

~ The Dyke and The Debutante ~

by Alex Tryst

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Disclaimer: First and foremost I must give credit where it is due. The character Elle Woods is not of my creation, and I in fact “borrowed” her from MGM and “Legally Blonde.” Infringement is not intended, and by no means am I suggesting anything about the character or Reese Witherspoon who plays said character (even though I do find her absolutely delectable as my wife and friends can attest). I merely was watching the movie one day and thought it would be fun to write about that character. As you will see, my Elle Woods is drastically different and let’s face it, a heck of a lot more fun. I should also mention here that there are some serious moments to the book, nothing too major, but worth noting, including gay bashing and abortion, so please keep this in mind. This is a rather tame piece about women finding themselves and love, and of course it wouldn’t be one of my books without some lovely sex scenes. As always comments are welcome at alextryst@hotmail.com. Look forward to hearing from you.

Dedication: As always, to my wife, you are my fondest wish. And to the woman who calls me her Cariad (you know who you are), what can I say? In the short time I’ve known you, you have completely changed my life for the better. You have breathed life back into this soul and brought new meaning to my life. For that I thank you (and I’m sure my wife would as well if she knew you were the cause of such a change), because not only have you blessed me with your presence, you have brought me even closer to my beloved. Merci, mon amie.

Now on with the show.....

Addison stood on the porch of the old Victorian sipping a beer and watching the hustle and bustle of students moving in on the sorority strip for the beginning of a new school year. This was her senior year, and she was the new president of her house, Lambda Kappa Phi, which consisted of female athletes, all of which were lesbians. Across the way was her favorite of sororities, the Delta Nu house. The fit brunette smiled to herself as she watched the predominantly blonde tenants moving in their belongings. Addison had spent many nights during the previous year spying on the gorgeous women across the way whenever she was bored, having a perfect view into several of their rooms from her own on the third floor. Suddenly a hand on her shoulder broke her musings.

“Enjoying the view?” her best friend Kit inquired reaching for the beer.

“Oh yeah.”

“You’re not looking for Elle, are you?” the shorter but toned girl inquired. Elle was a blonde that lived in the Delta Nu house that Addison had admitted being attracted to one drunken night the past semester.

“Elle Woods? I’m so over that.” Addison stated. “She’s hot, but come on. She’s a Delta Nu. We

all know Delta Nus don't have two brain cells." she quipped, even though she knew for a fact that Elle was intelligent.

"Too bad because there she is." Kit mentioned. Quickly Addison's head snapped in the direction of the house across the way, but Elle wasn't there. Her friend laughed. "Yeah, you're over her all right. Give it up, Addy. No Delta Nu has ever even stepped foot in this house, and we've never been in theirs. We just don't mix."

"Well, we're going to mix this year. If it's the only thing I do as President of this house, I'm going to get the Delta Nus to come over here."

"Well, good luck with that, and don't strain your eyes drooling over your dream girl." Kit answered turning to go in.

Addison looked back across the street. Elle had just pulled up in her gray Mercedes convertible with a moving van on her tail. As she slid out of the car, Addison intently watched the blonde stretch her tiny form, the way her breasts strained against her pale pink tank top as she arched her back. Her infamous boyfriend Craig was with her, already bossing the moving men around as they all wandered up into the house. Sighing the brunette went back into her own house to start unpacking for her last year of school.

That evening as Addison finished her room, she looked across the street to see which rooms she could see into, and to her surprise she saw Elle sitting alone in the room directly across from her own. The little blonde was sitting at a dressing table brushing her long hair. It was obvious to Addison that the woman was preparing to go out by the way she was primping and applying makeup. The jock sighed in longing at the sight. As much as she tried to deny her interest, the petite woman was her fantasy.

From the moment she had first seen her freshman year, Addison was smitten. Elle lived next door to her in the dorms, and they were good friends, but when rumors began about Addison's sexuality second semester of their first year, the blonde suddenly stopped speaking to her, crushing the brunette more than she cared to admit. The most she ever got from the sorority girl was a wave or smile, but they had never spoken since. However she was determined to make this year different. After all she and Elle were older now, and Addison hoped whatever anxiety the little woman had toward her had dissipated over the years.

Seeing Elle move to her door and Craig entering, Addison turned away. Craig had caused Addison and her friends trouble over the course of their years at school. He always seemed to be the instigator of homophobic actions against some of the gay and lesbian students, and he and Addison had exchanged unpleasant words on several occasions, since the woman was also the president of the gay and lesbian group on campus. Addison hated the fact that Elle was not only straight, she was dating the most disgusting neanderthal in the whole school.

The following day there was a meeting with the dean for all presidents of the sororities and fraternities, so Addison attended. Since she was the last to arrive, she noticed that the only seat left was next to Elle. Taking a seat she looked at the blonde giving a genuine smile. Shyly the

little woman returned it, but neither said anything as the meeting began. For the most part it was a lecture, but Addison entertained herself by casting subtle glances at the woman next to her, surprised when she saw the blue eyes on her as well. It seemed like forever before they were allowed to go, but as the students stood to leave, the dean stated, "Elle, Addison, I'd like it if you two stayed behind for a minute."

They looked at each other in confusion but stayed where they were. When the three of them were alone, the dean walked over to them. "I just wanted to address you two since we had so many problems with your houses last year. I want you to know we aren't going to be as lax as we were. We don't want to see the cops showing up at your places this year."

"Sir, the cops were only at Addison's house, because it was vandalized three times. They haven't done anything wrong." Elle stated, shocking the brunette.

"I wouldn't be talking if I were you, Miss Woods. Your sorority broke the sound ordinance on more than one occasion." he gruffly said.

It was true. Under the old president, the Delta Nu house had wild parties that had to be broken up, and even as much as Addison had hated the noise at the time, she suddenly felt the need to defend the woman next to her. "Everyone has parties, most of which are even worse the Delta Nu's. The frat parties are never broken up. I think you're discriminating against them because of their gender, and that's not fair." the strong brunette stated confidently.

The dean glared at both of them. "Miss Miller, you might be one of the most talented athletes on the softball team, but I'm not above finding a way to dismantle your house if you get on my bad side, and, Miss Woods, you might be one of the wealthiest students here, but I will make your last year here difficult for the Delta Nu house if you don't keep the noise down. Are we all clear on that?" Both women gave defeated nods. "Good. Now you can go."

As they walked out of the dean's office, Addison mumbled under her breath, "Asshole."

"Yeah, he's such a jerk. That wasn't fair what he said about you all. Those problems last year weren't your fault."

"I'm glad someone believes that. There are a lot of people here that would disagree with you."

"I wish they had caught whoever did that to your house. It just wasn't right." the blonde said.

Together they began to walk in the direction of their street. "Listen, Elle. Our houses haven't ever really gotten along well, but I was hoping that maybe you and I could build a bridge there. What do you think? Maybe we could do a service project together or something, just our two houses."

The blonde shifted nervously. She knew if she brought the suggestion to her house mates, there would be strong dissension, but she didn't know how to let the taller woman down without offending her. "I'm not so sure that's a good idea, Addison."

“Why not? We’re just two sororities doing charity work together. How could there be a problem?”

“You can’t honestly tell me that’s all it will be.” Elle replied before she could stop herself.

“What does that mean?” the brunette inquired gruffly, sensing that Elle was declining on the basis of the sexual orientation of her house.

“Nothing. I didn’t mean anything by that.”

“Yes, you did, Elle. Now tell me exactly what you think my intent is.” Addison demanded.

The small woman shifted back and forth on her feet as the dark-haired woman glared at her.

“Addison, my girls don’t exactly like your house being across from ours. The general opinion is that the women in your house are not the kind of people they want to associate with.”

“I see. Your girls are too close-minded to see that we’re just like you all.”

“Just like us? That’s laughable, Addison. My girls spend all their free time primping and trying to look their best for their boyfriends. I could hardly say you all do that over at your place.”

“My girls spend their free time primping and trying to look good for their girlfriends, so they can score. So what? I’m not talking about a mixer here. I’m talking about our houses working together at a homeless shelter or the Salvation Army or something. Is your house really so conservative that they wouldn’t be seen with a dyke for any reason? Elle, we aren’t the most popular people on campus. I know that, but we could really use an ally like the Delta Nus. You heard the dean. He would love to be rid of us if he could find a way.”

Elle shook her head. “Addison, I just don’t know. Most of my girls are uncomfortable with the idea that you’re even across the street. I don’t see us working together going over well at all.”

“Then what about just you?” The softball player asked. She saw Elle rocking back and forth on her feet in discomfort. When an answer didn’t come straight away, Addison mumbled, “I understand now, Elle. It’s not just the house that has a problem with us. It’s the president herself.”

Instantly blue eyes flew open wide at the observation. “No, that’s not it at all!” she defended. “I don’t feel like that, Addison!”

“Oh really? Then why did you suddenly stop being my friend freshman year when you found out I was gay?”

“Please don’t ask me that. I’m embarrassed by my actions back then.”

“It’s a perfectly legitimate question, Elle. We were so close, and then you just stopped talking to

me.”

“I was scared. Okay? I was being foolish, and by the time I realized that, it was too late. You made it clear you wanted nothing to do with me. You never said a word to me either after that year, not that I blame you.”

“Why were you scared?”

“I thought maybe I’d become guilty by association. I know it’s stupid, but at the time I really cared about what other people thought.” she tried to explain.

Sensing there was more, Addison probed, “And?”

Elle broke their gaze uncomfortably. “And some of my other friends managed to convince me that you were interested in more than my friendship.” she whispered so softly that Addison almost didn’t hear her.

“You mean like Craig and some other Delta Nus?” the brunette questioned.

Elle nodded in response. “They were going to keep me out of the sorority if I kept being friends with you, and Craig hated you.”

“News flash. He still does, Elle, or maybe you haven’t heard.”

Elle managed to make eye contact again even though her eyes were beginning to fill with unshed tears. “I’m so ashamed of the way I acted back then, Addison. It wasn’t right, and I regret it. You were so nice to me when we met. I remember you even let me use some of your toothpaste the first night, because I had forgotten mine. We became so close so quickly, and I enjoyed your company over most of the girls in the hall. I mean you were so smart, and you always had something positive to say. I think I knew even then though that you weren’t straight. I mean I am from California after all, but when it came out the way it did, I felt betrayed. You didn’t trust me enough to tell me yourself, and I was hurt by that.”

“I was scared too, Elle. I didn’t think you would understand. Getting caught making out with a girl in the bathroom wasn’t the coming out scene I really wanted. I wanted to tell you so many times before then, but I was always scared you might think I was hitting on you. I guess in the end both of our worst horrors came true. We hurt each other for no other reason except our own cowardice, but we can change that now, can’t we?”

“I’d like to.” the blonde replied.

“So would I. So what do you say? Friends?” Addison proposed.

“Friends.”

“Now what about this service project idea? If you do it, your girls will follow. Don’t you know

that by now? They worship you, Elle.”

The small woman laughed at the idea of her followers even though she knew it was true as well. “Have you done any research on this yet? I mean do you have enough stuff to make a presentation?”

“Yeah, I guess. Why?”

“Come by our house tonight at eight. I’m having a house meeting then. I’ll let you talk to them about it.”

Flashing a bright grin, Addison said, “Thanks, Elle. I really appreciate this.”

She shrugged. “I can’t guarantee that they’ll go for it, but you can at least present it to them, and I’ll support you.”

Addison nodded in understanding. “Well, I better get going. I’ve got some work to do before then.”

“All right. See you then.” the blonde stated as they paused in front of the Delta Nu house. Just as the tall woman turned to go, Elle grabbed her by the arm and ducked in for a quick hug that caught Addison by complete surprise, but she still brought her arms around the blonde. “I’ve missed you, Addison.” the little woman whispered before pulling away and racing inside before the athlete could even reply.

Dazed at the turn in events, Addison crossed the street to her own house where Kit was sitting on the front porch reading. “Did I just see you hugging Elle Woods?” she asked in amazement. Addison gave an absent nod. “Man, you sure do work fast.” she teased.

Finally breaking out of her trance, the brunette looked down at her friend. “I need your help with something, Kit.”

“What’s that?”

“I need some presentation materials. I’m giving a speech at Delta Nu tonight.”

“What? About what? Beauty tips?” she joked.

Addison scowled at her. “Hey. I said I’d get us some interaction with them, and that’s what I’m trying to do. Now are you going to help me or not?”

“Sure. I’ll help. What do you need?” the shorter girl inquired as they went inside.

As Elle waltzed into her sorority house, she was halted at the front door by her best friend, Kiki. “Did I just see Addison ‘the roaring dyke’ Miller hugging you?” she asked irritably.

“So? We’re friends.” Elle explained.

“Since when?” Kiki snarled.

“What’s it matter? And by the way, I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t use that word in front of me. It’s offensive. Now she’s coming over for our house meeting tonight, and I would like it if you were hospitable to her. The younger girls look up to us, so we should set a good example.”

“A good example? Elle, have you lost your mind? You can’t have her in here. We don’t allow trash in our house, and she’s the queen of it.”

“She is no such thing! She’s a smart, nice woman, and she’s my friend! If you can’t be nice while she’s here, I’ll dismiss you from the meeting! Do you hear me?”

“You wouldn’t dare! I’m the Vice President of this sorority!”

“I can, and I will!” Elle yelled before storming up the stairs.

That evening a few minutes before eight Addison and Kit made their way over to the Delta Nu house. Addison rang the bell, and then they patiently waited for someone to answer. Elle came to the door a moment later. “Hi. I hope you don’t mind that I brought my Vice President. This is Kit Johnson. Kit, Elle Woods.”

“Hi.” Elle greeted extending her hand. Kit shook it politely responding in similar greeting. “You two are right on time. I was just about to start. Come on in. I was thinking that I might address some house issues first, and then let you talk. After that I’m sure there will have to be a discussion before we can come to a decision.”

“Sure. We understand. I’ll just do my thing, and then we’ll leave you ladies to your talk.”

Nodding in agreement Elle led the way through the house to the dining area where all the girls were congregated. All eyes went to them as they entered. Elle gestured to two empty seats off to the side before going to the head of the table. “Now that our guest speakers are here tonight we can begin. First of all we need to discuss some house rules.” she stated before immediately starting in on the matters at hand.

Addison and Kit just sat in the back and watched the blonde in action. It was clear that Elle could command her audience and that the younger girls eagerly agreed with whatever she said. “This might be even easier than we thought.” Kit whispered so only Addison could hear. Addison nodded in response as she kept her eyes on Elle. The blonde was striking that night in her signature color, a long sleeved pink blouse and khaki linen pants. Every few minutes their eyes would meet and Addison found herself smiling every time those blue eyes found her. She was so involved in admiring Elle that she almost missed her cue that it was her turn to speak and would have if Kit hadn’t been there to jab her in the arm with her elbow to wake her from her fog.

Standing and coming to where Elle was, Addison began her prepared speech about the service

project they had in mind. As she was talking, her eyes moved around the table. The seniors in attendance were clearly disinterested, finding their nails or clothes more interesting, but she noted that the majority of the younger girls were actually listening giving her more confidence. When she finished with her talk, she looked at Elle.

The blonde came up to her, putting one hand on her back and the other on her arm as she addressed the group. “We really appreciate you and Kit coming here tonight, Addison, and inviting us to be a part of your annual service project. I think what your house is doing is a wonderful humanitarian thing. However we now need to decide as a group if we’re going to follow in your admirable footsteps or not.” she stated with a long look around at her fellow sisters.

Addison held back the laughter she felt bubbling inside her at the display. It was evident that Elle was going to do all she could to persuade her group to join the project just by the guilt she was giving them. “Thank you for having us, Elle. We would love to have your house involved and look forward to hearing an answer soon. We’ll see ourselves out now.”

As soon as the two athletes had left the room, Kiki sneered at Elle. “That was low, Elle! There is no way I’m doing anything with those dykes!”

“Any other opinions?” Elle inquired. The room was silent. “Well, let me put it to you girls this way. Regardless of what this house decides, I’m going to join them in their project. We’re known by the whole school as dumb blondes who don’t do anything except stay in our house preening. We’re snotty, selfish princesses who are never taken seriously, and frankly I’m tired of that reputation. We’re all intelligent women, and we deserve to be respected. These women across the street are extending us an invitation to participate in something that will make a difference. They care about their community, and I think it’s about time we did too. Quite honestly their sexual orientation doesn’t matter to me. I’m not asking you to date them. I’m not even asking you to be social with them outside this project if you don’t want to. I’m just suggesting that we become more involved in our local community and gain a reputation for being charitable, not selfish, and these women have given us an opportunity to do that. I can’t make any of you do this, but you should know that if we have a majority vote to participate and you don’t, you could be subject to eviction from your room here at the house. We have a lot of sisters that would like to live in the sorority house, but all of you were chosen by lottery and with an understanding that you would abide by house regulations. Now if no one else has anything to add, we’re going to take a vote. Would anyone else like to say something?” Still there were no comments. “Well, given the sensitive nature of this subject, I’ve decided that we’re going to vote by ballots tonight instead of verbally as we usually do, because I want honesty from everyone.” She passed out ballots to everyone before asking that all of the girls make their choice. When everyone was finished, the votes were collected in a box. “Now that all of us have voted, Kiki and I are going to count these in front of everyone just so there is no accusation of tampering towards either of us.”

Elle began to count each ballot in what was a close competition. Thankfully there was an odd number of girls, so there wouldn’t be a tie, because she didn’t think she would be able to make the right decision had it come down to a tie breaker. Coming to the last vote, she noted the tie.

She glanced at Kiki who was practically ready to rip the last ballot from her hand to see the outcome. Flipping open the paper, she felt her heart drop slightly. "One against." she announced in apparent disappointment. "Well, the majority has spoken. Our house will be officially declining their offer. However since this vote was so close, I'd like to say that any of you that want to still participate, you can come see me in private, and I will give you the details. Meeting adjourned."

Without any further comment she left the room. She was disheartened with the outcome of the voting, but she knew she did what she could to sway her sisters. Deciding there was no use prolonging her answer to Addison, she headed across the street and rang the bell. One of the younger women of the house answered and told her where she could find the softball player.

The brunette was just lounging on her bed reading her latest issue of Playboy when she heard the knock on her door. Irritated at being interrupted during what all her house mates knew as her private time, she yelled out to her visitor, "Unless you're a Delta Nu in a string bikini, go away! I'm busy!" The knocking continued. Addison growled as she got off her bed. "This better be good! I'm in the middle of something!" she warned tossing her magazine down in agitation and marching to the door as she zipped her shorts. Yanking it open her mouth fell seeing Elle standing there nervously. "Elle, hi."

"Sorry I interrupted. I didn't know there was a dress code for visiting you. I'll remember my bikini next time." the blonde teased.

"Oh, I didn't mean that." she stammered in embarrassment. "I just thought it was one of them bothering me when my sign was up." she said pointing to the "Do Not Disturb" sign on her door. "Come in. What are you doing here?" The blonde entered the room, looking around at the decor. Addison's walls were adorned with lesbian icons such as Melissa Etheridge and the Indigo Girls as well a few random pictures of skimpily clad super models. Her book shelf contained a plethora of framed photographs, and looking closer she noted one was of the two of them from freshman year. As her eyes continued scanning the room, they fell onto the rumpled bed and the magazine. Suddenly she wondered what she might have interrupted and pretended not to notice as Addison quickly stashed it under her pillow. "So, take a seat. Have you come to a decision already?"

Elle took a tentative seat in the desk chair. "Yeah. It was a close vote, Addison, much closer than I even thought it might be, but the house decided not to work with you. I'm sorry."

The brunette shrugged. "It's okay. I had hoped for a different outcome, but I didn't really expect it. Just out of curiosity, how close was it?"

"One vote."

"Really?" Addison inquired in renewed interest. "Well, maybe all isn't lost. Do you think that large minority might still be interested?"

"I'm interested. I want to work with you all, and I told the group that if anyone else was, I would

be happy to give them the details. You might have some takers. You have one at least.”

Giving the blonde a smile, the athlete said, “Thanks, Elle.”

“Tell me the truth now that this has been decided, Addison. Your house was interested in more than just working together on this project, weren’t you?”

“I think you already know the answer to that, Elle.”

“Why my girls? You have to know that they are all straight.”

“Why not your girls? As a whole you are by far the most attractive sorority on the whole strip. It’s true there might be some sexual interest from some of my girls toward some of yours, but so what? We’re just like any frat house. They all want to be in bed with the Delta Nu girls too. We’re just more polite and respectful than them. My girls wouldn’t try to do some of the things the guys around here do. You wouldn’t be subjected to the trashy lines and innuendo, and you wouldn’t have to worry about any unwanted sexual advances. I wouldn’t allow any of that to take place. My girls might be lesbians, but they know how to treat women with respect.”

“I’m sure that’s true, but it’s the fact that you are too much like the frat houses that makes my girls nervous.” There was a pause in conversation before Elle mentioned, “I guess I should go. I didn’t mean to interrupt your private time.”

“Don’t be silly. The house was just about to watch the Real World.”

“I love the Real World.” the blonde stated.

“Then stay and watch it with us.” the brunette proposed.

Without a hesitation Elle replied, “Okay.”

“Great. We better get down to the social room before all the best seats are gone. There is always a fight about it.” Walking down stairs to the living area, the large group of rowdy jocks were already crowded around the television. All the seats were taken as well as most of the floor, but Addison pointed out a tiny spot in front of the coffee table. Guiding them through the sea of legs, Addison suggested, “Why don’t you sit behind me, so you have something to lean your back against?”

“I won’t be able to see the tv with you in front of me, Addy. You sit there, and I’ll sit in front of you.” the blonde responded, using the nickname she had originally bestowed on Addison when they were freshman without even realizing it. “Besides I can lean against you if I get tired.”

Addison smiled. “All right. Do you want something to drink before we sit? A beer or something?”

“I don’t drink beer, but thanks anyway.” she answered as they both sat.

Addison sat cross-legged in order to try to give the blonde as much room as possible, and the room became silent as the show began. However that night the brunette was too distracted to watch. Her focus was on the little blonde in front of her. The day had taken a surprising turn, and now that Elle had suddenly reentered her life, it seemed like old times. The blonde was clearly comfortable with her, making her wonder if their relationship could've been rekindled long before if she had just tried. Half way through the show, Addison felt a need to stretch her long legs, so she casually extended them out all the way on either side of the blonde, leaving the petite woman between them. Addison hoped the maneuver wouldn't be misconstrued and realized it hadn't when Elle moved back slightly and leaned her frame against the jock's. Shocked at the move of her friend, the brunette was unsure what to do and cast glances around at her housemates who seemed suddenly interested in the development as well, even though Elle remained oblivious to the eyes on her, being so engrossed in the screen. Meeting Kit's eyes, she saw her best friends raise her brows up and down and crack a grin, almost making Addison laugh at the suddenly amusing situation.

From almost the moment Addison had known Elle, all she wanted was to be able to be this close to her. When they were freshman, there had been several occasions in which they had been physically close, staying up all night in one of their single beds with each other giggling over something that only the two of them found amusing. They'd had an intimate but nonsexual relationship back then, cuddling and holding hands at times much to the confusion of their friends. As Addison reminisced about the past, she began to realize that from the outside it may have looked like they were a couple when they were freshman, making it all that much more difficult for Elle when Addison was outed second semester. The brunette figured the blonde had probably been scared of what people would say about her, which is why she had distanced herself, or maybe she suspected that Addison had always wanted more, and when her sorority sisters encouraged that thinking, she felt she had no other choice except to end the friendship. However now her Elle was back, and Addison was determined to make the most of her second chance, by forcing her sexual thoughts of the beautiful woman aside to focus on their friendship.

Elle didn't end up leaving after the tv had been turned off. Instead she and Addison sat out on the porch catching up with each other. As they sat on the swing, naturally their arms found their way around each other as Elle's head rested on Addison's strong shoulder. "You know, Addy, I've often thought about moments like this over the past few years. We used to be able to talk for hours."

"I know. I was just thinking about that tonight. I've missed your company, Elle."

"And I missed yours. I'm sorry I abandoned you. That was awful of me to leave you alone when you needed a friend the most."

"We were only nineteen. We all make mistakes. I'm sorry you had to find out about me the way you did. I should've trusted you."

"Well, I hope we take this year to make up for all that lost time. This is our last year before heading out into the real world."

“I know. Have you decided what you want to do yet?” Addison inquired.

“Well, I’m hoping that Craig will propose soon. We’ve been together for three years now.”

“You really want to marry Craig? Why?”

“Because I’m in love with him, and I can’t wait to be the future Mrs. Craig Wyndham III. He’s going to be a senator you know.”

“But what about you? What about your dreams and goals? Don’t you want a career and life separate from his?”

“Like what, Addy? This is the life I am supposed to lead.”

“You’re so smart, Elle, much more intelligent than he is. Wouldn’t you like to be the senator or CEO instead of the wife of one? You have the ability to do that if you want.”

“Yeah, right. No one takes me seriously, Addison. All they see is a dumb blonde from California. My parents don’t even expect anything out of me. No one believes in me.”

“I believe in you, Elle. I know you. It’s true that you’re beautiful, but you also have brains. You command attention wherever you go. Why not use that to your advantage to make a difference?”

Changing the subject off herself, Elle inquired, “What are your plans after graduation?”

“I’m going to go to law school. I’m already being recruited by schools actually.”

“Like which ones?”

“Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Stanford, and several others. They all want me, because I’m a brilliant fag.” she grumbled.

“You sound unhappy about that. If Harvard or Yale recruited me for anything, I’d be thrilled.”

“Well, I know I should be excited, but the main reason they want me is because I’m gay, and they want me to be their poster child for diversity. That’s almost as insulting as being discriminated against for being a lesbian. I don’t want people to know me just as that. You know? I just want to be known as Addison Miller, not Addison ‘Dyke’ Miller. Maybe that’s hard for you to understand.”

“Not at all actually. I want people to see passed my blonde hair and body, and take me for who I am, not what I look like.”

“I’ll tell you, Elle. I think you would make an excellent attorney or politician. I saw the way you tried to persuade those girls tonight, and you almost succeeded. People listen to you more than

you think. You have influence, and if used correctly, your looks can work for you, not against you. And what if you don't marry Craig? Then what?"

"Oh, I'm going to marry Craig, no doubt about that. He's the perfect guy for me."

"Well, I hope you realize that he isn't going to like that fact that you and I have become friends again. He and I have had strong words with each other through the years. In fact it wouldn't surprise me if he demanded you stop seeing me."

"He wouldn't do that, and I don't think he hates you as much as you think he does." the blonde stated.

Addison wanted to tell Elle exactly how much she knew Craig hated her and all the other gays and lesbians on campus. She had suspected that he was behind the vandalism at her house the previous year by the anti-gay remarks he had made toward her on many various occasions, but she wasn't sure Elle would believe her, so she kept the information to herself. "Well, I hope he treats you well. You deserve only the best."

"Thanks, Addy." the blonde answered squeezing the body in her arms tightly. "You deserve someone too. Are you even seeing anyone now?"

"No. I've been so busy with school, softball, and various other activities that I just don't have the time. I know there are women out there that would like it if I paid them some attention, but I just don't think it would be fair to any of them to try to get involved when my heart lies elsewhere."

"Well, that's their loss I guess. I'll tell you. Of all the lesbians on campus, you really are the queen of them. I've overheard the rumors and conversations from lots of girls. General consensus is that you and Kit are the hottest items in this house. It's too bad you won't share the love with them." she joked.

"Are any of those girls Delta Nus? Because I think I could make an exception if they were." Addison joked.

"No offense, Addy, but if you were to ever get into the bed of one of the Delta Nus, I'd be floored. I just don't see that happening."

"I don't know, Elle. I think if I really tried I could charm one of them out of their little faux fur panties you designed for your house's charity fund raiser last year."

"Oh you think that, do you?" the blonde asked with a smile.

"And I know exactly who would be my target too."

Immensely curious Elle asked in excitement, "Who?"

"Um, she's a junior and one of the few non-blondes in your house."

“You mean Stacy? Why would you ever think that you could get her in bed?” she challenged.

“Easy. She took a feminism class with Kit and me last year, and she’s very interested in the equality of women, including lesbians. She even debated with another student on the point during lecture one time. I’m not saying she’s a closeted dyke or anything, but she’s liberal. A few shots of tequila on the right night, and I could have that girl’s legs open. She’d probably regret it the next day and say I took advantage of her, but I could get in her bed and rock her world at least for one night.”

“I bet you rocked all the beds you’ve been in.” the blonde quipped.

“You have no idea.” Addison growled sexily. “But I would never ever even try to seduce that girl.” she stated seriously.

“Why not?”

“Because a roll in the hay with her wouldn’t be worth losing Kit.”

“Kit? You mean you two are...”

“No, we’re not shacking up. She’s my best friend, and whether she admits it or not, she has a thing for Stacy. She’d deny that until her last breath though, because Stacy is so unlike all the other women Kit has ever been with.”

“What about you? What kind of girl do you like?”

Smirking Addison stated, “A horny, drunk Delta Nu.”

Elle hit her in the arm. “You’re so bad. What was all that talk about respect? You are even worse than the frat guys.”

“I’m kidding. I don’t have a type really. I like intelligent women, ones who are confident. The physical isn’t as important. I’ve been with too many different ones to say I have a certain type.”

“How many girls have you been with?” the blonde inquired inquisitively.

“You mean had sex with or messed around with?”

“Both.”

“You want actual numbers?”

“Ballpark is fine.”

Addison thought for a moment. “Well, I think I’ve had sex with about thirty women.”

“Thirty?” Elle questioned loudly. “Since you’ve been in college?”

“No. I started having sex when I was fifteen, Elle. I’d already been around the block many times before coming to school.”

“What about the women you’ve messed around with?”

“I don’t know if I can even put a number on that. I mean if you’re going to include women that I just happen to meet and make out with at a club or something then it’s beyond anything I can count.”

“You’ve actually done that? You’ve made out with someone you just met?” Addison nodded. “Addy, you’ve got to be more careful. You could catch stuff you know.”

“I know, and I am careful, Elle. I use protection and I get tested often, which is more than most lesbians can say. I’ve never had unprotected sex in my life. What about you? How many guys have you been with?”

“None.” the blonde answered quietly.

“None? Not even Craig? You’ve been together for three years.”

“So? I’m not ready, and he just has to accept that.” she stated confidently.

“Wow. I’m truly impressed. Good for you, Elle. You stand your ground. Don’t let him talk you into something you don’t want yet. Out of curiosity though, why don’t you think you’re ready?”

Elle shrugged. “I don’t know. Right now I’m perfectly content with where we are. I don’t feel the need to go further yet. Being held is enough for me. So far he’s been very good about respecting my boundaries.”

“Good. I hope it stays that way.”

Elle looked down at her watch, noting that it was after midnight. “Well, it’s getting late. I should probably go. Registration is bright and early tomorrow.”

“And you need your beauty rest.” Addison lightly teased.

“Yeah. I’ll see you later though.” Elle said moving to stand. Addison did the same. “Well, I’m glad this day turned out the way it did, Addy.”

“Me too, Elle. I’m glad to have you back.”

“And I’m glad to be back.” she confessed looking up into the tall woman’s dark eyes. She loved Addison’s eyes, because she could always see every emotion that played through them, and at

the moment they were glowing in happiness. She gave a bright smile. “See you tomorrow at registration.”

Addison nodded as that grin melted her heart. She knew things were going to be interesting between them if she couldn’t control her sexual feelings for the little woman. “Good night.” The softball player stood on her porch watching the blonde to make sure she returned safely to her own house before going inside.

Locking the door behind her, she heard her best friend’s voice state, “Well, well, well, President Miller makes history. Not only did we go into the Delta Nu house, you had a date with one.”

“It’s not like that, Kit. Elle and I are friends.”

“Since when? I didn’t know you even knew her, but apparently you do and well I might add.”

“It’s a long story, but to be brief we were best friends freshman year until I was outed. She took off and didn’t speak to me again, and I never tried to establish contact either, but after all this time, we’ve decided to give it another go. It feels like old times.”

“Old times? You mean you’ve been that close to her before? Damn, Addison. Why didn’t you say anything? I thought you were just pining away for her. I had no idea you two had a history.”

“Our only history is friendship, Kit, close friendship.”

“Uh huh. That girl was all up on you. She wants your ass.”

“No, she doesn’t. We can cuddle together without it meaning more.”

“Sure you can.” sarcastically Kit said. “I bet the whole time you were thinking about how nice her breasts felt up against yours, weren’t you?”

Addison knew that thought had crossed her mind, but she refused to ruin what could be a wonderful friendship again. Shaking her head at her friend, she stated, “Elle and I are just going to be friends, and I’m okay with that. I don’t want to complicate what we’ve started by bringing my sexual feelings for her into it. I’d rather her be my friend than my fantasy.”

The following morning Addison, Kit, and most of the upperclassmen from her house were up and out the door early. Walking in a pack, they headed off in the direction of the gymnasium for registration. Addison and Kit were busy talking about their hopeful schedules when a friendly honk of a horn interrupted them. They looked up just in time to see Elle smiling at them as she passed them in her convertible with several other Delta Nus.

“Addy’s going to get some Delta Nu booty.” Kit teased hitting her best friend in the back.

All the girls laughed at the joke, making the tall president blush slightly. “That’s enough now. I’m not sleeping with Elle. She’s a friend to our house, and I intend to keep it that way.”

“I bet you succumb to your primal needs. There is no way you can go without laying a hand on that prize.”

“I don’t care how hot she is. She’s not a prize or a trophy. She’s a person.” Addison rebuffed. “I don’t want to hear any of you talking about her like she’s less than that.”

“Touchy, touchy.” Kit mumbled under her breath as Addison sped up her pace to break away from the group. However Kit came after her. “Okay, Addy, we’re sorry. We won’t tease you any more. You’re right. Elle is a person, a sexy petite hot-bodied one, but she’s not a prize. If you want to deny your feelings for her, then that’s your choice. I just think that you could have all that you wanted from her given some time. I foresee unbelievable pleasure ahead for you if you just allow yourself to take that girl under your wing.”

“Okay. I’ll take Elle under my wing if you take Stacy under yours.” the brunette challenged. Kit fell silent. “That’s what I thought. Now butt out of my business, and I’ll stay out of yours.” she stated with a smile.

Upon arriving at registration, all of them filed in line with the rest of their classmates, but once inside, there was pure chaos. Once Addison had managed to secure the schedule she wanted, she looked around for her friends. To her surprise she saw Kit talking with Elle and Stacy. Making her way over, she was greeted by a huge smile from the tiny blonde.

“Hi, Addy.” Elle greeted.

“Hey, Elle, Stacy. What’s going on?”

“Oh, Stacy told me this morning that she’s interested in the service project too, and since you looked busy, I just thought Kit might be able to give her all the details.” Elle informed her.

Seeing the mischief in those blue eyes, Addison knew Elle was trying to do much more. “Well, that’s nice of you girls to want to participate. We could actually use a little help with fundraising ideas. We jocks aren’t normally that creative. Maybe the two of you could help us over a cup of coffee or something?” Addison suggested.

“Yeah. Sure.” Stacy said for the both of them.

“Great. If you’re finished we could go now.” Kit said.

Before anyone could second the idea, Craig’s voice could be heard across the gym. “Elle!” he screamed out running over to them. “If it isn’t the king of the dyke squad.” he sneered at Addison. “Elle, what are you doing?”

Elle was shocked into immobility at what her boyfriend had said. She had never heard him use such language before. “Um, I was just talking.” she stated.

“Not with these so called women you aren’t.”

“Back off, Craig. You’re being an asshole.” Stacy said.

“And you better stay out of something that isn’t your business, Stacy!” he countered. “Come here!” he demanded taking Elle by the arm and dragging her away.

Addison’s anger rose seeing the way Craig was manhandling the little woman, but Elle was obviously used to taking the treatment by the way she submissively went along. Her thoughts of rearranging the guy’s face were broken by Stacy’s comment. “He can be such a jerk. I don’t understand why Elle puts up with it. Don’t let him bother you.”

The softball player turned to the small redhead. “Yeah, he’s a real ass. Anyway, about that coffee?”

“That’d be fine. I helped Elle last year with our fundraiser. It shouldn’t be a problem. Do you want to wait for her while Kit and I go ahead?”

Addison and Kit exchanged glances. “Sure. That sounds like a good idea. We’ll meet you two in a bit.”

“All right. We’ll meet you at the usual Starbucks.” Kit informed Addison before she and Stacy turned to go. As they walked away, Kit glanced over her shoulder and gave Addison an ecstatic smile.

A few minutes later Elle came back to her. “Where did Stacy and Kit go?”

“Off on the pseudo date that you perfectly orchestrated.” Addison replied with a smile.

Elle grinned. “Good. I was hoping as much.”

“You didn’t have to do that, Elle.”

“Well, this morning while discussing outfit choices for the day, she mentioned to me that she wanted to work with you all. She happened to talk about Kit, saying her name more than once, so I thought maybe you were right. Maybe she is a little more liberal than the rest of her sisters. If Kit was a guy, I would think Stacy had a crush, so I figured I’d try to at least make the introduction. You were definitely right about Kit, though. She practically beamed when I brought Stacy to her.”

“Well, that was nice of you. Everything all right with Craig?”

The blonde shrugged. “Fine.” she lied. “He’s just in a mood. He can be so possessive sometimes. Are you ready to go now?”

“I guess, but I was hoping that we could give Kit and Stacy a little alone time by not arriving so

soon.” Addison said.

Elle smiled. “No problem. We’ll take my car back to the house and then walk. That should take a little bit.”

“Sounds good. Let’s go.”

Forty five minutes later the twosome arrived at the local Starbucks to see Stacy and Kit sitting outside under an umbrella laughing. They made a slow approach taking in the scene before them. The two seemed to be getting along extremely well without their help, and both of them took note of how Stacy kept touching Kit on the arm as they exchanged banter. Elle and Addison went to the table.

“So, what did we miss?” Elle inquired. “Did you come up with anything yet?”

“Oh, actually we hadn’t really started.” Stacy said.

“That’s all right. Elle and I are just going to get something to drink, and then the four of us will talk about it. Come on, Elle.” Going into the café, Addison inquired, “Was it just me, or did it look like they were flirting with each other when we arrived?”

Elle nodded in agreement. “It certainly did. Things could get interesting. I never knew Stacy was like this. Both of them are just glowing. The four of us should try to go out together. Maybe we can help them find their way.”

Addison gave a nod. “Maybe but we shouldn’t push either of them. Stacy might not be ready for someone like Kit, and I wouldn’t want Kit to get hurt. Under that tough exterior, she’s really sensitive. Let things come as they will, Elle. If it’s meant to be, it will happen.”

Returning to the table with coffee, Elle asked, “So what kind of thing do you all normally do for fundraising?”

Addison shrugged. “Nothing special. We usually do raffles and stuff. We’ve never been very good at coming up with ideas. Anything you two could suggest would be great.”

Stacy smiled at Kit before turning her eyes to Addison. “Well, there was an idea I had, but I wanted you to be here. What if you all had some sort of auction?”

“Auction? What kind of auction?” Addison inquired. “We don’t really have anything to auction off.”

“Yes, you do, yourselves.” the redhead stated.

“Yeah, I can see that now. Our house on auction. Who would go for that? We aren’t the most popular people on campus. Who’d want to buy us?” Kit asked sarcastically.

“Well, I wasn’t thinking for school. What if it was for the locals? I mean isn’t there a women’s bookstore in town? I’m sure there are plenty of women there that would buy one of you.”

Addison laughed. “Are you suggesting I whore off my sisters for charity?”

“Well, no. I wasn’t talking about sex or anything. I mean it could be like a day’s worth of errand running or something. It doesn’t have to be about sex.”

“I don’t know.” Kit mentioned. “That could be dangerous. We’d have to set some clear guidelines.”

“But I like the women’s bookstore idea.” Elle said. “I think Stacy is right. You’d probably get a better response there. A slave auction could be fun if you’re girls are into it. Of course if you wanted to do a raffle, raffle off something people really want.”

“Like what?” Addison asked.

Elle gave a giddy smile. “Like dates.”

“Dates? You mean like we take women out on dates? That could be cool.” Kit stated in interest.

“Yeah. It could be like five dollars an entry or something, and all the girls in your house that wanted to participate would pick someone out of the bowl to take out for a night on the town. How many of the local women would love to go out with one of you athletes?” the blonde proposed.

Addison nodded. “Wow. Why didn’t we think of that before, Kit? Maybe I can even talk to the owner of the bookstore to hold the raffle there, so we can get a bunch of entries.”

“You should talk to them about maybe donating some proceeds from their store too. Say that you’ll be bringing in business by holding your activities there. You increase their business, so they should be amiable to donating a portion of their profits. Work it out like that or something.” Elle put forth.

Shooting the little woman a sexy grin, Addison replied, “You’re brilliant, Elle. That’s a great idea. I’ll see if I can hold the stuff there. If we did it on a Saturday, we’d probably get a big turn out.”

“There is also another idea.” the blonde said. “I know this would go over well too. What about a kissing booth? I mean you’ve already admitted to being pretty loose-lipped, Ms. President. Why not share your talents for charity?”

“Oh yeah. Kissing girls for money. That sounds like a grand idea.” Kit joked. “I think the whole house would sign up for those duties.”

“See there you go. I think the local women would rather enjoy that.”

“A kissing booth?” Addison stated in disbelief.

“Yeah. We could even like have prices. You know so much for certain types of kisses.”

“Oh? So we’re going to be a menu now?” the brunette questioned.

“It’s for charity, Addy. Lighten up. You never know. You might get to kiss some attractive women. We could set it up with like two dollars a kiss for something basic. We’re talking a peck on the lips. It doesn’t have to be make out city. Of course if the house was comfortable, you could take it as far as you want I suppose. You could charge ten dollars a minute for making out. The possibilities are endless.”

“Can you believe these girls?” Addison asked Kit. “They want us to sell ourselves for the women’s shelter. I’ve never seen them do any of the things they’ve suggested.”

Kit gave an audacious grin. “True but I kind of like it. You know our whole house would be into the kissing booth, and the date raffle seems harmless enough.”

“I guess, but how do we know this will work? I mean generally speaking we aren’t the sexiest sorority on campus.”

“Trust me, Addy. You’re house is hotter than you give them credit for. I thought all lesbians liked jocks?”

“If I were into women, I’d definitely be interested.” Stacy said confidently as her eyes found Kit.

“Well, then. I guess that settles it. We should present these ideas to the house. Maybe if you and Elle did it we’d get better participation. What do you say, Stacy? Will you come over to our next house meeting and say to them what you just said to us?”

“Sure. I guess so.”

“Fabulous. You girls have been a tremendous help.”

“No problem. Now tell me more about this shelter.” Stacy said.

“Oh, it’s a shelter for women and children. Our house has been working with them for years.” Addison began.

A few days later Elle and Stacy did present the ideas with eager interest from all the athletes. Getting a unanimous decision on all the ideas that the two Delta Nus had proposed, Addison decided she should try to make arrangements with the women’s bookstore as soon as possible.

Continued in Part 2

The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive

~ The Dyke and The Debutante ~

by Alex Tryst

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Disclaimer: See Part 1

On a Saturday morning a month later the extravaganza was scheduled to occur. The foursome was at the bookstore as it opened that morning to make sure everything was prepared, and when they arrived, there was a crowd of women hovering around.

Elle smiled up at Addison knowingly. "Let's get this thing started." she stated going over to the booth. "Everyone signed up already for their shifts, didn't they?"

"Yeah. I think I'm first." Addison replied.

"Great. Well, you get in the booth then. Kit will take money and time people if necessary, and Stacy will man the date raffle entries."

"And what will you be doing?" Addison inquired.

"Marketing your talents." the blonde teased. "And when the rest of your house gets here, we'll just divide them up into different stations."

"Sounds good, boss." the tall woman replied stepping into the booth that she and Elle had made.

From almost the very beginning of the day, Elle would've called the event a success. The minute she announced that the kissing booth was open for business a long lined formed with women all anxious to get up close and personal with Addison Miller. As she stood in the distance watching the tall brunette attend to every woman with the utmost sensuality and appreciation, she began to feel urge to hop into the line with everyone else. The way Addison was, taking a seemingly intense interest in all the girls that came up to her, made Elle want someone like that.

When she had first started dating Craig, he had been respectful and charming, making her fall deeply for the sandy blonde baseball player or at least think she was. However as the years had passed, he had begun to get more possessive and demanding of her, often trying to dictate her life. Over the course of time things with him had gotten more difficult, but Elle had stayed with him, because it was what was expected of her. Her parents adored the young man and often

remarked how much they looked forward to him joining their family.

However as she stared at Addison Miller, she realized what she had been missing all along. The woman who had swept her off her feet when she was only eighteen with her gleaming grin and captivating wit still made her feel things that Craig never could. Watching as Addison introduced herself to each woman before folding them into strong arms for a blinding lip lock, she noted that her stomach clenched in a mix of jealousy and desire. From the very first night she and Addison knew each other, she knew she was attracted to the brunette in a way she had never been attracted to any other woman, and when the athlete began to touch her casually, the blonde's body responded. She had grown to crave the softball player's caress, the cuddling in one of their beds at the end of a day, the brushes of their hands whenever they went somewhere. That was why it was so difficult for her when Addison was outed their second semester. All along Elle wanted it to be her that the tall woman desired, and when it became obvious her interest lay elsewhere, it was more than the little woman could bear. She blamed her sudden departure on her sorority sisters and Craig, but she knew that it really was because of a broken heart. Addison had crushed her without even knowing it, and the petite woman hadn't gotten over it, even three years later. The self-assured young debutante was crippled by Addison's lack of interest, and she harbored insecurities about herself, thinking that Addison didn't like her, because the jock thought she was only an airheaded blonde.

Elle stood at the back of the line, monitoring Addison's time. When it was getting close to being over, she swallowed her nerves and stepped into it roping off the section behind her to show that the softball player's time was up. Nervously she dug into her purse for some money, but the closer she came to the woman she wanted, the more the doubts surfaced. Addison hadn't even spotted her yet, being so involved with each girl as she greeted them, giving her time to change her mind. All too soon it was just her, looking up at the tall woman, who was giving her a quizzical expression.

"What's this for?" Addison inquired taking the two dollars from her friend's hands.

"Donation." she feebly stated inwardly kicking herself for being such a coward.

"Don't you want your kiss?"

Elle hesitated in answer as she gazed into the dark eyes. She wanted her kiss more than she had wanted anything, but she was afraid. She knew it wasn't wise to act in such a manner in front of the women around her, especially Stacy. She was a sorority sister after all, and even though she knew the redhead was liberal, she wasn't sure she would even understand.

When the blonde didn't answer, Addison took the initiative between them, stepping in closer to the tiny woman and slipping one arm around her waist. Cupping the fair cheek in her hand, she ducked her head slowly, intending to give her friend a soft peck. However in a last second of shyness, Elle turned her head slightly letting Addison's lips land on her cheek. Addison's heart sunk at the rejection, but she didn't let on as she completed her duty and stepped away as if nothing had transpired.

The rest of the day Elle was strangely quiet, making Addison figure she had made the blonde uncomfortable. Neither one of them conversed with each other a lot though, both being too involved with running the events. When it came time to draw for the dates, each athlete picked a name out of a bowl. Being the president Addison was the last to go. Playing up the crowd with a sexy smile, she stated, "Now let's see who I'm lucky enough to take out for a night." Shoving her hand into the deep sea of entries, she made a drama of mixing them around before pulling one out. "And the date goes to..." she said unfolding it. Looking at the name on the card, her heart stopped momentarily, but she kept the grin on her face. "Miss Elle Woods." Addison announced holding up the entry for everyone to see. Across the room their eyes met and stayed locked as the both of them contemplated the possibilities of a date together. Finally breaking out of the trance though, the tall woman made the declaration that the slave auction was going to begin shortly.

Elle stood where she was overseeing the athletes as they shuffled furniture around for the auction. She was so off in her thoughts that she didn't even notice Stacy come up to her at first until she felt the hand on her arm. "Elle, are you all right?" the redhead asked in concern.

"Yeah, fine. I was just thinking. I think you and I should bid in the auction. It might help to bring in some extra money, because it looks like the group is beginning to wane a little. What do you think? You can spare a couple of hundred, can't you?"

"Sure. No problem. You bid on Addy, and I'll bid on Kit. I think they'll probably bring in the most money anyway, because they're the hottest." she stated nonchalantly as she wandered back in the direction of the table where the drawing was held.

Elle watched her sorority sister walk away. It amazed her how comfortable Stacy was in such commentary, making her feel more confident in the fact that her friend probably had an interest in Kit. However she admired the way the Delta Nu was blasé about the fact. Elle wanted to be as strong as her sister, but she couldn't foresee herself being with any other woman except Addison, and if the jock didn't return that interest, she didn't want to make a fool of herself for bringing it up.

Since most of Addison's house participated in the auction, it lasted almost two hours. However Kit and Addison were the last to be put up on the block. With the help of Stacy, Kit brought in over two thousand for her services, leaving only Addison. The confident engaging woman took the stand and flashed a notoriously alluring smirk as her bidding began. Elle stood in the back of the room, placing a bid here and there as needed to keep things moving, but soon it became clear there was an older woman that Elle guessed to be in her forties making a major play for Addison. With an insatiable need to win her friend's services, Elle kept outbidding her competition, but the other woman would not be dissuaded. Soon an all out battle began as the women bid back and forth for several minutes. The older woman scowled at Elle as the price rose above five hundred, but Elle knew there was no turning back. She knew she would do anything for Addison's time, regardless of the price.

The older woman finally called out a thousand to the mild shock of everyone in the room, but before the gasp could end, Elle had countered with two. "Three thousand." the woman

challenged Elle.

The blonde smiled. "Five thousand." she stated confidently staring down her competition.

There was a moment of silence as the older woman looked at her and then Addison in obvious perusal. "Seven thousand." she countered with an irritated glare at the blonde.

However Elle refused to lose. "Ten thousand." she quickly offered, enjoying the crestfallen look on her competitor's face.

Shaking her head the older woman mumbled, "Blondie wants her so bad, let her have her."

Addison cast a small smile in Elle's direction, because with her one bid, they had more than doubled last year's contribution. However as the brunette looked at her friend, she wondered what could possibly be going through the blonde's mind for bidding so much.

The following Saturday Elle was up just before six that morning as she eagerly awaited Addison's arrival. They had agreed that the jock would cater to the debutante that entire day before going out on their date that evening. However as six turned into six thirty and there was no sign of the tall woman, the blonde decided she better go across the street to see if Addison was even awake. One of Addison's sisters answered the door for her, and she wandered up to the president's room. She knocked but didn't hear an answer, so she tried the door, surprised that it was actually unlocked.

Stepping into the room, she noticed the tall woman lying face down sprawled out in bed shirtless. Elle went to the bedside. Her stomach was nervously churning at the thought of Addison being naked under the covers. Touching the rock hard shoulder, she whispered, "Addy, wake up." The brunette moaned in her sleep but didn't stir. "Addison, time to get up, sexy woman." she stated pulling the blanket down a little to expose a strong back. Elle let her fingers trail lightly down Addison's spine. The dark eyes popped open suddenly before there was a flurry of movement as Addison turned over and sat up, looking around her room in confusion.

Seeing Elle she mumbled, "What the hell time is it?" The jock held her head in her hands.

"Six thirty. You were supposed to start work at my house half an hour ago." she responded as evenly as possible even though her friend's breasts were peaking out from under the comforter. "Come on. Get out of bed." she teased trying to pull at the blanket, but Addison clutched it. Going with her physical instincts instead of thinking about her actions, Elle playfully jumped on the taller woman. "Get up, Addy." she whined shaking the woman by the shoulders. "We have to work off that hangover of yours."

Addison tried not to respond to the fact that her dream woman was straddling her in bed as she lay naked, but her body refused to ignore the fact as her hands found the blonde's hips. However before either of them could do anything that might be harmful, a voice from the door stated, "Well, I leave you for five minutes and this is what I come back to." Both of their heads shot toward the door to see the same older woman from the bookstore the previous weekend wearing

only one of Addison's shirts. "I knew the two of you wanted to jump each other since the moment I saw you together."

Elle's heart dropped into the pit of her stomach at the sight of another woman, obviously having shared Addison's bed. As much as she wanted to move out of Addison's grasp, her body was frozen. However Addison wasn't as she gently pushed the blonde away. "This isn't what it looks like, Pam."

"Listen, Addison, you're a good lay, but you don't need to explain this to me. I never asked you for monogamy. I'm older than the two of you put together. I can handle being left for a younger woman. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll just get dressed and be on my way."

"Pam, wait, please." Addison pleaded getting out of bed and wrapping herself in her comforter. She followed the older woman out into the hallway, and Addison pulled the door most of the way shut. Elle sat stunned on the bed. She never imagined that Addison would ever entertain the idea of dating or even bedding a woman twice her age. As she contemplated the possibilities of what it could mean, she overheard Addison speaking of her. "Pam, you have to believe me. I'm not interested in Elle that way. I mean look at her and then look at me. Do we even look like we'd make a good couple? She's a rich, daddy's girl debutante from California that parades around in her Prada and Ralph Lauren, and I'm just a brainiac fag from a middle class family. We have nothing to base a relationship on. She isn't even my type. I mean I need more sophisticated women in my life. She hardly even has any dating experience, and I like women who know how to have a good time in bed. She lives in a dream world where she thinks nothing is wrong while her fucking prince charming gay bashes my friends. I need a woman who stands up for herself and knows what she wants. Elle will always cater to those around her out of some sort of insecurity she has about being liked. She's not my kind of girl." The athlete's words felt like a shot to her heart. Elle desperately wanted the tall woman to want her, and it was clear that she didn't. Not only that Elle knew that Addison never would even consider her based on her naivety in the ways of physical love. Her eyes began to swell with tears, but she refused to let Addison see her crying. Instead she channeled her sadness into anger, glaring at the brunette when she came back into the room.

"Thanks a lot, Elle." Addison grumbled. "The one woman I've started to like finds us in bed together. If I'm lucky Pam might give me another chance, but she didn't exactly believe that we were only friends."

Disregarding the comment Elle growled, "I don't care about that, Addison. All that matters to me is that I spent ten thousand dollars for your charity to have you at my house at six this morning, and here it is almost seven. Get your hung over ass dressed and over there in five minutes. You're staying late to make up for this." With that Elle shoved a long list at the tall woman. "Here's what you're supposed to do. Now get on it." the blonde demanded before storming out of the room.

Addison watched the blonde fury disappear, wondering what had happened in the few minutes from when Elle had come in until now to change the little woman's attitude. One moment they were playing in bed and the next she was being bossed around like some hired hand. Addison's

head pounded from the excessive alcohol the previous night, but she knew she had to get over to the Delta Nu house as soon as possible. She was setting a poor example by not keeping her end of the agreement, so she resolved to just start on the list as soon as she could and not quarrel with the blonde about it.

The first part of the day Addison didn't talk to another person as she worked in the yard. Elle wanted her to cut the grass and pull all the weeds before cleaning the pool. Addison watched all the Delta Nus, including Elle, come and go that morning without so much as even a glance in her direction. Around early afternoon Elle returned to the house with Craig in tow.

"Well, if it isn't the president of the dyke squad," he sneered at her. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Ask your girlfriend. After all she's the one that paid for my services, all my services," she sexually eluded. "Maybe you couldn't cut it, and she needed a real expert to show her the way. I can't wait to get between her thighs and show her what she's been missing," she taunted casting a glare at the blonde whose blue eyes had opened wider at the crass comment.

Craig grabbed her by the t-shirt. "You lay a hand on her, and I'll fucking kill you, Addison Miller!"

"Oh, I'm really scared Craig," she mocked. "Come on, asshole. I'm so tired of you and your attitude. I would love to put you out for the baseball season. Come on. You think you're man enough to take on the king of the dyke squad," she stated using his words. "Come on, Craig. I dare you. Just try to hit me. You've gay bashed everyone else. Why not me too? You scared that a woman like me can beat you?"

"Addison, stop being such a prick," Elle stated breaking the two of them apart.

The athlete glowered at the little woman. "Fuck you, Elle. You climb into my bed this morning and ruin my chances of being with Pam, and you don't even give a damn. You can have your money back for tonight. I'm not taking you out, and I'm not sleeping with you. I don't care how much you pay me." Before she could say any more Craig slammed his fist into her mouth sending her several steps.

"Craig!" Elle screamed.

Addison put the back of her hand up to her mouth to stop the instant flow of blood. "Fuck you both! You deserve each other! I'm leaving! Under the guidelines of this arrangement, I am not being paid to take abuse, and your boyfriend has clearly crossed that line! Your usual gardener can take care of the rest!" she yelled storming off across the street toward her own house.

Elle watched her go with a mix of anger and confusion. Addison had never spoken in such a way in reference to her, so she couldn't understand what had possessed the brunette to say what she had. However a strong grip on her arm brought her back into the moment. "What the hell was she talking about, Elle? You have some explaining to do!" gruffly Craig stated.

“Addison was just being mean. I bought her at a charity auction to do some work around the house. It’s nothing.”

“And what about this of you going out with her tonight?”

“I won a free night out from their sorority for donating to their charity. It’s no big deal, Craig.”

He glared at her. “You were in bed with her this morning?”

“I just went over to wake her up, because she was running late. Nothing happened.”

“I don’t want you anywhere near Addison Miller any more, Elle! She’s going to hurt you if you keep associating with scum like that! I forbid you to even talk to her any more!”

The tiny woman scowled up at her boyfriend. “I’ll do what I like, Craig! You can’t tell me what to do with my life! If I want to be friends with Addison Miller, I will!”

“She doesn’t want to be your friend, Elle! She just wants to fuck you! Wasn’t that clear enough for you? You need to make a decision about what is more important to you! Me or that fucking dyke!” he insisted before turning to go.

“Craig, don’t be this way. I love you, honey. Of course I want to be with you.”

“Then tell her off, Elle. She needs to know that you want nothing to do with her.” he stated making his way down the sidewalk towards his car.

Elle watched as her boyfriend’s car screeched away from the curb in anger. All in all the day had gone from bad to worse in only a matter of hours, and the blonde didn’t know what she was going to do. Craig had made it clear she had to choose between them, but being so angry she had half a mind to tell them both to take a hike. She was angry with Craig for his treatment of Addison, being ruder and more insulting than she had ever known. Addison had been right all along when she stated that Craig didn’t particularly like her or the fellow gay and lesbian students on campus, but Elle refused to believe that until now. It was clear he was homophobic and had an intense dislike for the tall athlete, but what upset Elle even more was Addison’s behavior.

The brunette had never acted so inappropriately around her before. She had never made degrading or sexual remarks in front of her and especially not about her, and her attitude toward Craig was just as terrible with the way she taunted him deliberately. Her heart sank at the idea of Addison truly being upset with her over that morning, but in turn she was furious with the brunette out of envy. It was tearing her up inside that Addison didn’t want her as much as she desired the tall woman, and with that in mind she knew the decision she had to make.

Addison replayed the incident repeatedly in her mind the rest of the afternoon. She knew her overwhelming longing for the blonde had made her say all those things she didn’t mean. She was

jealous and couldn't control herself though with Craig being so terrible to her. She wanted the baseball player to feel threatened by her presence, but she never intended to be so insulting to the woman she wanted. She was upset with Elle about that morning, because she had tried to go out and find herself a girlfriend in which to take her mind off the petite woman, and she and Pam had hit it off after the auction. Addison did like the older woman's company and bed tremendously and thought she could have at least a casual monogamous relationship with the older woman in an effort to relieve herself of her desires, but after Elle had made a surprise visit that morning, Pam felt it was best Addison pursue her true wish instead of settling for something else. Even as much as Addison had denied her interest to the older woman, Pam apparently didn't believe her adamant avowal that she had no attraction for the blonde.

The softball player's thoughts turned to Elle. Addison knew she had been a complete jerk to the debutante, and she felt awful about her conduct. Deciding to try and make amends, she figured she needed to pour on the charm thickly or else Elle would never speak to her again. Concluding that it would take extraordinary effort to get the petite woman to talk to her, Addison figured it would be best to go to her bearing gifts.

That evening Elle was just sitting in her room wondering how she was going to break her ties with the best friend she had ever had. She didn't want to live without the brunette's friendship, but it was clear their rekindled relationship wasn't working. Looking out her window, she gazed across at Addison's house, seeing the tall woman sitting on the front porch with Kit and several other girls drinking beer. The athlete seemed to be herself, making Elle wonder if the argument had even phased her. Just then a florist delivery van pulled up in front of the Delta Nu house. Mildly curious as to which of her sisters was lucky enough to receive flowers, Elle wondered if Craig would ever apologize for his behavior that day. A moment after the van pulled away, there was a knock on her door before Kiki entered with the floral arrangement.

"Who did you get flowers from?" Elle inquired sadly.

"These aren't for me. They're for you." her friend stated putting them down on the desk. Elle looked at the large vase full of various flowers as Kiki brought her the card. "What has Craig done to send you such a large arrangement?" Kiki asked. Elle didn't respond. "Hey, what's wrong, Elle?"

The blonde shrugged her shoulders. "I just want to be alone right now, Kiki. It's not personal."

"Big fight with Craig?"

"Yeah, something like that." she replied.

"All right. I'll leave you alone, but if you want to talk, I'm here."

Elle gave her a small smile. "Thanks, Kiki."

When she was alone again, she glanced back outside. Addison was gone. She looked down at the envelope in her hand, wondering if Craig had actually decided to send her flowers for once, but

when she pulled out the card, her heart stopped momentarily. The flowers were not from Craig but Addison apologizing for her horrific behavior that day. The simple card brought tears to the blonde's eyes, but she didn't have time to cry as another knock interrupted her. She went to the door and opened it curiously.

Addison was standing there looking as pathetic as possible with a small teddy bear in one hand and a box of chocolates in the other. "Elle, I'm so sorry for today. I acted like a complete asshole. I feel terrible for what I said. Please forgive me and give me another chance." she requested humbly.

Elle's heart made her decision for her as she grabbed the tall woman around the neck for a tight hug. "Oh, Addy." she stated.

Addison wrapped her strong arms around the little woman and moved them into Elle's room, so she could close the door. Managing to discard the gifts in her hand on the desk, she cupped Elle's fair cheek with one hand and lifted her head, so they gazes could meet. "Elle, I'm sorry I was such a jerk. Craig brings out the worst in me, but that's no excuse for all the detestable things I said. Please find it in your heart to forgive me."

Elle nodded. "Yes, of course I forgive you, Addy. I'm sorry Craig was so mean to you. I didn't really believe you when he said he hated you until now. I'm sorry you had to be subjected to him."

Addison gave a nod. "I'll finish the work I agreed to do tomorrow. May I still take you out tonight?"

"I'd love to, but I can't. Actually I realized I'm supposed to be at this mixer with Craig's fraternity tonight. I was going to tell you this morning, but there was never a chance."

"Okay. I understand." the brunette responded. "What about tomorrow?"

"Sure. That sounds good."

"All right. I'll come by around ten in the morning to finish those last few hours of work I was supposed to do, and then we'll go out that evening. Have fun tonight."

When the athlete left, Elle picked up the small teddy bear and cradled it into her arms as she wondered how she would explain to Craig that there was no way she could give up her friendship with Addison. She hoped that what he had said that day was only said in anger and that he didn't really mean she had to choose between them, because she wasn't sure who would win. As much as her heart was with Addison, her obligations were with him, and she knew it would be difficult to pick Addison, especially when the brunette had no sexual interest in her. She figured she would be better off with Craig than with no one.

That night since Elle was tied up in her responsibilities with her sorority, Addison went out with Kit and a bunch of the girls from her own house. As usual they went to their favorite gay club in

the city to get drunk and flirt with all the women there. Within an hour of being there, Addison had found someone to spend her time with, a striking little blonde that reminded her of the one she couldn't have. Addison tried her best to forget about Elle and focus on the woman obviously interested in her, but even as much as she tried the Delta Nu president haunted her thoughts, making it impossible for the jock to be her confident, playful self. However by the end of the evening she still managed to secure the woman's phone number for a future date before they left.

It was close to three in the morning when they neared the campus. Addison was just sitting quietly in the back seat as she listened to her friends talk when she noticed a blonde walking alone down the sidewalk. "Hey. Isn't that Elle?" Kit asked aloud.

Addison looked closer. "Yeah. It is. Pull over, Kit." Kit pulled to the curb, and Addison jumped out. "Elle." she called. "What are you doing walking alone this late at night? It's not safe." As the blonde came closer, Addison saw the mascara streaming down the blonde's face. "Elle, what's wrong?"

"Leave me alone, Addy." the blonde whispered trying to brush by her, but Addison put a hand out to stop her.

"I can't let you walk home alone. Come on. Get in the car. We'll drop you off." The little woman shook her head defiantly. "Fine. I'll walk you then." She turned to the car and told Kit to go on without her, so within seconds they were alone. Together they strolled in silence down sorority row toward their houses. Addison just waited patiently for Elle to start talking, but the blonde never did, making the brunette even more curious as to what was going on. She merely watched the blonde out of the corner of her eye as they walked, noticing that Elle was way beyond drunk as she stumbled down the sidewalk. When they finally reached the Delta Nu house, Addison couldn't stand it any longer. "Elle, please talk to me. What happened tonight?" she inquired trying to put her arms around the small woman, but Elle pushed her away.

"You've ruined my life, Addison! Craig and I broke up, because he said it was either him or you, and I couldn't choose between you! He dumped me and called me a dyke, saying that I wanted you instead of him!"

"He such an asshole. You deserve better, Elle."

"What's worse is that it's true, but you don't want me! You think I'm a dumb blonde daddy's girl! It's always been you, Addy! You're the one I always wanted ever since I met you, but you never responded to me! I tried to win your attention and affection, but you were interested in everyone else! I've wanted you to touch me all along, but you never would, and I can't take it any more! I don't want to be your friend any longer, Addison! It's too hard! You've broken my heart once already, and if I continue to be friends with you, you'll do it again! Now just leave me alone, Addy! Just get out of my life for good!"

Addison was shocked into immobility at the words she heard coming out of the blonde. Never in her wildest imagination did she ever think Elle would actually be interested in her, but the petite woman just admitted it to her face in a drunken daze. "Elle, you're really drunk and upset right

now. I don't think you know exactly what you're saying. Why don't I just take you up to your room, and you can sleep it off?" she suggested putting an arm around her friend's shoulders to guide her up to the house.

"No!" Elle yelled pushing Addison off. "Don't touch me! Leave me alone!" Elle ran up the walk to her house but stumbled on the porch stairs, causing her to fall.

Instantly Addison was there to help her to her feet. "That's it. I don't care what you say. I'm taking you upstairs to bed. I can't have you falling like that again." Addison stated firmly picking the blonde up in her arms and tossing her over one shoulder as she unlocked the door with Elle's keys.

The whole time Elle beat on her back screaming, "Put me down, Addy! I told you not to touch me!"

"That's enough, Elle." she warned sternly, but the blonde continued to pummel her with her fists like a child throwing a tantrum. When the blonde slapped her against the back of the head, Addison finally reached her breaking point, smacking the smaller girl on her jean clad bottom. "Be quiet, Elle. Your sisters are going to think I'm raping you with the way you're carrying on."

"I said put me down now! How dare you treat me in this manner?"

"You want to act like a two year old, I'm going to treat like one. Now just settle down before you hurt yourself further." she instructed as she ascended the stairs up to the third floor. Unlocking the blonde's room, Addison walked in and unceremoniously dropped the little woman down onto the fluffy pink comforter. Elle scowled up at her. Addison barely resisted the urge to laugh at the adorable way the small woman was pouting, her lower lip extended out in defiance. "You need to go to sleep now. You'll feel better in the morning."

"I hate you, Addison Miller!" she declared.

Addison cracked a grin. Leaning down so they were on eye level, the softball player tucked Elle's golden hair back behind her ear before cupping her cheek. She lightly kissed the blue-eyed blonde's forehead as she whispered teasingly, "I hate you too, Elle Woods. See you tomorrow."

Going back to her own house, Addison ran into Kit in the kitchen. "What was wrong with Elle?" she inquired.

"She and Craig broke up. She's pretty toasted right now, so I just made sure she got home all right." Addison explained flatly.

"Then why do you look like you have the weight of the world on your shoulders?"

Looking at her best friend, she contemplated telling her what Elle had said, but she decided against it. Instead she answered, "Elle told me that they broke up because of me. As much as I hate that guy, I don't like seeing Elle like this."

“Jealous was he?”

“I guess.”

“It’s hard not to be, Addy. You’ve spent a lot of time with Elle this year, more than with anyone else.” she stated.

Addison heard the tone of her friend’s voice and knew Kit was also having difficulty accepting Elle’s new place in her life. “I’m sorry, Kit. I didn’t realize you were feeling left out.”

The shorter woman shrugged and smiled. “It’s okay. You’re in love with her, not that I blame you, and even more I think she’s in love with you, Addy. Besides I’ve been spending a lot of time with another Delta Nu too.”

“I’ve noticed that. What’s going on with you and Stacy?”

The shorter jock blushed deeply. “We are getting closer.”

“How much closer, Kit Kat?” Addison teased affectionately.

“Well, let’s just say I got a visit from her not to long ago. She’s up in my room right now in her pajamas, her very skimpy pajamas.”

“Really? Then why are you down here talking to me, you big dork?”

“I don’t know. I want to make a move, but I’m scared of being wrong. She’s such a cool girl, and I’d like for us to be more than friends, but I’m not sure that’s what she wants. She seems comfortable with me, but that doesn’t mean she wants to sleep with me.”

“Kit, she’s in your bed right now. She didn’t come over for an after midnight chit chat by chance that you were here. She was watching to see when you got home, and she came over to see you. Not only that she could’ve changed clothes first, but she didn’t. Instead she came over in her sparse pjs. She knows that you’re only a woman with needs. Sounds to me like she wants it. Give it to her. You’ll go down in history as the first one in this house to nail a Delta Nu.”

Kit grinned. “I never thought about it like that. Maybe you’re right. Maybe she’s just waiting for me to make a move. I think I’ll try to kiss her if I get a chance.”

“Great. Have fun. See you in the morning.”

Going up to her own room, Addison locked the door and went over to the window. Looking out she could see that Elle’s lights were still on, and the blonde was lying passed out on top of her bed where Addison had left her. As the softball player thought of the little woman, she wasn’t sure what she should do with the information that came to light that night. She was taken completely by surprise when Elle had admitted feelings for her, feelings Addison knew were

returned whole-heartedly. However she wondered how much Elle would remember in the morning and if she would bring up the conversation they had. Addison figured she wouldn't and that if she tried to broach it, she might alienate the small girl, so she pondered how she could let the blonde know she was interested in being more than friends now that she knew her advances would probably be accepted.

The following morning Addison slept in late. However when she finally made it down to the kitchen for breakfast, she was pleased to see Kit and Stacy sitting together at the table. The redhead was wearing some of Kit's clothes, confirming Addison's suspicions that she had indeed spent the night in her best friend's bed. Giving them a smile, she greeted them politely. Both of them grinned stupidly in her direction. Addison busied herself with a bowl of cereal as Stacy stood from the table.

"I've got to get going, but I'll see you tonight." she stated.

Kit stood and nodded. "Yeah. I'll be counting the minutes." she sweetly confessed moving into the small redhead's space.

Stacy slipped her arms around Kit's waist. "Me too." breathlessly she replied as their mouths gravitated toward each other meeting in a slow, sensuous lock. Addison tried not to stare, but she had never seen Kit be so open and loving with any other woman. When they broke apart, Kit looked dazed.

"Bye." Stacy whispered.

"Bye." Kit replied.

The redhead turned to Addison. "See you later, Addy."

"Have a good day, Stacy." she said watching the little woman leave. She turned to Kit with a bright grin. "Well, well, Kit Kat. I see I was right. She wants you."

"Oh, Addy, am I glad I took your advice."

"So, did you have sex with her?" the president asked her vice in interest.

Kit shook her head. "No, not yet but we did make out. Oh, God, does she have the softest body. She's like no one I've ever touched."

"Give me more than that. Come on. Did you feel her up? I mean where did you get those dirty paws of yours?" she joked. "Did you two get naked? Give me the dirt."

Kit flushed. "Addy, come on now. I'm not as smooth as you. I didn't get her completely naked, but I got up and close and personal with her assets. God, she's beautiful in the moonlight." she said obviously lost in thought of the woman's body.

“Well, apparently she seemed to enjoy last night as much as you did which is all that matters I suppose. You’re taking her out tonight?”

“Yeah, first date. Where should we go?”

“You want to double with Elle and me? I supposed to taking her out for the raffle date.”

“No offense but I kind of want Stacy alone. This is a real date, Addy. I want her to be comfortable, and I’m not sure she would be with Elle. I mean I think Elle would be supportive, but this is new for her, and she wants to take things slowly with her friends. She’s not sure this would go over well at the Delta Nu house.”

“Probably not. Well, I’d say not to forget the flowers, but if she wants to be discreet, I’d go with some other kind of gift like chocolates or something. Take her somewhere romantic and secluded. You could go to the art theater for a movie and then stop by the women’s bookstore for coffee and a little music and poetry. They’re having open mic night. I don’t know what she’s really into. You’ve got to help here.”

“Where are you taking Elle?”

“Probably to the club. I want it to be an authentic lesbian experience. We’ll steer clear of you and Stacy if you just tell me where you’re going ahead of time.”

“I don’t know where to take her. I want to make a good impression. She has a lot of money, so she’s used to nice things.”

“This isn’t about money, Kit. You just have to be creative. Well, I’m going to go over and see how Elle is fairing this morning. She’s probably hurting after all she drank.”

Arriving at Elle’s room a few minutes later, Addison pushed open the door without even knocking to find her friend still passed out on the bed, However sometime during the night she had disrobed, throwing her clothes around the room, leaving Addison with an unobstructed view of the body of her dreams. The athlete’s body responded to the bare form across the room from her, and for several moments she just stared in lustful fascination at the blonde’s naked back, the curvature of her hips, and her trim legs. Addison wanted nothing more than to touch the goddess, but she knew it wouldn’t be right to try to do so until she and Elle actually talked about how they felt for each other. Resigned to be respectful, the brunette grabbed the pink blanket off Elle’s chair and put it over her friend.

“Elle.” she whispered trying to rouse her friends from sleep lightly, but the small woman didn’t respond. “Elle, wake up.” When there was still no reaction, Addison put her hand on the blonde’s shoulder and shook gently. Elle still didn’t stir, concerning the dark-haired woman. Since Elle had consumed an excessive amount of alcohol, Addison briefly wondered if it had been right to leave the girl alone, because she couldn’t get Elle to react to her. “Elle Deanne Woods, wake up.” she demanded in a louder voice as she checked for a pulse in her friend’s wrist. She seemed to be breathing with a normal pulse making it her hope that Elle was just still passed out from her

drinking binge. However she was too worried to leave her alone, so she stretched out on the bed next to her and just kept vigil for the next few hours.

It was early afternoon before Elle showed signs of stirring. Addison watched as the blonde began to move and then slowly sit up. "Oh god." the tiny woman grumbled touching her forehead.

"Afternoon." quietly Addison greeted.

Elle glanced over at her, completely shocked to find Addison there in bed with her. Quickly she noticed that she was undressed. Clutching the blanket tighter around her, she inquired, "What are you doing here? How did I get- did you undress me?"

"No. I brought you home last night, but I assume you undressed yourself. Do you remember anything that happened?"

"Craig and I broke up." she replied softly.

"Yeah, that's what you told me. Anything else?" Elle shook her head. "I found you walking home drunk, so I brought you back here. You were quite feisty with me."

"Sorry. Thanks for getting me home."

"No problem. I just wanted to see how you were doing."

Elle shrugged. "Fine I guess."

"You want to talk about what happened with Craig?"

Elle couldn't meet her friend's dark eyes. She knew there was no way she could ever express what was in her heart, but she wasn't sure how to explain the situation. "You were right, Addy. He's an asshole, and he hates gays. Lately things between us have been bad, but I was determined to make it work. Last night was just the last straw. We got into an argument about my relationship with you, because he wanted me to stop being your friend, and I said I wouldn't. He, um, didn't take to kindly to that." she whispered.

"What do you mean? Was he mean to you? He didn't lay a hand on you, did he?" Addison asked on the verge of anger.

"He started yelling, saying that he wanted nothing to do with me, that I was a dyke, that I secretly wanted you, and then he..."

"He what, Elle?"

The blonde started to cry, so Addison consolingly put her arms around the small woman's bare shoulders. "He backhanded me across the face." the blonde admitted.

“He hit you? I’m going to kill him!” Addison screamed leaping from the bed. “I’m going to cut off that dick of his and shove it down his throat!”

“Addy, please, don’t yell.” Elle pleaded grabbing the top of her head. “It’s over. I just want to forget about it.”

“He shouldn’t have hit you, Elle. He needs to be taught a lesson.”

“But you don’t have to be the one to teach him. Please, Addy, don’t pick a fight with him.”

Addison nodded trying to pacify Elle. “All right. Do you remember anything else about last night?” she questioned.

Elle looked into the brown eyes she adored. She did remember what had happened between them, but she was too embarrassed to admit that to her friend. She hoped that by not mentioning it, Addison might let it go. “No.” she lied. “Anything else I need to know about?”

The jock shook her head but didn’t quite meet her eyes. “Not really. You were just being a spitfire when I tried to bring you home. You actually hit me.”

“Oh, Addison, I’m sorry.”

“It’s all right. You were just upset. It was kind of funny actually the way you were throwing a tantrum. You were so cute with that lip of yours sticking out.” she teased. “Although I’m surprised your sisters didn’t try to come to your rescue. You were throwing a fit, because I picked you up and tossed you over my shoulder when you refused help.”

“Thanks for getting me home. I’m sorry I wasn’t nice to you.”

Addison shrugged. “Well, now that you’re up, I’ll just go start on those things I was supposed to finish yesterday. I never got to clean the pool. Are you still up for our date tonight?”

“Yeah, sure. Where are we going?”

“Well, I was thinking about taking you to your first gay club. What do you think? Are you up for it, or would you rather go someplace quiet? There’s a drag show tonight, and I think you’ll have a good time. I’ll take you out to a late dinner, maybe some coffee or something, and then we’ll hit the club. How does that sound?”

“Okay. What does one wear to a drag show?”

“Anything you want, Elle. I’ll see you in a bit. I’m going out to work on the pool.”

Elle waited until Addison was gone to get off her bed. She was relieved that it seemed Addison was not going to bring up her outburst from the night before. Pretending that she didn’t remember seemed to be the correct response to keep their relationship from getting awkward.

She wondered though what would happen now that she was no longer with Craig. She did want to be with Addison, but she was afraid of what her friends might say. However she knew that regardless of whether she and the softball player began dating, she was better off without her boyfriend though.

Deciding just to break the news to her parents then, she called them and waited patiently for one of them to pick up. "Hey, Mom." she greeted when her mother answered.

"Elle, how are you, dear? How's school?"

"School's okay. Classes are fine." she answered flatly.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"Craig and I broke up last night."

"Why? What happened?"

"We just aren't meant for each other. He's changed so much, Mom, and I didn't like what he was turning into."

"But, Elle, he was perfect for you."

"No, he really wasn't, Mother. He's mean-spirited and possessive. I couldn't have my own life any more."

"Well, if you're positive it was for the best, you know your father and I support you. Are you sure it had nothing to do with this Addison fellow you've been mentioning lately?" she asked curiously.

"This has very little to do with Addison, Mom. Addy is wonderful, but Craig and I broke up, because we weren't a match any longer. This has nothing to do with my interest in Addison Miller."

"Then you are interested?" she clarified.

"Mom, it's not what you think."

"Elle, it's perfectly acceptable for you to leave Craig to be with another man if you think he is the right one for you. It doesn't matter to us what his economic status is as long as you're happy. You know you'll always have our financial support, but you said he was going to Yale law. He must be pretty smart."

"Addison is smart, Mother."

"Then he'll be able to support you once he graduates. It's okay if you'd rather be Mrs. Addison

Miller than Mrs. Craig Wyndham III. We just want you to be happy.”

“For the last time, Mother, Addison and I are only friends. We’re not dating.” she stated, wondering how she was going to correct her mother’s assumption that Addison was male.

“But you’re interested. You have what it takes to hook him.”

“I’m not exactly Addison’s type.”

“And why not? You’re beautiful and outgoing. What’s not to love about you?”

“Addison likes women that are extremely intelligent and confident. I’m afraid I just don’t stack up.”

“Then he’s not as smart as he sounds if he doesn’t realize he’ll never have any one better than you, Elle.”

“Thank you, Mother. Assuming that Addison and I did start dating, would you be able to accept someone that different?”

“He’s not that different. He doesn’t have money right now, but if he goes to Yale, he will. It would only be a matter of time.”

“I don’t mean money wise. What if Addison was a different race?”

“Well, is he?”

“No.”

“Then why are you even asking?”

“Humor me, Mom. What if Addison was a different race? Would you still be accepting?”

“If you were happy, Elle, that’s all that would matter to your father and me.”

“Well, what if Addison wasn’t a man? What if Addison really was a woman?”

“This is pointless to speculate, honey.”

“Mother, answer the question.”

“Well, Elle, I can’t really see you with another woman. It’s not something that anyone in our family has ever done before. Why are you even asking me this?” There was an extended pause in conversation. “Elle, what are you trying to tell me, dear?”

“Mom, Addy is the starting catcher for our women’s softball team here at school. She’s a

woman, Mom. Addison is brilliant and fun, and I think I like her.” hesitantly she stated, hoping that her mother would take kindly to the idea.

“Oh, my. Elle, this certainly a surprise. Your father and I had no idea you were this way. Why haven’t you said anything before now? How long have you felt this way?” she inquired in interest.

Relieved at the apparent acceptance, Elle said, “Ever since I met her freshman year I guess. She’s amazing, Mother.”

“Then why were you with Craig all this time if this is the way you felt?”

“Because I thought that’s what everyone wanted me to do.” she responded.

“Oh, darling, we only want you to be happy. If Addison Miller makes you happy, then you bring her out here to meet us, and we will embrace her with open arms. Okay?”

“Thank you, Mother. You have no idea how much that means to me. I’ve been so afraid you and Dad wouldn’t understand, but as I said Addison and I aren’t dating. I don’t even think she likes me as more than a friend.”

“Impossible. You are the most beautiful girl on that campus. She would be blind not to be interested in you.”

“This is about more than looks, Mom. Addy wants a strong woman.”

“You can be strong, Elle. You can be whatever it takes to win her. I know you can.”

“Well, thanks for the talk. I have to get going.”

“All right, dear. You bring that Addison out here to meet us if you want.”

“Okay. I’ll talk to her about it. Talk to you soon. I love you.”

“Love you too, angel. Bye.”

Sighing in relief Elle hung up the phone and moved to get dressed. After a shower she decided to slip into her bikini and read out by the pool in order to watch the woman of her dreams hard at work. Heading outside she found Stacy sitting there with a book on a lounge chair, but her usual sisters were missing from their perches. “Hey, Stacy.” she greeted sliding into a chair next to her friend.

“Hey, Elle. I heard about what happened last night. So sorry about that.”

“It was time. Craig and I just weren’t meant to be.”

“Well, Addison and Kit were both concerned about you with the way you were stumbling drunk.” she mentioned.

Elle furrowed her brows at her friend. “You saw Addy and Kit last night? How is that possible? You were at the mixer with me.”

“I was still up when Addison brought you home. I went over to their house find out what happened.”

Elle nodded effectively ending their conversation as they both turned to their books, but she thought it interesting that Stacy would seek out Kit and Addison in the middle of the night. She knew it was after three in the morning when she left the party. The blonde wondered if her friend was getting closer to the shy point guard and softball pitcher. Looking across the way, she saw Addison standing pool side in a pair of tiny running shorts and a tank top collecting debris from the water. On her head she wore a red bandana that covered her dark hair, and sunglasses were hiding her brown eyes. Her thoughts were broken by a comment from Stacy that she missed. “What was that?” the blonde inquired innocently turning to the redhead.

Stacy cracked a knowing smile. “I said she looks sexy like that, doesn’t she?” Elle didn’t answer but flushed brightly. “Elle, it’s okay. She likes you as much as you do her.” her friend informed her.

Elle looked at her sorority sister intently for a moment. “You think?” she finally inquired.

“I know. Kit told me so.”

“Really?” Stacy nodded. “What about you? Do you like Kit?”

It was the redhead’s turn to blush. “You can’t tell anyone.” she said.

“Never. Anything happen between you?”

“Well, as I said I went over to find out what happened last night.” she started.

“Yeah and?” the blonde pressed.

“I spent the night.”

“Really? You slept with Kit? What was it like?” Elle asked, her blue eyes widening in wonder at her sister’s bravery.

“We didn’t have sex, but she did kiss me. It was amazing.” she answered.

Both girls giggled causing Addison to glance over at them. “So, anything else?” Elle queried.

“We made out a little and then fell asleep. It was wonderful to be held in her arms. It’s never

been like that for me with anyone before. I think I'm in love with her."

"Oh, that's so great, Stacy. I'm happy for you."

"You should take the chance too, Elle. From what Kit told me, Addy is dying for your attention. She wants you so badly."

"You really think so?"

"Yeah. What do you have to lose?"

"I don't know. I'm scared. I'm not as strong as you are."

"You never know unless you try." Stacy stated before looking back to her book.

Two months into the school year Addison and Elle was still only friends, even though they hung out together constantly. Kit and Stacy had begun a relationship discreetly with only the four of them knowing anything about it, but the sisters of the Delta Nu house seemed displeased with the sudden absences of their president and the redhead, causing mild dissension among the group as to why the two spent so much time across the street.

One evening during a house meeting, the agenda moved to new business. As soon as Elle had called for any new concerns, Kiki stated, "I think this would be a good time to discuss Stacy's place in this house since she's managed to miss yet another meeting."

"I second that." one of the other seniors agreed.

"What do you girls suggesting we do?" Elle asked.

"I want her thrown out of Delta Nu. She's giving the whole house a bad name by associating with Kit Johnson and Addison Miller. People are starting to think we're dykes too. You're not helping matters either, Elle." Kiki said. "We are a respectable group, and Stacy has sullied our reputation. She's sleeping with Kit Johnson."

Even though Elle knew for a fact that she was, she was not about to make that fact known to the rest of the house. "We have no basis for kicking her out even if that were true."

"Of course we do. She hasn't complied with the house rules. She's missed three meetings in a row. That's a written regulation."

"Some of our other girls miss meetings, and we're not evicting them. Why Stacy? She's an excellent member. I think you're just being homophobic, Kiki. We can't kick her out, because you suspect she might be sleeping with another woman. Even if she was, we can't kick her out for that reason alone. There is nothing in our bylaws that says you have to be heterosexual to be a

member of Delta Nu. That would be discriminatory.” Elle defended. “Personally, I like having Stacy here, because she gives our house class. She’s bright and popular. If we throw her out, some other house will invite her in, and we’ll have lost a good sister. Who else here thinks Stacy should be evicted?” she asked the group. The majority of the girls raised their hands. “Ladies, we can’t throw her out, because she’s friends with Kit Johnson. That would be like asking me to leave, because I’m friends with Addison Miller. Is that what you want?” The room was silent. “Well?” Elle demanded.

“Elle, you’re the president of Delta Nu. Asking you to resign is a little more serious than asking Stacy to leave.” Kiki said.

“But is that the way this is going? I mean I’m not going to stop being friends with Addison and Kit.”

“Yes, we know that, but you’re also not letting Addison Miller fuck you, Elle.” Kiki stated irritably.

“And you think Stacy and Kit are...”

“We’ve all heard them, Elle. Stacy can’t even do that stuff in private. She has to throw it in our faces by having that dyke into her room here at the house.”

“You have not heard them.” Elle protested. “Stacy is not sleeping with Kit Johnson.” she declared just as the door at the back of the room opened.

All eyes turned to see Stacy standing there. The redhead’s eyes locked on Elle’s as she came to the end of the table. “Sorry I’m late. What’s going on?”

Elle sighed. “Stacy, the house has raised some concerns about your relationship with Kit Johnson. They think that your friendship with her is beginning to hurt the house’s reputation, and Kiki here said that she suspects the true nature of your relationship with Kit is sexual. I was just telling them that contrary to what they thought you were in fact not having a sexual relationship with Kit Johnson regardless of how it looked.” she explained as evenly as she could. “We are in the middle of discussing your place in the house right now because of this concern.”

Stacy’s eyes left Elle’s and scanned the table. “While I appreciate your defense, Elle, I am sleeping with Kit Johnson, and I don’t give a damn what any of you think. If you want to throw me out, because you’re so close-minded and snobby, then do so. I don’t need any of you to be happy, and I don’t want to be where I’m not wanted. I know who my real friends are.” she said looking back at Elle.

“According to the house rules, Stacy, you can’t miss more than three meetings. You’ve missed two and are late to this one. One more and we’ll have no choice except to vote on your dismissal.” Elle stated.

“I understand.”

“Well, if that’s all, this meeting is adjourned.” Elle and Stacy stood there until the room was clear. “Stacy, why did you do that?”

“Because I’m tired of living a double life, Elle. I love Kit, and if the girls of this house can’t accept that, then I should leave. I’ve already arranged for an apartment next semester, and if I get kicked out before then, Addison and Kit have already said I can temporarily have the spare room at their house. I don’t really want to be here any longer, Elle.”

“I don’t want you to leave, Stacy. You’re the only one I can talk to.”

“You’ll be fine, Elle, and so will I. It takes more than the Delta Nus to get the better of me. I’ve learned from Kit and Addison what it means to be strong, and I know I can survive a little discrimination. Being blackballed by this sorority isn’t the end of my life. Those of you who are really my friends will continue to spend time with me, and those who aren’t won’t. It’s that simple.”

“Kit really makes you that happy?”

“Yes and I’m convinced that you could be as happy with Addison if you just let yourself try. You don’t need the Delta Nus. They aren’t your real friends if they can’t support you.”

With a smile the blonde hugged her friend. “I’m going to miss seeing you around here every morning.”

“Not to worry, Elle. With our girlfriends being best friends, it’s not like we won’t still spend a lot of time together. Besides if you ever decide to leave the house maybe we can get an apartment together. I’ve got some studying to do now.”

Shocked and surprised by the events of the evening, Elle wandered over to see if Addison was home. The athlete was in her room studying when she arrived. “Hey, what’s up?” Addison asked casually.

Elle plopped down in the recliner. “The house is trying to kick Stacy out for dating Kit.”

“What? How did they even find out about that?”

“They said they suspected, but Stacy actually confirmed it. She said she was tired of hiding, but I don’t know what to do. She wants to leave, and the rest of the girls want to vote her out. I don’t want her to go, Addy. Sometimes it’s tough being the president.”

“Yeah but I’m sure she knows it’s not you. Stacy is a reasonable person. She knows you’re just doing your job as the president of the house.”

“Yeah but it sucks, because I feel like I’m punishing one of my best friends for being herself. It’s not right, Addy.”

“No, it’s not. Stacy made her choice by coming out to the house. She probably had a good idea of what would happen. It’s the path she’s chosen. All you can do now is support her. She and Kit are in love, and she’s done a brave thing by telling you that. She needs us now more than ever.”

Elle nodded in agreement. “I wish I could be that brave.” the blonde mumbled.

“You are.” Addison said.

“No, not like Stacy. She knew what she wanted and wouldn’t let anyone stop her from getting it. I’m not that strong. I care too much about what other people think.”

“Well, sometimes that’s okay. I mean take me for example. I care greatly about your opinion and Kit’s, Stacy’s, and my families. I just don’t let those people who are apathetic rule my decisions, but that doesn’t mean I don’t give consideration to what others think. It’s okay to consider others, Elle, but it’s letting them make your choices for you that’s the problem.”

“You really think I’m brave?” Elle asked.

“Yeah. I mean look at you. You’re my friend when you know how much trouble it can cause you with your sisters. I don’t see you running away scared, and you stood up to Craig as well. It’s takes a strong person to stand up to a bully.”

“Addy, do you think I’m confident?” Elle inquired.

The brunette smiled. “You grow more confident everyday, Elle. You’ve always had it in you, but you’ve channeled it. You’ve really come into your own this year. Breaking up with Craig has been good for you. I’d really like to see you continue down that path by finding the right place in which to go for grad school.”

“I’ve been thinking about that a lot actually, Addy. You’re the only one that believes I can make something of myself.”

“One can be enough.”

“It is enough. I’m going to apply to law school too.”

“Really? I think that’s a great idea. Where do you think you want to go?”

“I don’t know, but I think I can get into a top tier school.”

“What kind of grades do you have?” the brunette asked curiously.

“I have a 4.0.”

“You do? What is your major again?”

Elle nodded. "It's philosophy. What's your GPA?"

"I have a 3.8 in poly sci. Well, hell, you could get into Harvard or Yale with those scores too. Wouldn't that be fun to go to law school together?" she asked.

"That would be fun. Maybe we should apply to the same places."

"When are you taking your LSATs?"

"In December. Have you taken them yet?"

"Yeah. I took it last July, got a 176. Have you been studying?"

"Yeah, a little."

"Elle, you need to study a lot. You want some help with your stuff? I'll study with you if you want."

"That would be great."

"Cool. Whenever you want to go over it, just let me know."

"Okay. What are you doing this Friday night?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"There's this party I'm going to. Will you go with me?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Great. Well, I'll let you get back to your studying."

Continued in Part 3

The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive

~ The Dyke and The Debutante ~

by Alex Tryst

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Disclaimer: See Part 1

The following Friday night Addison and Elle went to a party on campus. Things were going all right, even though Elle was drinking more than Addison thought was wise, until the jock spotted Craig enter. Elle was too busy hanging on her as she socialized with people to notice at first, and it appeared that he didn't see them either much to Addison's relief. However she wasn't sure she could go through the evening without a confrontation with the baseball player, but she decided she would do her best to ignore him.

About ten minutes later though she heard his voice rise above the noise of the music as he yelled, "Well, the king of the dyke squad finally has gotten her queen!" He sneered down at Elle. "I knew you deserved each other."

"Craig, just leave us alone." Addison stated. "We're over here out of your way, so you just go on and be an arrogant asshole. Elle wants nothing to do with you."

"What the fuck does that have to do with anything? You stole what was rightly mine! She whored herself out to you! You and I have a problem!"

Unable to control her anger, Addison took a swing at him, landing it squarely in his nose. It broke under the pressure as blood spewed all over the both of them. "Yeah, we have a problem all right!" she screamed. "You hit Elle! You think you're such a big man to hit a woman, much less one her size! You want to fight, try me, Craig!" she yelled pushing him roughly.

Craig charged her knocking her over a table of beer. Both of them went flying over to the ground on the other side as the sound of glass shattered around them, Addison landing on top of him. Both of them wildly swung at each other even though Elle was hollering for them to stop.

"I'm going to kill you!" Craig shouted grabbing Addison by her shoulder length hair with one hand as he slammed his other fist into her jaw.

Addison growled angrily at him as she managed to yank free. "Not if I kill you first, you bastard!" she roared smashing his head against the concrete floor repeatedly as she continued to hammer him with her punching. Finally though people got them separated. Both of them still tried to go after one other even after being restrained by hurling insults at each other.

Elle moved over to Addison and stared up at her harshly. "Stop it, Addy! That's enough!" she admonished. She then turned a cold stare on Craig. "You leave Addison alone, Craig. You broke up with me, remember? She had nothing to do with this, so you leave her out of it."

"Fuck you, dykes." Craig grumbled before being escorted away from the scene.

Once the crowd had dissipated, Elle and Addison were left to themselves for a few moments. "Sorry, Elle. I know you don't like it when we fight. He just has to understand that I won't tolerate his attitude toward me and especially you. You deserve to have your honor defended." she stated.

Addison's words softened her. Instead of berating the tall woman for fighting, she found herself

whispering, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. I'll always protect you, Elle."

"Did he hurt you at all?" she asked in concern fingering the brunette's swollen jawline.

"It's nothing, just a bruise. It'll go away. He's worse off than I am."

"Yeah, you really hurt him and his ego. He was bleeding everywhere. I just hope that it ends here, but I have a bad feeling about this. I hope he doesn't come back when we least expect it."

"Not to worry. I'll be ready if he decides he wants more. You ready to head back to the party now?" Addison inquired lightly encircling the blonde's waist.

As Elle gazed up into those brown eyes of her friend, suddenly the last thing on her mind was the party. All she wanted was to be alone with this woman being held in her strong arms. "I think I've had enough to drink. Maybe we should go." she suggested.

Addison nodded in agreement, so the two took each others hand as they started to walk back to their houses. Coming to a stop in front of the Delta Nu house, they hugged for a moment. "Well, thanks for the interesting night. I'm sorry again it ended in a fight." Addison said.

As the tall woman pulled away, Elle felt the loss immediately. Trying not to sound desperate, she mentioned, "It's still early. You want to come up? We can watch a movie or something?"

Not wanting to be away from the blonde, Addison gave a nod in agreement. "Sure. That sounds like fun."

Elle smiled brightly leading Addison into the house by the hand. "Great. I'll even make some popcorn. Why don't you go on up to my room?"

Addison did as she was told. Being a Friday night, most of the girls of the house were out, so the athlete didn't see anyone as she walked up to the third floor. Since Elle's room was already open, she admitted herself, taking a seat on the double bed and kicking off her shoes. Elle came in a few minutes later with a large bowl of popcorn and several movies. "What do you have there?" the brunette inquired.

The blonde set the movies down on the bed for Addison to see. She noted that all of them were emotional girl movies, but she decided that she would gladly endure a sappy film to be with the woman she adored. Elle saw the look on Addison's face, but she still questioned, "See anything you want to watch?"

The brunette rolled her eyes playfully. "Oh, yeah. I'm just dying to see all these."

"I'm sorry, Addy, but I don't have anything else."

“It’s all right. Let’s watch ‘Steel Magnolias.’ At least it has Julia Roberts in it.” she stated.

Elle gave a nod in agreement before putting it in and taking a seat on the bed as well. The two of them were quiet as they watched the movie, but as it progressed, their arms naturally found their way around each other as Elle leaned her head onto Addison’s shoulder. Two hours later as the credits rolled Addison tried to untangle herself from the sleepy smaller woman, but Elle refused to relinquish her hold. “Stay here tonight, Addy.” she suggested. “Don’t leave me.”

Meeting the blue eyes, the tall woman knew she was helpless to resist. “All right but I have to go to the bathroom first before bed. I’ll be back.”

While Addison was out of the room, Elle took the opportunity to change into her pajamas. Deciding on a revealing pink ensemble, she slipped into it before pulling on her pink robe that was adorned with faux fur. When the softball player returned to find her friend dressed that way, she wanted to laugh at the craziness of the blonde’s style, but even more she wanted to unleash the deep groan welling in her chest at the sight of the blonde’s breasts practically tumbling out of the top of her silk tank. Elle gave a smile asking, “Do you want something to wear?” Addison couldn’t even verbally respond, instead shaking her head quickly. “All right. I just need to wash my face. I’ll be right back. Make yourself comfortable.”

As soon as the tiny woman left the room, Addison let out a strangled moan. She wondered how she would make it through the night with her fantasy sleeping next to her in so little. Deciding just to enjoy the moment and not worry, she stripped off her own clothes until she was only in her t-shirt and women’s jockey boxer shorts. Not knowing which side the blonde usually slept on, she just waited and looked around the room.

Within minutes Elle came back. As she saw the tall dark-haired woman standing there in her underwear, her heart began to hammer nervously. Addison’s body was perfectly displayed in the outfit she was wearing, her strong legs flexing instinctively as the tall woman shifted from one foot to the other.

“I didn’t know which side you slept on.” Addison mumbled.

“Oh, the middle usually but on this side I guess.”

Addison nodded and headed to the far side of the full size bed. More casually than she felt, she slid in and then watched as Elle slipped out of her robe, laying it over her desk chair. Their eyes met briefly for a moment as the blonde came to bed and got in as well. Elle turned off the bedside light leaving them in darkness. At first both of them stayed to themselves as they laid in quiet dark. However as they both began to be a little more comfortable with the idea of being in bed together, their bodies sought each other out, and it was only a matter of time before Addison was spooning against the petite woman as she held her in strong arms.

“You know, Elle, I’ve missed the little sleep overs we used to have.” she whispered.

“Me too. This is nice.” she admitted lightly rubbing the brunette’s forearm. “Good night, Addy.”

“Night, Elle. Sweet dreams.”

Later that night Addison was awakened by noise outside. She heard what was obviously drunk frat guys talking loudly, so she got out of bed and went to the window to investigate. Squinting to see into the darkness, she saw Craig and two of his cronies standing in front of her sorority house. As she watched one of them went up to the front door with a can of spray paint, and she immediately reached for the phone to call security. Even as much as the brunette wanted to go out and put a stop to the incident herself, the bat in Craig’s hand kept her where she was as she simply continued to observe while security was dispatched.

After several moments the three of them congregated half way up the walk to the house, and Addison watched at the baseball player hurled something through the front window before taking off. The shattering of glass awoke the blonde as she jumped up from her bed.

“What was that, Addy?” she asked coming to Addison in the dark and looking out the window.

“I just watched Craig vandalize my house. I’m going to kill that jerk.” she grumbled as security arrived on the scene. “I have to go take care of this. Go back to sleep.” she said making a move to slip on her clothes in the dark.

“You’re coming back, aren’t you?”

“We’ll see. It depends on how long this takes.”

“Then I want to come with you.” Elle insisted reaching for her robe.

Addison didn’t protest and led the way outside to speak to campus security. By the time she made her way across the street, her entire house was awake and inspecting the damage to their house. “Was anyone hurt?” she asked her girls in concern. When they all answered they were fine, Addison then inquired, “What was thrown through the window?”

Kit stepped forward holding a brick in her hand. “Here. I believe this message is for you, Addy.” she stated.

The house president took the brick and looked down at it. Painted across it was the message “Miller Must Die”. “Yeah, that’s for me all right. What did they write on the door?”

“Fuck you, dykes.” Kit replied.

“Addison, do you have any idea who did this?” the female officer asked.

“I know who did it. I stood in the window over there and watched them. It was Craig Wyndham.”

“How do you know that for sure?”

“How many guys on this campus drive a black Porsche convertible? Besides I know it was him, because I saw his face when he jumped in the car. He was wearing a dark shirt and jeans. There was a bandage on the back of his head, and when I saw his face, his eyes and nose were all swollen. He received those injuries tonight during a fight at a party. I know it was him. You all have to do something about this. He’ll just keep doing it until he’s stopped. He really doesn’t like me.”

“Have you given him any reason to dislike you?”

“You mean other than being in existence?” Addison quipped. “Yeah, he’s pissed at me, because he thinks I stole his girlfriend.”

Instinctively all eyes moved to Elle for confirmation. “It’s not true, though. Craig broke up with me several weeks ago, and Addison and I are just friends. He has a real problem with gays, so I don’t doubt for minute that he could’ve done this.”

“Did you see them, Elle?”

“No. I was asleep, and I woke up to see Addy standing by the window. I jumped out of bed and rushed to it just in time to see a black Porsche race away.”

The female officer nodded as she jotted down notes. “All right. I think we have enough to go on to at least question him. I should take that brick for evidence.” Addison handed it over, and everyone began to disburse. Addison and Elle stood for another moment before the officer asked to speak to Addison alone.

Going over to the squad car, the brunette asked, “What’s up?”

The officer glanced over at Elle and then back at the tall woman. “Addison, you know I support your sorority, and I also have suspected through the years that Craig Wyndham was behind this vandalism. You have a real enemy, Addison, and I just want you to be extremely careful. Death threats shouldn’t be taken lightly.”

“I know, but I don’t want my sisters to see that I’m scared for us. I’m supposed to be the strong one. It’s me he wants.”

The officer cracked a smile grin. “Well, it doesn’t help that you’re sleeping with his girlfriend.” she joked.

Addison laughed lightly. “I wish.” she replied. “Is that all?”

“You watch your back. I don’t want to see any of you girls getting hurt.”

“I will. Do you think you have enough to get him this time?”

“I hope. The fact that you’re an eyewitness helps, and the death threat will give this top priority. I want to nail that jerk as much as you do. I’ll do all I can.”

“I appreciate that. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to get back to bed.” she stated with an audacious smile.

“Have fun.” the office stated to her retreating form.

Going back to Elle, Addison put an arm around her shoulders. “I think I should stay here the rest of the night in case they come back.”

“Then I’ll stay with you. I don’t want you here, Addy. It’s too dangerous. Craig isn’t going to stop.”

“I’m not running from Craig Wyndham or any one else. Come on now. Let’s get back to bed.”

The following weekend Delta Nu house threw its annual fall party, but Addison’s entire house was invited to the festivities for the first time in history instead of just having to watch from afar. For the most part there weren’t any problems between houses with almost everyone getting along, with the exception of many of the upperclassmen from the Delta Nu house being rude to their guests.

As Addison stood outside by the pool socializing with other people from campus, she looked across the way to see Elle standing there in a pink sweater set and black pants laughing with some girls from another sorority as she idly sipped wine from her plastic cup. Just then Addison’s dark eyes met Elle’s blue ones. The blonde smiled at her making the softball player’s insides turn into liquid desire and yet she shivered even in her wool sweater. Elle looked beautiful that night, her long golden hair blowing gently in the fall breeze, and her eyes were showing something that Addison had never seen before. The tall woman couldn’t take her eyes off the small woman, every few minutes seeking her out in the heavy crowd, and it seemed Elle was continuously looking her way as well.

Toward the end of the night as people began to fizzle out, the brunette made her way over to Elle. “Hey. I haven’t talked to you all night.” she mentioned.

“I know. I’ve been missing you.” the blonde answered putting her arms around Addison’s waist. She nuzzled the athlete’s sweater for a moment before looking up into her eyes. “Take me upstairs, Addy.” she whispered seductively.

Addison’s heart stopped at the way her friend was gazing at her. Those blue eyes spoke of a longing that Addison felt in her soul, and she knew she wanted to go up to Elle’s bedroom more than she wanted anything else in the world at that moment. However she could smell the alcohol pouring off the blonde making her realize that once again it was the wine talking. Giving a friendly smile, Addison nodded. “Sure, Elle. Let’s go.”

Before she could even say more, the tiny woman grabbed her by the hand and dragged her

toward the house. The blonde was clearly on a mission as she practically dragged the jock up the flights of stairs to the third floor. When they were inside the room, Elle locked the door behind them and then stared at Addison with sexual intent. She moved to the brunette and unceremoniously began to pull the dark sweater off her friend.

Addison's body began to tremble with fervor as the blonde's hands worked the sweater over her head before working on the buttons on her polo shirt. "Um, Elle, what are you doing?" she finally managed to ask as small hands moved to her belt.

"I want you... to stay here." she whispered, inside kicking herself for not just being honest with the tall woman. Trying again she softly said, "I want you to make love to me."

Addison groaned as the little woman's hands encircled her bare hips and ran up her naked back. Instinctually her own hands moved to Elle's body pulling the blonde closer. She dipped her head nuzzling the blonde hair as her lips grazed Elle's ear. As much as Addison wanted to comply with the sensual plea, she knew it would be wrong with Elle being so intoxicated. She wanted their first time together and Elle's first time in general to be more than a drunken, frenzied lay. "Elle, I love you, but I can't." she responded quietly.

The small woman pulled back and looked up at the woman she wanted, trying hard not to cry at the rejection she was receiving. "You don't love me that way?" she queried.

Not knowing how to respond, the softball player dropped her head forward breaking their gaze. "Elle, we're friends. You're asking me to step over that line, and not only that you're asking me to take your virginity. You deserve your first time to be with someone you love."

"But I love you, Addy." she stated. "I thought you loved me too."

"I do, Elle, which is why I can't do this. We've both had too much to drink. It shouldn't be this way. It should be romantic and special, and I can't give you that tonight. I'm sorry." Addison said as gently as possible as she began to redress.

Seeing the woman she loved preparing to leave, the blonde reached for her again. "Addy, please don't go. Stay with me tonight. I don't want to go to bed alone."

Cupping the petite woman's face, Addison shook her head. "Sweetie, I can't. You're too much of a temptation. You're beautiful and sexy, and if I stayed I'm not sure I could keep my resolve. I think come morning you'll be glad that we didn't do this." She moved out of Elle's arms and went to the door. The blonde was just standing there looking crestfallen. "Good night, Elle. I'll see you tomorrow."

Elle watched Addison leave before breaking down into tears. Her heart couldn't bear the refusal of the athlete, and she sunk to her bed as she began to shake in sobs. She didn't know how she would face Addison the next day after what had transpired between them, because she felt embarrassed by coming onto the tall woman. Wondering what to do, she drifted to sleep.

As soon as Addison left the Delta Nu house, she raced back to her own. However instead of going to her room, she banged on Kit's door. It took a moment before the shorter brunette answered groggily. "Sorry to wake you, but I have to talk to you right now." Addison announced barging into the room as Kit flipped on the lights. The catcher saw Stacy in bed and suddenly felt bad for the intrusion, mumbling, "Sorry, Stacy. I didn't realize you were here as well. I really need to talk to someone."

"What's wrong?" the redhead asked sitting up as Kit came back to the bed.

"I have a problem. I just left Elle's. She asked me to have sex with her."

"What the hell are you doing here then? That's what you wanted. Why aren't you over there right now getting your fill of your fantasy girl?" Kit admonished.

Addison shook her head. "Because she was drunk. It wouldn't have been right. I don't know what to do now though. You know how bad I want her, Kit. Did I just screw up? Should I have stayed? Will I ever get a real chance?" the tall woman questioned flopping into the desk chair and looking at her friends helplessly.

"No, you didn't screw up, Addison." Stacy assured her. "It was right of you to walk away, because she was drunk. Think about what might have happened had you two had sex and then she woke up in the morning? That would've been harmful to your relationship."

"Rejecting her just now didn't help either." the brunette mumbled.

"It was a no win situation, Addison, and you picked the lesser of two evils. Sure you might've had the woman of your dreams but not the way you wanted. It would've been a let down for you." Kit said agreeing with her girlfriend.

"But will I ever get the real Elle Woods? That's what I want to know. Maybe I should've taken what was offered in case I never got another chance."

"Definitely not. You did the right thing, Addison." Stacy stated. "Elle does want you, but it's going to take time. Maybe you need to go to her instead of waiting on her to come to you. Clearly she has an interest if she asked you to sleep with her. Why not talk to her about the way you feel? I think it'll get you farther in the long run."

"I don't know. I'll think about it. I've wasted enough of your time for one night. Sorry I barged in."

"It's fine. You know we're always here for you." Kit told her friend.

"Well, I have something to do in my room now." she joked referring to abating her desires. "See you two later."

Both of them chuckled. "Good night, Addison. Keep the moans and groans to a dull roar. We are

right next door.” Kit instructed.

Over the next few weeks things were awkward between the blonde and brunette. Elle always made an excuse not to be alone with Addison, confirming the jock’s suspicion that she had done their relationship permanent damage. However she was convinced it would’ve been worse had she taken Elle in their intoxicated state. Resigned to the fact that things were no longer intimate between them, the softball player tried her best to seem unaffected by the change. Nevertheless when she was alone in her room at night, she still gazed across the street into the window of the woman of her dreams and wished things were different.

Addison’s twenty second birthday was right before winter break that year. Being that it was during exam week, all her house mates decided to throw her a huge party after their final exams, inviting many non-sorority sisters to the function as well. That night the tall woman was just socializing with her guests when she noted the entrance of the little blonde.

Elle was in a pink cashmere sweater and jeans looking decidedly uncomfortable as she said hello to Stacy and Kit who were making out near the door. Excusing herself from her conversation, Addison made her way over. Elle looked up to see the athlete coming toward her, and she began to wonder why she had agreed to come at all. Ever since the horrible incident between them, she didn’t like being around her friend. She was too mortified at the way she had acted that it was easier to pretend that she and the softball player weren’t friends any longer. She had started to devote endless time to the Delta Nus, essentially turning her back on the one person that meant the most to her, because she didn’t know how to handle herself.

“Hey, Elle. Thanks for coming.” Addison said.

The blonde gave a nervous little nod. “Happy birthday, Addy. Here.” She handed the tall woman a wrapped box.

“Thanks. You didn’t have to get me anything. Should I open it now?”

“No. You can do it later. It’s nothing really.” she replied.

“Okay. You want something to drink? I think I might be able to scrounge up some wine for you.”

“I’m fine. Thanks though. I’m just going to say hi to some people. Excuse me. Okay?”

“Sure.” Addison answered not letting how much the brush off hurt her feelings.

As the blonde walked away, Addison shot a helpless glance at Stacy and Kit. “Don’t worry about it. I’ll fix this.” Kit stated. “You two shouldn’t be like this. I’ve got an idea.” Later that evening as the group got more festive with their drinking Kit announced that they should play spin the bottle to liven the party even more. Most of the women were up for the game, so they all sat in a large circle. However Elle didn’t participate, instead hovering in the background watching. After

everyone had gone at least once, Kit looked up at Elle who was standing just behind Addison. “Elle, why don’t you sit in just this once? Be a good sport for the birthday girl, will you?”

All eyes moved challengingly toward the little woman. She weighed her options quickly. The worse that could happen was that the bottle would land on her, and Addison would have to kiss her, but the probability of that was minute given the size of the group. “All right, Kit, but just for this one spin.” she responded taking a seat next to Addison. She gave the brunette a look before focusing on the bottle.

Addison spun for her turn, praying silently that it would land on the woman next to her. As it went round and round in the circle, her stomach began to churn. Her eyes drifted across the way to Kit. Her best friend gave a sly grin and wink, making her wonder if the pitcher was planning something. As the glass bottle began to come to a stop, everyone watched expectantly. When it had slowed almost to the end of its journey, Kit extending her hand, roughly stopping it directly on Elle. The whole group murmured under their breaths as the shorter brunette gave a triumphant smile and stated, “Would you look at that? Addison has to kiss the homecoming queen.” Even though it was in clear violation of the rules to impede the bottle in any way, no one said anything as Addison and Elle looked at each other awkwardly. “Well, go on, birthday girl. Eat your Delta Nu treat. You’ve always wanted to have one of those blondes.” she said crassly.

Addison shot her best friend a look. Even though Kit was playing the part of the jerk that moment perfectly, she knew her best friend was only trying to help her win the woman she wanted. Deciding to take the chance, she turned to Elle. Her eyes met the anxious blue ones, but she didn’t let that stop her. Leaning over to Elle, she cupped the back of the petite woman’s fair head. Their eyes remained locked as Addison closed in, but as soon as their lips brushed, everything seemed to melt away except the two of them. Instinctively their arms found their way around each other as the innocent kiss became a more intimate one. It was only when the hooting from their audience began that they broke apart. Their gazes were still only on each other for several moments, expressing more than all the words they had ever exchanged.

Finally Elle looked at Kit, giving her a victorious smile. “There. You didn’t think I would do it, did you?” she questioned before standing a leaving the game.

Addison watched the blonde head over to some other women not playing the game before excusing herself as well. Even though she joined the conversation the blonde was in, they didn’t speak of what had just transpired. About an hour later though, several of the sisters brought out a birthday cake for their president. After the traditional birthday song and wish, Kit asked, “So, Addy, what did you wish for this year? Tell us, and we’ll make it true.”

Addison smiled at the group collectively. “Well, my wish was two-fold, only one part of which I’ll tell you. The first part of my wish was to kiss Elle again.” she stated boldly, looking over at the blue-eyed angel of her dreams. The crowd looked at the blonde expectantly, but the athlete continued teasingly, “But without an audience this time.”

“Well, maybe you’ll get that wish.” Kit conceded with a laugh as she began slicing the cake for the guests. All the women in the room chuckled lightly with the exception of Elle and Addison,

who remained staring at each other intently.

Elle finally broke the look passing between them. Her heart was hammering wildly at the way the softball catcher was acting. She had often fantasized of the tall woman being aggressive with her, the woman's sexy confidence making her body simmer in sexual excitement, and at the moment Elle was on fire from the dark eyes. Making her way out of the room, she headed out the back door to stand on the porch. The cold December air did nothing however to cool her passion. Dropping her head down, she sighed. She didn't know what to do to make her feelings for the tall woman disappear, and furthermore she didn't want them to, regardless of how the brunette felt.

For the first time in her life, Elle felt truly alive by the emotions that whirled within her whenever she was near Addison. Everything in her yearned for the all-star catcher, and even though it was difficult to take rejection from her friend, she wouldn't change the excitement she felt whenever the tall woman was near. As torn as she was over their relationship, secretly Elle still savored every moment, even as awkward as it was to her not to have gotten her way by virtue of being who she was. Suddenly the sound of the screen door creaking pulled her from her thoughts. Turning to look over her shoulder, she saw Addison standing there holding one of her jackets.

"I thought you could use this if you were going to stay out here. It's cold out tonight." she stated shyly.

Elle took the extended garment. "Thanks." she replied slipping it on. She chuckled inside at how the jock's p-coat dwarfed her.

Addison wanted to smile at the sight of Elle wearing her coat. It was considerably too large, but the blonde still managed to look so alluring to the athlete. Nervously Addison shoved her hands into the front pockets of her tight jeans. "Listen, I'm sorry if you were uncomfortable tonight during the game. Kit was just trying to help me out, but she could've been a little less crude."

Elle shrugged. "Well, she just wanted you to have something to remember on your birthday I guess. I know you've always wanted to kiss one of the Delta Nus." she mumbled turning her back on her friend.

The tall woman shook her head. "You know, Elle, as much as I've said that, that's not really true. I've never just wanted any Delta Nu. There's only been one I've ever truly desired." she whispered. "I only wanted the president." she stated moving behind the blonde and sliding her arms around the small waist. Elle shivered in her arms. "I've only ever wanted you, Elle. You're the queen of my heart, always have been." she murmured against the tiny ear as her nose nuzzled Elle's blonde hair.

Elle gasped at the unexpected gesture, and it was hard for her to even process the information she was just presented as Addison's hands snaked into the coat. They mapped across the cashmere sweater, taking in her flat midsection and hips as the athlete's mouth kissed along her soft neck. The blonde's head began to spin and her body respond to the sensuous feeling, but she suddenly

jolted back to reality when those same hands found her breasts. Instantly Elle jerked away from Addison's arms, retreating a few steps away as she wrapped the jacket more securely around her body. She looked up at the dark-haired woman. Addison's eyes were showing confusion, but the tall woman said nothing at first as she slid her hands back in her pockets.

They were uneasily quiet for several moments until Addison took a deep breath and stated, "Elle, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean to overstep my boundaries. I just thought..."

"Your hands made your thoughts clear." the blonde quipped looking away uncomfortably.

"Look, I know it's your birthday and all, but I'm just not sure I can be whatever it is that you want me to tonight."

"I don't want you to be anything other than what you are." quickly Addison stated. "Elle, I thought you were interested in me. I never would've made a move if that weren't the case. Am I totally off base, because if I am, I'm so sorry."

Elle shook her head. "Addison, I don't want you to pretend to like me in return just to get laid tonight. I know you don't feel the same, so don't act like you do. I might be blonde, but I'm not dumb. I can see through your charade."

"Elle, do you actually think I would try to take advantage of you? I love you."

"I know you do as a friend. Don't ruin what little we have left of our relationship by being fake with me, Addy."

"Being fake?" Addison questioned with obvious affront. "Elle Deanne Woods, I am in love with you! I have been since the first time I saw you four years ago! You're all I've ever wanted! I can't believe you would accuse me of being fake! You're the one that's being false! You love me too, but you shut me out as a way to convince people that you're what everyone wants you to be! I'm tired of it, Elle! I'm tired of being put on the back burner, brushed aside, and generally ignored! I want you, and I'm tired of sitting back and watching the opportunity slip further and further out of my reach!" she yelled crossing arms angrily.

Elle's knees felt weak as she stood there taking in the words Addison had just proclaimed. She knew the brunette was telling the truth, and suddenly things were confusing to her as well. Of all the times she had tried to capture the tall woman's attention, why hadn't she seen that she had already succeeded. However one question still loomed over her, so she quietly inquired, "Then why didn't you stay with me that night?"

The athlete let out the breath she was holding. "Oh, Elle, I didn't want us to move too far too fast. You had a lot to drink that night, too much in my opinion to make for a romantic first encounter. You have no idea how hard it was for me to walk away. I wanted you so badly that night, and when offered yourself to me, I wanted to accept. Every fiber of my being wanted to be with you, but my conscience wouldn't allow it. I've often dreamed of that moment between us, and I wanted it to be special. You're not some bimbo that I met at bar and laid. You're the first and only woman I've ever loved. You deserve the world, and I want to be the one to give it to

you.” she confessed slowly stepping toward the blonde. When Elle showed no sign of retreating, Addison once again enfolded the woman of her dreams in her arms. “Elle, will you please let me give you everything you ever wanted?”

Elle nodded. “Oh, Addy, I love you.”

“I love you too. This was the second part of my wish you know. I wished that you would take me as your girlfriend.”

Giving a smile that made her eyes sparkle, the blonde answered playfully, “Well, now it’s time to take care of that first part.” She raised onto her tips toes as she pulled Addison’s head down for a slow kiss.

It ended after several moments. Grinning stupidly the jock said, “This has to be the best birthday I’ve ever had.”

Elle gave a sexy smile whispering, “You know I think you were busy feeling me up when I interrupted you. Perhaps you’d like to continue that?”

The brunette groaned lightly at the invitation. “Oh, I want to do more than that but when the time is right. For now I think we should get back to the party. I’m sure they’re wondering what happened to us and will come looking any minute. Unless you wanted to be outed as a little lesbo at my party, we better stop for now.” she joked.

Elle’s face became serious. “About that. You wouldn’t mind if this was just between us for now, would you? I mean you can tell Kit, because I’ll probably tell Stacy, but can we just keep it quiet right now? If this gets around campus, Craig might come after you, and I don’t want anything to happen now that I have you.”

“Sure, sweetie. That’s fine with me. I’m just glad to have you for my own. Come on. Let’s get back.” Curving an arm around the blonde’s shoulders, Addison escorted her back into the house.

They tried to sneak back in to the party unnoticed, but Addison’s eyes found her best friend’s. Kit was giving a knowing grin as she approached. “Nice lipstick.” she whispered teasingly. The blonde and brunette both blushed as Addison immediately wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “I guess your wish came true, huh?”

Giving her departing girlfriend’s posterior a stare as Elle made her way over towards Stacy, Addison replied, “In more ways than one. I’ve died and gone to heaven.”

“That good? Don’t tell me you got in her jeans already.”

The president shook her head. “Tonight I’m going to lay Elle Woods.” she stated with her usual confident smirk.

Kit slapped her on the back as she laughed. “Well, you need to at least wait until we come back

from the club. You still want to go, don't you, or are you going to dump me for some Delta Nu snatch?"

Hearing the slight potential jealousy of her friend, Addison answered, "Don't you worry. We're still going. Elle is as good as mine now. I can put off that pleasure for a few hours. Besides seeing her dance might get me going even more. I know the first time I took her to this club, I wanted to jump her so badly. The way she moves those little hips of hers is enough to drive me mad."

"All right. I think we should round up the troops then. It's after eleven already."

Many of the women from the party decided to continue on to the club, so the celebration carried over to all of Addison's many club friends. As the jock was busy socializing with women Elle didn't know, the blonde sat on a bar stool next to Stacy and Kit. "So, you finally gave in." Stacy mentioned.

The blonde nodded. "I have no idea why I didn't do this before. Look at her. She's the sexiest thing I've ever seen." dreamily the sorority girl admitted watching Addison from afar. The tall woman was swaying ever so slightly to the music as she conversed with people, putting her perfect backside on display to the small woman. Elle was on fire. She wanted physical contact with the brunette like she needed air. Slipping off her stool, she let her emotions pull her toward her desire. Addison didn't see her coming being that she was faced away from her but that didn't stop Elle from sliding up to her from behind and grabbing that heavenly posterior in both her hands. The tall athlete jumped in surprise as she quickly turned to see who had violated her space. Blue eyes met brown. "I don't like being ignored." Elle teased. "You're flirting days are over, Miss Miller. You've been spoken for." she stated pulling the jock out to the dance floor by the belt loops.

Addison gave a grin at the petite woman's behavior. She often fantasized about Elle being shy and reserved, forcing the softball player to be the aggressive one, but there were times when she dreamed of the blonde being bold and assertive. Seeing the audaciousness come to life, Addison found herself more inflamed with passion, knowing that Elle wanted her just as much as she did the Delta Nu. Without pretense Elle wrapped her arms around the slim waist of her girlfriend and began a sensual grind into her. Addison moaned as she responded in kind. The rest of the evening everyone else was forgotten as the two new lovebirds had eyes only for each other.

Finally they decided to leave the club before the rest of the group, taking Elle's Mercedes back to campus. The blonde even let Addison drive the fine machinery much to the brunette's delight. However as she pulled the car to a stop in front of her sorority, they looked at each other somewhat awkwardly. Things were moving so quickly between them that night, and it seemed obvious that they would go up to Addison's room to make their connection complete, but as the athlete looked across the seat at her girlfriend, she wondered if it would be better for them to wait, even as much as she wanted to forge ahead.

Elle saw the debate on the tall woman's face. Reaching over to her leg, she rubbed Addison's thigh gently as she asked, "What's on your mind, Addy?"

Addison looked at the blonde's hand intently rubbing her inner thigh through her jeans before making eye contact. Concluding honesty would be the best way to go, she answered, "I really want to ask you to come upstairs with me right now."

"Okay. That sounds good." Elle replied. "We can watch a movie or something." she offered, deliberating testing the waters, because she knew what Addison really wanted.

The brunette looked out the window for a moment before stating plainly, "Or something is more what I had in mind. I was thinking that I wanted to ask you up to have sex with you."

When Addison looked at her again, Elle felt her heart drop between her thighs as the throbbing pulse became more persistent in a way she had never experienced. Suddenly her breathing was shallow as if she had been doing her normal exercise routine, and she found it difficult to think. "Addy." she whispered.

"Wait, Elle. Before you feel the need to say something, I just want you to know that I'm not going to ask you to come up for sex right now."

"Why not?" the blonde inquired with surprise and disappointment on her face.

The softball player smiled. "Because, Elle, I love you. I haven't been tested in awhile, and I think I should be before we decide to do this."

"Is there a chance that there is a problem?" Elle asked hesitantly.

"No. Not at all but I just want to make sure. You deserve that, and I have my own reasons too."

"Such as?" Elle queried, wondering if something was potentially wrong with Addison that she wasn't admitting to. She hoped that wasn't the case.

Addison slipped an arm around her girlfriend's shoulders as she leaned in to the blonde's ear. "Elle, I've never had unprotected sex in my life, but I want you in a way I've never wanted any other woman. I want to be able to touch you, the real you without being inhibited by any barriers." she whispered kissing the fair-headed woman's neck sensuously as her hand crept up between Elle's legs. "I want to be able to feel and taste you from the inside. I've dreamed of how you smell and taste, Elle, like honeysuckle and strawberries. I've fantasized about what my tongue would do to you, how I would give you the ultimate pleasure." she sexily uttered letting her tongue trace the curvature of the blonde's ear before spearing into it lightly as her hand gave the seam of Elle's jeans a persistent squeeze to make her point.

Elle's hips reacted reflexively, rocking into the pressure as the little woman gave a breathy moan. "Oh, God, Addy."

"But I can't do that until I'm tested, because I want to make absolutely certain that I can give you all those things without concern. That is if you want them." she murmured meeting those blue

eyes of her dreams.

Seeing the brown eyes she adored holding such love for her, Elle completely melted. Addison's arousing words and hands were already working wonders on her body, but the tall woman's eyes caressed her soul. "Oh, Addison, I love you so much. Promise me you'll get tested over the break?"

"Of course. This will give us something to look forward to when we get back."

"I think this might be the first time I'm dreading vacation. I don't want to be without you for two and half weeks."

"Don't worry. I'll be right by your side every moment until I leave for the airport tomorrow."

"Let's not talk about that now." Elle whispered kissing Addison with intent. "There are better ways to spend our last few hours together."

Neither realized that they had an audience as they sought each other's bodies out again. They were so involved in each other that they never saw Craig approach the car. Both of them jolted though as a bat came through the driver's side window. "Get out of the car, Miller!" he screamed.

"Addison, no. Don't do it. He's drunk. He's going to hurt you." Elle pleaded when she saw Addison contemplating the situation.

"Call the police, Elle. I'm going to take care of this."

"Please, Addy. I'm begging you. Don't."

"Get out here now, or I'll come get you!" he threatened.

Addison sighed. She knew this was going to get ugly fast. "Elle, whatever you do, don't let him near you. You take my keys and go up to the house or stay in the car until the police get here." Elle dialed the police as soon as Addison got out of the car as Addison had instructed, but she refused to leave her girlfriend outside alone with her psychotic ex.

Addison took a few steps away from the car but kept a distance between herself and the drunken man with the bat. "All right, Craig. I'm out of the car. What do you want?"

"I want what's mine!" he yelled.

"I don't have anything that belongs to you, Craig."

"I want Elle back, you fucking dyke!"

Trying to remain calm, Addison calmly answered, "Well, she's not mine to give. Elle is her own

person. The only one that can make her come back to you is her. I can't, nor do I want to."

Suddenly there was movement in the shadows and what started as a one on one situation became even more dangerous when two of Craig's friends lurked into the dimly moonlit street. Addison glanced around at the three of them warily as they circled her. She knew that her biggest fear of being gay bashed was about to come to life, but to make it worse, Elle was going to witness the event. A brief struggle ensued, but she was no match for the two guys, who soon held her captive by the arms even as much as she struggled. Craig approached smiling complacently with the bat slung over one shoulder.

"You know, Miller, you could be attractive if you just learned to act like a girl. I could show you." he offered his hand trailing over her body down to the crotch of her jeans. He laughed lightly. "My, my. Elle certainly has you hot and bothered. Is she as wet as you are?"

Unable to do anything, Addison spit in his face. "Fuck you, Craig." she growled. Instantly the end of the bat connected solidly with her stomach. Addison winced from the pain as she gasped for air. The blow would've made her keel over, but she was held upright by her captors.

"Thanks for the invite, Addison, but I'm actually saving myself for Elle. She's put me off long enough. Now it's time for her to get it too for playing with me all these years."

"Over my dead body." Addison challenged trying in vain to get free.

"Oh, don't worry. I've already arranged for that, but I want you to watch first." he mentioned tapping her in the temple with the bat hard enough to make his intension obvious.

Elle frantically watched the development unfolding before her. She was terrified for her girlfriend, but she didn't know what to do. She knew it would be to Addison's disadvantage to get out of the car to try to help, because there was no way she could hold her own against any of the three, and her girlfriend would have to try to defend them both. However she couldn't just sit there in the car watching and waiting for the cops to arrive.

Seeing Craig moving toward her, she knew this was her one chance to come to the aid of the woman she loved. She reached across to the ignition and pulled her pepper spray off her key chain, hiding it up her sleeve as the baseball player reached her door. She rolled down the window half way when he knocked. "What do you want, Craig? Let Addison go. This is between you and me."

"I'll make you a deal, Elle. I'll let your precious girlfriend go unharmed, but you have to do something for me."

"Anything. Just let her go." she pleaded.

"Anything?" Craig questioned his eyes perusing her body. "Is she really worth a good fuck?"

Elle looked over at Addison who was still struggling and yelling, "Don't do it, Elle! It's not

worth it!”

Meeting Craig’s eyes again, she responded, “Anything, Craig. It’s just my body. She’ll always have my heart.”

“Very well. That’s enough for me. Give me what has always been mine.” Craig stated with victorious smile as he reached for the door handle to get into the car. As soon as he did, Elle raised her hand to the window, spraying him in the face with her pepper spray. He screamed dropping the bat as he doubled over and covered his eyes in pain. Without missing a beat, the blonde forcefully pushed her car door open, hitting him in the head with it as hard as she could. He fell to the ground as she hopped out and grabbed the bat. Hitting him over the back with it with all her might, she quickly turned to Addison.

The brunette was stunned at the blonde’s ingenuity. She had actually taken down her potential assailant and was starting to come for the two that held the jock captive when the sound of sirens broke the air. The two other men took off leaving Addison and Elle standing in the middle of the street just staring at each other as the cops pulled up to the scene. Craig was still whimpering in pain on the ground and unable to escape.

“Elle.” Addison whispered as the blonde began to tremble. The tall woman reached to embrace her. “It’s okay, baby. Everything’s fine.”

“I hit him with a bat, Addy.” she muttered.

“You defended yourself, Elle, and you defended me. No one would blame you for what you did.” she tried to convince her as the police made a cautious approach.

Addison spoke first being the more calm and rational of the two of them. She tried to comfort Elle the best she could, but she could tell the blonde was struggling with her own display of violence. Fortunately the police on the scene were understanding of the situation, also assuring the little woman of her actions. By the time Craig was hauled off in an ambulance and the two women were left to their own devices after giving their statements, Kit and Stacy had arrived back at the house from the club.

The foursome moved inside to retire for the night but only after Addison retold the highlights of the encounter with Craig. As Elle and Addison prepared for bed, the softball catcher noticed how quiet the little woman was. Cuddling in the twin bed after changing clothes, Addison asked, “Are you all right, Elle?”

“I was so scared, Addy. I can’t believe I hit him with that bat. I could’ve killed him.”

“You did what you had to in order to defend yourself.”

“I just don’t know what came over me. I was enraged with the way he was hurting you. I realize now that I would’ve done anything to get him to stop. I couldn’t let him hurt you. It was bad enough I allowed him to sexually assault you and hit you with that bat.”

“It’s okay. He just groped me. It wasn’t that big of a deal considering what he said he would do to you. I felt the same way you did. I would’ve killed him or died trying to stop him from raping you. There was no way I would’ve been able to look myself in the mirror had that happened.”

“That’s why I offered myself. I didn’t want him to hurt you even more. I couldn’t stand it.” she cried softly.

“Shh. It’s all right. We’re both safe now. You saved us. You’re my heroine, Elle Woods. You stood up against my greatest enemy in my defense and won. You have my admiration and adoration.”

Elle caressed Addison’s face in the dark. “I’m just glad you’re safe.”

“I don’t think Craig will be bothering us any more.”

“I love you, Addison Miller.”

“I love you too, Elle Woods.” she answered kissing her girlfriend’s lips gently as she tightened her hold on the blonde.

Elle giggled lightly. “You know, I’m sorry he interrupted us in the car. Things were getting good.”

“Yes, they were.” the brunette growled sexually in agreement.

“About what you said, now that my brain has started working again, I just want you to know that I understand and agree with you about waiting until you’re tested. It just shows even more how caring and thoughtful you are. Of course I should tell you that I have fantasies about our first time too.”

“Tell me.”

“I want it to be romantic and special. Maybe we could go away together, just so it’s only the two of us. No Kit, Stacy, school, Delta Nus, or Lambda Kappas, just you and me. I want to know what it’s like to really be loved, Addy. I want to look in your eyes and see them gazing at me adoringly as they always do the moment I feel you inside of me for the first time.” she whispered, feeling confidence in the dark to reveal her deepest secrets. Hearing the uneven exhale of her girlfriend, Elle knew she had the woman’s full attention.

“What else, Elle?” Addison questioned.

Encouraged by the question, she continued, “I want to hold your body close to mine. I want to feel the weight of you on top of me as you take me to places I’ve never been before.”

The brunette gave a groan. “Elle Woods, you might be the death of me talking that way. You

have no idea what you do to me.”

Giggling lightly Elle let her hand slip off Addison’s hip and between her thighs. Fingering the flannel boxers, she felt the heat emanating from her girlfriend’s body. “Oh, I think I do.” she replied.

The softball player’s head was swooning as petite fingers teasingly trailed under the hem of her shorts to her bare leg. “You’re going to get yourself into a whole lot of trouble doing that.” she warned. “I’m not a woman known for my patience. Much more of that and I might say to hell with waiting. I just have to take you right now.”

“You wouldn’t dare.” the blonde contested. In a flurry of movement, Elle suddenly found herself pinned under a strong body. Addison’s breathing was erratic and shallow as it brushed across her face. The athlete’s large hands swiftly peeled Elle’s pink flannel night shirt away. The debutante responded with a small gasp. She knew for a fact that Addison would keep her word, but she enjoyed pushing her to the edge, so she returned the effort, slipping the dark t-shirt off her girlfriend. They exchanged gazes in the dark. Addison moved her hands to either side of the blonde’s tiny pink and white floral bikinis. She raised her brow questioningly at the little woman. Knowing that this was a no lose situation for her, Elle simply raised her hips off the bed in invitation. Within seconds she was laying bare to her girlfriend’s gaze.

Addison took a moment to glance over Elle’s nakedness in the semi-darkness. Her pale skin almost glowed in the faint light of the moon. The jock whimpered at the sight of the beauty before her. In her entire life she had never seen a woman as flawless to her as Elle. “You are the most stunning woman I’ve ever seen.” she confessed. “Every inch of you is so beautiful. I’ve never seen anything like it. You’re beyond perfect.” Her hand lightly caressed the blonde’s side before running up to her breast in adoration.

The Delta Nu’s body responded to the gentle yet knowing touch, her chest slightly rising into it. “You make me feel beautiful, Addy.” Their eyes met again.

“I love you, Elle Woods.”

“I love you too, Addison Miller. Thank you for being mine.” The small woman pulled Addison’s half naked frame down into her own for a kiss. “I want you so badly. I wish we didn’t have to wait.”

“I know, but I can still make you feel good other ways.” the catcher promised letting her mouth trail down her girlfriend’s neck to her breasts.

Elle gasped lightly as she felt her lover’s mouth adoring her femininity. Even as much as she desperately wanted Addison to go back on her word, the brunette never pushed for more that evening, leaving Elle longing for the day they could make love for the first time. If the athlete’s mouth was any indication, the blonde knew ecstasy awaited her when they could be together completely. As they drifted to sleep that night, Elle lovingly caressed Addison’s dark hair as the jock snuggled into her naked chest. The little woman had never felt so content with anyone else

in her entire life. She felt protected under the weight of her lover and yet there was a vulnerability in the tall woman that Elle found endearing.

Continued in Part 4

The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive

~ The Dyke and The Debutante ~

by Alex Tryst

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Disclaimer: See Part 1

When second semester began, Addison and Elle were both busy with school and last minute law school applications, leaving them little time together. However while they had been on break, the brunette had asked if they could go away together for the Valentine's weekend, so Elle knew Addison was waiting to make their relationship complete until then.

At the end of January, Elle held her usual monthly meeting for all the Delta Nus, but after typical business had been finished, Kiki asked for the floor. "Now that our dear president is finished, I propose we discuss what we're going to do for Elle's birthday. It's only two weeks away, and we've always had a party for the president. I was thinking we'd do something traditional. You're birthday is Thursday the 13th, isn't it?" she questioned. Elle gave a tentative nod. "Well, since Friday is Valentine's, we'll postpone the party until Saturday. How does that sound?" she asked of the group. Unanimously everyone agreed.

However Elle then spoke up. "As much as I appreciate the sentiments, that day isn't good for me." she stated hesitantly. She didn't necessarily want her sisters to know that she was going away with Addison, but she didn't foresee away around it.

"All right. We'll do it on your birthday then." Kiki suggested.

"Actually that's not good either. I'm going to be out of town that Thursday through Sunday."

"What? Where are you going? That's Valentine's weekend. Did you get a boyfriend over the break we don't know about?"

The blonde's heart started pounding at the thought of admitting to the group her intentions of going away with the softball player, but she didn't want to lie about it either. "No, I didn't get a boyfriend. I'm not even really sure where I'm going. Addison is taking me somewhere."

“For Valentine’s?” skeptically Kiki questioned with a glare.

“No. For my birthday, Kiki, which just happens to be the day before.” she quickly stated, feeling uneasy under her friend’s cold glower.

Kiki rolled her eyes and sighed in exasperation. “Fine, Elle. Be that way. Go off with that dyke for Valentine’s Day, but don’t blame us if she gets the wrong idea. We’ll have your party the following Friday then.” she grumbled.

Later that night Elle met Stacy for the women’s basketball game that night. Since Kit was playing, Stacy begged the blonde to go and sit with her. Addison had promised to meet them there as well, but as the two petite women waited on her, Elle informed Stacy of what had happened at the sorority house that evening. “To make this situation worse, I don’t even think Addy knows it’s my birthday.” she mentioned. “She hasn’t said anything, and I don’t doubt for a minute that Kiki would confront her to catch me in a lie. She’s is on to me. I guess I spent a little too much time with Addison after I broke up with Craig.”

“Does it matter to you if she finds out?” the redhead asked idly running her fingers through her red hair.

“Not as much as it used to. I just know she’ll be awful to me, probably even try to get me kicked out of the house the way she did you.”

“Elle, do you really want to stay there knowing that you’re having to live a lie to do so? Doesn’t your relationship with Addy deserve respect?”

The blonde shrugged noncommittally. She had often weighed the options of telling her sisters about Addison, but she was still scared. “I don’t know, Stacy. It’s something I have to think about, but the reason I brought this up was to ask you for a favor.”

“What’s that?”

“Tell Addy it’s my birthday. I don’t want to look a huge bitch by bringing it up. It’s not like I expect a gift or something, but I want her to know in case Kiki does try to talk to her about it.”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll say something.”

“So, tell me. How are you and Kit?” Elle inquired changing the subject.

Stacy gave a blushing smile. “We’re good. I actually told my parents about her over break.”

“How did it go?”

“Better than I thought. They think it’s a phase, but they didn’t freak out or anything.”

“Are you in a phase?”

Stacy looked at her friend. “Are you, Elle?” she inquired.

The blonde shook her head. “No. What Addy and I have is real.”

“Me neither. Kit and I have time though. I mean we’re only juniors. Where as you and Addison are less than one semester from graduating. Have you figured out what you’re going to do? Are you going to follow her to law school?”

“If she’ll let me.” Elle answered. “Stacy, I’ve never felt this way in my life. She’s everything I’ve ever wanted. I think she’s the one.”

The redhead’s eyes widened in interest. “Really?”

Elle nodded followed by a smile as she saw her girlfriend enter the gym. “Here she comes. Don’t forget about the birthday thing.” she said softly.

Both women greeted Addison as she climbed up the bleachers toward them. “Hey there. How are my favorite debutantes?” she asked with a wide smile.

“Great now that you’re here.” Elle answered for them.

The three of them sat watching Kit through the first quarter, but then the blonde said she wanted a drink. Immediately Addison offered to go get it, but Elle declined. As she stood up to leave, she stared at Stacy trying to cue her. The redhead gave a subtle nod before Elle left.

“So, I hear that you’re taking Elle away for Valentine’s Day. She’s so excited.”

“So am I. I can’t wait to be away from here. Sometimes I get tired of being at this school.”

“Can you tell me where you’re going?”

“No. I want it to stay a surprise, and I don’t trust you.” the brunette teased lightly.

Stacy laughed. “Probably a wise move on your part, Addy. Are you planning anything for her birthday while you’re there?”

“No. When’s her birthday?” the athlete inquired in confusion.

“February thirteenth. That’s the day you’re leaving, isn’t it?”

“Oh my God. I had no idea. She never told me.”

“That’s because she wouldn’t. Elle has more class than that.”

“That would’ve been awful though had I not known. Thank you so much for telling me. I have to get her something.”

“No, you don’t.”

“Yes, I do. Women expect gifts on their birthday whether they tell you are not.” she said.

“You’re very smart, Addy.” Stacy stated with a laugh. “It doesn’t have to be anything major though. You’re going all out for Valentine’s.”

“Tell me about it. I practically spent my whole semester’s allowance on this one weekend. I had to beg my parents for money.”

“Why don’t you let Elle pay for part of it? She won’t mind.”

“Are you crazy? That’s out of the question. I’m not making her pay for my gift to her. I wanted to do this. I’ll survive somehow.”

Giving her friend another smile, she said, “Elle’s lucky to have you, Addison. You’re so sweet to her. She needs that.”

Two weeks later Addison and Elle prepared for their trip. Even though the blonde still had no idea where they were going, she knew it was snowing there by what the brunette had asked her to pack. As she put things in her bag, she looked out her window to the street. Addison and Kit were out at the curb, packing stuff into Kit’s jeep. Since Addison didn’t have a car, Elle had suggested taking the Mercedes, but the tall woman refused, saying Kit’s vehicle would do better in the weather.

The little woman was anxious and excited about what the long weekend might hold. She knew that Addison was planning on making her move sometime, and that was more than fine with Elle. For the two months since they had been together, it was difficult for the blonde to focus on anything else but them making love. She wanted it like nothing she had ever known, and yet she still desired Addison to romance her, which is why she had never taken it upon herself to initiate the activity.

Quickly she finished packing and then slipped on her pink knitted cap and baby blue jacket before heading downstairs. Lugging her bag across the street, she greeted the two brunettes with a smile. “Hey there.”

Addison flashed a grin. “Hi. I would’ve come up and gotten that. You didn’t need to bring that heavy thing down.” she mentioned hoisting it up into the jeep. “Ready to go?”

“Yeah.”

“Great. Well, let’s get going then. I don’t want to be driving too late.” She moved to open the blonde’s door for her. Elle slid up into the seat and waited for her door to be closed to put on her

seatbelt. As Addison came back to the driver's side, she smiled at her best friend. "Thanks for letting me use your car."

"No problem. You and Elle have a fun weekend."

"Thanks. You and Stacy have a good Valentine's Day."

"We will." Kit answered with a blush.

Addison got into the passenger's seat and closed the door. Casually she buckled her seat belt before looking over at her girlfriend. She gave Elle a smile. "You look so cute in your little hat." she mentioned.

The blonde flushed lightly. "You look nice. I like that sweater on you." she stated.

"Thanks. You ready?" the brunette inquired.

"More than ready. Let's get out of here." With that Addison pulled away from the curb. The two of them just quietly talked, mostly about school before Elle asked, "Are you going to tell me where we're going?"

"No. I want it to be a surprise. I'll tell you where we are once we get there. Deal?"

"All right. How long is the drive? Give me that much."

"We should be there in time for dinner." Addison said with a playful smile.

The blonde knew the brunette wasn't going to tell her, so she simply sat back and enjoyed the ride. Several hours later Addison stopped the jeep in front of what looked a bed and breakfast. "So, this is it?" Elle questioned hopefully.

"No. I just need to stop here for a second and get the keys from the owners. You want to come in or stay in the car?"

"I'll come in."

Holding hands they made their way up with walk as snow fell outside. Two men were there to greet them at the door. Addison introduced herself and Elle. "Well, it's about time you got here. We've been concerned with the weather, right, honey?" one of them asked the other.

"Yeah. More snow is coming this way as we speak. We better get you that key, so you can be on your way."

"Thanks." the tall woman replied following them back further into the house as she asked Elle to stay in the foyer. When they were out of the earshot of the blonde, she inquired, "How much more do I owe you two?"

“We have your bill right here. Just a second.”

Addison looked it over for a moment before quickly filling out a check for the same amount. “Everything is ready up at the cabin?”

“Yes, everything is just how you asked it to be. We went shopping this morning, so it should all be there.”

“Wonderful. Thanks so much.”

“You’re most welcome. It’s always a pleasure doing this kind of thing for young couples. Have a wonderful Valentine’s Day, and if you need anything, please call down to the house. We’ll get up there as quickly as possible, weather permitting of course.”

“Of course. Thanks again.” she replied as they came back out to where Elle was standing studying the weather outside from the glass door.

Curious that this was not where they were staying, Elle wondered exactly what Addison had in store, but she didn’t ask as they got back into the jeep. Twenty minutes later they pulled up in front of a small cabin. The little woman smiled at the sight in front of her, because it was exactly as she had imagined it to be from her fantasies. “Is this our final stop?” she asked teasingly.

The softball player nodded. “Yes, this is it. Let’s go in and see what it’s like, shall we?” Addison led the way up to the front door and unlocked it before slowly opening the door. She allowed Elle to enter first.

The lights of the one room cabin had already been turned on for their expected arrival. Both women took a moment to look at the accommodations. Their queen sized bed had been turned down showing the flannel sheets underneath and was facing the fireplace. Even though a fire hadn’t been started, logs had already been placed there, so all they had to do was light it with more wood stacked neatly near the hearth. There was a tiny sitting area in front of the fireplace as well as a small kitchen and a table adorned with a large bouquet of red roses. Near the bed there was a door that led toward the bathroom completing the room.

“Wow, Addy. This is beautiful.” Elle stated moving a few steps further into the place.

“Glad you like it. I’m just going to go get our stuff. Be right back.” When she returned, she quickly discarded their bags on top of the bed and then dug into hers. Retrieving a card and gift, she came to Elle who was standing at the table reading the card that had been leaning against the floral arrangement for her.

The blonde’s heart fluttered as she read the brunette’s loving words. The jock had gone out of her way to make all of Elle’s wishes come true for their getaway, making her even more sure of her desire to be with the tall woman. “Oh, Addy. Thank you so much. The roses are beautiful, and this cabin is just perfect. It’s beyond anything I could’ve imagined. Thank you for bringing

me here.”

“You’re welcome. Happy Valentine’s Day, Elle.” she whispered leaning to give her a quick soft kiss. Presenting the gift and card, she stated, “Happy birthday.”

“You didn’t have to get me anything else, Addy.” she mentioned taking the small box from her girlfriend. Quickly she opened it.

“I didn’t really know what to get you.” the brunette fumbled nervously.

“Did you make this yourself?” Elle inquired pulling out the braided leather bracelet. The letters of her name had been woven through the leather in a coordinating ribbon. The tall woman nodded. Looking back down at it, the blonde knew it had to have taken Addison a long time to make something like that. “Oh, Addy, this is a wonderful gift. Thank you.”

“I wanted to get you jewelry, but nothing struck me as being your taste, nothing affordable anyway.” she teased lightly.

“Addison, you’ve given me so much. You took time to make this. That’s better than having bought me something, and you brought me here. I couldn’t be happier right now.”

The tall woman blushed slightly. “Well, why don’t you settle in? I’m going to make dinner for us tonight.”

“Do you want any help?”

“No. I want to do it all myself. This is your birthday, and I want to do everything for you. Now just relax for awhile. I’m going to start a fire and then make that dinner.”

Elle nodded before going to their bags. Being that Addison was busying herself with the meal, she took the initiative to unpack their belongings before settling down on the rug in front of the roaring fire with a magazine. Forty minutes later the brunette came over to the couch carrying two plates. Placing them on the coffee table, she went back for wine. “Reading your bible?” she joked lightly seeing that the little woman was reading Cosmopolitan.

Elle laughed at the joke. “A girl always needs to know the latest in fashion.” she replied putting it aside. “Wow. This looks fabulous. I didn’t know you could cook.” she mentioned seeing the salmon over a bed of wilted spinach in a cream sauce.

Addison shrugged. “I only cook for the loveliest women.” she stated with a grin as she poured the white wine for them. Going over to the lights, she turned them off, leaving them only in the glow of the firelight. The tall woman sat on the floor next to the blonde.

Taking a bite the small woman moaned in appreciation. “Addy, this is unbelievable. When did you have time to learn to cook?”

The jock shrugged. "I've just always enjoyed it. Once a month I make an elaborate meal for all the Lambda Kappas. They love it, and I love doing it."

"Well, you can cook for me anytime. This rivals any meal I've ever had."

"I'm glad you like it. I wanted to give you something special to remember your birthday by." she replied taking another bite of her own.

Elle flashed a seductive grin at her girlfriend as she quietly whispered, "Somehow I don't think I'll ever forget this birthday."

The meal passed quietly with them casting shy curious glances at each other every few minutes. They knew what was on the other's mind, but neither seemed to want to address it in words. Instead they simply made eyes at each other while they ate. When it was over, Addison inquired, "Could I interest you in some dessert?"

"It isn't a birthday cake, is it?" the blonde asked.

"No. I didn't have time to make one and store bought isn't as much fun. I got us some sorbet instead. You want some?"

"That sounds good."

Nodding Addison picked up their plates and went back to the kitchen. A few minutes later she returned with raspberry sorbet for them with a lit candle in Elle's. Quickly she sang the traditional birthday song to her girlfriend before saying, "Make a wish, Miss Woods."

Giving a smile Elle blew out her candle. They ate their sweets in silence as well before Addison went to tend to the fire for a moment. She was feeling more nervous than she thought she would. The brunette knew what Elle was expecting, and as much as she wanted to be intimate with the blonde, she felt anxious about it, wanting everything to be perfect for the woman she loved. Addison gathered her courage and came back to her spot on the floor. Looking deeply into the blue eyes of her lover, she whispered, "I love you so much, Elle."

"I love you too, Addy." the blonde murmured leaning to kiss the athlete's lips gently. As soon as their mouths met, all the tall woman's uneasiness faded away as her instincts took over for her. Within moments her arms were around the petite woman pulling her closer as their contact grew more intimate. Elle melted into her girlfriend's frame as her own body began to become excited by the gentle caresses. Addison was being incredibly tender with all her touches, eliciting tranquility in the little woman as their ardor gradually began to rise. Finally Elle felt the need to progress over to the bed, so she pulled away slightly, meeting the dark eyes she adored. "Addison, make love to me." she solicited quietly.

The tall woman didn't respond in words at first, but her hand lovingly stroked the fair cheek of her girlfriend. Her fingers ran lightly along the blonde's pink lips before trailing down her supple neck. "Elle Deanne Woods, I adore you." she confessed. "You make me feel things no other

woman ever has. It would be my greatest pleasure to give you everything you ever wanted.” With that she scooped the small woman up in her arms and moved them over to the bed.

Addison laid her precious burden down on her back as they continued to kiss. They were leisurely in their pace, taking their time in undressing each other and adoring the bare skin that came into view. Much to the catcher’s enjoyment, the debutante participated actively seeking out the firm body of the athlete and exploring it with her hands as the tall woman adored the blonde’s with light kisses. The athlete was in heaven touching the woman she loved. Elle’s fair skin was softer than anything she had ever caressed, like petals from a rose just plucked from the flower. The petite woman’s body responded to each kiss with growing fervor, and as the softball player kissed the slope of Elle’s left breast, she could feel the rapid, erratic cadence of her heart that coincided with an uneven exhale as the blonde’s hands cradled her head. Addison glanced up at the face she loved.

Elle gazed at the woman she cherished. She had never been completely naked with anyone before, but the modesty she thought she might feel wasn’t there because of the way the brunette showed her obvious adoration for her body. In fact she felt a wave of confidence in conjunction with her passion as the dark eyes of her lover showed Addison’s vulnerability and openness. She felt totally comfortable with the tall woman lying between her bare thighs, and as the stomach of the brunette moved against her heat, she found herself responding with a fervency she never knew existed. Her excitement sprung forth creating a delightful sensation as her wetness coated her lover’s firm abdomen. She trembled with desire when those brown eyes bore into her blue ones. However seeing the question in Addison’s eyes, she whispered, “What is it, Addy?”

The dark-haired woman shook her head lightly. “I’m just feeling a little overwhelmed. You are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen, and I love you so much.”

“I love you too.” she replied. Seeing hesitancy though she inquired, “Is something the matter?”

“No. I want you so much, Elle, more than I’ve ever wanted anyone. I’m just...”

“Just what?” she asked supportively when Addison broke their gaze.

Addison took a shaky breath. “I’m nervous. I want this to be perfect for you. I’ve never been with a virgin, and I don’t want to hurt you.” she admitted softly.

The gentle confession moved the blonde near tears. Cupping the tall woman’s cheek, she brought Addison’s gaze back to her own. “Addison, I love you so much. You’re so sweet to think about my needs, but regardless of what it might feel like, I want you. I want to feel you inside of me more than anything I’ve ever wanted in my entire life. Please let me feel you there. I need to. I need us to be one.”

“Elle.” Addison whispered kissing the blonde’s lips delicately. “I need that too.”

“Then take me now. Take me to all those places I’ve never been. Please.” she requested quietly.

Keeping her eyes focused on the deep blue ones of her lover, the brunette reached down between the small woman's thighs. Elle shivered as the athlete's long fingers slid through her wetness for a moment, but she refused to look away from the dark eyes. The tall woman had never experienced a woman the way she was touching Elle, because she had never been unprotected, so the feeling of her lover was fascinating to her. Addison took an unstable breath as she poised herself at the entrance of her fantasy. The blue eyes held uneasy anticipation for a fleeting moment before certitude and trust filled the blonde's gaze. Not allowing her own concerns to overpower her, Addison gently took the innocence of her beloved. Elle exhaled quickly as a tiny whimper escaped her. The brunette just waited in uneasiness for a moment, regretting that she had caused the little woman discomfort, but the beauty that transformed Elle's face threatened to be Addison's undoing.

"I love you, Addison." Elle panted lightly still trying to adjust to the athlete's presence within her. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Elle." Addison whispered her eyes tearing at the overwhelming emotions running rampant through her own body. She had never felt this way with a woman before, and the new sensations rushing through her heart were more than she could understand at that moment.

Seeing the brown eyes wet, Elle caressed her lover's face. "It's all right, Addy. I'm here."

"Elle." she murmured meeting the blonde's lips gently. Their mouths merged sealing the intimacy they shared. Slowly Addison moved Elle up to her first climax, enjoying the responses of the tiny woman under her. Once she felt her lover peak, her usual confident resurfaced, knowing that she could in fact satisfy the woman she loved. Armed with her certainty, she took them both beyond the summit of pleasure several times before settling herself to rest against her lover's breasts.

They were quiet for a long time. Elle gazed over Addison's bare shoulder into the flames of the fire as she affectionately stroked the tall woman's dark hair. Her body continued quaking from their intimate experience and her lover still inside her for several minutes after their passion had been abated, leaving her sated for the moment. Addison had been everything Elle dreamed she would be, and she knew that no matter what happened for the rest of her life, Addison would always be her first love. Looking down at the brown head of her girlfriend, she silently dreamed she would be her last as well. In her heart she knew she truly belonged to Addison Miller, and she hoped the tall woman would continue to feel the same through the years.

Time stood still as silence surrounded them. It wasn't long until Elle heard the slumbering of her lover. She smiled to herself and wrapped her arms tighter around Addison's naked shoulders. Even though her girlfriend was exhausted, the blonde was wide awake. She allowed the softball player to sleep on top of her for several more minutes, but finally the weight of her was too much. Slowly she rolled the tall woman off of her and reluctantly pulled her girlfriend's hand from its new home. Addison whimpered in protest in her sleep, making Elle chuckle lightly to herself. Slipping out of bed, the little woman retrieved the blanket off the back of the couch and covered Addison with it before going into the bathroom.

Flipping on the lights, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her long blonde hair was disheveled and her face flush. However there were no obvious changes even though she felt like a completely different woman than she had earlier that day. She had made love for the first time, and she felt forever changed by Addison's loving touch. Her pale skin still held marks of the brunette's passion. Elle ran her hand down her chest to the light bruise along the slope of her left breast. Fingering it gently she thought about the playful nip that caused it. She hadn't known what to truly expect, but as she recalled Addison's actions, she realized it was all she had wanted and more. The softball player showed a range of emotions that evening, vacillating between gentle and tender and forceful and aggressive, and Elle realized she loved every moment of the encounter. The brunette's touch was instinctively correct, everything being just right to escalate her delight.

Cleaning herself up a bit, Elle slipped on her robe and returned to the room. Addison was still sleeping soundly, so she went to retrieve her magazine that had been discarded on the coffee table hours ago. She poked at the fire for a minute, turning over some of the logs to keep it burning and then settled on the couch to read.

Addison woke up about twenty minutes later to find herself alone in bed. Sitting up quickly she scanned the cabin. Over on the sofa she saw her lover reading. She just watched for a few minutes from afar, enjoying the view of the blonde. Elle was the most alluring woman she had ever known, and she knew she was deeply in love with the California girl. She was everything that Addison had always wanted in a girlfriend, but now that they had crossed the final line in their relationship, she wondered what the future might hold. They would be graduating in three months, and then there was law school. Even though they had applied to the same places, they had never discussed whether either of them truly wanted to go. Addison questioned what might happen if they chose separate institutions. She knew her heart was in the law, but now there was a new dimension in her life that demanded as much consideration in her opinion. She wanted to be with Elle more than anything else. She hoped that the blonde would want to be with her long term as well, but they hadn't discussed anything beyond law school making her wonder about their future. Being drawn to the beauty across the room, Addison moved to get out of bed.

As soon as Addison's feet hit the floor, Elle looked over her shoulder toward the bed. Seeing the woman she loved in her naked glory made Elle's body respond with ardor. The nearly six foot jock slowly walked toward her, brown eyes staring at her animalistically making her heart start pounding, coinciding with each step of the athlete. Her breathing became ragged just watching her girlfriend stalk across the small room to her and taking in her bare body.

Addison didn't bother to round the couch instead stepping over the back of it with her long legs. Settling down on the cushion next to Elle, she smiled. "What are you doing?" she asked casually.

"Just reading. I wasn't sleepy." she replied as evenly as possible even though Addison's body was on perfect display, charging her passion even more.

"Sorry I feel asleep for a few minutes. You wore me out I guess." she teased lightly.

“It’s okay. You worked pretty hard back there.” Elle joked as well, breaking any potential awkwardness.

Addison nodded in agreement as she slid her arm around Elle’s shoulders. “Um, do you think I could convince you to do something other than read?” she questioned as her lips found the blonde’s neck.

Elle giggled lightly. “I think so. What did you have in mind?” needlessly she inquired.

The brunette took the magazine from her lover’s hands and carelessly tossed it aside. Slowly opening Elle’s robe, she whispered, “There was something I forgot to do back there and would like to do so now if you wouldn’t mind.”

“Not at all.” breathlessly Elle replied as the catcher’s hand slipped between her legs. Their mouths met gently at first. The blonde moaned into her lover’s lips as Addison’s fingers found her entrance again but whimpered when the jock withdrew so quickly. Addison pulled out of the kiss and met the blonde’s questioning eyes. Keeping their gaze the tall woman brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked on them greedily. Elle’s body responded to Addison’s tongue skillfully licking her fingers, and she found herself aroused again within moments.

“Um, just as I thought, honeysuckle and strawberries.” the brunette murmured. “May I have more please?” she asked.

“Have all you want.” Elle managed to mutter before Addison dropped onto the floor between her legs.

The brunette pulled the blonde’s hips out to the edge of the cushion as she brought her legs over either shoulder. Kissing her way up her inner thigh, Addison let her tongue make love to her girlfriend in the ways she had always dreamed. It was her ultimate fantasy to have Elle this way, and now her longing was appeased.

The tiny woman’s head dropped back as the tongue of her lover explored her intimately. She had thought of what it might feel like to have Addison giving her such pleasure, but none of her fantasies lived up to the reality. As she felt her girlfriend inside her, she whimpered with increasing pleasure. Her hands found the dark head, fingers threading into Addison’s hair and subconsciously setting the pace as she pushed the softball player’s face in deeper to her rocking hips. Addison moaned deeply as a flood ensued from her efforts. She felt greedy for every drop of her lover’s essence, not wanting to stop until she had completely incapacitated the little woman with her talents. She rode the tide of Elle’s body until the blonde had to beg her to stop.

When every inch of Elle’s body was quivering, and she was panting uncontrollably for a break, Addison relented. The blonde mumbled incoherently for several moments before finally meeting the tall woman’s eyes. “Oh God. I’m not sure I can walk after that. Will you carry me to bed, Addy?” she softly requested.

“Of course.” The athlete scooped the little woman up and took her over to the bed. It was

obvious that Elle was now worn out for the night, so Addison slipped into bed beside her, wrapping her in strong arms. "I love you, Elle. Happy birthday." she stated.

"I love you too, Addy."

"Sweet dreams."

Elle chuckled. "Don't know how much sweeter they could be after tonight. Good night, Addison."

The following morning Addison was up first. Leaving her sleeping beauty in bed, she began breakfast for them. It wasn't long before the smell of bacon and eggs filled the small cabin waking the blonde. As she opened her eyes and looked over toward the kitchenette, she saw the tall woman standing there with her back to her in a pair of navy and white flannel pajama pants and navy t-shirt. The athlete was bouncing around and swaying to a beat that she was humming softly. Elle grinned to herself as she intently watched the display before her. She had always been fascinated with the jock's posterior and hips, but after the previous night, the sight of them oscillating in the sensual manner served to only bring her arousal to the surface again. Instead of announcing her presence Elle just sat in bed leaning against the headboard and enjoyed the show.

Not too long after Addison glanced over toward the bed to check on her girlfriend and jumped slightly when she saw blue eyes studying her. "Good morning. Been awake long?" she questioned as her dancing ceased.

"Morning. I was just watching the delectable show." she answered with a smirk making the brunette flush lightly.

"Well, um, breakfast is ready." she stated in slight embarrassment. "You want to eat in bed or over here at the table?"

"Let's eat in bed." the small woman suggested.

With a nod Addison brought both plates over and went back to retrieve their juice and coffee. "Here we are. Breakfast, my love. Happy Valentine's Day."

Elle smiled adoringly at her lover. "Happy Valentine's Day, Addy. I could get used to this. Your meals are so much better than anything we get at school."

"I'm glad you like it. I enjoy cooking for you and intend to do so for the rest of this trip." Leaning over to Addison, Elle gave her a gentle kiss. The athlete moaned into it and went back for more, and for few minutes breakfast was forgotten. However regretfully the jock pulled away whispering, "We need to eat before the eggs get cold."

The blonde gave a small nod. "Yeah. I guess I should let you refuel, because believe me. Your specialties are needed again already." she urgently uttered nipping the tall woman's neck sexually. Addison growled and then began making quick work of her breakfast. Elle had to laugh

at the way the jock was shoveling her meal down as fast as she could in her zeal. "Slow down there, Addy. I wouldn't want you to get sick now."

"Eat fast, Elle, because I'm starting whether you're finished or not." she replied.

"You wouldn't." the blonde said teasingly, knowing all along the tall woman would. Just to test her, she leisurely ate her food. She was reclining against the headboard with her plate in one hand and eating toast with her other when Addison finished her own. The softball player put her plate on the night stand and gave the blonde challenging eyes. The blonde simply quirked her brow in response. Reaching over to the little woman's plate, Addison picked up the extra pat of soft butter. "Addison, what are you doing?" Elle inquired.

"Finishing my breakfast." she murmured as she smeared it across the peaks of her girlfriend's breasts. Instantly they responded to her touch stiffening from the contact. Going back to the plate again, she scraped the strawberry jam off the blonde's toast with her index finger to repeat the process. When Elle was sufficiently covered in the sticky treat, the brunette gave a little smile before bending down to savor what she had just created.

The debutante's eyes rolled closed at the glorious feeling. The rest of her food was abandoned as she pulled the tall woman's head deeper into her. "Oh, Addy." she moaned.

Addison groaned in delight but suddenly yelped as a plate came crashing down on top of her head. "Ouch." she mumbled lifting her head slightly.

Elle wore a concern yet amused countenance. "Addison, I'm so sorry." she said trying to withhold laughter as she realized in her fervency she had hit her lover with the plate she had been holding. "Are you okay, baby? Where does it hurt?" she asked putting her plate with Addison's and rubbing the dark head comfortingly. "I guess that's what you get for starting without me, huh?"

"Guess so." Addison answered with a smile. "However now that I have your undivided attention may I continue?"

"You better. You aren't getting up until you've finished your meal." Elle teased. "So get eating."

Dark eyes flashed as the tall woman groaned at her lover's words. "With pleasure." she whispered lowering her head back to its work.

An hour later after each of them had been satisfied and recuperated with a brief nap, they showered together and then dressed for the day. The rest of their weekend passed unhurriedly with them hiking through the snow and reading by the fire as well as making love through out the days and nights whenever they were struck with the desire. However regretfully on Sunday they had to return to school.

Elle helped Addison with their stuff, and then the catcher took the blonde's bag up to her own room. As soon as they were alone inside the president's room, Elle wrapped her arms around the

jock. "I wish you would stay here with me tonight. I don't want to sleep without you." she whispered seductively.

"Well, won't it bother your sisters if I'm here? I mean I thought you wanted to be discreet."

"Addy, I went away with you for Valentine's Day. They suspect that I've hoped the fence already."

"Are you okay with that?"

Elle smiled. "Addison, I would tell anyone that I'm your little lesbian lover if they asked. After this weekend there is no way I could ever go back."

"Is that what you are?" the tall woman asked seriously for a moment.

"What? Yours? Of course I am."

"No. Are you a lesbian?"

Elle backed out of her lover's arms as she replied, "I love you more than anyone else in this world, and I only want you and your hands and mouth on me ever again. Isn't that enough?"

"That's enough for me." the brunette replied sexily moving in to embrace the woman she loved again. "As far as staying here tonight, I'll take duty in your bed over being alone in my own any night. I just want you to be comfortable."

"I'm most comfortable with you here."

For Spring Break that year Elle convinced Addison to come to California for the week. Being that both of them were supposed to visit the Stanford campus for tours of the law school, the softball player agreed and managed to persuade her coach to let her out of practice for that week as well.

Both of them took the same flight out to California that Friday afternoon and were greeted at the airport by the blonde's parents. Having never met them previously, Addison was nervous about it, because she wasn't sure exactly what her girlfriend had told them about their relationship. However after the blonde hugged them both, she grabbed Addison by the hand.

"Mom, Daddy, this is my girlfriend, Addison Miller. Addy, my parents."

"Hi. Nice to meet you." she fumbled at the bold introduction as she shook her father's extended hand. Her mother did the same.

"Well, Addison, my little girl tells me you have aspirations of being an attorney, and you are

actually considering Stanford for school.” her father stated.

“Yes, Mr. Woods. That is the plan. Stanford is one of my top choices as of now.”

“I went to Stanford law myself, am a partner for a firm in Beverly Hills. What kind of law are you interested in at this point?”

“I haven’t decided on anything yet. I’m focusing on just getting in. Hopefully Elle and I will get accepted to the same schools.”

“Yes, pumpkin mentioned that to me. I had no idea she was even interested in law. She was always set on marrying young and being a woman of leisure. So much for that plan.” he stated with a smile at the tall woman. Gesturing down the terminal, he said, “Come. Tell me more about your plans.”

Addison cast a glance over her shoulder at Elle, who was following them a few paces behind with her mother. The blonde gave her a supportive smile. “So, Mom, what do you think?” she asked softly.

“Well, Elle, she seems very nice. You’re right that she is attractive. She does have a sculpted body and twinkling eyes. I can see why you’re interested.” the taller, older version of Elle conceded.

The sorority girl giggled, looping her arm through her mother’s. “Oh, Mom, it’s more than interest. I love her.”

“Does she feel the same?”

“Yes, she does. Mom, I think I’ve found the one. Addy is everything I ever wanted.”

“Well, that’s nice, dear. With her being an attorney and all, you’re sure to be taken care of. You won’t even have to work.”

“I know, but I think I will want to anyway. I’m not sure how Addy would feel about me not working if we moved in together after law school.”

“Speaking of law school, are you still thinking of going? Elle, you don’t need to do that. Why would you want to when you already have so much going for you? Law school is for people who are serious and boring. You’re definitely not that.”

“Addy isn’t boring. She’s really smart, and she thinks I can do it. I want to try, Mom. If nothing else, I’ll get to be close to her by going where she decides to.”

Her mother shrugged. “I guess that’s true. I just want you to have the right kind of life, Elle. I think your father and I are being quite reasonable when it comes to Addison, but she needs to know that with you comes responsibilities. We won’t part with you to someone less than capable

of taking care of your needs.”

“Addy takes wonderful care of me, Mom. Did I tell you about she did for me for Valentine’s?” the debutante inquired before launching into all the details of their trip to the mountains.

That evening after dinner and more time of getting to know each other, Elle’s parents announced that they would be retiring for the evening. As her father kissed his daughter, he turned to Addison. “Addison, would you like to accompany me tomorrow morning to the golf course? I’m meeting a few friends for eighteen holes and drinks afterward. I’m sure that would probably be more appealing to you than getting your hair and nails done and shopping all day. What do you say?”

The jock glanced at Elle but seeing the huge smile her lover was wearing, she knew the blonde was pleased with the suggestion. “That sounds like fun, Mr. Woods. I think I would rather play golf than shop.”

“I thought as much. Very well. We’ll leave here at eight. Good night, you two.”

As soon as they were alone, Elle grinned at her girlfriend. “Well, my father adores you.” she stated confidently.

“What makes you say that?” questioned Addison.

“He loves golf and only invites people he likes to play with him. He didn’t invite Craig to play with him for two years.”

“Really? Well, that makes me feel a little better. I was so nervous about meeting them.”

“I knew they would love you. Well, we should probably go to bed too. We’re still on East Coast time, so I’m pretty tired. What about you?”

The tall woman nodded. “Now that you mention it, yeah.”

“Well, come on in. Let’s go to bed.” the little woman said taking her girlfriend’s hand and leading her upstairs. Going into Elle’s room, the blonde began to undress casually. However seeing that Addison was just standing in the middle of the room, she asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Exactly where am I supposed to sleep, Elle?”

“With me of course.”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea? I mean won’t your parents get upset?”

“Not at all. For goodness sake’s, Addy, they know we’re having sex. I told them that you would be sleeping in my bed while you were here and that would be the end of the discussion. They’re fine with it.”

“Your father knows we’re having sex?” Addison asked nervously. “You told him that?”

“No. I told my mom, not him. I’m sure she told him though. It’s fine with them for you to be in here.”

“Did they let Craig sleep with you when he was here?” she asked in interest.

“Heck no. Craig had to sleep downstairs in the guestroom next to theirs. This is different.”

“Why? Because I’m a girl?” she inquired with growing irritation that she was being treated differently, albeit better than Craig had.

“No. This is different, because I want you up here. I guess if I had made as much of a stink about him as I did about you they would’ve let him up here. This is more about me than them, Addy.”

“Oh. Well, okay. If you’re sure. I just don’t want to get on your dad’s bad side. That’s all I would need is a successful attorney breathing down my neck about shaking up with his daughter, especially since he is a Stanford alum. I can’t afford to screw up too badly.” she teased.

“There’s no way you could do that. You’re perfect. Come on now. Change clothes and get into bed with me. There’s something we need to discuss.” she playfully said with a seductive grin.

Several minutes later found the young couple cuddling in bed in the dark. “So, what’s this discussion supposed to be about?” Addison inquired kissing the top of Elle’s fair head.

“Well, do you remember a conversation we had back in January about me wanting to know what it was like to you know....” she started nervously.

The tall woman knew exactly what her girlfriend was referring to even though she didn’t say the words. “How could I forget a conversation like that? You said you wondered what it was like to have someone orgasm inside you.” she stated.

“Yeah, well, do you remember what you said during that talk? You said you would you know give me that experience.”

“I know. Was I drunk when I said that?” she teased lightly, but Elle didn’t laugh.

“You promised me over Spring Break we could...”

“I know. I don’t know what I was thinking though.”

“You mean you don’t want to do it now?” she asked hesitantly.

Addison sighed. “Elle, I never really did want to do it. I had hoped you would’ve put it behind you by now. Are you telling me you are serious about this?”

Elle shrugged. “I guess. Addy, I’m curious. I’ve heard all the girls talking about it before. Kiki says she loves it, that it’s her favorite part about being with a guy. I don’t want to be with a guy, only you. I just wanted to know what the fuss was about. Please, Addison? I only trust you to do it with.”

The jock gave another sigh as she stalled for time. “If it means that much to you, Elle, I don’t want this to become an issue between us. I don’t think it’s the smartest idea you’ve ever had, but if doing this will make you happy, I guess I’ll do it. You have to assure me though that this isn’t going to turn out badly. I don’t want this to be a reoccurring thing, because this is something I can’t always give you. I’ll do it once, because I love you, and I want to satisfy your whims, but promise me this will be the end of it if we do this?” she questioned.

“It will be. I just want to know what it’s like. That’s all.” she insisted feeling the uneasiness coming from her girlfriend’s body. She had been tentative in bringing the issue to light to begin with, but she felt if nothing else, Addison would understand her need to explore sexual interests, being that the athlete had experienced a wide variety of women. However now as the silence encompassed them, she wondered if she had done the right thing. She had never wanted to affect the woman’s self-confidence, but she feared asking for something Addison could obviously not provide was not good for their relationship. Nevertheless the blonde decided just to put it out there and see what her girlfriend would say. When the softball player had immediately agreed the first time they had discussed it, Elle was surprised but pleased. Now however she worried, because Addison was quiet. “So? What do you say, Addy?”

“When did you want to do this?”

“I was thinking Tuesday. My parents will be gone, so we’ll be alone, and we’ll be back from Stanford by then.”

“I suspect you already have a donor in mind for this little experiment?” she inquired.

“Yeah. I’ve already lined someone up. Addison, are you sure you’re okay with this?”

“Elle, I’ll be honest with you. I’m not sure about it, but I’ll do it for you. I’m not one who should judge someone else’s curiousness. After all I’m the one who has had all the experience. I’ll give you what you want.”

The blonde squeezed the frame under her own. “Thank you, Addy. You’re so good to me. I love you so much.”

“I love you too, Elle, more than you’ll ever know. We should get some sleep now. If I’m going to play golf with your dad tomorrow, I need rest. I want to at least make a good showing out there.”

The following morning both of them were sitting in the kitchen enjoying breakfast when Elle’s parents came in. Everyone greeted each other pleasantly as her parents sat at the table. Instantly

Elle and her mother started talking about their plans for the day. Elle's father just shot Addison an amused grin. Twenty minutes later after the two women had carried on, he asked, "Addison, are you about ready to go?"

"Sure, Mr. Woods. I'm ready when you are."

"Good. Let's get out of here. Too much shopping talk is giving me a headache." he joked standing. He leaned down to give his wife a light kiss.

Addison gave Elle a look and smile, unsure of whether she should follow suit in the presence of the blonde's parents. Elle took the decision from her though as she pulled Addison down to her by the front of her shirt. The blonde gently brushed her lips against the athlete's. Addison whimpered unknowingly. When they pulled away, blue eyes met brown.

"Good luck. Don't let him beat you." she whispered.

"I'll try." Addison answered. Unable to help herself, she leaned to kiss the little woman again. It was Elle's turn to respond as her arms came around the tall woman's neck, and she moaned into the contact. Her parents were forgotten for a few moments until a deep clearing of a throat brought them back.

"You'd think I was leading Addison to her death." he quipped. "You'll see her tonight, Elle. Save that stuff for when you're alone. Don't give your old man a heart attack."

Reluctantly the blonde eased up on her lover's lips. Giving her wanton eyes, she ducked into Addison's dark hair for a moment to whisper something for her girlfriend's ears only. Addison growled lightly and quickly jerked away. Elle was clearly trying to push the envelope with her parents and arousing her easily excitable Addison in the process. "I'll see you later." Addison stated unevenly backing away from the smiling blonde.

Elle chuckled lightly at the distress she had temporarily inflicted. "Have fun, you two." she said.

Addison said nothing else as she followed Elle's father out to the garage. As soon as they were in the comfort of his Jaguar, he looked at her seriously. "So, what are your intentions toward my daughter?" he pointedly inquired.

"Intentions? Well, I'm not quite sure what you mean exactly." she answered nervously.

"You going to marry the girl or not?"

"Well, we haven't been together that long, Mr. Woods. I would like to think that we had a long term future. It would please me greatly if Elle decided I was the one she wanted to be with."

"She's my little girl, you know, and I don't take too well to her acting the way she is in front of me. Is this your influence?"

“Honestly I don’t know. Did she act this way when Craig was here?”

The man laughed. “Craig never laid a hand on her in my presence. He was too much of a wimp, but clearly you aren’t.”

“No. That much is true. I’m not afraid of anyone, Mr. Woods.”

“Not even me?” he questioned sharply.

Addison’s heart stopped momentarily. In truth she was a little afraid of him, but she decided not to let on. Instead she put on her bravest front. “Not even you, Mr. Woods. True I might be concerned with making a good impression on you, but I’m not scared.” she stated as confidently as possible.

“So my attempts to intimidate you will be futile? Is that what you’re saying?” he challenged gruffly.

“That’s precisely what I’m saying.” Addison lied.

“Damn must be losing my touch.” he mumbled as a smile transformed his face. “You really are tougher than Craig. He’d practically wet himself by the time we got to the end of the driveway the first time I took him to play golf.” he mentioned. “You’re all right, Addison Miller. You’ll take care of my Elle the way she’s meant to be. I can tell. If I can’t get to you, no one can.” He gave her shoulder a strong squeeze. “All right. I guess since I know that I can’t scare you away from my daughter maybe we should just talk about school. Why do you want to go to Stanford?”

“Well, I’m not sure I want to go there yet. It is one of my top choices for now, but Elle and I are going to sit in on some classes Monday morning and have interviews. I’ll know more by then. However I think it might be my top choice if all goes well. I’m not that happy with Harvard or Yale at this point.”

“Why’s that?”

“I heard Harvard accepted Craig, even though he’s less than worthy in my opinion.”

“Well, sure he’s a priss, but what else is wrong with him?”

“He isn’t the nicest guy on campus. He and I don’t really get along. We’ve gotten in several fist fights over the years. Not only that he hit Elle, so he’s on my permanently bad list.”

“He did what?” he snarled.

“It’s all right, Mr. Woods. I took care of him. I broke his nose and gave him several stitches for it. He got what he deserved, but he hates me. The last confrontation we had he hit me with a baseball bat. Needless to say, there is bad blood between us. That’s why I don’t want to go to Harvard or want Elle to go there.”

“She won’t be going there if I have anything to say about it. I don’t want that man anywhere near her.”

“Don’t worry, Mr. Woods. I’ll protect her. I take her virtue very seriously. She deserves that.”

“Thank you, Addison. Glad to know someone is looking out for her. Let me ask you something. Was it your idea for her to go to law school?”

The jock shrugged. “I might’ve mentioned it. Elle has a lot going for her. She has a 4.0, got a 179 on her LSAT. She commands attention wherever she goes. She could be a brilliant attorney if she sets her mind to it.”

“I know my daughter is smart, Addison, but she’s always lacked direction. I don’t doubt for a moment that she could do well in school, but what if she doesn’t want to? I get the feeling that she’s doing this for you, not her. Could you accept her as she is, whether she completes a degree or not?”

“You really think she’s just doing this for me?” the brunette asked in mild surprise.

“Yes. Every time she brings school up, she talks about going where you go, living with you, and all that. I think she has other ideas regarding your long term relationship. I think she wants you to be it for her, which would be fine with us. You obviously are smart and can hold your own, but if she quits school after attending for awhile, will that alter your perception of her?”

The softball player took a few moments to think over the question. “No, it wouldn’t. I’ve always known of Elle’s aspirations to be a woman of leisure, and at first it bothered me. However now I think I could handle it if she were my woman of leisure. I actually like the idea of taking care of her. I want to do that if she wants me to. I just think she has so much potential for greatness.”

“She does, but whether she fulfills that is up to her, not us. We can’t force her to be something she’s not.”

Addison nodded. “I know. That doesn’t mean we can’t hope though.” she answered.

That day at the golf course Elle’s father went out of his way to include Addison in all the conversations he was having with his fellow golfers and making it well known that the softball player was going to be a Stanford law student, impressing the two men they were playing with that day. However when he was asked how they knew each other, his response was that Addison and Elle were friends. Addison took it in stride though, figuring he was being so gracious about everything else that she could concede not to mention her true relationship with the attorney’s daughter in front of his friends.

Once the several hour game had come to its conclusion, everyone moved up into the clubhouse for showers and a change of clothes. As the men moved toward their locker room, Elle’s father slowed his pace. “The women’s locker room is just around the corner. Tell the attendant in there

that you're with me, and she'll set you up. Meet us up in the bar when you're finished."

"All right. Thanks." she said moving away.

He gave her a pat on the back. "Good playing today by the way. You're a natural. See you in a few."

Drinks lasted for several hours before they decided to head home. When they arrived the women weren't back yet, so Elle's father suggested they relax out by the pool. With drinks and cigars in hand, they continued to talk, which is how the women found them later.

As Elle stood in the kitchen with her mother spying on the pair out by the pool, her mother stated, "Well, it looks like they are getting along better than we even thought they might."

"Yeah. Look at them, like two peas in a pod. I can't believe it actually. I knew Daddy would be nice to her, but I never imagined this. I'm so glad they get along. Although I could do without Addy smoking cigars. That'll have to stop." she joked making her way out the glass door that led to the deck.

"Well, look who's home?" her father mentioned to Addison when he noticed his daughter's presence.

Looking up to the deck, Addison gave a large smile. Elle had obviously been to the salon with the way her hair was perfectly done. She was sporting new clothes and smiling down at them in amusement. The dark-haired woman's libido began to awaken as the little woman glided down the steps and moved in their direction. Elle looked so beautiful to her.

Coming to a stop at the end of Addison's chair, Elle brought her perfectly manicured hands to her hips in playful provocation. "What is the meaning of this? I'm gone for less than a day, and I come home to you drinking like a fish and smoking nasty cigars. You have some explaining to do, Addison Miller."

Elle's father chuckled lightly. "I think that's my cue to leave. You're on your own. Good luck." he joked making a hasty retreat into the house, leaving them alone.

"You look stunning." the athlete said taking a long drag from her cigar.

The blonde blushed. "That's not going to get you out of trouble, Addy." she stated. "What are you doing?"

"Just having drinks with your dad. Thought you might like the fact that we've bonded over golf and alcohol, the manly way." she teased.

Elle nodded as she slipped onto the chair and hovered over her girlfriend's body. "Addy, I want you to get along, but I don't want you to turn into him. He's a lush and a chimney with a fat wallet. I only want you to have the fat wallet part." she joked gently.

“Well, I do want to be like him in that I have a hot wife. You think I might get that wish?” Addison asked eying her lover’s cleavage as the blonde’s top gapped open.

“Maybe. Depends on how good you are to me.” Elle answered in teasing confidence.

“I’ll be so good to you and give you everything you ever wanted.” Addison growled seductively putting her cigar in the ashtray and bringing her hands up to the blonde’s waist. She leaned in to the fair neck of her girlfriend, dusting it with airy kisses.

“You’ll have to do better than that.” Elle whispered with an uneven breath.

The tall woman took the direction. She lightly began to pull the blonde’s hips into her own, grinding them together in an agonizingly slow pace as her mouth made its way to her lover’s. Within moments they were heavily involved with each other, forgetting that they were in fact at Elle’s parents’ house. Addison moved one of her hands between her girlfriend’s thighs, rubbing the seam of the blonde’s capri pants with sexual intent. “I want you right now, Elle.”

The debutante whimpered as Addison slowly unzipped her slacks and slipped her questing hand into them. “Addy.” she whined with mounting need.

“What, baby? You want me?” the catcher questioned as her fingers ran through the blonde’s wet heat and lingered just outside her entrance.

Elle shuddered in her lover’s arms. “Please.” she begged. Immediately Addison filled her to the core, both of them groaning as the connection was complete. Their mouths met again with ferocity as the blonde shamelessly began to ride Addison to peak. When she began to settle again, she smiled at her girlfriend. “Would you like me to return the favor now?” Elle softly inquired working open Addison’s shorts.

Addison couldn’t even answer as she watched the little woman’s petite hand disappear between the folds of her boxer shorts. The jock moaned as the blonde’s manicured nails teasingly scraped along her inner thighs before coming to a stop at the junction. “Elle.” she breathed erratically.

Suddenly Elle’s mother’s voice could be heard from the deck. “Dinner’s ready, girls.” she called out.

Addison whined in desperation. “Fuck me.” she grumbled.

The blue-eyed woman smiled sexily at her. “With pleasure, Addy, but it’ll have to wait until tonight.” she said zipping herself.

The rest of the evening Addison was preoccupied with the thought of being alone with Elle again. Their afternoon adventure had only served to heighten the tall woman’s desires instead of sate her. Between what Elle had promised her that morning about modeling her new bikinis when she got home and their rendezvous that had been cut short, Addison was more than ready

to retire for the night early. Thankfully Elle made an excuse for them saying they wanted to be rested for their trip up to Stanford, so they could go upstairs. As they left the company of Elle's parents though, Addison wasn't completely sure her father bought the story with the way he was staring at Addison, but neither of them said anything.

As soon as they made it up to the blonde's room, the brunette wrapped her arms strongly around her lover. "I believe you have a promise to keep." she said.

"And keep it I shall." Elle replied as she started on her girlfriend's clothes.

On Tuesday Addison and Elle slept in. Since the blonde's parents had gone out of town until Wednesday evening, they were completely alone in the house. They had made the most of that opportunity on Monday evening after they had returned from Stanford. However they were slow to rise on Tuesday morning because of the late night activities. Finally when they did get out of bed, Addison was in a quiet mood, knowing that this was the day she and Elle had agreed upon to explore the blonde's desires. Even though the tall woman truly didn't want to introduce a new element into their love making, she had acquiesced for her lover, but the idea of going through with it made her nervous.

Addison had always enjoyed the fact that pregnancy never was a possible outcome with any of the women she had been with, because she felt free to be herself. Between that and the fact that she had always used protection, she never worried about the consequences of her actions. However being with Elle, she had taken away that protective barrier, leaving them both more vulnerable. It had added so much to their relationship to be able to be completely intimate, but Elle had now taken them one step further by suggesting they add the one thing that could forever change their lives, and Addison was truly unsettled by it. Nevertheless she was determined to give the blonde all she wanted, even if it meant doing something outside of her own comfort level.

The two of them spent a quiet day out by the pool. Eying her girlfriend in her bikini was definitely increasing Addison's ardor, making her at least want to take her to bed at the earliest opportunity. However they had agreed to wait on the special package to be delivered for their little experience. Late that afternoon it arrived for them. Taking one look at it, the brunette inquired nervously, "Could I at least get drunk before I do this?"

Elle looked at her sympathetically. She knew her lover was having a problem with this, which made the blonde love her partner even more for trying something different. Giving her a supportive smile, she answered, "Sure. Why don't we have dinner and a few drinks? That might settle us both a bit."

The softball player made dinner for the two of them and in the process consumed enough beer to calm her nerves. Once the meal was over though, there was only one obvious thing to do. Deciding just to get it over with, Addison grabbed the turkey baster and inquired with fake confidence, "Ready for me to rock your world?"

"I'm always ready for that, Addy. However why don't you go upstairs? I'll get this ready and

meet you up there. I don't want to put you through more trauma. You're already being so sweet about this. Go on up. I'll be there in a few. Here. Take your beer with you."

Addison did as she was told, going up to the blonde's bedroom to wait. Several minutes later Elle came in, but instead of coming directly to the bed, she moved into the bathroom. The tall woman reclined against the headboard sipping her beer in silent contemplation wondering what her lover was doing for so long. Finally though the blonde opened the bathroom door, standing there for a dramatic moment.

Elle was dressed in a skimpy, hot pink, silk negligee that barely covered her. Her long blonde hair was swept up off her neck and pinned up provocatively, and Addison could smell her favorite perfume from across the room. Her body responded to the visual stimulus, and she extended her hand out to the petite woman in silent invitation. The debutante moved to the bedside. She pressed the baster into her girlfriend's hand and anxiously awaited a response from the brunette.

Addison took a moment to look at the object she was supposed to use to simulate male orgasm with and got a gnawing in the pit of her stomach. She really didn't want to go through with it. However seeing the blue eyes looking at her questioningly, she took a slow deep breath. Experimentally she squeezed it, yelping and spitting out her beer in surprise as it shot part of it out across the bed and over her shorts. "Oh, God, Elle, I can't do this." she quickly stated. "This is disgusting. I'm sorry. I just can't." The blonde said nothing but looked crestfallen at the admission. Seeing the disappointment Addison hurriedly suggested, "Look, do we have to use this? Does it have to be this revolting sperm? There's got to be another way."

"Like what? You can't just use anything, Addison. It's going into my body."

"I know exactly where it's going, Elle." she replied in obvious revulsion. "Water. We could use water. It would be safe. Please? I can't in good faith do this. Give me a break here?"

Elle looked at her girlfriend in obvious discomfort. She had never wanted things to go this badly, so she relented. "All right. You'll do it with water?"

"Yes. Go rinse this out. We'll still use the baster, but put water in there instead. I don't know why I didn't think of that before actually."

Elle gave a nod. "Okay, Addy. I'll be right back."

A few minutes later she returned. Addison took the baster from her again and gave it a squeeze, please to see the clear liquid. "Okay. Let's do this." she stated with more confidence.

Seeing her girlfriend with much more of her usual sureness, Elle was glad she hadn't pushed the issue. They had compromised, and yet she was still getting her way. In that moment the small woman truly knew she had the best partner she ever could, and she leaned down to her lover's lips to initiate their passionate encounter.

An hour later the moment was over as Addison laid on top of the petite blonde. Silence filled the room for a little bit, but the brunette wondered what the blonde was thinking about the whole thing. She had seemed to enjoy herself as much as she always did but not more, which left Addison strangely satisfied. Finally breaking the stillness, she softly asked, "So, what did you think?"

"I think Kiki was lying to me. That was gross. I'm glad we didn't use the real thing. I'm lying in a huge wet spot. How could straight girls do this? This settles it. I'm only going to be with women from here on out." she said lightly.

The catcher laughed at her lover's joke. "Well, at least now you know. You're confirming your lesbian status?"

"Oh yeah. Lesbianism it is for me."

Meeting eyes, Addison gave Elle a smile. "Come on. Let's at least change the sheets, so you don't have to sleep this way." she suggested.

Together they changed the bed linens before settling down again. Bringing Elle into her arms, Addison kissed the top of her head as she often did just before they dozed off. "I love you, Elle Woods."

"I love you too, Addy. Thank you for tonight."

"You're welcome. Sweet dreams, my love."

Most of Wednesday morning was spent out of the house, as Elle gave Addison a little tour of her neighborhood, telling the tall woman tales of when she was younger before they had lunch out and took in a movie. During the whole day Addison couldn't keep her eyes off her girlfriend. There was something different about her that day, and she looked even more lovely than she normally did. Every time those blue eyes met her brown ones, she felt the love they shared more intensely than she ever had. Figuring the previous night had made the difference, Addison was glad she was able to give the little woman what she wanted.

Upon arriving at home that afternoon, they decided to spend the rest of the day out by the pool. The softball player spent a long time doing laps since she hadn't worked out at all since coming to California, and she had a game that coming Saturday back at school. Meanwhile Elle lay on a towel quietly pool side in a blue bikini that impeccably accentuated her eyes and femininity as she read her latest edition of Cosmopolitan magazine. Her fair hair was up with her sunglasses perched on top of her head, and her gold heart pendant hung loosely around her neck completing the picture of perfection.

Finally after exhausting herself with the exercise, Addison swam over to where her girlfriend was laying and propped her arms up along the edge of the pool. Their eyes met. "You are the most gorgeous woman I've known." Addison mentioned. "You look so stunningly amazing today. You've just been glowing."

Elle took in her lover's face with adoring eyes. Addison's dark hair was in a wet disarray, water dripping down her face, and dark eyes sparkling in awe at her. She cupped the tall woman's cheek in her hand. "I have so much to be glowing about, Addy. I have the most wonderful woman in the world who loves me. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me, Addison Miller, and I love you so much."

"I love you too, Elle." the dark-haired woman replied softly pushing herself up out of the pool high enough to meet the blonde's mouth in a kiss.

Elle slipped her arms around Addison's neck and pulled her in deeper, leaving them both breathless for a moment. The blonde's body began to simmer at the sight of her lover's frame soaking wet, her spandex sports bra clinging to her curves and rivulets of water cascading down her sculpted torso and well-cut stomach. Giving a shaky sigh, she whispered, "How can anyone want someone else so much? You make me so hot just by being so close."

Addison moaned as she found the blonde's neck. "I want you too, Elle, so badly."

Dropping her head back and pulling the wet head deeper into her body, the debutante begged, "Please, Addy. Make love to me."

Without another word the brunette pushed herself all the way out of the pool and into her lover's eager arms. Lying the blonde back down on the towel, Addison leaned down to kiss her lips gently as her fingers went to work on the strings of Elle's top. It was gone within fleeting moments. Elle responded in kind, ridding Addison of her top before clawing lightly at the strong back she loved as the tall woman's mouth moved down to attend to her flawless breasts. Addison took her time lavishing her attention to her favorite part of her lover's body, teasing the crest of each breast painfully slow, enjoying the yearning cries of her girlfriend's mounting passion. Her hands caressed the blonde's tiny hips while working open the strings to her suit bottom. When the ties were undone, the jock gently removed it as well and added them to the growing pile of swim wear next to them.

Pulling away from her lover, Addison leaned back on her knees to survey her creation. Elle was gloriously naked, her now wet skin glistening in the sunlight and her breasts standing at sharp attention. "You are so beautiful." the brunette whispered starting on the tie to her men's board shorts.

However Elle instantly sat up and brushed her hands away, using her own instead. "No. Let me." she insisted kissing her girlfriend's muscled abdomen as her hands untied her suit and pulled them from her hips, so they were both naked. Slipping her arms around her lover's back again, Elle pulled the larger woman down on top of her as she murmured, "I have to feel you now."

Addison was immediately there to accommodate her needs. Sliding into the blonde, she was greeted with a sigh almost of relief as well as increasing fervor. Gently Addison guided Elle through their intimate dance. She was amazed at the sight of pure ecstasy gracing her lover's face as the blonde came to the peak of pleasure and was then pushed over into blissful oblivion.

It took the petite woman a moment to recover and then open her eyes. They were sparkling in devotion. Addison remained inside her in stillness, allowing her girlfriend to revel in the feeling of her presence. The blonde's body continued to quake and contract around her for several minutes. "I love you, Addison." she finally stated softly as her hands caressed her lover's face.

"I love you too, Elle." she replied lovingly resting her head against the blonde's shoulder for a moment.

They were quiet for a long time wrapped in each other's embrace, Elle's arms around Addison's back and her legs entangled with the athlete's longer, stronger ones while the brunette lingered inside her lover, enjoying the tight heat the enveloped her, and she used her other arm to support the little woman's fair head. After awhile Elle sighed in contentment. "Addy." she mumbled.

"Yeah?"

"Will you carry me upstairs? This stone is beginning to hurt my back." she requested.

"Of course, angel." the softball catcher answered reluctantly pulling out of her girlfriend. Elle whimpered lightly when she did. Wrapping herself in her towel, the tall woman came back for her precious cargo, enfolding Elle in her towel and scooping her up into her secure arms.

Quietly they made their way up the stairs of the deck and to the back door leading to the kitchen. However as soon as they were in the house, they were greeted to a cold blue-eyed stare from Elle's father. "Daddy!" Elle exclaimed clutching her towel tighter around her bare form. "What are you doing back so soon? When did you and Mom get here?"

Before her father could even provide an answer though, Elle's mother came into the room. Her shock was obvious, but she quickly turned to her husband rebuking him, "Steven, I told you to leave them alone until they were finished!"

He glared at them. "Are you finished?" he growled at Addison.

"Yes, sir." she managed to squeak.

"Good! Now you go upstairs and put some clothes on, young lady!" he scolded his daughter.

"Yes, Daddy." the blonde whispered as Addison set her on her feet.

Addison watched Elle move out of the room in a hurry and began to follow at a slower pace when Elle's father demanded, "You will stay here, Ms. Miller! We need to talk!"

Addison's heart stopped for a moment in fear, but she turned toward him. Since she only had a towel secured around her waist, she folded her arms across her bare chest and gave him a challenging scowl. "For goodness sake's, Steven, let the girl get dressed!" Elle's mother insisted. She turned to Addison. "Addison, go get dressed. This conversation can wait that long."

“You will not move!” he yelled.

“Oh, yes, she will! This isn’t fair to her to make her do this without clothes on, Steven! You might be mad at her but have enough decency to allow her to get dressed! Addison, go upstairs now.”

“Yes, ma’am.” the jock mumbled turning and rushing from the room. Bounding up the stairs she ran into Elle’s bedroom.

The blonde was standing there in the middle of the room in only her robe brushing her hair.

“What’s wrong, Addy?” she inquired seeing the sheer terror on her lover’s face.

“Your father is going to kill me.”

“No he won’t.”

“Elle, he wants to have a talk with me! I’m sure it’s not about the weather! Your parents saw us having sex! Does that bother you in the least?”

“No, not at all actually.” she casually responded.

“What do you mean? How can that not bother you?”

The blonde moved to her girlfriend and encircled her bare waist. “Because, Addison, I love you and I’m not ashamed of that. I’m not embarrassed by them seeing us together that way, because when someone loves someone else as much as I do you, it’s normal to show it physically. He needs to realize I’m not his little girl any more. I’m a woman, and I’ll do what I want, including sleeping with you. Yes, I do wish they hadn’t seen us naked like that, but I’m not going to let him make me feel guilty about it, because we haven’t done anything wrong.”

“You’re right, Elle. We haven’t done anything wrong, and I don’t regret what we did, so I won’t let him make me feel like I do. I just know he’s not happy with me right now. I think the last thing he expected was to come home to see us together like that. I’m sure he could never have fathomed his little girl in the throes of passion. I think that’s a father’s worst nightmare, and we just threw it in his face.”

“He’ll get over it. I assure you.” Elle said giving her girlfriend a supportive squeeze.

“All right. Well, I need to get dressed. He didn’t even want to wait for that before chewing me out. Your mother is the one who actually came to my defense and sent me up here. I should get back down there as soon as possible.”

“You’ll be fine, Addy. His bark is worse than his bite. I promise you.”

Quickly the athlete threw on a t-shirt and pair of shorts before heading back downstairs to the fight she knew was waiting. Elle’s parents were still in the kitchen when she came in. No one

said anything for a moment before Elle's father suggested, "Let's take this outside, Ms. Miller."

Addison gave a silent nod and followed several paces behind him. As she passed Elle's mother, the woman squeezed her on the arm in support. "It'll be okay, Addison. Don't let him intimidate you." she softly said. "If you love Elle, don't let him scare you off."

Giving a nod Addison whispered, "Thanks, Mrs. Woods."

Going outside Addison met up with Elle's father at the gazebo on the other side of the pool. He was standing there with his arms crossed across his body, and he was wearing an angry stare. Addison tried to adopt a more casual pose, shoving her hands into her pockets and leaning against one of the support beams of the structure. They only stared at each other for a few minutes before he stated, "Well, Addison, I thought I could trust you, but apparently that isn't the case."

"What do you mean? Of course you can trust me. I would never hurt Elle in anyway."

"Oh really? You said you took the guardianship of her virtue seriously, Addison, but that's not what I saw. You've taken advantage of my daughter, and I'm here to tell you that I won't stand for that."

"Mr. Woods, with all due respect, I have not taken advantage of Elle. She's a woman and makes her own decisions. She asked me for what you saw. How could that be taking advantage?"

"Because you did it! Elle isn't a woman! She's my little girl! She doesn't know what she wants or what's best for her! You, on the other hand, are in the perfect position to exploit that fact! You are much more experienced in this area! I can tell by looking at you that you know exactly what to say to get women to do as you please, but you will not manipulate my daughter that way! You talk big, Addison Miller, but I'm on to you! I will not let you use her and then discard her as if she means nothing! Do you understand me?"

"Sir, I have no intention of discarding Elle. I love her. She means more to me than anything else in this entire world, even law school, Mr. Woods. I want to be with her, and furthermore she wants to be with me. You can't stop that from happening. Elle might be your little girl, but she is most definitely a woman now, and she's my woman. I will not tolerate you trying to intimidate her into leaving me. She won't. She'll leave you first. I promise you that much."

"How dare you try to threaten me? Do you know who you are talking to? I think I know my daughter well enough to know she'll do as she's told! If I tell her not to see you, she'll stop seeing you!"

"No, she will not. However I don't want to test that theory. I don't want her to lose her father. It would be too traumatic for her. She loves you, and she needs you. Mr. Woods, I don't want to fight with you about this. I'm sorry you had to walk in on us together. For that I truly apologize, but I can't take it back. It happened. I'm not sorry that Elle and I were doing what we were, because we love each other, and that's what people in love do."

“That’s what married people do! You are not married to each other! You shouldn’t be doing that!”

Addison shrugged. “Mr. Woods, I thought I made it clear on Saturday how I feel about my future with Elle. If I could legally marry her, I would, but two women can’t get married in the U.S. What am I supposed to do? I love her, and I am committed to her. The only difference is that there is no marriage certificate. Isn’t my unwavering devotion to her enough for you?”

“She deserves to get married, legally or not, Addison. If you are serious about a future together, you will get her a ring. You will ask me for her hand, and I will give you two a wedding that she deserves. Until such time I will not look highly upon you sleeping with my daughter, and you will not be spending any more of your nights in her bedroom while you are here. Do you understand me?” he asked tersely.

“Yes, I understand, Mr. Woods.” she conceded.

“Good.” he replied.

A moment passed with him looking at her expectantly. Addison knew what he was waiting for, her declaration of good intent toward his daughter. Addison considered what she would say to him to assure him. She knew she wanted to be with Elle more than any other woman in the world. For the last four years, the blonde had held her heart, and she knew she would never know another love like the debutante’s. As much as it frightened her to ask the little woman’s father for his daughter’s hand in marriage, Addison knew there would be no other way. In her soul she knew it was what she wanted, so she gathered her courage. “Mr. Woods, I’m a student. I don’t have a lot of money. I know I can’t afford to buy Elle a ring that she deserves. Do I have to have one before asking for your permission?”

“You will have a ring in your hand when you propose to her even if I had to lend you the money myself. She deserves that.”

“I know she does, sir.”

“But as far as asking for my permission, I guess we could do without a ring.” he answered.

Addison nodded. Taking another moment to collect her nerves, she looked him directly in the eye. “Mr. Woods, would you and Mrs. Woods object to me marrying Elle? Would you give me your permission?”

“Are you truly asking, or is this hypothetical?” he inquired coldly.

“I’m asking you, sir. May I marry your daughter? I want to spend my life with her, and I’ll do everything in my power to make her happy.”

Meanwhile Elle and her mother were watching from the kitchen. “What the hell is going on out

there?” the blonde questioned. “Why are they hugging? He looked like he was about to rip her head off a few minutes ago, and now they’re doing that weird guy one armed hug thing? What is going on?”

Her mother shrugged. “I have no idea. Whatever happened Addison swayed him. He was really mad at her when we came home and saw you two.”

The blonde flushed lightly. “About that, Mom, I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay, honey. You told me that you two were seriously involved. I just never told your father the extent of it. I guess I should’ve. It might not have been such a shock. You looked... happy.” tentatively her mother said.

Elle giggled. “I am happy, Mom. Addison is perfect for me in every way. She makes me very happy that way. I never thought it could be this wonderful.”

“I’m glad you found the right person, Elle. That’s all we ever wanted for you.”

“Well, it’s happened.”

A few minutes later Addison and Elle’s father returned. Both women looked at them expectantly, but he didn’t say anything to them. Instead he put his hand on the brunette’s shoulder. “Why don’t you go move your stuff into the guest bedroom next to our room before dinner, Addison?” he suggested.

“Yeah. Sure thing, Steven.” she answered moving from the room.

As soon as she was gone, Elle turned to her father. “Daddy, what are you doing? I told you Addison was sleeping upstairs with me.”

“Not any more she’s not, Elle. I will not tolerate you two having sex in my house, and I’m taking the temptation away by asking her to move to the guest room. She’s being quite amicable, so I suggest you do the same. It’s either this, or she’s on the next flight home. Your decision.”

Sensing that her father was no longer angry at Addison, Elle wondered what was truly going on. Instead of fighting him, she simply acquiesced knowing it was only two more nights before she and the softball player flew back to school anyway. The four of them spent the rest of the evening in each other’s company as Elle’s father inquired about their opinions of Stanford.

Concluded in Part 5

~ The Dyke and The Debutante ~

by Alex Tryst

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Disclaimer: See Part 1

In early April of that year, both Elle and Addison got their letters from their top law schools. Each of them had been accepted to Harvard, Yale, and Stanford, but Addison wasn't completely sure where she wanted to go. Elle had started to become more clingy, making her wonder if Elle's father was correct in his observation about the little woman in her wanting to go only where Addison did. The athlete wanted Elle to make her own decision regarding school though, so whenever the conversation came up, the catcher avoided it. Nevertheless time was running out to accept a spot for the fall. Knowing it couldn't be postponed any longer, she sat the blonde down one night after two weeks of avoidance.

Elle could see Addison's uneasiness as soon as she looked into her lover's eyes. "What's wrong, Addy?" she inquired hesitantly.

"Elle, we both have to make a decision about school soon. Do you have a first choice?"

The blonde nodded. "Yes. Do you?"

"Yeah. What is your first choice, Elle?"

"I want to go where you do, Addy, that's my first choice."

The jock sighed. "I know that, sweetie, but this is a serious decision, Elle. Our futures depend on what we decide here. Law school is a serious commitment, and I think each of us should make a decision based on where we truly want to go, not where the other is going."

"But don't you want to be together?" the blonde timidly asked reaching for her lover's hand. Suddenly her heart was pounding nervously. She had been dreading this moment since their acceptance letters had come. She wanted to be with Addison regardless of where it was. Law school was only a secondary concern to her. Her primary objective was to be with the woman she loved. However now Addison was asking her to make a decision independent of her, which made her uneasy.

"Elle, of course I want to be with you. I love you, but I can't in good faith ask you to go to school where I'm going if you aren't going to be happy there. If you want to be an attorney, you need to decide this on your own without thinking of me. We'll make it as a couple regardless of whether we have to do the long distance thing or not. I promise you that."

"I don't want to be away from you, Addison." she said.

The softball player took a deep breath as it became obvious Elle's father was in fact right. "I'll tell you what, Elle. We'll do it this way. Each of us will write down our first choice on a piece of paper and then give it to the other person. That way we find out at the same time. Who knows? We might want to go to the same place. Does that sound fair?"

Knowing Addison wasn't going to let up, the blonde nodded. "All right, Addy. We'll do it that way."

Grabbing her note book off her bookshelf, Addison tore out two pieces and handed one to her girlfriend with a pen. She wrote her own choice down on her slip of paper and folded it in two. They exchanged paper, but before Addison looked at what Elle had written, she asked, "Is this really your first choice? If I weren't in your life, this is where you'd definitely want to go?"

The petite woman shrugged. "If you weren't in my life, I wouldn't be going to law school, Addy. You're the one who gave me the inspiration. However of all the places I was accepted that is the one I did like the best." she stated softly.

Nodding in understanding Addison opened the slip of paper and looked at what her girlfriend had written. A smile graced her face as she saw the blonde look at what she had jotted down as well. "Well, it looks like we both wanted to go to the same place after all." the jock said. "Stanford it is."

Elle sighed in obvious relief. "I'm so glad, Addy. I was hoping you would feel that way."

"I had hoped you would too. Now we don't have to try to have a relationship all the way across the country." Addison mentioned. "I'm going to mail in my acceptance tomorrow."

"Me too. Oh, Addison, I'm so glad we're going to the same place. I've missed the West Coast."

"I probably know the answer to this already, but I'll ask anyway. Do you want to live together?"

"Of course, Addy. Do you?"

The brunette nodded. "Although I want you to understand that I intend to take school seriously. I want to be in the top of the class, and I'll accept nothing less from myself. Can you handle that?"

"Addison, I can handle anything. I'll make sure that you succeed. You'll have me there every step of the way."

Reaching out to the blonde, Addison slid her arms around the tiny woman's waist and pulled her down into a lying position on the bed with her. "I love you so much, Elle." she whispered idly playing with her girlfriend's hair.

"I love you too, Addy. I'm glad we're going to go to school together. I was so worried. My father will be so happy that we've chosen Stanford. I can't wait to tell him."

“Yeah. Although I’m not sure he’s going to take to the idea of us living together well.”

“He’ll get used to it.” A few minutes passed in silence before Elle quietly asked, “Will you rub my stomach, Addy? It hurts again.”

“Again? Are you sick?” the brunette gently inquired as she reached under the hem of her lover’s pink blouse. Lovingly she stroked Elle’s bare abdomen.

“I haven’t felt well lately.” she stated. “My stomach keeps getting upset, like I’m going to throw up at any moment. It’s weird. It comes and goes.”

“How long have you felt this way?”

“About a week or so. Before I got sick I found myself eating the weirdest food too. Like last week I had a peanut butter sandwich, pickles, and prune juice.”

“Oh, that is disgusting.” Addison responded as her own stomach revolted at the thought. “How could you eat that?”

“I just wanted it.”

“I thought you hated pickles?” the tall woman questioned curiously.

“Normally I do but it was good when I ate it. Yesterday Stacy and I went to McDonalds for a snack after school too, and I ended up eating two Big Macs, a large thing of fries, large chocolate milkshake, and an apple pie. I don’t know what the deal is. At moments I’ve starved and then others I feel so nauseated.”

“I don’t even eat that much at McDonalds.” the tall woman mentioned. “Something’s wrong with you, Elle. You should see a doctor.”

“I have an appointment for tomorrow.” the blonde replied.

“Do you want me to go with you?”

“No. It’s during your physics class anyway. I’ll be fine.”

“All right. Is there something I can do anything for you now? Could I get you something to settle your stomach?”

Elle smiled up at the brunette as she caressed her cheek. “You’re so sweet to ask, Addy. Just hold me. That’s all I need.”

The following morning as Kit and Addison made their way across campus toward the science building, the shorter woman inquired, “What’s with you today? You seem preoccupied.”

“Nothing.” Addison lied.

“Oh, come on. I know you better than that. Something is on your mind.”

The catcher shrugged. “Elle and I both decided to go to Stanford for school.”

“That’s great! I’m so glad for you!” her best friend replied giving her a one-armed squeeze. Not seeing a smile on Addison’s face however, she questioned, “What’s wrong, Addy?”

“Elle wants to live together, but I know her father is going to have words to say to me about it. I’m not sure he will let us.” she stated.

After a silent minute, Kit mentioned, “Why do I feel you’re holding out on me? There’s something else other than that.”

The tall athlete sighed unevenly as she looked at her best friend. Tears began to collect in her eyes as she whispered, “There is something else, Kit Kat.”

“What is it, Addison?” she asked putting a consoling arm around her friend’s back.

“If I tell you, you can’t tell a soul, not even Stacy. You have to take it to the grave. Do you hear me?”

“Of course. I’m your best friend. Tell me.”

“I think Elle might be pregnant.” the tall woman uttered no louder than that of a breath.

“What? No. She would never cheat on you, Addy. What makes you think that?” Kit tried to assure her.

“I’m not saying she cheated, Kit.” Addison clarified.

The smaller brunette looked at Addison quizzically for a moment. “Do I even want to know how this came about?”

Addison shrugged. “Sparing the details, I’ll just say we got drunk one night over Spring Break and did something incredibly stupid.” she stated. Rubbing her forehead she whispered, “Oh, God, this can’t be happening.”

“Does she think that she is?”

“I don’t know. We haven’t discussed it much. She mentioned to me that she was getting nauseated and having weird food cravings. I don’t know if she’s even thought of the possibility. I haven’t said anything. She’s going to the doctor as we speak though.”

“It’ll be okay, Addison. You two love each other. You’ll work it out no matter what happens.”

“No, it’s not okay, Kit. Her father will kill me. I promised him I’d take care of her. If she’s pregnant, I would say I failed miserably, and I will feel his wrath, no doubt.”

“Don’t even think about him. Just think about Elle. It will be your decision to make as to what you’re going to do, not his.”

Addison shook her head. “I don’t want to talk about this any more. I can’t even think about it until I talk to Elle.”

The jock was preoccupied through her whole class. In her heart she knew Elle was indeed pregnant. She had seen the evolving signs now that she was thinking about it but not made the connection. The blonde’s eating habits were only the beginning. The woman’s emotions had begun to turn somewhat erratic as well, as she clung to Addison physically and emotionally more than usual. Even the look in her lover’s eyes told of a difference neither of them could have ever known. The typical radiance of her girlfriend had transformed over the past few weeks into a glowing brilliance Addison had never seen in any other woman in her life.

However as the brunette contemplated the possibilities of what they should do, she quickly realized a child did not fit into the plans of her near future. Even as much as she loved Elle, she did not want to have a baby with her at this stage in their lives. In fact the thought of having children with the little woman was not something she wanted for at least another decade. With a heavy heart she pondered Elle’s potential responses to the situation at hand and wondered if she could get the blonde to see things her way.

By the time Kit and Addison arrived back to their sorority from their afternoon class, Elle was sitting in the swing on the front porch. Taking one look at her girlfriend, she saw that the blonde seemed to be in shock, confirming her own suspicions. Kit looked back and forth between the two of them for a moment before excusing herself and heading inside. “I take it we need to talk.” Addison stated. Elle simply nodded. “Come on. Let’s go up to my room.” she suggested extending her hand out to the blonde. Once inside the dark-haired woman’s room, they moved to the bed, wrapping themselves in each other’s arms. Silence prevailed for a long time as Elle began to cry. The tall woman’s heart began to break at the heart-wrenching sobs pouring out of the trembling form she held. “It’s going to be okay, Elle. I love you, and I’m going to take care of you no matter what. I swear it.”

“I’m so sorry, Addy.” the little woman stuttered.

“It’s all right. Tell me what the doctor said. How far along are you?” she questioned.

“Four weeks. How did you know?” Elle inquired in surprise.

“I figured it out last night. What I don’t understand is how this could’ve happened. Even if there was still some left over sperm in that baster, you’re still on birth control, aren’t you?”

“Yeah. I asked the doctor about that. Apparently this new medication I was trying for those migraines I get every once in awhile negates the effectiveness of the pill. I didn’t know that. I forgot to tell them that I was on birth control when they gave me the prescription, but I figured it wouldn’t matter anyway.” she bawled. “What am I going to do?”

Tentatively Addison asked, “What do you want to do?”

Clutching tighter to the softball player’s body, Elle replied, “I don’t want you to leave me.”

“I’m not going anywhere, angel.” Addison assured her running her hand through Elle’s fair hair.

“I don’t know what to do. Tell me what to do, Addison. Please.” she begged through her tears.

“Elle, I do have an idea, but are you sure you want to hear it?”

“Yes. Please, Addy. I’ll do anything you think is best.” she affirmed holding firmly to her girlfriend for support.

Addison took a deep breath. “Elle, I love you. When I think of my future, you’re a part of it, and when I look into the long term, children are a part of it as well. However we’re about to start law school. You can’t go to law school and have a baby. I can’t go to law school and have a baby. It just wouldn’t be fair to anyone, you, me, or the kid. We are a couple, and I want us to stay a couple. I think it’s in our individual best interest as well as that of our relationship to postpone having children.”

“So you think I should have an abortion, Addy?” the blonde asked for clarification.

“Elle, think about this reasonably. We can’t afford to take care of a child financially much less give it the emotional support it needs. If your father knew you were pregnant right now, he’d kill me with his bare hands, and I really want to live to graduate school and begin a life with you.”

“I want us to have a life together too, Addison, so much.” Elle stated.

“I want to have kids with you too, Elle, but ten years from now. We’re both twenty two. We’re too young. There’s so much we need to do first. I’d like to marry you before we had kids you know. I’d like to have a career. I just think it would be best not to have a baby right now.”

Elle nodded. “You’re right, Addy. Everything you said makes perfect sense.” she admitted.

Hearing the dramatic pause, the brunette quietly and timidly asked, “But?”

“No buts, Addison. You’re right. I’ll do it.”

“We’ll do it together. I’m here for you, Elle, always. I’ll even go with you, so you don’t have to go through this alone.”

“Thank you, Addy. I love you.” she sniffled burying her head into her girlfriend’s chest and continued to weep.

“I love you too, Elle.”

An hour later Elle had cried herself into a deep sleep, so Addison slid out of bed and over to the phone. Dialing the number she never truly wanted to but knew she had to, she patiently awaited an answer. When Elle’s father answered the phone, the brunette greeted him as calmly and pleasantly as possible. “Hi, Steven. It’s Addison Miller. How are you?”

“I’m good, Addison. I’m a little surprised to hear from you. What’s going on?” he asked in immediate concern.

“I’ve just been thinking about the proposition you had made regarding Elle’s ring when I was out there. I was wondering if that offer was still on the table actually.” she stated nervously.

“Oh, of course the offer is still good. Are you seriously considering a proposal at this point?”

“Yes, sir. I need to propose before we start law school in the fall. It’s important to me.”

“Why? Did you two make a decision yet as to where you’re going?”

“Yeah. We both picked Stanford.” she whispered as to not wake her lover. “However don’t tell her I told you. She’ll be suspicious if she knew I was talking to you.”

“Of course. I won’t say anything until she tells me. Congratulations though.”

“Thank you.”

“Why is the proposal so important to you if you’re going to the same school?”

“Because I’d like to live with your daughter, and I figured you wouldn’t allow that if we weren’t at least engaged.”

“Smart woman. I would not allow such a thing under normal circumstances. However I guess I could forgo formality if a wedding date is on the very near horizon.” he stated.

“It will be, sir. I have every intention of marrying Elle as soon as feasibly possible.”

“Very well, Addison. I will wire you the money for the ring today.”

“Thank you, Steven. What about the loan agreement? Will you send that through the mail for me to sign?”

“No. Actually I’ve changed my mind about that, Addison. If you’re going to be my daughter-in-law, I’m going to take your word for it. You promise me to pay me back, and you pay me back

when you can. It'll be as simple as that. Okay?"

"Thank you, sir. I promise to pay you back as soon as I can."

"I know you will. Let me call the bank now and transfer this money. You should have it by close of business tomorrow. Buy her something nice now, classy. She deserves that."

"Yes, she does, and I will. Thanks again."

"No problem. Welcome to the family, Addison. Call me when you get the money, so I know it went through."

"Sure. I have to go now. I'll call you tomorrow though."

"Look forward to it. Take care of my little girl. Bye."

Putting the phone back in its cradle, Addison sighed deeply. Her eyes drifted over to the woman she loved. Elle was still asleep, but tears tracked her face. As the athlete studied the little woman, the idea of another life growing inside of her fascinated the brunette. She imagined what it would be like years from then when she and Elle were actually married and living on the West Coast. She fantasized of the little woman carrying their child, and Addison's heart constricted painfully.

Suddenly she was doubting the decision she had just made for them. She knew from a logical stand point, it made most sense to postpone their family, but something in her would not let go of the fact that she had just asked the woman she loved to undergo the trauma of ending her pregnancy, because it would fit their lives better. However Elle had agreed to the arrangement without much of a discussion, making Addison wonder if that was what the blonde had wanted and just needed assurance that it was the right thing.

The following day Addison asked Kit to take her shopping instead of attending classes. Her best friend was obviously surprised by the request but relented. The two women went to the store Steven had suggested to Addison over the phone, and when they arrived it seemed he had even called ahead for them.

"Addison, are you going to tell me exactly what we are doing here?" Kit inquired after they had received an overly friendly greeting and were being escorted toward the back of the store.

"Oh, we're buying Elle an engagement ring." casually the catcher replied, knowing it would take the softball pitcher completely off guard.

"What? You're buying her a ring?"

"Yeah. Her father said I had to, so here I am. This place was his suggestion and quite a nice one from what it seems."

"When are you going to ask her, Addy?"

The tall woman shrugged stalling for a moment of time. Looking at the sales person, she asked that they be given a moment along. "Listen, Kit, yesterday I told you I thought Elle was pregnant."

"I know. She is, isn't she?"

"Yes but not for long."

"What do you mean not for long? Are you saying she's getting an abortion?" Kit whispered as she looked around for potential eavesdroppers.

"Yeah. We decided last night. It's for the best."

"Then why the ring?"

"Because her father insists that we at least be engaged and have a date for our wedding in order to live together at Stanford. Elle is about to go through something incredibly difficult for the sake of our relationship, and I want her to know how serious I am about us. This isn't a time for her to feel alone. She needs to know that I'm there for her now and always. The time couldn't be more right to do this. I want to be able to put that ring on her hand as soon as I can."

Kit nodded in understanding. "All right, Addy. I understand where you are coming from. I'll help you any way I can."

Shooting her best friend a grin, Addison replied, "Thanks, Kit Kat. I hope that someday I'll be able to help you pick a ring for Stacy."

The smaller brunette blushed. "We'll see." she mumbled as the salesperson returned to see to them.

Two weeks later the date was upon them in which Addison would take Elle to her doctor's appointment. Over the short course of time in which they had made their decision and that morning, Elle had been unusually withdrawn. Even though she still sought out Addison's physical comfort, the little woman had no interest in sexual activities and fended off any advances from the athlete abruptly. Trying to give Elle all that she needed, Addison was patient with her, never forcing the issue, but she wondered to herself how much their relationship was going to change after this event if the debutante's behavior was any indication.

That morning Addison was up early, surprised to find Elle awake already. The blonde was sitting at her dressing table brushing her blonde hair and was already dressed for the day in her pink Delta Nu sweatshirt, a pair of khaki shorts and tennis shoes. Addison saw the vacant look in her lover's blue eyes and knew her girlfriend wasn't there with her. Pondering what the little woman could be thinking, Addison slipped out of bed and moved to where Elle was sitting. Kneeling down behind her, she put her arms around the woman she loved. "It's going to be okay. I promise you, Elle. I'm going to take care of you. I love you so much."

The blonde said nothing. Seeing that she wasn't going to get any thing out of the debutante at the moment, the jock stood. "Well, I just need to get dressed, and then we can go." she mentioned. Moving to her discarded clothes from the night before, she hiked on her shorts. Her softball t-shirt was next followed by her tennis shoes. Going back to the dressing table, she borrowed some of the blonde's deodorant and then ran the brush through her hair. "All right. Are you ready to go?" Elle nodded dismally. "I'll drive." Addison suggested picking up the blonde's car keys. Sticking them in her pocket, her hand quickly searched to find that Elle's engagement ring was still there. Slowly the couple made their way out to the car. Addison opened the passenger door for her girlfriend and waited until she was secured in her seat belt to close it. Moving to the driver's side, Addison put her own seat belt on and started the car.

The two women were finding it difficult to look at each other during the ride, and there was awkward silence between them. Addison fidgeted in her seat as the overwhelming quietness unnerved her. As much as she wanted Elle to say something, she knew she couldn't force the little woman to talk, so the somberness of the moment weighed heavily upon them both.

Once at the clinic, the athlete moved to open the sorority girl's door again and then placed a hand on her lower back to escort her inside. Addison felt all eyes on them as soon as they walked in, but nevertheless she directed Elle over to the receptionist's desk. After the tall woman gave them Elle's name, they both took seats on an empty sofa. Addison subtly reached for her girlfriend's hand, but the gesture was rebuffed as blonde turned away from her.

Addison's heart dropped into her stomach. Her lover's rejection was more than she could handle at the moment, and she feared that what was about to happen might potentially destroy their relationship if Elle was acting this way. Moving away from the blonde to give her space, Addison dropped her head forward to stare at her lap.

All too soon Elle's name was called. Both of them rose from the couch, but when the petite woman gave her a scowl, Addison hesitantly inquired, "Did you still want me to come with you?"

"No. I'll be fine. I think you've done quite enough already, Addison." the blonde quickly admonished with a cold stare.

The frost coming from steel blue eyes, made Addison shiver. Never had her lover given her such a glare. Elle's eyes clearly communicated in a way that words couldn't that their relationship wasn't even in shambles. It was in fact over. The woman Addison loved looked at her as if she was no closer to her than a stranger on the street. "Elle, please. I want to be there for you. This is my child too." Addison pleaded softly putting her hand on the small woman's arm.

Elle looked at Addison's hand and then back up into the face of the athlete. Her heart was broken that this had gone as far as it had. She felt for sure Addison would have changed her mind about the whole thing, but when the softball player acted as if nothing of importance was about to transpire, Elle lashed out in her own pain. She had changed her mind about the baby, wanting to have it, but when Addison had not voiced a change of opinion, Elle knew she would not be able

to care for a child alone. As much as she loved the tall woman, she knew she could not go on in their relationship after terminating her pregnancy. As the opportunity for a new life faded so had her heart.

“Fine.” she yielded quietly turning away from the brunette and following the attending nurse.

Addison followed a few paces behind. They were led into an examination room, and Elle was instructed to undress. The tall woman shifted nervously back and forth on her feet as her girlfriend disappeared behind the partition to put on the standard hospital gown. Not a word was spoken between them. When Elle stepped out from behind the curtain, she took a tentative seat on the exam table while Addison paced the room edgily. The few minutes they were waiting for the doctor seemed like an eternity. However when the female doctor did make her appearance, she vocalized her surprise at seeing Addison in the room. The tall woman simply explained that Elle had wanted her to be there and promised to stay out of the way. The doctor gave a supportive nod of understanding and then asked Addison to step to the head of the table where she would be of most support to the blonde. Elle wouldn’t even look at her though as she kept her eyes on the doctor.

“All right, Elle. I just want to do a quick exam to make sure there won’t be any complications today.” the doctor explained. “If you would just lie back on the table and put your feet up.”

Elle did as she was told. As she got into the correct position, she opted to keep her eyes closed in order to avoid the brown ones she knew would be staring at her. Her thoughts drifted to what was happening. Never in her life did she imagine she would ever be in the position she currently found herself. She had waited so long to become intimate to avoid such a situation and then gotten involved with Addison because of the safety she felt. However in a moment of carelessness that was all gone. Her relationship with the woman she loved would never recover, and she would never know the life of which she had dreamed. She and Addison would never attend law school together or be married with a family. In fact Elle had already decided to withdraw from Stanford later that day and head home after graduation with the fragmented pieces of her heart. Knowing everything she ever wanted was now gone, she felt a tearing begin in her soul as tears leaked from the corners of her closed eyes.

Addison was hurt by the fact that Elle would not look at her at all. However she could not keep her eyes away from Elle’s face. Even with the debutante’s eyes firmly shut, Addison could still see the pain etched in her features. The brunette began to cry as she realized all she wanted was about to be stripped away from her, but she didn’t know what to say to change the blonde’s mind. Seeing the river of tears appear on the blonde’s fair cheeks, Addison’s heart suddenly overrode her mind, and she found herself speaking. “Um, Doctor, I know I promised not to get in the way, but I have to ask if you would leave Elle and me alone for a minute.” she asked.

Elle’s eyes popped open in surprise at the request. Her gaze went from Addison’s to her doctor’s. “Elle, it’s up to you.” the doctor stated. “I’ll be happy to leave the room for a few minutes if you need it.”

The athlete looked at the blonde hopefully. Elle found herself nodding as she looked into the

eyes she adored. “A few minutes would be good.” she mumbled.

“Very well. I’ll come back to check on you in a little bit.”

When they were alone, Addison moved from her spot at the head of the table down to the foot. Gently she removed her girlfriend’s legs from their stirrups and brought them together. Elle instantly sat up. Looking down into questioning blue eyes, Addison softly said, “I’ll do anything, Elle. Just tell me what it is you want.”

The tender confession finally broke the dam on the blonde’s tears. Openly beginning to weep, she wrapped her arms around her lover’s waist and put her head into the brunette’s stomach. Instantly Addison slipped her arms around the woman she loved.

“I don’t want to do this. Please don’t make me do this, Addy.” the blonde begged.

“No. I won’t make you do this. I’ve changed my mind. I don’t want you to do it either.” Addison admitted.

“Really?” Elle inquired meeting Addison’s brown eyes.

“Really. Elle, I love you. I want to marry you, and I want to have children with you too. Even though we didn’t plan for this to happen, we created this baby out of love. I couldn’t live with myself if I walked away from it or you. It’s true that this doesn’t fit into the way I thought our lives would go, but I should feel blessed that we can even have a child. Just because it has come early, doesn’t mean I don’t want it. I do want it, and I want you as my wife. We’ll make this work.”

“We will? You promise?” Elle inquired wanting desperately to believe the woman she loved.

“I swear it on all that I am. Here. This will show you how serious I am. I was going to wait to give this to you, but I want you to have it now.” she said digging into her pocket to retrieve the ring box. Opening it, she pulled the diamond ring out and reached for her lover’s left hand. “I’m sorry that this is not exactly the most romantic proposal ever made, but I’ll make it up to you somehow.”

“It’s okay.” the petite woman replied in tears as she watched the ring being placed on her finger.

“I love you, Elle Deanne Woods, and I want you to be my wife. Please? I’d be forever grateful if you graced me with your presence the rest of my life. Will you marry me and make me the luckiest woman that ever walked this earth?”

“Oh, Addison, I love you so much. Yes, I will marry you.” she answered immediately pulling the athlete down for a powerful kiss.

Addison moaned. “I love you too, Elle, and I’ll take care of you, always.” she whispered.

Anyone up for a sequel? I'm taking votes. Please let me know at alextryst@hotmail.com

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