

~ Two Cross Side ~

by Cheyne

Email: whenpiggsfly55@aim.com

Fandom: Xena Uber/Alt/Original

Rating: 18

Summary: A bored executive, in town on business, meets up with an attractive little pool shark who is enticed into a game that just may change her life.

Disclaimer - The main players may slightly resemble two people we are all familiar with but the similarities end there. So, no infringement (if there is even any to be had) intended to MCA/Universal and Renaissance Pictures. With that said, the story is mine, the characters are mine, the fantasy is mine.

Warnings: This is a lesbian lust story. There is violence between solid and striped pool balls. 'Nuff said.

Archive: Only with permission from the author

The bar was dark, like most establishments that catered to a gay and lesbian clientele, not so much to project a shady quality as it seemed to be an attempt at seductive lighting, more for atmosphere than it was a throwback to the days before Stonewall, when darkness was a necessity and a security blanket. Eliane Bryce, a statuesque, stunning combination of French and Welsh heritage, slipped into the tavern relatively unnoticed. That was an unusual but welcomed feat for Eliane, a knockout beauty who, regardless of how she played down her genetics and natural assets, could never escape the attention she was destined to receive. Sometimes it was flattering and worked to her advantage but, most of the time, it got old pretty fast.

The intrigued bartender had enough diplomacy not to disrespectfully ogle her but she was still obviously pleased by what she saw. "Hi. What can I get for you this evening?"

Eliane's expressive, pale blue eyes locked with the cute, mocha-colored woman's chocolate brown ones and softened. She was tired, it had been a very long day and she really shouldn't take out her bad mood on a total stranger whose evening of serving drunk, horny women was most likely not going to be too much better than her last twenty-four hours had been. "I bet you are very good at what you do," Eliane said, her words accompanied by a challenging smile. "What do you think I drink?"

The slender, androgynous bartender with a shaved head, whose name was Mignonette, briefly studied the whole package seated across from her. She had noticed her walk in, watched her move across the room with an elegance she wasn't quite used to seeing there...well, with the

possible exception of the owner whose presence was a constant so that was no longer a big deal. This woman had a bronzed complexion, dazzling straight white teeth, those eyes and a smoldering aura that screamed allure and class. "From what I see, I would guess a Cristal, perhaps Roederer Rose, vintage 1999..."

"Wow. Trust me when I tell you I'm not quite that high end but thanks," Eliane laughed, lightly. Interesting that the bartender thought she drank a \$500 bottle of champagne. Although she was quite well off, she did not feel the need to waste money like that on casual imbibing.

"That's what I would compare you to, honey. But what I think you order at a bar would be more along the lines of...a fine shiraz..."

Eliane's eyes twinkled. "I knew you were good. What have you got? If you don't have shiraz, a decent merlot will do."

"We serve Yellowtail. Take it or leave it."

"I'll definitely take it," the refined woman grinned.

As Mignonette left to pour her a glass of shiraz, Eliane took the opportunity to look around. She had been to this city twice before on business but she had never been to this bar. Usually she visited the hotel lounge, had a few drinks, fended off the advances of very prurient, sometimes overly aggressive businessmen and went back to her room alone. Today, her meetings ended early and she decided that, after a quiet dinner, she wanted to be around like-minded people, so she looked up local lesbian bars on her laptop, deciding on checking out this one because the internet description intrigued her.

"Lilax is an eclectic mix of aesthetic, modest and restrained. The bar itself is tri-level with a sunken dance floor, surrounding tables on the street level and the bar, DJ booth and game section on a third level. Happy hour hors d'oeuvres are served between 4 and 7, with different daily drink specials. There is karaoke on Wednesdays, Thursday is country music night and Friday night is the ever-popular disco night. The climate is friendly and welcoming and caters to regulars as well as new friends..."

Of course, it was a little smaller than she had anticipated but she was not disappointed as the place had character. It was an hour or so before the DJ was scheduled to start spinning what was sure to be loud, pulsating tunes to entice the patrons onto the mirrored and colorful dance floor. So far, the varied selection that had been playing on the juke box had been pleasant enough. When she heard the opening guitar work of "Edge of Seventeen" by Stevie Nicks, she suddenly had a hammering desire to play pool.

She had always played but in her college years, she had won an important pool tournament while that song was blaring in the background, the owner of that particular town bar having an oldies fetish that limited his canned music selection to nothing past the '80s. It had been a split double elimination, with Eliane emerging easily victorious from each of her sections to compete in a single showdown match for the championship. She had ended up playing against another female,

a plain, arrogant yet charismatic woman named Cathy, who was not used to losing. But Eliane's skill outshone her opponent's swagger and she walked away having earned a trophy, a monetary prize she really didn't need and a reputation for being a 'take-no-prisoners' competitor, a notoriety she carried with her to this day.

A rather lewd smile curled her lip as Eliane also recalled that celebrating the tournament win led to her having her first lesbian experience...with Cathy, her adversary, which made the encounter very, well, intense, so the Stevie Nicks tune had a double, special meaning for her.

Since that night she had kept up with both billiards and women, pretty damned successful at conquering both. She had actually been much more dedicated to her pool game than she had been at the random affairs she had dabbled in. Her love 'em and leave 'em attitude stemmed more from self-preservation than anything else as she had been born into a wealthy family and soon found herself with more suitors than days had minutes. It was difficult to tell which women were sincere and which were looking for a free ride, so she tended to view them all as though they just wanted her for her money. She treated them well but the first mention of any 'settling down' and she sent them on their way.

She was getting to the point where she preferred to be alone and meet women anonymously, spend one or two nights with someone, a week at the most and then move on. No expectations, no assumptions, very few pretensions. Her job, as headhunter for the family business, took her to many different places so it certainly wasn't as though she would run out of prospects anytime soon.

If she could just stop feeling so damned empty.

Eliane had been watching her ever since she spotted the billiards table and the crowd around it. She was a cocky little thing, almost too sure of her ability to play pool. Yes, there was no doubt she was good and she continued to prove it as she deftly triumphed over anyone who put their quarters up and challenged her. The blonde woman dominating the table reminded her of Cathy - except she was shorter and far from plain.

Studying her quite intently, Eliane knew something more than just rambunctious noise drew her attention to that corner and when her eyes fell onto the woman's face, she could barely tear them away. It wasn't that she was breathtaking or anything like that, she was just...familiar, somehow.

Although, the woman everyone referred to as Chris was, quite simply, naturally beautiful. But there was something else about her...a feminine mystique, a spirituality that was unmistakable. She was also adorable and seemed to possess a vulnerability in her projected invincibility that Eliane found odd under the circumstances.

She had asked Mignonette to slip her marked quarter in there, the special one she used when she played pool, the one that made it easier to track her position on the rail, when the blonde had taken a bathroom break about thirty minutes earlier and it was Eliane's turn in three games. As inconspicuously as possible, she moved closer to the pool table so that she could observe the

competition. She had no doubt she would be playing this feisty, fascinating little blonde called Chris so she wanted to get a better look at her strategy, how she played, what seemed to make her so skillful at this game.

The first thing she noticed - after how much more attractive little Ms. Chris was up close - was that she had her own pool cue, as opposed to using a bar stick. If Eliane wasn't mistaken, it was a Blaze Model VR-5, one of the more expensive and elegant cues that particular company manufactured. The tall brunette admired the long, sleek piece of solid, well-balanced birdseye maple inlaid with ivory colored swords and rams head scrolls but bringing it into a bar to play was just damned pretentious. Sure, it made a psychological and proficient statement but Eliane figured if the little blonde needed to show off like that, having to possess an intimidation factor, maybe she wasn't as good as she led everyone to believe.

Eliane also noticed she was wearing a cue glove, a purple spandex/nylon covering on her left hand that eliminated the need for hand chalk and meant the cue shaft would glide more smoothly over her thumb. This was an article usually worn by pros (and amateurs wanting to look professional) during competition so that they would not have to fret about any moisture that had accumulated on their anchor hand which would cause the follow-through of the shot to catch or miscue.

She openly admired the small blonde's confident posture when she was waiting to take a shot. Chris would plant the cue on the floor and hold onto it with her left hand, giving the impression that she was resting her face against it and watch the layout on the table, not only to scrutinize what her opponent was shooting at but where the cue ball would end up after each shot, which Eliane knew was very important. Chris called all of her shots and was honest when a ball's course varied from what she had intended it to do - which seemed rare. She could have taken advantage of players who weren't quite as familiar with the rules but she didn't and Eliane respected that.

As she observed the next two games, she conceded that the apparently overly-confident, self-proclaimed Lilax pool champion was exceptionally good. But Eliane was better. And maybe she needed to take this fetching, sexy little number down a peg.

"Next!" the tomboyish, dark-haired, compact woman who was an obvious friend of Chris' shouted to be heard over the music. "Next!!!" She blandly looked around, waiting for one of the regulars to make their monotonous presence known.

Man, Chris wanted, needed a challenge. She played and beat the same old faces and would-be rivals all the time, someone new would be...

"I believe that would be me," Eliane acknowledged, stepping out of the crowd and into the forefront. She heard the collective intake of breath from the immediate area, a reaction not unexpected but she was tired of it just the same. It's not that she didn't appreciate being considered attractive but she found the same old response tedious. However, being the mature individual she was, she refrained from rolling her eyes and instead extended a noncommittal

smile toward her very eye-catching competitor.

Chris watched the polished, sophisticated, stunning, very tall, raven-haired stranger approach the table. Oh my God...who was she? Where had she come from? When had she put her quarters up? Why hadn't Chris seen her before now? Before anywhere??

It was as though the entire room went still and she was experiencing everything from a vacuum. This was, perhaps, the most beautiful woman Chris - and, obviously anyone else in the bar - had ever seen, possessing the most incredible blue eyes on the face of the planet. Quickly regaining her equilibrium and her senses, Chris blinked a few times, swallowing hard and found her voice. "Hi." She extended her hand. "Chris O'Rourke."

Accepting the handshake with a firm grip, Eliane introduced herself.

"Was that Elaine?" Gretchen, Chris's soft butch friend, asked.

"No. Eliane. It's French." She wanted to add that it was her grandmother's name but there was no need. She was sure these women didn't care anything about that.

Gretchen leaned over to Chris and murmured, "All that and French, too..."

Chris nudged her friend away from her. "Okay," Chris energetically began, taking a deep breath. "Rules are we play for drinks. If I win, you buy me a beer. If you win, I buy you whatever you're drinking."

Eliane smirked as she placed the quarters in the designated slots and pushed the coin holder in, releasing the balls. She stood up and moved to the opposite end of the table from Chris to where the rack was. "So if I win, I have to follow your rules? That hardly seems fair." She looked directly into Chris' eyes, seizing the green orbs for what seemed like an eternity but, in reality, was mere seconds.

Still, Chris could not look away. This woman's voice was pure honey - golden, smooth, thick with sweet invitation. Her eyes held promises that seemed almost forbidden. Chris' heartbeat sped up, her pulse radiating throughout her body, most noticeably in her nether regions. No one had ever caused this kind of reaction in her before. No one.

"Feel like raising the stakes?" Eliane asked, nonchalantly, as she positioned the balls in the triangle to distribute the solids and stripes as equally as possible.

"Maybe. What'd you have in mind?" Chris chalked a bar cue carefully, then blew the excess residue from the tip.

Smart girl, Eliane thought, watching her. Using an expensive stick to break was not wise, a cheap bar cue was more than adequate and could take the pressure of the break with little or no damage. "You win? Name your price." Eliane lifted the rack and replaced it in the appropriate slot in the table.

"I did. Beer." Chris watched as Eliane inspected the bar sticks that were randomly available. "Do you want to use mine? It's a nineteen...front weighted..." Well, that was impulsive and unheard of. Chris looked around to see the regulars looking at her as though she must have been replaced by a pod person. Christine O'Rourke never offered her Blaze to anyone.

"No, thank you," Eliane responded, the reaction of the others to Chris' offering not escaping her. She selected a stick and let her hand run the length of the shaft. "Twenty-one ounces...I'm perfectly fine with this." She then pinned inquisitive emerald eyes with intense sapphire ones. "Surely you want something more than one beer for beating me in pool."

"Okay...beer for the rest of the night. Let everybody else off the hook," Chris smiled. "And if you win? What do you get?"

Eliane chalked her stick and seared a look right into Chris' soul. "You. For one night."

Unconsciously, Chris blanched. It was a brazen bet and one that she could just as easily lose as she could win depending on a few things, the most important being, how good was this woman's game? Dare she take this engagingly exquisite woman up on her offer? From the 'ooohs' and other assorted below the breath commentary, Chris knew that if she didn't take the bet, she would lose credibility, not to mention self-esteem. Chances are she wouldn't lose...however, if she did, would she really have the guts to leave with this startlingly stunning woman whom she had never seen before, someone she knew nothing about?

"Are you fucking insane?" Gretchen said to her, in a tone of voice only the shaggy-haired blonde could hear. "Fucking look at her, Chris! If you don't take this bet, I will kick your ass from here to kingdom come."

"You're already assuming I'm going to lose?" Chris inquired, with a surprised arch of her eyebrow.

"Hey, I know you are the best pool player in town and your skills are beyond reproach. BUT...I can only hope, for your sake, that you lose."

"Look...I -" She purposely avoided looking at the seductive woman slowly approaching her side of the table, waiting for her answer.

"Girlfriend, you haven't gotten laid in over a year," Gretchen whispered, harshly, standing in front of Chris so that no one could read her lips. "And you've said the reason for that was this town was too small, that the lesbian community was way too incestuous and that you didn't trust anybody's motives, much less want anyone's sloppy seconds. I don't think you have to worry about that with her. Now, even if you win, that fine specimen of womanhood is obviously interested in you and you just might want to find a way to leave with her regardless because either way, Chris, you'd be a fucking legend." Gretchen smirked. "Not to mention what it would

do to your unbelievably under-indulged ego. Despite what everybody here thinks."

"Hey, Chrissie, come on, if you're not going to do this then let's get on with it..." one of the others from the crowd spoke up. "My quarters are next." The woman then gave Eliane a blatant once-over. "And if you aren't going to take her up on her offer, I sure as hell will..."

"Sorry," the towering, quietly intimidating brunette smiled, not unkindly, at the woman. "But this bet is for her only."

"And why is that?" Chris asked, curiously.

"Because she's the best, right?" Gretchen asked Eliane. "And there's no challenge in anyone else..."

Eliane's smile was reserved. "Perhaps." And because, the executive instinctively knew, Chris wouldn't purposely throw the game just to spend the night with her. It was more than evident that the smaller woman had integrity.

"I don't even know if you can play," Chris commented.

"That's right. You don't." The suggestive look in Eliane's azure eyes held Chris momentarily hostage. "This could be the easiest bet you ever made...or it could be a move that will change your life forever." Eliane shrugged. "Your call."

Chris glanced around the room at the anticipatory looks on everyone's faces. Then she fixed Eliane with an assured gaze that spoke volumes. What the hell - it was only one night. "All right. Let's play. The game is 8-Ball. We call all shots, all cushions, banks, kisses and combinations. Jump shots or safety on a stitched ball only. When shooting the 8, it cannot be called off any ball, it must go in clean. The 8-ball pocketed on the break is an automatic win. Got it?" Chris' voice was almost shaking at the fact that this gorgeous woman was now no more than a foot away from her.

"Oh, I've got it," the sable-haired woman nodded. She moved behind the blonde in very close proximity, so close, in fact, that Chris' hair moved from the breath of the taller woman as she spoke. "Do I make you nervous?"

"No," Chris replied, nervously. She waited until Eliane stepped to the left of the center string of the table before leaning over the head spot to set up her break. Using a quick back push on her stick, she slammed the white cue ball into the triangle of solids and stripes, executing an even break with the eleven ball neatly finding its way to a corner pocket.

The game of her life had begun.

After her fourth shot, Chris began to relax. She was running the table, knocking in a succession of striped balls with ease. Her striking opponent was watching her shoot, expressionless, giving

away nothing, which was frustrating for Chris. It would help Chris to know if she was in any way unnerving this Eliane woman with her ability...although it did not seem to be affecting her play as Chris seemed to be very much on her game.

Assessing her next move, Chris walked around the table to calculate where her best leave would be to set up the following shot after this one. Evaluation over, Chris gestured toward two striped balls touching each other. "I'm going to split the 15 and the 10, the 15 going into the corner off the rail." And, with little set-up, the shot was made, which left only two more of her balls on the table before she could go after the 8. She looked up at her opponent who just nodded, her focus on the game and obviously not Chris.

This concerned Chris a bit, the intensity in the woman's concentration. A lesser pool player would be showing some signs of apprehension or, frustration, at not even being able to get one shot off before the table was cleared. This woman did not look rattled in the least. It prompted Chris to wonder what Eliane's story was. Well...it looked like she wasn't going to find out tonight.

Chris started to feel she was home free now, as the 10-ball sailed into the side pocket, which left her only the 13 and the 8. Among her friends, the comments began to get louder and more plentiful in Chris' favor, the most frequent being how could they ever have doubted Chris' imminent victory. The only time Chris did not hold the table was when she did not play.

Laughter and snide comments were beginning to ensue about how this stranger had not even been allowed one shot when the unthinkable happened. Chris screwed up. The 13 lightly kissed her opponent's 7-ball on its way to a pocket and that foul cost Chris her turn.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Chris moved back to her circle of friends, who congratulated her on a great game so far, pretty sure she had already won. She had to chuckle, thinking that she had actually been concerned about having to pay off this unusual bet. She stole a glance at the alluring Eliane, whose presence really was unmistakably commanding, as her lofty challenger scouted out her possible course of action. Maybe losing this wager wouldn't have been such a bad thing after all.

In her peripheral vision, Eliane absorbed the reaction of Chris and her companions. Her opponent had gotten overconfident again and all Eliane needed was one chance. She was used to practicing on nine-foot tables, so playing on a seven-foot regulation bar table gave her an automatic advantage. She appraised the set up of the seven solid-colored balls she would have to remove before shooting the 8 and held back a smile. There might be a small problem with the 2-5-6 clumping, especially with the 5-ball frozen against the cushion but she had been in worse situations and had no doubt she could resolve the grouping issue with a little focus when the time came.

Passing Chris, Eliane said, "Nice run."

"Thank you. Good luck."

Ah, there was still that hint of cheekiness in her tone, Eliane noted. "Thanks," Eliane responded, as she leaned her long body over the foot spot, positioning herself for her first shot, "but luck has nothing to do with it. 4 in the corner." Knowing she was showing off, she didn't really care at this point, and she slammed the white ball into the solid purple ball with a dead shot so accurate that the cue ball stopped after contact and spun in place, executing a perfect leave for the 7-ball to ride the rail up to the opposite corner. Which was exactly the next shot she called and made, after rechalking her stick.

When Eliane jumped the 2, cutting the 3 into the side and then slid around the 8, hitting the cushion and neatly slicing the 1 into the corner pocket before the cue bounced off the opposite rail, positioning the white ball for several choices with the three remaining balls, Chris started to internally perspire. She tried to maintain a calm exterior but, with her friends turning to watch her reaction, it wasn't working.

"You've played before," Chris commented, weakly, as her companions were suddenly very quiet.

"A few times."

"I'm in trouble, aren't I?"

Eliane stopped in front of the captivating blonde, melting her with a sultry gaze. "I guess that depends on just what you would consider trouble." Eliane punctuated that statement with a sexy smile, an expression so damned provocative, Chris thought she might pass out from the rush of heat that surged through her entire body.

The tall executive proceeded to split the 2 and the 6, which unwedged the 5-ball, calling the 6 cross-corner with a force follow that rebounded and came to rest opposite the solid orange ball, which left a straight-on shot into the side.

It was now down to one solid and the 8-ball. Chalking the tip of her cue, Eliane slowly circled the table and called her next shot. "Two cross-side." It couldn't have been more picturesque, the bank shot that hit the 2, snapped it back from the cushion and gently knocked it into a side pocket. Except she had used just a little more english than she had intended and the black ball marked with an 8 now sat in a perfect scratch location. This seemed to please the women standing beside Chris.

She chalked her stick and contemplated her options, of which there were three and the first two were not desirable. If she tried to cut the 8 into the side, she would surely drop the cue ball in the corner with the force she would have to use. Same problem if she tried to put it directly into a corner...however...if she banked the white ball and it came up behind the 8, it would be kicked ever-so-pretty into the corner pocket and she would walk out of that bar with the most attractive woman in it on her arm. Fortunately for her, she was very precise at this particular shot.

When she called it, Eliane did not miss the snickers and looks of disbelief in response to her words. That reaction just empowered her even more and she looked up at her opponent who didn't seem as amused as the rest. Chris was an experienced enough player where she knew that

the odds were just as much in favor of a successful outcome as they were against it.

"You might want to get your coat," Eliane told her, presumptuously, more for the benefit of Chris' entourage than her opponent, matching their discourtesy and disbelief with her arrogance.

And then, just as quickly as the sarcastic muttering and simpering rose, it faded into a group holding of breath while each and every one of the crowd witnessed the cue ball travel a few feet of green, hit the cushion at a perfect angle and move flawlessly toward the 8-ball, striking it masterfully and sending it neatly into the corner pocket.

The game was over. Time would tell who had really won.

Chris' friends could not believe it. For a few minutes, nobody spoke while Eliane put her cue back in its holder, up against the wall. Chris dropped her head, her chin touching the top of her chest. What had she just gotten herself into?

She lifted her head and observed Elaine walk to the bar and retrieve her blazer off the back of the stool, nodding to Mignonette. As the dark beauty then approached her, she was intercepted by Gretchen.

"Okay, listen, you're really not going to make her do this, are you? I mean, come on...you won, your point was made but she doesn't know anything about you, you don't really expect her to just leave with you and spend the night with you, do you?"

Eliane stopped and studied Gretchen. Obviously, she was a good friend and certainly she had a point. One could never tell, in today's world, who could be trusted, who could be a mass murderer...She looked around the boyish woman at Chris, who appeared a little dazed, then back at Gretchen. "Well, first, I would say the decision would be entirely up to your friend. Second, if she can't follow through on a bet then she shouldn't agree to the terms and third - you're automatically assuming that when I said I wanted her for one night that it meant for sex. I travel a lot. I spend a lot of time alone. Occasionally it would be nice to have some interesting and, I might add, attractive company. If things happen between us that develop into, say, a physical intimacy then that would be between the two of us, wouldn't you say?"

"She's right," Chris stated, removing her glove, packing her pool cue away in its velvet-lined leather case and picking up her denim jacket. "I would never welsh on a bet. I did agree to the terms and I am an honorable person." She looked at Gretchen with an almost reprimanding glare. "You know I can take care of myself if it comes to that."

"But, Chris -"

Chris put her hand up to halt any more protest. "What about what you were saying before the game started? What happened to all that 'gee, Chris, go for it'?"

"That's when I thought you would win. I was stroking your ego."

"Now she's going to go get something else stroked," one of the other patrons waiting on the pool table laughed, rather obscenely, a laugh that died quickly in her throat when both Chris and Eliane seared her with a look that would have burnt holes through her if possible.

Eliane glanced back at Chris and managed a warm smile. "Ready?"

"Yes." She handed Gretchen her cue case. "Put this in your car, I'll get it from you tomorrow."

"Are you sure?"

Chris tilted her head, patiently, at her friend. "Yes. I'll call you tomorrow." She placed a reassuring hand on Gretchen's shoulder and followed Eliane out the door.

They began strolling down the lamp post lit street in silence. The hotel was only four blocks up the road from Lilax. She didn't ask Chris if she had a car, assuming that she either rode to the bar with a friend or lived within walking distance.

"Are you hungry?" Eliane asked, finally breaking the somewhat awkward stillness that surrounded them.

"No but thank you." She didn't want to admit that her stomach was so tied up in knots at that moment she couldn't have digested anything even if she had been starving. "Do you make bets like this often?"

Eliane laughed, softly. "No. This is the first time, actually."

"Why me?"

Cutting Chris a look that was blazingly carnal and full of promise, the executive said, "Because I took one look at you and I knew I had to spend time with you...alone."

Her heart nearly stopped beating at the expression on Eliane's face and her knees weakened by Eliane's admission. "Why?" Chris asked, the word coming out in a whisper. Her emerald eyes were wide, obviously surprised at her companion's honesty.

This was only complicated by Eliane's further candid response of, "I don't know." They continued to walk in the direction of the hotel both contemplating the significance of what the taller woman's words might actually mean. "Here we are," Eliane gestured as they stood in front of a bright marquis that announced "The Giorgio Bayside."

"Wow. You're staying here? Nice," Chris nodded her impressed approval. She knew that the cheapest room in this place was \$335 a night because she had called and inquired once when she had been looking for a place to take a woman to romance her for a weekend. Unfortunately the date never materialized but now she might actually find out what she missed.

"It serves a purpose." As they stepped on the spot of sidewalk that triggered the automatic doors to slide apart, inviting an entrance, Eliane said, "Shall we?"

They entered the two-tiered lobby bathed in mahogany, wrought iron and marble, capturing a Florentine Renaissance look while still being equipped with all the latest in modern accessories and options. The desk clerk nodded and smiled at Eliane as they passed, offering the same courtesy to Chris.

They boarded the elevator, riding to the tenth floor with three other occupants. When they exited, they stopped almost immediately and Eliane removed her key card, inserting it into the reader and pushing the door open to let Chris enter first. Turning on a light, removing her blazer, Eliane smiled as she watched Chris step immediately over to the window, which overlooked the bay. When she was done appreciating that view, she turned to absorb the room, nodding. "Very nice."

The room had a classic 1920s decor with very tasteful gold draperies, sun-colored velour-patterned wallpaper, twelve-foot high ceilings, crown molding wingback chairs that matched a table against the wall and a king-sized bed with a two-poster headboard. Chris guessed the room was probably about 400 square feet. From her vantage point, leaning against the window, she could see that the bathroom had a marble vanity, makeup mirror, two bathrobes hanging up on either side of the mirror and a telephone. She could only imagine what the toilet, shower and tub looked like.

"Can I get you something to drink?"

"You actually use the mini-bar?"

"That's what it's there for, yes?" Eliane smirked, amused.

"You don't mind paying six dollars for a bag with ten peanuts in it?"

"I don't eat peanuts."

Chris smiled in response. "You know what I mean."

"You have a beautiful smile," her striking companion told her, sincerely. "I'd like to see it more often."

"Thank you," Chris replied, almost shyly, "I'll try to accommodate you."

"Do you drink champagne? I can call down for some champagne and some room service..."

"I love champagne but it has a tendency to make me a little goofy."

Reaching for the phone, Eliane grinned, making her whole face light up and causing Chris to

catch her breath again. "I think I can manage goofy."

After ordering a bottle of vintage 1992 Clos du Mesnil, fresh fruit, selections from the raw bar and appetizers, Eliane focused her attention on Chris, who was back to looking out the window. "How about taking your jacket off and staying a while?"

Turning to face her hostess, Chris's smile was engaging and endearing. "Thanks. I think I will." She removed her denim waist-length coat.

Ah, she's starting to warm up, Eliane thought, pleased, as she told Chris to make herself at home and she retreated to the bathroom to freshen up. Closing the door, she leaned her palms flat against the sink and assessed her reflection in the mirror. What are you doing, Eliane? Usually when you bring a woman to your room it's because both partners are willing participants in what's about to happen...do you really want to force yourself on someone who you are making pay off a bet? She thought about the very attractive woman in the other room. Actually...she doesn't seem unwilling to be here and you really want to hold her your arms, feel her against you, don't you? She closed her eyes. For some reason, other than sexual, she wanted this woman very, very much but she also knew that sleeping with her was the only way she knew how to connect. How sad was that?

When she exited the bathroom, Chris was seated at the table, beer in hand, staring out the window at the ocean lit by a few wharf lights and the moon. The different shades of blue silhouetted each other and looked more like a painting than an authentic panoramic vista. Eliane snapped off the room light which made Chris jump slightly and turn around.

"You can see the view better with the light off," Eliane offered.

Chris regarded her skeptically for a moment and then resumed looking at the bay. "You know, I've lived here most of my life and I've always taken views like this for granted. It's refreshing to be able to see it through somebody else's eyes." She turned and focused on Eliane. "Where are you from?"

"Ah...the preliminaries...yes, let's get them out of the way. I'm thirty-four, I am not now nor have I ever been in a serious relationship, I was born and raised in upstate New York, went to college in Northhampton, Massachusetts and I currently live in Manhattan where I work for a family business where I travel around the country recruiting personnel at an executive level. Yes, I am very wealthy. No, I don't wear colored contact lenses and yes, I am almost six feet tall. Did I miss anything?"

Chris laughed at Eliane's practiced answer. "No, I think you covered just about everything. Except where did you learn to play pool?"

"My uncle is Drystan Bryce, a seven time international snooker champion. We were all born with pool cues in our hands. Our game room had three pool and two snooker tables. I fooled around in tournaments while I was at Smith but it was like taking candy from a baby so I stopped and now just play for...recreation. You?"

"I just really liked the game. It was the only thing I had to myself and I seemed to have an aptitude for it. I've played in some local tournaments but nothing professional."

"You're good," Eliane declared.

"Not as good as you," Chris countered, seriously. She looked up, thinking her companion might dispute her but there was no false modesty there. They both knew Eliane was the better player.

Smiling, Eliane finally said, "We have entirely different styles." She folded her arms, obviously waiting for Chris' preliminaries.

"Guess it's my turn now, huh?" She cleared her throat. "I turned thirty a little over three months ago and I'm still not sure whether I like it or not, I have been in two serious relationships that didn't work out. I was born in Denver but my family moved here when I was five. I didn't go to college, my father didn't think it was necessary. My eyes really are this color green and I'm not anywhere near six feet tall...more like five feet four."

Eliane studied Chris as she talked about herself. She sounded disarmingly shy and the brunette was charmed beyond belief. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why didn't the relationships work out?"

Looking down at the floor and then back at Eliane, Chris said, quietly, "They were after my money."

If Eliane had been drinking or eating anything, she most certainly would have choked on it. "Your money?"

The look on her companion's face was so priceless, Chris almost laughed out loud. "Yes...I come from very old family money. I'm living off a trust fund that involves millions and I stand to inherit more than my grandchildren's grandchildren can spend."

At first, all Eliane could do was blink in response. "Can I ask you why you choose to hold court at a place like Lilax?"

Once again, the bewitching smile appeared. "I own it."

Well...this certainly was an interesting development, Eliane thought, happily.

Chris picked at the room service meal that had been delivered but eagerly indulged in the champagne, adding a few raspberries to her flute. She neglected to mention that aside from goofy, champagne also made her quite amorous and, over the past hour, she had decided that she

very much wanted to share the inviting king-sized bed with this woman she had lost a fair and square bet to. It's not that she had to be drunk - or even close to it - to sleep with Eliane but she was a nervous wreck and the alcohol was doing its best to calm her down.

The more they talked, the more tempting the idea of sex had become to both women. The physical attraction was already there, had been there from the beginning like a magnet to steel but now they were discovering something more, something almost fascinatingly spiritual that was inexplicably drawing them together. The money issue out of the way, they both relaxed, relieved to know that it was not the allure.

They had touched on simply every topic from politics to religion to the stock market to entertainment, agreeing to disagree on most subjects as their opinions were on opposite ends of the spectrum. They discussed everything but the reason they came up to the room in the first place and when Chris excused herself to use the bathroom, she vowed to herself that when she exited, she would initiate the seduction to get this captivating woman into bed.

Finding the bathroom just as luxurious and cultured as she had believed it would be, Chris took temporary comfort in its polished privacy and thought about her strategy while she attended to her business. She was positive Eliane still wanted her to be there, still found her desirable enough to want her to spend the night and the more she visualized the two of them hot and sweaty and rolling around between the sheets, the more eager she became about getting this show on the road.

Taking a few steps back out into the room, Chris immediately noticed that the atmosphere had changed. The room service cart had been removed, the lights had been turned down very low and music from a smooth jazz station could be heard from speakers attached to the television. Looking around, she did not see Eliane yet she felt her a second before arms went around her from behind, felt the taller woman's body meld into her own, warming her senses as well as her skin. Leaning back, her head fit perfectly under Eliane's chin, against her chest. She trailed her hands along Eliane's arms, clasping her fingers over her companion's which were folded across her waist.

Eliane slowly spun Chris around to face her and then she gently, deliberately pushed herself away, backing up against the wall, her eyes summoning Chris closer. Silently, Chris accepted the invitation and moved forward, having no illusions that no one else had ever attracted her as much as Eliane did right then.

Reaching out for Chris, who took her hand, Eliane pulled Chris against her, wrapping her arms around the younger woman, locking their hands behind Chris' waist. "Is this okay?" Eliane breathed into the smaller woman's ear.

Closing her eyes, as Eliane nuzzled and lightly kissed the side of her neck, Chris said, "This is more than okay." It felt like nirvana and as though she had always belonged right there in this woman's embrace. When she no longer had the sensation of Eliane's lips on her throat (and, unfortunately, no where else), she opened her eyes to find out why, suddenly staring up into a blue so deep she felt she could fall right into Eliane's immortal core.

"Jesus..." Chris exhaled, spellbound.

Eliane's lips pursed into a smirk, eyes sparkling, pleased by the reaction of the woman enveloped in her grip. Looking down into eyes reflective of her own lust, Eliane dipped her head and touched her lips to Chris', an act that became so explosive, so telling, that something erupted inside her.

The kiss quickly intensified, mouths grinding together, tongues demanding each other's undivided attention and both women were not able to hold back soft moans of pleasure and anticipation. Neither had ever recalled a kiss feeling quite like this, eliciting the profound sensations that this intimate action had, causing Chris to experience something deep within her escape, emboldening her to assume a confidence she had not previously had.

Breaking the kiss, gasping for air, Eliane rested her forehead against Chris', panting. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Does it look like I'm fighting you?" Chris breathed back.

"Good point," the taller woman rasped, attacking Chris' mouth again with a purpose.

Feeling Chris tremble with what she was sure was anticipation and want, Eliane then gently raised her knee and fit her thigh snugly between Chris' legs, feeling her wetness through her clothing, another involuntary response from Chris which was more than encouraging, and it sent a jolt right through them both at contact. Nibbling and tugging on Eliane's bottom lip, gently sucking it between her teeth and biting down with a little pressure, obviously set off something almost savage within them both. Pulling back for a second, reining herself in before she lost complete control, Eliane gazed into emerald eyes with a mixture of surprise and unmitigated want.

Leaning up, barely touching her, Chris lightly brushed her lips against Eliane's. Both of Eliane's hands found their way to the back of the blonde head, threading her fingers through short, silky tresses and drew her in for another heart-hammering kiss. With Chris' hips beginning to grind down onto Eliane's thigh and the executive involuntarily matching her need by moving against her, they began to create a very gratifying friction.

Once again, stopping the kiss, they stood there, briefly frozen in time, studying each other's eyes, not uttering a word. Regaining momentum, they feverishly kissed again while Chris moved off the executive's thigh and pulled Eliane toward her, stepping back until they fell onto the bed. Eliane tried to take the dominant position on top but soon found herself on her back with Chris straddling her. "I can't believe how much I want you right now," Chris exhaled, bending down and devouring Eliane's mouth again, while both women worked at loosening and removing each other's clothing, articles flying in every direction.

Releasing her lips, Chris lightly kissed her face, to her throat, to her shoulder, feeling the muscles quiver underneath her ministrations. Her tongue emerging, Chris flicked it with just enough

pressure to cause the slightest but satisfying of reactions up Eliane's collar bone, into the hollow at the base of her neck, up over her pulse point, to behind her ear. Chris lightly took Eliane's earlobe between her teeth, gently sucking, nibbling it and then let it go.

Chris then ran her thumb over the executive's bottom lip, awed by its softness, following with another kiss which Eliane responded to so eagerly that it sent electricity through the center of her very being. Breaking the kiss, breathless, Chris raised back up to a sitting position on Eliane's abdomen, and took a moment to regain some poise, drawing her eyes appreciatively over the upper half of Eliane's now exposed, magnificent body.

Growling impatiently, Eliane quickly pulled her back down, sealing her lips to the Chris', moaning voraciously into her mouth. This turned Chris on incredibly and it fanned the flame of passion between the two women to a combustible level.

Solidly pushing her body against the executive's, suddenly very aware of their wanton nakedness, lips to lips, breast to breast, curls to curls, Eliane's arms tightened around Chris, deepening the kiss, thoroughly exploring every inch of the inside of her mouth, tongues deftly fencing, vying for passionate control. They advanced and retreated, trying to find a balance where neither was overpowering the other nor allowing each other any slack.

Eliane cupped one of Chris' divinely perfect breasts then the other, just reveling in the feel, the firmness, as her thumb continuously brushed over her nipple, which stood at even more attention. Not being able to resist, Eliane lifted her head and sealed her lips around the taut, darkened flesh, nibbling, sucking, rimming the one peak and then lavishing an equal amount of attention on the other one. Obviously enjoying the sensation, Chris' hips began unconsciously gyrating, bidding her on.

Expertly maneuvering her head to a consummate position, Chris attached her lips to Eliane's neck, then shoulders, kissing, sucking and biting...not hard enough to mark her but enough pressure to let her know what she was in for when it was time for her to reciprocate. The thought of that made Eliane's heart flip and stomach clench in a most pleasant way as her strong hands roamed confidently over the curves and plains of Chris' fit body finding non-sexual places to feel so intimately that her touch alone was almost orgasmic to Chris.

Finding it extremely difficult to concentrate, Eliane moved slowly, deliberately down Chris' torso with her hands and lips, fleetingly skimming her fingers over the solid yet feminine curve of her ass, running a finger nimbly down the length of the line that separated her cheeks, hovering over an area of pleasure she hoped to explore in euphoric detail later. The very idea of what she could do to cause her sexy little companion to climax was prompting Eliane's juices to flow uninhibitedly, knowing Chris would guide her to what felt good and what would bring her over the edge. She was obviously too much of a sexual being not to.

Her mouth suddenly beginning to water, Eliane knew what she wanted to do next, what she had to do, was such a raging need in that getting there would be like a vampire getting that initial surge of jugular blood. "I want to taste you."

"Yesssss..." Shutting her eyes, the image of Eliane submerged between her legs, feasting, was almost too much.

Eliane placed her hands on Chris' waist, directing the blonde's body to a supine position beside her. Rolling over on top of her, Eliane did not hesitate to move down the length of Chris' body, kissing whatever skin she came in contact with along the way. Closing in on her companion's center, she inhaled the scent of Chris' arousal, revitalized by it, affecting her like an alcoholic taking her first drink after years of sobriety, knowing that her flavor was going to be as intoxicating as her scent.

Even though she was selfishly in a hurry to bury her face into Chris, she chose to take her time and savor every moment. Nuzzling strawberry-blond curls, Eliane's cheek became immediately damp from the moisture there, very pleased with herself that she could cause this response in this enticing young woman beneath her. Kissing Chris there and around her opening and her inner thighs, Eliane sighed in contentment, knowing the best was yet to come...for both of them. Opening her legs wider apart, Chris reached down, pushing her hand through Eliane's hair, grabbing a handful, as Eliane licked the inside of the Chris' thighs and all around her target area, extending the excitement of the foreplay.

Finally, Eliane moved her apart and kissed her everywhere she could get her mouth on, her tongue alternating with her lips to suck and massage Chris' clit - gently at first, circling, flicking back and forth, up and down, not wanting to miss one spot. The executive took advantage of the fact that Chris was so wet, so ready for her, with a taste that was so uniquely her that Eliane's breathing hitched from excitement in just that, alone. Eliane suddenly wanted to stay there forever, make it her home, just burrow in and never leave.

Chris started to moan...quietly at first but enough to rouse Eliane from her reverie and motivate her further. She varied her speed and pressure and must have hit the right groove because Chris suddenly tightened that hank of hair she had been hanging onto and her thighs pressed around Eliane's ears like a vise.

Doing more exploring with her tongue in her new favorite place, Eliane wanted to do something else with her hands other than manipulate the blonde's impossibly erect nipples because Chris was really starting to rock. As Chris loosened her thigh grip on Eliane, giving Eliane a bit more breathing room again, the executive coated her fingers in the overabundance of lubrication now pooling around her busy jaw and inserted one, then two very flexible digits into Chris, palm up, stroking firmly against her G spot. Feeling the area start to enlarge and get a little more solid, Eliane added a third finger, knowing from the satisfied gasp and increased undulating that everything she was doing was having the desired effect. From the amount of building wetness Elaine felt and tasted, from the increasing movement of the body beneath her, she became very invested in doing everything she could to make Chris' universe explode.

Eliane felt Chris' body start to react more intensely, thrusting down onto her fingers and pushing her mound into Eliane's face, signaling to her that she needed more contact, more pressure, faster. Eliane took particular notice of Chris' accelerating breathing and wisely realized that if Chris didn't come soon, Eliane was going to beat her to it because she found her new lover's

responses to her actions so erotically hot, it wouldn't have surprised her if she were as wet - if not wetter - and as close to the edge as Chris was. Now panting and rocking and moaning and writhing and Eliane doing her best to keep her mouth and tongue right where they needed to be, she rode that wave with Chris and was rewarded by an extra intense orgasm which drenched her. Elaine held fast while Chris ground into her, screaming some very earthy expletives, those beautifully strong hands of hers having left Eliane's hair and gripped the slatted headboard with a ferocity that just might have been downright lethal in, perhaps, different circumstances.

While Chris lay, spent, regaining a regular respiration, Eliane was still down on her, lapping up the results of her handiwork. Not having removed her fingers yet, Eliane felt that round little rough spot that helped send Chris over the edge, harden again and Chris' walls contracted around the brunette's fingers. Dipping her tongue back in, Eliane worked Chris back into a frenzy in no time at all and she came again, this time saying Eliane's name in a feral, desperate whisper, the sound of which Eliane really liked, aligning herself with its rawness.

Before Chris completely recovered, she put her hand up to Eliane, who stopped licking and stilled her penetrating fingers. "Please..." Chris begged, pleaded, gasping, "...just give me a second..."

But her words contradicted her body and almost instantly, she was soaked again with Eliane not being able to resist sucking all the moisture up, definitely not wanting to leave or let up on what she was doing with her mouth. In no time, Chris was so close to coming again, she was practically vibrating and then she released and climaxed so powerfully and continuously for what seemed like several minutes, screaming Eliane's name, God's and 'fuck' all in the same breath. At that point, the executive was at such a heightened state of arousal, she felt like every nerve in her body was exposed and she knew, without a doubt, if Chris even looked at her, she was going to be a puddle.

Holding herself together, Eliane took a deep breath, really wanting to do that again because of what it obviously did to Chris - and her - but, instead, Chris surprised her by flipping her over onto her back, grabbing her and lying down with her, holding Eliane to her, both their breathing labored. Looking over at her, Eliane saw that Chris had a more than satisfied smile on her face, an expression that seemed to be brimming with not only contentment but affection, as well.

Eliane then guided Chris' hand down to her swollen center and covered her fingers as Chris started stroking her. As excited as Eliane was, it took no time at all for the sensation to build, and recognizing the signs of the quickly approaching climax, Chris removed her hand and buried her face between Eliane's legs, wasting no time, getting right down to business. Inserting her fingers, pushing easily into Eliane, Chris pumped and rubbed and stroked, while she expertly tongued the executive. Chris felt the woman beneath her start to stiffen and suddenly her whole body visibly throbbed with orgasm. In the midst of this passion, Eliane held Chris' head in place, pushing her lover's tongue in deeper, prolonging her ecstasy, Chris only easing up after Eliane began to wind down.

Crawling back up Eliane's long body, both women simply laid there, tangled up in each other, just breathing, just being for a few unguarded moments, both knowing they just entered into very

sacred ground with each other, both feeling honored to have been allowed in.

"You do realize I'm not done with you yet..." Chris mused, snuggling into Eliane, her head on Eliane's bronzed shoulder.

Smiling, stroking Chris' sweaty locks, Eliane squeezed the smaller woman closer to her, not sure at this point, she ever wanted to let her go. "It's okay," Eliane told Chris, pressing her lips to damp blonde head that smelled of sun-ripened raspberry and sex, an essence that was suddenly heaven to Eliane, "we have all night."

The End.

[Cheyne's Scrolls](#)
[Main Page](#)