

~ Private Dining ~

by KG MacGregor

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If this story looks familiar, it probably is. A shorter version appeared in the anthology *Infinite Pleasures* a couple of years ago. The book helped raise funds for the Golden Crown Literary Society (www.goldencrown.org), an organization that supports and fosters quality lesbian literature. The anthology is out of print now, so I thought I'd share this story with everyone and maybe call attention to the organization again in time for their summer convention in Atlanta. If you're a fan of lesbian fiction, this is a group you don't want to miss.

"Do you need any assistance? Another size? Accessories?" The attentive clerk waited outside the curtain, hoping to facilitate a sale.

"Mmm...this might be the one. What do you think?" Alice Yeung stepped out from the small room and posed before the angled mirrors at the end of the hall. A sequined black dress clung tightly to her petite frame, its hemline at the midpoint of her muscular thighs. The dress was sleeveless, the front neck cut straight from one shoulder to the other. The back dipped halfway down her spine.

"Wow!"

Salespeople were trained to praise new clothes, new cars, even new homes, Alice knew, though she noted not even a hint of pretense in this woman's reaction. Turning from side to side, she grudgingly admired her appearance. Her usual idea of dressing up was freshly pressed slacks and a clean V-neck pullover. But donning a dress last summer for her sister's wedding had produced an unexpected reward-her partner Jayne had been unable to keep her hands to herself.

She was hoping for a repeat performance of that tonight, this being Jayne's thirtieth birthday. They were meeting at their favorite restaurant in Cherry Creek. The upscale suburb of Denver was home to fine shops and restaurants, and thus the ideal place for Alice to launch her plan.

Alice had never understood how Jayne, an accountant with Denver's largest firm, could put on suits and heels every single day. Not that she was complaining-Jayne looked fantastic in her business clothes-but Alice was of the opinion that skirts and heels went against nature. Every time she said so, Jayne would usually threaten to steal and shred her well-worn denim jacket and Colorado Rockies baseball cap.

This black dress was definitely going to push buttons.

Alice returned to the stall to retrieve her other package, black sling-back heels and a matching clutch bag. An inexperienced shopper, she had learned the hard way that it was easier to find a dress to match one's shoes and bag than the other way around. She held them up to her new find, satisfied that she had a killer combination.

"Do you want to try on the blue one too? They're both beautiful dresses."

Jayne would love the blue one also, but it was \$160 more. Perhaps another occasion.

"No, I'm good to go. Let me give you my credit card."

"But don't you want hose? A strapless bra? Earrings?"

"No, just the dress." Alice had in her purse the silver earrings Jayne had given her for Christmas, and she had other plans for the underthings.

On her way out of the department store, she stopped at the cosmetic counter and sat for a facial, bagging over fifty dollars worth of makeup she would probably never use again. Then she made her last stop-at a lingerie shop.

A second-generation Vietnamese-American, Alice worked as a tour guide for an eco-travel company. She met Jayne four years ago when Jayne's boss signed up his whole accounting team for a rafting expedition in Costa Rica. It was clear from the first day that outdoor adventure wasn't Jayne's thing but Alice had been there to guide her through each of the challenges. As they got to know each other, Alice discovered that it wasn't just physical challenges that Jayne avoided. Jayne wasn't keen on any kind of activity that involved taking risks.

Their friends considered them total opposites: one a daring adventurer; the other, a staid bean counter. But Alice discovered a side of Jayne that others didn't see-a side that wanted to experience life at its fullest, but that needed encouragement from someone she trusted to help her see it through.

This was going to be a special birthday, one that Jayne Crowder would never forget.

"I'll be with you in just a moment," the maitre d' said politely, picking up two menus to seat a couple who had just arrived.

Standing in the entry, Jayne craned her neck to see if she could spot her partner, who usually ran on "Alice Time," a few minutes behind everyone else.

This was Union Pacific, a trendy restaurant fashioned after the luxury railways of the late nineteenth hundreds. The main dining area resembled a traditional dining car, with narrow booths lining each side of the room. Linen tablecloths and flickering candles softened the look, creating a romantic ambience. But what Jayne liked most about Union Pacific were its private dining

compartments. At both ends of the dining room, curtains lined the hallways. The look was that of sleeping partitions, but each enclosure held a private booth.

As she waited, her eyes drifted down the hallway to an open booth where a very sexy leg peeked out from beneath the tablecloth, its owner's face obscured by the curtain. She was admiring the view when the maitre d' returned.

"One for dinner?"

"Hello, I'm Jayne Crowder. I'm supposed to meet someone but I don't believe she's here yet. Alice Yeung?"

"Right this way, please."

Jayne smiled as she realized she was being directed down the hallway past the sexy leg. She was looking forward to getting a look at the woman who-

"Here you are." Jayne nearly ran into his back when he stopped short. The leg she had been admiring belonged to none other than the love of her life, who was dressed to the nines.

"Stanley will be your server. May I give him your drink order?"

"Have him bring us this Chardonnay, please." Alice pointed to her wine selection and the gentleman disappeared.

"Alice?"

"Hi, beautiful." Alice shared her sexiest smile.

"Me beautiful? Look at you!" Jayne was completely taken back by the way her partner looked tonight. "You cut your hair...and that dress!"

"You like?"

"Like?" Jayne was almost salivating. "Honey, you look fabulous!"

"Happy birthday, sweetheart."

Jayne fanned herself with her hand. "If this is what birthdays are going to be like from now on, I hope I live to be very old."

"I hope you do too."

Two pairs of smiling brown eyes met.

"Stand up again. I want to see you."

Alice started to get up, but Stanley appeared with their wine and two glasses.

"Are you ready to order or would you like a few more minutes?" he asked, his formal demeanor a sign that he took his job seriously.

Jayne hadn't even looked at the menu, but it didn't matter. She knew what she wanted.

"We'll both have the seared scallops," Alice said, indicating their favorite dish. As she spoke, she pushed off her shoe and began to run her toe up the inside of Jayne's leg. "House dressing on the salads."

"Very well." Stanley departed, this time drawing the curtain closed.

Jayne hadn't been able to stop staring. Or leering, rather. She was mesmerized by her partner's stunning appearance. Alice's jet black hair was neatly cut and swept to the side, a contrast to the usual ponytail she wore through the back of her baseball cap. Her eyes were lined with brown and taupe coloring, and her cheeks showed just a hint of blush. Though she appreciated that Alice was naturally pretty without an ounce of effort, she found this look sensuous...and stirring. Beneath the table, she kicked off her shoe to return the sexy touch, eager to make physical contact in any way she could. "You look gorgeous. Did I say that already?"

"I think you said beautiful."

"And fabulous. I definitely said fabulous."

"I wanted to surprise you for your birthday." Alice reached between her legs and caught Jayne's heel. She guided it to the soft skin of her inner thigh.

Jayne's eyes grew wide at her delightful discovery. "Is that a garter belt?"

Alice nodded.

"What color?"

"Black...black and lacy."

"Lacy?" Jayne blew out a breath, careful not to whistle out loud for fear of calling attention to their booth. "I might have to...drop my fork or something."

"I'm counting on it." Alice gently massaged the foot and tugged it toward her lap. "And that's not all."

Jayne stretched her toes further, determined to answer the question that had just popped into her head. "You're not wearing panties," she whispered.

Alice closed her eyes and visibly shuddered as Jayne's stocking-clad toe dipped between her legs.

"You're just full of surprises," Jayne moaned. "I can't believe you'd tease me like this."

"Who's teasing whom, sweetheart?"

"Let's ask Stanley to fix our dinner to go."

"Who says we have to go?" Alice cocked her head in a challenge.

Jayne hesitated, recognizing a dare when she heard it. Alice put her up to doing the most dangerous things. "Here?"

Alice nodded, a mischievous smile forming at the corners of her mouth. "You've heard that old saying, 'Life is uncertain...'"

"Eat dessert first." Jayne parted the curtains slightly and saw that those around them were similarly sequestered in their respective booths. "What if someone comes by?"

"You'll be hidden by the tablecloth," Alice explained calmly. "Of course, if you'd rather wait until we finish our dinner...maybe we could stop for coffee or ice cream somewhere..."

Jayne considered the risk, knowing that Alice was right. No one would see them. She slid lower in her seat, lifting the tablecloth to see if she could glimpse what her toe had already verified. Foiled by the darkness, she paused, glancing back at Alice for one last look of encouragement. Then she was on her knees under the table, thinking only of that wet sliver her toe had found. She pushed the dress up to Alice's hips and kissed a bare leg where the garter met the stocking. "I'm going to envision this under everything you wear from now on," she murmured.

Alice reached under the table and pulled her closer, gliding forward as the hot tongue swiped her beneath her dress. "Oh, I like that."

Jayne slid her hands between Alice and the seat cushion so that she could cradle the firm cheeks as she luxuriated in the velvety softness beneath her lips. There was something very sexy about the illicit setting.

Out of nowhere, Stanley appeared and parted the curtain. "Your salads. Shall I keep them chilled and bring them back when your companion returns?"

Alice stammered, apparently caught off-guard by the waiter's too-prompt service. The hands that only moments earlier had been running through Jayne's thick hair were returned to the table to effect a more casual demeanor. "Ummm...no, please leave them."

Either Jayne hadn't realized that Stanley had returned or she was too occupied to care.

"Thank you," Alice managed to squeak as he closed the curtain. "God, that's nice."

Jayne attacked her prize with new vigor, plunging her tongue inside and out as she stroked Alice's clitoris with a firm upper lip.

Alice gave in to the sensations and began to shake, her bare feet bouncing on the carpeted floor as she came. She sat up straighter as Jayne withdrew. "If you don't come up here, I'm coming down there."

"And that would be bad because...?"

"Because Stanley might think we're gone and give our table to someone else."

Jayne chuckled and swiveled underneath the table. "Is the coast clear?"

"Come on up."

"I can't believe we just did that." Jayne pushed herself up onto the bench beside her partner. "Dessert first is my new philosophy."

"Is that so?" Alice leaned in for a kiss, tasting her own essence. As they kissed, she worked Jayne's skirt up to her waist. "Did you make any dessert for me?" She got her answer when her fingertips trailed the outside of the cotton crotch of the pantyhose. Jayne never wore panties with her hose.

"I think I did." She rose up slightly as Alice lowered the hose to the tops of her thighs.

"Oh, you certainly did." Alice slid her fingers up and down, gathering the moisture on her fingertips. When she felt Jayne begin to rock against her hand, she stopped, reaching for a cherry tomato on her salad plate.

Jayne stared incredulously through hazy eyes as Alice ate the tomato and licked her digits clean one by one.

"That was possibly the best tomato I've ever eaten." Alice reached again beneath the tablecloth and dipped her fingers into the wetness. As she had before, she stroked until Jayne began to move in rhythm. "I think you should have one." She plucked another tomato from her plate and held it out to Jayne, who followed her cue and sucked the digits into her mouth.

"Would you believe I used to not like vegetables?"

"It's all about the presentation." Alice leaned back and smiled smugly, just as Stanley appeared with their entrees.

He looked at the women in confusion for a moment before setting the sizzling plates before them. Without comment, he moved the napkin, silverware and wineglass from the other side of

the table to set a place for Jayne beside Alice.

"Thank you," they said in unison as he once again closed the curtain and took his leave.

"Where were we?" Alice scooted closer and pulled Jayne into a lingering kiss.

"Are you sure we shouldn't get our dinner to go?" Jayne asked.

"Honey, we're here to celebrate your birthday, and the seared scallops are your favorite." Again, Alice slipped her hand beneath the tablecloth into Jayne's open crotch. "How often do you get to do two of your favorite things at the same time?"

Jayne was already short of breath and concentrating on the motion between her legs. "You're going to kill me."

"I'm going to feed you."

Jayne shook her head. "It's too risky. I'll forget to chew." She lunged forward for another kiss. At the same time, Alice's fingers drove deep within her and she bucked against the palm. "Harder!"

Alice answered the plea with long, firm strokes, her thumb circling the buttoned clitoris in an escalating rhythm. Jayne came in a strong wave, sliding the contents of the table toward her as she pulled hard on the tablecloth.

Alice slowly extricated her hand and helped Jayne tug the pantyhose back into place. As they caught their breath, she ate one more cherry tomato, using it as an excuse to clean her fingers. "You know, we could have been arrested for what we just did."

"I think I would have done hard time for that, Alice. I can't believe the things you can get me to do. Do you have any idea how much power you have over me?"

"It isn't power, sweetie. It was just you doing something you wanted to do. All you needed was a reason, and I'd like to think that reason was me."

"It was you." Jayne leaned over for another kiss. "So is that why you're so dressed up tonight? I know it was for me, but was it something you wanted to do too?"

"Maybe a little. I like the way you looked at me when you came in."

"Alice, I..." With her foot, Jayne groped beneath the table.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm feeling for my shoe."

Alice sank beneath the tablecloth and found the missing pump, planting a soft kiss on Jayne's

instep before sliding the shoe into place. She emerged to take a seat across the table and gathered her plate, salad, silverware and wineglass. "You were saying?"

"I was saying that the look you saw when I got here was pure, unadulterated lust. Seeing you like dressed like this turns me on. I'm not going to deny that. But I think you're gorgeous every day."

Alice looked skeptical.

"Honey, do you remember that night we went to the Rockies game and we had to leave early because you got hot for me in my blue jeans and baseball cap?"

"Oh, yeah." Neither of them would forget that night anytime soon. "You don't wear things like that very often."

"That's what it's like for me tonight. You've got me so turned on that I'm out of control, climbing under the table and committing lewd and lascivious acts in public!" Jayne could see that her words weren't getting through. "But I'm in love with you just as you are-and if you ever bring this up again, I'll deny saying it-I absolutely love you in your denim jacket."

"You do?"

"I do. The woman that wears that ratty old jacket is the woman I love to pieces. And even when you put on a black dress and a garter belt like you did tonight, you're still that woman."

Alice smiled slowly, basking in the sudden rush of love she felt emanating from across the table. "So...would you like for me to dress up for you more often?"

"I wouldn't complain."

"And you'll come to another Rockies game with me?"

"You just lay out my wardrobe and I'll put it on."

The curtain parted and Stanley reappeared, taking in the new seating arrangement with apparent confusion. The dinners he had delivered earlier were untouched. "Is everything alright?"

"Everything's perfect," Jayne answered with a smile, her eyes not leaving Alice.

"Uh, Stanley? Would you mind fixing this...to go?" Alice paid the check and both women stopped at the entrance, Alice handing over her claim check to the cloak room attendant. "I hope you enjoyed your birthday, sweetheart."

"It was the best ever."

"I intend to make you say that every year, you know."

Without batting an eye, Jayne accepted the ragged denim jacket from the attendant and gallantly held it as Alice slipped her arms into the sleeves. Then she handed over the purple cap, which Alice tugged firmly over her elegant haircut.

"I'm putting together a bungee-jumping trip to New Zealand for November," Alice said matter-of-factly. "Want to come along?"

Bungee jumping? "Not a chance."

"First-class or business?"

Jayne sighed. "Business, I guess." She could never say no to Alice.

Thanks for reading. If you'd like to drop me a note, I'd sure appreciate it. I have a NEW e-mail address: kgmacgregor@yahoo.com.

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