of herself. She forgot the little actress was upset with her for the previous day and made her way closer to them. As soon as she got close enough to be recognizable, even in her dark sunglasses and baseball cap, Eve smiled brightly at her, reaching out from her stroller as she excitedly screamed.

The older woman smiled brightly at the reception at least one of them had for her. She jogged the rest of the way and bent down to retrieve the little girl. "Good morning, Eve," she greeted brightly, tossing the little one up slightly. Eve reached for her glasses and tore them off, squealing in delight as Jamie made a goofy face at her. Turning to the petite woman, the older woman smiled. "Good morning, Sarah. Let me take those for you," she offered, reaching for the bags.

The blonde didn't resist, instead relinquishing her burden. "Thank you," she answered. She smiled at her daughter, who was so happy in the tall woman's strong arms.

Eve settled her head in the crook of Jamie's neck as the women quietly walked up the street toward their building. The little girl wrapped her arms around the brunette's neck, mumbling, "Me Me."

"What was that? What did she just say?" Jamie asked Sarah. "That wasn't Mommy, was it?"

Sarah shook her head. "She calls me Mama. I don't know what she just said. I've never heard her say that before," she answered.

Making their way up to Sarah's condo, Jamie waited for the small woman to unlock it. However, instead of just walking in, she hovered in the doorway. "Here you go. I should be going. I still have to shower before heading to the set," she stated, relinquishing her hold on the groceries and gently set Eve down on her feet. "I'll see you, ladies, a bit later."

"All right. See you on the set," Sarah stated.

The two women didn't have a chance to see each other until lunch that day since both of them were working on scenes that didn't require the other. However, when the lunch break was called, Jamie headed off to the food tent for some food. Sarah was sitting with Eve and the nanny who had been provided for her daughter, enjoying a leisurely meal, when Jamie walked in. The blonde woman noticed the tall woman had taken off her costume as if she was finished filming for the day, but she wasn't sure what Jamie's schedule was. She looked back at her daughter who was busy drinking from her juice box. However, seeing the light come into Eve's eyes, she figured her little one had spotted Jamie as well.

"Me Me," she said.

"Me Me?" Sarah questioned. "What's Me Me, Eve?"

Eve pointed her peanut buttered finger in Jamie's general direction, stating emphatically, "Me Me."

"Jamie?" the little actress questioned.

"Me Me," Eve answered with a nod, trying to get out of her seat. Wondering what she was going to do, Sarah just watched her daughter. Eve squirmed her way out of her chair and took off across the tent toward the tall woman who was standing in the food line.

Jamie never saw or heard her coming, but she felt tiny arms throw themselves around her leg. Looking down in surprise, she saw Eve hugging to her tightly as her little hands coated her khaki pants with peanut butter and jelly. Nevertheless, Jamie only had a smile for the little girl. "Hi, angel," she greeted, immediately picking her up.

"Me Me," Eve babbled happily.

Making her way through the line, Jamie quickly got the rest of her food before heading off to return Eve to her rightful place. As she approached Sarah, she smiled. "Well, I think I figured out what Me Me was," she announced.

"Yeah, it's you," Sarah supplied. "She's trying to say Jamie." The tall woman set her plate of food down at the seat across from Sarah's before moving to put Eve back in her chair. As she settled the little girl, the blonde saw the mess her daughter had made of her co-star's clothes. "Oh, Jamie, I'm so sorry. You're covered in peanut butter."

The older woman shrugged it off. "Comes with the territory. Right, princess?" she asked, smiling at Eve as she sat.

"You looked so nice before that though. Looked like you were on your way out?" curiously Sarah inquired.

"Yeah. Actually I have to head back to New York. Katrina's in a little dance recital tonight, and I promised her I'd be there, so I have to get going here in a bit. I'll be back tomorrow morning on the red eye, or I might take the last train out. I heard Amtrak stops not too far from our building. We'll see. I was hoping to spend a little time with her."

"Why don't you bring her back with you? We have a babysitter. How much trouble can Katrina really be? She's not a hellion like you, is she?"

Jamie laughed. "Not yet. She's got her mother's personality, which includes her fire, but I don't see that too much. She's quite the girly girl actually, but that's okay. I love her just as she is. She has the best parts of Stephanie in her."

"Then bring her down for a little while. It would be fun," Sarah pushed.

"We'll see. I don't know what the family's schedule is. I'll have to check first."

Late that afternoon Jamie arrived at Staten Island just before Stephanie's family was sitting down for dinner. Knocking loudly on the front door, she pulled it open as she announced her presence to the group. "Anybody home?"

"Mom!" Katrina yelled excitedly.

"Aunt Jamie!" two other voices chimed in as three children swarmed her in the foyer.

She hugged her daughter, niece, and nephew before walking back with them toward the kitchen. "Your oldest child is home," she teased Stephanie's sister, Samantha.

The small redhead, who looked so much like her late sister, smiled brightly. "Jamie," she said, coming to hug her. "It's so good to have you home, even if it is only for the night."

"Where's Doug?"

She gestured out to the backyard. "He promised the kids hamburgers and hot dogs tonight. We have to leave for the recital at seven."

"All right. Come on, kids. Let's pitch in and help set the table," she suggested, grabbing the plates that were on the counter. "Everyone outside."

Going out into the backyard, Jamie put the kids in charge of the table before heading over to see her brother-in-law. "Doug, how have you been?" she asked, slapping him on the shoulder.

"Jamie, hey there. Good to see you. How's the glamorous world of show business?"

"Overrated as usual. How's Katrina been?"

"Fine. She's enjoying her summer vacation, not looking forward to school starting, the usual stuff," he said with a smile. "All the kids are looking forward to Disney though."

"Oh, that's right. You're leaving in about a week and a half. I bet they're counting the minutes."

He nodded. "It's too bad you can't go, though. I know Katrina would've liked that."

"I would've liked it too, but this movie production is in full swing. It was hard to get away this evening."

"Well, the life of the rich and famous. Must get tiring," he stated with a smile as he began to take all the meat off the grill.

Jamie held the plate to assist him. Going over the table, everyone took their seats. Jamie took a seat next to Samantha and across from her daughter. The meal was casual and loud as usual around the kids. During the whole thing, Jamie kept looking at her seven-year-old.

Katrina was growing so quickly during her absences, and it always surprised her to find her taller and even prettier than she was the visit prior. The young girl's flowing blonde hair had lightened in the sun to almost white, and her blues eyes sparkled every time she looked at Jamie. The actress's thoughts were interrupted by Samantha's voice.

"Are you all right tonight, Jamie?" she quietly inquired as the two women watched the kids and Doug play around in the backyard after their dinner.

"Katrina looks more like Stephanie every time I see her," she admitted softly.

"I know," the redhead answered in agreement.

"I miss her, Samantha," Jamie confessed.

"I know you do, Jamie. We all do, but you know she wouldn't want you mourning for her for the rest of your life. She would want you to carry on."

The tall brunette nodded. "I know, but sometimes I wonder if I'll ever find anyone like she was. Stephanie was the best thing to ever happen to me outside of Katrina. I miss having Katrina living with me too."

"Well, you know Doug and I are open to working something out, but I thought we all agreed this was the best place for her."

"It is. I know that, but I still miss her. Seeing her a few days a month is no way for me to be a mother."

"You're doing the best you can to provide for her. We all are. You give her everything she needs and most of what she wants. You do well by her as a mother, Jamie. Don't doubt that." There was a long pause. "Jamie, something else seems to be bothering you."

The tall woman shrugged. "There's a woman I work with that I've started to get to know. She's lovely, and I enjoy spending time with her. She has a two-year-old who comes on the set everyday. The kid seems quite taken with me," she started.

When Jamie paused, Samantha pressed, "And? Are you interested in this woman?"

"Yes. She reminds me so much of Stephanie though, and her daughter reminds me of Katrina at that age. She has the same loving, compassionate, outgoing personality as Stephanie did. At first I thought I liked her because of those reasons, but I know now I truly am interested in her based on her own merit," she confessed.

Sensing the solemnity that encompassed the brunette, Samantha asked, "Then what's the problem?"

"She's married. We've spent a lot of time together since being on the set, and her husband isn't around, so it can be easy to forget. However, she is married, so regardless of the way I feel, there's no possibility for more. I guess it's just hard, because after all this time, I've found my heart again only to have it break. To make it even worse, I've met her husband, and he has no regard for his daughter. Meanwhile, I love that little girl just as much as I do her mother. It's tough."

Putting her arms around her former sister-in-law, Samantha said, "Welcome back to life. Don't worry. When it's meant to happen, it will. As much as you and my sister loved each other, I know you're meant to find someone else when the time comes. You just have to wait for it."

Jamie nodded. "Yeah, I know," she mumbled. Checking her watch, she noted that it was getting close to time to leave. "I guess we should start rounding up the troops," she mentioned, changing the subject.

That night after they all returned from the recital, Jamie tucked her daughter in for bed. Kneeling next to the bedside, she brushed back Katrina's hair affectionately before planting a kiss on her forehead. "I hope you have sweet dreams tonight," she whispered.

"Mom, I don't want you to go. Can't you stay longer?" the seven-year old asked.

"I wish I could, but I can't. I have to be back in D.C. in the morning for work. I promise to visit again, though, once you all get back from Disney. Okay? You won't even miss me."

"I always miss you," Katrina stated softly, reaching to hug her.

"I always miss you too, sweetie. Maybe after you get back you can come visit me on the set. Would you like that?" Katrina nodded. "All right. I'll talk to your aunt and uncle about it and see if that fits into the schedule. Right now you need to go to sleep."

"Tell me a story first," the little girl requested, stalling for time.

Not wanting to leave her daughter's company just yet either, Jamie was easily swayed. She gave a nod as she slipped onto the bed with Katrina. Instantly her daughter was in her embrace, settling herself on her mother's shoulder. "What kind of story would you like?"

"Tell me about the first time you ever kissed Mom," she solicited.

"You've heard that story so many times already."

"So? I want to hear it again," she pleaded.

"Oh, all right. Good thing it just happens to be one of my favorites as well," she teased lightly.

Half an hour and a few anecdotes later, Katrina was sleeping soundly in Jamie's arms. The tall woman gently stroked her daughter's blonde hair as she thought of the little girl's mother. She still missed her wife even though it had been three years already. Katrina looked more like her everyday, and it filled the brunette with a bittersweet ache. However, as her thoughts of Stephanie continued, they began to shift to another woman who had entered her life. As much as Sarah reminded her of Stephanie, Eve reminded her of Katrina. The two little blondes who were suddenly a part of her life gave her such joy, but she knew there wasn't any room for anything other than friendship with Sarah. She had already promised her life to another, and even as much as Jamie didn't want to admit it, it saddened her for all their sakes. She knew both Eve and Sarah could find a better person than Robert Dawson, but it wasn't her place to try to influence either of them.

The next morning Jamie left New York before anyone else in the house even woke and arrived back to the set just in time to see Sarah go into the makeup trailer for her first scene. Knowing she was due there as well, she grabbed a much needed cup of coffee and joined her friend.

The blonde smiled brightly when she saw the tall woman enter. "Hey. Welcome back. Did you bring Katrina with you?"

"No. She couldn't come. The family's going to Disney in about a week, so it wasn't good timing. I promised her she could come to the set after they got back though."

"Oh, great. I can't wait to meet her then."

"I'm sure she'll be thrilled to meet you. I haven't told her you're my co-star yet. I wanted to surprise her. I bet she screams when she sees you. She just adores that little teenager flick you did not too far back. She wants to be just like you in that movie."

"That's so cute. At least it's a positive role."

"Yeah. It's the only movie of yours she's allowed to see. She's never seen any of mine. Too much violence and gore for a kid."

That evening once they had wrapped for the day Jamie went back to her place to prepare for her evening with Rachel. She was just finishing with her outfit when there was a knock on the door of her condo. Since she was supposed to be picking up her date at her place, the brunette wondered who it could be. She strolled over to open it to find Sarah with Eve in tow.

The blonde actress was mute for a moment when her eyes landed on Jamie. The older woman was dressed in an expensive suit, and Sarah thought she looked immensely sexy. "Hi," she managed to say.

"Hey. What's up? Come on in." The tall woman gestured into her place. Sarah accepted the offer and hesitantly walked into the living room area. Eve toddled behind her. Closing the door behind them, Jamie asked, "To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"We were just going to go out for a walk, and I thought it might be nice if you joined us. It looks like you already have plans though," she mentioned, looking over the strong woman. Sarah was finding it incredibly difficult to breathe normally at the sight of her crush in the dark gray suit.

"Oh, yeah. I have a date with Rachel. We got in a fight yesterday, so I'm trying to make it up to her."

"I heard. Tabby told me about the little scene in front of the building."

"You talked to Tabitha?" Jamie questioned. She hoped her friend hadn't relayed any other information to the blonde.

"Yeah. She called me last night. Apparently she misses you," Sarah teased.

The older woman blushed lightly. "I didn't realize she told you about us."

The blonde nodded. "It only confirmed my suspicions. You certainly do get around, Miss Dean."

Jamie wasn't sure, but she thought she heard condescension in Sarah's voice. Shrugging it off though, she mumbled, "Well, I'm not married, and the girls know what they are getting into by being with me. I'm not hurting anyone, just having a good time. I need excitement in my life."

"True to your namesake then," the blonde conceded. She wasn't quite sure where the conversation was going, only that it wasn't heading the way she had hoped. Knowing she wasn't going to get to spend time with the brunette actress that evening, she decided just to suppress her envy for Jamie's date and leave the older woman to prepare. "Well, we should go. I wouldn't want you to keep Rachel waiting. Have a good time tonight, but keep the noise down when you get home."

The joke that often passed between them seemed flat all of a sudden to Jamie, but she nodded and chuckled a little. "Don't worry. I'll probably stay at her place. I'll see you in the morning though."

Sarah nodded. "Yeah. See you in the morning." Making her way toward the door, she paused a moment when Jamie knelt down to Eve. The older woman hugged the little girl and ruffled her blonde hair playfully. Sarah's heart ached at the sight.

Jamie smiled at the two-year-old. "You be a good girl for Mama tonight, Eve. I'll see you tomorrow."

The little angel nodded and clutched to the tall woman's lapels a moment longer. The disappointed look in Eve's eyes almost made Jamie cave to her want to be with the two blondes, but she knew it would do no good to dwell on the woman she couldn't have. Instead of removing the girl's hands from around her neck, the brunette waited until Eve was finished to stand and look back at Sarah.

"Come on, Eve. Let's leave Jamie alone. She needs to finish getting ready for her date," the younger woman said, extending her hand to her daughter. The child took it. Once they had left the taller woman's place, they went for their walk. Sarah knew she had no right to feel jealous of Jamie's plans. She was a married woman after all with a child to consider, but she couldn't help but fantasize about herself being in Jamie's company that evening instead of Rachel.

Jamie made her way over to Rachel's house once she was finished dressing. However, the whole way there her mind was preoccupied with two certain blondes. Their arrival at her door that evening made her wish she wasn't taking out Rachel. She knew she preferred to be with Sarah just playing with Eve than trying to seduce the woman she met a few days ago, but she had committed at least one more date to Rachel, and she wanted to feel a woman against her after the way Sarah's appearance had set her body in a frenzy.

When the limousine Jamie had rented came to a stop in front of her date's building and the chauffeur had opened her door, the actress grabbed the roses she had gotten off the seat and proceeded up to Rachel's place. Giving a strong knock, she waited for the pretty woman. It was only a moment before her knock was answered. Jamie smiled at the blonde woman.

"You look nice," the actress complimented, seeing that Rachel had taken special consideration with her looks that evening. The blonde was wearing a black summer dress that bared her shoulders and her hair was pulled up, exposing her enticing neck. "These are for you," she stated, extending the flowers.

Rachel blushed as she took them. "Thank you. Come in. Let me put these in some water before we leave."

Jamie went into the apartment as Rachel turned to go to the kitchen. The small place was stylishly decorated. Hovering in the living room, she checked her watch. Within a few minutes her date reappeared. The blonde picked up her purse and a sweater that were hanging over the back of a chair. Smiling enchantingly at the small woman, Jamie extended her arm, asking, "Ready to go to dinner?"

The tall woman led them downstairs to the awaiting limo. Jamie smiled as soon as she saw the light come into the blonde's eyes. She knew it would be easy to win her affections at that sign. "I haven't been in a limo since I was in high school. You didn't have to do this," Rachel stated.

"It's nothing. I just want you to have fun tonight. Speaking of fun though, where did you decide you wanted to go for dinner?"

"There's this place up in Georgetown that I've always wanted to go. I made a reservation for us. Do you think after that we could do a limousine tour of the monuments?"

"Anything you want, Rachel. This is your night."

Taking the limousine into downtown Washington, D.C., they both amiably chatted. Jamie obliged the curious woman, giving her some of the details about the film she was making. Rachel seemed enthralled by the actress's life and kept asking questions about who she had met and other stars she had dated. Once in Georgetown though, the chauffeur dropped them off at the restaurant.

As soon as they stepped inside to where the *matre d'* was standing, Jamie could feel interested eyes on them. Murmurs followed them as they were led to their table. As Rachel moved to sit in the seat the *matre d'* had pulled out for her, Jamie inquired, "Um, Rachel, would you mind terribly if I sat in this chair?"

The blonde gave her a confused look but answered, "No, course not."

"Thanks." Jamie pulled out her date's chair for her and then sat in her own, which was facing away from most of the people in the restaurant. She went about her own business of studying the menu for a few minutes, but she could tell Rachel wasn't doing the same. "What's wrong?" she questioned.

"People at staring at us," she mentioned uncomfortably.

Jamie looked over her shoulder and noted most of the people were indeed looking at her. Flashing the general audience a notorious grin, she turned back to her date. "So they are. I get that a lot. Hopefully everyone will be polite enough to be content with just staring."

No sooner had those words been spoken when their server came to the table. The woman immediately blurted, "You're Jamie Dean!"

"Yes, I am," the actress answered as graciously as possible at her obvious fan.

"I just love you so much! Could I have your autograph?"

The brunette acquiesced with a nod of her head. The waitress immediately pulled paper and a pen from her pocket for Jamie to use. Looking down at the paper, the tall woman asked, "What's your name?" The woman told her. Quickly Jamie wrote a couple of sentences and then signed her name before handing it back to the ecstatic woman.

"Oh, thank you so much! I've never met anyone famous before! I'll treasure this forever!"

Used to such overwhelming attention, Jamie tried to downplay it. "Well, I'm glad. Would you mind too much if we ordered now?"

"Oh, of course. I'm so sorry. What would you like?"

When Rachel and Jamie were left alone again, the blonde mentioned, "Well, that certainly was awkward. I would be so embarrassed if someone gushed over me like that. How do you put up with it?"

"I'm used to it. Inevitably whenever I go out someone does that. Maybe we'll get some privacy now," she responded, reaching to take Rachel's hand across the table.

Again she spoke too soon as someone else hesitantly approached the table. "Excuse me," a man stated, interrupting them once again. When Jamie turned to look up at him, he asked, "Are you Jamie Dean?"

"Yes."

"Wow. My friends at the bar and I were just wondering. Some of them thought you weren't, but I said you had to be. What are you doing in D.C.?"

Giving him a smile, she answered, "I'm trying to have dinner with this lovely lady."

He looked between the two of them a moment before it seemed to register what she really meant. "Oh. Well, that was going to be my next question, but I guess I was wrong about that one."

"What question was that?"

"Whether or not you were on a date."

"Does this look like a date to you?" she questioned him with growing annoyance. She wanted him to just get to the point of why he had come over, so he could leave.

"Yeah, I guess it does."

Deciding to take the situation in hand, Jamie inquired, "So, what is it that you want exactly? You're kind of ruining my chance with my date."

He glared at her. "Well, you don't have to be rude about it. We were just wondering."

"You came to my table, buddy. Why don't you just wonder about me over by the bar with your friends?"

Muttering under his breath, he turned to leave. Jamie shook her head and then focused back on Rachel. "I don't think I could live with it if people did that to me every time I went somewhere," the blonde said.

"Some people think that just because I'm an actress that I should be available to them all the time. They don't seem to understand that I have a life myself. I don't like being mean to people, but most of the time men want more than just an autograph. Being a bitch is just about the only way to get the point across that I'm not interested. I could tell where that one was going. I thought it best to just cut him off early, so he didn't waste any more of our time."

The rest of the meal passed in a similar fashion. Numerous fans came to the table to talk to the actress. Through it all Jamie did her best to remain courteous to them, signing autographs and even obliging when some tourists asked for a picture with her. However, the brunette could tell Rachel was annoyed with all the interruptions on their date. By the time they were ready to leave, the little woman was glowering at all the people who even looked in their direction.

Finally, when they were back in the privacy of the limousine, the tall woman apologized. "I'm really sorry about our dinner. I had hoped for a little time with you. That didn't turn out quite the way I had wanted."

"Me neither," Rachel admitted.

"Well, how about that driving tour of the monuments now? Would you like that?"

"That would be nice."

Jamie told the driver of their plan, and he nodded in understanding before putting up the divider between them to give the actress and the blonde seclusion. Jamie opened the sun roof and then reached for a bottle of wine in the small refrigerator. Pouring two glasses she handed one to Rachel. "Here's to a little privacy," she joked lightly, trying to put the events of the dinner behind them.

They were quiet for a few minutes as they drank their wine. Seeing dark eyes on her, Rachel asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"How beautiful you look tonight," the actress whispered in return, leaning closer to the blonde. Jamie paused to see the light blush come over fair cheeks before making her move. Softly she captured Rachel's mouth. It was only a few moments before the monuments and wine were forgotten as they found more carnal pleasures. For the next hour Jamie entertained the blonde the way she knew best, giving her something by which to remember the night.

Rachel seemed more than willing to accept this gift from the actress. The petite woman freely allowed the dark-haired woman to roam over the treasures she possessed until the limousine finally took them back to her place. Making themselves presentable enough to exit the car, Jamie assisted her date from the backseat. Together they made their way up the walk hand in hand. The actress walked Rachel to her door and paused there a moment, wondering if she was going to get an invitation to stay.

They stood there quietly kissing for a few minutes before the blonde broke away to look up at the woman holding her. "Jamie?"

"Yes?" she queried as her mouth moved to take in the landscape of Rachel's neck.

The blonde moaned, cradling her head in deeper. "Do you want to come inside?"

"That sounds good. Just let me send the chauffeur home, so he doesn't continue to wait for me," she suggested. "I'll be right back."

Going back to the limo, Jamie informed the driver that he was done for the night and gave him a large tip for putting up with them. Heading back into her date's building, she knocked on Rachel's door again. The blonde opened it quickly and admitted her. Immediately Jamie noted that Rachel had set some ambiance with only candles illuminating the living room.

"Take off your jacket and stay awhile," Rachel murmured, slipping the suit coat off Jamie's shoulders as they kissed again. Slowly they made their way over to the sofa. Jamie gently laid Rachel down against it. It wasn't long before they had resumed their activities from the limo. Long into the night Jamie took the blonde to heaven again and again all over the condo. As the first rays of morning light flooded Rachel's room though, they found themselves resting in Rachel's bed. Neither woman spoke as they just gazed at each other contemplatively.

Finally the blonde whispered, "Jamie."

"Yeah?"

"Last night was incredible," she confessed.

"It was pretty good," the brunette seconded.

"Except for dinner and one other moment, I loved every minute of it."

"What moment was that?"

"Around three this morning when we were taking a little bit of a rest, you started to doze off for a little bit. I was touching you in your sleep, and you called Sarah's name," Rachel informed her. "Of course when you awoke, you realized it was me, but were you dreaming about her?"

Jamie shrugged. "It's nothing. In the movie I have sex with Sarah a couple of times. I've just found myself dreaming about her character. It's nothing really."

"Are you sure you aren't attracted to her? You seemed like it in your sleep."

"Even if I was, she is married. It doesn't matter."

Rachel nodded. "Jamie," she slowly began. "As much fun as I had last night, I know that I'm just a conquest for you. Seeing you with Tabby Reid the other morning confirmed that for me. I don't want to be treated like that by anyone, even you. Last night I just wanted something incredible by which to remember my rendezvous with the infamous Jamie Dean."

"What are you saying, Rachel? You don't want to see me any more?" hesitantly Jamie inquired. She hadn't been dumped by a woman in some time, whether they be a casual acquaintance or bedmate.

"What's the point? I know there would be nothing more to us than sex. If that's all I wanted, then it would be okay. However, that's not all I want. I live in the real world, Jamie, and I have expectations. You're not looking for a girlfriend, just a good time. The night we met I made an exception because of who you are. However, I want someone serious, and that's nothing we could ever be. Even if you were able, last night proved to me that I couldn't. I hated every moment of our dinner with the way people kept intruding on us. I know that's not your fault, and it's nothing you can control, but I'd prefer not to have to do that again. I think it would definitely be best if we were just friends."

Jamie gave a sly nod and smile. "I can deal with that," she murmured, leaning to nuzzle Rachel's bare breasts, but the blonde pushed her back.

"Not that kind of friends, Jamie. You've given me enough sex to last a lifetime," she teased.

Giving another nod, Jamie mentioned, "You know, it's not often a woman drops me like this. I guess it is as refreshing as it is shocking, but I understand, Rachel. My life is not easy. I wouldn't wish it upon anyone."

"So, friends then?" the blonde asked tentatively.

"Sure. Friends." Looking at the clock, she stated, "I should probably get going. I have to be at the set early today."

Rachel looked at the alarm clock as well. "Oh, I only have an hour before I have to get up for work. I should probably just get up now, but I'm so tired."

Jamie chuckled as she moved to get dressed. "Why don't you stay in bed? I'll lock the door behind me," she suggested.

"You don't mind?"

"Not at all," she answered. Leaning down to the blonde, she asked, "May I?" She waited for Rachel to nod her consent before kissing her lips gently. "Good bye, Rachel. Have a good day."

"You too, Jamie."

The brunette walked over to the bedroom door but paused to take one last look back at the blonde. She knew that mostly likely she would never see Rachel again. Smiling at the sight of the already sleeping woman, she turned to go, softly closing the door behind her.

Chapter Three

Over the next week, Jamie was constantly with Sarah and Eve. Every evening after returning to their condos, they had dinner together at one of their places and then spent the nights just talking and playing with Eve. One evening the two women were lounging on Sarah's couch watching a movie after putting Eve down for the night. Silence surrounded them as Sarah sat with her head propped up against Jamie's strong shoulder. Neither spoke being so involved in the film, but suddenly a cry broke their peace.

"I'll go," Jamie offered, rising from the sofa. Sarah didn't argue, being tired from the long day already. It was nice having a second person around to help out with Eve after a strenuous day.

The brunette made her way back to the master bedroom. Going over to the bed, she spoke softly to Eve. "What is it, angel? What's wrong?" she inquired, reaching for the screaming child. As soon as she picked her up to try to comfort her, she felt the fevered skin of her cheek. "Sarah," she called out in concern.

Hearing her name and the continued wails, the small blonde went to investigate. She met the older woman halfway down the hall to her room. "What's wrong, baby?" she gently asked, extending her hands to take her daughter. Eve instantly went to her. "Why are you crying, huh?" she questioned. Seeing Eve's flushed features, she put her hand to her forehead. "Whoa. You're burning up," she stated over the screaming. Just then Eve unexpectedly regurgitated her dinner all over Sarah. "Uh oh. Looks like we've got one sick baby on our hands," she declared. "It's okay, Eve. It's all right. Mama will take care of you," she assured, ignoring her own soiled clothes. Both women headed back into the bedroom.

"What can I do?" the tall woman inquired, wanting to be helpful.

"Go into my bathroom and see if I have any baby aspirin or anything," Sarah said as she began to undress her daughter.

The brunette did as she was told. Searching the cabinets thoroughly, she replied from the bathroom, "You don't have any."

"Shoot. I'll have to go out and get some. This fever seems too high to just let go."

"I'll go for you. You shouldn't have to take Eve out in this condition," Jamie offered.

"Are you sure? I mean I can take care of it. I'm used to doing this alone."

"Don't be silly. Let me go for you. I think there's an all-night pharmacy just down the street a few blocks if I remember correctly. I'll be back in no time."

"Okay. Thanks, Jamie," she replied with a genuine smile.

"You're welcome. Be right back."

Racing out of the blonde's place, Jamie made her way down to the concierge in the lobby to ask about the pharmacy. When she was told it was open all hours, the tall woman declined their offer to go for her, saying she would go herself. Jamie left the building in a rush, jogging the few blocks down to the drug store. It was empty when she arrived, signaling the late hour of the night. Nevertheless, she quickly asked for the items she was looking for, ignoring the surprise of the clerk at her appearance. He stumbled over his words at her arrival but managed to tell her where she could find what she needed.

Jamie immediately grabbed a bottle of children's aspirin and quickly paid. Just as quickly she went running back to Sarah's, so Eve could have medication as soon as possible. When she arrived, the little girl was still wailing, and the petite woman looked distressed. "Here's the aspirin. What's wrong?"

"Robert forgot to pack a thermometer, so I can't take her temperature," she mumbled.

The tall woman gave a reassuring smile. "I'll go get one for you. Hopefully some of these might help though," she stated, handing over the bottle to Sarah. "Be back soon."

"Thank you, Jamie." she managed to call out after the brunette's retreating form.

Jogging passed the concierge desk a second time, she gave the night watchman a grin before heading out the door. She went back to the same store but didn't ask for assistance, knowing where the infant items already were. Quickly she scanned over the available thermometers before settling on the one that looked the least intrusive for a child. Heading up to the register a second time, she only offered a demure smile and her credit card. When the transaction was complete, she headed out into the night again. Being that there was little traffic out at that hour, she was able to make quick work of the five blocks.

"I'm back," she announced, barging into the blonde's condo. "Here's a thermometer."

"Thanks. She hates this, so could you do it while I hold her?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, sure. Just let me get this thing out of the package," she answered, ripping the plastic open. However when she opened it, she realized she needed batteries to make it work. "Man, I have to go back for batteries," she grumbled.

"What size?"

"Double A."

"Just take them out of my discman for now. We can get batteries later," the younger woman instructed.

The tall actress did as Sarah said. Finally getting the thing to work, she approached Eve with it slowly. Sarah distracted the little girl with words while the tall woman slipped it in her ear to take the reading. "It's high. She's got a 101," Jamie reported after a moment. Putting the thermometer aside, her nose caught a whiff of something horrible. "What's that smell?" she asked, coming back to Eve and Sarah.

"I think that's my daughter," Sarah answered.

"Oh, gross. I'm going to let you take care of that one," teased the brunette. "I bet Eve's probably dehydrated. Do you have anything she can drink?"

"Check the fridge. I'm not sure I have anything other than juice for her."

Jamie went into the kitchen to see what Sarah had for the little girl to drink. Sure enough there were only juices, which she knew would not be the best thing for Eve in her condition. Nevertheless she poured the toddler a small glass to tide her over. Heading back to the bedroom, she handed the sippy cup over to Sarah. "Looks like I'm going out again. She needs something better than this. Anything else you can think of while I'm there?"

"Well, some extra diapers and diaper rash ointment probably wouldn't hurt at this point. This doesn't look like this is over," the shorter blonde reported, trashing the soiled diaper in the convenient pail.

"All right. I'll be back," Jamie said with a smile.

Sarah returned it with relief. "Thank you, Jamie. I don't know what I would do right now without you."

"It's my pleasure, Sarah. Anything to settle her is worth it. Be back in a few."

Returning to the pharmacy for the third time that night, she went straight to the section she needed. However, instead of just picking up what Sarah had asked for, she looked around to see if there was anything else they could possibly need to help Eve. Quickly she grabbed a package

of diapers and ointment before adding a bottle of soothing bath vapors and a rubber duck to the growing pile. When she went up to the counter to pay, the night clerk stared at her quizzically as he began to ring up her third purchase for the night. Jamie could see his mind contemplating asking her something, so she saved him the trouble.

"You look like you want to say something to me," she mentioned with a charming smile.

He smiled back. "It's nothing really. It's just that you look like that movie star, what's her name, the one who does all those action movies."

"Jamie Dean?" she supplied.

"Yeah, that's the one. She's hot."

Jamie gave a nod. "Yeah, I tend to get that sometimes. We do look alike, I guess."

"You have a kid?" he asked conversationally as he slowly rung up her items.

"Yes, as a matter of fact," she answered, trying not to be rude. She figured he was just bored and wanted a talk.

"Married?" he inquired with a slight grin.

"No."

"Straight?"

"No," she answered again as she handed over her credit card.

"Oh well. You never can tell around here," he mumbled, running her card through the machine. When it printed he tore off the receipt and handed it to her to sign. She did so quickly before handing it back to him. She gathered her bags.

He gave her a friendly smile. "Have a good night, Miss...," he began to say as his eyes drifted down to the signature on the slip, but he fell silent at her name as he flushed.

Jamie winked at him. "Dean," she furnished. "Good night, Ralph," she said, reading his nametag before racing out the door. She looked over her shoulder as she made it to the street and chuckled lightly at the sight of him still standing there flustered.

When she returned to Sarah's apartment, Eve had stopped her crying and simply was whimpering into her mother's shoulder as the small woman paced around the room with her. "Here. I got some extra things. I thought maybe a bath might help settle her," she said, pulling the items from the bag. She held the rubber duck up for Eve to see. The little girl reached for it in interest.

"I'd be willing to try anything at this point," Sarah said.

"All right. I'll go start the water." Moving into the master bathroom, Jamie started the tub. Carefully she added the bath vapors and then waited while Sarah undressed Eve. A few minutes later she came in with the little one ready to go. Taking her from Sarah, Jamie noticed her friend had still not bothered to change from when Eve had soiled her shirt, so she suggested, "Why don't you change? I'll take care of Eve for a moment."

"You don't mind?"

"Not at all," she replied, gently setting the two-year-old down in the water. Eve didn't seem to notice too much as she played with her duck, dropping it into the water and seeming surprised that it floated.

"Okay. I'll just be a second." Sarah went back into the bedroom and stripped off her clothes before slipping on a t-shirt and boxer shorts. As she changed she thought of the woman in the bathroom. Jamie had helped her without complaint, even going to the store three times in under an hour. Sarah felt glad that Jamie had been there for the worst of it, because she was tired of having to deal with problems like this one alone. Robert had never been helpful in situations like this, griping every time Eve seemed to be ill or in a foul mood. However, Jamie never complained, instead immediately tried to find ways in which to help alleviate Eve's trouble.

When Sarah finished changing, she realized the smell was still on her skin, so she decided a shower would be in order once Eve was settled again. Going back into the bathroom, she asked, "How are we doing? I don't hear crying or whimpering. That's a good sign."

"Yeah, we're doing fine," Jamie answered, looking up towards the door. Her heart fluttered a little at the sight of the petite woman in a plain white t-shirt and a pair of loose cotton boxers. She thought Sarah looked adorable.

Sarah looked down at Jamie kneeling next to the tub. The tall woman was soothingly rubbing her daughter's back with a wet washcloth. In that very moment the blonde actress knew she was having feelings for the brunette. She had fought against them, denying her heart, but she couldn't any longer, seeing the tenderness the older woman freely gave Eve. Coming to the tub, Sarah knelt down next to Jamie. She gave the tall woman a smile. Jamie returned it, but she couldn't take her eyes off Sarah for a moment. It felt so right, so natural to be there with her like that.

Seeing Jamie's stare, the blonde mentioned, "I know I smell like puke."

"I hadn't noticed," the tall woman admitted softly.

"Oh," Sarah softly mumbled, unsure of what gaze Jamie was giving her at the moment.

"You're quite a mother, Sarah. I wish I could only be half as good to Katrina as you are to Eve."

Sarah blushed lightly at the compliment. "I'm sure you are, Jamie. I know Katrina's lucky to have you."

When Jamie felt Sarah's hand brush her own in the process of taking the washcloth from her, she knew she was getting too close to the blonde. Her feelings were running wild, and she knew she had to pull back before she did something they both might regret. "Well, I guess I'll let you finish this. I got Eve some Pedalite to drink. I'll just go pour her a glass of that."

"Thank you for all your help, Jamie."

Unable to form any sort of reply with the way Sarah was looking at her, the brunette just nodded before retreating from the room. She stalled for time in the kitchen, deciding it would be better to wait until the bath was finished. By the time she had returned, Sarah was putting fresh pajamas on her daughter. "Here you go," Jamie said.

"Thanks," the blonde answered, taking the cup from her friend. She gave it to Eve who immediately took it in hand and began to drink. Picking up her child, Sarah turned to Jamie. "Would you mind watching her while I took a quick shower? I really can't stand the way I smell any longer."

"No problem."

"You can just lay on the bed with her. Maybe she'll go to sleep. If you put one of those Elmo movies in, she'll be riveted."

"Sounds good," Jamie stated moving to the TV as Sarah went into the bathroom. She put in a DVD and then moved to the bed to get comfortable. Eve cuddled up against her shoulder, clutching tightly to her as she drank her beverage and watched her favorite puppet on screen.

The blonde started the shower as she thought of the woman now lying on her bed. The image of Jamie there holding Eve in comfort gave her such happiness. Letting the way spray of the water cascade over her, she leisurely began to wash her body. Her mind drifted to the sex scene they had done just two days before. She had been so aroused at the taller woman's movements against her, and that had totally taken her by surprise, so much so that in her confusion, she had taken her frustration out on Jamie. Now, as her hands mapped her own skin with soap, she thought of Jamie's larger ones. Those hands were not just good for soothing her daughter. They also stirred her passion in a way she hadn't felt since before Eve was born. With guilty pleasure, Sarah imagined Jamie there with her in that warm shower, the older woman's hands and mouth moving across her much in the same way she had done that day on the set, as her own hands moved her over the edge of oblivion.

When she had sated herself, she quickly washed and turned off the water. She didn't want to be gone too long from either woman in the next room. Dressing swiftly she opened the door to hear only the sounds of Elmo coming from the television. Over on the bed she saw her daughter asleep in a strong embrace. Jamie's eyes were half-mast and gazing at her. Sarah smiled softly coming to the bedside. Gently she tugged on the tall woman to get her standing and then placed Eve down for sleep.

"You look tired," she whispered as she and Jamie headed out of the bedroom.

"Yeah. I guess I am."

"I guess the rest of our movie will have to wait until tomorrow then. Right now you need to go to bed. We have an early start anyway."

Jamie nodded her head in agreement. "Let me know if you need anything else with Eve though," she said as they both moved toward the door.

"I will. Thanks for all your help tonight."

"It was a pleasure," the brunette whispered through a yawn.

Sarah smiled at her before leaning up to kiss her on the cheek. "Good night, Jamie. Sleep well."

"Night."

Going back into the bedroom, Sarah turned off the TV and then climbed into bed next to her daughter. As tired as she was from the long day, her mind wouldn't settle. Instead, it ran rampant with thoughts of the tall brunette. She fantasized about Jamie getting herself ready for bed just one floor above her, that brawny frame naked as the older actress slipped under the covers. She had seen the older woman's films, so she knew what Jamie's body looked like in all its glory. The actress had not been shy in her previous movies where her outfits were concerned, so Sarah recalled the brunette's last film, the skimpy sports bra and cut off fatigue shorts that showed everything that was within industry accepted decency. The twenty-seven-year old body seemed as if it has been sculpted from stone, with deep, profound ridges outlining each muscle of her body. Idly Sarah wondered if the brunette even had any body fat on her, imagining that the only place was in the older woman's ample twin femininity.

Smiling to herself Sarah dreamed about that day on the set. Her thoughts drifted to them being alone without cameras or clothes. She imagined Jamie's hips rocking insistently against her own as they had done that day and the feeling of the brunette's mouth against her thigh. The blonde let her mind take Jamie's hot breath over her need and pleasure her as she had yearned in that moment. Realizing her own hands were beginning to act again on their own, she regretfully stopped thinking about the older woman. She needed to go to sleep. Casting a glance over at her little girl, she saw Eve was sleeping soundly. Deciding to try to do the same, she closed her eyes and sighed.

A few days later both women were business as usual on the set. Jamie had several scenes to work on without the blonde that day, so she worked through most of lunch. However, when she was finally allowed to take a break, she headed off toward the food tent. Sarah wasn't there though, so quickly grabbing herself a sandwich, she walked off to the blonde's trailer. Knocking to alert her friend of her presence, she pulled open the door.

As soon as she stepped in however, she knew something was wrong. Sarah stood with her back to the door, staring down at the small table. Jamie could see her little body trembling, and Eve

was nowhere to be seen. "Sarah, what's wrong? Are you all right?" she inquired quietly, closing the door and locking it behind her. The younger woman said nothing at first. "Where's Eve?"

"She's taking a nap," whispered the little actress. Her voice quavered.

The brunette put her plate of food aside and reached for the petite woman to try to console her obvious distress. "Sarah, whatever is wrong will be all right. You'll see," she said softly, curving her arms around Sarah's waist and bringing their bodies together.

Sarah let out a strangled gasp as she felt the solid frame against her. She had just received horrible news about Robert. His mistress was with him on his shoot. As much as she had tried to deny the deteriorating situation between them by trying harder to be an accommodating wife, she had just realized that all was truly lost. Not only was her first love, her husband, having a public affair without any regard to her feelings, she knew she was in love with the woman who held her. Turning quickly in Jamie's arms, she stared up into her dark eyes. Not giving herself a chance to change her mind, she yanked the tall woman's head down toward her own for a searing kiss. She moaned as their mouths came together.

At first Jamie had no idea what had just hit her. The only thing she knew was she was kissing Sarah Talbot like her very life depended on sucking all the air from the blonde's lungs. The little woman felt so good as Jamie delved passed the supple lips. However, just as she began to back away for some much needed air, the weight of the situation struck her. She was kissing a married woman with a two-year-old child. As the blonde leaned in for a second kiss, the tall woman gently stepped away, leaving Sarah just staring at her in confusion.

Taking a deep breath, Jamie asked, "Where did that come from? Why are you crying, Sarah?"

Looking at her friend's countenance, Sarah realized what she had just done. "Oh, God," she mumbled, covering her face in her hands and turning from the dark gaze. She dropped onto the sofa.

The older woman knelt next to her. Placing a tentative hand on Sarah's knee, she asked again, "What's wrong?"

"It's Robert," she answered. "I just found out his girlfriend is on the shoot with him."

"What? His girlfriend?" the brunette queried in confusion.

Sarah nodded. "I thought if I ignored her she would go away. I thought if I just tried a little harder to be the woman he wanted, he wouldn't go back to her," she cried.

"Go back to who?"

"The woman he was seeing before me. He cheated on her with me, and now he cheats on me with her," she admitted. "We aren't anything like people think, Jamie. We aren't this perfect couple, far from it."

Jamie didn't say anything for a moment as she took in the words. She felt herself becoming angry at Robert for not only being a terrible father but also an unfaithful husband. She knew if she were in his shoes, she would adore the blonde in a way she had never known. However, regardless of that, she knew it wasn't her place to pass judgement on their situation. Instead, she just tried to offer comfort. "You and Robert will work this out. I promise, Sarah. In the meantime though I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do. Tonight when we get home I'm going to take you and Eve out for dinner. I heard of this good little chili place just a few blocks from where we're staying. The concierge says it's the place to eat. The three of us will go there, drink some beer, have some unbelievably bad food for us, and just have fun. This thing with Robert will seem like nothing after a few beers and a chili dog," she lightly stated, making Sarah chuckle despite her mood.

The blonde cupped Jamie's cheek affectionately. "Thank you, Jamie."

Instinctively the brunette turned her head slightly and kissed the blonde on the inside of her wrist lightly. "Anything for my ladies," she whispered. Seeing how her comment caused the blonde's cheeks to flush, she pulled back slightly. "Come on now. Time to dry those eyes and have some lunch."

That evening Jamie did take the two blondes to dinner at the restaurant the concierge had suggested. Since it was only a few blocks from their place, they walked. When they arrived at The Hard Times Café, the establishment was packed, the bar full of mingling singles and a long wait for a table. Nevertheless, after putting their names on the list, Jamie and Sarah tried to stay as inconspicuous as possible, hovering in the corner and talking amongst themselves. Both of them wore their sunglasses while Sarah opted for a baseball cap and Jamie a red bandanna to try to conceal their identities.

Twenty minutes later Jamie's name was called, so the three of them moved up to the hostess to follow her to table. As they passed through the wooden booths, the tall woman took in the decor. The walls were decorated with different state flags and other kitsch. Getting to the table, Sarah chose the side of the booth that faced away from most of the restaurant while Jamie sat opposite her facing the bar. The tall woman slid her sunglasses up on the top of her head, having had enough of them in the darkened place. Sarah took hers off as well but kept her hat on low over her eyes.

Neither of them spoke as they perused the menu. Looking across at her dinner companion, Sarah admired the way Jamie looked. The tall woman was definitely looking sexy and dangerous that evening in a pressed, plain white t-shirt, jean shorts, and construction boots with the bandanna rounding out the look. The sleek physique of Jamie's arms and legs was on perfect display, and the blonde found herself feeling amorous at the sight.

A few minutes passed before their waitress came to the table to take their order. As soon as she looked at the brunette, she gushed, "Oh my God. You're Jamie Dean."

The tall woman grinned slightly. "No. We just look a lot alike. People confuse me with her all the time," she lied.

"Oh. Sorry. The resemblance is truly amazing though. Well, what can I get you two?"

The older woman gestured for Sarah to go first, so she placed an order for herself and Eve before it was Jamie's turn. When the waitress was gone, Sarah said teasingly, "I can't believe you just did that. Lying about who you are? Shameful."

Jamie shrugged. "I do it all the time when I don't want to be bothered. Don't you?" The smaller woman nodded. Changing the subject the brunette asked, "Did you happen to see what the back of the hostess's shirt says?"

"No. I just saw that it said Hard Times Café on it."

Jamie smiled. "It reads, 'I like mine all the way wet,'" she stated with a laugh. "That's my life motto," she joked. "I need one of those shirts."

Not believing her friend, Sarah turned to look back toward the door. Sure enough, that was what the girl's shirt said. "Oh my God. How vulgar is that?" she teased.

"Oh come on, Sarah. You know you like yours that way too."

The younger woman flushed. "Well, I know you do, Miss Dean," she countered.

"You better believe it, hot, willing, and wet," she growled.

"Sounds like someone needs to get laid," Sarah jested.

"Is that an offer?" Jamie asked as the waitress came back to the table with their beverages. Not waiting for an answer, she asked the waitress, "How do I go about getting one of those lovely shirts? I think my date needs one of those. After all, she likes me all the way wet. Right, Sarah?" the tall woman playfully.

Sarah snarled at her companion as she blushed. "Of course I like you all the way wet, Jamie," she uttered, sexily licking her lips for affect.

The waitress gasped as she looked between the two of them. Turning to Sarah, she hesitantly inquired, "Are you..."

"Yes and she's Jamie Dean. No other woman can be that sexy," she said, sparing the brunette a seductive wink.

The older woman felt her pulse drop between her thighs and start throbbing painfully at Sarah's comment. She was suddenly finding it difficult to breathe as she looked at her friend. Sarah was being so alluring and wicked. Jamie hadn't thought the blonde would go along with her game, but the petite woman had taken it one step even further. Managing to look up at the waitress again, she said, "I'll tell you what. You don't tell anyone that we're here, and I'll give you this hundred dollar bill." She pulled one from her wallet and placed it on top of the table.

"Throw in an autograph from both of you?" the waitress bargained.

Jamie shrugged noncommittally, not wanting to answer for the blonde. However, Sarah didn't seem to have the same problem, answering, "Sure."

"Okay. I'll go check on your order now."

"Thank you," the tall woman answered, putting her sunglasses back on to avoid future encounters before taking her glass of beer off the table to drink.

As soon as they were alone, the two women just looked at each other silently. Jamie wasn't sure what to say at the moment at Sarah's behavior. The blonde was being flirtatious, and even as much as she was enjoying it, she knew it was wrong to be trifling with a married woman's feelings.

As Sarah gazed into dark eyes, she took a deep breath. For just a few moments she had allowed herself to let go with the tall woman. She wanted more than that though. She wanted all the woman could give. However, she also knew that it wasn't going to come easily because of Robert. She still felt somewhat torn between her feelings and her obligations.

The rest of the meal passed quietly with both women showering most of their attention on Eve. The little girl glowed under all the observance. They stayed at the restaurant for close to two hours, but after Jamie had consumed several beers, they thought it best to go. After the brunette paid the tab, they made their way out into the warm summer night. Neither woman seemed to want to go home just yet, so they simply walked along the streets enjoying the evening.

While they were waiting to cross the street at one point, Sarah looked over at the woman standing next to her. Jamie was carrying Eve as they strolled. The blonde felt happy as she watched the two of them together. Eve was getting the attention she had hoped Robert would give her, but he never did. As they continued to wait on the light to change, she idly looked around them.

Lots of people seemed to be out that evening to take advantage of the nice night. Couples of all kinds crowded the sidewalks. The diversity of the community around them surprised and pleased the blonde. Shifting a little closer to Jamie, Sarah realized people probably saw them and thought they were together as well. The thought warmed her spirit. Wondering if she could somehow get even closer to the woman who held her heart, she subtly reached for Jamie's hand. The large one immediately enfolded hers, letting their fingers intertwine as they began to cross the street.

The tall woman tried to remain calm as she realized what had started out as a friendly evening was starting to feel like a date to her. There she was taking a walk, holding Sarah's hand tightly in her own as they window shopped along the street. It was a bittersweet moment, because she wanted this between them, yet she knew it wasn't real. Sarah was married to Robert, not her. Nevertheless, she decided to indulge in the wonderful feeling.

As the evening wore on, they stopped in one of the seemingly popular spots for ice cream before deciding to head back to their condos. They walked close together, Jamie's arm wrapped around Sarah's shoulders as the blonde held her sleepy daughter. Words weren't exchanged, but they weren't necessary either. Finally arriving back at Sarah's condo, Jamie stopped at the front door instead of following the blonde inside. She knew if she went in she might do something she regretted. The evening had gone so well between them, and she wanted to leave it just the way it was.

Seeing that the brunette was not going to come in as Sarah had hoped, she simply smiled at her. "Thanks for the fun evening, Jamie."

"You're welcome. I'm glad you had a good time."

"We both did," the blonde answered, looking down at her child.

"Well, one of these days we'll have to go out, just us adults. What do you say?"

"Sounds good. Maybe this weekend? I should be able to convince someone to watch Eve for an evening," she suggested.

"That sounds perfect. I'll think of something fun for us." There was a slight pause before she leaned to give the little woman a hug. She kissed both towheads on the cheek before whispering, "Good night, ladies. Sleep well."

"Good night, Jamie."

Chapter Four

On Friday night after they got off work, Sarah and Jamie decided to go out for the evening. The nanny in charge of Eve on the set had agreed to watch the little girl that night, leaving them the freedom to do whatever they chose. As agreed, Jamie took care of an agenda for them, deciding she wanted to take Sarah to exclusively lesbian places, because she knew they would be left in peace for the most part.

At eight that night Sarah was simply chatting with the nanny about last minute details as she waited on Jamie to arrive. Hearing the knock she made her way over to the door to answer it. As soon as she pulled it open, she felt her breath escape her as her heart stopped for a moment before starting again double time. The tall woman was standing there wearing a charming grin. She was dressed in a black, silk short-sleeved see-through top that left little to the blonde's imagination and a pair of tight jeans. On her feet she had a pair of black boots. An unlit cigarette was hanging from the corner of her mouth, and in one hand she held a single peach rose.

"Wow," the blonde stuttered under her breath.

Jamie gave a cocky smile. "You look beautiful, Sarah," she complimented, stepping into the foyer.

The small woman looked down at the way she was dressed. She had on a pair of khaki casual cotton pants and a pink blouse. "Thank you but I feel a little underdressed," she responded with a flush.

"You look perfect to me. Here," she said, extending the flower.

Sarah took it. "Thank you. You look incredible, Jamie."

"The reputation," she answered with a shrug. "Are we ready to go?"

"Sure. Just let me kiss Eve good night."

Both women moved into the living room to see Eve playing with the nanny. The little girl had already been bathed and prepared for bed. When she spotted Jamie she smiled brightly, immediately rushing toward her. The brunette scooped her up in her arms. Inquisitively Eve reached for the cigarette, but Jamie was quicker, swiftly removing it from her mouth and tucking it behind her ear where the two-year-old couldn't get to it. Sarah and Jamie both kissed Eve good night and then left.

Sarah felt somewhat shy as the two of them made their way down to their awaiting car. She hadn't quite been prepared for how Jamie would look for a night on the town. Nevertheless, she was beginning to get over her initial shock and start enjoying the scenery. After the brunette had helped her into the limousine and gotten herself settled, Sarah asked curiously, "So, exactly where are you taking me?"

"Just a few cool places. Trust me. You'll enjoy yourself. I wouldn't steer you wrong. You'll have fun," the tall woman answered elusively.

Seeing that Sarah wasn't going to get any more information out of her date for the night, she decided just to go with the flow. Their first stop was to a quiet, casual restaurant for a leisurely meal. Even though they both were recognized and interrupted a few times while they were eating, neither seemed to mind too much, because fans seemed to allow them their privacy for the most part.

Once their meal had come to a conclusion, their chauffeur took them to their next destination. When they arrived at the bar, it was almost ten that night but things seemed a little slow. However, the tall woman escorted them toward the bar. "What are you drinking?" she asked as she signaled the female bartender.

"Whatever you're having I guess." Sarah answered.

Jamie gave her a skeptical brow before ordering two double shots of whiskey on the rocks. Handing one of them to Sarah, she stated, "This will put hair on your chest."

"Do I need hair on my chest?" she questioned lightly as she tentatively sipped the beverage.

Jamie chucked hers back in one large gulp. "No. Your chest is perfect as it is," she quipped nonchalantly as she asked the bartender for another.

The little woman flushed for a moment but decided to try to get back at the older woman. Innocently she asked, "Really? What's so perfect about it, Jamie?"

The brunette looked down at her companion's blue eyes. That question caught her off guard for a moment. Trying to backpedal before her mouth got her into trouble, she mentioned, "Well, I just assume it is. I've never actually seen it."

"Would you like to?" Sarah boldly asked, pressing closer to her date.

Jamie gulped hard. Sarah was looking at her like she wanted to eat the tall woman alive. The older woman wasn't sure what was suddenly happening between them, but she knew it was getting dangerous. She tried to back down gently by suggesting, "You want to sit? Let's listen to the karaoke."

Sarah nodded her head in agreement before following Jamie over to a secluded table in the corner. Once they were seated, she asked, "Are you going to sing?"

"Do you want me to?"

Sarah nodded. "Grace us with your Tony winning voice, Jamie."

"All right. I'll sing something if you want. I was hoping we could just hang out here for a little bit, and then head over to the other part of the club where the dance floor is. That is if you're up to it."

"Sounds good."

"Are you going to sing one while we're here? I think that would be interesting," the brunette stated.

"Sure. Why not?"

"Cool. I'll go grab the book, so we can see our choices. Be right back."

Sarah watched her walk away. The older woman really was a spectacular specimen. The blonde grinned behind her glass as she drained her drink. Things were beginning to get interesting, so she wondered what the rest of the night might entail. She had a strong inclination that Jamie Dean was an excellent dancer, so she could hardly wait to see the tall woman in action on the floor. While she waited on her date's return, she idly looked around the club. There were only a couple of men in the place dominated by women. Just by looking at them, she could tell that Jamie had brought her to a lesbian establishment, but she didn't mind. In fact, she was pleased she would be able to relax in public for once.

While she was waiting, she took a moment to watch Jamie from afar. The dj who was running the karaoke that evening had engaged the brunette in animated conversation. For her part, the tall woman was friendly as she spoke to the other woman, but Sarah could clearly tell she was anxious to come back to the table. She wondered if she should help the older woman out but figured Jamie was used to fending for herself. Sure enough, a few minutes later the tall woman returned with a songbook and a grin.

"Looked like someone was interested," the blonde mumbled.

"Not that it was returned," Jamie assured as she opened the book. "Let's see what our choices are here. Who do you like?"

"I have a good idea. Why don't we each pick one for each other? That would be fun."

Giving an unsure quirk of her brow, she said, "All right but as long you don't embarrass me now. Give me something I might actually know."

"Okay. Let's see what I can give you," Sarah muttered, taking the book out of the brunette's hands. It only took a few moments before she found something. Taking a slip of paper from the tall woman, she jotted the song down. "Your turn. Pick something for me," she instructed.

Unsure of whether she should be nice to her companion or not, she began to flip through the pages. She had a sneaking suspicion that whatever Sarah had chosen for her, it was not going to be the nicest thing she could've picked, but instead of trying to retaliate, Jamie figured she would get more points for being nice. However, as she looked across the table at the grinning blonde, she decided that she had to get even. With that in mind, she turned to a particular female singer to see what songs were available, quickly writing one down. When she was finished she took both songs up to the dj and then returned to the table to wait their turns at the microphone.

Half an hour and a few drinks later, Jamie's name was finally called. She flashed Sarah a grin as she made her way up to the stage area to take her turn. Since she had no idea what the blonde had chosen for her to sing, she just stood there, hoping it was at least a song she knew. However, as soon as the music cued to life, she gave a little groan. The sexy beat of George Michael's "Too Funky" filled the tiny bar.

The younger woman watched as the women of the bar actually looked to the stage instead of talking over the performers. She figured it was due to not only the song but also the tall infamous goddess who was standing there, beginning to move her hips slightly to the beat. Jamie seemed to be getting into it as the seconds passed, and by the time she opened her mouth to sing, she had taken on her normally cocky attitude. What Sarah hadn't thought of, however, was the fact that Jamie could still get back at her, which is exactly what she did.

As the brunette began singing, her eyes caught Sarah's and held them through much of the first verse. Then she began to slink her way over to the tiny woman in her chair, dancing to the beat as her voice continued to bellow the words to the explicit song. Coming to a stop right in front of

Sarah, she gave the small woman her own sexy show, gyrating her brawny frame right in front of the younger woman.

Sarah unknowingly started panting as Jamie's hands moved along the buttons of her own shirt, teasingly releasing each one. She flashed the petite woman quickly before moving back toward the stage to pay attention to the other women in the room, leaving the blonde a quivering mass in her chair. Sarah could only watch as Jamie bestowed similar attention to other bar patrons, including a petite woman, who seemed all too glad to indulge in touching the actress as the brunette directed lyrics to her. The twenty-five year old could feel jealousy suffuse her body at the sight of the stranger freely fondling the sexy tall woman. As the song came to an end, a chorus of screaming filled the room for her. Sarah managed to clap but that was all she was capable of at the moment.

Swaggering back to the table, she shot Sarah a sexy grin. "Thanks for taking it easy on me," she teased. "Just remember pay backs."

A few singers later, Sarah's name was called. Not knowing what song Jamie had chosen for her either, she just took a deep breath as she made her way up to the microphone. When her music started, she rolled her eyes. She hadn't thought the tall woman would be so feral as to make her sing Britney Spears. Nevertheless, she decided to do her best as the words to "Lucky" came onto the screen. However, as she began to read the words as she sang them, they began to resonate with her. The song was more prophetic than Jamie had probably realized. Sarah felt her voice start to tremble as she belted out the words about a celebrity being miserable in their life.

As Jamie watched Sarah on stage, she realized what she had really done to the younger woman. She hadn't thought about what she had asked her to sing, unconsciously requesting a song that emulated her life a little too closely. Seeing Sarah begin to lose her composure, the older woman rushed to her aid. Quickly coming up to the stage, the brunette picked up the other microphone and began to accompany her.

The little woman looked up at her savior thankfully. Jamie gave her a sorrowful glance as she went to wipe an errant tear from the blonde's fair cheek. When Sarah felt the soft touch, she just stopped singing and watched as the tall woman finished the song for her. There was polite applause as the song ended as Jamie escorted Sarah back to their table.

"I'm so sorry," the tall woman tried to apologize.

"I need a drink," Sarah mumbled, not responding to the brunette's words.

"I'll get you one. What do you want?"

"Something straight," the blonde grumbled.

Not knowing whether the blonde had just insulted her or not, Jamie merely nodded. She went over to the bar and got both of them more whiskey. Coming back to the table, she tentatively

inquired, "Do you want to leave? We could go over to the other side of the club and dance for a while. I'm kind of tired of this singing."

"Whatever you want," the blonde stated.

Jamie could tell Sarah wasn't happy by her curt answer. However, she led the way over to the other side of the club. When they went through the door, even louder music assaulted them. They moved over toward that bar and sat on two available stools. Sarah was quiet as she nursed her drink. The brunette watched the sea of grinding women in interest. She noted that many of them were looking at her as well. "Would you like to dance?" she asked after a few minutes.

Sarah shook her head. "No but you go ahead. I think I'll just hang out here."

"Are you sure?" the tall woman asked, hoping Sarah's sudden sullen mood wasn't going to linger too long.

"Yeah. You go."

Shrugging Jamie finished off her drink. "All right."

Sarah watched the brunette weave her way over to the dance floor and simply stand at the edge for a moment as she scanned the crowd as if Jamie was looking for a partner. The blonde saw the tall woman make eye contact with the petite cute thing she had sung to earlier on the middle of the floor before making her way over. She observed as the tall woman put on her charm. Within just a moment, she was dancing with the stranger in an intimate fashion. The short woman seemed just as confident as Jamie, boldly touching the actress as their bodies ground together. The blonde actress just looked on for a long time. As the songs and drinks blurred one into another, she could feel her mood beginning to recover, especially as she watched the tall woman's alluring movements on the floor.

The brunette was so lost in the music as she danced with her partner that she almost forgot her counterpart at the bar. The floor was hot and humid being packed with so many overheated bodies. Trying to cool herself off a bit, she took off her silk shirt, leaving her only in her black sports bra and jeans. Her dance partner didn't seem to mind as she moved in even closer, her hands mapping over the brunette's sweaty muscular back. The tall actress was just about to ask the woman if she wanted a drink when she felt another set of hands on her as a second body pressed up against her from behind.

Not knowing who it could be, she turned, surprised when she met Sarah's blue eyes. The blonde's hands lingered on her body, trembling fingers running over her hard stomach. Neither woman spoke at first. Quickly Jamie's first dancer partner was forgotten as the tall woman experimentally wrapped her arms around Sarah's body. The blonde came willingly closer until they were pressed tightly together. They moved in time to the music, their hips rocking against each other. Their eyes remained locked in an intense stare.

Sarah didn't think about what was happening between them. For one moment all seemed right as she was held tightly by Jamie Dean. Her body enjoyed the feeling of the brunette's wet form against her own. Feeling the tall woman's hands running over her hips down to her posterior, Sarah followed suit, letting her own trail down the older woman's back down into the back of her jeans. She groaned when she felt nothing separating her hands from the sweaty firm flesh.

Jamie gasped at the feeling of Sarah's hands on her bare backside. The way her hands were kneading the muscles was making her light-headed. Unable to stop the desire coursing through her, Jamie leaned down to the blonde's neck. She growled loudly as her mouth took in the landscape. Sarah felt so good against her.

The blonde moaned at the movement. One of her hands came up to the back of the brunette's head, pushing her in deeper as the other held on, digging blunt nails into the older woman's hip. Sarah gasped as one of Jamie's hands came around to cup her breast. Quickly their eyes met. Neither was able to stop now that the dam was beginning to break. Instead, each jumped in with both feet as their mouths came together in a sensuous lock, their tongues dueling hotly.

The small woman's head swooned at the feeling. Her legs quivered, but Jamie held her securely as their lips continued to assault one another with escalating need. Finally needing air Sarah pulled back slightly. "We need to leave," she heaved.

Jamie understood the unspoken desire in the blue-eyed woman's voice. She merely nodded and escorted her from the floor. They both hurried to the limo. As soon as they were in it, Jamie instructed the driver to step on the gas and take them home. He immediately complied with her wishes and peeled out of the parking lot. In the meantime Jamie slid up the privacy divider before turning to Sarah. Blue eyes were on fire. The petite woman grabbed her by the shirt, yanking her into a lustful kiss. Both of them groaned as frantic hands took in each other's overheated bodies. Twenty minutes later they were home. They raced by the concierge, who looked at them quizzically. Hastily jumping into the elevator, they barely waited for the doors to close before they were on each other again. When they got to Sarah's floor, the blonde dragged the taller woman down the hall toward her condo. Instead of going inside right away, though, they lingered in front of the door, kissing with rising passion, until Jamie finally whispered, "We need to go in."

Blue eyes met brown ones for a moment, allowing each to read exactly what was about to happen between them. As soon as they went inside, their worlds would change forever. However, instead of shying away from the adultery that was about to take place, Sarah embraced it. She knew she wanted the woman holding her like she had never wanted anyone else in her entire life. After all the pain that Robert had caused, it was time she take what she wanted for once. Nodding at the brunette, she turned in Jamie's arms to unlock the door. Her hands trembled as she tried to slip the key in the lock, signaling her quivering anticipation.

Taking pity on the beautiful woman, Jamie reached to help her, steadying her hand and putting the key in the lock. Together they unlocked it before the brunette snuck a kiss onto the blonde's neck. As soon as they opened the door, however, they saw the nanny sitting on the couch holding a very much awake Eve, which instantly knocked the passion out of Jamie as she realized what

was really happening. She and Sarah were about to do something that would affect more than just the two of them. It would affect the two-year-old who adored them both. Putting some distance between them as Sarah went to her daughter, the brunette took a calming breath.

The blonde briefly spoke to the nanny about why Eve was awake before the woman left for the night. Sarah looked over at the older woman standing in her living room. She was disheveled, her black shirt untucked and misbuttoned and her hair slightly askew from Sarah's anxious hands. She could clearly see Jamie's sudden uneasiness, and she knew the moment between them had passed. "Well," she began.

"It's getting late," Jamie stated, checking her watch. It read after one.

Sarah nodded. "Yeah."

"I should go."

"You don't have to," the blonde offered hastily.

"Yes, I do," Jamie answered with defeat evident in her voice. Trying to give the two girls who held her heart a smile, she said, "I'll see you two tomorrow."

"All right," Sarah conceded with a nod.

"Sweet dreams to you both." Without even waiting for a response, the tall woman turned and walked out of the condo, closing the door behind her. Once out in the hallway, she leaned against the wall and gasped for breath. It was too overwhelming for her. She and Sarah were so close to doing something they would have regretted, but she could feel how much the blonde wanted her. They truly did feel the same, making the situation that much worse. She couldn't have the woman she wanted and who wanted her because of a jerk Sarah had married two years prior.

Once Jamie was gone, Sarah focused on getting Eve settled for the night. The evening had taken an unexpected course, and she wasn't quite sure what to do. She knew she wanted Jamie Dean, and it was obvious the brunette felt the same. She also knew experiencing anything with the tall woman would have consequences. If she and Jamie were to have anything intimate, they needed to know where the other truly stood. After all, she was married with a child to consider, and Jamie had a child of her own as well. It would be more than just a sexual fling if they were together due to the daughters in their lives. Both of their children would have to like the other woman in order for a relationship of any kind to work, but being that she hadn't met Katrina, she didn't know what the seven-year-old might think of her. Not only that, she was married to Robert Dawson, and they had a public marriage that was seemingly blissful. To go outside of it and see Jamie would definitely stir controversy and questions. Knowing that she had to stop thinking with her body, Sarah was determined to figure out what she really wanted before even trying to pursue the taller woman, if that was the course they were really meant to take.

The next day neither woman made an effort to see the other. Sarah figured she needed some time after what had taken place between them to gather her thoughts, so she didn't go up to the

brunette's place. Instead, she and her daughter spent a Saturday alone together. Remembering that Jamie had mentioned a park a little while back, she decided to take Eve out for some much needed exercise. Packing up some toys and the stroller, the blonde went down to the concierge to ask where the park was. He was more than happy to give her directions.

The brunette slept in late that morning, because after leaving Sarah's place, she had stayed up late pondering what was truly happening between them. When she finally got up, she made herself breakfast at a leisurely pace before reading the paper cover to cover. However, she felt restless cooped up in her condo, so she decided that a run would do her good. She hadn't had much of a chance to go running while she had been there, so she quickly changed into some workout clothes. Heading outside she decided on a long route that included passing by the local park. She knew watching children at play always made her feel better, so she hoped some would be out on the pleasant Saturday.

When she ran by the park, she slowed her pace. Lots of kids were out playing while their mothers and fathers sat and chatted with each other. However, there was one woman who stood out amongst them. Jamie smiled as she watched Sarah playing with Eve. Stepping into the park, the brunette slowly made her way over to the playground, but as she came closer to the blonde, images of the previous night flooded her mind. She wasn't really prepared to talk to the little woman after what had happened, so she detoured over to one of the benches. Taking a seat next to another mother, she stretched out her long legs and just watched her two favorite blondes together.

It was only a few moments before she and the woman next to her were engaged in idle conversation, but Jamie kept her gaze floating back to Sarah every few minutes. The younger woman hadn't noticed her. As the minutes passed and Jamie became more involved in her chat with the stranger sitting next to her, she sought Sarah out less until she heard a cell phone ringing. The tall woman saw the blonde answer it and immediately begin a heated conversation, leading her to believe that it was Robert on the other side of the phone. Sarah seemed to be getting more animated and angry as the seconds passed, earning her scowls from other people. Jamie noticed the younger actress move away out of ear shot in an effort to have some privacy, but the tall woman observed that in Sarah's enraged state, the blonde hadn't realized that Eve hadn't followed her. Instead, the little two-year-old went about her own business, playing with several other children. Going back to her own talk, Jamie thought nothing of it for several more minutes.

However, when Sarah still continued to rant over the phone, the older actress began to get concerned. The blonde didn't seem to care any longer that she was in public. Everyone could plainly hear her spewing curse words at her husband. Looking over to where she had last seen Eve, her heart froze when the little girl was not there. Quickly she scanned the park. Seeing that Eve had wandered dangerously close to the street while Sarah was distracted, Jamie jumped into action.

"Eve!" she yelled out, starting to walk toward the little girl. However, the toddler ignored her as she went after something that had caught her attention. As soon as the tall woman saw Eve step off the curb of the sidewalk, she screamed her name again, breaking out into a sprint after her.

Sarah's train of thought was broken by the sound of Jamie's voice screaming Eve's name. Confused for a moment, she just looked around. Her heart stopped as she saw her daughter in the street with Jamie running for her. Screaming for her child, Sarah dropped her phone and took off in the same direction. "Eve!" she called loudly.

Just then a sports car full of rowdy teenagers came zipping up the street with their music blaring. Jamie's pushed herself as fast as she could toward Eve, yelling as loud as she possible. Behind her she could hear Sarah doing the same thing, but the shorter woman wasn't as fast given her size. Jamie got into the street and grabbed Eve up into her arms just as the car seemed to spot them. The screeching of brakes could be heard, but there wasn't enough time to stop or for Jamie to get out of the way. The car crashed into the tall actress, sending her up onto the hood of the car before there was the sound of shattering glass.

Sarah screamed as she saw the accident occur not ten feet from her in seemingly slow motion. The force of the impact had sent Jamie's body into the windshield. As the little woman ran to the car, she heard her daughter wailing. As she got to the older woman, she saw that Jamie still had a hold on Eve and had shielded her from the glass. "Oh God, baby!" Sarah exclaimed, pulling Eve from Jamie's grasp. She rocked her to try to calm her, but she began to panic as she realized the tall woman and the two boys in the car hadn't moved at all. "Jamie!" she called. "Jamie, God, don't do this to me!" she yelled, putting her hand on the brunette's shoulder. Seeing blood seeping through her friend's white t-shirt, she began to lose it.

Several of the other mothers at the park came to investigate the accident. One of them informed Sarah that she had called for an ambulance and the police, but they didn't seem to be coming fast enough. The two boys from the car had finally started to come to and gingerly made their way out of the vehicle. They seemed disoriented but otherwise uninjured. Even though Sarah was upset at what had happened, she had enough sense about her to get them to sit down on the sidewalk, because both of them looked pallid at the sight of Jamie still splayed out on the hood of the car unconscious.

Suddenly a pained moan caught the blonde attention. Looking over at Jamie, she noticed her dark eyes open. "Jamie, you're going to be all right," she tried to reassure.

"Ouch," the brunette mumbled. "Why do I feel like I was just hit by a car?" she questioned with a crooked grin.

Sarah laughed at the joke as she cried in relief that Jamie seemed to be coming around. "Well, that's because you were."

"Is Eve okay?"

"I think so. She's just upset," the little woman explained, as she continued to try to soothe her daughter.

The tall woman started to try to move herself. "Fuck. My back hurts," she complained.

"Don't move, Jamie. Just stay still. An ambulance will be here soon. You shouldn't move."

"All right. I'll just lie here and work on my tan," she joked as she winced in hurt. Her left leg and back were radiating in pain.

A few minutes later the police and several ambulances arrived on the scene. Carefully the emergency crew lifted Jamie and moved her to a stretcher. Sarah accompanied her in the ambulance with Eve, so that the EMTs could examine Eve as well when they got to the hospital. Once there though, she was forced to wait while Jamie was seen to.

It was afternoon before Sarah was allowed back to see the tall woman. When she went into her temporary room, the brunette was lying on her side giving her a smile. Jamie's lower left leg was in a cast. "How are you feeling?" tentatively she asked.

"Okay, I guess."

"What did the doctor say?"

"I broke my tibia and fibula and tore up my back. I guess it went through the windshield of the car. I had glass fragments embedded in it that they had to remove." Sarah winced at the thought. "How's the little one?" she asked, seeing Eve sleeping against her mother's shoulder.

"Just some scratches," the blonde whispered. Looking at the woman she loved, she started to cry. Had Jamie not been there, Eve might not be with her.

Sensing the little woman's thoughts, Jamie whispered, "It's okay, Sarah. Eve's fine, and I'll be fine. She's just got some scratches, and I've just got a broken leg. Both of us will be as good as new in no time."

The blonde shook her head. "Had you not been there....," she sobbed.

"But I was and that's all that matters. Sarah, there's no point in thinking about it."

"I'm so sorry, Jamie, that you got hurt."

"I'll be fine," she said, softly slowly reaching out to the small woman.

Sarah took the offered hand. Bringing it up to her cheek, she held it there. "Thank you for being there," she cried.

"Always," Jamie replied sleepily.

Seeing that the tall actress was getting tired, she stated, "Close your eyes and rest, Jamie. I'm going to go call the director and then find out when you can get out of here. I'll be back in a little bit."

That evening an entourage came to retrieve Jamie from the hospital. Under doctor's orders, she was required to stay off her feet for several weeks, upsetting everyone, because the shooting schedule had to be completely revamped. However, the tall woman didn't let the prognosis bother her. Instead, she cracked jokes all the way back to their condos in an effort to soothe Sarah, who was still obviously distraught over the events of the day.

Once back at their temporary homes though, the blonde assisted the older woman up to her place. Gingerly Jamie made her way back to her bedroom. Sarah followed her with Eve. "Let's get you into more comfortable clothes," she suggested.

"Fine but I want to shower quickly first. I smell after that workout," the brunette stated with a smile as she slowly made her way toward the bathroom.

"You're going to need help getting the bandages off your back," the blonde mentioned, following her. Placing Eve down on the floor in the bathroom, she looked up at Jamie expectantly. The older woman contemplated her options a moment, realizing she didn't have any other than to accept Sarah's help. "Come on. Turn around, so I can help you get your shirt off," the blonde instructed.

Jamie did as she was told, turning her back to the little woman. She unbuttoned the shirt her assistant for the movie had brought to her to travel home in, and then proceeded to try to slip it off her shoulders. However, she jumped slightly as hands came up to help her. Sarah's fingers felt cold on her back.

As Jamie's back was revealed, Sarah steeled herself for what was under the large bandages. Just by their size, she knew the tall woman had been badly injured. Jamie wasn't wearing a bra because of the bandages and now stood naked from the waist up to the little woman. "Okay. I'm going to slowly take them off now. Let me know if it starts to hurt at all."

Taking a deep, calming breath, the younger woman gently began to peel off the tape. As the bandages slowly came free, she had to concentrate on not reacting to what she was seeing. Several large cuts ran over the brunette's back. It was obvious the doctors had taken great care to stitch her closed as neatly as possible though. However, as she took off the last bandage by Jamie's shoulder, she gave a little gasp in surprise at what she found.

"What is it?" the tall woman whispered.

"You have a tattoo. I didn't know that," she responded as she briefly studied the grand tiger that graced Jamie's shoulder blade. Underneath the majestic animal were the initials SMT. Sarah's heart dropped a little at the thought of whose they actually belonged to, assuming they were for Jamie's beloved Stephanie. However, it left her with a strange feeling seeing her own initials etched into the strong shoulder.

"Yeah. I have a tattoo," Jamie stuttered a moment. She hadn't had to explain the memento to women before, but she anticipated Sarah's next questions. "The initials are Stephanie's. The tiger

was her favorite animal. She used to call me her tiger, so one night not too long after she died, I got drunk in my sorrow and had that tattooed on my shoulder."

"I see," answered Sarah. Trying not to let her heart hurt at the visual of the woman she adored caring so greatly for another, she mentioned, "It's so large and in such a predominant place. I've never seen it before, and yet you're always practically shirtless in your movies."

Jamie gave a nod. "They usually just put makeup over it. I have one movie where it's visible, but the initials are covered."

Seeing that Jamie was waiting on her to leave to take off the rest of her clothes, the blonde politely asked, "Do you need any other help?"

"I think I have it."

"Okay. I'm just going to start on dinner for you then. Call me when you're ready, and I'll put clean bandages on for you. I'll run out at some point and get your prescription filled as well."

"You don't have to do that. I can take care of it tomorrow."

"Don't fight with me on this. You need someone to take care of you. This is my fault, so I want to do all I can to make it up to you."

"It's not your fault, Sarah. Those kids hit me with their car. That's not your fault."

"No but if Eve hadn't run into the street...", she started to protest, but Jamie cut her off.

"Again, not your fault. Two-year-olds are inquisitive. She didn't exactly listen when I tried to call her back. It was an accident, Sarah. Don't go blaming yourself for something you couldn't control. It's over. Eve's safe, and that's all that matters," she stated strongly, trying to drive home her point.

The small woman gave a nod. She didn't feel that way about the events, but she thought it was best not to argue the point with the older woman. She still felt responsible for what had taken place. "All right. You take your shower and call me if you need anything. Eve and I'll be starting on dinner."

After Jamie had taken a long shower, careful not to get her cast wet, she did her best to change into pajamas. It was difficult given the amount of pain she was feeling in her back, but after several moments was able to slip into a pair of boxers. Of course she knew her back had to be bandaged again before she could don a clean shirt, so she resorted to her only option, calling for Sarah to help her. Deciding it would be less tempting if she couldn't see the little blonde tending to her wounds, she decided to lie face down on the bed for the process.

When Sarah and Eve came into the room and she saw Jamie on the bed, the blonde actress's heart began to beat a little faster. Even with her injuries, the brunette looked sexy to her, sprawled out

in only a pair of shorts. Knowing this was not a sexual task, however, she took a deep breath and stepped to the bedside, putting Eve down on the bed next to her friend. Tentatively she reached for the bandages and ointment that were discarded on the nightstand when they had first arrived. Taking a seat next to Jamie, she said, "I'm just going to put some of this salve on first."

Jamie gave a nod as she looked at the toddler who was making faces at her. Eve seemed to have already forgotten about the events of the day as she engaged Jamie in meaningless babble. Nevertheless, the tall woman enjoyed the child's attention, smiling at her as Eve gestured with her gibberish as if she was stressing particular points. For Jamie's part, she nodded and acted interested, which seemed to spur the two-year-old more. As the older actress watched her, she began to realize how many mannerisms Eve and her mother truly shared. From little hand gestures to facial quirks, the two blondes really were made from the same mold.

Sarah observed the conversation with interest as she applied the bandages to Jamie's back. Eve seemed so enthralled with the brunette, and she knew the feeling was mutual. Jamie never failed to show how much she cared for Eve. In her heart Sarah knew that was what she wanted for her daughter. When she was finished putting the last bandage in place, she simply caressed Jamie's shoulders a moment. The tall woman didn't seem to mind the touch. It went on for a few minutes before Sarah leaned down and kissed Jamie lightly on the back of the neck. Instantly the brunette tensed but said nothing as she just looked over her shoulder at her friend.

Sarah took that as her cue to stop and did so regretfully. Standing up from the bed, she picked up Eve. "Well, we're just going to finish dinner. You get dressed and come on out. It should be ready soon."

Nodding, Jamie answered, "All right. Thank you, Sarah."

Half an hour later the three of them sat down to dinner. Jamie was starting to feel the pain of her back as her medication wore off, but she was determined not to let it show in front of the blonde. She knew Sarah felt terrible for what had taken place, and it would only make her feel more so if she knew the condition she was really in. Instead, she just quietly ate her meal with intentions of heading off to bed afterwards.

As the blonde sat across from the older woman, she could clearly see the agony in her eyes. Even though the tall woman was stoic in showing her pain, she knew instinctively Jamie was only hiding it for her sake, which made her heart adore Jamie even more. She was always so thoughtful of others, and today had not been an exception. Jamie had placed Eve's life above her own. As much as Sarah didn't want to think about it, her mind played the moment repeatedly. Had Jamie not been there, Eve wouldn't be sitting next to her as if nothing had happened. Sarah knew she would have died emotionally had anything occurred to her little girl. As it was her heart suffered at the pain Jamie was experiencing.

When it was apparent Jamie wasn't going to eat any more, Sarah suggested, "Why don't we get you settled in bed, and then I'll run down to the pharmacy for that prescription for you?"

"Don't worry about that. Seriously, I can get it tomorrow."

"No. You need to take another pill. It's time," she countered, consulting her watch.

"Fine," Jamie conceded, sensing she wasn't going to win the argument. With Sarah's help, she made it back to her room and got comfortable on the bed. Seeing the blonde preparing Eve to go out, she said, "Leave Eve here, Sarah. I can watch her for a few minutes."

"Are you sure? You aren't exactly mobile, Jamie."

"It'll be fine. We'll watch some cartoons while you're gone. It won't take long. It's one less thing you have to worry about," she said.

Sarah contemplated the situation for a moment. "All right," she finally agreed, placing her daughter down on the bed next to Jamie. She handed the brunette the remote. "I'll be right back. Don't let her get off the bed," she instructed the older woman. Jamie nodded. Looking at her daughter, Sarah kissed her head sweetly. "You stay here with Jamie, Eve. Mama will be back in a few minutes."

"Me Me," Eve said with a smile, curling up to the tall woman.

"See. We're fine. Go on," Jamie said.

"Okay. I'll be back as soon as I can."

Sarah rushed out of the condo as quickly as she could. After all that had happened that day, she didn't like the idea of being away from either of them, but she knew Jamie needed the medication, even as much as she was denying it. Swiftly walking to the pharmacy, she was greeted by a clerk who seemed extremely bored. When she asked where the pharmacist was, he directed her toward the back of the store and even hung around as she waited on the prescription, trying to make conversation with her.

However, Sarah just wasn't in the mood to be social after all that had occurred. "Look, you seem very nice, Ralph," she began, taking a look at his nametag. "I've just had a hell of a day, so if you wouldn't mind leaving me to contemplate it in silence, that would be nice."

"Oh, sorry. Didn't mean to offend," he apologized. He started to turn away but decided against it at the last second. "Has anyone ever told you that you looked like Sarah Talbot?" he questioned innocently.

"No," she answered.

"Well, you do. You're more attractive though," he tried to compliment. "You know speaking of celebrities, the other night I met Jamie Dean. You know who that is?" Sarah gave a nod. "She was cool. It was funny though, because she came in for baby stuff. I didn't even know she had a baby. It was funny to see the way she came running in and out of here like three or four times. It's not often that happens," he mentioned conversationally.

The blonde just nodded. In her mind she imagined Jamie doing just that. She thought it was sweet the tall woman felt urgency towards Eve's needs. "Ralph, that's a nice story, but if I could really have some quiet time, that would be great," she requested again.

"Oh, right. Sorry," he apologized again before moving away from her.

When the pharmacist was finished with Jamie's prescription, Sarah headed up to the front counter to pay for it. She watched as the clerk looked at the name on the bag and then scanned the medication. "Is Jamie okay?" he asked in concern as he put the medicine in a plastic bag.

Not seeing any reason to lie after he had seen Jamie's name, the blonde answered, "She was in a little accident. She'll be fine, but I really need to get these back to her."

"Oh, of course. Tell her Ralph said hi for me?" he asked.

"Sure," she replied, taking the bag from his hands.

Giving her a small grin, he winked at her. "Your secrets are safe with me, Sarah."

Being caught off guard by his observation, she simply nodded. "Thank you, Ralph. Good night."

"Could I ask you one thing quickly though before you go?"

"What is it?" she inquired more politely than she really felt at the moment.

"Are you two making a movie here?"

"Yes. Now if that's all, I should get going."

"Oh, yeah. Right. Well, good night."

"Night."

By the time Sarah arrived back at Jamie's, half an hour had vanished. Hearing only the TV coming from the bedroom, she went back to check on her two favorite females. The sight that she saw when she walked through the doorway filled her heart with such pleasure. Jamie was lying on her side asleep with a protective arm around Eve, who was curled into her also sleeping. Sarah just observed them for a moment, not wanting to wake either of them, but she knew Jamie needed another pain pill or else she would be hurting later that night. Moving over to the tall woman's side of the bed, the blonde contemplated how to wake her.

Going with her instincts, she leaned down and kissed the dark-haired woman on the temple lightly and then the cheek. Jamie stirred slightly turning her head toward the touch giving Sarah the opportunity to gently kiss the tall woman's mouth. Jamie moaned in her sleep. Spurred on by the sound, Sarah pressed deeper, slipping her tongue between the older woman's lips. Instantly Jamie's eyes opened, but instead of pulling back right away, she reached up to the back of Sarah's

blonde head, pulling her closer. The kiss lasted for long moments before coming to its mutual conclusion.

When it ended, they just looked at each other quietly for a minute before the younger woman softly said, "I have your pills. I'm just going to get you some water. Be right back."

The tall woman nodded. When the blonde left the room, she opened her eyes completely. It had felt good to wake to Sarah's kiss. She had wanted to indulge in it, but she knew she shouldn't. Instead, she had just enjoyed the moment until it was over.

Just a minute later Sarah returned with a bottle of water. She dug out the medicine and opened it, pouring one pill out into her hand. "It says you can take two if you wanted. How many do you think you need?"

"Just one will be fine. If that doesn't work, I'll take another later," she answered, taking the medicine and water from the blonde.

After Jamie had swallowed it, Sarah put the pills and water on the nightstand. "Do you need anything else?"

The brunette shook her head. "I'm fine."

"All right. I was thinking maybe I should stay here tonight just in case."

"You don't have to. I'll be fine," Jamie stated, trying not to sound too desperate for the woman's company. In truth she thought it was a wonderful idea.

"It would make me feel better," Sarah explained, trying to sound as if the tall woman's physical condition was the only reason she wanted to be there.

The older woman nodded. "All right then."

"Great. Let me just make a spot for Eve on the floor, so you're more comfortable. I don't really like her being in another room if I'm awake," she stated.

"I understand. Stephanie and I used to let Katrina sleep in our room a lot when she was young. After Stephanie died, Katrina never wanted to sleep alone. She finally grew out of it when she moved in with Samantha and Doug."

"Well, I'll move her when I go to bed. That is unless you're tired right now."

"No, not really. Let's watch a movie or something," she suggested.

Sarah nodded in agreement. Quickly she made her daughter a comfortable spot on the floor near the bed in case she needed to get to her. The little girl seemed unfazed by the movement, assuring her mother that she was indeed asleep for the night. Climbing onto the side of the bed

her daughter had just occupied, Sarah tried to act nonchalant. Neither woman spoke for a little bit as Jamie flipped channels. They amiably agreed on what to watch and then were quiet.

After a couple of hours, Sarah noticed the tall woman was starting to doze. "Jamie?" she questioned softly.

"Yeah?"

"Why don't we get you under the covers? You'll be more comfortable there." The tall woman gave a sleepy nod. Working slowly and together, they maneuvered the big body under the sheet and comforter. Once that was complete, the little woman asked, "Would you mind if I borrowed something to sleep in? I'm getting kind of tired myself."

"No problem. The middle drawer over there has stuff," she mumbled.

Getting out of bed, the small woman made her way over to the dresser. Pulling open the drawer Jamie had directed her to, she found an assortment of t-shirts and shorts. Knowing that the shorts were going to be too big given their differences in size, Sarah opted for just a shirt.

The tall woman pretended her eyes were closed as she spied the younger woman at her dresser. Secretly she hoped the small woman would undress there in front of her, and she wasn't disappointed when Sarah began to shed her clothes. The older woman took a controlled breath as the blonde's bare back came into view. She watched as the woman reached around to unclasp her bra and toss it aside into the chair with her blouse, letting the edge of her breast show just for a moment. Sarah then slipped the t-shirt over her head. It swamped her and yet looked incredibly sexy at the same time to Jamie, because it was her clothes the younger woman was wearing. She continued to observe as Sarah then pulled her shorts off from under the long shirt. She disappeared briefly into the bathroom before returning to the bed and clicking off the lights, leaving them in only the glow of the television.

Later that night Jamie awoke suddenly. She had no idea why her eyes had quickly opened, so she merely listened for a moment to hear if anything was the cause. She heard nothing but the sound of soft snoring. Easing herself up a little, she noted that it was Eve asleep on the floor. The tall woman felt a body next to her stir a little in response to her movement. Letting her eyes adjust to the darkness, she saw Sarah lying there next to her. Blue eyes were open.

"Sarah?" she whispered.

"Yes?" came the quiet reply.

"Is Eve okay?" Jamie inquired.

"Yeah. It sounds like she's getting a little cold or something, but she should be fine. Are you all right?" the little woman inquired, reaching out to the taller woman. Her hand landed on Jamie's shoulder, and she soothingly began to rub it.

"I'm fine. Something just woke me up. Why aren't you asleep?"

"I don't know. My mind was too active I suppose."

"What are you thinking about?" Jamie asked softly as she reached out to touch the woman in her bed. Her hand caressed a soft cheek before settling into fair hair.

"You," confessed Sarah as she let her hand trail up to the nape of the brunette's neck. She massaged it for a moment. Going with her own instincts, she closed the distance between them by pulling the larger woman down to her. Their mouths met slowly. Sarah moaned as she felt Jamie's frame roll over onto her, one of her larger legs slipping between her own.

Jamie let out a low growl at the feeling of the blonde naked under the shirt as her thigh brushed the apex of the tiny woman's legs. The younger woman was already aroused. She felt Sarah's hips intuitively rock gently against her muscled thigh. "God, Sarah," she whimpered.

The twenty-five-year old actress moaned at the desire dripping from Jamie's voice. It called to her, stirring a place within her that had never been reached by anyone before. "Jamie," she breathed. She began to grapple with the tall woman's t-shirt, being mindful of her back, as she slipped it over Jamie's head.

Jamie allowed the small woman to release her from the clothing. In response, her right hand dropped down to the blonde's bare hip. The brunette slid the rest of her body between Sarah's thighs. Her back protested the movement, but she didn't care at the moment. All that mattered was the little woman lying beneath her. She had Sarah where she had always fantasized. She felt the petite woman's hands on her back.

"Are you okay? Does this hurt?" Sarah inquired as she gently pulled Jamie's body closer.

"No," the tall woman lied, even though her back did smart at the pressure of Sarah's hands. Her pain was secondary to the pleasure she was about to bestow on the woman who had captured her heart though. With her right hand, Jamie started to remove Sarah's shirt.

Seeing the older woman struggling a bit, the blonde sat up enough to slide it off herself. As soon as their naked upper bodies meshed together, both of them groaned with rising fervor as their lips met again. Sarah was in heaven. She had dreamed of them together since that day on the set. Now here she was with her fantasy embracing her in loving arms as they exchanged tender intimacies. Slipping her hands up into dark hair, she let Jamie take her to places she hadn't visited in such a long time, letting emotions sweep her into ecstasy. The tall woman freed herself from Sarah's inviting mouth to travel down into her neck as her hands came up to her generous endowment. The little woman squirmed when firm hands grasped unyieldingly at her chest. She heaved loudly as her back arched toward the touch.

Jamie responded with increasing intensity, beginning to manipulate them, stimulating their peaks between her fingers as she licked a pattern down the right side of the blonde's neck and over the

soft contour of her breast until she reached its crest. When her hot mouth closed over it, she groaned wantonly.

Sarah called out lightly, clutching the back of the dark head. Her hips continued their own pace against the taller woman's stomach, grinding harder against her sinewy abdomen. She was soaked and aching for Jamie to be inside of her. "Jamie," she entreated. "Please. Touch me." Immediately she was rewarded with the feeling of the twenty-seven-year-old's right hand cupping her wetness.

"Sarah," the brunette whispered in earnest. "Please, may I make love to you?" she asked sincerely, waiting for permission to take things further between them.

"God, yes. Please, Jamie. I want you inside of me," she answered with a voice strained in need. She didn't think she could wait another moment. Hearing that consent, Jamie was just about to give the blonde what she wanted when a sound stopped her. Pausing for a moment, she heard it again. "What are you waiting for?" Sarah questioned in desperation.

Ducking her head toward Sarah's ear, she whispered, "Eve's awake."

Listening for movement, the younger woman heard her daughter whimper. Without a word she gently pushed against Jamie to move her. Instantly the brunette eased away, so Sarah could attend to the toddler. The little woman clicked on the bedside lamp to low and slid out of bed. Jamie merely watched the beautiful naked woman pick up her daughter. As she lay there observing them together, the weight of the situation came crashing down on her. She was so close to having sex with Sarah Talbot, her co-star, friend, mother of a two-year-old, and married woman. Given just a few more seconds they would have been in the throes of adultery, and the older woman's heart sank as her desire quickly ebbed. Even as alluring as the blonde was, there was someone else in Sarah's life, someone who had a claim on the woman's intimate affection.

Knowing it wouldn't be right to continue on after the blonde took care of what seemed just to be a dirty diaper, Jamie gently slipped her t-shirt back on and made a move to rise from bed. She grabbed her crutches from their place leaning against the nightstand and limped out of the room.

As Sarah watched the older woman go, she could see the distress in her body language. She knew that they had just crossed their line of friendship, but she had no idea what to do now. She was in unfamiliar territory, having never considered an affair outside of her marriage. However, there she was in the bed and arms of the person she desired most in the entire world, ready and willing to sacrifice it all for the feeling of being one with the dark-haired actress. Once she had Eve settled again, she put on her nightshirt and slowly made her way out into the living room where she heard the TV. Jamie was sitting on the sofa staring at it. She didn't move when Sarah entered. The blonde took a tentative seat next to the older woman.

"Are you going to come back to bed?" she asked quietly.

"No. I'm not really tired," Jamie answered. In truth she was exhausted, but she didn't think she could control herself if she had to sleep next to the small woman. Her body was blazing, and all she really wanted was to merge with the intimate liquid fire the blonde possessed.

"You look tired to me. Come on. Let me help you back to bed. You need your rest."

Knowing she was right, Jamie reluctantly agreed. With Sarah's help she got to her feet and headed back to the bedroom. The petite woman assisted her into bed again and then took an uncertain seat next to her. Neither spoke for a moment. Finally Sarah bravely asked, "Do you want me to go?"

"You can't stay," the tall woman stated logically.

"But do you want me to?" the blonde questioned.

She nodded slowly, confessing, "Yes."

"I don't want to leave, Jamie," Sarah admitted. "We don't have to do anything. I just want to feel your arms around me. Could you just hold me?"

"Okay," the older woman agreed.

Giving a nod of her own, the blonde went to the other side of the bed and hesitantly slid in under the covers before turning off the light. Both women timidly reached for each other, meeting in the center of the bed. Trying to relax, Jamie just let Sarah cuddle into her the way she was most comfortable. When the blonde was settled, the tall woman sighed.

Still not knowing exactly what to say, Sarah merely said, "Good night, Jamie. Wake me if you need anything."

"Night, Sarah. Sleep well."

Neither woman slept the rest of the night. Secretly each of them stayed awake to enjoy the other's embrace. Early the next morning Sarah had to go to the set for work, so she regretfully left Jamie at her condo. They didn't speak about what had transpired between them, but there was an awkward tension.

The entire day Sarah's thoughts were with Jamie. Even though she had to work, she constantly wondered what the tall woman was doing with her day off. She could hardly wait to be back with her, but the schedule seemed to drag. When a wrap was finally called for the day, the blonde rushed back to Jamie's.

Surprisingly though, as her car pulled up in front of their building, she saw the brunette standing on the curb next to a limousine as the concierge loaded some bags into the trunk. Quickly jumping out of her own vehicle, she called out, "Jamie, where are you going?"

"Oh, hi, Sarah. I was just about to leave."

"I see that. Where are you going?" she repeated as Eve clutched to the tall woman's good leg and greeted her with a hug.

"Home. I left you a note. There's no point for me to hang around here. I need to be at home where someone can help me with my injuries. I'm going to go stay with Samantha and Doug awhile. At least I can see Katrina that way," she stated.

"You don't have to leave. I can take care of you, Jamie," the blonde offered.

"I know you can, Sarah, probably better than anyone," she replied. "However, it wouldn't be right. We both know that."

"Is this about last night?" Sarah whispered so prying ears couldn't hear them. The tall woman shifted uncomfortably under the blue gaze. "It is. Jamie, last night was..."

The older woman held up her hand. "Don't, Sarah. Don't try to apologize or explain. Let last night stand on its own merit. Let it be the perfect moment it was. Don't spoil it with words." Seeing the little woman upset, Jamie reached out for her. "Come here." She enfolded her in her arms for a moment. Leaning down toward her ear, she softly said, "We both know this won't work. You're otherwise spoken for, and I am hardly a sufficient replacement as a father for Eve. I can't even care for my own child. I adore you both, but you know as well as I do, this can't be. I'll be back in three or four weeks to finish this project, and I hope when I return you and I can be the friends we once were."

Sarah began to whimper as she desperately tried to hold back her emotions, but she failed as tears began to track her fair cheeks. It felt as if Jamie had just ripped her heart from her chest with words. "Jamie," she whispered.

It hurt the brunette to see the younger woman cry. She didn't want to cause Sarah pain, but she knew it would be disastrous to travel the path of an affair. Her heart would not be able to handle sharing the blonde with anyone, so she did what she thought was best. She gave up her hope for anything other than friendship. The shorter woman's tears made Jamie pull Sarah into a tighter hold that lasted several minutes. Finally though she kissed the little woman's cheek and broke away. "I have to go now. Don't cry for me, Sarah. I'm not worth your tears. I'll see you soon."

As Jamie pulled away and tried to get into the car, Eve called out and reached for her. "Me Me."

The tall woman looked at the little girl who was swept up into her crying mother's arms. The toddler continued to reach out for her. Unable to turn her back on the two-year-old, Jamie stepped back to her. Immediately Eve came into her arms, putting her head on the strong shoulder and throwing her tiny arms around the older woman's neck. Jamie's heart felt torn as she held the little girl. It was hard enough to walk away from Sarah but nearly impossible to do it to Eve.

"I'll be back soon, Eve," she tried to explain to the two-year-old blonde. Eve didn't let go however. "Sarah," she said, silently requesting for assistance. The blonde actress gently removed her daughter from Jamie's arms. Eve protested loudly with tears and screaming, extending her arms to the taller woman again. It took all Jamie's willpower not to take her. Instead, she stoically said, "I'll see you, ladies, soon." Getting into the limo, she didn't look back as she began to cry.

Concluded in Part 2

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~ Stick to the Script ~ by Alex Tryst

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Now on with the show

Chapter Five

Three weeks later Jamie was still at Samantha and Doug's house on Staten Island. She had accompanied the rest of the family to Disney even though she couldn't do much while she was there. Katrina was thrilled she had decided to join them and even happier to see her mother was staying for a longer visit even at the cost of an injury.

It was a sunny summer Saturday on the island. Samantha and Jamie were just sitting on the front porch watching the three children play in the yard as they chatted. "So, are you going to tell me about what's really been bothering you since you came back? I know it's not really your injuries."

"No, it's not. The woman I told you about last time I was here and I had a little falling out. We got a little too close, and I realized I just couldn't be the woman I normally am with her. Usually I think nothing of sleeping with a woman I hardly know, but there was something about her. I've slept with married women before, but for some reason I couldn't do it with her. I guess I just wanted all or nothing from her, but nothing is hard, because I care about her so much."

The redhead nodded. "You're in love, and sometimes that can hurt."

"I am in love, Samantha," she confessed. "It's confusing to me though. Part of me feels like I'm betraying Stephanie even as much as I know she would want me to move on. However, whenever I look into this woman's eyes, I just feel things I haven't since a time when things were good between Stephanie and me. It feels like it did before she got sick, the laughter, the closeness, the joy."

"Then you have to go for it, Jamie."

"Samantha, all I have to do is look at that little girl, and I remember that there's someone else. She's married," the brunette stated in defeat.

Several quiet minutes passed. Samantha was just calling the kids in for lunch when a taxi pulled up in front of their house. Curiously both women eyed the vehicle, but as soon as the back door of it opened, Jamie felt weak. Sarah slowly exited the car with Eve close behind her. The two-year-old took her mother's hand as they made their way up the walk toward the porch.

Samantha looked at Jamie, whose eyes were glued to their visitor. "I take it you know her," she said. The taller woman nodded.

Seeing the brunette sitting on the porch with a petite redhead, Sarah assumed it was Samantha. Her nerves were racing as she approached, especially since she had come uninvited, but she had to see the woman she loved. She wasn't ready to accept Jamie's view on their relationship. Slowly climbing the stairs, she took a deep breath as both women just stared at her.

However, before she could even say anything, Eve smiled at Jamie brightly. "Jamie!" she exclaimed, rushing for her and hopping into the brunette's lap for a hug.

"Eve, hi," the tall actress greeted with a large grin and tight hug for the little girl. To Sarah she mentioned, "Looks like someone finally can say my name."

The blonde nodded. "We've been practicing," she mentioned, looking at Samantha.

Seeing where Sarah was gazing, Jamie rose slowly to her feet to make the introductions while she continued to hold Eve. "Uh, Samantha, this is Sarah Talbot. Sarah, this is my sister-in-law, Samantha Peterson."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Sarah," the redhead said, extending her hand.

"Jamie has said so much about you that I feel like I already know you," Sarah stated, shaking hands with the woman who was about her same height.

"Did she now?" she questioned with a quirk of her brow at Jamie. "She certainly kept you under wraps. I didn't even know you two knew each other."

"Well, we just met when we started working on this new project together."

"Oh? You're doing a movie together? I hadn't realized." Samantha gave the brunette a long look, which Jamie understood perfectly. The redhead knew then that all the evasive conversations had been about Sarah. Looking at Eve still in Jamie's arms, she asked, "And who's this angel?"

"This is my daughter, Eve," Sarah announced, idling rubbing the two-year-old's fair head for a moment. "Eve, can you say hi?" The toddler didn't, instead shyly burying her head in Jamie's neck.

"She's being coy," Jamie said with a laugh. "Let me introduce you to Katrina." Calling her daughter's name, she beckoned her over. Putting an arm around her shoulders, the tall woman said, "Katrina, I want you to meet someone. This is my friend, Sarah Talbot, and her daughter, Eve. Sarah, my daughter, Katrina Taylor-Dean."

Sarah looked down at the young girl. She seemed tall for her age. Her long blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and her skin was tanned. She was a stunning child. "Hi," Sarah greeted with a smile.

Katrina's blues eyes sparkled as she smiled back, but she rolled her eyes at her mother. "Mom, I know who she is."

Jamie just laughed a little. "Of course you do. How silly of me."

"Hi," Katrina answered Sarah.

Before any further conversation could take place, Samantha said, "Lunch was just about to be prepared. Perhaps the two of you would like to catch up a moment in private first. Would Eve like some lunch?"

"Oh, that would be wonderful," Sarah responded.

Turning to Eve, Samantha approached her pleasantly. "Eve, do you want to come inside with the other kids and have lunch?"

The little blonde shook her head, clutching tighter to Jamie. "Eve, I'll be right behind you. Your mama and I just need to talk first. I promise to be right there. I know Samantha has peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Don't you want one?" Eve nodded hesitantly.

"Jamie and I will be right there, baby. Go with Samantha," Sarah encouraged, to which Eve relinquished her hold of the tall woman. Samantha extended her hand for the two-year-old to take, which Eve did, and they disappeared inside together.

When it was just the two women on the porch, Jamie inquired, "What are you doing here? How did you know where to find me?"

"I bribed your agent into telling me where you were. I had to see you, Jamie. I couldn't stand it."

The older woman nodded. She knew it had been difficult for her as well. "We need to talk," she stated.

"I know, but right now Eve needs to see you. She's been stir crazy without you. She wasn't going to stop until she saw you again. Would you just spend some time with her? Regardless of me my daughter needs you, Jamie. She needs someone other than me who cares about her."

"I know. Come on. We'll discuss what we need to later. Right now I know Eve's waiting on me to eat."

"Probably," Sarah answered with a tentative smile. Gesturing to the door, Jamie let the blonde go inside ahead of her. They made their way to the kitchen where all the kids were seated at the table with a man.

As soon as Doug laid his eyes on Sarah, he stuttered in awe, "You're... you're..."

Samantha laughed at her husband. "Very smooth there, honey. Sweep her right off her feet," she joked. Turning to the blonde, she said, "Sarah, this is my husband, Doug. Honey, this is Jamie's friend, Sarah Talbot."

Doug stood from his chair and extended his hand. "Hi. How're you doing?" Exchanging a handshake, he pointed to a chair. "Well, I think this chair is yours." he mentioned, pointing to the empty place next to Eve.

"Oh, no. I know Eve wants Jamie to sit there."

"Okay, well, there's a chair next to Katrina," he suggested.

Feeling immediately at ease with her company, Sarah flashed a brilliant smile as she countered, "What about that chair next to you?"

"Uh, this one?" he stammered. He looked at Samantha, who only stood awaiting an answer. "Um, is that a trick question?" he hesitantly asked, to which all three women laughed.

"You certainly have him trained," Sarah teased Samantha.

The redhead smiled fondly at her husband. "Yeah, he's knows who's boss around here. However, I guess I could give him a little treat, because he's been such a prince. Why don't you take that seat, Sarah? I'll sit next to my favorite niece."

Jamie watched as Sarah scooted by her to her chair. Doug was still just standing there, but when she neared it, he managed to pull it out for her. When she sat, he met eyes with Jamie giving her an approving wink. The tall woman chuckled as she eased herself down into her own chair next to Eve and placed her crutches on the floor. Doug had already laid the food out for everyone, so they unceremoniously began to dig into whatever they wanted.

Over the meal attention was focused mainly on the four children around the table, but every once in awhile, Sarah would sneak a look in Jamie's direction. The brunette was all smiles around Katrina and Eve. The blonde realized she was the first of the tall woman's friends who had ever met the daughter who had blessed Jamie's life, and as she watched them together it filled her with such happiness. It made what she wanted to tell the woman she loved a little easier.

After lunch the three kids helped Doug with the food and dishes. Sarah offered her help, but it was declined. Sensing the two women needed some time alone, Samantha suggested they sit out on the porch while she watched Eve. The two-year-old seemed too involved with trying to play with the older kids to care, so Sarah thanked Samantha for the offer and led the way out to the porch.

They took seats on the bench and were silent a moment as each tried to collect their thoughts. Trying to open the talk, Jamie said, "Thank you for coming up here, Sarah. I've missed Eve a lot."

"She's missed you too, Jamie," she replied, looking into dark eyes. She wanted to hear that she was missed as well, but the tall woman didn't look as if she would say that. "I'm sorry I came uninvited, but I wasn't sure you'd let me come if I called. There's something I need to tell you."

"What's that?"

"Robert and I are getting a divorce," she answered.

"Oh? Sorry to hear that," Jamie offered, not knowing what else to say. "Why?"

Sarah shrugged. "We never should have gotten married."

"But Eve..."

"I could've had her without marrying him. I really married him to salvage what I thought was going to be a permanent blow to my career. I was twenty-three and pregnant, and I thought being unmarried didn't look good. I did love him, but I don't any longer. Furthermore, he doesn't love me. He loves her, always has, he said," she admitted.

"I'm sorry. That must hurt."

The blonde shrugged. "In truth I knew that. I knew it in my heart. I just didn't want it to be true, and then after time passed, I stopped caring. It just got to be too much for me to handle though when I saw how he treated Eve. It's one thing to spurn me but quite another to reject that perfect child, especially now that I've seen how much Eve flourishes with you. She needs more than me. She needs someone like you who dotes on her."

"I'm sure someday you'll find that person," Jamie commented, still unsure whether she should disclose anything she was feeling.

"Jamie, Robert has asked me that he be released from his responsibilities as Eve's father. He wants to give up his parental rights. This is going to be a difficult time for her, but I was hoping you would be there for her. She adores you, and she trusts you. I was hoping you would kind of be there for her during what is sure to be an unpleasant and public process. I know some not so nice things are going to be said, and I just want to make sure she knows she has people around her that love her."

"Of course. I do love her, Sarah. She can count on me."

"Thank you."

Deciding to try to get closer to the issue of them, Jamie inquired, "Has Robert started to say things about you?"

"Not publically, no. We've exchanged words, though. He threatened me regarding the divorce as well, saying that I better give him what he wants or else he has career-ending information that he'll make public. For the life of me, I'm not sure what that could be. I guess when he admitted he was in love with her and I pretty much told him that I didn't care, because I was in love with someone else as well, he knew right away with who before I even said. However, I don't see that as career-ending."

"Who did you say you were in love with?"

Sarah looked away for a moment. "I told him I was in love with you."

"Is that true?" Jamie asked timidly, reaching for the blonde's hand.

"Yes," the blonde confessed as tears came to her eyes. "I don't know how this happened. I had never imagined I could feel this way about someone like you, Jamie, because I thought you were just like your reputation. However, I now know the real you, and I am totally and utterly in love with the soft, sensitive, caring mother and friend. How could I not fall in love with you with the way you care for my daughter? You treat her as your own," she confessed.

Jamie could tell just by looking into blue eyes that Sarah was speaking the truth. "You're not divorcing Robert because of me, are you?" the older woman questioned as sensitively as possible.

The small woman shook her head. "You might have been the catalyst, but it really has nothing to do with you. This has been a long time in coming, but you just made me realize it faster."

Giving a nod of understanding, the brunette sighed. She moved to put her arms around the petite woman and held her in silence for several moments. Now that Sarah's feelings were exposed, Jamie knew it would only be fair to offer her own to assure her. "Sarah, I'm glad you came up here to tell me all this. I have to tell you that from the moment I left you two standing on the sidewalk that day, I haven't been able to stop thinking of either of you. I have missed you and Eve terribly. As you know my life is a bit complicated but having you a part of it has made me

happier than I've been in a long time. You have to understand I lost my wife to a horrible disease that was long and terrible. It broke me, and I had just started putting myself back together. When you came along, it was like you picked up what was left of the pieces and began to mend my spirit, and yet it's been so painful to watch the relationships between you, Robert, and Eve. I could see the unhappiness there, and it hurt. I hurt for you, and it hurt that I couldn't take away that pain. Somehow I fell in love again, and it was painful. I fell in love with you, Sarah, all of you, the actress, the friend, the woman, but especially the mother," she whispered as she began to cry as well.

For a while they simply clung to each other as they let their emotions speak for them. All they needed to know was there in their arms. Once both of them had regained enough composure to continue their discourse, the blonde inquired, "So, what now? Where do we go from here?"

Jamie took a deep breath. "Well, we need to move slowly on this. I mean it's only a matter of time before the media gets hold of your divorce intentions, so we should keep a low profile. We go back to D.C. and finish our movie, and then we both come home to New York. I think due to the fact we both have children to consider we should take our time. I'm already very attached to Eve, and I'm sure given time together, you and Katrina would become so too. It's one thing to get our own emotions involved but quite another to get theirs into this, especially when we haven't given them a choice, so I think it's just best to take it slowly. Katrina has never seen me with anyone except Stephanie, so this might be hard for her."

"I know what you're trying to say, Jamie, and I understand completely. I don't want to look like I'm trying to replace Stephanie in her life or yours. I just want a chance to be with you."

"As I do with you," the tall actress whispered, leaning down toward Sarah's lips. She kissed them softly, not being able to resist any longer. She had waited so long for the blonde to take a step toward her.

Sarah sighed into the kiss. As soon as they came together, she knew she had found what she had always wanted. It was in Jamie Dean's arms that her world was right. "I love you, Jamie."

"I love you too, Sarah." Jamie answered as they continued to exchange kisses.

However, as soon as the brunette slipped her tongue into the blonde's mouth for the first time since their talk began, Sarah felt an unfamiliar metal. Pulling back in confusion, she asked, "What's in your mouth?" Not answering, Jamie merely extended her tongue for the younger woman to see for herself. "A tongue ring. All the times I've kissed you, I've never felt that before."

"Because I take it out for work and I hadn't had it in for awhile, but I put it back in when I came home. The hole was beginning to close, and I didn't want that to happen. Do you not like it?"

Sarah shrugged. "I've never kissed anyone with a tongue ring before. It's kind of naughty," she replied with an innocent blush.

"You have no idea," growled Jamie, leaning to capture Sarah's mouth again. The blonde willingly continued the exploration.

They were only broken apart by the sound of Jamie's nephew on the other side of the open front window commenting, "Ew. They're kissing."

Jamie laughed a little as she looked down at her girlfriend. "Boys," she mumbled. "He's at that age where girls are still gross, and affection isn't cool."

Sarah gave a nod. "Glad we only have girls," she whispered teasingly.

Jamie shrugged. Deciding to ask about children, she asked, "Have you ever thought about having another baby?"

"Sometimes I do, but I'm only twenty-five. What about you? Do you want another child?"

"I always thought it would be nice, but I'm not sure how it would work. I mean Katrina's seven, and I haven't exactly always been the best mother in the world. I love her with all that I am, but I'm not always there when she needs me."

"You're doing the best you can."

"Well, we should probably go back in and see what the plan is for the rest of the afternoon," she mentioned. Together they made their way back into the house. Not seeing any kids but Eve though, Jamie asked, "What's going on? Where are the rascals?"

"Well, we thought we'd take the kids down to the pool," Samantha said. "I thought you two might want some time alone together to catch up. We can even take Eve."

Sarah gave a pleasant smile at the redhead. She liked Samantha already with her generous nature. "That's very kind of you, but I don't have a swimsuit for her. She's probably getting sleepy anyway. She usually goes down for a nap about this time. We'll just keep her here with us. It'll be fine. Thank you anyway."

"Suit yourselves. If you two want to join us, you can. I just thought it might be more fun to stay here, especially since you can't swim anyway, Jamie," the redhead said with a little wink before leaving them alone together with Eve.

Sarah blushed lightly at the obvious inference. "I like her."

"She's cool. Samantha's a caring woman. She's kind of taken care of me ever since Stephanie passed away. They are a lot alike actually."

"Then I'm sure I would've liked Stephanie too."

"I know you would have," Jamie answered as Eve came to her to be picked up. The child curled up into her arms and put a sleepy head on the tall woman's shoulder. "Looks like you were right about our angel here. She'll be gone in a few."

Hearing the brunette refer to Eve as theirs made Sarah's heart flutter. She wanted the older woman to be her daughter's other parent. However, she didn't say that. Instead, she just caressed her daughter's fair head gently. Ten minutes later they found themselves alone. "Well, it's just us now," Sarah mentioned coyly. "Is there someplace we can put Eve down for her nap?"

"Yeah. Sure. We can put her up in Katrina's room," the brunette answered, handing the toddler over to Sarah, knowing she couldn't carry her up the stairs with her crutches. Going up to the second floor, Jamie led the way to her daughter's room and opened the door.

Sarah walked in to it and tenderly placed Eve down on the bed before building a small wall of pillows around her, so she couldn't fall out of the twin. As she moved back to the doorway where Jamie was leaning against the frame, she smiled. "And where is your room, Jamie? You look like you could use a little nap as well."

"Do I?" questioned the tall woman as Sarah's hands ran lightly up the front of Jamie's shirt as she leaned up to kiss the brunette's neck. "Well, maybe a short one," she replied, sensing what the little woman had in mind. Moving to the room next door, Jamie opened the door for Sarah and waited for the blonde to go in first.

The younger woman stepped into her girlfriend's room and looked around. It was modestly decorated, but she liked the feel of it. Jamie made her way over to the bed and tentatively sat as the blonde inspected everything for a moment from looking out the open window to investigating the contents covering her dresser. Seeing a photograph on the dresser of a beautiful blonde and Jamie, Sarah delicately picked it up and studied it for several minutes.

She knew who it was without even asking. Stephanie was a stunning woman with flowing blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes. She had a bright smile, and the gaze she was giving Jamie in the picture spoke of pure adoration. Likewise the brunette's look back at the beauty contained total devotion. Reverently putting it back in its place, she turned to look at the woman on the bed. She knew Jamie still had some unresolved issues regarding her late wife even though they never spoke of it. As much as she wanted to forge ahead with her plan of seducing the brunette, she knew doing so might be moving too quickly, even as much as they both wanted the physical contact. Coming to sit on the bed next to Jamie, she looked over on the nightstand to another photograph. That one was of Jamie, Katrina, and Stephanie, but the blonde looked so frail.

Seeing Sarah stare at the picture for a long time, the older actress softly explained, "That was the last picture ever taken of the three of us. She died about three months after that."

"She looks so...," the blonde whispered at a loss for words. She could clearly see the pain in Jamie's eyes in the photo mixed with an endless love for the woman in her arms. "It's such a moving picture. The way you two look at each other. You can feel the love there."

"I loved her with everything that I was, Sarah," Jamie admitted. "I still love her but not in the same way. I can't be in love with a spirit. She wouldn't want me to live the rest of my life without happiness. We even talked about it before she died. She wanted me to find someone else with which to raise Katrina. At the time I never thought I could ever feel that way for another woman, but I do, Sarah." she whispered, touching the blonde on the arm. "She's my past, and I've come to realize she has to start staying there."

"Can you really do that? Can you leave her there?"

"I have to. She wants me to. The question is can you leave her there?"

Sarah shrugged. "When I think about meeting the expectations set by her, I'm not sure. You speak of her as a saint. How can I stand up to that?"

"She had her moments too, Sarah. Everyone has not so good qualities. Stephanie had plenty just like you and me, but there's no need to remember those. There's no point in recalling all the fights and harsh words we exchanged in moments of anger. That's not how I want to remember her. I want to remember her as the perfect woman she was. Sarah, you don't have to feel like you are living up to something. I love you as you are, quirks and all."

"I love you too, Jamie," she whispered, looking up into brown eyes. Jamie reached for her cheek and stroked it gently before leaning down to claim her mouth. As soon as their lips met, the conversation no longer seemed to matter. Their bodies spoke for them as their arms found their way around each other. When the first kiss came to its mutual conclusion, blue eyes met brown. "Jamie," she uttered.

"Yes?"

"Love me," Sarah requested.

"With pleasure," the tall woman mumbled against her girlfriend's lips.

Leisurely their hands began to take in the landscape of the other, but Jamie was the first to escalate the contact as she slowly began to unbutton Sarah's light blue cotton blouse. As she released each white button from its hole with her left hand, she let her right trail over the newly exposed skin. "You're beautiful, Sarah Talbot," she complimented as she pulled the thin shirt from the blonde's shoulders.

Sarah took a shaky breath as Jamie reached around to unhook her white lace bra with a flick of her fingers, leaving her completely exposed from the waist up. She saw dark eyes staring at her with hunger and veneration. Her breath began to quicken when she saw the taller woman's trembling right hand reach for her left breast. She felt a strange comfort in Jamie's obvious nervousness. Taking her own initiative, she reached out for Jamie's knit polo shirt, taking a hold of the hem and gently pulling it up over her torso over her shoulders and head before dropping it onto the floor. The brunette's bra was next. Having never done this with a woman before, she was hesitant, but soon a larger hand joined hers. Their fingers intertwined as the older woman

pressed Sarah's hand into her chest. Inquisitively the blonde maneuvered the malleable flesh under her hand, surprised and pleased when Jamie's breath caught in her throat a little. "I've never...", the small woman whispered.

"I know, but now you can. You can touch me, Sarah. I want you to."

Hearing the sentiment from her soon-to-be lover, the young actress felt confidence and arousal surge through her. She had the notorious Jamie Dean quivering at her inexperienced touch. Leaning in with her mouth, Sarah let it close over the taller woman's neck. The groan that issued from Jamie at the move encouraged her further. Soon forgetting any insecurity she had about touching Jamie, Sarah worked open the front clasp of the brunette's bra and pulled it off. Jamie just let Sarah do what made her most comfortable. She was surprised though that the younger woman was beginning to take control of the situation between them. She thought for sure she would have to lead. Sarah began to get lost in the emotions she felt coursing through her body as her hands found Jamie's tight abs and then snaked around her back. The tall woman no longer had bandages covering her back, but she could feel the stitches holding the deep wounds closed. Sarah's heart pounded harder as her fingers caressed each cut, because it was Jamie's selfless actions that had saved her daughter's life, and it served to heighten her feelings of overpowering desire for the tall woman.

As much as the older woman was enjoying the sensations Sarah was creating, her need to caress the woman she held was getting overwhelming. The blonde's hands continued to run along her strong back, but Jamie made her own advance, moving her hands down to the little woman's clasp and zipper on her khaki capri pants. Gently she undid them. Feeling herself being liberated from her clothing, Sarah responded in kind. She worked open Jamie's belt before moving onto her khaki shorts.

Moaning as they kissed again, Jamie softly requested, "Let me see you, Sarah. Please. Let me see how stunning you are."

The petite woman slowly rose from the bed at the solicitation, standing in front of Jamie. Their eyes were locked on each other a long time as the blonde's hands perched themselves on hard shoulders while the brunette's hands reverently slid the rest of Sarah's clothes to the floor, leaving her totally unveiled. Jamie just gazed over the goddess standing in front of her for a moment. She took in the wild, long, fair locks being ruffled slightly by the breeze coming in from the window and the blue eyes burning with a rising passion. Her eyes trailed over delicate facial features down her shoulders to Sarah's breasts. They were full and round, tips erect, waiting to be adored by her caress. Moving lower her gaze took in the flare of Sarah's hips and the downy mass of blonde curls nestled between her thighs that shimmered in the afternoon light. Jamie took a deep breath as she viewed all the beauty before her. She could feel a lump forming in her throat at the idea of such a woman loving her. Looking back to Sarah's face, she let her eyes show their approval. "You are an angel," she acclaimed.

The younger woman blushed modestly at the words. Jamie had a way of making her feel like a striking beauty. Looking down at the woman still sitting on the bed, she wondered what the rest of her girlfriend looked like under her clothes. "I want to see you, Jamie," she stated. Nodding

her consent, the tall woman began to try to stand, but it was difficult without her crutches. Seeing her struggle, Sarah placed a hand against her chest to stop her. "No. Let me do it," she requested, kneeling in front of the brunette. Jamie acquiesced by merely remaining sitting. Sarah took hold of her lover's shorts and boxers and slowly pulled them off of her. She eased them over Jamie's bulky cast before dropping them on the floor, leaving them both completely naked.

Noting that the blonde had paused in her momentum, the brunette felt it was time to take over for them. Scooting back further onto the bed, she lay down on her side and patted a place next to her. "Lay with me, Sarah," she suggested seductively.

The blonde felt the proposition settle between her thighs as she looked at the dark-haired vision before her. With the exception of the cast, Jamie was flawless. Moving to the bed, Sarah stretched out next to the taller woman. She let Jamie touch her on the side lightly. Her body was shivering slightly at all the feelings rushing through her. This is what she always thought love would be like. Not able to form complete sentences with what she was feeling, she only said one word. "Jamie."

The brunette smiled at her. "I won't do anything you don't like, Sarah. You just have to tell me. I just want to pleasure you," she murmured, leaning into the blonde's lips again.

No one had ever said that to her before, but Sarah knew Jamie only spoke the truth. This wasn't about getting her own enjoyment. It was about giving to each other, something that made the younger woman smolder in ardor. As Jamie rolled Sarah over onto her back and began to shift onto her body, the little actress fully accepted the muscled frame as it wedged its way between her thighs.

They took their time, each of them leisurely exploring all there was to their lover. However, when Jamie couldn't stand the idle caresses any more, she made a move to complete their connection. Moving her hand to where Sarah wanted it the most, the tall woman poised for the perfect moment to take the final step. However, just as she was about to do so, the blonde whispered, "Wait."

"What is it?" the older woman asked with much more patience than she really felt. She wanted desperately to sink into the depths of the woman who held her heart.

"I want to do this... I want to do this together," she managed to state.

Jamie didn't answer the request. Instead, she took the blonde's refined, manicured hand and placed it between her thighs. "Touch me, Sarah. Feel what you do to me."

The blonde brought her hand up to the tall woman's passion. Jamie was hot and wet, and before she could really even think about her own actions, Sarah found herself inside of the brunette. Jamie shuddered as Sarah entered her. She hadn't been expecting it, but the pleasure quickly outweighed her surprise as her body began to respond to the inquisitive probing. Not forgetting the little woman's needs, Jamie slipped into her.

Sarah cried out lightly as her body arched into the one above her. Together they moved in methodic unison, their hands and mouths relishing the other's closeness. It wasn't their ambition to reach the summit quickly. Rather they both wanted to take the long road, so they could maximize the feelings they were sharing.

Jamie gently but solidly pumped in time with Sarah's hips with her whole body, diving deeper with each thrust into the exquisite treasure she had longed to touch. The blonde's frame flamed out of control as expert hands and mouth teased and caressed every inch of her body and soul. The tall woman could feel the younger one's thighs straining against her own each time their hips met, signaling a forthcoming peak which further fueled her own. "Sarah," she groaned, feeling the blonde keep pace with her rocking body. "God, I'm so close," she heaved.

"Me too," the little woman replied, clutching tighter to the woman she loved. "Please, Jamie."

Hearing the plea, the tall woman worked harder to bring Sarah to the pinnacle. When she felt the petite woman's legs go rigid and a strangled cry escape, she knew she was there. Sarah let her climax wash over her like a baptism. She had shed her old life to be born again as the woman she always had wanted to be. The feeling of the blonde contracting around her sent Jamie into oblivion as well, and she collapsed against Sarah. Each woman clung to the other as they simply rested inside of their lover. Long moments passed where only panting could be heard.

Finally, the tall woman was composed enough to pull back a little and look down into her lover's eyes. She smiled tenderly as she smoothed some of Sarah's hair back away from her face. "You look more beautiful than I have ever seen you, Sarah," she confessed. The little woman blushed, letting the words reach her heart. "I love you."

"I love you too, Jamie, so much," she answered, tucking dark hair behind her lover's ears before running one hand over her back. After a moment she inquired, "How's your back?"

"It's fine. It doesn't hurt."

"Are you sure? It feels like it might be bleeding. Turn over and let me look at it," she suggested.

Jamie did as she was told, sliding off of Sarah and turning over onto her stomach. The little woman looked at her back. A small portion of a cut near her right shoulder blade was bleeding. "You need a bandage on that. I wouldn't want to ruin these sheets," Sarah mentioned.

"There are some in my bathroom."

"All right. Be right back."

Jamie watched as Sarah slipped out of bed and made her way to the bathroom. The tall woman sighed in contentment. She hadn't been this happy in years. As she waited on the blonde's return, she pondered their possible future. Moments later Sarah emerged wearing a smile and nothing more. Coming to the bed again, she sat and tenderly began to tend to the wound for Jamie. When she was finished, she patted the shoulder affectionately.

"Thank you, Sarah. I guess I shouldn't be so strenuous yet," she joked lightly.

"Guess not. The rest of your back seems to be healing rather well though."

"Yeah. Samantha's been taking good care of me."

"I'm glad," Sarah replied softly. There was a momentary lull in conversation as she idly traced over the contours of brunette's back. Her eyes were drawn to the tattoo and after a moment so was her hand.

Feeling the younger woman fingering the initials engraved into her shoulder, Jamie quietly inquired, "What are you thinking about?"

"There's something I wanted to say to you about your tattoo, but I wasn't sure how. I don't want you to get upset or anything," tentatively she stated.

Unsure of what Sarah was about to say, the brunette rolled over to her side and looked at blue eyes. "What's that?" she asked, hoping they weren't going to have some sort of argument about it.

"My favorite animal is the tiger, too. It has been since I was a little girl," she hesitantly admitted.

"Really?" Jamie asked in interest.

The blonde nodded. "I love this tattoo. It suits you. You really are a tiger in all senses. I can see that about you. Stephanie was right." At the mention of her late wife, the tall woman just nodded. She felt a little awkward discussing her after they had just made love for the first time. "What was Stephanie's middle name?"

"It was Michelle," responded Jamie.

Sarah nodded for a moment. "Jamie, do you believe in fate?" she asked.

The tall actress shrugged. "I don't know. Why do you ask? Do you?"

"I think so. Jamie, the very first time I saw this tattoo I first thing I realized was those were Stephanie's initials, but the second thing was that they were mine as well."

"What? You're kidding. Your middle name starts with M? What is it?" the older woman inquired in interest.

"It's Michelle too," she softly confessed.

Seeing the look on Sarah's face, she knew the little woman wasn't lying. "You're perfectly serious," she stated.

"Sarah Michelle Talbot," the blonde whispered.

"Oh my God. Wow. I guess if I didn't believe in fate, now I should," Jamie said. "That's incredible," she mentioned in awe, sliding onto her back. She stacked her hands behind her head and just smiled at the blonde in silent contentment.

Sarah let her eyes roam over Jamie's body uninhibited. Even though they had just made love, she still felt modest in front of the woman who was so flawless. "You really are perfect," she said plainly.

The brunette laughed a little. "Yeah. I would hope so with how much I paid for this body," she joked lightly.

"What do you mean?" curiously the blonde asked.

"Not a lot of people can look like this without a little help, Sarah."

"Well, what have you had done?"

"A little of everything, starting with these," she admitted, pointing to her breasts.

"Breast implants? No way!" Sarah declared, looking at her girlfriend's chest. Curiously she reached for them and then experimentally touched her own, feeling for differences. "Why did you do it? That's such a girly thing to do. It blows me away. It seems so unlike you," she said in fascination.

"Totally a career decision. Stephanie used to like them too, which had its advantages. Most women who look like me couldn't humanly have breasts that look like this. It's just not possible to have both perfectly toned muscle and a larger than average size chest unless it's enhanced. You know, even though I'm only capable of loving women, I know men are half of the world's population, and I like to cater to both. These are how I grab men's attention on the screen."

Sarah laughed. "Yeah, that and not bothering to wear clothes a whole lot. Anything other work you've had done?"

"Lots. This isn't my natural nose, and this isn't my chin either."

"Really?"

"Nope. I've also had liposuction on just about every part of my body. Come on. Real women don't look like this unless they are body builders or something. Granted, I work hard to maintain it now that I have it, but I cheated to get here. Being this sexy takes pain," she joked with a cocky smile.

The younger woman laughed as she slapped her lover on the stomach. "But you wear it so well. You've certainly accomplished your goal. You are sexy," she confessed.

"I'm glad you think so. What about you? Every actress I know has had something done to enhance her beauty. What's your dirty little secret?"

Sarah shrugged reluctantly. "Well, I had a little lipo and a tummy tuck after Eve was born," she acknowledged.

"Well, that's nothing. You had a baby. Any celebrity woman in your position would have done the same. That hardly counts. Is that it?"

"I get coelogyne injected into my lips," she said.

Jamie faked affront. "You mean that luscious lower lip isn't really yours?" she questioned, running her thumb across the topic of her comment.

"Afraid not," the shorter woman answered before closing her mouth over Jamie's thumb. Her tongue tickled the tip enticingly. Sarah saw the affect she had on the tall woman as her dark eyes flashed fervently.

Jamie sighed and playfully rolled her eyes. "Well, I guess if you can put up with my fake tits, I can move beyond your fake lips," she teased. "Anything else I should know about? Please tell me these are real," she said as her right hand moved to the blonde's breasts.

Sarah panted lightly, releasing the older woman's thumb from her mouth. "They're very real," she whispered as the brunette teased the crest of her left one.

Seeing that Sarah was beginning to get amorous again, she decided to stoke her fire a bit more. Pulling the smaller body over on top of her own, she let her hands slip around the blonde's back to her bare backside. "This real?" she asked, squeezing it firmly as she leaned up to Sarah's neck.

"Real," the young actress replied, lowering her body down against Jamie's. Her wetness quickly coated the dark-haired woman's abdomen. Their mouths met hungrily after a moment. Sarah moaned deeply as Jamie plunged passed her lips, and they exchanged heated kisses. The older woman's tongue ring scraped against her own tongue sensuously.

Moving her right hand down between her own body and her lover's legs, Jamie rubbed the little woman's heat slowly. "What about this? Is this real?"

"Yes, Jamie. God, yes," she heaved as she felt the brunette enter her.

The older woman thrust gently for a few moments before whispering, "I want to show you something. Lie down for me," she requested, rolling Sarah onto her back. Their eyes met for a moment as the dark-haired woman smiled. "Just relax. I'm going to take you to heaven," she whispered before slowly descending down Sarah's fair body.

The blonde breathed erratically as her lover kissed lower and lower until her mouth finally reached its destination between the blonde's thighs. As soon as Sarah felt the ball on the end of

Jamie's tongue ring teasing her, she groaned loudly as her eyes rolled closed. Never in her life had she had such a sensation run through her body as she did having the brunette's mouth pleasuring her intimately. Her hands laced through short brown hair, pulling her closer in time with her rocking hips, but Jamie's pace wouldn't be altered. She moved slowly and deliberately, stroking her girlfriend's fire with her tongue, tracing her curves, plunging in and then withdrawing, and literally feasting upon the younger woman's treasure in an intentional fashion as if she was eating an elaborate meal. Sarah could feel every touch from the imaginarily light to the intensely acute, all of which send her hurtling toward the edge of oblivion. Her whole body began to quiver as she held firmly to her lover. The feelings and emotions came in a swell, crashing upon her in one swoop as she cried out with a strangled gasp, but Jamie's touch didn't cease. Instead, the tall woman continued on course, knowing it would only be moments before Sarah had to give herself completely over to the pleasure that lay just on the other side of her climax. Loudly Sarah called out Jamie's name as she barreled through one peak and into another, clinging fiercely to the brunette's head and shoulder. The older woman felt the small woman's nails dig into her, but it didn't faze her. Instead she carried on, knowing there was more to give, and more than happy to stay in that sacred place as long as Sarah allowed it.

Finally, when it seemed the young woman couldn't take it any more, Jamie stilled her movements but remained where she was. She watched in fascination as her lover's womanhood trembled and quaked in aftermath. Sparing a look up into the face she loved, Jamie whispered reverently, "You are so beautiful, Sarah. I love you so much. Thank you for letting me love you."

Blue eyes opened and looked down at the brown ones situated between her legs. She could see clearly in Jamie's eyes the sincerity of her words, and it brought tears to her own. With a raspy voice, she answered, "Thank you for loving me." Slowly the brunette made her way up Sarah's body to hold her once again. Long silent minutes passed until the blonde had recovered. When she did she turned to Jamie and gave a mischievous grin. "Promise me something, Jamie."

"Anything," the tall woman replied.

"Promise to never ever take out that tongue ring," she demanded playfully.

Jamie laughed lightly. "So you liked it then?" she questioned needlessly.

"You were amazing," the blonde growled, sexily nipping at the tall woman's collarbone. Taking in the landscape for a moment, she then quietly requested, "Teach me how to please you just as well."

Jamie's heart skipped a moment as she looked down into eager blue eyes. "I'm pleased already. There's nothing else you have to do unless you want to."

"I want to. I want to learn what makes the big, powerful Jamie Dean tremble. What can I do? Tell me what pleases you," she persisted with an authoritative edge to her voice.

Seeing that Sarah truly was an ardent pupil, the older woman gave a sexy grin. "Touch me again."

"Where?" Sarah asked, running her hands over her lover's body lightly.

"Everywhere," the brunette replied softly as her body responded to the tender caressing.

Pushing Jamie down onto her back, Sarah propped up onto her arm and proceeded to watch the passion unfold in the hard body next to her as she teasingly touched it. For Jamie's part, she was patient, allowing the blonde to leisurely explore, but the closer Sarah's hand dropped toward the final goal, her breathing began to change in anticipation. However, she said nothing as she merely watched the younger woman. Sarah noticed the change in her girlfriend's body almost immediately. The muscles became wrought with tension as she moved over them, and heat suffused Jamie's skin. The blonde looked down at the taller woman's chest and then up into dark eyes. She gave a small smile before lowering her head. Bringing her hand up to cup the brunette's right breast, Sarah took it into her mouth for the first time. Jamie emitted a loud groan as the little woman's tongue circled the tip. Sarah was fascinated by the feeling of it in her mouth and the response she had gotten from her lover. Gaining confidence and momentum, the blonde actress began to avidly consume the tall woman's breast, lost in the emotions of pleasing her bedmate.

Long minutes passed as Jamie enjoyed the ecstasy of Sarah's adoration. However, as it became apparent the blonde had lost her focus, she redirected her efforts, saying, "I do have another one of those."

"How could I forget?" Sarah answered, releasing the breast with a little popping sound before moving on to the other. The same treatment ensued for the left one.

Jamie was slowly being driven mad by the fact her girlfriend's hands seemed to be everywhere except where she wanted them most, but she had been determined not to inhibit the blonde's investigation. However, when she couldn't take it any longer, she took hold of the small woman's left hand, placing it between her thighs and begging, "Sarah, please. Touch me here."

Sarah moaned as she felt the overflowing wetness awaiting her arrival. It shocked and amazed her that even a woman like Jamie could be so vulnerable at such a moment when she felt safe. It struck her with force that she was actually directing the woman's fervency. The young woman looked down at the brunette as she entered her lover. Jamie's eyes were tightly shut and her lips parted as she panted raggedly. It astounded her that she was loving a woman, this woman she had dreamed about almost since the moment they met. It was like no other experience she had ever had, but she adored everything about it. The looks, the sounds, the smells of the two of them merging together to alleviate their greatest desires was intoxicating. Unable to resist the mouth that was spewing indiscernible mumblings as Jamie neared the precipice, Sarah swooped down to claim her lips roughly.

Jamie moaned as she reacted in kind, cohering to the blonde's torrid open mouth. Immediately her arms came around the blonde's body, and she clung to Sarah as if her life depended on it. Moments later the brunette peaked, letting out a loud yell of her lover's name as spasms ricocheted through her. Sarah held her securely for the whole ride until they lay motionless once

again. It took the tall actress a moment to recover. When she had she mumbled, "Oh my God. Where did you learn to do that?"

"From the best of course," the blonde replied lightly in compliment as she withdrew her hand. It was drenched with Jamie's essence. Curiously she brought it to her lips, wondering what the tall woman tasted like. She figured it couldn't have been bad with the way Jamie had loitered around in hers. Dark and blue eyes stayed fixed on each other as the little woman slid the three fingers she had used into her mouth at once. Her tongue cleaned each one before removing them. Smiling at her lover, she stated, "You taste like powdered doughnuts."

The older woman chuckled loudly. "I do believe you're stretching the truth on that one."

That's just wishful thinking on your part."

Sarah shrugged. "Well, whatever it is, I like it."

"Well, I'm glad," Jamie replied, pulling the small woman tighter into her arms. Quietness followed, and soon they both had drifted to sleep as the summer sun warmed their naked bodies.

Sometime later the brunette awoke to the sounds of a muffled cry coming from next door. The blonde didn't seem to notice at first, so Jamie quietly tried to remove herself from Sarah's clutches to check on Eve, but as soon as her feet hit the floor, the younger woman whispered, "Where are you going?"

"Eve's awake." Instantly Sarah began to move, but Jamie stopped her. "I'll get her. You just relax."

"You can't in your state. I'll go get her. You stay here. I'll be right back," she insisted, slipping from bed. She went into the bathroom and retrieved the robe she had seen earlier to put on before heading to the room next door.

While Sarah was gone, Jamie regretfully began to redress herself. It had felt so good to finally be with the little woman the way she wanted, and she wanted the moment to linger a bit longer. However, she knew Eve had to come first for the time being. The brunette was just finishing with her shirt when the blonde returned, carrying a still sleepy toddler.

Jamie smiled brightly at Eve. "Hey. How's my girl?" she asked the two-year-old gently as Sarah placed her down on the bed, and Eve moved into Jamie's arms.

Hearing the older woman refer to Eve as her own made Sarah's heart flutter. "She's fine, a little disoriented I think, which upset her," she explained. She picked up her clothes from the floor and gestured toward the bathroom. "I'm just going to get dressed."

Jamie gave a nod. "All right. We'll still be here. Take your time."

The following few hours passed in comfortable quietness as both women played with Eve. However, once the rest of the group returned from the pool, they had a leisurely meal out in the backyard. As day turned to evening, Sarah prepared to head home.

She had loved every moment of her stay, but she knew she had to go back to her New York condo for the night even as much as she wanted to return to her lover's bed. When it was time to leave, Doug and Jamie drove Sarah and Eve down to the pier to wait on the ferry. Doug stayed in the car, however, as the brunette spent a little private time with the two blondes.

"I wish you wouldn't go," she whispered, sliding her arms around the small woman's waist.

"I know. I don't really want to either, but I can't stay here tonight. We both know that." Jamie gave a nod of understanding. "I wish you would come back to my place with me."

"Me, too, but I don't want to push too much on Katrina too fast. I think she would have a hard time understanding."

Sarah nodded at the statement. "True. I hate this though. After this afternoon, the last thing I want to do is leave you here."

"I know, but I'll be back on the set soon to finish the movie."

"How much longer do you think you'll be away?"

"Two or three more weeks."

"That's so long," the blonde whined. "Come back with me."

"But Katrina..."

"Bring her with you. Please, Jamie. I can't stand the thought of spending the next three weeks without you. These past ones were horrific."

"I know," she conceded. "I'll ask her if she wants to take a trip down there with me. School will be starting back soon, and then I won't get to see her so much, so I want to spend time with her."

"I know you do, as you should. I don't want to get in the way of that, but the four of us could have a lot of fun in D.C. There are fun places to go."

"We'll see. I'll talk to her. When are you heading back?"

"In the morning."

"All right. You know how to get a hold of me?"

Sarah nodded. "I have the number. Would it be okay if I called you later after Eve goes to bed?" hesitantly she inquired.

"Sure. I'd like that." Seeing the ferry was loading its final passengers, Jamie looked down into the blue eyes she adored. "I'll see you soon, Sarah. I promise."

"Okay. I love you, Jamie."

"I love you, too. Call me tonight," she said before leaning down to give the small woman a gentle kiss on the lips. When it broke she bent over and kissed Eve on top of her blonde head. The child reached to hug her in return. Looking back at Sarah she said, "You better go now. I'll talk to you tonight."

Jamie stayed up with Samantha and Doug, watching a movie after the kids had gone to bed that night. Neither of them had asked the tall woman what had happened between Sarah and her, but Jamie knew that both of them were too perceptive not to know what had taken place while they had been away with the children. Just as the brunette was beginning to wonder when her girlfriend was going to call, her cell phone rang. All three adults looked at it a moment sitting there on the coffee table before Doug picked it up and tossed it at her. Catching it in her right hand, the actress answered it casually, even though she recognized the number that came up on the caller ID as Sarah's.

"Jamie?" a female voice asked. It wasn't Sarah's but Tabitha Reid's.

"Tabitha? Hey. What's up? Are you at Sarah's place?"

"Yeah. She asked me to come over a little bit ago," she answered hesitantly.

"Is everything all right?"

"No, actually. Sarah's sick. She asked me to call you and see if you could come over."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She asked me not to tell you that. She said she wanted to do it herself."

"Why? What's going on, Tabitha? You're starting to concern me," the older woman said.

"I'm sorry. It's just that it's not my place to say. This is between you, Robert, and her. Robert's out of the country, and even if he wanted to come back, he couldn't. Sarah needs you, Jamie. I think she needs to go to the hospital."

"Then take her. It's going to take me at least an hour to get over there. If she's that bad, take her to the ER, and I'll meet you there."

"She won't go without you. Jamie, please come as fast as you can."

"All right. Tell her that I'm on my way."

Hanging up the phone, she looked at her brother-in-law. "Doug, I need a ride down to the pier."

"Is everything okay?" Samantha asked.

"I don't know. That was my friend, Tabitha. Sarah's sick and needs me to come over. Tabitha thinks she should go to the hospital, but she won't without me. I have to go."

"Well, come on then. You'll just be able to make the ferry if we go now," Doug stated, standing to get his keys.

An hour and a half later Jamie arrived at her lover's condo. She knocked and impatiently awaited an answer. When the door opened, Tabitha looked relieved. "Thank God you're here."

"Where is she?" Jamie questioned, dispensing with a greeting.

"She upstairs in her bathroom."

"Where's Eve?"

"Asleep. Please go up there and talk sense into her. She didn't want to go to the hospital, but I think she should."

Giving a nod, Jamie took the elevator up to the second floor instead of the stairs given her own limitations. Guessing as to which room was the master, she went into it. The door on the far side of the room was closed, but she saw the light coming from under it, making her figure that was the bathroom. Going over to it, she gave a gentle knock. "Sarah, sweetheart, it's me," she announced.

"Jamie," came the agonizing reply.

"May I come in?"

"No. I don't want you to see me like this," the blonde mumbled in obvious pain.

"Come on, Sarah. Nothing can change the way I feel about you. I don't care what you look like. Let me come in, baby."

When there wasn't another objection, Jamie slowly opened the door, not knowing what to expect on the other side. Peeking her head around the door first, she saw the blonde dressed in a long t-shirt sitting on the commode, her elbows propped up on her knees and her hands covering her face. The little woman was whimpering pitifully. Coming in and shutting the door behind her, the tall woman inched her way closer until she reached her. Sarah didn't move at all, merely stayed curled in the fetal position. Putting her crutches aside against the wall, the tall woman knelt down in front of the blonde.

"Sarah, what is it? What's wrong?"

The small woman looked up at her long enough to pull her closer and bury her head into Jamie's neck as she gripped tightly to her shirt collar. "It's hurts so badly."

"What hurts, baby?"

The younger woman moaned as pain racked her body again. "I lost my baby, Jamie," she softly confessed.

"Eve? What happened to Eve?" the brunette asked in absolute panic.

"Not Eve," she corrected.

Jamie let out an immediate sigh of relief. "Then what baby are you-oh God," she mumbled, coming to a realization of what Sarah was actually saying. "You're pregnant?"

"Was," she cried. "I just miscarried," she said as tears streamed over her face.

Emotions whirled through Jamie as she looked at the woman she loved. Instantly her heart broke at the thought of the blonde losing something so precious. Panic soon followed at the idea of her possibly being the cause of the situation at hand from their strenuous activities earlier in the day. Sadness ensued at the thought of Robert still owning a part of the woman she loved, followed by anger of not being told the truth. It took her a moment to choose which emotion would lead her next words. "Did I do this? Was I too rough with you today? God, Sarah, why didn't you tell me? I wouldn't have been so..."

The petite woman quickly cut her off. "This isn't your fault, Jamie. Don't think for a moment it was. I've been in pain since I work up this morning. I guess I should've paid attention, but I wanted to see you more," she confessed.

"Does Robert know?" the tall woman asked tentatively.

Sarah shook her head. "No. I only found out two weeks ago."

"How? When did this happen?"

Sarah shrugged. "It had to be right before he left for his shoot, that first night he was with me on the set. That was the last time we were together," she said. "I swear," she added, seeing doubt in her girlfriend's eyes.

"I believe you," Jamie assured her. "I just wish you had told me today. You had an opportunity. Why didn't you say anything then?"

The young woman shook her head as she put her head back in her hands. "I know I should've. I was just scared," she acknowledged.

"Scared?" the older actress asked. Cupping fair wet cheeks, she tilted Sarah's head up, so she could see her eyes. "Baby, after all you know about me, why were you scared?"

"I didn't want it to come between us. I wanted to be with you so badly, and I thought you might not feel the same if you knew. I thought you might turn away from me, and I couldn't bear the thought of that," she admitted. "I need you, Jamie. I couldn't stand it if you left."

Jamie nodded gently. "Sarah, I love you. There's no way I could've gone on without you whether Robert was in the picture or not. You're everything I want, Sarah Talbot. I'm here to stay as long as you want me."

Gratefully hugging her lover, the blonde whispered, "Thank you."

"Come on now. Let's see if we can get you settled in bed. You'll feel better there. Do you think a heating pad would help? Do you want to go to the hospital?"

She shook her head. "I just want to get in bed and lie with you. There's a heating pad in the hall closet."

"All right. I'm going to go get that. Do you have any pain killers or anything?"

"In the medicine cabinet."

"Okay. I'm going to go get Tabitha to help me here. We're going to go get your room set up here. I'll be right back. All right?"

Sarah nodded. "Thank you, Jamie. I love you."

"I love you too, Sarah," she replied, making her way out of the bathroom.

Going downstairs she found Tabitha sitting in the living room in quiet anxiousness. "How is she?"

"In pain. She miscarried."

"I know. Did you even know she was pregnant?" the honeyed blonde inquired, coming to her.

Jamie shook her head stoically, trying not to let her emotions slip. However, she couldn't hold on to them. "I can't believe she didn't tell me," she whispered. "My first wife was pregnant when we started dating, and Sarah knew that, so why was she so scared of telling me? Why did she think it would change the way I feel?" she inquired rhetorically.

"Was your first wife married when you started seeing each other?" Tabitha asked. Jamie just looked at her. "Sarah told me about the two of you, Jamie. I've known Sarah since before Eve was born, and I can honestly say I've never seen her like this. The way she looks when she talks about you is like nothing I've ever seen from her. She never felt for Robert what she feels for

you. I know you're hurt she didn't tell you right away, but you have to try to understand her position."

"Her position as a married woman? Damn. How did I get involved in this? I fought so hard not to do this," she stated. "I didn't want to be in this position."

"You can't give up now, Jamie. You're so close now that she and Robert have split up. You can't even think about walking away."

"I'm not going to walk away. I'm just frustrated that this happened. Sarah's hurting so much in so many ways, and I'm not sure I'm really equipped to deal with it all. That's what concerns me most, Tabitha," she stated. Giving a sigh, she continued, "I don't have time to dwell on this. I need your help getting Sarah's bed ready."

"You mean she's not going to go to the hospital?"

"No. She doesn't want to. I'm going to stay with her tonight, so if she gets worse, I can take her."

"Well, why don't I stay too? That way if you do need to go, I can watch Eve."

Jamie nodded. "Okay. Thanks, Tabitha. Now there are a few things we need," she began before rattling off a list for her friend to gather.

A few minutes later both women were up in the master bedroom putting it together for Sarah. Once that was complete, they went to retrieve the little blonde. Between the two of them they gingerly assisted Sarah to the bed and tucked her in. She looked up at them both with appreciative eyes. "Thank you both for being here," she whispered.

Tabitha smiled. "We both love you, Sarah. Just rest now. Jamie and I are both going to stay the night just in case you and Eve need anything. I'm going to sleep next door."

Sarah nodded. "Thanks, Tabby."

Tabby smiled at them both before saying, "I'm just going to check on Eve before settling down. Good night, you two."

When Jamie and Sarah were alone, Sarah softly requested, "Come to bed."

Giving a nod, the brunette moved to the empty side of the bed. She held Sarah's gaze as she began to undress. She saw ardor in those blue eyes even in the little woman's state. Once she was naked, Jamie carefully eased into bed as to not jar the younger woman too much. Slipping arms around her, she kissed the top of the blonde head. "Try to rest now, Sarah. It'll help."

The following morning a knock on the door awoke both women. Slowly Tabitha walked in with a dressed Eve in her arms. "Morning. Sorry to bother you, but I have a photo shoot and interview

I have to get to. It's for Vanity Fair with Georgia Erwin and Torrance Whitfield as the photographer, and you know those ladies don't like waiting," she said softly.

"Torrance certainly doesn't, but I've never known Georgia to be impatient," Jamie commented, starting to get out of bed. She casually dressed in yesterday's clothes and then reached for Eve, who came to her instantly. "I'll walk you out."

"No need. I have a key. I'll just lock the door behind me. I'll be back later to check on you, Sarah," she said with a sympathetic smile for her friend, who was still in bed, looking like she hadn't slept much during the night.

"Thanks, Tabby. I appreciate the help."

"You've done the same for me. It's the least I could do. I'll be back in the afternoon." Looking over at Jamie, she asked, "Can you take care of Eve that long?"

"Yeah. No problem. Tell Torrance and Georgia I said hi, will you?"

"Sure."

"Me too," Sarah quietly said.

"I'll do that. Torrance and that hunk of woman Georgia's married to would flip if they knew about the two of you," she laughed lightly.

"Well, don't tell them just yet. Robert and I haven't even announced our breakup," warned Sarah. "I don't want this getting out."

"You know I wouldn't."

The brunette smiled sexily as she commented, "So, you've got a crush on Blake Erwin, do you? I would've thought between her and Tor, you would've picked Tor."

Tabitha shook her head. "You know me, Jamie. I always gravitate toward the bad boys or girls as the case may be. Torrance has been so trained by that wife of hers that she's a damn puppy. Everybody knows who runs that relationship. Blake, on the other hand, is one fine forty year old."

Jamie laughed, and Sarah cracked a smile at their friend's antics. "You do remember that she is married? And to quite a firecracker, at least that's the way I hear it," the tall woman quipped about Georgia.

"Excuse me?" cautioned Sarah playfully. "Don't even think about it, Jamie."

"Never, babe. You're the only one," she answered quickly.

"All right. I really have to go. I'll be back this afternoon."

Once Jamie and Sarah were alone, the older woman looked down at the blonde. "How are you feeling?" she asked, putting Eve down on the floor. The little girl went to her mother's side of the bed.

"Mama," she said.

"Hey, angel. Mama doesn't feel well," she explained, tenderly reaching for her daughter's blonde head. She stroked the locks a moment before looking back at her girlfriend. "Jamie, thank you for coming over last night. I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner about the baby."

The brunette shook her head. "I don't want to talk about that now. Let's just focus on getting you better. Are you still in pain?"

"Yeah."

"Would it help you if I made you something to eat?"

"I don't think I can keep anything down right now, but thank you anyway."

"Okay. Well, I need to call the house and check in on Katrina. I sort of left in the middle of the night, and I just need to see if she's all right. I think I should probably stay here for a couple of days while you recover. You're in no shape to go back to the set right now, so I'll call the director as well and let him know that you're ill. Then I should probably go get some clothes, but that requires a trip back out to the island."

Sarah nodded slowly in understanding. "Thank you, Jamie."

Over the next several days Jamie stayed with Sarah to help her and Eve. During that time they didn't talk about the loss of the baby at all. Instead, they simply savored the private time together, knowing there would be very little when they both returned to work. A week later though Sarah claimed to be well enough to go back to the set, so she went back to D.C. with Eve, leaving Jamie there to recover from her own injury.

Chapter Six

Three weeks later Jamie returned to the set as well. As soon as she arrived, she went to Sarah's place instead of her own to check on the two girls that meant so much to her. A beautiful smile from the woman she loved awaited her when she knocked on the door.

"I'm so glad you're back," Sarah stated, bringing the taller woman into a hug.

"I'm glad to be here," the twenty-seven year old answered, leaning to kiss the blonde with the passion that had been pent up from three weeks apart.

"Come in. I was just working on dinner for Eve and me. I hope you'll stay."

"Of course. You couldn't keep me away any longer. Just let me drop my bags off upstairs, and I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Don't be gone too long. After dinner I'd like to spend some time catching up with you," Sarah stated.

Seeing the suggestive blue eyes, Jamie smirked. "Sounds good to me. Maybe with any luck Eve will be tired tonight."

"The nanny wore her out pretty well today for us, because I knew you'd be coming back. Unless she gets a second wind, I think there is a good chance she'll go down early."

Nodding the brunette said, "All right. Be back in a minute for dinner with my girls."

"We'll be waiting."

Quickly Jamie made her way upstairs to her place. She took only a moment to look around and see that everything was as she left it before returning downstairs to her lover. By the time she returned, Sarah was just setting the food on the table for the three of them. The tall woman grabbed Eve and placed her in her booster seat at the table before taking her own chair across from the blonde actress. Sarah spared her a coy smile before turning to Eve, who had already grabbed her fork.

"Eve, what do we do first before we eat dinner?" she asked carefully.

The little girl put her utensil down again and folded her hands like her mother's. Jamie followed suit in amazement the two-year-old understood. The blonde said a quiet prayer for their food and Jamie's return before allowing them to begin their meal.

"This is good. Your cooking rivals Samantha's," the tall woman said with a smile.

"Glad you like it. I'll admit I pulled out all the stops, because I knew you were coming home tonight, and I wanted you to be impressed. Don't get used to it though. You're seeing just about the limits of my cooking skills," she replied with a grin of her own.

"So, tell me what's been going on at work? How far behind are we really?"

"Let's just say that we better enjoy tonight, because it's going to be sixteen hours days from now until it's finished. You've got your work cut out for you after dinner."

When the older woman felt her lover's foot running up the inside of her leg, she knew exactly what she was saying. Cracking her characteristic cocky smile, she stated, "Don't you worry your pretty head about that. Jamie Dean never leaves her ladies unfulfilled. However, I think there's a little one who might throw a wrench in those plans. Hopefully not."

Sarah shook her head. "Look at her. She'll be down for the night after this, a bath, and a book. She's sleeping in the guestroom tonight."

"Why? You expecting company?" Jamie teased.

"Oh, yeah. I'm expecting a strong, dark-haired, cast-free lover to come screw me all night."

"May I watch?" she joked.

"You can do more than that. Did you wear your tongue ring?"

"That's for me to know, and you to wonder about, at least until later." Redirecting her attentions to the little girl, she asked, "So, what did you do today, Eve?"

After dinner Jamie offered to do the dishes while Sarah took Eve to her bath. By the time she was finished, she heard the blonde settling Eve down for the evening, so she decided to wait in the living room as to not risk exciting the toddler by her presence. She idly began flipping through TV channels as she waited. Jamie heard Sarah reading and then lightly singing to the little girl. However, after about half an hour of waiting for the small woman, Jamie saw her closing the guest room door.

She smiled as Sarah came into the living room. The younger woman gave a sexy smile before slinking over to the sofa where Jamie was sitting. "Hi, stranger," she whispered, pushing the older woman down against the arm of the couch and covering her with her smaller body.

The brunette gave a grin of her own. "Hi, beautiful. You're a sight for sore eyes."

"You flatter me. You don't need to do that. I think you know you're going to get laid tonight," she mentioned, starting on the buttons of the brunette's shirt. "You've got one hot woman offering herself to you right now."

"You're offering, huh?"

"Yeah, I'm offering. I'm actually doing more than that," she explained, moving her hands to her own blouse. She opened those buttons as well. "I'm pleading for you to take me," she whispered, brushing her lace-covered breasts over Jamie's face lightly. The tall woman groaned but kept her hands to herself, wondering where things were going. Sarah's mouth neared her own. It hovered dangerously close for several moments before she uttered, "I'm begging you to fuck me."

Instantly, the older woman moaned at the sexy vulgarity. "Funny. You look like my girlfriend, but I never knew my precious talked like that," she provoked in hopes of getting more.

"You think you're the only one who can be a bad girl, Miss Dean?"

"I'm the queen of them, babe," she answered arrogantly, playing the role Sarah obviously wanted from her.

"Then prove it. Fuck me. Ravage me right here on this couch."

Even though Jamie wanted to do just that, she hesitated a moment, concerned for her lover's physical wellness after the miscarriage. Not wanting to hurt her, she quietly asked, "Are you sure you can take it? I wouldn't want to hurt you, baby."

"I can take anything you give. I've been waiting for this moment for far too long, Jamie Dean."

"Then tell me exactly how you want it, Sarah," she demanded commandingly. "You want it hard and fast? Or maybe hard and long? Tell me. Tell me how to fuck you, Sarah," she growled, groping the blonde's breasts roughly.

The blonde's head rolled back as her eyes closed. It was heaven to feel Jamie's touch. Seeing the dirty language was turning on the brunette, she decided to let herself go. She took Jamie by the back of the head and slammed her face into her large endowment insisting, "Suck my tits, Miss Dean." The older woman groaned loudly as she did just as she was instructed. She never imagined the petite woman would say something so provocative. However, before she could even respond, Sarah issued another directive. "And when you're finished with those, you can eat me."

Immediately Jamie pulled back as she heard those words. Giving a crooked grin, she whispered, "Who would have ever thought you were such a naughty little freak? I love it. I love it so much that I'm going to give you exactly what you want, little girl. I'm going to eat you like you've never had it before and make you come like there was no tomorrow. When I'm done with that, you're going to take all of me, and I'm going to fuck you so hard, you'll be walking funny for a month," she countered.

Sarah smiled. "Then come on, big girl. Give me your best shot. I bet I can last longer than you," she challenged, knowing full well it was a bet she would lose, but she hoped it would spur Jamie into action, and indeed it did. As soon as she had finished her words, the older woman rolled them both off the couch down to the floor gently, leaving the blonde on the rug on her back with Jamie on top of her.

The taller woman ripped the blonde's blouse off her shoulders and popped the clasp of her bra open before tearing that off as well. Roughly she latched on to Sarah's right breast as her hands went to work on the small woman's jeans. She unzipped them before yanking them down to her knees. Immediately the brunette moved down and buried herself inside of her lover.

Sarah cried out loudly, grasping at the back of Jamie's head to ground herself. Instinctively her legs strained to open further, but her jeans restrained her, making her seem more captive than she truly was, and in turn the feeling heightened her own arousal. She had fantasized about it being this way, of Jamie taking her with abandon as she lay helpless to the stronger woman's whims. The only thing missing was having the brunette pin her wrists down as she had that day on the set while she ravaged her. However, Sarah didn't have time to dwell on that fact as she felt her climax approaching quickly. It surprised her that the brunette had evoked it so rapidly, but she gave herself over to it, letting it cascade over her whole body. When the first one had passed, she

was startled that the tall woman just stopped. Looking up at her, the young actress inquired in concern, "What's wrong, Jamie?"

"Nothing. I just thought of something. I have a present for you that I brought from home, and now that I know you're game, I want to give it to you," she growled seductively. "What do you say? You want it?"

"Sure," Sarah replied eagerly.

"All right. I'll go get it. You get ready for bed. I'll be back in a few minutes, and when I return I expect to find you naked," she commanded, grabbing her discarded shirt as she arose from the floor.

Hearing the tone of her lover's voice, Sarah's body trembled in rising fervor. She knew she was going to enjoy it when Jamie got this way, but she had no idea her body would yearn to be taken with such ferocity. As soon as the front door to her condo closed, she immediately rose and made her way back to the bedroom, determined to follow the older woman's instructions in hopes of more pleasure to come. Stripping off the rest of her clothes, she laid down on the bed and waited with anxious anticipation. As she did her hands began to wander over her own skin. She was on fire and more than ready for her lover's return, which occurred a few minutes later as promised.

When Jamie entered the bedroom and saw Sarah stretched out over the comforter touching herself, she felt her knees weaken for a second. Their eyes locked as the blonde stopped her movements, but the tall woman protested. "Don't stop unless I tell you to. Let me watch you," she stated as she moved toward the foot of the bed. She observed as Sarah took the direction, continuing her pace. Her own passion started to rise again at the sight of the little blonde pleasuring herself. She studied the movements, taking in where Sarah liked to touch herself.

Beginning to get into having her lover watch her, the small woman closed her eyes as she let a fantasy take hold in her mind. Soon she forgot about dark eyes devouring her every move as she began to bring herself to peak. She panted Jamie's name.

The utterance struck Jamie's core. Not able to stay away, she moved onto the bed. She leaned down to the blonde's breasts, taking one into her mouth. Sarah cried out in relief and need as she brought her hands up to cradle her lover's head. However, her actions were rebuffed. "I told you not to stop," she warned. "Keep touching yourself." Sarah did as she was told, moving both her hands down between her thighs again as the brunette's mouth ravaged her chest. "Tell me, Sarah. Do you touch yourself like this when you're alone? Do you fantasize about me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"What do I do in your fantasies? Do I make love to you?" she inquired, sweetly kissing the crests of the petite woman's breasts reverently.

"Yes," the blonde panted.

"Do I fuck you?" Jamie asked roughly, biting Sarah's neck.

"God, yes," she replied, inching closer to peak at the combination of stimuli.

Sensing that she was close, the brunette demanded, "Don't come, Sarah." The blonde whined. The command only pushed her further. "You can't come until I tell you to."

"Jamie, please," she pleaded.

"No. You only can come when I say. If you want to, you have to tell me to make you come."

Moaning at the dangerous edge in her lover's voice, Sarah quickly said, "Jamie, please make me come."

"All right. I will since you asked so nicely," she teased, reaching down to unzip her pants. Hearing the zipper, Sarah opened her eyes. "Keep your eyes shut," Jamie immediately insisted. The blonde closed them again but wondered what was about to happen next. Freeing herself from her khaki pants, the tall woman then reached down between the little woman's legs and grabbed her by the wrists. Sarah protested with a mewling sound, but as Jamie pinned her wrists above her head, she knew she was about to get her ultimate fantasy. The older woman easily held both the petite wrists with one hand, especially since Sarah made no move to free herself. Reaching down with her right hand, Jamie ran it through her girlfriend's wetness. Sarah responded by raising her hips toward the touch, but as quickly as it came, it left. She whimpered at the loss. Moving herself into position between Sarah's thighs, Jamie quietly but ferally inquired, "Do you think you can take all of me?"

Sarah gave a nod, feeling fairly sure in that moment that her girlfriend was going to enter her with something other than her talented fingers. Anxious to find out, she begged, "Please, Jamie. Fuck me, baby."

The tall woman growled as she held Sarah down with both hands. Latching onto her mouth savagely, she thrust with all her weight, plunging the strap-on she was wearing completely in the small woman. Sarah screamed into the kiss as her muscles gave way to the massive intrusion. The pain of being stretched far beyond her comfort and the pleasure of being completely filled by the dark-haired woman merged together in one feeling.

When Jamie felt Sarah relax after a moment she pulled her mouth away from the little woman's lips and tenderly asked, "I didn't hurt you too much, did I?"

Blue eyes opened at the question. She saw the concern in her lover's gaze. "No," she panted, still trying to get used to the size inside of her. Giving a small grin, she playfully challenged, "Well, you've shown how big you are, but the question remains. Do you know how to use it? Are you going to fuck me with that thing or not, Miss Dean?"

Jamie gave a proud lopsided smile. "Oh, I'm going to fuck you into next week," she boasted.

"Well, time's a wasting. I want it now, Jamie," she mandated, taking over again.

"Anything you desire, Sarah," Jamie answered, letting her girlfriend wield the control once more.

They moved together at a fierce pace, driven by the blonde who was already teetering on the edge of oblivion. It was only moments before she clung tightly to her lover as the cascade of release shook her to her soul. There was only panting for several minutes before she mumbled, "Oh my God."

"You okay?" tenderly Jamie inquired, looking down into blue eyes.

Sarah smiled at her in satisfaction. "Never in my life did I ever imagine love like this," she confessed. "You are by far the best lover I've ever had."

"And just how many have you had?" the brunette questioned with a teasing grin.

"Two including you," she admitted.

"Really? Just Robert and me?" Jamie asked in surprise.

"Yeah, just the two of you. How many have you had, Jamie?" curiously she inquired.

"You want an actual number?"

"Guess if you have to."

The older woman rolled off of Sarah and discarded her toys before staring at the ceiling in contemplation. "I don't know really. If I had to make a guess, I would probably say about fifty or so."

"Fifty different women? You've been with fifty women?" Sarah questioned seriously.

"Well, I started young, Sarah. I was only thirteen the first time, and after Stephanie passed away, I sort of found my relief in women. You know when I was with her, I was completely faithful, but being single has left me a little promiscuous. Now that we're together though, I can assure you of my unwavering fidelity. I've never cheated on a woman."

"I'm not worried about that, Jamie. I'm just surprised is all. You have been tested, haven't you?"

"A little late to ask me that, isn't it?" she joked. However, seeing the serious look on her lover's face, she replied, "Of course I have. I have Katrina to think about. She doesn't need to lose her other mother to carelessness."

Sarah nodded at the explanation as she curled up into the brunette's shoulder. Long quiet moments passed. "I'm getting sleepy," she finally said.

Jamie laughed lightly. "What happened to going all night?" she joked.

"What can I say? I'm a mother of a two-year-old. You're lucky to have gotten this much out of me," she teased.

"Well, it was time well-spent, I assure you," the older woman stated. "Why don't we call it a night? We have an early start in the morning anyway."

Chapter Seven

By September of that year the film was complete and Sarah and Jamie had gone back to their lives in New York. The media had already been informed of the blonde's separation and pending divorce from Robert Dawson, but the two women kept a low profile on their relationship as to not feed the rumor mill. However, they spent lots of time together with their daughters.

One evening they were all at Samantha and Doug's house for dinner. It was after their meal, and Katrina was inside at the kitchen table working on her homework, while the adults chatted out in the backyard. Eve was sitting contently in Jamie's lap as they all shared a bottle of wine. However, just then the seven-year-old poked her head out of the patio door.

"Sarah, can you help me with my math?" she questioned.

"Yeah, sure," the little woman answered, casting a bewildered look at her girlfriend. Katrina had never requested anything from her before, so she wondered if that's what the little girl really wanted. Going into the kitchen, she took a seat at the table with her lover's child. "Let's see this math," she said, moving the book closer to them. They talked about the questions for a long time, going through each one at a slow pace.

However, when they were finished Katrina looked up at Sarah. "Sarah, can I ask you something?"

"Of course. What is it, sweetie?"

"Do you love Mom?" hesitantly she inquired.

"Yes, I do, Katrina. I love your mother very much," she answered, seeing no reason not to tell the little girl the truth.

"Are you two going to get married?"

Sarah thought about the question for a moment before saying, "I don't know. Maybe. Why do you ask?"

The small blonde girl shrugged at first but then said, "I heard Mom talking to Aunt Samantha about it. She said she wanted to live with you and Eve."

Being that she and Jamie hadn't discussed that, she was surprised, but she didn't allow her emotions to show. Instead, she asked, "Well, would that be okay with you if we did?"

Katrina shrugged. Looking up at the twenty-five year old actress, she asked, "Can I live with you and Mom too?"

"Do you not like it here? Don't Aunt Samantha and Uncle Doug take good care of you?"

The child nodded. "I just want to be with Mom. Why can Eve live with her, but I can't?" she inquired with a trembling voice.

"Sweetie, if you feel this strongly, then we should talk to your mom. She just wants what is best for you, Katrina. Do you want me to talk to her?" Katrina nodded. "All right. I promise that we'll discuss it."

"Thanks, Sarah," she said, getting out of her chair and coming to the blonde. The seven-year-old embraced her in a hug.

The petite woman felt her heart flutter in happiness as she held her lover's child. It was the first time Katrina had made an attempt to be affectionate with her, and in that moment she felt as if she had a connection with Jamie and Stephanie's daughter. Holding the little girl in her arms, she mentioned, "You know, if your mom, Eve, and me live together it would only be because your mother and I were married. How would you feel about that?"

"Mom loves you, Sarah. I used to have two moms, and I wish I had two moms again."

"Would you want me to be that second mom?" Sarah inquired.

"If you want to be," she replied.

"Well, your mom and I will have to talk about it. She has to agree, but I'll talk to her about that too. Anything else?"

Katrina seemed to ponder the question before asking, "Can you help me with my spelling?"

Sarah smiled at her, sensing their serious talk was over for the moment. "Sure, sweetie. Where's the book?"

Samantha, Doug, and Jamie were enjoying the evening air on the back porch while Sarah was inside with Katrina. They were simply talking when the redhead pointed toward the kitchen. "Would you look at that?"

The tall woman turned to look over her shoulder into the house. What she saw elated her spirit. Katrina was sitting next to Sarah at the table. Her girlfriend's arm was around her daughter's shoulders as they diligently studied. "Well, I guess Katrina does like her after all. I wasn't quite sure there for a while. I'm glad they're getting along."

"I guess you don't have any worries about how they feel about each other now. I told you they would take to each other given enough time," Samantha said with a smile.

"I'm glad for that. Makes things much easier."

That night after Katrina had been put to bed Jamie, Sarah, and Eve headed back to the mainland. Without discussion they all found themselves back at the blonde's condo. Jamie put the sleepy child to bed and then moved into the master bedroom where her lover was waiting.

Coming into the room, Jamie took a seat on the edge of the bed and gazed at the blonde, who was already under the covers in her pajamas reading. "You're staying, aren't you?" she asked, looking up from her book.

"I guess so, as long as I'm invited," she teased.

"You know you have a standing invitation to this bed," Sarah answered, looping an arm around the brunette's neck and leaning in for a kiss. "Now take off those clothes and come to bed," she demanded.

Jamie smiled demurely before standing to go get ready for bed. Ten minutes later she returned from the bathroom in her robe. Sarah was giving her seductive yet playful eyes as she came to her own side of the bed. She knew what the blonde was waiting to see. With a cocky smile she shrugged out of her robe, revealing the fact that she was wearing nothing. "I take it you like my bed attire," she joked, seeing the approval in wanton blue eyes.

"You came appropriately dressed," the younger actress said, putting her book on the nightstand as Jamie slid under the covers.

"And you didn't," the brunette mentioned, reaching for the blonde's cotton pajama top.

"You can always rectify that problem, Miss Dean," she whispered, pushing the tall woman down onto her back and crawling on top of her.

Jamie knew exactly what Sarah wanted when she called her by that particular pet name. It was the small woman's way of signaling that she wanted something rougher than their usual tender intimacy. Playing her role, Jamie cracked a grin. "Tell me what you want, Sarah."

An hour later they lay quietly wrapped in each other's arms. However, the blonde broke their silence stating, "Jamie, I need to tell you something about Katrina, but I haven't been able to figure out the best way to broach the subject."

"Just tell me. What is it?" she asked in concern, hearing her lover's hesitancy.

"She talked to me tonight about some things, and I promised her I would talk to you about them. I guess she overheard you talking to Samantha about us living together."

"Oh. I thought we were alone."

"Well, she heard you, Jamie, and she's concerned."

"Concerned over what?"

"She told me that if the two of us lived together with Eve that she wanted to live with us too. She wants to live with you again, Jamie."

"I don't see how that's going to work. I guess the only way would be for me to buy a place out on the island, but even then she'd still have to stay with them when I was out on location."

"Maybe that won't bother her as long as she knows her home is really with you."

"She really said this to you?" she questioned, surprised but pleased her daughter had enough admiration for Sarah to take her as a confidant. "I wonder why she didn't tell me directly? She's never been shy about that kind of stuff before. She knows I'd give her anything she wants."

"I don't know, Jamie. She actually said even more than that though," she mentioned tentatively.

"What else did she say?"

"I felt like I should be honest with her about our relationship, because she asked me if I loved you. I told her yes. I also told her that for you and I to live together we would have to be married. Of course that led to the inevitable next question of whether or not we were going to get married. She has her own thoughts on that matter as well."

"What are they?" the tall woman asked.

"She would be fine with the two of us getting married. She said she wanted a second mother again, so I asked if she wanted me to be that mother, and she said yes."

Jamie laughed lightly. "She certainly is Stephanie's daughter," she said. "You never have to worry about the way that girl feels. She'll always tell you her opinion whether it's asked or not. It's good to see that she's chosen you as her confidant. Stephanie was that for her, and then I had to fill those shoes. Looks like she has our relationship all worked out for us, and if she's decided, then I guess that's the way it's supposed to be. Maybe I should just ask you to marry me, so we can get on with the rest of our lives," she mentioned with a smile.

"Married? Do you think I would say yes?" Sarah asked with sparkling eyes.

The brunette shrugged. "I don't know. Would you? If I got down on my knees like this, would you?" she asked as she slid from bed to the floor. Sarah giggled at the sight of Jamie naked, kneeling in front of her. "If I took your hand in mine and looked up into your eyes and said that I couldn't live without you, that I wanted to love you forever, would you say yes? Would you say yes if I said I wanted you to be a mother to my daughter and be a mother to yours?" she asked,

gently taking Sarah's hands in her own. Looking down into dark eyes, the blonde realized the moment had ceased to be light, growing in earnest as she looked down into dark eyes. "Would you, Sarah? Would you marry me?"

"Jamie, are you being serious?" she asked, unsure all of a sudden.

There was a moment of pause from the tall woman. As Jamie looked up at Sarah Talbot sitting naked on her bed, she realized she was being serious. She really wanted to marry the little blonde who had taken control of her whole life in a matter of months. Casting a quick look over at the photograph of Sarah, their two daughters, and her on the night table, she thought about what it would mean for all of them. She knew without a doubt that Stephanie would approve of Sarah as a second mother to Katrina and a second wife to her as much as the seven-year-old did.

Seeing Jamie look over toward the picture, the young woman felt like the playful moment had turned awkward with the extended pause. She had put the older woman on the spot without meaning to, and she had put herself into a strange position as well. Trying to ease the situation she started, "Jamie, I..."

However, the brunette cut her off. "Sarah Michelle Talbot, I love you, and I love Eve as my own. Maybe it is fate you and I have come together in this time and place. My daughter seems to think so. You want Eve to have a second parent. Well, here I am, ready and willing, but will you take my daughter as your own? Will you take me as a wife? Will you forever forsake all others for me as I would for you? Will you marry me, Sarah, and make the happiest woman on the earth?"

Sarah gazed down at the woman she loved. Jamie had just made the sincerest proposal she had ever heard. Freeing one hand from her lover's, she ran it through the tall woman's dark hair. Regardless of how little time they had actually been together as a couple, the blonde knew her heart was intended for the tall woman. She was meant to be a mother to the seven-year-old for whom she had come to feel so much, and Jamie was meant to be a mother to little Eve. Going with her soul's yearning, she gave a confident smile. "Jamie, I will take you as my wife and Katrina as my daughter. Fate has brought me to you, and I won't even try to stop what is sure to be the best thing that's ever happened to me. I love you, Jamie Dean. I want to marry you."

"And I want to marry you, Sarah Talbot."

Caressing her lover's face, the younger woman said, "Well, I guess we have one seven-year-old who's going to be thrilled."

Jamie smiled as she leaned into the touch. "Yeah. We'll have to thank her for twisting our arms on this one. You have no idea how hard it is to say no to that girl."

"After this I think I do," Sarah teased, pulling her fiancée up from the floor. They kissed slowly.

"You make me happier than any other woman ever could," Jamie confessed.

"You make me happy too, Jamie. Well, before we go to that party this weekend we're going to have to go out to the island and tell our daughter the news. I think we should take both girls to the Whitfield and Erwin Labor Day barbeque. They said families were invited. Let's take the girls. There is no sense in delaying the inevitable. I want all our friends to know how happy I am."

"Katrina will be thrilled. She doesn't know my friends, and I think it's time to stop hiding her from the world."

"And you know, once we get married, there's no reason why we can't move to the island. That way we don't have to make her change schools. Whatever she wants," Sarah mentioned.

"You're too good to me, Sarah. Thanks for understanding Katrina's needs."

The little woman gave her fiancée a smile as she cupped her face. "Anything for our girls."

That Saturday the three of them were out on Staten Island early in the morning. Jamie had already talked to Katrina on the phone the night before and invited her to go with them to the party, and as the tall woman expected, her daughter was excited to go along, so by the time the three of them got to the house, they found the seven-year-old ready for their outing. However, they had plenty of time to hang around the house before leaving, so the whole group sat down to a large breakfast courtesy of Doug.

As the family sat around the kitchen table, Jamie got everyone's attention. "I have an announcement to make. Well, actually, Sarah and I have an announcement," she corrected, looking at the little woman sitting next to her. Looking at her daughter, Jamie said, "Sarah and I have decided to get married."

Immediately she saw the seven-year-old smile and look at Sarah. "If it's okay with you, Katrina, we would like to move out here to the island after the wedding, so we can all stay close to each other," Sarah added.

Katrina nodded in agreement. Coming to Jamie the little girl slid into her mother's lap. However, she asked Sarah, "Could I call you Mama like Eve does?"

Blue eyes met brown one for a moment. The simple request stirred Sarah's heart in a way she didn't know possible. With tears coming to her eyes, she smiled down at the little girl. "You can call me whatever you want, Katrina." With that answer Katrina moved from Jamie's lap over to Sarah. She embraced the twenty-five year old in a hug.

Looking over at Samantha, Jamie saw her sister-in-law beginning to cry. The brunette knew she had mixed feelings about her sister's daughter adopting another woman as her mother. It left her with the same feeling. As wonderful as she felt about Katrina being open to having another woman fill those shoes, she didn't want the little girl to ever forget the woman who had brought her into the world.

That afternoon the new-found foursome headed out to Torrance and Helen Whitfield's mansion on Long Island for the party they and Blake and Georgia Erwin were throwing for their friends. As Jamie drove her black Mercedes convertible up the long drive towards the house, she cast a glance into her rearview mirror at the two blondes. Katrina was eying the landscape as it passed, her Gucci sunglasses hiding her eyes. Jamie smiled to herself. The beautiful seven-year-old looked very much the part of the daughter of a famous actress with her glamorous style. Looking over at Eve, the brunette saw the two-year-old clapping at the wind, obviously thrilled to play with the breeze as it whipped passed them. Gazing at Sarah in the passenger's seat, the tall woman smiled brightly. The fair-headed actress returned it as she placed her hand on top of Jamie's that was resting on her thigh.

"Maybe I should dye my hair blonde to match my favorite ladies," the brunette teased. "All three of you are such towheads."

The little woman laughed. "Don't do a thing with your hair, Jamie. I like it just the way it is."

"You know, our hostesses are going to go crazy with us showing up together with the girls. People are going to speculate."

"Like this huge rock isn't a huge giveaway?" Sarah joked, flashing the large diamond on her left hand at the woman who had given it to her. "I don't mind, Jamie. In fact I'm ready to stop hiding. I want every woman at this party to know the infamous Jamie Dean is off the market permanently," she mentioned with a wink.

"Well, feel free to stake your claim, Sarah. I can't wait to see their faces. I guess this is as good a way as any to have our relationship leaked to the press. You know someone here won't be able to control themselves with such a juicy tidbit."

"Then let it happen. I want everyone to know I did what no other woman could," Sarah stated in such obvious self-pride it made Jamie laugh.

"You got it, babe. We're not hiding any longer. The world will know it today," she answered, parking her car along the driveway with the many others.

Sarah assisted Eve from her car seat while Jamie waited for Katrina to get out of the car. Slowly the four of them strolled up to the house. Jamie gave a knock as she curved one arm around Sarah and the other around Katrina as Eve stayed in her mother's arms. Within a moment the photographer opened the door.

She smiled brightly at the four of them. "Sarah, Jamie, hi. Welcome," she greeted. She looked at the two girls. "Jamie, it looks like you've grown a family since the last time I saw you," she jested lightly.

"Actually I have, Tor," the brunette announced proudly. Just then Helen came to the door, and she had a similar surprised salutation for them. "Let me introduce you two to my daughter.

Katrina, these are some of my friends, Torrance and Helen Whitfield. Tor, Helen, this is my daughter, Katrina Taylor-Dean."

The elegant blonde smiled down at the little girl. "Hi, Katrina. Come on in. All the kids are out by the pool. I hope you brought your suit," Helen mentioned.

"Oh, yeah. She came prepared," Jamie answered for her.

"Aren't you forgetting something, Jamie? There is someone else you need to introduce," Sarah said.

"Of course, angel. Helen, Tor, I believe you two know my fiancée Sarah Talbot and her daughter Eve."

"Fiancée?" Torrance questioned with a charming grin at her two friends.

"I hooked her," Sarah proudly boasted.

"You certainly did, babe."

"Congratulations!" Helen exclaimed, leaning to hug them both before stating, "Come on out back. Everyone's outside."

The group moved to the back lawn where many of the most famous and influential New Yorkers were already situated. As soon as they came into the yard, their two other hostesses greeted them. "Jamie, Sarah, so nice that you both could make it," Blake said, coming to kiss the blonde actress on the cheek and shake the brunette's hand.

"Oh, and you brought your children with you. I'm so glad," Georgia added as she too hugged their guests.

Blake looked down at Katrina. "Well, my my. The last time I saw you, Katrina, you barely came up to my waist. You've grown so much in three years," she mentioned.

"Katrina, Blake and Georgia are friends of mine, and Blake was your mother's and my attorney. This is her wife Georgia."

"You knew Stephanie?" Sarah inquired quietly to the attorney.

Blake nodded. "An extraordinary woman gone before her time," she stated as Georgia and Jamie led Katrina away toward the pool. "Did you know her?"

"No but sometimes I feel like I did."

"Jamie loved her. It was a shame to see her pass."

"Well, I think she's gotten over that now."

"Is she seeing someone?" curiously Blake asked.

Silently Sarah raised her left hand. "You could say a little more than that."

"No way. You and Jamie are engaged?"

"Yes, just recently."

"I never heard anything about you two even dating."

"I know. That's the way we wanted it until things with Robert started to settle down a bit."

Blake nodded. "Speaking of that, we need to talk. However, we won't do it now. I'm so glad Jamie's found someone. I always hoped she would. She's a good person, Sarah. She has a kind spirit."

"I know. Listen, now that Jamie and I are engaged I would like her to have partial custody of Eve with me. Can you do that for me?"

"Of course. I helped her with Katrina. Doing the same for Eve shouldn't be a problem. However, before we go that far, we need to talk about the way the divorce is proceeding. We need to have a serious conversation as soon as possible. Can we get together tomorrow?" she questioned seriously.

"Of course. What's wrong, Blake? Is something happening?"

"Yeah. There is something going on, which you didn't mention to me. Although, I'm not sure you even knew about this little piece of information. Please, don't worry about this now. This is a party. We'll work on it tomorrow. This is great news about you and Jamie, Sarah. I'm happy for you both. This needs to be celebrated now," she said, curving her arm around the blonde and leading them over to where Jamie was with the rest of the group.

That evening as the foursome left that party, Sarah mentioned her conversation to Jamie. The brunette seemed concerned with the development. "This sounds like that piece of information Robert had threatened you with originally. Did Blake seem worried to you?"

"Well, she was somber about whatever it was. She didn't say what it was though. Jamie, I have no idea what could be coming."

"Do you want me to go with you tomorrow, or would you prefer to go alone?"

"Maybe you should go with me. I really don't know what she's going to tell me, and it might be important for you to be there."

"Then I will. Don't worry about this right now. There is nothing we can do until tomorrow anyway. Let's just relax until then. You'll work yourself up otherwise."

Sarah nodded in agreement. "Right. I guess we should go back to Manhattan tonight after dropping Katrina off."

"Sounds like it. No problem though."

The next morning both actresses arrived at Blake's office early. The attorney greeted them seriously. "Good morning. I'm glad you're here, Jamie. This actually concerns you as well. Could I get either of you coffee or tea before we start?"

The blonde shook her head. "Please just tell me what's wrong."

Taking a seat, Blake sighed. "The other day I received something in the mail in regards to you and the impending divorce from Robert," she mentioned, pulling an envelope out of her desk drawer. "I must prepare you. In light of the fact that you are still married to Robert, these are not the best things that could have appeared."

Sarah took the package the attorney extended to her and looked into it. Seeing photographs she pulled the lot of them out and began to flip through them. "Oh my God," she mumbled.

"What is it, Sarah? What are they?" Jamie asked gently.

"They're pictures of us, Jamie. That night we went out in D.C. someone followed us and took pictures of everything we did. They caught us dancing," she explained, handing the photographs to her fiancée.

Jamie looked through the stack. Images of Sarah and her intimately involved on the dance floor were depicted. "Dammit," she mumbled. "Where did you get these?"

"Robert's attorney sent them to me with a note."

"I guess that means Robert's seen them," the brunette actress stated.

Sarah nodded. "I'm sure it was his idea. What did the note say?"

"That he would send these to the press if you didn't give him what you wanted in the divorce. Now I don't know when these were taken, but it might not have as much of an effect since your engagement is about to be public. However, you are still married to Robert. I don't know how this is going to go over in the press for you, Sarah, and that's not my territory. My concern is how this affects the divorce proceedings. Personally I would not be swayed by such a threat to give him more money. Being that you were the bread winner in the family, you are already going to have to give him financial support. It's a matter of how much. I think I can make it minimal as possible, so this wouldn't concern me as far as the divorce, but I'm sure your PR people would see it differently. I need you to tell me how to proceed here."

Sarah looked over at Jamie in contemplation. "What do you think, Jamie? This is more than just my divorce. These pictures concern you as well."

The tall woman shrugged. "I don't know. It's one thing to fight rumors, but these pictures would be hard to refute. I think the announcement of our engagement might downplay them. On that point I think Blake is right. The question remains though. Will the public think less of American's Sweetheart for the behavior? I'm not so worried about my reputation. I mean, I'm already known as a bad girl, but you are a golden child in Hollywood, Sarah. Would the public mind seeing this seductive alluring side to you? These pictures are anything but of an innocent married woman. I for one would not want to let Robert Dawson manipulate you, but money in any amount might be worth keeping these out of the tabloids. It's up to you, honey. It's a matter of how strong you feel. Do you think you can take the harsh inquiries that are sure to come your way? Do you think your reputation will be sullied too much? I mean, you are already going to turn some heads in Hollywood with the announcement of our engagement. Do you think people can deal with this on top of it?"

"But on the other hand, the fact that we are engaged will probably prove to be to our advantage here. After all, these are pictures of us intimately involved. What couple in our position would not be involved in such a way? We were only unfortunate enough to be caught on camera. It's not like they are pornographic. They are of us dancing and kissing. I think we should leak our own engagement to the press before any of our friends even do. Then we tell Robert to take a hike. I'm not paying any more support than I absolutely have to."

Nodding her head in agreement, Jamie replied, "If that's what you want, that's what we'll do. Blake, how do you see it playing out from here?"

The attorney shrugged. "If this is all he has, then I don't see how much this can really affect our case. This proves you were having an affair, but since there is no custody battle here, it shouldn't matter that much."

"Speaking of custody, Blake, remember what I asked you at the party yesterday about Jamie being given partial custody of Eve?"

"Of course."

"You want me to have partial custody of Eve?" Jamie asked in surprise.

The blonde nodded. "Jamie, Eve needs you, and if we're going to get married, I think it would only be right that you were able to take on custody. Is that okay with you? Would you rather not have the responsibility?"

"No, that's not it at all. I'm truly honored that you would even consider it, Sarah. I just want to make sure it's what you really want. It would be a pleasure to take Eve as my own. It just brings up questions like Katrina. I'm not able to extend you the same consideration, because Samantha and Doug have partial custody of her."

Sarah took her fiancée's hand. "I know, Jamie. I'm not expecting Samantha and Doug to give up Katrina for me. I think we can all manage to remain a happy family without that. However, I do feel strongly about it when it comes to Eve, especially if we are going to have any more children. I just think it's the right thing to do given the circumstances."

Jamie looked at Blake. "Blake, do you see any problems with that?"

"No. However, I strongly advise you to wait before proceeding on that. Robert has claimed that he wants to give up his rights, but he hasn't done so yet. I'd wait until the divorce is final, and he's signed the papers before moving ahead. It would also be easier if you two were actually married before you filed the petition. Other than that I don't see any major obstacles. Jamie has the means to support Eve, and if Robert is no longer in the picture, I don't see how the request could be denied."

"That's what we'll do then," Sarah stated.

"There is something else we should talk about since you're both here," mentioned Blake. "Since you all are getting married, I think you two should contemplate your prenup. I'm not sure if either of you have even considered it yet, but I advise you to have one."

"Is there a particular reason why, Blake? We hadn't even talked about that," Jamie said.

The attorney looked between them for a moment. "Would it be all right with the both of you if I divulged financial information about the other?" she inquired professionally. Both of them agreed, so she continued, "Jamie, Sarah has a great deal more in assets than you do. In fact, she was the major contributor to her marriage with Robert as well. Unfortunately she and Robert didn't have a prenup, which has left the door open for some ugliness. He's fighting everything. That's very costly and time-consuming, but Sarah is determined to prevail and keep as many of her assets intact as possible. A prenuptial agreement would protect the both of you in the case that this second marriage does not work. Additionally but probably more importantly by having a prenup, it protects your assets, Jamie, so Robert can't get a hold of them. Robert is a man of means, but Sarah is clearly seen as the bread winner in that household placing the burden on her for alimony. By having a prenup it will protect the both of you. Robert will have no chance at any of your assets, Jamie. Not only that, you two can get much-needed tax breaks by bestowing money to your children instead of each other. Sarah and Robert had most of the assets labeled as Tenants by the Entirety, which in light of the events has proven an unwise choice. You two on the other hand can have assets labeled as Tenants in Common, which will provide you with some latitude should Robert continue to haunt Sarah financially, and it will provide a means to decrease your estates and leave more money for you children should something happen to either of you. Since we won't be able to get Sarah partial custody of Katrina, this is the way I think you should handle it, so both girls and any future children are protected."

"Well, I'm not worried about Sarah having my assets should something go wrong, but I am definitely concerned about the children. For that reason alone I would agree to it," the brunette actress replied.

"Me too. I want the kids to be protected," Sarah added.

"All right then. I'll draft one for you as a starting point, and then you two can work out your details as your schedules permit."

"Wonderful. You've been a great help, Blake. Thank you," the blonde said with a smile.

"That's what I'm here for. This is going to be a tough battle with Robert, Sarah, and for that I'm sorry. However, I will do my best to keep the damage to a minimum."

"That's all I can ask for I suppose. Thanks again."

Leaving Blake's office they returned to Sarah's apartment. Both of them went straight to work on calling their personal assistants and getting the news of their engagement to the public before the pictures could arrive.

The day didn't even go by without return calls from their staffs regarding announcement. All of the most popular media moguls requested interviews with the couple, because it was such a shock that Sarah Talbot, Hollywood's sweetest actress, had chosen Jamie Dean, the woman with the most reckless reputation, as a mate. The classic good girl falling in love with a bad boy had come to fruition with a modern twist, intriguing the general public, making it virtually impossible for them to go anywhere, even in New York, without notice.

Over the next few days, the two of them had to lock themselves into Sarah's apartment with their girls trying to outwait the media blitz, but the day before they were going to go on Primetime for an interview, Blake showed up unexpectedly at the condo. "Sorry to just barge in without calling first, but this is extremely important. I know you are trying to dodge the press, but there is something you should know before your interview tomorrow," she announced when Jamie let her inside.

"What is it, Blake?" Sarah questioned seeing the obvious distress in her friend's eyes.

"Have either of you been watching TV today?"

"No, we've been trying to relax from all the interviews over the last few days," Jamie answered. "Why do you ask?"

"There's been a new development in your divorce case and your public persona, Sarah, and it isn't positive," the attorney informed them, putting her briefcase down on the table. Opening it she pulled out several tabloids and held them up. "When you told me Robert said he had career-ending information about you, we both thought it was those pictures. He's taken things a step further by granting interviews to everyone possible. He's running your name and reputation through the mud. He's said all sorts of ugly things about you. All the major presses have made reference to it."

Taking the papers from her friend's hand, Jamie inquired, "What do they say?"

"Basically he gives away all kinds of secrets that you two had during your marriage. Everything from stating you intentionally got pregnant with Eve to force him to marry to how awful you were as a lover. It's everything you wouldn't want people to know. America's Sweetheart you are no longer, not after this."

Instantly Jamie opened the first paper. "You've read these?" she asked of Blake.

She nodded. "I did, because I had to know from a legal perspective what we were up against. It left me sickened to think a couple's private moments could be so grossly on display. Robert will pay for this, but I'm afraid the damage will be done before justice is. I'll just wait in the kitchen while you review them."

"Actually, Blake, if you wouldn't mind, would you go upstairs and make sure the girls don't come down? I wouldn't want them to have to be apart of this," Jamie asked.

"Sure. Just call me back when you're ready to discuss how to counteract this."

With that the attorney left the two of them alone. Sarah looked at her fiancée with fear. "I'm scared, Jamie."

"Me too but we have to know what everyone else has read."

By the time the papers had been read, Sarah was weeping. "Bastard. How could he do this to me?" she mumbled, leaning into the tall woman's body for support.

"I'm so sorry, Sarah," Jamie tried to console, but there were truly no words that could do so in the moment. She felt just as vulnerable and exposed at the horrible accusations Robert had made about her. "I don't care about anything else in life but you, Sarah. My career doesn't matter as much as your happiness. We will get Robert for doing this. If it is the last thing I ever do, I will make him pay."

"This is awful. No wonder my assistant has been trying to call all day. I've been ignoring the phone trying to get some peace, but I guess I should have picked it up. Do you really think people will actually have the nerve to ask us about this during our next few interviews?"

"If they have class, they won't, but I am sure the public is interested. We need to come up with an answer."

"I'm just going to tell them like it is, Jamie. I say we turn it around and put the blame where it belongs, on Robert for being such an asshole about this divorce."

"You can't go off and say that about him on TV, Sarah."

"I have nothing to hide, Jamie. I love you, and I'm not going to pretend to be ashamed of it. I'm madder than hell that he has done this, and I want the world to know it! Don't you?"

"Of course. We'll get through this together. I promise. No matter what happens I love you, and I'll be with you through the whole thing."

"How much do you think this is going to hurt our careers?" the smaller woman inquired hesitantly.

"I don't know. I guess only time will tell." After a few minutes of silence, Jamie stated, "Let me go get Blake. She probably knows the best way to handle this."

When the oldest woman returned to the room, she looked at the petite actress. "I'm sorry, Sarah, to be the bearer of such bad news."

"It's okay. I'm glad you told us."

Blake nodded. "I know this is hard for you both privately and professionally, but Robert can kiss his alimony good bye. I will fight for you, Sarah, to make sure he doesn't do any more damage."

"I know you will, Blake. Thank you."

"Well, I should go. I have a lot of work ahead of me. Just remember that your love for each other is strong. It will see you through. No matter what happens, you have each other, and you have me fighting for you."

As Blake rose from her chair, Sarah got off the couch to hug her. Jamie followed, embracing the older woman. "Thank you for all your help, Blake. You are a great friend."

"Perhaps if you two feel up to it, we can get together sometime soon. I know Georgia is anxious to spend time with you as well. She wants to know all about the wedding plans."

"That sounds wonderful as long as everything is off the record. She is one of these pestering writers that wants to interview us," Jamie joked.

Blake laughed. "That's my sweet Georgia peach all right. She's among best, you know."

"We know. Although maybe we can use that to our advantage, Jamie. Georgia would write anything we ask her to."

"Very true. Maybe a well-timed piece could work. I don't know when we are scheduled to meet with her. Perhaps we should move that up a bit."

"Well, I'll let you two work that out with her. Call us tomorrow, so we can make plans. Maybe we should get you two out of the city. I'll call Tor and Helen and see if I can arrange for you to stay with them for awhile until this blows over."

"That's very kind of you, Blake, but we don't want to inconvenience them."

"It won't be a problem. In fact, you should use Tor too to help repair your images. I'm sure she would be more than willing to assist. I'll ask her about that as well."

Giving a smile Sarah mentioned, "For someone not involved in our PR, you certainly know what you're doing. Maybe we should hire you as a consultant."

"I have enough to do already. Just think of it as a friend looking out for you. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

Chapter Eight

The following day was strenuous for them. Unfortunately during many of the interviews they had the papers were brought up, but as they had agreed, they stood strong against the invasive questions, making it as clear as possible to the public that their privacy had been offensively compromised. Regrettably though, the topic seemed to overshadow everything, even their engagement. By the end of the afternoon, both of them were exhausted. Everywhere they had gone, they were greeted by hundreds of people. Cameras were nonstop as well as questions from the general public that most would have considered private. Jamie and Sarah declined to answer anything outside of interviews and avoided contact with as many fans as possible, but the evasive tactics had taken their toll on them.

Earlier that day Blake had called them and informed them that Helen would be by to pick up their girls, so when they arrived back at Sarah's loft, all was quiet. The attorney had arranged for a car to come for them to take them to Torrance and Helen's house in the Hamptons, so they began a flurry of packing as soon as they walked in.

Having no idea how long they would be gone, they threw mounds of clothes into suitcases for their girls and themselves. No sooner than Jamie had gotten the bags down to the front door, the building security buzzed them to inform them that their driver had arrived. Sarah requested someone be sent up to help with the luggage before turning to her fiancée.

Jamie wrapped her in supportive arms. "We'll get through this, Sarah. I promise."

A moment later there was a knock on the door. Opening it, they saw Blake standing there with a smile. "Ready to go?" she inquired reaching for some of the bags.

"Well, aren't you a surprise? Not only are you an attorney and public relations guru, you are an escort as well," Sarah teased.

"I aim to please. Come on. I had the driver pull into the garage, so no one will see us leaving."

The three of them made their way down to the garage as quickly as possible. Once they were settled, the limo pulled out into the busy upper Manhattan street.

"It is so good to be getting out of the city," the older actress mentioned. "I never knew so much media attention over some articles was possible. We really had hoped the engagement would take precedence in the interviews, but everyone just had to ask the inevitable."

"Well, we're going to fix that. I talked to Tor. She and Georgia have an idea to get things back on track. This will all be a distant nightmare. People are fickle, Sarah and Jamie. You know that. Today's news will be tomorrow's forgotten memories. We just have to find a way to help them put it behind them faster."

"It might a faint memory to the public in time, but I will never forget that Robert hurt me this way," the blonde stated. "The damage to my heart is permanent."

The attorney nodded in understanding. Looking at the younger brunette she sighed. Jamie wrapped an arm around Sarah but said nothing. The rest of the ride was quiet between them. When they pulled up in front of the Whitfield mansion, they were greeted by the sight of their friends with all their children playing in the front yard. Torrance, Helen, and Georgia all made their way over to the limo as it stopped.

Torrance smiled at the young couple. "Jamie, Sarah, how are you two holding up?"

"We're just glad to be away from people," Jamie answered for them.

Helen nodded and reached for Sarah. The blondes hugged before Georgia joined in. "You two are welcome to stay here as long as you need. This will always be a safe haven for you," Helen said, running her hand through Sarah's hair in affection.

The three brunettes just looked on at their wives. Jamie smiled at the fact that Sarah seemed more relaxed with her friends. "Thank you for taking us in, Tor and Helen," Jamie said.

"We're glad to do it. Come on. Let's get you settled. Dinner is already being prepared, and then we promised the kids a swim after that," the blonde hostess proclaimed, looping one arm through Sarah's and the other through Jamie's. Georgia, Blake, and Torrance went to round up the six children while the tall blonde showed her guests into the house.

For the rest of the evening, no one talked about the recent events. Instead the three couples simply enjoyed each other's company and the time with their children. Sitting in the backyard after all the kids had been put to bed, Jamie sat eyeing her friends. She felt safe for the first time in days, and she knew Sarah felt that way as well by the feeling of her lover's body finally having relaxed as the night overtook them. It was here with these four other women that Jamie knew the world started to right itself. This was what meant something, love and friendship. Suddenly the horrors of the press had faded with the camaraderie, and she genuinely enjoyed the time together.

That night as the actresses prepared for bed, Jamie pulled her fiancée into a strong embrace. "Feeling better?" she quietly asked, lightly kissing the little blonde on the nape of the neck.

"Much. I'm so glad to have friends like them, Jamie."

The taller woman nodded absently. "I was just thinking that earlier. We are incredibly fortunate to have them, but even more, I'm so lucky to have you. Thank you for being here with me."

"And thank you for standing by me, Jamie. I know this isn't easy for you either."

"No, it isn't, but we'll make it. I know it. Come on now. I can think of something better to do than chat about our wonderful friends," the strong woman murmured against the younger woman's ear.

Sarah knew without asking what her fiancée's intent was, but she always liked to hear Jamie express her deepest emotions. With playful innocence she asked, "Oh? And what might that be?"

"I think I need to show you how much I love and adore you. It has been too long since I've had the opportunity."

Sarah giggled lightly as Jamie's hands found their way inside her pajamas. "It's only been two days."

"As I said, much too long. You deserve my attention everyday. I can't have you doubting my unwavering love, could I?" the taller actress inquired, kissing the blonde's neck.

"Not that I ever would but perhaps refreshing my memory wouldn't be such a bad idea," Sarah conceded, pulling her fiancée toward the bedroom.

The next day when the couple finally awoke they went to check on their children, but neither of their girls was in their rooms. Figuring they were somewhere around with Torrance and Helen's kids, they proceeded to dress before making their way downstairs. Hearing noise coming from the kitchen, they headed that direction. Walking in they found everyone at the table with the exception of Blake.

"Good morning," Torrance greeted with a smile. "Sleep well?"

"Yes, thanks," Sarah responded, coming to Eve. She hugged her daughter and then kissed her on the top of the head before doing the same to Katrina. Jamie did the same in reverse order before both of them sat.

"Well, while the two of you were sleeping late, Georgia and I have been talking. I think we have an idea to help you with this situation," the photographer announced. "Engagement pictures."

"Engagement pictures? How is that going to work?" Jamie asked.

"Simple. Tor will take some engagement photos of you, and I'll write a cover story for Vanity Fair. It'll be easy enough to pitch to my boss, because the two of you are what's hot right now. I won't brin' up any of this mess at all. Instead it'll strictly be 'bout your upcomin' weddin'."

"It will deflect this negativity and focus on the real joy in this situation. What do you think?" Torrance questioned.

Sarah smiled at her friends. "You two have no idea how much that would mean to us. We'd be willing to try anything to put this behind us as fast as we could."

"Great. I already have the perfect location picked out and have placed a call to my friend Morgan Vanderbilt. She'll be by to help with the makeup and clothes. I guarantee you this will work. Georgia is a master when it comes to writing," Torrance complimented her friend.

"And you can't go wrong with Tor taking the photos. We'll make you the darlin' of Hollywood 'gain yet, Sarah."

"Without shattering your tough guy image, Jamie," the photographer joked.

Smiling gratefully at the writer and photographer, Jamie stated, "We'd be forever in your debt."

"What are friends for?" Torrance mentioned, taking a sip of her coffee. "Now how about some breakfast?"

After the meal Torrance pulled Jamie aside for a moment. "When I talked to Morgan this morning, she asked that I run out and get you something for the shoot. She wants you to put this on as soon as possible," the older woman stated, handing the actress a bottle of sunless tanning solution.

"Just me? What about Sarah?"

"No. She wants Sarah to stay as fair as she is naturally for contrast. It's only to help your real skin tone. She thinks it will help display your fine attributes. Or as she really said, it'll show off your six pack nicely."

Jamie shrugged. "Whatever. She is the makeup artist. I won't complain. So tell me. Where are we doing this shoot?"

"Just down on my beach. The weather is perfect. Morgan thought having you both dressed in virginal white on the beach would be appropriate. We even discussed having Eve and Katrina in the photos if you and Sarah are comfortable with that. We figured we would try to promote Sarah's family image."

"And what about my image?" the younger woman asked.

"Do you want to save Sarah's career or not? Have you noticed in the press that all the talk has been about her? People don't care that you were mentioned, because the public expects that behavior from you. It's Sarah that's really suffering here, Jamie. Besides, Georgia and I already decided to have just some single photos of you in the article. I wouldn't let your bad girl façade go to waste. After all, you got the ultimate prize in the public's eyes. You got Sarah to fall in love

with you. To them you are the coolest thing in Hollywood. We're going to promote that while endorsing her image as the good girl she's always been. It'll be a delicate balance, but I think we can pull this off with Georgia's help."

"At this point I will try anything. I don't want Sarah to endure this more than she has to. She's not used to such scrutiny the way I am. When will Morgan be here?"

"Soon. She was just going to get her things together and then come over, so we can take advantage of the light. You better get that tanning lotion on, so it can start working."

An hour later Morgan arrived at the house. Immediately she took Jamie to outfit her for the shoot and then went to work on the brunette's makeup since Torrance wanted to shoot her first. Then it was Sarah's turn in the makeup chair. As she sat in her friends' kitchen allowing Morgan to work her magic, Helen and Georgia kept her company. Informally Georgia probed for information for her story as the three of them casually talked. It only took Morgan an hour on Sarah before she turned her attentions to the two girls. Sarah and Jamie felt strongly about them being as natural as possible for the shoot, so Morgan focused mainly on dressing them appropriately and doing their hair.

When the three blondes were ready, the whole crew except Helen, who stayed behind to baby sit the other kids, moved outside down to the beach. As Sarah saw Jamie on the horizon, she felt her heart start pounding in her chest. There her lover was standing barefoot in the sand. Her long legs were encased in white cotton trousers that had been rolled up far enough to expose some of her powerful calves. The white linen button down shirt she was wearing was open, revealing a white sports bra and tanned physique. Jamie was wearing a cocky lopsided grin, and her hair was sexily disheveled, creating a whirlwind of sensations in younger actress.

Before Sarah even realized it, both girls had taken off at the sight of the brunette. Katrina reached her first jumping into her mother's arms. Jamie twirled her in the air as they both laughed, and then the tall woman reached down to scoop her favorite two-year-old up into her arms as well. She cast Torrance a smile, knowing that the photographer had continued to click through film as the girls had assaulted her playfully.

Sarah approached slower. She tried not to focus on Torrance for the moment as she stepped to the woman she loved holding their daughters. They smiled at each other before kissing gently. Their private moment went on for several minutes while Torrance finished the roll of impromptu opportunities before requesting all of them get into position for more formal photographs.

Knowing Katrina and Eve would not sit still very long, Torrance wanted to take family pictures of the four of them. She was surprised that Eve made it almost half an hour before growing tired of the task, so once the two-year-old had obviously had enough, she sent both little blondes back to the house with Georgia, leaving the photographer and Morgan the only ones there with Jamie and Sarah. With the kids gone, both women could focus easier on the task at hand. Since both of them being used to photo shoots, they did everything as Torrance had directed only stopping when Morgan felt it necessary to reapply makeup. By the time the sun was beginning to set, the photographer called an end to the shoot, having more than enough film to get decent pictures.

Knowing the hardest part was ahead of them, Jamie and Sarah moved back to the house to do the official interview with Georgia for the article. Morgan stayed for dinner and helped Helen and Torrance entertain the children after that while Georgia had private time with the two actresses.

Looking at her two friends, the Southern belle gave them a comforting smile. "We're only goin' to talk 'bout what you want. As far as I'm concerned, those papers don't exist unless it's somethin' you wish to discuss," she said, opening her notebook and picking up her pencil. She turned on a small tape recorder before looking at them. "Let's start with somethin' everyone wants to know 'bout. Exactly how did you two meet?"

Sarah laughed lightly at the question as she recalled that night at the lesbian bar. "Actually we had talked on the phone before we ever met. We both had signed on do to the movie 'Mortal Games', and since we had never met, Jamie suggested we get together for a drink."

Seeing her friend's grin, Georgia pressed, "Go on. What was your first impression of each other?"

Cracking a smile, Jamie answered, "Well, the moment I saw her, I knew the photos I had seen hadn't done her justice. She was the sexiest thing in the whole bar."

Sarah flushed lightly at her lover's words. "Well, Georgia, I was the first to arrive, so I was just sitting at the bar when she got there. I have never seen such an entrance. She held everyone in the place captive, me included, as she glided over to me. I was thoroughly intrigued. Her persona seemed to match what I had read."

"How did the two of you get along on the set?"

"Well, we had our moments. For the most part, I think we worked well together though," Jamie answered, slipping an arm around her fiancée.

Sarah nodded. "We did work well together except for that one day. I can't go into too much detail, because it would compromise the movie, but there was one day that we had a huge fight. I think that was the day I finally realized what I was feeling was more than professional."

"And what 'bout you, Jamie? When did you start havin' feelings for Sarah?"

"Since as long as I have known of her existence. I had a crush on her long before we ever met. In fact, I can say I was probably seventeen just starting out my career when my interest in her came about. I used to watch her in movies when she was just a teenager. I always thought of Sarah as my fantasy woman. I'm just lucky that has become my reality," the brunette answered, hugging her fiancée lightly.

"I never knew that," Sarah mentioned, obviously moved at the confession.

Georgia smiled at her friends. "That's incredibly sweet. Back to when y'all were on the set, how did you disclose that you had a daughter, Jamie? That was virtually unknown information until recently."

"I just felt safe in telling Sarah. From the moment we starting working together, we were friends, and I instinctively knew I could trust her. It's true I have lived with the secret of my daughter for seven years, but I always knew I could put my faith in Sarah never to betray my confidence. In fact, it wasn't until our engagement that we introduced my daughter to the world. I wanted Katrina to have as normal a life as possible, but I knew marrying again, especially to someone like Sarah, people would eventually find out the truth."

"And what 'bout your daughter, Sarah? She is still very young, but how does she get 'long with Jamie?"

"Oh, Eve has been enamored with Jamie since they moment they met. Jamie has a special way with children. I've never seen anything like it. For a woman of her tough image, it was strange to see, but Jamie has so much to give, and I feel blessed that she and Eve get along so well."

"Jamie, what 'bout Sarah and Katrina? Your daughter is a little older."

"I think under the circumstances regarding my late wife's death, Katrina and Sarah are getting along extremely well. Katrina is a resilient child, and I'm glad she and Sarah are open to each other. I feel blessed that I have another chance at happiness with all three of these lovely women. The three of them make my life complete."

"I know all our readers want to know about your wedding plans. Is there anything you can share with us?"

Both Jamie and Sarah shrugged. "Well," the older woman began. "We haven't really had the time to discuss things in detail. We are really just relishing the moment."

"As you should," Georgia conceded. "Can you give us a tentative date?"

"Probably within the next year," Sarah answered vaguely, knowing full well they would tell Georgia all their plans off the record.

"And after you're married, do you plan to make any additions to your family?"

"We both would like to have more children. It's a matter of timing and the situation. We're perfectly content right now with the two girls, but there is always a possibility of more kids. Jamie and I feel we have so much love to give."

Nodding Georgia stated, "With your weddin' you are goin' to be puttin' a new face on marriage in Hollywood. Not only will this be second marriages for you both, both of you have children from your previous spouses, and this is the first time for you to be with a woman, Sarah. How do you think the public will react to this?"

"Hopefully they will extend us the same courtesies they did when we were married to our other spouses. It is true we are putting a new face on the modern family, but we obviously don't think that is a bad thing. I hope that people will see us as a good example of what two people who love each other eternally can accomplish regardless of their gender."

"I agree with Sarah. I think this is an excellent chance for the general public to see how normal our family is, well outside of us being actresses anyway," Jamie joked. "I know there will probably be some backlash from conservatives, but I would like to think that the public can see beyond the controversy."

"Do you think this will hurt your careers?" Georgia hesitantly asked.

Jamie shrugged. "Whether it will or not can only be judged in time. I do hope that Sarah and I both get the opportunity to continue to share our talents, but even if I never made another movie, I would still have all that matters. This is what life is about, relationships, and I feel fortunate enough that Sarah has chosen me," honestly the older woman answered, showing a rare vulnerability.

However Sarah made up for her partner's sudden sensitivity. "I don't know about Jamie, but I fully intend to continue on. There is a lot left people haven't seen of my abilities. I'm just getting started," boldly the blonde actress claimed with a confident smile. "Nothing will stop me from pursuing my dream."

The interview continued on for another half an hour before Georgia turned off the tape and closed her notebook. Looking at her friends, she said, "This interview is goin' to be the best one I've written yet. Don't worry about a thin'. I truly think this will work."

"I hope so," Sarah mumbled with uncertainty.

"Those pictures Tor took of you are goin' to be fabulous."

Sarah nodded in agreement as she looked at her fiancée. "That much is true. I can't wait to see those she took of you. You looked so sexy in that outfit."

"Well, maybe I just have to put it on for you again sometime," Jamie answered playfully.

"Off the record now, have you two decided on anythin' regardin' the weddin'?"

Sarah shook her head. "No but don't worry, Georgia. We want you, Blake, Tor, and Helen to all be a part of it."

"Great. Just tell me what we cain do."

"We will. For now though, let's go relieve Helen of the kids. She's been a saint by putting up with the six of them all day. She deserves a break."

Georgia nodded. "Yeah and I've got to get Luke and Lana home. It's getting' late, and I promised Blake we'd be home tonight."

"Where is she by the way?" Jamie questioned as they went in search of the children.

"Oh, she was out of here early for work. You know the way she is, always putting her clients first."

"I know she's helping us a great deal. We couldn't manage without her," Sarah mentioned as they heard noise from the living room.

They saw everyone minus Helen and Eve watching a Disney movie in the dark. "Where is Eve?" quietly Jamie asked.

"Oh, she was getting tired, so Helen went to get her settled. Would you mind watching these rascals while I help Georgia get the twins in the car?"

"Sure no problem," the tall actress replied.

"I'm going to relieve Helen. Be back soon," Sarah said.

Heading upstairs Sarah went to the bedroom where Eve was staying. The door was ajar, and she could hear her friend singing to her daughter. Sarah peeked into the room and just watched for a minute. Helen looked so content holding Eve. Making her way over to them softly, she knelt beside the chair. Green eyes met blue. "She was getting sleepy," Helen tried to explain.

"It's fine. Thanks for taking such good care of her," the petite blonde answered. After a silent second, Sarah whispered, "Have you told Tor that you want another baby?"

Helen shook her head. "Not yet. John and Marta are both still young. We should wait a little longer before trying again. What about you and Jamie? Are you two going to have a baby together?"

"We haven't decided anything officially, but I think we probably will. I think we both want another one. There is so much we need to do first though."

Helen nodded as she went to put Eve down. "How are you holding up in all of this?"

"It's been hard, but I am so glad Jamie has been here. She's made it bearable. I love that woman so much."

"And she loves you. It's easy to see. I think you'll get beyond this soon. I know Tor and Georgia are going to do everything they can as well as Blake. I only wish there was something I could do."

"You're already doing it, Helen," Sarah assured her, clasping her friend's hand. "You're here. That means everything."

The taller woman smiled at the actress. "Come on. Let's let this angel sleep. I feel like I've been ignoring my own children today, so I want to spend some time with them before they have to go to bed."

Going back downstairs, they found Jamie and Torrance with the children. The brunette actress was lying on the floor next to her daughter while the photographer sat in the middle of the sofa with her kids on either side of her. Both blondes smiled at the scene.

"I think it's time for our young ones to get settled down," Helen mentioned to her wife. Torrance nodded in agreement even as John and Marta grumbled about how tired they weren't. Nevertheless their parents ushered them from the room after bidding their friends good night.

"And what about you, Katrina?" Jamie inquired. "You ready to head to bed?" The seven-year-old shook her head. "All right. I'll tell you what. I'll make you a deal. You get ready for bed, and I'll let you finish this movie up in your room."

"All right," the blonde mumbled. "Fine, Mom."

"Good. Go on. I'll bring it up in just a minute."

Once Jamie and Sarah were alone, they smiled at each other. "Alone together at last," Sarah stated.

"Yes. How nice. What's that smile for?" Jamie asked as she embraced her fiancée.

"Oh, nothing. I was just thinking about Helen."

"Oh really? And just what were you thinking about that goddess? Something X-rated I hope," the older woman teased.

Sarah laughed and playfully hit Jamie in the stomach. "You think she's a goddess, do you?" Sarah lightly admonished.

"Well, don't you?"

Sarah gave a nod. "She is the most elegant woman I've ever known," she conceded. "However, that doesn't mean anything. Unlike you, I don't look at my friends that way. That would be like me asking you if you thought Tor was attractive."

Jamie smiled. "I just hope I look as good as she does at that age," she joked, earning her another small hit from her lover. "Seriously, Helen is one of the most stunning women I've ever seen. The two of you would definitely be a video I wouldn't want to miss," she jested.

Sarah laughed loudly. "Keep dreaming, Jamie."

"You and Georgia for that matter would be pretty hot too," the brunette pressed.

"As much as you creeps might enjoy that, it's never going to happen, so just stop talking about it when you're in your little secret brunette club. Georgia, Helen, and I are little angels, and you three devils should just remember that," Sarah reproached jokingly. "Besides, now that I have you, I could never be with someone else, even just for fun. You're all I ever want."

Jamie smiled at the smaller woman. "As much as I jest, I don't think I could ever handle it if you were with someone else, Sarah, even if it was for me. You're mine as I am yours forever now, and there is nothing that brings me more happiness than knowing that."

Sarah leaned up to kiss the woman she loved. "Come on. Let's make sure our oldest is tucked into her bed with her movie, and then perhaps we should tuck each other in?"

"I like the sound of that. Let's go." Walking up the staircase together, Jamie inquired, "So, what were you thinking about Helen anyway?"

"Oh, nothing important. I was just thinking about what a surprise Tor is going to be in for tonight. It would not shock me if the goddess tried to entice her mate this evening. You should have seen the way she was looking at Eve when I came upstairs, Jamie. Helen desperately wants another baby."

"Then I am sure Tor will make that happen. She would do anything for Helen. Enough about them though. I'm looking forward to our own practice baby-making activities."

Sarah giggled. "And as they say, practice does make perfect. Not that you need any work."

"Neither do you. Nevertheless, I always enjoy the opportunity to work on my technique."

Over the next week the actresses stayed with their friends. While they were there, they took the chance to work on their wedding plans, since they made it a point not to do anything else other than relax. Upon the advice of Helen and Georgia, the two decided to work with the wedding planner they both had used.

Then the next task on their agenda was to start searching for a new house on Staten Island for their new family. Once their week of solitude with the Whitfields was over, they moved over to the island to be with Samantha and Doug in order to continue the low profile. However, since most of the neighborhood was already used to seeing Jamie and Katrina there, everyone was friendly toward Sarah and Eve as well but kept a polite distance from the couple, making it easier for them to travel the island.

Daily they looked at properties, but Jamie was insistent that whatever they chose be close to her family. Sarah willing agreed, which kept their search in a limited range. Both of them knew they could afford more than the houses in neighborhood in which Doug and Samantha lived, but

neither cared because what was most important was for Katrina to feel as if she still had a home with all of them.

Over dinner a few nights after they had arrived, Doug mentioned, "Jamie, I was talking to our neighbor across the way this morning before I went to work, and he said he had gotten a big promotion. He wants to move his family to the city. I asked if he was going to sell the house, and he said he was thinking about it. I bet if you offered him a good price he'd sell."

"The house right across the street from you? The one with the fantastic view of New York?"

"Yeah."

"What do they want for it?"

"I don't know. Perhaps you two should talk to him though. He asked if I knew anyone that might be interested. Even if you didn't like the place, the location is perfect. You could always tear it down and start over."

The brunette nodded. "That's true. Maybe Sarah and I should go over there."

"I'll go with you after dinner if you want. I think it would be less of a shock that way," Doug joked. "It's not everyday celebrities just go knocking on people's doors around here."

Sarah and Jamie both laughed. "That's probably true, Doug. We'd be grateful if you went with us. There isn't a lot of turnover here in this neighborhood, which is making it more difficult than we imagined," the small actress stated.

"Then it's settled. Wouldn't that be fun to have you all right there? The kids could play together all the time."

After dinner Samantha stayed with the children while the other three adults walked across the street to the neighbor's house. They were obviously surprised when they answered the door at the sight of Sarah and Jamie. However, Doug casually explained the situation. Immediately they were allowed in for a tour of the place. Jamie and Doug were quiet as Sarah did most of the talking, asking all sorts of questions about the house itself. When the short tour was over, both the actresses graciously thanked the neighbors before the three of them headed back across the street.

They found Samantha reading to Eve as the older kids watched TV. "So, what did you think?"

Sarah shrugged. "The location is great."

"Yeah, that part is great, and it has some wonderful views, but the house itself lacks something," the taller woman said.

However the blonde continued, "I think it's worth considering though. I mean Doug is right. If we had to, we could tear it down and rebuild to our taste. It's hard to beat the location."

"I don't think you're going to find all that you need without building at least a little," Doug mentioned.

"You're probably right. The house still needs to be valued. We'll see what kind of price they have in mind. I wouldn't mind buying it just because it's close to you," Jamie said.

"Neither would I," Sarah agreed.

"Well, it certainly would be great having you all across the way. I guess we'll see then, huh?" Samantha inquired with a smile before returning her attentions to the book she was holding for Eve.

That night as the couple settled themselves for bed, Jamie asked, "Do you really think we should buy that house?"

The younger woman nodded. "The location is perfect, Jamie. I say we buy it and build what we want. We're not in a hurry. We both have lofts in the city, and there is always Samantha and Doug. We're not without a place to live. Besides, I promised our daughters we wouldn't live together until we were married. We have time to build the house we want, because my divorce from Robert won't even be final until next year. We can't even get married until at least then."

Jamie nodded. "I suppose you're right. Fine. I guess when they come back to us with a figure we should take it. The bigger problem is designing a house to go in that space."

"Well, it shouldn't be that difficult. All you have to do is let me have my way on everything, and it'll be simple," the blonde joked.

Jamie laughed. "You know if that's what you want, I'll give it to you. I want you to have your dream house."

"I know, but my dream house is far away from here."

"Where is it?" Jamie inquired as they both slipped into bed. They curled up together in the dark.

"It's the mountains of Montana."

"You want me to build you a house in Montana?" the older woman questioned.

"No. I already have my dream house in Montana. It was the first thing I bought when I had enough money. It's so peaceful there. There's nothing for miles."

"Talk about solitude. Why haven't we gone there yet?"

Sarah shrugged. "I didn't want to disturb Katrina's schedule too much. We'll go there someday soon. I hope Robert doesn't try to take that from me."

"We'll fight him if he does."

"He always hated it there, but I wouldn't put it past him to try to take it just to be spiteful."

"Don't worry about it, darling. Blake will make sure that doesn't happen."

"Quite frankly I'm surprised he hasn't tried to take Eve," the blonde whispered into her lover's shoulder. "That would be the ultimate malice."

"Even if he tried, he wouldn't win. No judge would ever give a man like him a daughter to raise when the child has an extremely loving and capable mother. Not even the most conservative judge in New York would do that. That would be a losing battle from the start, and I'm sure he knows that. He only wants to pick fights he thinks he can win."

"Well, I'm tired of it. I just want it to be over. I don't know how the man I loved so many years ago turned into this. I thought he had some decency left in him, but I guess I was mistaken."

"It doesn't really matter now, does it? It's over."

Sarah nodded her head. "Yes, it is, and I by far have won a much greater prize in you and Katrina. Even if I did have to lose everything, you and our daughters would still make my life complete."

"As you do mine, Sarah," Jamie replied, kissing the blonde on the top of the head gently.

Over the next several months life began to return to some normalcy for the couple. As Torrance and Georgia had predicted, as soon as Georgia's article landed in the audience of the general public, the couple was once again seen in a more positive light. The interview requests still came in hordes, but both of the actresses found them much less invasive in tone. Nevertheless, the articles never seemed to be forgotten, but the details were never mentioned.

During that time Jamie and Sarah had settled on the house across the street from Doug and Samantha and then promptly tore the structure to the ground to begin afresh. Between meeting with architects with the house and the wedding planner, their life was busy. Fortunately for Sarah, it appeared as if Blake managed to persuade Robert and his attorney to settle for an uncontested divorce with Sarah, where the petite woman got to keep everything and pay him nothing in exchange for not suing over the slanderous interviews he had done, freeing the blonde from her husband sooner than any of them imagined would be possible. With that wonderful news, Sarah and Jamie immediately set about moving up their wedding. The younger woman wanted the brunette to be able to have joint custody of Eve as soon as she could, so the date was set for the following spring in a location secret to everyone except those involved.

Chapter Nine

The day of the wedding Jamie was up early hearing commotion in the house. Pulling on her robe, she headed downstairs to see what all the noise was. Their wedding planner was standing in the middle of the kitchen shouting orders to a multitude of staff. She smiled when she saw the tall actress.

"Well, so the even the sexiest woman alive has her less than perfect moments," the planner joked.

Jamie just shot her a sexy grin. "Sarah never has those moments," she bantered, knowing full well the woman was really referring her.

"Speaking of the bride, where is she?"

"Still upstairs in bed trying to sleep, which is where I'd like to be. What's with all the noise?"

The wedding planner shook her head. "How could you gamble with fate by seeing each other before the wedding? Don't you know that's bad luck?"

"We don't believe in such silliness."

The woman shrugged. "Me neither. However, I thought we agreed you two would stay at a hotel last night, because you knew I was coming early."

"We thought better of it. How suspicious would that look in the middle of Montana?" she questioned, looking out the large kitchen window at the flurry of activity outside. The chairs and tents were already prepared for the occasion. She smiled at the view of the plains from their perch at the mountain house.

"Well, go back up to your room and get back in bed. I'll have someone make you two breakfast. Go on. You need all the rest you can get today."

Doing as she was told, Jamie headed back up to the bedroom. She was thankful that their daughters had stayed the night with family at the hotel, because had they been there, she wouldn't have been able to sneak back upstairs for a nap. Slipping back into bed, she pulled Sarah into her arms.

"Is that noise what I think it is?" Sarah yawned, pulling her lover closer.

"Yes. The day has begun, my sweet. Can you believe it? We're getting married today."

The little woman turned over and smiled up at the brunette. "It's about time this day got here. It's the moment I've been waiting for my entire life," she said, pulling Jamie down into a slow kiss.

Quickly the exchange escalated as the older woman's hands slipped under Sarah's top. In turn the blonde shed Jamie of her t-shirt and quickly removed her boxer shorts, so the tall actress was naked. Jamie moaned as Sarah softly attacked her neck and turned them over, so the older

woman was on her back. Before getting lost in the sensation of Sarah's mouth, the taller woman managed to take off the blonde's top and cotton pants. However, it was obvious that the petite woman wanted to be in charge, so Jamie allowed Sarah to take the lead between them.

Sitting straddled across her lover, Sarah gave a sexy smile. Without a word she took Jamie by the arms and pinned them above her head. The older actress complied willingly. Wrapping the stronger woman's hands around two of the bed spindles, Sarah leaned down and whispered, "Don't let go or I'll stop." Jamie just smiled at her bride-to-be. She loved it when Sarah got this way.

Feeling certain that the brunette was going to do as she was told, Sarah let her hands go and began to lavish attention on the older woman. For Jamie's part, her hands remained where they were, even though she was desperate to embrace the woman she loved. Methodically Sarah worked her way down Jamie's body, taking in all her favorite places with her hands and mouth until she found herself lying with her face between her lover's legs. She kissed one of her fiancée's powerful thighs. Jamie groaned and panted Sarah's name but stayed in the position that was asked of her.

Licking a path up Jamie's leg, Sarah murmured, "Well, well, it seems to me that you didn't get enough last night. Look at you all hot and wet for me."

"Sarah, please," Jamie growled in anticipation.

The blonde quirked a fair brow at her lover as she lowered her head toward her goal. However stopping just short, she asked teasingly, "Please what, my love?"

"Sarah Michelle Talbot-Dean, don't tease me. Fuck me now, baby. Please," she begged, knowing well what Sarah wanted her to say.

With a triumphant grin, the blonde did as was requested of her using only her mouth on the older woman. Jamie moaned and gripped tighter to the spindles, wanting to do what Sarah had asked, even though she needed to touch her lover. Just as Jamie felt her climax building, there was a sudden knock on the bedroom door. Both women stilled their movements at the unexpected interruption.

Sarah tried to raise her head, but Jamie was faster, pushing the blonde back into position as she called out, "What?" The blonde giggled and resumed her activities. Instantly the taller woman's eyes rolled closed at the feeling.

"Sorry to disturb you but Morgan is here and ready to start on your hair and makeup, Jamie," the wedding planner shouted through the door.

Jamie moaned softly at what Sarah was doing, but managed to find her voice. "Fine. I have to shower first, and then I'll be down."

When they heard the footsteps lead away from their door, Sarah leaned back a little and laughed. "Looks like we have to stop," she stated, starting to move off the brunette.

However, the older woman grabbed her by the arm playfully. "Oh, no you don't. You can't stop now. Do you want me to combust before I even walk down the aisle? Please, Sarah. Give it to me, baby."

Smirking at Jamie, Sarah replied, "All right. Since you are so desperate."

It was only moments before Jamie found peak under Sarah's ministrations. Giving a shaky sigh of relief, the brunette pulled her bride into her arms. "That was incredible. Now let me return the favor."

Sarah laughed lightly as the older woman ducked into her neck. "We can't. We have to get up. You don't want to be late for our own wedding, do you?"

"But what about you? I want to please you," Jamie persisted.

However, the blonde pulled her fiancée's mouth away from her endowment. "I am pleased already, Jamie. This was just for you. Now we really need to get out of bed."

"But you want me. I can feel how much you do," the older woman growled as her hand ran through her lover's wetness.

The blonde moaned but managed to wrestle Jamie away. "Just think about how much more I'll want you tonight if you make me wait all day. I'll be aching for you," the younger actress enticed.

Jamie groaned at the thought. "Tonight then," the taller woman promised with a sly smile.

Sarah returned it fondly. "I'll hold you to that. Go on. Go get in the shower."

"Care to join me?" Jamie offered as she slid from the sheets.

"No. We'll never make it if I do," Sarah answered. "Now stop trying to get laid. Go shower and put on that suit of yours, so we can get hitched as they say out here in Montana."

Giving a mock salute, Jamie laughed. "Yes, ma'am."

Several hours later the guests began to arrive for the late morning wedding. Jamie stood in the study with Katrina and Eve looking out over the gathering crowd as they waited for Sarah to be ready. Glancing at her eldest daughter, she saw the blonde reading a magazine as she sat haphazardly in a chair, obviously disinterested with the commotion going on around her. As for Eve, she was playfully twirling around the tall woman, making her little dress flare each time she did it. Jamie smiled at the little girl, who had just turned three.

"What are you doing, princess?" the actress asked, kneeling down to Eve.

"Practicing for Mama," she answered, taking the brunette's hand to steady herself.

"Oh, you're practicing for your dance with Mama? What about your dance with me?"

The little blonde smiled at her. "No dance with you," she teased.

Jamie feigned hurt. "Oh, you break my heart, Eve. You won't dance with me? Katrina will dance with me. Won't you?" she questioned, looking to her older daughter.

The seven almost eight-year-old nodded. "I promised I would dance with you and Mama, didn't I?"

"See, Eve. Even Katrina will dance with me."

The little girl giggled. "I dance with you, Mom," she said, throwing her tiny arms around the brunette's neck.

Jamie embraced the little girl, holding her closely as tears came to her eyes. It was the first time Eve had ever not called her Jamie. "Thank you, sweetie. That makes me very happy."

Just then the door opened and Blake and Tor both stepped into the room. "Well, are you ready, Jamie?" Tor questioned. "Haven't changed your mind?"

"Not a chance of that," the younger woman replied. "Is everyone else ready?"

The attorney shrugged. "I know that Georgia and Helen are, but I don't know about Sarah."

"What about Tabitha?"

"She's ready too, and she looks good," the photographer mentioned with a sly grin.

All three brunettes laughed lightly. "Of course Samantha doesn't look too bad either," Blake joked.

"Hey now. It's one thing to comment on the friends, quite another to do it to my family," Jamie jokingly reproached.

At that moment Doug opened the door and admitted himself. "There's too much laughing in here for such a solemn occasion," he jested.

"There's my best man. Looking sharp there, Doug."

"Thank you. It's time, Jamie."

Nodding she turned her attention to her daughters. "All right, girls. It's time to go. Now do just as we practiced yesterday, and you'll be fine."

The actress followed her friends out to the designated spot where the wedding planner was waiting to put them in procession order. Blake and Georgia were the first to go followed by Helen and Torrance. Tabitha walked down the aisle alone as the maid of honor. Looking at her two girls, Jamie gave nods of encouragement before the wedding planner shooed the two of them down the row together, leaving the actress with just Samantha and Doug standing beside her.

Looking at them, she smiled. "Thank you both for being here," she said.

Samantha embraced her. "Know that Stephanie is smiling down on you from heaven, Jamie."

The actress nodded. "I know. Now I guess we should do this. Thank you for agreeing to walk me down the aisle," she mentioned, taking the redhead by the arm.

"It's an honor."

Looking over her shoulder at Doug just before they processed, the brunette said, "And thank you for walking Sarah, Doug."

"No. Thank you for making a man's fantasies come true. It's not many men who get the arm of such a woman on her wedding day," he joked, making the three of them laugh to break the seriousness that had encompassed them suddenly.

When the moment came, Jamie and Samantha took their time making their way down the aisle. The actress looked around all the guests, smiling at the assembly as she passed them. However, what caught her attention the most was the feeling of Samantha on her arm. Her late wife's sister pressed closely against her, guiding her toward a new life. She felt the small hand grip tighter in a reassuring manner. Finally making it to the end of the row, they both stopped. Turning to look at each other, they both smiled.

Leaning up to kiss Jamie on the cheek, Samantha whispered, "You and Sarah will always be our family, Jamie, no matter what happens. My love for you will never change."

"I love you too, Samantha. Thank you," she murmured, hugging the smaller woman before allowing her to go stand next to Torrance.

Turning her attention from where she had just come, she waited for Doug and Sarah. Her eyes drifted skyward momentarily as the sun broke through the scattered clouds casting radiance around the wedding party. The actress allowed the warmth to embrace and calm her. She only became aware again of her surroundings as the music announced Sarah's presence. Casting her brown eyes toward the blonde, Jamie smiled brightly at the sight of the woman she loved on the arm of her brother-in-law.

Sarah smiled back at the tall woman standing at the end of the aisle. She had never seen her lover more beautiful than standing in the light of the sun. Her gray suit jacket hung confidently off broad shoulders, elongating her height, and the matching pants fit her perfectly in every way. However, it was the lustrous smile that caught her eyes that made Sarah fall for her all over again. She could feel the blush rising in her own cheeks as Doug escorted her to her wife-to-be.

Jamie reached for Sarah's hand as they neared her, and Doug obligingly relinquished it to her. "You look so beautiful, Sarah," she complimented, gazing over her lover's blue dress. She knew the blonde was not going to wear white, but the smaller woman still looked incredible. The color of her dress flawlessly matched the brightness of her eyes.

"So you do, love." Casting a tiny glance toward the sun, she whispered, "Looks like everyone made it today."

Knowing to what the blonde was referring, Jamie nodded and smiled. "Yes, they did, which makes me incredibly happy."

"I know. I'm glad she approves of me."

"How could she not?" the brunette replied as she turned them toward the front to start the ceremony.

The rest of the day passed too quickly for them. Thankfully no one of the media had found them, making it the intimate occasion for which they had hoped. However, it was still over too soon. By that afternoon all of their guests had gone, leaving them just with family. As Jamie and Sarah packed their clothes for their short honeymoon, Samantha and Doug rounded up the kids to go back to the hotel.

"So, exactly when will you be back again?" Samantha inquired as they were settling the children into the car.

"We'll be in Hawaii for a week, and then we have to get back to New York. Our movie will be opening in a few weeks, so we have a ton of interviews and photo shoots lined up in preparation. You have all our numbers though in case you need us," Jamie answered.

"We'll try not to disturb you though," the redhead stated.

"I'm sure we won't be able to go a day without talking to the kids, so don't worry," Sarah mentioned, hugging both their girls. Jamie did the same.

As they watched the SUV Doug and Samantha had rented disappear down the steep driveway, the brunette mentioned, "Well, I suppose we should get going as well. We have a plane to catch to the land of Aloha."

"I have a better idea," Sarah began, leaning up to kiss her wife. "What if we didn't get on the plane?"

"Didn't get on the plane? Then we'd be stuck in Montana, in the middle of nowhere."

"No civilization for miles," the petite woman whispered, running her hands over the contours of her wife's shoulders.

"No one to bother us," Jamie mumbled, finally realizing what Sarah's point actually was.

"No tourists, no fans, just two newlyweds anxious for each other," the younger woman murmured, capturing Jamie's mouth in a stirring kiss.

The taller woman moaned as their tongues met gently. "You're right. Let's not get on the plane. What's the point of being there when we aren't even going to see anything other than a bed for days?"

Laughing softly, Sarah asked, "Promise?"

Taking her wife by the hand, Jamie motioned back to the house. "You want to go in?"

"Unless you'd prefer to consummate our marriage in the driveway," the blonde mentioned, starting on the buttons of her lover's shirt. "You have a promise to keep, Miss Dean."

Jamie laughed and scooped the smaller woman up into her arms. "And keep it I shall," she avowed, walking them back to their mountain cabin.

Returning to New York a week later, they were bombarded with two happy girls. Katrina and Eve were both anxious for their mothers' arrival and had lots of news to share with them. Delightfully Sarah and Jamie listened as the both of them reported on all their activities over dinner with Samantha and Doug. Finally when the evening got late, Sarah and Jamie rounded up their daughters to go home. Quickly they said their good byes with promises to be by again the next day, and then taking each child by the hand, they crossed the street to their new home.

Sarah and Jamie smiled at each other as the brunette unlocked the door for them. This would be their first night together as a family. All four of them toured the house curiously since no one had been there since it was completed. Eve raced around, but Katrina followed at a more subdued pace. However, once both girls were tucked into bed, the newlyweds went into their own room.

Both of them stood on the balcony over looking the New York skyline. "Seems like a world away," Sarah mentioned softly.

"Yes, it does, but I kind of like it that way," the taller woman admitted.

"Me too. I'm glad we decided to live here. I think we might actually find a little peace at home now."

Jamie nodded. "It's better than either of our lofts in New York. Not so much noise. Not so many fans on the street. It's a real community here, and they've always sort of protected me. I think they'll treat you the same."

"I'm sure they will."

Giving a yawn, the older actress mumbled, "I'm tired. Perhaps we should get to bed? We have that photo shoot with Tor tomorrow for 'Rolling Stone', remember?"

Sarah rolled her eyes. "How could I forget? I still can't believe you actually talked me into posing nude on the cover."

"It's not like you'll be alone. I'll be with you covering all your private parts," the brunette whispered, cupping her wife's breasts lightly. "Besides, it might not end up on the cover. We'll see when we get there. Tor won't make us look X-rated. You know we can trust her."

The blonde nodded. "I know we can. Let's go to bed. I need some beauty rest if I'm going to look good in the morning."

"You always look good to me," Jamie replied, kissing the little woman sweetly.

The next day Katrina went to school as usual with her cousins, and Samantha babysat Eve while Sarah and Jamie went about their work in town. The first thing on the agenda was the photo shoot with Torrance. They were greeted by a huge smile from their friend when they arrived. "Well, hello, newlyweds. So good to see you," the photographer stated, coming to hug them. "How was the honeymoon?"

"Not long enough," Sarah answered as she was immediately ushered toward the makeup chair.

"Definitely would still like to be on it," chimed in Jamie as she was led away in the opposite direction to get her hair done.

An hour later Sarah was brought to the stage where they would be shooting in her first set of clothes, ones that closely resembled what she had worn in the movie during one of her sex scenes with the brunette. Torrance was just describing to her the first shots she wanted to take when they both saw Jamie being led toward them. Sarah chuckled as she saw her wife dressed as she had been for most of the movie including the facial hair, but the brunette's hands were also handcuffed in front of her.

"You better have the keys to these, Tor," she joked as she stepped to her wife.

"Well, well, talk about a fantasy," Sarah whispered. "It's not often I get to see you chained up."

"Well, it can be arranged if you'd like," the older woman replied with a smile, slipping her arms around her wife's shoulders as best as she could given her confinement. "You look incredibly sexy."

Before the blonde could respond, Torrance broke into their conversation and started to position them for their first shots. From there both of them slipped into their professional roles, knowing that in order to get the best photos as possible, they would have to listen to Torrance's directions implicitly. Hours and several costume changes later, Jamie found herself standing alone in front of Torrance's camera in nothing but a pair of tiny shorts, her arms folded across her chest as she waited on her wife to come out in her final outfit.

Torrance and Jamie talked casually as if the brunette actress was fully clothed. Everyone else had been dismissed from the set as the actresses had requested in order to do the nude shots, leaving just the two brunettes alone. Just as Jamie was beginning to wonder if Sarah had changed her mind, her wife came out to where they were dressed in only a robe.

"All right. Let me show you how I want you two arranged before you take off your clothes," Torrance said, taking each of them by the arm. She positioned them the way she wanted and then stepped back to view her creation. Satisfied with the pose, she turned to the blonde. "If it would help with your modesty, Sarah, I'll turn around while you disrobe," she offered.

The blonde nodded and then looked back at her wife while their friend turned around. Boldly the older actress shed her shorts, tossing them to the side out of the way. Then she helped her wife out of her robe. When they were naked and back in the position Torrance had wanted, they told the photographer to turn back around toward them.

Torrance studied them a moment requesting minor final adjustments before starting a new roll. However, after a few minutes, she said, "There is another pose I'd like to try but only if you two are comfortable with it."

"What's that?" Jamie asked.

"Well, I thought if Sarah could stand in front and you behind her, we could have one of your hands covering her below and your other arm covering above. In turn, Sarah, you could put your arms around Jamie's neck. Splay your hand for me, Jamie, so I can see how big it is." Jamie did as she was instructed. "I think that will do it. Do you want to try it?"

"It's up to Sarah," Jamie answered, looking at the blonde for consent.

The blonde nodded. "We can try it. I trust you, Torrance."

Their friend nodded. "I won't take any pictures if I don't think it will look good, but I have an inclination that it will. You two get into position," she said, turning her back again to pick up her camera.

When Torrance was satisfied with the photographs, she freed both of them to go change into their normal clothes again. Sarah modestly slipped back into her robe and then scampered off toward her dressing area. Jamie walked more slowly to her discarded shorts and picked them up. Without even bothering to put them back on, she turned to her friend. "So, you'll let Sarah and

me know if you decide to use any of those nude shoots in the magazine before it's published, right?"

"That's what we agreed to. Don't worry, Jamie. If we use any, they will only be in good taste. We worked so hard to repair your images. Of all people, I would be the last to want to destroy what I helped rebuild."

"I know. She's just nervous about it after all that's happened."

"I understand. Listen. Before you run off and change, what do you say to a few rolls of just you? I'm working on a new project of nude celebrity women."

Jamie grinned at her friend as she casually tossed her shorts aside. "Well, how could I say no to such an offer? You know me. Any chance to be an exhibitionist," she teased, moving back to the stage where the other shots had been taken. "How do you want me?"

"I think I just want to do you from the back. Why don't you do some weight lifter's poses to show off those muscles of yours?" the photographer suggested. "I just need to get some more film before we start." Jamie nodded as Torrance loaded her camera. Within a moment the older brunette was fast at work photographing the image before her. The actress simply did an impromptu session of poses for her friend, trying to demonstrate her physique.

When Sarah finished dressing, she went out to find her wife. Hearing Torrance speaking to someone where they had just done their shoot, she figured Jamie had finished dressing first and joined her friend in wait. However, as she made her way back to the sound of the photographer's voice, her steps slowed at the sight of her wife. Her breathing instantly became labored watching the woman she loved flexing her musculature so it boldly outlined the tattoo that sat on her shoulder. Mesmerized by the display she simply stood next to Torrance as the photographer continued to snap pictures.

"All right. How about turning to the side slightly?" Torrance suggested. As Jamie did what was asked of her, the older brunette looked towards the blonde. She smirked at the look in her friend's eyes. "Impressed?" needlessly she inquired.

"She looks like a sculpture," Sarah answered in awe, watching her wife strike another powerful pose.

"Sometimes it easy to forget she's real," Torrance mentioned. "I've never seen a body like it. She is the epitome of art in motion." Sarah nodded in agreement. "You want to join her?" the photographer asked.

"No, I couldn't," shyly the youngest woman replied.

Giving her a smile, Torrance nodded. "Maybe next time," she stated before starting to shoot Jamie for a few more minutes.

Finally Sarah told them that she and Jamie had other engagements to attend, so regrettably the brunette actress walked back to her dressing room. She was just about to slip into her clothes when Sarah appeared in her doorway. Immediately the blonde grabbed her wife by the arms and forced her against the wall. Jamie laughed at the smaller woman's actions, allowing herself to be manhandled.

"You," the blonde growled sexily. "You are going to make us so late to our next appointment."

"Oh really? And why is that?" joked the older woman, pretending not to see that look in her lover's eyes.

"Because, Miss Dean, you have more important matters in need of immediate attention," Sarah panted, grabbing her wife's right hand and shoving it between her clothed thighs.

Both of them moaned as the blonde harshly brought their mouths together. Jamie went to work on her wife's pants, ripping them open with urgency as Sarah continued the oral assault. Quickly she connected them in the way the younger woman desired, making Sarah amorously cry and claw at her naked shoulders. Managing to break free from the blonde's mouth for just a moment, the dark-haired woman fervently whispered, "Is this what you wanted? Did you want me to fuck you like this?"

The younger woman moaned as she shamelessly rode the tide of pleasure the taller woman was creating inside of her. "God, Jamie. You feel so good. It's been too long," she groaned, rocking her hips faster.

Jamie giggled at her wife's behavior, because it had only been a few days since their last encounter. "You're starting to sound like me," she jested. A few moments later Sarah let out a loud familiar cry signaling her peak. Jamie stilled her movements and held the blonde in strong arms until her shuddering subsided. "Feel better now?" she inquired when Sarah pulled away from her.

The younger woman nodded as dilated blue eyes met brown ones. "Thanks. I needed that," she teased.

The older woman just laughed and nodded her head. "You certainly did, and it was definitely my pleasure to give it to you. Come on now. We better get going, so people don't think we're standing them up. Get out of here, so I have a chance to get dressed in peace."

The rest of the afternoon after the shoot was taken up by interviews. Both women talked excitedly about their upcoming release in hopes of adding to the hype already surrounding the controversial movie. Almost everyone they spoke to was curious as to how their on-screen relationship affected their lives during the filming, especially since they had made it clear previously that was how they met, but they graciously fielded all the questions about their personal lives. Finally when the exhausting day was over, they went home to Staten Island to pick up their children at Doug and Samantha's. Both of them knew that now that they were back from their honeymoon, their lives would take them on a parallel journey for the next few weeks.

until the release, but then they would be off again working on their separate respective projects, making their private time that much more valuable to them.

Chapter Ten

A year and a half later the two actresses got ready for their big night at the Academy Awards. Their movie, which had just missed the release cut off date for the nominations the previous year, was up for several awards that evening. Both actresses had been nominated as well, Sarah for Best Actress and Jamie for Best Supporting Actress for the psychological thriller that had swept the nation, leaving fans and critics amazed.

Jamie was finished getting ready first and opted to spend her free moments talking on the phone with their two daughters who had stayed behind in New York with Samantha and Doug while she and Sarah made the trip out to Los Angeles. Eve, now four, was the first to get on the phone. "Hi, Mom. When are you coming home?"

"Tomorrow, sweetie. What are you doing?"

"I was just playing with my puzzle, but Katrina keeps poking me," she complained.

"Put her on the phone then, Eve," Jamie instructed. When the nine-year-old got on the telephone, the brunette said, "Stop poking your sister, Katrina."

"She started it, Mom. I was just watching TV when she had to sit right next to me and dump her puzzle all over the place," she grumbled

"Katrina, she just wants to be with you. Now give her a break and be nice."

"Whatever," Katrina mumbled. "When will you be home?"

"Tomorrow night. You be good for Aunt Samantha and Uncle Doug."

"May I stay up to see you and Mama on TV?" Katrina asked.

"I suppose so, but then you have to go straight to bed. No trying to talk your way out of that," she answered, smiling into the phone at her child. She knew Katrina would definitely try to stay up later if she was allowed. As much as Jamie loved her daughter, Katrina had started to assert her independence over the last six months. For the most part the brunette shrugged it off. She knew from experience Katrina was beginning to turn into Stephanie, even at her young age. The little blonde was the same spunky woman her mother had been, so whenever Jamie had to warn her about the rules, she still smiled, because it was like living with the best parts of her late wife again.

A few minutes later, Jamie heard Sarah move into the room. She turned, her eyes starting at the floor and moving upward as a black dress came into view followed by a rounded stomach and then a stunning face. "Wow," Jamie said in obvious awe of her pregnant wife.

"Are you talking to the girls?" The taller woman nodded. Sarah gestured that she wanted to talk, so Jamie relinquished the phone to her. "Hi," she greeted.

"Hey, Mama," Katrina replied.

"How was your day, Katrina? Have you been good?"

"It was fine, kind of boring."

"Well, don't stay up too late tonight. Put Eve on the phone for me please."

"All right."

When the four-year-old got on the phone, she said, "Hi, Mama."

"Hi, sweetie. How are you?"

"I miss you."

"I miss you too, honey, but we'll be home tomorrow. We just have to go to a party tonight, and then we're going to fly home in the morning. Have sweet dreams tonight."

"You too. I love you."

"I love you too, Eve. Bye." Hanging up the phone, Sarah looked at her wife. Jamie was still just standing there with her mouth slightly open. "Well?"

"Wow. You are stunning, Mrs. Talbot-Dean."

"So are you, Mrs. Talbot-Dean," the blonde answered as they kissed quickly.

"All right. I suppose it's time to go," Jamie stated, consulting her watch. Holding an arm out to the blonde, she asked, "Are you ready to go win our awards?"

The younger woman smiled as she put her hand on her wife's arm. "I'm ready as I ever will be." Going downstairs they got into their awaiting limo. Both of them were quiet at first as they looked out the window at passing traffic.

"Are you nervous about tonight?" Jamie asked conversationally.

Sarah shrugged. "Why should I be?"

"Well, this is our first real public appearance since you started showing. We're presenting together, and we're both up for awards."

"That's true. I guess I'm a little nervous about presenting, but you'll be there, so I have nothing to worry about."

"Very true," Jamie replied, slipping an arm around her wife's shoulders.

"So you think we're going to win our awards?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Maybe. I want you to win. You deserve it most, Jamie."

"You deserve yours too for your role. You made the movie what it was. I was just a psycho transsexual killer. It was your brilliance as the special agent that made people want to see the movie. They wanted to see my wife kicking my ass," she joked.

"And I did a damn good job of that if I can say so myself," the blonde teased, poking Jamie in the side lightly.

The tall brunette laughed and squirmed a bit. "I love you, Sarah Talbot-Dean," she said.

"I love you too, Jamie."

When they arrived at their first stop of the evening, Tabitha's hotel, their blonde friend was all smiles as she greeted them with hugs. "You two look fabulous," she complimented.

"You look good too, Tabby."

"You sure do," Jamie agreed with a sexy wink that made both blondes laugh.

"Down girl. You're spoken for by a blonde who can beat you up. The whole world knows that," Tabitha teased.

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. I just let her take me, so she could look good."

"I'll take you all right," Sarah purred, slipping a hand onto her wife's slacks-covered thigh. "We both know who's boss."

"I don't want to see this," Tabitha joked, shielding her eyes as her friends exchanged a kiss. Jamie groaned for affect to make their friend squirm, but Sarah's laughing gave away the game.

For the rest of the ride, they merely chatted. However when they arrived at the red carpet, they all knew it was show time. Preparing their best smiles, they waited for their limo door to be opened. Jamie stepped out first as cameras came to life. She gave a wave and cocky smile as she reached back into the car to assist Sarah. As the blonde emerged from the limousine with her pregnant tummy proceeding her, the media snapped their cameras furiously. Once Sarah was out of the car, Jamie helped Tabitha. Then she extended an arm to each of them and proudly escorted

the two blonde beauties through the press. As usual, reporters swamped them as soon as they got close enough. All of them were congratulatory on the upcoming baby for the couple and asked the standard questions about their excitement of being nominated. Of course, Sarah, with her usual grace, fielded them all, with Jamie standing next to her.

Once they were inside and seated, it was only a few minutes before the program began. Through it all, Jamie sat holding her wife's hand. They were supposed to be presenting an award together that evening in what was to be their first real planned public forum since they announced Sarah's pregnancy. Even though Sarah didn't say it, Jamie could tell the little woman was nervous about it.

Time moved quickly and soon they were being escorted back stage for their turn. Standing in the wings watching the people before them, Sarah fidgeted a moment. Curving a protective arm around her, Jamie said, "Sarah, no matter what happens out there, I'm right beside you. I love you."

"I love you too, Jamie. Let's do this," she stated with confidence, taking her wife's hand.

It was just a moment before the announcer stated, "Now to present the award for this year's Best Foreign Film, we have two of tonight's Academy Award nominees, Sarah and Jamie Talbot-Dean."

The crowd clapped loudly as the two women made their way onto the stage. Jamie eyed her wife next to her. She was her usual composed elegant self as they made their way over to their microphone. For Jamie's part, she took on her more public persona, swaggering with an air of confidence next to the petite lady.

When they came to a stop in front of their microphone, Jamie took a slight step back to allow Sarah to sparkle alone in the limelight. After the crowd had settled, the blonde began their monologue on the teleprompter. Jamie did her part as well, but when the moment of announcing the winner was at hand, she let her wife take the duty. When the winner's speech was over, the tall brunette led her wife from the stage along with the recipient.

"See. That wasn't hard. They loved you," Jamie stated.

"They loved us, Jamie. Now if we can just make it to our awards, we can go home and call it a night. I'm starting to get sleepy."

"Well, after we win, I was hoping you and I might celebrate," she mentioned.

"If we win," the blonde corrected. "And even as much as we should go to some parties, I am feeling a little too tired."

"We're going to win. I feel it, and after we do, I'm going to take you home and make love to you like the queen you are. Forget the parties," she whispered sexily.

Sarah blushed lightly but said nothing as she waved at acquaintances of theirs on their way back to their seats. "You're bad," she finally replied as they sat again.

"On the contrary, I'm quite good. At least that's what you said last night," she responded, nipping the blonde's ear.

"Behave. We're in public," Sarah giggled.

"Make me," challenged Jamie, letting her hand drop onto her wife's thigh.

"Jamie," she warned softly. "Later. I promise."

Pleased that she got her way, the tall woman said, "That's all I wanted to hear."

Half an hour later the big moment for Jamie was at hand. Even though she was slightly nervous, she didn't let it show as she gave the cameras a cocky smirk and wink when they panned to her as her name was called. She did want to win the award, but she would rather have been at home with Sarah worshipping her wife's body than sitting there in front of the world. Holding the blonde's hand as she waited for the moment of truth, she thought about the woman next to her. She was the real reason for Jamie's passionate performance.

When Jamie's name was announced as the winner, it was the blonde next to her who screamed the loudest in the crowd as she threw herself into the tall woman's arms. Jamie returned the embrace heartily as she kissed her wife with the same fervor she had in the film that had caused such a stir in the first place. Then she slowly made her way up to the stage. However, as she stood there looking out over the crowd, she opted to be herself instead of her public personality. Finding Sarah in the crowd, the tall woman began to cry. "This is quite an honor. I've never done a film of this nature before, so I want to thank those people who believed I could actually do this," she started. Quickly she thanked the people who had assisted her career before moving on to more personal matters. "Most of all, I'd like to thank my family. Eve and Katrina, I know you're watching right now, and as soon as this show is over, you have to go to bed," she joked. "I also want to mention a very special woman to me, my late wife, Stephanie," she said, looking towards the lights. "I know you're up there looking down on me at this moment, and I feel you watching over me everyday. I want to thank you for giving me the greatest gifts you ever could, your love and Katrina. Lastly, but certainly not least, I want to thank you, Sarah," she said, again making eye contact with her wife. "You've brought me back to life. Thanks to you I know what it means to live again, and I look forward to the new addition to our family and many years of happiness together. I love you."

Sarah just cried as she watched her wife on the stage receiving her award. Even as much as she wanted to win her own, she was even more thrilled Jamie had been recognized for her talents. She was so moved at the sight of her brunette standing there revealing to the world the woman she knew in private, instead of affecting her public attitude. Through the years Sarah had become accustomed to the cockiness that usually surrounded her wife whenever she was out. It was what the media expected of her, and the tall woman had perfected it with her bad girl style, but it was

her soft nature Sarah adored most, and she was reveling in it for those few moments her beloved spoke to the crowd.

It was several long minutes before she got back to her seat. When she did, Sarah embraced her around the shoulders. "You truly are the most amazing woman, Jamie," she confessed. "I love you more than you could ever know."

"I do know, because it's how much I love you. I can't believe I won," she said in quiet excitement. "Now if they would hurry up and give you yours, we can get out of here."

"You're in a hurry now? What? Do you have a hot date or something?" the blonde teased softly.

"You better believe it. I have a date with a bed and the hottest woman on the earth."

"Oh, sounds fun. Could I watch?" Sarah audaciously questioned, affecting her lover's persona for a moment.

"You know I mean you."

"I should be so lucky."

"Well, we could leave now," Jamie suggested softly.

"No. We have to wait for my category first."

"Oh, come on, Sarah. I'd much rather be in that bed than doing anything else. You know that."

"I certainly do," the blonde murmured. "However, you just have to wait. Our daughters are waiting to see me on TV. Remember? Besides, this will be my first Oscar win. I can't exactly skip out, even as much as I do want to."

"Oh. All right. I guess I can be patient for our girls," she acquiesced playfully.

The wait for Sarah's category was painful for the brunette. With her little wife having offered herself for the night once the event was over, she didn't care about anything else but touching the soft skin of her lover. However, she knew she had to play the part they both knew was necessary. When it finally came time for the category, Jamie had become disinterested and bored, being far too preoccupied with the woman sitting next to her.

When Sarah's name was announced, she smiled at the camera but squeezed her wife's hand anxiously. The older woman knew that as much as the blonde acted like she didn't care, she wanted to win the award as a way of proving herself as a serious actress and an independent woman.

The seconds passed like hours as the little woman watched the presenters. When they opened the envelope and paused, she felt as if her heart was going to stop. Then the moment she had

dreamed of since she was a child came to pass as her name was called. She screamed in happiness as Jamie hugged her fiercely.

"You did it, baby. I knew you would," Jamie said with a smile, leaning down to kiss the blonde. Sarah responded passionately, giving the whole world a brief glimpse into the love they shared. "Go get your award, beautiful. You deserve it," the brunette said with a loving grin.

"I love you, Jamie. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Sarah. Go on now. This is your moment."

Taking the short walk up the aisle toward the stage, Sarah carefully took the steps up to receive her award. The audience cheered for her, but she only had eyes for one person. Meeting the dark eyes of her wife, she gave a shaky sigh.

"Wow. This is an incredible feeling to stand here. You all will never know how much this award means to me. As a little girl, I dreamt of this moment. The making of this particular movie changed my life. It was a challenge for me but one I am so glad I took. There are so many people I'd like to thank, but I have to start with four people first. To my wife, Jamie Talbot-Dean, thank you for opening my eyes and my heart. Making this movie with you was the beginning of something wonderful, and I know it only gets better from here. To my two daughters, Eve and Katrina, you two are blessings to my life, and to a very special woman who I never actually had the pleasure of meeting, Stephanie Taylor-Dean. Thank you for making Jamie the wonderful woman she is today," she began. Seeing Jamie sitting in her seat crying, she began to do the same. Quickly she finished her speech by thanking the rest of the people who had made her moment possible before being escorted away behind the stage.

Ten minutes later, Sarah returned to her seat. She was greeted by an amorous brunette who immediately embraced her. The younger woman leaned to Jamie's ear and bit it seductively as she whispered, "We can leave now."

"Thank God," Jamie growled under her breath. "Come on." Trying to be discreet, the two of them moved out of their seats and up the aisle toward the exit. They did their best to evade the press as they made their way outside where their limo was already waiting for them. Getting into it as quickly as possible before they were spotted, they zipped away into the Los Angeles night.

"Well, now. Here we are. Alone at last," Sarah stated, moving closer to her wife.

Jamie grinned as they leaned to kiss each other. "Well, we both won. This calls for a celebration, don't you think?"

The blonde quirked her brow as she answered naughtily, "You can start the party by taking me right now."

"Sarah, you are such a temptress. You know I'll give you anything you want," the older woman replied.

"On your knees, Miss Dean," Sarah commanded, pushing her lover down to the floor of the limo.

Jamie smiled sexily as she looked up at her wife. She loved it when Sarah acted this way. She usually was the aggressor between them, but there were times when the younger woman took the reigns, and it always turned out hot and exciting. "Anything you want," she said, placing her hands on the hem of her lover's black dress. She pushed it up her legs to her waist. She then pulled off the hosiery that encased Sarah's legs and dropped it next to her with the blonde's shoes. Not even waiting for instructions, she dipped her head between her wife's thighs, taking in the scent that was distinctly hers.

Sarah's eyes rolled shut at the glorious feeling of Jamie adoring her body. Lacing her fingers through dark hair, she held on as the brunette took her to the peak leisurely. It didn't take long before she was begging for the release only Jamie could give her. Thankfully the tall woman didn't delay in providing the relief she needed. She shook as her climax overtook her.

Jamie rose to the seat and pulled Sarah into her arms, whispering endearments as the little woman began to descend again. When she seemed to have calmed, she sweetly asked, "Are you all right?" Sarah nodded dreamily. "How's our baby? Okay?" Jamie inquired, placing a hand over her wife's full tummy. She lightly rubbed it.

Sarah smiled over at Jamie as her hand came to rest on top of her lover's. "He's fine."

"Good."

"Oh. You're so good to me, Jamie," she sighed with content as she leaned to kiss her wife's lips gently. Of course that only started them down the fervent path once again.

A little later they managed to tear themselves away from each other long enough to get up to their luxurious room at the hotel. The tall woman playfully carried her bride over the threshold of the room before securing the door behind her. "Well, here we are," the brunette said, placing Sarah down on the couch before going to the bar. Grabbing a bottle of non-alcoholic sparkling cider, she asked, "Could I pour you a glass?" "You've thought of everything, haven't you? That would be lovely. Thank you."

The older woman poured two glasses and brought Sarah hers. Raising her champagne flute toward the blonde she proposed, "To our children, all three of them."

"To our children," echoed Sarah before lightly touching her glass to Jamie's. Taking a sip, she mentioned, "This is delicious."

"Not as delicious as you," the tall woman quipped. "Drink up, darling. You are urgently needed in the bedroom. There's something I need to tend to there."

The petite woman smiled behind her glass as she leisurely enjoyed the beverage. She knew her slow motion would drive her wife to even greater passion. However, when it appeared as if

Jamie was on the edge of her sanity, she acquiesced. Putting her empty glass back in the tall woman's hands, she demanded, "Take me to bed, Jamie."

Placing the glasses on the coffee table, the brunette took the blonde by the hands to help her from the sofa. Moving into the bedroom, Sarah saw the room had been decorated especially for them, her favorite flowers draping over every piece of furniture and white candles illuminating the otherwise dark space. Sarah smiled at her beloved for all the work Jamie had actually put into their evening. Looking down at the little woman fondly, the dark-haired actress whispered, "Let me make you more comfortable."

Sarah stood there at the foot of the bed, letting Jamie have the lead between them. She always enjoyed when Jamie touched her, because the older woman instinctively knew how she needed to be loved. Jamie was capable of every range of love two people could share, so the blonde was never disappointed, and she knew tonight would not be an exception between them. Looking up into brown eyes that had darkened even more with desire, she just stood waiting for her wife to begin.

Jamie simply looked down at the blonde for a moment. Sarah never failed to take her breath away with just a loving gaze. Showing a bit of her cocky side with a one-sided grin, the tall woman started to undress herself first. Holding the gaze with Sarah, she shrugged off her black suit jacket. Blue eyes widened a bit in response. Next she slowly unbuttoned her black silk shirt and let that drop to the floor as well. Quickly she discarded the black bra she was wearing, leaving her naked from the waist up.

Sarah took a deep breath as her wife's torso came into view. The sight of the sculpted form never failed to make her skin simmer. Seeing brown eyes silently inviting her to join the fun, she reached for Jamie's belt. It was open within a moment, and then she went back for the button and zipper. Slipping her right hand between the wool folds, she gasped, feeling that her lover wasn't wearing anything else. Jamie gave a quirk of her left brow before stepping to the blonde. Sarah felt the heat envelope her immediately. Moving her own hands to the tall woman's hips, she pushed the slacks off of her as the brunette reached behind her to start on the zipper of her dress. She held firmly to her lover's back as Jamie nipped her neck lightly. Her dress came slithering off moments later. The rest of her silk undergarments followed quickly. Feeling one of Jamie's hands move over her stomach and stop, Sarah pulled back a little. She felt modest in her seven-month pregnant body compared to the magnificent creature in her arms.

"You are so beautiful, Sarah," Jamie stated reverently.

The awe in her voice was obvious, making the blonde flush at the compliment. Even now the older woman had a way of making her feel like the most gorgeous woman she had ever seen. Giving a smile, she answered, "You're not too bad yourself, good-looking."

"I love you, Sarah. You'll never know how much."

"I love you too, Jamie, always. You're so good to me."

Maneuvering them onto the down-turned bed, Jamie let her body hover over her lover's. As much as she wanted to feel the blonde's body firmly against her own, she knew she had to be careful of Sarah's stomach. They merely held each other's gaze for a moment before Sarah pulled her wife's head down for a kiss, signaling that she had waited long enough.

Tenderly they made love for long hours into the night before settling down in each other's arms for sleep. As Jamie held the small woman in her embrace, her thoughts drifted to their upcoming arrival. "Sarah," she whispered.

"Yeah?" the blonde replied, snuggling closer into Jamie's naked frame behind her.

"What are we going to name our son?"

"James," the blonde answered with a little giggle.

"James? James Talbot-Dean? It was bad enough my mother named me after James Dean. I don't think we should do that to our son."

"But he'll be named after you, honey. Don't you want a namesake?" Jamie shrugged. "Well, I have another idea. What about Stephen? Stephen Michael Talbot-Dean."

"SMT? I take it that's not a coincidence."

"I thought you might like it," she explained.

"I do like it, Sarah. It's a sweet gesture."

"So Stephen Michael it is?" she questioned, turning in her lover's arms.

"Stephen Michael it is," Jamie answered leaning to kiss Sarah's lips. "You're wonderful, Sarah. I'm going to spend the rest of my life loving you."

"Good. You can start right now," the blonde teased, reaching for the tall woman's hand and placing it between her thighs.

The brunette growled lowly. "God, you're still wet."

"Always for you," Sarah panted as Jamie stroked her slowly. Just as her wife was about to make them one, she groaned painfully.

"What is it?" the older actress asked in concern.

"Stephen's kicking me."

Jamie looked down at Sarah's stomach. She could see their son making his presence known. Covering the spot with her hand, she felt the force of him moving. "Wow. He has quite the kick there. Maybe he'll be a soccer player with moves like that," the brunette joked.

Sarah smiled at the joke, even through her discomfort. Stephen had become more active over the last few weeks, making her wish for the day she had him. He seemed more than ready to be in the world with the rest of his family, judging by the way he was moving around. The blonde just waited, hoping he would settle down after a few minutes, but Jamie had other ideas.

Seeing that her son was still kicking Sarah, she decided to try something she had done years ago with Katrina. Moving her head down to her wife's tummy, she rubbed it soothingly as she softly began to sing. The blonde watched in amazement as she stroked the dark head on her stomach. Her wife was singing their son a gentle lullaby. Sarah listened to Jamie's melodious voice as it comforted their child and soothed her own soul. She had never had experienced something so loving when she had been pregnant with Eve, and the brunette's simple actions moved her to tears. Her knowledge that Jamie Dean was her soul mate was reconfirmed everyday but even more so as she watched the older woman pacify their son with a song.

When the tall woman had successfully lulled Stephen into rest again, she looked up at blue eyes. "What is it?" she questioned softly, seeing Sarah crying.

The blonde shook her head. "You," she murmured. "You really are the most perfect mate I could ever have. I love you, Jamie. Thank you for giving me life."

"And thank you for giving it to me, Sarah. If it weren't for you, I'd still be dead inside, but you saved me, and I'll always be grateful, my love. I love you, and I look forward to spending the rest of our lives together," she said, leaning up to kiss her wife sweetly on the lips before settling down beside her. Pulling Sarah into her arms, the two of them drifted off to sleep, dreaming of their future.

The End

Alex Tryst's Scrolls
The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive

~ Stick to the Script ~
by Alex Tryst

Disclaimers: This story is the third in a loosely connected series. It follows Love in Photographs and Georgia on My Mind, but this book can be enjoyed independently of those as well. However

be forewarned the characters from the above mentioned pieces do make appearances, so it is suggested that you read those first to appreciate them to their fullest. As always, there are sure to be great characters and steamy scenes. What else would you expect from me?

Dedication: To my wife, you are my fondest wish. And to my many beta readers on this one. Thanks for all the help. I couldn't have done it without you all. You know who you are.

Feedback?? Write Alex: alextryst@hotmail.com

Now on with the show

Sarah let her eyes roam over Jamie's body uninhibited. Even though they had just made love, she still felt shy and modest in front of the woman who was so flawless. "You really are perfect," she said plainly.

The brunette laughed a little. "Yeah. I would hope so with how much I paid for this body," she joked lightly.

"What do you mean?" curiously the blonde asked.

"Not a lot of people can look like this without a little help, Sarah."

"Well, what have you had done?"

"A little of everything starting with these," she admitted pointing to her breasts.

"Breast implants? No way!" Sarah declared looking at her girlfriend's chest. Curiously she reached for them and then experimentally touched her own feeling for differences. "Why did you do it? That's such a girly thing to do. It blows me away. It seems so unlike you," she said in fascination.

"Totally a career decision. Stephanie used to like them too which had its advantages. Most women who look like me couldn't humanly have breasts that look like this. It's just not possible to have both perfectly toned muscle and a larger than average size chest unless it's enhanced. You know even though I'm only capable of loving women, I know men are half of the world's population, and I like to cater to both. These are how I grab men's attention on the screen."

Sarah laughed. "Yeah, that and not bothering to wear clothes a whole lot. Anything other work you've had done?"

"Lots. This isn't my natural nose, and this isn't my chin either."

"Really?"

"Nope. I've also had liposuction on just about every part of my body. Come on. Real women don't look like this unless they are body builders or something. Granted I work hard to maintain

it now that I have it, but I cheated to get here. Being this sexy takes pain," she joked with a cocky smile.

The younger woman laughed as she slapped her lover on the stomach. "But you wear it so well. You've certainly accomplished your goal. You are sexy," she confessed.

"I'm glad you think so. What about you? Every actress I know has had something done to enhance her beauty. What's your dirty little secret?"

Sarah shrugged reluctantly. "Well, I had a little lipo and a tummy tuck after Eve was born," she acknowledged.

"Well, that's nothing. You had a baby. Any celebrity woman in your position would have done the same. That hardly counts. Is that it?"

"I get coelogyne injected into my lips," she said.

Jamie faked affront. "You mean that luscious lower lip isn't really yours?" she questioned running her thumb across the topic of her comment.

"Afraid not," the shorter woman answered before closing her mouth over Jamie's thumb. Her tongue tickled the tip enticingly. Sarah saw the affect she had on the tall woman as her dark eyes flashed fervently.

Jamie sighed and playfully rolled her eyes. "Well, I guess if you can put up with my fake tits, I can move beyond your fake lips," she teased. "Anything else I should know about? Please tell me these are real," she said as her right hand moved to the blonde's breasts.

Sarah panted lightly releasing the older woman's thumb from her mouth. "They're very real," she whispered as the brunette teased the crest of her left one.

Seeing that Sarah was beginning to get amorous again, she decided to stoke her fire a bit more. Pulling the smaller body over on top of her own, she let her hands slip around the blonde's back to her bare backside. "This real?" she asked squeezing it firmly as she leaned up to Sarah's neck.

"Real," the young actress replied lowering her body down against Jamie's. Her wetness quickly coated the dark-haired woman's abdomen. Their mouths met hungrily after a moment. Sarah moaned deeply as Jamie plunged passed her lips, and they exchanged heated kisses. The older woman's tongue ring scraped against her own tongue sensuously.

Moving her right hand down between her own body and her lover's legs, Jamie rubbed the little woman's heat slowly. "What about this? Is this real?"

"Yes, Jamie. God, yes," she heaved as she felt the brunette enter her.

The older woman thrust gently for a few moments before whispering, "I want to show you

something. Lie down for me," she requested rolling Sarah onto her back. Their eyes met for a moment as the dark-haired woman smiled. "Just relax. I'm going to take you to heaven," she whispered before slowly descending down Sarah's fair body.

The blonde breathed erratically as her lover kissed lower and lower until her mouth finally reached its destination between the blonde's thighs. As soon as Sarah felt the ball on the end of Jamie's tongue ring teasing her, she groaned loudly as her eyes rolled closed. Never in her life had she had such a sensation run through her body as she did having the brunette's mouth pleasuring her intimately. Her hands laced through short brown hair, pulling her closer in time with her rocking hips, but Jamie's pace wouldn't be altered. She moved slowly and deliberately, stroking her girlfriend's fire with her tongue, tracing her curves, plunging in and then withdrawing, and literally feasting upon the younger woman's treasure in an intentional fashion as if she was eating an elaborate meal. Sarah could feel every touch from the imaginarily light to the intensely acute, all of which send her hurdling toward the edge of oblivion. Her whole body began to quiver as she held firmly to her lover. The feelings and emotions came in a swell crashing upon her in one swoop as she cried out with a strangled gasp, but Jamie's touch didn't cease. Instead the tall woman continued on course knowing it would only be moments before Sarah had to give herself completely over to the pleasure that lay just on the other side of her climax. Loudly Sarah called out Jamie's name as she barreled through one peak and into another, clinging fiercely to the brunette's head and shoulder. The older woman felt the small woman's nails dig into her, but it didn't phase her. Instead she carried on, knowing there was more to give and more than happy to stay in that sacred place as long as Sarah allowed it.

Finally when it seemed the young woman couldn't take it any more, Jamie stilled her movements but remained where she was. She watched in fascination as her lover's womanhood trembled and quaked in aftermath. Sparing a look up into the face she loved, Jamie whispered reverently, "You are so beautiful, Sarah. I love you so much. Thank you for letting me love you."

Blue eyes opened and looked down at the brown ones situated between her legs. She could see clearly in Jamie's eyes the sincerity of her words, and it brought tears to her own. With a raspy voice, she answered, "Thank you for loving me." Slowly the brunette made her way up Sarah's body to hold her once again. Long silent minutes passed until the blonde had recovered. When she did she turned to Jamie and gave a mischievous grin. "Promise me something, Jamie."

"Anything," the tall woman replied.

"Promise to never ever take that tongue ring out," she demanded playfully.

Jamie laughed lightly. "So you liked it then?" she questioned needlessly.

"You were amazing," the blonde growled sexily nipping at the tall woman's collarbone. Taking in the landscape for a moment, she then quietly requested, "Teach me how to please you just as well."

Jamie's heart skipped a moment as she looked down into eager blue eyes. "I'm pleased already. There's nothing else you have to do unless you want to."

"I want to. I want to learn what makes the big, powerful Jamie Dean tremble. What can I do? Tell me what pleases you," she persisted with an authoritative edge to her voice.

Seeing that Sarah truly was an ardent pupil, the older woman gave a sexy grin. "Touch me again."

"Where?" Sarah asked running her hands over her lover's body lightly.

"Everywhere," the brunette replied softly as her body responded to the tender caressing.

Pushing Jamie down onto her back, Sarah propped up onto her arm and proceeded to watch the passion unfold in the hard body next to her as she teasingly touched it. For Jamie's part, she was patient, allowing the blonde to leisurely explore, but the closer Sarah's hand dropped toward the final goal, her breathing began to change in anticipation. However she said nothing as she merely watched the younger woman. Sarah noticed the change in her girlfriend's body almost immediately. The muscles became wrought with tension as she moved over them, and heat suffused Jamie's skin. The blonde looked down at the taller woman's chest and then up into dark eyes. She gave a small smile before lowering her head. Bringing her hand up to cup the brunette's right breast, Sarah took it into her mouth for the first time. Jamie emitted a loud groan as the little woman's tongue circled the tip. Sarah was fascinated by the feeling of it in her mouth and the response she had gotten from her lover. Gaining confidence and momentum the blonde actress began to avidly consume the tall woman's breast, lost in the emotions of pleasing her bedmate.

Long minutes passed as Jamie enjoyed the ecstasy of Sarah's adoration. However as it became apparent the blonde had lost her focus, she redirected her efforts saying, "I do have another one of those."

"How could I forget?" Sarah answered releasing the breast with a little popping sound before moving on to the other. The same treatment ensued for the left one.

Jamie was slowly being driven mad by the fact her girlfriend's hands seemed to be everywhere except where she wanted them most, but she had been determined not to inhibit the blonde's investigation. However when she couldn't take it any longer, she took hold of the small woman's left hand, placing it between her thighs and begging, "Sarah, please. Touch me here."

Sarah moaned as she felt the overflowing wetness awaiting her arrival. It shocked and amazed her that even a woman like Jamie could be so vulnerable at such a moment when she felt safe. It struck her with force that she was actually directing the woman's fervency. The young woman looked down at the brunette as she entered her lover. Jamie's eyes were tightly shut and her lips parted as she panted raggedly. It astounded her that she was loving a woman, this woman she had dreamed about almost since the moment they met. It was like no other experience she had ever had, but she adored everything about it. The looks, the sounds, the smells of the two of them merging together to alleviate their greatest desires was intoxicating. Unable to resist the mouth that was spewing indiscernible mumblings as Jamie neared the precipice, Sarah swooped down

to claim her lips roughly.

Jamie moaned as she reacted in kind, cohering to the blonde's torrid open mouth. Immediately her arms came around the blonde's body, and she clung to Sarah as if her life depended on it. Moments later the brunette peaked, letting out a loud yell of her lover's name as spasms ricocheted through her. Sarah held her securely for the whole ride until they lay motionless once again. It took the tall actress a moment to recover. When she had, she mumbled, "Oh my God. Where did you learn to do that?"

"From the best of course," the blonde replied lightly in compliment as she withdrew her hand. It was drenched with Jamie's essence. Curiously she brought it to her lips, wondering what the tall woman tasted like. She figured it couldn't have been bad with the way Jamie had loitered around in hers. Dark and blue eyes stayed fixed on each other as the little woman slid the three fingers she had used into her mouth at once. Her tongue cleaned each one before removing them. Smiling at her lover, she stated, "You taste like powdered doughnuts."

The older woman chuckled loudly. "I do believe you're stretching the truth on that one."

That's just wishful thinking on your part."

Sarah shrugged. "Well, whatever it is, I like it."

"Well, I'm glad," Jamie replied pulling the small woman tighter into her arms. Quietness followed, and soon they both had drifted to sleep as the summer sun warmed their naked bodies.

Sometime later the brunette awoke to the sounds of a muffled cry coming from next door. The blonde didn't seem to notice at first, so Jamie quietly tried to remove herself from Sarah's clutches to check on Eve, but as soon as her feet hit the floor, the younger woman whispered, "Where are you going?"

"Eve's awake." Instantly Sarah began to move, but Jamie stopped her. "I'll get her. You just relax."

"You can't in your state. I'll go get her. You stay here. I'll be right back," she insisted slipping from bed. She went into the bathroom and retrieved the robe she had seen earlier to put on before heading to the room next door.

While Sarah was gone, Jamie regretfully began to redress herself. It had felt so good to finally be with the little woman the way she wanted, and she wanted the moment to linger a bit longer. However she knew Eve had to come first for the time being. The brunette was just finishing with her shirt when the blonde returned carrying a still sleepy toddler.

Jamie smiled brightly at Eve. "Hey. How's my girl?" she asked the two-year-old gently as Sarah placed her down on the bed, and Eve moved into Jamie's arms.

Hearing the older woman refer to Eve as her own made Sarah's heart flutter. "She's fine, a little

disoriented I think, which upset her," she explained. She picked up her clothes from the floor and gestured toward the bathroom. "I'm just going to get dressed."

Jamie gave a nod. "All right. We'll still be here. Take your time."

The following few hours passed in comfortable quietness as both women played with Eve. However once the rest of the group returned from the pool, they had a leisurely meal out in the backyard. As day turned to evening, Sarah prepared to head home.

She had loved every moment of her stay, but she knew she had to go back to her New York condo for the night even as much as she wanted to return to her lover's bed. When it was time to leave, Doug and Jamie drove Sarah and Eve down to the pier to wait on the ferry. Doug stayed in the car however as the brunette spent a little private time with the two blondes.

"I wish you wouldn't go," she whispered sliding her arms around the small woman's waist.

"I know. I don't really want to either, but I can't stay here tonight. We both know that." Jamie gave a nod of understanding. "I wish you would come back to my place with me."

"Me too but I don't want to push too much on Katrina too fast. I think she would have a hard time understanding."

Sarah nodded at the statement. "True. I hate this though. After this afternoon, the last thing I want to do is leave you here."

"I know, but I'll be back on the set soon to finish the movie."

"How much longer do you think you'll be away?"

"Two or three more weeks."

"That's so long," the blonde whined. "Come back with me."

"But Katrina..."

"Bring her with you. Please, Jamie. I can't stand the thought of spending the next three weeks without you. These past ones were horrific."

"I know," she conceded. "I'll ask her if she wants to take a trip down there with me. School will be starting back soon, and then I won't get to see her so much, so I want to spend time with her."

"I know you do, as you should. I don't want to get in the way of that, but the four of us could have a lot of fun in D.C. There are fun places to go."

"We'll see. I'll talk to her. When are you heading back?"

"In the morning."

"All right. You know how to get a hold of me?"

Sarah nodded. "I have the number. Would it be okay if I called you later after Eve goes to bed?" hesitantly she inquired.

"Sure. I'd like that." Seeing the ferry was loading its final passengers, Jamie looked down into the blue eyes she adored. "I'll see you soon, Sarah. I promise."

"Okay. I love you, Jamie."

"I love you too. Call me tonight," she said before leaning down to give the small woman a gentle kiss on the lips. When it broke, she bent over and kissed Eve on top of her blonde head. The child reached to hug her in return. Looking back at Sarah she said, "You better go now. I'll talk to you tonight."

Jamie stayed up with Samantha and Doug watching a movie after the kids had gone to bed that night. Neither of them had asked the tall woman what had happened between Sarah and her, but Jamie knew that both of them were too perceptive not to know what had taken place while they had been away with the children. Just as the brunette was beginning to wonder when her girlfriend was going to call, her cell phone rang. All three adults looked at it a moment sitting there on the coffee table before Doug picked it up and tossed it at her. Catching it in her right hand, the actress answered it casually even though she recognized the number that came up on the caller ID as Sarah's.

"Jamie?" a female voice asked. It wasn't Sarah's but Tabitha Reid's.

"Tabitha? Hey. What's up? Are you at Sarah's place?"

"Yeah. She asked me to come over a little bit ago," she answered hesitantly.

"Is everything all right?"

"No, actually. Sarah's sick. She asked me to call you and see if you could come over."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She asked me not to tell you that. She said she wanted to do it herself."

"Why? What's going on, Tabitha? You're starting to concern me," the older woman said.

"I'm sorry. It's just that it's not my place to say. This is between you, Robert, and her. Robert's out of the country, and even if he wanted to come back, he couldn't. Sarah needs you, Jamie. I think she needs to go to the hospital."

"Then take her. It's going to take me at least an hour to get over there. If she's that bad, take her to the ER, and I'll meet you there."

"She won't go without you. Jamie, please come as fast as you can."

"All right. Tell her that I'm on my way."

Hanging up the phone, she looked at her brother-in-law. "Doug, I need a ride down to the pier."

"Is everything okay?" Samantha asked.

"I don't know. That was my friend, Tabitha. Sarah's sick and needs me to come over. Tabitha thinks she should go to the hospital, but she won't without me. I have to go."

"Well, come on then. You'll just be able to make the ferry if we go now," Doug stated standing to get his keys.

An hour and a half later Jamie arrived at her lover's condo. She knocked and impatiently awaited an answer. When the door opened, Tabitha looked relieved. "Thank God you're here."

"Where is she?" Jamie questioned dispensing with a greeting.

"She upstairs in her bathroom."

"Where's Eve?"

"Asleep. Please go up there and talk sense into her. She didn't want to go to the hospital, but I think she should."

Giving a nod, Jamie took the elevator up to the second floor instead of the stairs given her own limitations. Guessing as to which room was the master, she went into it. The door on the far side of the room was closed, but she saw the light coming from under it, making her figure that was the bathroom. Going over to it, she gave a gentle knock. "Sarah, sweetheart, it's me," she announced.

"Jamie," came the agonizing reply.

"May I come in?"

"No. I don't want you to see me like this," the blonde mumbled in obvious pain.

"Come on, Sarah. Nothing can change the way I feel about you. I don't care what you look like. Let me come in, baby."

When there wasn't another objection, Jamie slowly opened the door, not knowing what to expect on the other side. Peeking her head around the door first, she saw the blonde dressed in a long t-

shirt sitting on the commode, her elbows propped up on her knees and her hands covering her face. The little woman was whimpering pitifully. Coming in and shutting the door behind her, the tall woman inched her way closer until she reached her. Sarah didn't move at all, merely stayed curled in the fetal position. Putting her crutches aside against the wall, the tall woman knelt down in front of the blonde.

"Sarah, what is it? What's wrong?"

The small woman looked up at her long enough to pull her closer and bury her head into Jamie's neck as she gripped tightly to her shirt collar. "It's hurts so badly."

"What hurts, baby?"

The younger woman moaned as pain racked her body again. "I lost my baby, Jamie," she softly confessed.

"Eve? What happened to Eve?" the brunette asked in absolute panic.

"Not Eve," she corrected.

Jamie let out an immediate sigh of relief. "Then what baby are you-oh God," she mumbled coming to a realization of what Sarah was actually saying. "You're pregnant?"

"Was," she cried. "I just miscarried," she said as tears streamed over her face.

Emotions whirled through Jamie as she looked at the woman she loved. Instantly her heart broke at the thought of the blonde losing something so precious. Panic soon followed at the idea of her possibly being the cause of the situation at hand from their strenuous activities earlier in the day. Sadness ensued after at the thought of Robert still owning a part of the woman she loved, and then the anger of not being told the truth came. It took her a moment to choose which emotion would lead her next words. "Did I do this? Was I too rough with you today? God, Sarah, why didn't you tell me? I wouldn't have been so...,"

The petite woman quickly cut her off. "This isn't your fault, Jamie. Don't think for a moment it was. I've been in pain since I work up this morning. I guess I should've paid attention, but I wanted to see you more," she confessed.

"Does Robert know?" tentatively the tall woman asked.

Sarah shook her head. "No. I only found out two weeks ago."

"How? When did this happen?"

Sarah shrugged. "I'm not really sure, but I think it was right before he left for his shoot, that first night he was with me on the set. It had to have been then. That was the last time we were together," she said. "I swear," she added seeing doubt in her girlfriend's eyes.

"I believe you," Jamie assured her. "I just wish you had told me today. You had an opportunity. Why didn't you say anything then?"

The young woman shook her head as she put her head back in her hands. "I know I should've. I was just scared," she acknowledged.

"Scared?" the older actress asked. Cupping fair wet cheeks, she tilted Sarah's head up, so she could see her eyes. "Baby, after all you know about me, why were you scared?"

"I didn't want it to come between us. I wanted to be with you so badly, and I thought you might not feel the same if you knew. I thought you might turn away from me, and I couldn't bear the thought of that," she admitted. "I need you, Jamie. I couldn't stand it if you left."

Jamie nodded gently. "Sarah, I love you. There's no way I could've gone on without you whether Robert was in the picture or not. You fuel my desires. You're everything I want, Sarah Talbot. I'm here to stay as long as you want me."

Gratefully hugging her lover, the blonde whispered, "Thank you."

"Come on now. Let's see if we can get you settled in bed. You'll feel better there. Do you think a heating pad would help? Do you want to go to the hospital?"

She shook her head. "I just want to get in bed and lie with you. There's a heating pad in the hall closet."

"All right. I'm going to go get that. Do you have any pain killers or anything?"

"In the medicine cabinet."

"Okay. I'm going to go get Tabitha to help me here. We're going to go get your room set up here. I'll be right back. All right?"

Sarah nodded. "Thank you, Jamie. I love you."

"I love you too, Sarah," she replied making her way out of the bathroom.

Going downstairs she found Tabitha sitting in the living room in quiet anxiousness. "How is she?"

"In pain. She miscarried."

"I know. Did you even know she was pregnant?" the honeyed blonde inquired coming to her.

Jamie shook her head stoically trying not to let her emotions slip. However she couldn't hold on to them. "I can't believe she didn't tell me," she whispered. "My first wife was pregnant when we

started dating, and Sarah knew that, so why was she so scared of telling me? Why did she think it would change the way I feel?" rhetorically she inquired.

"Was your first wife married when you started seeing each other?" Tabitha asked. Jamie just looked at her. "Sarah told me about the two of you, Jamie. I've known Sarah since before Eve was born, and I can honestly say I've never seen her like this. The way she looks when she talks about you is like nothing I've ever seen from her. She never felt for Robert what she feels for you. I know you're hurt she didn't tell you right away, but you have to try to understand her position."

"Her position as a married woman? Damn. How did I get involved in this? I fought so hard not to do this," she stated. "I didn't want to be in this position."

"You can't give up now, Jamie. You're so close now that she and Robert have split up. You can't even think about walking away."

"I'm not going to walk away. I'm just frustrated that this happened. Sarah's hurting so much in so many ways, and I'm not sure I'm really equipped to deal with it all. That's what concerns me most, Tabitha," she stated. Giving a sigh, she continued, "I don't have time to dwell on this. I need your help getting Sarah's bed ready."

"You mean she's not going to go to the hospital?"

"No. She doesn't want to. I'm going to stay with her tonight, so if she gets worse, I can take her."

"Well, why don't I stay too? That way if you do need to go, I can watch Eve."

Jamie nodded. "Okay. Thanks, Tabitha. Now there are a few things we need," she began before rattling off a list for her friend to gather.

A few minutes later both women were up in the master bedroom putting it together for Sarah. Once that was complete, they went to retrieve the little blonde. Between the two of them they gingerly assisted Sarah to the bed and tucked her in. She looked up at them both with appreciative eyes. "Thank you both for being here," she whispered.

Tabitha smiled. "We both love you, Sarah. Just rest now. Jamie and I are both going to stay the night just in case you and Eve need anything. I'm going to sleep next door."

Sarah nodded. "Thanks, Tabby."

Tabby smiled at them both before saying, "I'm just going to check on Eve before settling down. Good night, you two."

When Jamie and Sarah were alone, Sarah softly requested, "Come to bed."

Giving a nod, the brunette moved to the empty side of the bed. She held Sarah's gaze as she

began to undress. She saw ardor in those blue eyes even in the little woman's state. Once she was naked, Jamie carefully eased into bed as to not jar the younger woman too much. Slipping arms around her, she kissed the top of the blonde head. "Try to rest now, Sarah. It'll help."

The following morning a knock on the door awoke both women. Slowly Tabitha walked in with a dressed Eve in her arms. "Morning. Sorry to bother you, but I have a photo shoot and interview I have to get to. It's for Vanity Fair with Georgia Erwin and Torrance Whitfield as the photographer, and you know those ladies don't like waiting," she said softly.

"Torrance certainly doesn't, but I've never known Georgia to be impatient," Jamie commented starting to get out of bed. She casually dressed in yesterday's clothes and then reached for Eve, who came to her instantly. "I'll walk you out."

"No need. I have a key. I'll just lock the door behind me. I'll be back later to check on you, Sarah," she said with a sympathetic smile for her friend, who was still in bed, looking like she hadn't slept much during the night.

"Thanks, Tabby. I appreciate the help."

"You've done the same for me. It's the least I could do. I'll be back in the afternoon." Looking over at Jamie, she asked, "Can you take care of Eve that long?"

"Yeah. No problem. Tell Torrance and Georgia I said hi, will you?"

"Sure."

"Me too," Sarah quietly said.

"I'll do that. Torrance and that hunk of woman Georgia's married to would flip if they knew about the two of you," she laughed lightly.

"Well, don't tell them just yet. Robert and I haven't even announced our breakup," warned Sarah. "I don't want this getting out."

"You know I wouldn't."

The brunette smiled sexily as she commented, "So you've got a crush on Blake Erwin, do you? I would've thought between she and Tor, you would've picked Torrance."

Tabitha shook her head. "You know me, Jamie. I always gravitate toward the bad boys or girls as the case may be. Torrance has been so trained by that wife of hers that she's a damn puppy. Everybody knows who runs that relationship. Blake, on the other hand, is one fine forty year old."

Jamie laughed, and Sarah cracked a smile at their friend's antics. "You do remember that she is married? And to quite a firecracker, at least that's the way I hear it," the tall woman quipped

about Georgia.

"Excuse me?" cautioned Sarah playfully. "Don't even think about it, Jamie."

"Never, babe. You're the only one," she answered quickly.

"All right. I really have to go. I'll be back this afternoon."

Once Jamie and Sarah were alone, the older woman looked down at the blonde. "How are you feeling?" she asked putting Eve down on the floor. The little girl went to her mother's side of the bed.

"Mama," she said.

"Hey, angel. Mama doesn't feel well," she explained tenderly reaching for her daughter's blonde head. She stroked the locks a moment before looking back at her girlfriend. "Jamie, thank you for coming over last night. I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner about the baby."

The brunette shook her head. "I don't want to talk about that now. Let's just focus on getting you better. Are you still in pain?"

"Yeah."

"Would it help you if I made you something to eat?"

"I don't think I can keep anything down right now, but thank you anyway."

"Okay. Well, I need to call the house and check in on Katrina. I sort of left in the middle of the night, and I just need to see if she's all right. I think I should probably stay here for a couple of days while you recover. You're in no shape to go back to the set right now, so I'll call the director as well and let him know that you're ill. Then I should probably go get some clothes, but that requires a trip back out to the island."

Sarah nodded slowly in understanding. "Thank you, Jamie."

Over the next several days Jamie stayed with Sarah to help her and Eve. During that time they didn't talk about the loss of the baby at all. Instead they simply savored the private time together, knowing there would be very little when they both returned to work. A week later though Sarah claimed to be well enough to go back to the set, so she went back to D.C. with Eve, leaving Jamie there to recover from her own injury.

Two weeks later Jamie returned to the set as well. As soon as she arrived, she went to Sarah's place instead of her own to check on the two girls that meant so much to her. A beautiful smile from the woman she loved awaited her when she knocked on the door.

"I'm so glad you're back," Sarah stated bringing the taller woman into a hug.

"I'm glad to be here," the twenty-seven year old answered leaning to kiss the blonde with the passion that had been pent up from two weeks apart.

"Come in. I was just working on dinner for Eve and me. I hope you'll stay."

"Of course. You couldn't keep me away any longer. Just let me drop my bags off upstairs, and I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Don't be gone too long. After dinner I'd like to spend some time catching up with you," Sarah stated.

Seeing the suggestive blue eyes, Jamie smirked. "Sounds good to me. Maybe with any luck Eve will be tired tonight."

"The nanny wore her out pretty well today for us, because I knew you'd be coming back. Unless she gets a second wind, I think there is a good chance she'll go down early."

Nodding the brunette said, "All right. Be back in a minute for dinner with my girls."

"We'll be waiting."

Quickly Jamie made her way upstairs to her place. She took only a moment to look around and see that everything was as she left it before returning downstairs to her lover. By the time she returned Sarah was just setting the food on the table for the three of them. The tall woman grabbed Eve and placed her in her booster seat at the table before taking her own chair across from the blonde actress. Sarah spared her a coy smile before turning to Eve, who had already grabbed her fork.

"Eve, what do we do first before we eat dinner?" she asked carefully.

The little girl put her utensil down again and folded her hands like her mother's. Jamie followed suit in amazement the two-year-old understood. The blonde said a quiet prayer for their food and Jamie's return before allowing them to begin their meal.

"This is good. Your cooking rivals Samantha's," the tall woman said with a smile.

"Glad you like it. I'll admit I pulled out all the stops, because I knew you were coming home tonight, and I wanted you to be impressed. Don't get used to it though. You're seeing just about the limits of my cooking skills," she replied with a grin of her own.

"So, tell me what's been going on at work? How far behind are we really?"

"Let's just say that we better enjoy tonight, because it's going to be sixteen hours days from now until it's finished. You've got your work cut out for you after dinner."

When the older woman felt her lover's foot running up the inside of her leg, she knew exactly what she was saying. Cracking her characteristic cocky smile, she stated, "Don't you worry your pretty head about that. Jamie Dean never leaves her ladies unfulfilled. However I think there's a little one who might throw a wrench in those plans. Hopefully not."

Sarah shook her head. "Look at her. She'll be down for the night after this, a bath, and a book. She's sleeping in the guestroom tonight."

"Why? You expecting company?" Jamie teased.

"Oh, yeah. I'm expecting a strong, dark-haired, cast-free lover to come screw me all night."

"May I watch?" she joked.

"You can do more than that. Did you wear your tongue ring?"

"That's for me to know, and you to wonder about, at least until later." Redirecting her attentions to the little girl, she asked, "So what did you do today, Eve?"

After dinner Jamie offered to do the dishes while Sarah took Eve to her bath. By the time she was finished, she heard the blonde settling Eve down for the evening, so she decided to wait in the living room as to not risk exciting the toddler by her presence. She idly began flipping through TV channels as she waited. Jamie heard Sarah reading and then lightly singing to the little girl. However after about half an hour of waiting for the small woman, Jamie saw her closing the guest room door.

She smiled as Sarah came into the living room. The younger woman gave a sexy smile before slinking over to the sofa where Jamie was sitting. "Hi, stranger," she whispered pushing the older woman down against the arm of the couch and covering her with her smaller body.

The brunette gave a grin of her own. "Hi, beautiful. You're a sight for sore eyes."

"You flatter me. You don't need to do that. I think you know you're going to get laid tonight," she mentioned starting on the buttons of the brunette's shirt. "You've got one hot woman offering herself to you right now."

"You're offering, huh?"

"Yeah, I'm offering. I'm actually doing more than that," she explained moving her hands to her own blouse. She opened those buttons as well. "I'm pleading for you to take me," she whispered brushing her lace-covered breasts over Jamie's face lightly. The tall woman groaned but kept her hands to herself, wondering where things were going. Sarah's mouth neared her own. It hovered dangerously close for several moments before she uttered, "I'm begging you to fuck me."

Instantly the older woman moaned at the sexy vulgarity. "Funny. You look like my girlfriend, but I never knew my precious talked like that," she provoked in hopes of getting more.

"You think you're the only one who can be a bad girl, Miss Dean?"

"I'm the queen of them, babe," she answered arrogantly, playing the role Sarah obviously wanted from her.

"Then prove it. Fuck me. Ravage me right here on this couch."

Even though Jamie wanted to do just that, she hesitated a moment, concerned for her lover's physical wellness after the miscarriage. Not wanting to hurt her, she quietly asked, "Are you sure you can take it? I wouldn't want to hurt you, baby."

"I can take anything you give. I've been waiting for this moment for far too long, Jamie Dean."

"Then tell me exactly how you want it, Sarah," she demanded commandingly. "You want it hard and fast? Or maybe hard and long? Tell me. Tell me how to fuck you, Sarah," she growled groping the blonde's breasts roughly.

The blonde's head rolled back as her eyes closed. It was heaven to feel Jamie's touch. Seeing the dirty language was turning on the brunette, she decided to let herself go. She took Jamie by the back of the head and slammed her face into her large endowment insisting, "Suck my tits, Miss Dean." The older woman groaned loudly as she did just as she was instructed. She never imagined the petite woman would say something so provocative. However before she could even respond, Sarah issued another directive. "And when you're finished with those, you can eat me."

Immediately Jamie pulled back as she heard those words. Giving a crooked grin, she whispered, "Who would have ever thought you were such a naughty little freak? I love it. I love it so much that I'm going to give you exactly what you want, little girl. I'm going to eat you like you've never had it before and make you come like there was no tomorrow. When I'm done with that, you're going to take all of me, and I'm going to fuck you so hard, you'll be walking funny for a month," she countered.

Sarah smiled. "Then come on, big girl. Give me your best shot. I bet I can last longer than you," she challenged, knowing full well it was a bet she would lose, but she hoped it would spur Jamie into action, and indeed it did. Not even as soon as she had finished her words, the older woman rolled them both off the couch down to the floor gently, leaving the blonde on the rug on her back with Jamie on top of her.

The taller woman ripped the blonde's blouse off her shoulders and popped the clasp of her bra open before tearing that off as well. Roughly she latched on to Sarah's right breast as her hands went to work on the small woman's jeans. She unzipped them before yanking them down to her knees. Immediately the brunette moved down and buried herself inside of her lover.

Sarah cried out loudly grasping at the back of Jamie's head to ground herself. Instinctively her legs strained to open further, but her jeans restrained her, making her seem more captive than she truly was, and in turn the feeling heightened her own arousal. She had fantasized about it being

this way, of Jamie taking her with abandon as she lay helpless to the stronger woman's whims. The only thing that was missing to her was having the brunette pin her wrists down like she had done that day on the set while she ravaged her. However Sarah didn't have time to dwell on that fact as she felt her climax approaching quickly. It surprised her that the brunette had evoked it so rapidly, but she gave herself over to it, letting it cascade over her whole body. When the first one had passed, she was startled that the tall woman just stopped though. Looking up at her, the young actress inquired in concern, "What's wrong, Jamie?"

"Nothing. I just thought of something. I have a present for you that I brought from home, and now that I now you're game I want to give it to you," she growled seductively. "What do you say? You want it?"

"Sure," gamely Sarah replied.

"All right. I'll go get it. You get ready for bed. I'll be back in a few minutes, and when I return I expect to find you naked," she commanded grabbing for her discarded shirt as she arose from the floor.

Hearing the tone of her lover's voice, Sarah's body trembled in rising fervor. She knew she was going to enjoy it when Jamie got this way, but she had no idea her body would yearn to be taken with such ferocity. As soon as the front door to her condo closed, she immediately rose and made her way back to the bedroom, determined to follow the older woman's instructions in hopes of more pleasure to come. Stripping off the rest of her clothes, she lay down on the bed and waited with anxious anticipation. As she did her hands began to wander over her own skin. She was on fire and more than ready for her lover's return, which occurred a few minutes later as promised.

When Jamie entered the bedroom and saw Sarah stretched out over the comforter touching herself, she felt her knees weaken for a second. Their eyes locked as the blonde stopped her movements, but the tall woman protested. "Don't stop unless I tell you to. Let me watch you," she stated as she moved toward the foot of the bed. She observed as Sarah took the direction, continuing her pace. Her own passion started to rise again at the sight of the little blonde pleasuring herself. She studied the movements taking in where Sarah liked to touch herself.

Beginning to get into having her lover watch her, the small woman closed her eyes as she let a fantasy take hold in her mind. Soon she forgot about dark eyes devouring her every move as she began to bring herself to peak. She panted Jamie's name.

The utterance struck Jamie's core. Not able to stay away, she moved onto the bed. She leaned down to the blonde's breasts taking one into her mouth. Sarah cried out in relief and need as she brought her hands up to cradle her lover's head. However her actions were rebuffed. "I told you not to stop," she warned. "Keep touching yourself." Sarah did as she was told, moving both her hands down between her thighs again as the brunette's mouth ravaged her chest. "Tell me, Sarah. Do you touch yourself like this when you're alone? Do you fantasize about me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"What do I do in your fantasies? Do I make love to you?" she inquired sweetly kissing the crests of the petite woman's breast reverently.

"Yes," the blonde panted.

"Do I fuck you?" roughly Jamie asked biting Sarah's neck.

"God, yes," she replied inching closer to peak at the combination of stimuli.

Sensing that she was close, the brunette demanded, "Don't come, Sarah." The blonde whined. The command only pushed her further. "You can't come until I tell you to."

"Jamie, please," she pleaded.

"No. You only can come when I say. If you want to, you have to tell me to make you come."

Moaning at the dangerous edge in her lover's voice, Sarah quickly said, "Jamie, please make me come."

"All right. I will since you asked so nicely," she teased reaching down to unzip her pants. Hearing the zipper Sarah opened her eyes. "Keep your eyes shut," Jamie immediately insisted. The blonde closed them again but wondered what was about to happen next. Freeing herself from her khaki pants, the tall woman then reached down between the little woman's legs and grabbed her by the wrists. Sarah protested with a mewling sound, but as Jamie pinned her wrists above her head, she knew she was about to get her ultimate fantasy. The older woman easily held both the petite wrists with one hand, especially since Sarah made no move to free herself. Reaching down with her right hand, Jamie ran it through her girlfriend's wetness. Sarah responded by raising her hips toward the touch, but as quickly as it came, it left. She whimpered at the loss. Moving herself into position between Sarah's thighs, Jamie quietly but ferally inquired, "Do you think you can take all of me?"

Sarah gave a nod, feeling fairly sure in that moment that her girlfriend was going to enter her with something other than her talented fingers. Anxious to find out, she begged, "Please, Jamie. Fuck me, baby."

The tall woman growled as she held Sarah down with both hands. Latching onto her mouth savagely, she thrust with all her weight, sheathing the strap on she was wearing completely in the small woman. Sarah screamed into the kiss as her muscles gave way to the massive intrusion. The pain of being stretched far beyond her comfort and the pleasure of being completely filled by the dark-haired woman merged together in one feeling.

When Jamie felt Sarah relax after a moment she pulled her mouth away from the little woman's lips and tenderly asked, "I didn't hurt you too much, did I?"

Blue eyes opened at the question. She saw the concern in her lover's gaze. "No," she panted, still trying to get used to the size inside of her. Giving a small grin, she playfully challenged, "Well,

you've shown how big you are, but the question remains. Do you know how to use it? Are you going to fuck me with that thing or not, Miss Dean?"

Jamie gave a proud lopsided smile. "Oh, I'm going to fuck you into next week," she boasted.

"Well, time's a wasting. I want it now, Jamie," she mandated, taking over again.

"Anything you desire, Sarah," Jamie answered, letting her girlfriend wield the control once more.

They moved together at a fierce pace being that the blonde was already teetering on the edge of oblivion. It was only moments before she clung tightly to her lover as the cascade of release shook her to her soul. There was only panting for several minutes before she mumbled, "Oh my God."

"You okay?" tenderly Jamie inquired looking down into blue eyes.

Sarah smiled at her in satisfaction. "Never in my life did I ever imagine love like this," she confessed. "You are by far the best lover I've ever had."

"And just how many have you had?" the brunette questioned with a teasing grin.

"Two including you," she admitted.

"Really? Just Robert and me?" Jamie asked in surprise.

"Yeah, just the two of you. How many have you had, Jamie?" curiously she inquired.

"You want an actual number?"

"Guess if you have to."

The older woman rolled off of Sarah and stared at the ceiling in contemplation. "I don't know really. If I had to make a guess, I would probably say about fifty or so."

"Fifty different women? You've been with fifty women?" Sarah questioned seriously.

"Well I started young, Sarah. I was only thirteen the first time, and after Stephanie passed away, I sort of found my relief in women. You know when I was with her, I was completely faithful, but being single has left me a little promiscuous. Now that we're together though, I can assure you of my unwavering fidelity. I've never cheated on a woman."

"I'm not worried about that, Jamie. I'm just surprised is all. You have been tested, haven't you?"

"A little late to ask me that, isn't it?" she joked. However seeing the serious look on her lover's face, she replied, "Of course I have. I have Katrina to think about. She doesn't need to lose her other mother to carelessness."

Sarah nodded at the explanation as she curled up into the brunette's shoulder. Long quiet moments passed. "I'm getting sleepy," she finally said.

Jamie laughed lightly. "What happened to going all night?" she joked.

"What can I say? I'm a mother of a two-year-old. You're lucky to have gotten this much out of me," she teased.

"Well, it was time well spent I assure you," the older woman stated. "Why don't we call it a night? We have an early start in the morning anyway."

By September of that year the film was complete and Sarah and Jamie had gone back to their lives in New York. The media had already been informed of the blonde's separation and pending divorce with Robert Dawson, but the two women kept a low profile on their relationship as to not feed the rumor mill. However they spent lots of time together with their daughters.

One evening they were all at Samantha and Doug's house for dinner. It was after their meal, and Katrina was inside at the kitchen table working on her homework while her cousins were up in their respective rooms doing their own while the adults chatted out in the backyard. Eve was sitting contently in Jamie's lap as they all shared a bottle of wine. However just then the seven-year-old poked her head out of the patio door.

"Sarah, can you help me with my math?" she questioned.

"Yeah, sure," the little woman answered casting a bewildered look at her girlfriend. Katrina had never requested anything from her before, so she wondered what the girl was up to. Going into the kitchen, she took a seat at the table with her lover's child. "Let's see this math," she said moving the book closer to them. They talked about the questions for a long time, going through each one at a slow pace.

However when they were finished Katrina looked up at Sarah. "Sarah, can I ask you something?"

"Of course. What is it, sweetie?"

"Do you love Mom?" hesitantly she inquired.

"Yes, I do, Katrina. I love your mother very much," she answered, seeing no reason not to tell the little girl the truth.

"Are you two going to get married?"

Sarah thought about the question for a moment before saying, "I don't know. Maybe. Why do you ask?"

The small blonde girl shrugged at first but then said, "I heard Mom talking to Aunt Samantha about it. She said she wanted to live with you and Eve."

Being that she and Jamie hadn't discussed that, she was surprised, but she didn't let on. Instead she asked, "Well, would that be okay with you if we did?"

Katrina shrugged. Looking up at the twenty-five year old actress, she asked, "Can I live with you and Mom too?"

"Do you not like it here? Don't Aunt Samantha and Uncle Doug take good care of you?"

The child nodded. "I just want to be with Mom. Why can Eve live with her, but I can't?" she inquired with a trembling voice.

"Sweetie, if you feel this strongly, then we should talk to your mom. She just wants what is best for you, Katrina. Do you want me to talk to her?" Katrina nodded. "All right. I promise that we'll discuss it."

"Thanks, Sarah," she said getting out of her chair and coming to the blonde. The seven-year-old embraced her in a hug.

The petite woman felt her heart flutter in happiness as she held her lover's child. It was the first time Katrina had made an attempt to be affectionate with her, and in that moment she felt as if she had a connection with Jamie and Stephanie's daughter. Holding the little girl in her arms, she mentioned, "You know, if your mom, Eve, and me live together it would only be because your mother and I were married. How would you feel about that?"

"Mom loves you, Sarah. I used to have two moms, and I wish I had two moms again."

"Would you want me to be that second mom?" Sarah inquired.

"Kind of. If you want to be," she replied.

"Well, your mom and I will have to talk about it. She has to agree, but I'll talk to her about that too. Anything else?"

Katrina seemed to ponder the question before asking, "Can you help me with my spelling?"

Sarah smiled at her, sensing their serious talk was over for the moment. "Sure, sweetie. Where's the book?"

Samantha, Doug, and Jamie were enjoying the evening air on the back porch while Sarah was inside with Katrina. They were simply talking when the redhead pointed toward the kitchen.

"Would you look at that?"

The tall woman turned to look over her shoulder into the house. What she saw elated her spirit. Katrina was sitting next to Sarah at the table. Her girlfriend's arm was around her daughter's shoulders as they diligently studied. "Well, I guess Katrina does like her after all. I wasn't quite sure there for a while. I'm glad they're getting along."

"I guess you don't have any worries about how they feel about each other now. I told you they would take to each other given enough time," Samantha said with a smile.

"I'm glad for that. Makes things much easier."

That night after Katrina had been put to bed Jamie, Sarah, and Eve headed back to the mainland. Without discussion they all found themselves back at the blonde's condo. Jamie put the sleepy child to bed and then moved into the master bedroom where her lover was waiting.

Coming into the room, Jamie took a seat on the edge of the bed and gazed at the blonde who was already under the covers in her pajamas reading. "You're staying, aren't you?" she asked looking up from her book.

"I guess so, as long as I'm invited," she teased.

"You know you have a standing invitation to this bed," Sarah answered looping an arm around the brunette's neck and leaning in for a kiss. "Now take off those clothes and come to bed," she demanded.

Jamie smiled demurely before standing up from the bed to go get ready for bed. Ten minutes later she returned from the bathroom in her robe. Sarah was giving her seductive yet playful eyes as she came to her own side of the bed. She knew what the blonde was waiting to see. With a cocky smile she shrugged out of her robe, revealing the fact that she was wearing nothing. "I take it you like my bed attire," she joked seeing the approval in wanton blue eyes.

"You came appropriately dressed," the younger actress said putting her book on the nightstand as Jamie slid into bed.

"And you didn't," the brunette mentioned reaching for the blonde's cotton pajama top.

"You can always rectify that problem, Miss Dean," she whispered pushing the tall woman down onto her back and crawling on top of her.

Jamie knew exactly what Sarah wanted when she called her by that particular pet name. It was the small woman's way of signaling that she wanted something rougher than their usual tender intimacy. Playing her role, Jamie cracked a grin. "Tell me what you want, Sarah."

An hour later they laid quietly wrapped in each other's arms. However the blonde broke their silence stating, "Jamie, I need to tell you something about Katrina, but I haven't been able to figure out the best way to broach the subject."

"Just tell me. What is it?" she asked in concern hearing her lover's hesitancy.

"She talked to me tonight about some things, and I promised her I would talk to you about them. I guess she overheard you talking to Samantha about us living together."

"Oh. I thought we were alone."

"Well, she heard you, Jamie, and she's concerned."

"Concerned over what?"

"She told me that if the two of us lived together with Eve that she wanted to live with us too. She wants to live with you again, Jamie."

"I don't see how that's going to work. I guess the only way would be for me to buy a place out on the island, but even then she'd still have to stay with them when I was out on location."

"Maybe that won't bother her as long as she knows her home is really with you."

"She really said this to you?" she questioned, surprised but pleased her daughter had enough admiration for Sarah to take her as a confidant. "I wonder why she didn't tell me directly? She's never been shy about that kind of stuff before. She knows I'd give her anything she'd want."

"I don't know, Jamie. She actually said even more than that though," tentatively she mentioned.

"What else did she say?"

"I felt like I should be honest with her about our relationship, because she asked me if I loved you. I told her yes. I also told her that for you and I to live together we would have to be married. Of course that led to the inevitable next question of whether or not we were going to get married. She has her own thoughts on that matter as well."

"What are they?" the tall woman asked.

"She would be fine with the two of us getting married. She said she wanted a second mother again, so I asked if she wanted me to be that mother, and she said yes."

Jamie laughed lightly. "She certainly is Stephanie's daughter," she said. "You never have to worry about the way that girl feels. She'll always tell you her opinion whether it's asked or not. It's good to see that she's chosen you as her confidant. Stephanie was that for her, and then I had to fill those shoes. Looks like she has our relationship all worked out for us, and if she's decided, then I guess that's the way it's supposed to be. Maybe I should just ask you to marry me, so we can get on with the rest of our lives," she mentioned with a smile.

"Married? Do you think I would say yes?" Sarah asked with sparkling eyes.

The brunette shrugged. "I don't know. Would you? If I got down on my knees like this, would you?" she asked as she slid from bed to the floor. Sarah giggled at the sight of Jamie, naked, kneeling in front of her. "If I took your hand in mine and looked up into your eyes and said that I couldn't live without you, that I wanted to love you forever, would you say yes? Would you say yes if I said I wanted you to be a mother to my daughter and be a mother to yours?" she asked gently taking Sarah's hands in her own. Looking down into dark eyes, the blonde realized the moment had ceased to be light, growing in earnest as she looked down into dark eyes. "Would you, Sarah? Would you marry me?"

"Jamie, are you being serious?" she asked, unsure all of a sudden.

There was a moment of pause from the tall woman. As Jamie looked up at Sarah Talbot sitting naked on her bed, she realized she was being serious. She really wanted to marry the little blonde who had taken control of her whole life in a matter of months. Casting a quick look over at the photograph of Sarah, their two daughters, and her on the night table, she thought about what it would mean for all of them. She knew without a doubt that Stephanie would approve of Sarah as a second mother to Katrina and a second wife to her as much as the seven-year-old did, and she also knew her daughter had come to love Sarah as much as she did.

Seeing Jamie look over toward the picture, the young woman felt like the playful moment had turned awkward with the extended pause. She had put the older woman on the spot without meaning to, and she had put herself into a strange position as well. Trying to ease the situation she started, "Jamie, I...",

However the brunette cut her off. "Sarah Michelle Talbot, I love you, and I love Eve as my own. Maybe it is fate you and I have come together in this time and place. My daughter seems to think so. You want Eve to have a second parent. Well, here I am, ready and willing, but will you take my daughter as your own? Will you take me as a wife? Will you forever forsake all others for me as I would for you? Will you marry me, Sarah, and make the happiest woman on the earth?"

Sarah gazed down at the woman she loved. Jamie had just made the sincerest proposal she had ever heard. Freeing one hand from her lover's, she ran it through the tall woman's dark hair. Regardless of how little time they had actually been together as a couple, the blonde knew in her soul was intended to be with the tall woman. She was meant to be a mother to the seven-year-old for whom she had come to feel so much, and Jamie was meant to be a mother to little Eve. Going with her soul's yearning, she gave a confident smile. "Jamie, I will take you as my wife and Katrina as my daughter. Fate has brought me to you, and I won't even try to stop what is sure to be the best thing that's ever happened to me. I love you, Jamie Dean. I want to marry you."

"And I want to marry you, Sarah Talbot."

Caressing her lover's face, the younger woman said, "Well, I guess we have one seven-year-old who's going to be thrilled."

Jamie smiled as she leaned into the touch. "Yeah. We'll have to thank her for twisting our arms on this one. You have no idea how hard it is to say no to that girl."

"After this I think I do," Sarah teased pulling her fiancée up from the floor. They kissed slowly.

"You make me happier than any other woman ever could," Jamie confessed.

"You make me happy too, Jamie. Well, before we go to that party this weekend we're going to have to go out to the island and tell our daughter the news. I think we should take both girls to the Whitfield and Erwin Labor Day barbeque. They said families were invited. Let's take the girls? There is no sense in delaying the inevitable. I want all our friends to know how happy I am."

"Katrina will be thrilled. She doesn't know my friends, and I think it's time to stop hiding her from the world."

"And you know, once we get married, there's no reason why we can't move to the island. That way we don't have to make her change schools. Whatever she wants," Sarah mentioned.

"You're too good to me, Sarah. Thanks for understanding Katrina's needs."

The little woman gave her fiancée a smile as she cupped her face. "Anything for my girls."

That Saturday the three of them were out on Staten Island early in the morning. Jamie had already talked to Katrina on the phone the night before and invited her to go with them to the party, and as the tall woman expected, her daughter was excited to go along, so by the time the three of them got to the house, they found the seven-year-old ready for their outing. However they had plenty of time to hang around the house before leaving, so the whole group sat down to a large breakfast courtesy of Doug.

As the family sat around the kitchen table, Jamie got everyone's attention. "I have an announcement to make. Well, actually, Sarah and I have an announcement," she corrected looking at the little woman sitting next to her. Looking at her daughter, Jamie said, "Sarah and I have decided to get married."

Immediately she saw the seven-year-old smile and look at Sarah. "If it's okay with you, Katrina, we would like to move out here to the island after the wedding, so we can all stay close to each other," Sarah added.

Katrina nodded in agreement. Coming to Jamie, the little girl slid into her mother's lap. However she asked Sarah, "Could I call you Mama like Eve does?"

Blue eyes met brown one for a moment. The simple request stirred Sarah's heart in a way she didn't know possible. With tears coming to her eyes, she smiled down at the little girl. "You can call me whatever you want, Katrina." With that answer Katrina moved from Jamie's lap over to Sarah. She embraced the twenty-five year old in a hug.

Looking over at Samantha, Jamie saw her sister-in-law was beginning to cry. The brunette knew

she had mixed feelings being that she was witnessing her sister's daughter adopting another woman as her mother. It left her with the same feeling. As wonderful as she felt Katrina was open to having another woman fill those shoes, she didn't want the little girl to ever forget the woman who had brought her into the world.

That afternoon the new found foursome headed out to Torrance and Helen Whitfield's mansion on Long Island for the party they and Blake and Georgia were throwing for their friends. Being that both women were celebrities in their own right, they had established relationships with Torrance as a photographer, Georgia as a writer, and Jamie had known Blake previously in a professional capacity. Then over the course of the last couple of years had become familiar with their respective spouses as well. As Jamie drove her black Mercedes convertible up the long drive towards the house, she cast a glance into her rearview mirror at the two blondes. Katrina was eying the landscape as it passed, her Gucci sunglasses hiding her eyes. Jamie smiled to herself. The beautiful seven-year-old looked very much the part of the daughter of a famous actress with her glamorous style. Looking over at Eve, the brunette saw the two-year-old clapping at the wind, obviously thrilled to play with the breeze as it whipped passed them. Gazing at Sarah in the passenger's seat, the tall woman smiled brightly. The fair-headed actress returned the smile as she placed her hand on top of Jamie's that was sitting on her thigh.

"Maybe I should dye my hair blonde to match my favorite ladies," the brunette teased. "All three of you are such towheads."

The little woman laughed. "Don't do a thing with your hair, Jamie. I like it just the way it is."

"You know, our hostesses are going to go crazy with us showing up together with the girls. People are going to speculate."

"Like this huge rock isn't a huge giveaway?" Sarah joked flashing the large diamond on her left hand at the woman who had given it to her. "I don't mind, Jamie. In fact I'm ready to stop hiding. I want every woman at this party to know the infamous Jamie Dean is off the market permanently," she mentioned with a wink.

"Well, feel free to stake your claim, Sarah. I can't wait to see their faces. I guess this is a good a way as any to have our relationship leaked to the press. You know someone here won't be able to control themselves with such a juicy tidbit."

"Then let it happen. I want everyone to know I did what no other woman could," Sarah stated in such obvious self-pride it made Jamie laugh.

"You got it, babe. We're not hiding any longer. The world will know it today," she answered parking her car along the driveway with the many others.

Sarah assisted Eve from her car seat while Jamie waited for Katrina to get out of the car. Slowly the four of them strolled up to the house. Jamie gave a knock as she curved one arm around Sarah and the other around Katrina as Eve stayed in her mother's arms. Within a moment the photographer opened the door.

She smiled brightly at the four of them. "Sarah, Jamie, hi. Welcome," she greeted. She looked at the two girls. "Jamie, it looks like you've grown a family since the last time I saw you," she jested lightly.

"Actually I have, Tor," the brunette announced proudly. Just then Helen came to the door, and she had a similar surprised salutation for them. "Let me introduce you two to my daughter. Katrina, these are some of my friends, Torrance and Helen Whitfield. Tor, Helen, this is my daughter, Katrina Taylor-Dean."

The elegant blonde smiled down at the little girl. "Hi, Katrina. Come on in. All the kids are out by the pool. I hope you brought your suit," Helen mentioned.

"Oh, yeah. She came prepared," Jamie answered for her.

"Aren't you forgetting something, Jamie? There is someone else you need to introduce," Sarah said.

"Of course, angel. Helen, Tor, I believe you two know my fiancée Sarah Talbot and her daughter Eve."

"Fiancée?" Torrance questioned with a charming grin at her two friends.

"I hooked her," Sarah proudly boasted.

"You certainly did, babe."

"Congratulations!" Helen exclaimed leaning to hug them both before stating, "Come on out back. Everyone's outside."

The group moved to the back lawn where many of the most famous and influential New Yorkers were already situated. As soon as they came into the yard, their two other hostesses greeted them. "Jamie, Sarah, so nice that you both could make it," Blake said coming to kiss the blonde actress on the cheek and shake the brunette's hand.

"Oh, and you brought your children with you. I'm so glad," Georgia added as she too hugged their guests.

Blake looked down at Katrina. "Well, my my. The last time I saw you, Katrina, you barely came up to my waist. You've grown so much in three years," she mentioned.

"Katrina, Blake and Georgia are friends of mine, and Blake was your mother's and my attorney. This is her wife Georgia."

"You knew Stephanie?" Sarah inquired quietly to the attorney.

Blake nodded. "An extraordinary woman gone before her time," she stated as Georgia and Jamie led Katrina away toward the pool. "Did you know her?"

"No but sometimes I feel like I did."

"Jamie loved her. It was a shame to see her pass."

"Well, I think she's gotten over that now."

"Is she seeing someone?" curiously Blake asked.

Silently Sarah raised her left hand. "You could say a little more than that."

"No way. You and Jamie are engaged?"

"Yes, just recently."

"I never heard anything about you two even dating."

"I know. That's the way we wanted it until things with Robert started to settle down a bit."

"Well, that's wonderful. I'm so glad Jamie's found someone. I always hoped she would. She's a good person, Sarah. She has a kind spirit."

"I know. Listen, could I ask you some legal advice since you are Jamie's attorney?"

"Sure. What's that?"

"Robert has given up his rights as a parent, and I want Jamie to take his place. Can you help us with that?"

"Of course. I helped her with Katrina. Doing the same for Eve shouldn't be a problem," she answered with a smile. "This is great news, Sarah. I'm happy for you both," she said curving her arm around the blonde and leading them over to where Jamie was with the rest of the group.

Two years later found Jamie, Sarah, Katrina and Eve living together as a family. That night the two actresses got ready for their big night at the Academy Awards. Their movie, which finally was completed after a long delay for Jamie's injuries, was up for several awards that evening. Both actresses had been nominated as well, Sarah for Best Supporting Actress and Jamie for Best Actress for the psychological thriller that had swept the nation, leaving fans and critics amazed.

Jamie was finished getting ready first and opted to spend her free moments with their two daughters. After Sarah's divorce from Robert, the two of them had petitioned for Jamie to be given partial legal guardianship of the young child, which had been granted by the state. Now

Eve was four and looking more like Sarah daily.

Going downstairs to the living room, Jamie found their nine year old jabbering away on the phone as she listened to some blaring pop music and lounged on the sofa, her legs dangling over the side as her hands twirled her long blonde hair. Meanwhile Eve sat on the floor next to the couch slapping Katrina's legs every time they nudged her while she worked on a puzzle. As soon as Katrina saw her mother, she complained, "Mom, can you make her stop?"

Jamie looked down at Eve. "She started it, Mom." Eve defended. "I was just playing with my puzzle."

Looking back at Katrina, she gave her a stern look. "Katrina, this is not your personal space. This is the living room. You have to share it with everyone. Now apologize to Eve."

The nine-year-old rolled her eyes. "Whatever. Sorry, Eve. You look nice, Mom," she commented over her conversation on the phone.

"Thank you. Now are you two ready to spend the night over at Aunt Samantha and Uncle Doug's?"

"I'm ready, Mom," Eve proudly stated. "See. I even packed my toys," she said pointing to her little pink backpack.

"Great job, Eve," the tall woman praised picking the four year old up for a hug. "Now tonight you two can stay up long enough to see Mama and me on TV, and then you have to go to bed. Aunt Samantha and Uncle Doug know that, so you can't talk your way out of it, young lady," she said in Katrina's direction giving the nine-year-old a smile.

As much as Jamie loved her daughter, Katrina had started to assert her independence over the last six months. For the most part the brunette shrugged it off. She knew from experience Katrina was beginning to turn into Stephanie, even at her young age. The little blonde was the same spunky woman her mother had been, so whenever Jamie had to reprimand her, she still smiled, because it was like living with the best parts of her late wife again.

A few minutes later they heard Sarah moving down the staircase. All three women turned to look as a black dress came into view followed by a rounded stomach and then a stunning woman. "Wow," Jamie said in obvious awe of her pregnant wife.

"You look pretty, Mama," Eve said.

"Thank you, sweetie."

"That's a great dress, Mama," Katrina said over her phone call.

"Thank you, Katrina," she responded looking at her wife. Jamie was still just standing there with her mouth slightly open. "Well?"

"Wow. You are stunning, Mrs. Talbot-Dean."

"So are you, Mrs. Talbot-Dean," the blonde answered as they kissed quickly.

"All right. Come on, you two. Time to go. Hang up, Katrina."

After doing what she was told, Katrina gathered her things. Jamie picked up Eve's bag, and Sarah took a hold of her daughter's hand for their journey. The tall woman locked up the house and followed a few steps behind as they made the trek across the street to Samantha and Doug's house where the redhead was sitting on the porch reading.

"Well, don't you two look perfect. Sarah, you are so beautiful."

"Thanks," she said with a light blush.

"And Jamie, you cleaned up well," Samantha teased. "Come on, girls. Come inside. We have lots of fun planned while your moms are out getting their awards." Turning to the women, she said, "You two have a good time. I'll get Katrina to school in the morning, and you can come get Eve when you get back."

"Thanks, Samantha."

"Anything for the two of you. Just let me see your Oscars when you get back," she said with a smile.

Once their girls were where they were supposed to be, Jamie escorted Sarah back to the limousine that was waiting for them in front of their house. It took them to the pier where their private ferry was waiting to take them across the water to New York City. As they crossed the sound to the city, they quietly looked out over the water. "Are you nervous about tonight?" Jamie asked conversationally.

Sarah shrugged. "Why should I be?"

"Well, this is our first real public appearance since we announced you were expecting. We're presenting together, and we're both up for awards."

"That's true. I guess I'm a little nervous about presenting, but you'll be there, so I have nothing to worry about."

"Very true," Jamie replied slipping an arm around her wife's shoulders.

"So you think we're going to win our awards?"

"I don't know. What do you think?"

"Maybe. I want you to win. You deserve it most, Jamie."

"You deserve yours too for your role. You made the movie what it was. I was just a psycho transsexual killer. It was your brilliance as the special agent who made people want to see the movie. They wanted to see my wife kicking my ass," she joked.

"And I did a damn good job of that if I can say so myself," the blonde teased poking Jamie in the side lightly.

The tall brunette laughed and squirmed a bit. "I love you, Sarah Talbot-Dean," she said.

"I love you too, Jamie."

When they arrived at the pier in New York, they had a limousine waiting to take them to Tabitha's place to pick her up for the evening. When their friend came down the to car, she smiled and hugged the both of them. "You two look fabulous," she complimented.

"You look good too, Tabby."

"You sure do," Jamie agreed with a sexy wink that made both blondes laugh.

"Down girl. You're spoken for by a blonde who can beat you up. The whole world knows that," Tabitha teased.

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever. I just let her take me, so she could look good."

"I'll take you all right," Sarah purred slipping a hand onto her wife's slacks covered thigh. "We both know who's boss."

"I don't want to see this," Tabitha joked shielding her eyes as her friends exchanged a kiss. Jamie groaned for affect to make their friend squirm, but Sarah's laughing gave away the game.

For the rest of the ride, they merely chatted. However when they arrived at the red carpet, they all knew it was show time. Preparing their best smiles, they waited for their limo door to be opened. Jamie stepped out first as cameras came to life. She gave a wave and cocky smile as she reached back into the car to assist Sarah. As the blonde emerged from the limousine with her pregnant tummy proceeding her, the media snapped their cameras furiously. Once Sarah was out of the car, Jamie helped Tabitha. Then she extended an arm to each of them and proudly escorted the two blonde beauties through the press. As usual reporters swamped them as soon as they got close enough. All of them were congratulatory on the upcoming baby for the couple and asked the standard questions about their excitement of being nominated. Of course in Sarah's usual grace, she fielded them all with Jamie standing next to her.

Once they were inside and seated, it was only a few minutes before the program began. Through it all Jamie sat holding her wife's hand. They were supposed to be presenting an award together that evening in what was to be their first real planned public forum since they were married.

Even though Sarah didn't say it, Jamie could tell the little woman was nervous about it.

Time moved quickly and soon they were being escorted back stage for their turn. Standing in the wings watching the people before them, Sarah fidgeted a moment. Curving a protective arm around her, Jamie said, "Sarah, no matter what happens out there, I'm right beside you. I love you."

"I love you too, Jamie. Let's do this," she stated with confidence taking her wife's hand.

It was just a moment before the announcer stated, "Now to present the award for this year's Best Foreign Film two Academy Award nominees tonight, Sarah and Jamie Talbot-Dean."

The crowd clapped loudly as the two women made their way onto the stage. Jamie eyed her wife next to her. She was her usual composed, elegant self as they made their way over to their microphone. For Jamie's part, she took on her more public persona, swaggering with an air of confidence next to the little lady.

When they came to a stop in front of their microphone, Jamie took a slight step back to allow Sarah to sparkle alone in the limelight. After the crowd had settled, the blonde began their monologue on the teleprompter. Jamie did her part as well, but when the moment of announcing the winner was at hand, she let her wife take the duty. When the winner's speech was over, the tall brunette led her wife from the stage along with the recipient

"See. That wasn't hard. They loved you," Jamie stated.

"They loved us, Jamie. Now if we can just make it to our awards we can go home and call it a night. I'm starting to get sleepy."

"Well, after we win, I was hoping you and I might celebrate," she mentioned.

"If we win," the blonde corrected.

"We're going to win. I feel it, and after we do, I'm going to take you home and make love to you like the queen you are," she whispered sexily.

Sarah blushed lightly but said nothing as she waved at acquaintances of theirs on their way back to their seats. "You're bad," she finally replied as they sat again.

"On the contrary, I'm quite good. At least that's what you said last night," she responded nipping the blonde's ear.

"Behave. We're in public," Sarah giggled.

"Make me," challenged Jamie letting her hand drop onto her wife's thigh.

"Jamie," she warned softly. "Later. I promise."

Pleased that she got her way, the tall woman said, "That's all I wanted to hear."

Half an hour later the big moment for Sarah was at hand. Her category came up, and when her name was announced, she smiled at the camera but squeezed her wife's hand anxiously. The older woman knew that as much as the blonde acted like she didn't care, she wanted to win the award as a way of proving herself as a serious actress and an independent woman.

The seconds passed like hours as the little woman watched the presenters. When they opened the envelope and paused, she felt as if her heart was going to stop. However then the moment she had dreamed of since she was a child came to pass as her name was called. She screamed in happiness as Jamie hugged her fiercely.

"You did it, baby. I knew you would," Jamie said with a smile leaning down to kiss the blonde. Sarah responded passionately giving the whole world a brief glimpse into the love they shared. "Go get your award, beautiful. You deserve it," the brunette said with a loving grin.

"I love you, Jamie. I love you so much."

"I love you too, Sarah. Go on now. This is your moment."

Taking the short walk up the aisle toward the stage, Sarah carefully took the steps up to receive her award. The audience cheered for her, but she only had eyes for one person. Meeting the dark eyes of her wife, she gave a shaky sigh.

"Wow. This is an incredible feeling to stand here. You all will never know how much this award means to me. As a little girl, I dreamt of this moment. The making of this particular movie changed my life. It was a challenge for me but one I am so glad I took. There are so many people I'd like to thank, but I have to start with four people first. To my wife, Jamie Dean, thank you for opening my eyes and my heart. Making this movie with you was the beginning of something wonderful, and I know it only gets better from here. To my two daughters, Eve and Katrina, you two are blessings to my life, and to a very special woman who I never actually had the pleasure of meeting, Stephanie Taylor-Dean. Thank you for making Jamie the wonderful woman she is today," she began. Seeing Jamie sitting in her seat crying, she began to do the same. Quickly she finished her speech by thanking the rest of the people who had made her moment possible before being escorted away behind the stage.

It was several long minutes before she got back to her seat. When she did, Jamie embraced her around the shoulders. "You truly are the most amazing woman, Sarah," she confessed. "I love you more than you could ever know."

"I do know, because it's how much I love you. I can't believe I won," she said in quiet excitement. "Now if they would hurry up and give you yours, we can get out of here."

"You're in a hurry now? What? Do you have a hot date or something?" the brunette teased softly.

"You better believe it. I have a date with a bed and the hottest woman on the earth."

"Oh, sounds fun. Could I watch?" Jamie audaciously questioned earning her a little slap in the stomach.

"You know I mean you."

"I should be so lucky. We could leave now," she suggested.

"No. We have to wait for our category first."

"Oh, come on, Sarah. A choice between bedding you or winning some award. There's no competition. I'd much rather be in that bed than doing anything else. You know that."

"I certainly do," the blonde murmured. "However you just have to wait. Our daughters are waiting to see you on TV. Remember?"

"Oh. Right. I guess I can do it for them," she acquiesced playfully.

The wait for Jamie's category was painful for the brunette. Now that her little wife had offered herself for the night, she didn't care about anything else but touching the soft skin of her lover. However she knew she had to play the part they both knew was necessary. When it finally came time for her category, Jamie had become disinterested and bored, being far too preoccupied with the woman sitting next to her. Nevertheless she gave the cameras a cocky smirk and wink when they panned to her as her name was called. She did want to win the award, but she would have rather been at home with Sarah than having to accept it in front of the world. Holding the blonde's hand as she waited for the moment of truth, she thought about the woman next to her. She was the real reason for Jamie's passionate performance.

When Jamie's name was announced as the winner, it was the blonde next to her who screamed the loudest in the crowd as she threw herself into the tall woman's arms. Jamie returned the embrace heartily as she kissed her wife with the fervor she had in the film that had caused such a stir in the first place. Then she slowly made her way up to the stage. However as she stood there looking out over the crowd, she opted to be herself instead of her public personality. Finding Sarah in the crowd, the tall woman began to cry. "This is quite an honor. I've never done a film of this nature before, so I want to thank those people who believed I could actually do this," she started. Quickly she thanked the people who had assisted her career before moving on to more personal matters. "Most of all, I'd like to thank my family. Eve and Katrina, I know you're watching right now, and now that you've seen Mama and me get our awards, you have to go to bed," she joked. "I also want to mention a very special woman to me, my late wife, Stephanie," she said looking towards the lights. "I know you're up there looking down on me at this moment, and I feel you watching over me everyday. I want to thank you for giving me the greatest gifts you ever could, your love and Katrina. Lastly but certainly not least, I want to thank you, Sarah," she said making eye contact with her wife again. "You've brought me back to life. Thanks to you I know what it means to live again, and I look forward to the new addition to our family and many years of happiness together. I love you."

Sarah just cried as she watched her wife on the stage receiving her award. Even as much as she had wanted to win her own, she was even more thrilled Jamie had been recognized for her talents. She was so moved at the sight of her brunette standing there revealing to the world the woman she knew in private instead of affecting her public attitude. Through the years Sarah had become accustomed to the cockiness that usually surrounded her wife whenever she was out. It was what was expected of her by the media, and the tall woman had perfected it with her bad girl style, but it was her soft nature Sarah adored most, and she was reveling in it for those few moments her beloved spoke to the crowd.

Ten minutes later Jamie returned to her seat. She was greeted by an amorous blonde who immediately embraced her. The younger woman leaned to Jamie's ear and bit it seductively as she whispered, "We can leave now."

"Thank God," Jamie growled under her breath. "Come on." Trying to be discreet, the two of them moved out of their seats and up the aisle toward the exit. They did their best to evade the press as they made their way outside where their limo was already waiting for them. Getting into it as quickly as possible before they were spotted, they zipped away into the New York night.

"Well now. Here we are. Alone at last," Sarah stated moving closer to her wife.

Jamie grinned as they leaned to kiss each other. "Well, we both won. This calls for a celebration, don't you think?"

The blonde quirked her brow as she answered naughtily, "You can start the party by taking me right now."

"Sarah, you are such a temptress. You know I'll give you anything you want," the older woman replied.

"On your knees, Miss Dean," Sarah commanded pushing her lover down to the floor of the limo.

Jamie smiled sexily as she looked up at her wife. She loved it when Sarah acted this way. She usually was the aggressor between them, but there were times when the younger woman took the reigns, and it always turned out hot and exciting. "Anything you want," she said placing her hands on the hem of her lover's black dress. She pushed it up her legs to her waist. She then pulled off the hosiery that encased Sarah's legs and dropped it next to her with the blonde's shoes. Not even waiting for instructions, she dipped her head between her wife's thighs, taking in the scent that was distinctly hers.

Sarah's eyes rolled shut at the glorious feeling of Jamie worshiping her body. Lacing her fingers through dark hair, she held on as the brunette took her to the peak leisurely. It didn't take long before she was begging for the release only Jamie could give her. Thankfully the tall woman didn't delay in providing the relief she needed. She shook as her climax overtook her.

Jamie rose to the seat and pulled Sarah into her arms, whispering endearments as the little

woman began to descend again. When she seemed to have calmed, she sweetly asked, "Are you all right?" Sarah nodded dreamily. "How's our baby? Okay?" Jamie inquired placing a hand over her wife's full tummy. She lightly rubbed it.

Sarah smiled over at Jamie as her hand came to rest on top of her lover's. "He's fine."

"Good."

"Jamie, do we have to go home tonight? Can't we just stay away for one night?"

The brunette grinned. "I already planned on that request. I had hoped you would want to just spend the evening with me."

"Oh. You're so good to me. Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise. You just relax now. You have a long night ahead of you." sensuously she informed her.

"I can't wait," Sarah replied nuzzling Jamie's neck.

A little later they managed to tear themselves away from each other long enough to get up to their luxurious room at the Waldorf Astoria. The tall woman playfully carried her bride over the threshold of the room before securing it behind her. "Well, here we are. Are these accommodations to your liking?" the brunette asked placing Sarah down on the couch before going to the bar.

"Very nice. You certainly know how to treat a girl right, Miss Dean."

Jamie grinned. "Anything for you." Grabbing a bottle of non-alcoholic sparkling cider, she asked, "Could I pour you a glass?"

"You've thought of everything, haven't you? That would be lovely. Thank you."

The older woman poured two glasses and brought Sarah hers. Raising her champagne flute toward the blonde she proposed, "To our children, all three of them."

"To our children," echoed Sarah before lightly touching her glass to Jamie's. Taking a sip, she mentioned, "This is delicious."

"Not as delicious as you," the tall woman quipped. "Drink up, darling. You are urgently needed in the bedroom. There's something I need to tend to there."

The petite woman smiled behind her glass as she leisurely enjoyed the beverage. She knew her slow motion would drive her wife to even greater fervor. However when it appeared as if Jamie was on the edge of her sanity, she acquiesced. Putting her empty glass back in the tall woman's hands, she demanded, "Take me to bed, Jamie."

Placing the glasses on the coffee table, the brunette took the blonde by the hands to help her from the sofa. Moving into the bedroom, Sarah saw the room had been decorated especially for them, her favorite flowers draping over every piece of furniture and white candles illuminating the otherwise dark space. Sarah smiled at her beloved for all the work Jamie had actually put into their evening. Looking down at the little woman fondly, the dark-haired actress whispered, "Let me make you more comfortable."

Sarah stood there at the foot of the bed letting Jamie have the lead between them. She always enjoyed when Jamie touched her, because the older woman instinctively knew how she needed to be loved. Jamie was capable of every range of love two people could share, so the blonde was never disappointed, and she knew tonight would not be an exception between them. Looking up into brown eyes that darkened even more with desire, she just stood waiting for her wife to begin.

Jamie simply looked down at the blonde for a moment. Sarah never failed to take her breath away with just a loving gaze. Showing a bit of her cocky side with a one-sided grin, the tall woman started to undress herself first. Holding the gaze with Sarah, she shrugged off her black suit jacket. Blue eyes widened a bit in response. Next she slowly unbuttoned her black silk shirt and let that drop to the floor as well. Quickly she discarded the black bra she was wearing, leaving her naked from the waist up.

Sarah took a deep breath as her wife's torso came into view. The sight of the sculpted form never failed to make her skin simmer. Seeing brown eyes silently inviting her to join the fun, she reached for Jamie's belt. It was open within a moment, and then she went back for the button and zipper. Slipping her right hand between the wool folds, she gasped, feeling that her lover wasn't wearing anything else. Jamie gave a quirk of her left brow before stepping to the blonde. Sarah felt the heat envelope her immediately. Moving her own hands to the tall woman's hips, she pushed the slacks off of her as the brunette reached behind her to start on the zipper of her dress. She held firmly to her lover's back as Jamie nipped her neck lightly. Her dress came slithering off moments later. The rest of her silk undergarments followed quickly. Feeling one of Jamie's hands move over her stomach and stop, Sarah pulled back a little. She felt modest in her seven-month pregnant body compared to the magnificent creature in her arms.

"You are so beautiful, Sarah," reverently Jamie stated.

The awe in her voice was obvious, making the blonde flush at the compliment. Even now the older woman had a way of making her feel like the most gorgeous woman she had ever seen. Giving a smile, she answered, "You're not too bad yourself, good looking."

"I love you, Sarah. You'll never know how much."

"I love you too, Jamie, always. You're so good to me."

Maneuvering them onto the down-turned bed, Jamie let her body hover over her lover's. As much as she wanted to feel the blonde's body firmly against her own, she knew she had to be careful of

Sarah's stomach. They merely held each other's gaze for a moment before Sarah pulled her wife's head down for a kiss, signaling that she had waited long enough.

Tenderly they made love for long hours into the night before settling down in each other's arms for sleep. As Jamie held the small woman in her embrace, her thoughts drifted to their upcoming arrival. "Sarah," she whispered.

"Yeah?" the blonde replied snuggling closer into Jamie's naked frame behind her.

"What are we going to name our son?"

"James," the blonde answered with a little giggle.

"James? James Talbot-Dean? It was bad enough my mother named me after James Dean. I don't think we should do that to our son."

"But he'll be named after you, honey. Don't you want a namesake?" Jamie shrugged. "Well, I have another idea. What about Stephen? Stephan Michael Talbot-Dean."

"SMT? I take it that's not a coincidence."

"I thought you might like it," she explained.

"I do like it, Sarah. It's a sweet gesture."

"So Stephen Michael it is?" she questioned turning in her lover's arms.

"Stephen Michael it is," Jamie answered leaning to kiss Sarah's lips. "You're wonderful, Sarah. I'm going to spend the rest of my life loving you."

"Good. You can start right now," the blonde teased reaching for the tall woman's hand and placing it between her thighs.

The brunette growled lowly. "God, you're still wet."

"Always for you," Sarah panted as Jamie stroked her slowly. Just as her wife was about to make them one, she groaned painfully.

"What is it?" the older actress asked in concern.

"Stephen's kicking me."

Jamie looked down at Sarah's stomach. She could see their son making his presence known. Covering the spot with her hand, she felt the force of him moving. "Wow. He has quite the kick there. Maybe he'll be a soccer player with moves like that," the brunette joked.

Sarah smiled at the joke even through her discomfort. Stephen had become more active over the last few weeks, making her wish for the day she had him. He seemed more than ready to be in the world with the rest of his family with the way he was moving around. The blonde just waited hoping he would settle down after a few minutes, but Jamie had other ideas.

Seeing that her son was still kicking Sarah, she decided to try something she had done years ago with Katrina. Moving her head down to her wife's tummy, she rubbed it soothingly as she softly began to sing. The blonde watched in amazement as she stroked the dark head on her stomach. Her wife was singing their son a gentle lullaby. Sarah listened to Jamie's melodious voice as it comforted their child and soothed her own soul. She had never had experienced something so loving when she had been pregnant with Eve that the brunette's simple actions moved her to tears. Her knowledge that Jamie Dean was her soul mate was reconfirmed everyday but even more so as she watched the older woman pacify their son with a song.

When the tall woman had successfully lulled Stephen into rest again, she looked up at blue eyes. "What is it?" she questioned softly seeing Sarah crying.

The blonde shook her head. "You," she murmured. "You really are the most perfect mate I could ever have. I love you, Jamie. Thank you for giving me life."

"And thank you for giving it to me, Sarah. If it weren't for you, I'd still be dead inside, but you saved me, and I'll always be grateful, my love. I love you, and I look forward to spending the rest of our lives together." she said leaning up to kiss her wife sweetly on the lips before settling down beside her. Pulling Sarah into her arms, the two of them drifted off to sleep dreaming of their future.

**~ New York series ~
Love in Photographs
Georgia On My Mind
Stick to the Script
Vows of the Heart**

**Alex Tryst's Scrolls
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