

~ Dangerous Liaison ~

by Aurelia

DISCLAIMER: This is an original work of fiction. All characters are the property of the author and cannot be used without permission

THANKS: To my beta, Poe, for giving me... errr, the story... the once over. I'm building some pretty weird sandcastles now.....

FEEDBACK: I'm always open to comments, preferably nice ones, so let me know what you think at: aurelia_fan@yahoo.com.au

© February 2008

The rain just wouldn't stop. Cal Joseph wished she had had the foresight to leave work an hour earlier to avoid the downpour but now she was stranded. Her stilettos, while at other times gave her some height advantage, were useless now, slowing her run down to a perilous trot. Droplets jumped up at her with each step, spraying her stockings and skirt with dirt and water. The day was just getting better and better.

"Hey!" A deep voice called to her from a nearby recessed doorway. "Looks like you could use a break from all that rain."

Cal's eyes searched the darkened stoop for the owner of the voice. She hadn't meant to gasp when the woman shifted into the lamplight but her body betrayed her. "Errr...." She was hesitant to approach a complete stranger but the rain was hammering her, her umbrella fighting a losing battle with the storm.

"While you're making all those noises, you could be out of the rain." Deep eyes stared right at her. "Come on." The words were dark and sensual. Despite herself she complied, her feet moving of their own volition.

As Cal moved closer her eyes fixated on the woman in front of her. Barely shorter than herself she was lean and mean. Or so she thought. High, lean cheekbones accentuated the black eyes that bore into her. Dark straight midnight black hair hung loosely around her, the fringe covering what she imagined was a perfect forehead. Large gold hoop earrings peeked out from her thick mane, lending a touch of elegance to the beautiful face.

Cal could feel her heartbeat pick up as she moved to cover, standing next to the woman who was the cause of her distress. She deliberately didn't look at the dark-haired woman for fear of giving away any interest. But her memory had catalogued every inch of her, from the worn boots on her feet to the leather jacket that enveloped her broad shoulders.

"Nasty weather, huh?"

"Errrr...." She was sounding moronic, she knew that.

"Riiigghhtt." The hooded eyes gazed out at the sidewalk awash with ever widening pools of water. "We may be here for a while."

"Errrr.... Yeah."

"Ahhh, another word. Should I ask your name?"

"That's a bit forward, don't you think?" Cal didn't think much of what she had said but it seemed to make the brunette react. She caught a hint of hurt on the woman's face for a moment before it was hidden behind a mask of unconcern. "Cal," she murmured.

"Pardon?" The thundering rain drowned out the one word the woman seemed eager to hear. "I'm sorry..."

Cal cleared her throat and spoke louder, "Cal."

"Ahhh, Cal. What a lovely name." The woman's voice caressed it lovingly. It was dark, sensual and, much to Cal's apprehension, erotic.

"And you?" Cal felt at a disadvantage.

"They call me Dice."

"Di?" *Damn the rain. Did the woman say Dice?*

"Dice." The word came out forcefully, trying to assert its influence over the elements.

"Errrr... that's...."

"Stupid, I know, but it's what I got stuck with."

Finally Cal's attention was drawn to the fidgeting hand. She watched the cube roll expertly over the woman's knuckles, the dots swiveling with each movement. "Because of that?"

"Partly. Started with my name and ended with this." She held up the item in question.

"It's a sort of a 'chicken and egg' thing then."

"You could say that." Dice smiled.

Cal felt her resolve racing off in another direction. This woman was dangerous. The stoop was closing in on her and she needed space.

"How about a drink while we wait out the storm?"

"Sure." Anything, but having this woman inches away from her. Cal looked up. "How about here?" They had been standing in the doorway to what appeared to be a club.

"No...", Dice muttered with finality, "...not here."

"Why?" If she was going to be maneuvered to somewhere else Cal wanted to know why.

"This is a dangerous place, Cal. Unworldly people drink here. Dark, evil denizens of the earth."

The words and the intonation wove an image of a room full of vampires... sinister, visceral and perilous. Cal felt a tinge of fear mixed with a healthy dose of excitement. What was it about unknown danger that appealed to her? She was normally a very sensible woman but she was drawn to dangerous partners. Not of the criminal variety but those that exuded an air of sensual danger.

"I think you're over-exaggerating there."

"I am but I think you get the point. There's a bar down the street where we can have a drink without looking over our shoulders all the time."

"So, you've been here a few times? This..." Cal searched for a sign.

"Hellhole'. That's what it's called. And a hellhole is what it is."

"Maybe I want to see."

"Maybe I don't want to fight tonight." Dice's voice became stronger, telling Cal in no uncertain terms that they were not entering. "If we go in there that's exactly what's going to happen. They take one look at you and I'm going to have to beat them off with a stick."

Cal was surprised. Here she was looking at a stunning woman and she was complaining about fighting the men off, not so much for her own safety but for Cal's. Strange. "And what about you?"

"Me?" Dice laughed. "They gave up on me long ago." The brunette seemed unconcerned about her own beauty, instead content to focus her interest on Cal.

"Maybe I should just get a taxi..."

"No!" Dice's hand shot out and wrapped around Cal's narrow wrist. "I mean... you'll never get a taxi now. Not after all that rain." Did the woman seem a bit desperate or was that wishful thinking? Cal looked again but the momentary glimpse of what Dice was feeling was gone. Once again the outward calm and confidence was on show. "Come on. One drink then I'll make sure you get home safely." Those deep, dark eyes called to her. As if the elements agreed, the rain slowed to a light drizzle.

"Look, the rain's easing. I should get home." A giant clap of thunder followed by a jagged streak of white-hot lightning crossed the city skyline.

"I don't think they're ready for you to go home yet either." Dice's finger pointed skywards.
"Come..." She nearly grabbed Cal's hand but stopped, instead extending her hand to encourage Cal to step out onto the sidewalk.

They had only traveled a few hundred yards when the rain picked up again, forcing them to jog the last few steps to reach the cozy bar up the street from where they had taken refuge. Dice opened the heavy door for Cal, allowing the woman to step through, shrug off her coat and shake off the accumulated wetness there.

The air was quite chilly and Cal instantly regretted removing her coat. She hadn't anticipated this detour and now she just hoped it didn't result in a cold. Before she had completed the thought her shoulders were covered with a heavy black leather coat. It was warm, carrying Dice's body heat. It was... intimate.

"Thanks," she mumbled, trying not to look at the dark chocolate eyes watching for her reaction. She pulled it away for a moment so she could slip her arms into the sleeves. A faint scent rose from the cloth lining, a hint of a spicy perfume and something else. A blush slowly crept up Cal's cheeks when her mind thought of where the coat had been moments before. It was Dice. Pure, unadulterated Dice.

"What can I get you?"

"Southern Comfort and Coke." Cal knew she should have just made the best of a bad situation and gone in search of a cab.

Dice took a few steps to the bar to place their order, reaching for her wallet in her back pocket. She threw a few bills on the counter before slipping the wallet back in her pocket. Grabbing the two glasses, she nodded towards a recently vacated booth in the back. "Over there." Dice led the way, expertly negotiating the maze of chairs and tables to the chosen booth.

The conversation waited in abeyance until both were settled and sipping their alcohol. "Shouldn't you ring your husband to tell him that you'll be late home?"

"Nope, no husband."

"Kids?"

"Nope, no kids either."

"There's got to be a boyfriend at home then."

"I didn't say that."

"A girlfriend?" There was a tinge of hope in the question.

"Didn't say that either."

"So there's no one at home waiting for you?"

Caution reared its ugly head. "Of course there's someone at home waiting for me."

"Okay, then call the transsexual you are living with and tell her you'll be home late."

Cal laughed. She really liked this woman. She was beautiful, had a nice sense of humor and oodles and oodles of mystery. "I'll do that." Her cell was in her hand as she spoke, her thumb already tapping out a message. As she hit the send button, Dice's phone rang. "You going to answer that?"

The brunette started to reach into her pocket until she realized that the pocket in question was on Cal. "They can wait."

"It might be important."

"That's what they all say. For now I'm busy. They can wait." Dice smiled and Cal felt it all the way down to her toes. It was a sweet, seductive smile that spoke of forbidden desires.

"Are you trying to pick me up?" The words were out before Cal could veto them.

Dice hesitated, as if contemplating the question seriously. Her eyes returned to the woman across from the table. "Maybe. Do I stand a chance?"

"I don't make a habit of collecting women off the street." Cal wanted to put some space between them, besides the piece of wood holding their drinks.

"Neither do I. But I'm not one to waste a golden opportunity either."

"Me?"

"Yes, a solid gold, twenty-four karat opportunity." Dice took a sip of her whiskey, allowing the burning liquid to settle in the cauldron of her stomach. Ever since she had seen the dark-haired woman struggling along the sidewalk she wanted to get to know her better. A lot better.

"Why?"

"Is that insecurity I hear?"

"No!... No... Maybe"

"Won't your roomie object?"

"Let her find her own partner." Cal inwardly chuckled. If only Dice knew...

"Would you like another drink?" Dice watched as the last drop of Southern Comfort disappeared through the curvaceous lips that had so enchanted her.

"I better not. I should be getting home to Gracie."

"Gracie?" Dice tried to hold back the disappointment in her voice.

"Yeah. She's waiting for dinner. After all, it's Valentines."

"Valentines? Valentines, ahh yes, I'd forgotten."

Cal could feel Dice starting to withdraw, the mention of Gracie like a bucket of cold water on the conversation.

"Let's find you a taxi." While Dice was more than accommodating and polite, the friendly banter was gone. Gracie had come between them.

As they stepped out into the night air Cal handed over the leather jacket, replacing it with her own. She missed the warmth, both from the jacket and from the woman. "Taxi!" One car after another passed her by, seemingly oblivious to her frantic calling.

"Here. Let me..." An ear-piercing whistle cut through the air, almost immediately followed by "Taxi!"

"You should bottle that." Cal tried to make light of the imminent split but it hung heavy between them. "Well... it was nice to meet you, Dice."

"Yeah, you too... Cal."

Cal didn't know what made her ask the question but she did so anyway. "How are you getting home?"

"My bike is up the street." Dice waved her arm in the direction they had come from earlier in the night, but there was no enthusiasm. "I suppose I better go home."

"No one at home?"

"Don't you worry about it. You've got to get home to... to..."

"Gracie."

"Yeah, Gracie. Well have a good life, Cal."

"Yeah, you too." Cal watched the leather-clad woman walk away towards the line of parked cars and she felt as if a piece of her had gone too. "Hey!"

"Yeah?"

"You know, it's pretty dangerous getting home..." Cal suggested in the hope that Dice could come up with an excuse to continue the night.

"It could be." A subtle smile crossed her lips. So Cal had left the door open for her. "How about I follow you home? You know, just to make sure you get home safely."

"Of course." Cal returned the smile. That caution that she had so jealously guarded earlier in the night was gone. She wanted to get to know Dice better and she suspected that it was in more ways than one. What was she thinking? One look at the woman standing negligently by her bike, helmet in hand, and all common sense flew out the window. It was like the woman knew every secret fantasy she had ever had and was feeding into it... damn her.

Cal avoided looking out the back window of the taxi. She didn't need to. The headlight of the motorbike clearly illuminated the taxi interior. A smile touched her lips. Dice was sticking to her like gum to the bottom of her shoe. There was no doubt that the mysterious stranger was interested, but it brought up her own motives. Why was she doing this? Someone to talk to? A simple one-night stand? Or was she just plain crazy? It went against everything she had been brought up to look out for. Never talk to strangers. Not only had she broken that cardinal rule but she was contemplating breaking a few dozen more.

Cal hadn't realized that she had thought about it for that long until the taxi pulled up smoothly outside her small duplex. Apparently she had. As she paid the driver Cal could hear the revving of the bike just before the engine went dead. As she stepped out of the car a strong hand came to her aid, firmly guiding her onto the grass verge. "Thank you..." she murmured to the taxi driver as she closed the door, watching the car speed away in search of its next fare.

"...and thank you." Dice had removed her helmet to reveal helmet hair, but it did nothing to deter Cal's sweet smile. The woman looked so adorable with the mussed hair, long dark strands taking any purchase they could find.

At that precise moment the heavens opened up, the rain steadily increasing in intensity. "Come on..." Before she could think about it Cal invited Dice inside. In all good conscience she couldn't send the woman on her way in the blinding rain. Cal struggled to get the key into the lock, her urgency to get inside giving her a case of the fumbles. "Damn it!"

"Slow down. We're not going anywhere," Dice said calmly.

"But we're getting wet."

"It can't be helped."

Finally the key relented and slid into the lock, allowing Cal to open the door. She stepped aside to let Dice inside first, slamming the door shut when she was inside.

"Bbbrrroowwww"

"Hey there, kitty." Dice put her hand down carefully to allow the cat to sniff her. Her smell must have been acceptable because the orange tabby started to brush against her jeans leg, purring loudly in contentment. "I think she... errr he... likes me."

"She... and I think you're right. Come on, Gracie. Din-dins." Cal removed her damp coat and hung it up on the hat rack. "Just hang up your jacket there." She disappeared further into the house, switching on lights as she went, leaving Dice alone to shrug off her coat.

"Gracie?" Dice smiled wickedly as she wandered into the living room. The house was small but comfortable, the interior decorated by someone who cared. A clattering of bowls and tins filled the air for a few moments before there was silence. The brunette was at a loss as to what to do so she did what any good stranger would do, she snooped. All the knick-knacks had been thoroughly inspected by the time Cal returned.

"I thought you might want to change."

That was the last thing she expected to hear. Now if she had said 'You can leave now' or 'would you like a cup of coffee' Dice wouldn't have batted an eyelid. It took a moment for it to register that a thick terry bathrobe was in Cal's hands, offered like a sacrificial lamb to her. In fact the act seemed more like a visual offer.

"I do?"

"Unless you want to keep dripping on my carpet."

Dice looked down to the small damp spot she was causing. "Sorry, I didn't notice."

"The least I can do is send you on your way in dry clothes. Wouldn't want you catching a cold or anything."

"I never catch a cold. I'm good like that."

Cal bit her tongue before 'What else are you good at?' slipped out of her mouth. It was at that point that she realized she was in real trouble. "You were kind enough to see me home. While you're getting out of those wet clothes, would you like a cup of coffee?"

Dice felt the world tip back into place. Now they were on the right track. "Sure. Cream and two sugars."

"Now, follow me ma'am..."

"Ma'am?" Dice had been called many things in her lifetime, most of them unmentionable, but ma'am wasn't one of them. "Riiigghhhh."

Cal giggled as she pushed the brunette into her bathroom, closing the door behind the confused woman. "Two coffees coming up," she muttered as she walked down the short hallway to the kitchen.

Dice emerged from the bathroom wrapped in a warm, fuzzy coat. She looked ridiculous. All that was needed now was some pink fluffy slippers to complete the ensemble. She nervously entered the living room to find Cal seated sipping her coffee. Those bright blue eyes tracked up to her and widened. The resulting smirk was covered by her hand but Cal couldn't hide her mirth.

"You did this on purpose, didn't you?"

"Sure. Every Friday I go in search of a beautiful woman to bring home and make her wear a bunny suit. You look cute."

"Veerrry funny. I look like an idiot." Dice felt very uneasy being the butt of the joke and did an about-turn to get changed again.

"Ohhh, no you don't. Come and sit down and I'll go and see about getting your clothes dry." Cal thought it was adorable that the woman seemed out of her depth. Dice struck her as someone who liked to be in control, and this had been an unexpected turn of events.

After Cal had left Dice reached for her coffee, hoping that the caffeine fix would settle her nerves. This was not what she had in mind at all. Still, this negative could be turned into a positive if she was lucky. Sweet seduction was only one bathrobe belt away.

The tabby hopped up onto the sofa and settled in Dice's lap. "Oh great. Spoil my chances, will ya?" But that didn't stop her hand from slowly running through the soft orange fur. The purring ran like a motor, revving every time her hand made contact. Dice continued to sip her coffee, her mind racing in a number of directions. She had a number of options to choose from but had decided for the most direct. Cal's actions so far had given her the impression that she was amenable to whatever Dice had in mind. Still, she didn't want the night to be a one-night stand.

"It looks like Gracie has come between us." Cal stood at the door watching the brunette stroking the cat, a far off look on her face.

Dice looked up. "Hmmm?" She smiled. "I wondered where you had gotten to. I was about to ask Gracie out on a date."

Cal stood there in sweats. "I found I was wet too. I set up a heater in the bathroom. Your clothes should be dry in an hour or so. I hope you don't mind me making myself comfortable."

"Sure, it's your house." But that didn't stop Dice staring.

Under the intense stare, Cal's hand rose to her dark locks, her fingers absently combing her bob into some sort of order.

"Don't do that." Dice's voice was commanding and Cal couldn't help but obey. "It looks fine just as it is. Come here."

Everything faded out, the incessant rain, the complaining cat and the spilt coffee. Cal's body only heard the sound of Dice's voice. By force of will she made herself sit at the other end of the sofa, her hands clenched in her tense lap.

"Relax." Dice took perverse pleasure in Cal's discomfort. "I'm not going to eat you." Her grin widened as the woman unconsciously shifted. "Cal..." Nothing happened. "Cal!"

"Huh?"

"What do you want from me?"

"Want?"

"Are we going to play games all night?"

Cal was about to answer a question with a question. It was all pointless. Dancing around one another was only wasting time. "No," she sighed.

"What do you want?" Dice shifted one seat towards Cal. "Tell me."

"I don't think I can." She wasn't used to being so forward and the words died in her mouth.

"Do you want me?"

"I... I..."

"It's a simple enough question, Cal. Do you want me?" Bambi eyes blinked at her. She was going to have to make the first move because Cal wouldn't. "If it makes it any easier for you, I want you... bad."

"You... you do?"

"Sure. You're a very beautiful woman, Cal. But that's not the reason why I want to sleep with you." Dice chuckled as the brunette cringed at her words. "When I first saw you there was

something... I... I..." Now she was lost for words.

"I know what you mean." Cal looked as if her world had just caved in. Maybe it had. She had an attraction to a woman she had just met a couple of hours ago in a darkened doorway. If she had any sense at all she would send Dice on her way. But sense wasn't a word in her vocabulary right now.

Dice shifted again, this time landing herself inches from her quarry. "Then why are we wasting time?"

"Because I don't want you to think of me as some sort of... of...."

"Craven woman?"

"I was thinking more along the lines of 'slut', but craven is good." Cal smiled weakly. "I know I should be more careful about this but I find I can't..." A warm finger came up to her lips, effectively stopping any further conversation.

"Rest assured I do **not** think any less of you. I only hope that the sentiment is reciprocated."

"Reciprocated? You're not an English professor or something, are you?"

"No, but my dad was. He lived and breathed the dictionary. That's probably why I rebelled and bought a motorbike. I drew the line at piercing my nose though." The finger resting on Cal's lips lifted off the soft flesh and waved in the air. "That's all you're getting for now, young lady. I can see you're playing for time."

"Me?"

"Look..." Dice placed her elbow on the top of the sofa, her balled fist resting on her jaw. "If you want to just talk, that's fine. There's no pressure here. I just thought..."

"No... you're right." Cal blew out an agonized breath. "I just don't usually sleep around like this."

"That's nice to know."

"Why?"

"If you're considering doing just that then I must be something special, eh?" Dice genuinely smiled. Not a dangerous or wicked smile but one that expressed her joy.

"Well, I think so."

"So it's not just that I feed into every fantasy you have."

Cal didn't have to say anything. Her stunned expression said it all.

"I thought so. I've never been anyone's secret fantasy before."

"Oh come on, Dice. A woman looking like you and you haven't got women, or men for that matter, falling over themselves to be with you?"

"They have but not one that I wanted to get to know better."

Cal blushed again. "I've got to stop doing that," she mumbled.

A finger tipped up her chin. "I think it's adorable." Dice leaned in closer until her lips were mere inches away from where they wanted to be. "May I?" she whispered.

"You don't have to ask."

"Yes, I do. If you don't want this, then nothing will happen. You may miss the best time of your life though." A sly smile replaced the full smile of moments before, giving Cal an indication of what was in store.

Cal felt the shudder down to her toes. She couldn't lie to herself. She wanted this as much as Dice did, so why was she denying herself? Cal closed the distance so their lips could meet.

It was tentative at first, a subtle introduction to each other. It was sweet and slow, a tender moment before the kiss was broken. The hand that had been resting on the sofa circled around Cal's neck, pulling her in for another kiss. But the introduction was over, this time they sought a more solid contact. It was a contract of sorts, each expressing their demands and requests in the touch of skin.

Dice tried to close the distance between their bodies but a warm lump sat between them. A feline screech sent her back a foot, her arms flailing as she sought to stop herself from falling. "What the hell...?"

"Gracie!" The moment had been broken. Gracie had literally come between them. "Damn it cat!" Cal lifted up the cat and carried her into the kitchen, plopping the animal in front of her half-eaten bowl of food. "Thanks a lot," she mumbled. The bundle of fur didn't even care, happily lowering her face into the food bowl. Cal didn't know if she had it in her to start all over again.

Dice had the woman right where she wanted her and now the damned animal had broken the mood. She knew what Cal was doing in the kitchen. She was thinking of all the reasons why this shouldn't happen. If the cat hadn't been so jealous it would have been a mute point. They would have been doing it before Cal had a chance to gain some moral high ground. This left her with only one course of action...

Cal was having second thoughts. Maybe it was a little too late. The woman was already in her home. She'd put Dice in a terry robe for Christ's sake!

"Just as I thought."

Cal looked up from her introspection to find the object of her thoughts leaning against the door jamb watching her. "What?"

"You're thinking of all the reasons why we shouldn't."

Cal just couldn't deny it. "Yeah."

"Well, I've got one reason why we should." Dice pushed off from the doorway, sauntering towards her prey with easy grace.

Cal's eyes widened. Somehow Dice's robe had fallen open, revealing a large expanse of skin. A line of sweat broke out across Cal's upper lip. Her moral high ground was eroding quicker than a mudslide. "You... errr.... ahhh...." Her finger shook energetically at the robe in question.

"It was no accident, my friend. I turned this bunny suit of yours to my advantage."

But Cal didn't hear a word she said. Her eyes, and her brain, were fixated on Dice's chest. The robe hung enticingly across her breasts, not fully exposing them but tantalizing Cal with a hint of seduction. They were beautiful, as if shaped by the hands of Aphrodite herself just for her. She wanted to feel them, to touch them, to taste them, and her body gave away her inner thoughts when she began to move.

Dice smiled. Her quarry was mesmerized and she knew it. "Where's the bedroom?" It was an important question that needed to be asked before all thought flew from her brain.

"Down the hall...", Cal said dreamily, "next to the b-b-bathroom." Her hands rose to gently touch the fuzzy cloth, and her eyes rose to meet the dark orbs watching her. Cal started to pull back but a hand shot up and wrapped around her wrist.

"They're not going to fall off if you fondle them." Dice chuckled. It was as if the woman was touching something priceless and was afraid of breaking it.

"Fondle?" Cal could feel the blush rise again.

"Yeah, fondle..." Dice stepped into Cal's personal space. "...caress...", she leaned in and brushed the moist lips waiting for her, "...nibble...", their lips once again touched, "...lick...", the deep rumble touched Cal's soul, "...whatever your heart desires."

The last word made Cal's body sing. Before she could think she pulled in Dice and devoured her

lips, seeking... no, demanding... entrance. She wanted the woman and she wanted it all. When Dice tried to break contact she tightened her hold, forcing the brunette to stumble up the hallway towards the bedroom.

"Cal..." Dice was gasping for air. "Cal... please... let... me... get..." Her words were cut short by the mouth covering hers. Blindly she fumbled for the doorknob, trying to open a door that she couldn't see. Cal filled her vision and her nostrils, overwhelming her senses. She may have been Cal's fantasy but Cal was fulfilling some hidden secrets of her own.

The door gave way and Dice was barely able to save both of them crashing to the floor. If that had happened then it was not a big deal. They were making love wherever they landed but she wanted to get the door closed before the damned feline found them. She finally pulled off her human limpet and threw her on the bed before turning to close the door.

"Why are you bothering with that?"

"Because I don't want Gracie sinking her claws into my ass." The belt finally fell to the ground, allowing the robe to hang open fully. Dice could feel the heat even from where she was. It was intense, blazing a fiery path down her body to the heart of her.

"What's that?"

Dice looked where Cal's finger was pointing. "My tattoo?"

"What is it?" Cal strained to see what it was, encouraging Dice to close the distance between them. "Looks like a series of dashes. Sort of like a 'cut along here' sign."

"It's my treasure map."

"A... treasure... map?" Cal's libido was cooling by the second but her curiosity wouldn't let the matter rest. "To what?"

"Why, my hidden treasure, of course."

"But the dashes...?"

"Yeah, it leads to where 'X' marks the spot." Dice grinned wickedly and gave the woman on the bed a saucy wink. "There's only one way you can find that."

"Do I need a shovel?"

"God, I hope not!" The thought of any sort of implement near her hidden treasure made Dice cringe. "Strictly soft appendages only." The brunette was now at the side of the bed, looking down at her reclining prey. "Now, my dear Cal, where were we?"

Cal's hand slid up the woman's thigh, growing accustomed to the feel of soft skin under her

fingertips. She stopped suddenly. "How about here?"

Dice's breath caught at the intimate touch. "My my, dear Cal, you get right to the point, don't you?" Her laugh came out on a shaky breath. "No playing 'searching for pirate treasure?'"

"Nope. I have my own map." The robe became a handhold and Cal steadily pulled Dice to the bed. "Well, well, well... it seems I've found my courage again."

"And I'm certainly glad of that." Dice tried to slide her arms out of the robe but Cal's grip had her trapped. "Cal... Cal honey, if you want me to move, you're going to have to let go." She would have been quite happy to allow Cal to do what she wanted but that wasn't Cal's fantasy. She had figured out that Cal wanted a 'bad' girl, someone who was unpredictable and dangerous. Maybe it was time to be that fantasy.

"Get off me, woman!"

Cal pulled back at the harsh bark.

"On the bed... now!" Dice nearly lost her resolve at the frightened look on Cal's face. If it wasn't for the fact that somewhere down deep inside the woman was responding positively she would have pulled her into her arms and kissed away the pain. She eased her severe look. "Now I'll find my own treasure..."

Cal didn't know what to think. One moment Dice was at her mercy and the next she was ordering her around. Dangerous and unpredictable, isn't that what she wanted? Was this woman going to be more than she could handle? She lay back on the bed as ordered, her head resting stiffly on the pillow.

Dice could feel the eyes on her as she removed her robe, grazing over her rapidly cooling skin. It had been a while since she had felt so invigorated, so... horny. She really wanted to give Cal what she wanted but her own elevating passion would make it hard to do so.

"Get up." Dice took the sting out of her voice, keeping it low and in control. "Strip for me." When Cal hesitated she added, "We can always forget all of this."

"No, I can do this." When Dice softened her voice Cal knew it was all a game... a game just for her.

"No talking, woman." The brunette pulled back the comforter to expose clean, crisp sheets. She lay down, waiting for the shivering to subside from contact with the cool cotton. "Now... I believe you had something to do."

Trying to make this particular strip seductive was going to be difficult. There were only so many ways she could remove her sweats and none of them were particularly alluring, but doing nothing at all was the worst option of all.

Slowly, Cal lifted the bottom of her sweater, feeling every inch of the ascent as the cool air touched her revealed skin. In a way she was glad not to see the reaction. She was sure Dice was visually ravaging her, something her libido was not quite ready for... yet. Her mind was in disarray. What did she want? On the one hand she wanted that sensual danger and on the other she needed some control. Maybe the fantasy lover was more an ideal than an attainment.

Dice salivated at the exposure of the pale skin. She was glad that Cal was not a witness to her drooling. It was not a pretty sight. Schooling her face to one of intense hunger, Dice held her bodily functions in check. After all, she was supposed to be this worldly lover, or at least Cal's version of it. "Keep..." her voice cracked, "... going." As if to encourage her Dice let her legs relax, showing her soon-to-be lover what was in store.

Cal's eyes widened. *Holy cow!* She couldn't stop her eyesight following that dotted line, even as it disappeared into the dark hair covering it. In the midst of it she could just see the cross. She gulped loudly. It was only by instinct that she reached for the cord holding her sweats up. Slowly the knot came undone, the brushed cotton sliding down her legs to pool at her feet.

"Come here." Dice decided not to wait for Cal to complete her undressing, wanting that pleasure herself. When Cal was within arm's distance, she hooked her arm around the narrow waist and pulled her in. She placed butterfly kisses on the concave stomach, brushing her lips over the soft skin. Her hands were already in motion, seeking out the catch to her bra and hooking into her bikini pants. When she finally had her free of clothes Dice leaned back, taking her weight on her elbows. She just had to see Cal in all her naked glory.

The woman was stunning. Her dark bangs hung over her eyes giving her a shyly mysterious look. Dice couldn't help but let her eyes slide over the awakening body, starting at those eyes. Cal was looking for approval, she could see that. She graced the woman with a devilish smile and a gleam in her eye. And those lips... full, curvaceous, dark pink and moist. Dice knew she would be spending a lot of time investigating those lips.

Her swan-like neck was rigid as Cal held herself still for Dice's inspection. She felt a bit like a porn star as a complete stranger was checking out everything she hid from sight. While she knew herself that she was in pretty good shape, seeking someone else's approval was hard and not something she wanted to repeat any time soon.

Dice felt it in the pit of her stomach when her eyes found Cal's breasts. They were... perfect. Not big, but petite. It was not something that everyone liked but she had secretly desired. She knew before she had even touched them that they would fit in the palms of her hands. Dragging her sight away from them, Dice continued her journey over the supple body she would be discovering all night. Softly flaring hips and shapely legs led her to her final destination. Dice tried not to star. Her mother had always said it was rude to stare, at least for too long.

"Perfect," Dice murmured, knowing she would see an answering smile from Cal. "Now, young lady..." As Dice hoisted herself back to a seated position her arms wrapped around Cal's torso, pulling her onto the bed. Hovering over her, Dice lowered her lips to make contact, taking control of the kiss with a need to possess. Just as Cal needed a dangerous woman Dice needed to

be that woman. Her rapidly escalating excitement drove her actions... her ravaging lips, her wandering hands and her nestling thigh.

Cal was swept away by the tidal wave around her. Dice was everywhere. When her mind could no longer cope she just let go, allowing her body to respond instinctively to the woman above her. "Oh God..." she moaned at a particularly intense moment.

Dice let the comment go, instead concentrating her efforts on the spot that drew the exclamation. She licked gently at first, increasing her contact as the moans grew. Her tongue circled the nipple, drawing the tip to a hard point. When Cal's hands found their way into her hair she gently bit down before suckling the breast, drawing hard on the sensitive skin.

Cal just knew that this woman would be good in bed. Had she subconsciously made that decision back in the rain? God, she hoped not. She didn't want to think of herself as being some sort of wanton woman. The solid nip of her nipple stopped her thinking altogether. She was lost.

Dice just had to have her so she denied herself nothing. Her hand slid over hills and valleys until she reached her ultimate objective. She could feel the heat even as she approached, her fingers easily sliding through the source of Cal's desire.

Without conscious thought Cal's hips began to move. Her hand gripped the entwined hair and pulled Dice up to her lips. The fingers continued to move slowly... to touch... to stimulate... to draw out her passion. Cal plundered the mouth plastered against her own, forcing her tongue to seek out Dice's heat.

Dice was unaware of her own excitement as Cal became more animated, her body performing its own dance of seduction. It was intense and impinged on her concentration, unaware that her thigh had moved and allowed Cal's leg to insinuate itself between her own.

"Come on, baby," Dice whispered between breaths. Cal's fingers found her back, flexing into solid muscle and squeezing with every contraction. "Oh yeah, Cal. That's it, baby." For a moment it felt like Gracie was on her back but she knew that wasn't possible. A subtle shift of a leg had her leaping off her own cliff, suspended for an eternal moment as shudders ran through her frame. "Ohhhhh..." The pleasure was exquisite, made all the more special by the woman who had joined her in the leap.

Dice rolled off her, her head buried in the pillow. She was going to have to work on her stamina. When an arm lay over her back she turned her head to face Cal. "Hey." She could see the uncertainty in the eyes so close to her. "Do... do you want me to leave?" She sure hoped not. As far as she was concerned this was only round one.

"Do you want to go?" Cal tried very hard not to cry. Was it so bad that Dice wanted to leave?

"Of course not, honey, but it is your bed and your home. I want to stay... please." Dice felt that the last word was needed. "But I think I need a nap before proceeding any further."

"Proceeding?" Cal grinned. "You mean making love again?"

"Yeah. My dad's doing... sorry."

"So what's your real name, Dice?"

"Haven't you guessed by now?" She waited a moment before answering, "Di. Di Ceeley. I told you it started with my name."

"You certainly did... Di."

"Now..." Dice rolled over and pulled Cal into her. "Just a power sleep, that's all I need..." Dark eyes closed for only just a moment...

Cal awoke in her bed the next morning and remembered what had happened last night. Was it all a dream? At that moment she realized that there was a woman underneath her head. A wide-awake woman. "Hi, Di."

"Hi yourself. How are you this morning?"

"Fine."

"I wasn't too rough, was I?" There was a hint of concern in Dice's voice.

"Nah, that was great." An idle finger drew lazy circles on the skin. "You know..."

"Hmmm?"

"Every year you're the 'bad girl', Di."

"That's because you can't keep a straight face."

"Can I be the 'bad girl' next Valentine's?"

How could Dice deny her? "Sure, honey, whatever you want."

THE END.