

~ The Rage of Eden ~

by Lucien St Clare

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Synopsis: Rage Fenton is a nightclub owner with everything. A thriving business, a fantastic apartment, a hot ride and a she is dating Eden Payne a beautiful lawyer. One night Rage picks up a beautiful stranger who changes her life in more ways than one. Almost overnight Rage finds herself in prison and about to lose everything.

Chapter 1

Rage parked her car and slammed the door shut. She switched on the central locking and made her way out of the garage onto the high street. It was a relatively quiet night but it was still quite late. A woman in heels ran into her and fell against her. Rage caught her and steadied her. Behind her were two men dressed in expensive suits.

"Please help me." she sobbed and clung to Rage.

The two men came to a halt as they observed the newcomer to the situation. In the street light Rage, looked like a slender youth, at 5ft 11 with short blonde curly hair which was hidden under a baseball cap, and steely blue eyes. The arrogant confidence with which she stood made them stop uncertainly for a moment and back up.

Her voice slightly hoarse from smoking too many cigarettes was husky yet commanding. "What is going on here?" She asked as though she owned the neighbourhood.

She was wearing black. Black trousers, black shirt, black jacket, black trainers, she looked like a corporate executive on a night off. They were in a relatively well to do neighbourhood and far away from their boss's turf. It was the kind of neighbourhood where if someone got slapped it made the newspapers. They had to be careful but they did not want to have to tell their boss they were scared off by one arrogant pretty boy.

"We don't want any trouble just let the girl go."

"No, I don't think so." Rage eyed both men suspiciously.

Mentally he shrugged they could always rob him after they got what they wanted. These rich types normally carried some dough.

"You asked for it kid."

He moved towards her and her fist moved like a blur and slammed into his solar plexus knocking all the wind out of him. The second hit his throat almost crushing his windpipe and he fell to his knees gasping for breath. The second man pulled out a knife and Rage pulled the small can of mace she carried and sprayed it into his face. She kicked the knife out of his hand in a fluid round about kick and as her right leg came down her left heel caught him in the genitals.

As he fell forward his gun slid out of his jacket pocket. She grabbed it before it hit the ground and pointed it at the group in general. They backed away slowly and watched her warily. She fired a warning shot into the air and then took aim at one of the men and shot at his feet. They ran. She made a mental note to hand it in at the station with the other confiscated illegal material they often took from customers at the club.

Inside her flat the girl was shaking violently and Rage poured her a glass of brandy.

"Would you like me to call you a cab?" Rage asked the young girl as the men left scrambling away into the night.

The girl shook her head tearfully. "No I can't go home. She'll kill me."

"Who will kill you?"

The girl did not answer Rage's question either she did not hear her or it was a question she did not want to answer. Rage continued to watch her warily for a few moments not sure what she was going to do with her. It was late, it was dark she supposed it couldn't hurt to take her home for the night. She could always find her way back the next morning.

"My car is parked over there we should really get out of here in case those guys come back. Is there anywhere you would like me to take you?"

The girl did not answer instead she started crying. Rage was tired and decided to go back to her apartment. The girl could always call someone she knew from there and they could pick her up. She managed to usher her into her car and she drove the remaining few yards to her apartment block. She parked the car and opened the door for her.

Once inside the building they went into the elevator. Neither said a word. The girl stood in one corner hugging herself and sniffing Rage stood on the opposite side of the lift head bowed, arms folded studiously regarding her shoes. By the time they arrived outside the door of her apartment the girl seemed more composed.

"Do you want to call anyone you know a friend or a member of your family?"

"There is no one and anyway I can't go back." The girl sniffed and another flood of tears began to fall. as she started crying again.

Rage rolled her eyes and led her upstairs to her apartment. Maybe when she calmed down she would want to return to her rich daddy or boyfriend. The girl was very well dressed and did not look like someone accustomed to living on the streets. She was probably being a drama queen once she had got herself together she would change her mind.

Once inside the apartment, the girl grasped her elbow urgently and said "Please let me stay here for the night. I just need to stay somewhere till I can sort something out."

"If you're sure. The spare room is over there and it has an adjoining bathroom. Would you like something to drink like a brandy or something?" Rage asked as she led her into the apartment.

"Yes please." She nodded following the other woman inside.

It was a beautiful apartment if a little Spartan for her tastes. The walls were painted a slightly off white colour. The rest of the colours in the apartment were rich and earthy, like the burgundy drapes, dark chocolate browns sofa, oranges in a bowl on the dinning table.

The oil paintings which hung on all most every wall looked like originals, a lot of African and Middle Eastern style paintings of beautiful women, some nude, some not, others entwined in a loving embrace. The sculptures were mainly of dark, red mangrove woods as was the frame of the large mirror which hung above the mantle piece. A large plasma television hung on the only wall that did not have a series of paintings.

She took her sandals off and her feet sank into the brown plush carpet on the floor. She sighed as the woman motioned her to sit down and made her way to a well stocked bar in the corner of the room. Happy to finally be off her shaky feet and still traumatised from her ordeal.

The blonde woman poured a drink into an expensive looking crystal tumbler and handed it to the shaking girl. She watched the drink the tall blonde woman had given her apprehensively for the moment. She did not think she would like it, she expected some harsh, bitter, evil-tasting liquid which would most likely burn her already sensitive throat, that had been badly mauled in the struggle with her assailants. She held the glass in both hands and rolled the liquid around in the glass.

"So do you want to tell me what that was all about?" Rage asked unconcernedly

"My girlfriend I well, we had a minor disagreement. I was walking home when I was accosted by those men."

Traci did not think it prudent at this stage to tell the woman who was so kindly sharing her hospitality that her girlfriend was the biggest drug dealer in her neighbourhood and she was also a little psychotic or that those men were her girlfriend's bodyguards and under her orders to bring her home by whatever means necessary.

The kind of person who lived in a place like this simply wouldn't understand. Traci sat a little lost in her thoughts as she ran the events of the past year in her head.

She had met Jane Lee at a nightclub. At first it had just been a bit of fun. She had gone to a nightclub and flirted with Jane but she was dating another woman at the time. Jane was an attentive and generous girlfriend however she was also extremely jealous. When Jane had asked for a more permanent relationship she told her she was already going out with someone else and was simply not yet ready to commit. Jane had seemed to take it quite well but had continued in her pursuit. Then her girlfriend had been badly burnt in an unexplainable house fire. The fire marshals had been to the house all they could fathom was that the fire had been deliberate but there were no real suspects that they could point to. Unable to find a cogent reason for the attack they put it down to a homophobic crime.

Eventually for no reason that she could fathom her girlfriend ended the relationship and told Traci to leave and never come back. She had been drowning her sorrows at a singles bar when Jane had approached and offered to console her. Now that she knew Jane better she would not have put it past her to have started the fire. Traci was too frightened to tell the woman who her girlfriend was in case She knew Jane Lee and felt so intimidated she threw her out into the street or even worse called Jane and told her where she was.

"Those men followed me I tried to get away from them but I can still feel their hands all over me grabbing me and touching me....." She trailed off and shuddered.

She looked up from behind her black eyelashes expecting some sympathy from the blonde woman whose face remained bland and utterly devoid of any expression whatsoever.

"They made me feel so dirty," She hugged herself and rubbed her arms. "I need to wash them off.

She was lying. Rage was extremely suspicious and thought she was keeping something from her because the men acted as though they had known her. Moreover this was not the type of neighbourhood that had a lot of vagrants or street crime. Still it was none of her business and if the girl wanted to keep her secrets then she might as well. The less she knew the better. Rage led her to the spare room.

"The Shower is in here why don't you go ahead and I'll get you something comfortable to wear." Rage handed her a towel and the girl went into the bathroom located in the spare room.

When Rage heard the sound of the shower running, she turned around and decided to tidy up the spare room so she put her clothes and other documents away she allowed herself to wonder about the girl in her bathroom. The girl could not have been more than nineteen. She looked quite well off like she came from a rich background. She was sure there was someone looking for her. Her blonde hair was beautifully styled and her nails were impeccably manicured. She was probably some rich man's daughter or wife who found herself in a situation she could not handle. It did not make sense though. The area was not exactly a seedy seamy mass of criminal activity. Far from

it, there was a regular police presence and most of the population were bankers lawyers, stockbrokers etc.

By the time Traci came out of the bathroom Rage was just smoothing down the sheets. Traci came out wearing the towel she had been given earlier. Rage had her back to her and Traci was able to observe the other woman without being subjected to that steely blue eyed all seeing gaze.

In the bathroom Traci thought about the woman who had come to her rescue. She liked what she saw, lean and svelte in a way she reminded her of Jane, her girlfriend, except Jane was more squat more muscular and had bigger shoulders and bustier. They both had that powerful commanding presence that she found so sexy. Traci quickly looked in the mirror to make sure she looked good and then moved towards Rage tentatively.

"Do you have anything I can sleep in?" Traci pretended the towel was so big and heavy that she clumsily let it drop, she wanted to observe the other woman's reactions. She figured she would be able to tell if she was interested.

At first the woman did not give anything away and her face had remained completely bland and expressionless since she had met her except for that annoying bored supercilious expression, she had not cracked a smile or anything it was almost like she was some kind of emotionless robot.

Traci did not know that Rage was indeed intrigued by the young lady in front of her. She was pretty and had a great figure. The kind of figure that belonged on a catwalk. Fashionably Slim with small pert young breasts and a flat well toned stomach. Rage's gaze continued to where the towel fell down her long legs. Traci almost gave up until she noticed Rage's eyes moving over her body. She smiled knowingly and stepped forward. She had got her answer. The blonde woman definitely wanted her. They were now almost eye to eye and Traci could see the reflection of her naked body in Rage's eyes.

She placed her hands against Rage's body and slid her hands slowly upwards till they covered her breasts and squeezed gently. She looked into the taller woman's eyes, she was very difficult to read.

Rage caught both her hands and gently but firmly pulled them away from her body then she lifted one perfectly shaped eyebrow and the bored expression was back.

Traci gasped when Rage leaned forward as though she was about to embrace her, she looked into her eyes for what seemed like an interminably long time before, picking up the t-shirt from the chest of drawers behind her and handed it to her.

Rage tried her best to hide her feelings. The girl was beautiful and sexy there was no doubt about that. Her hair fell about her in curly ringlets, her brown eyes were warm and welcoming she had that classic catwalk kind of look that you expected in haute couture and vogue. Her breasts were small and pert with little nipples and more importantly she was there and available and obviously wanted her. Rage herself hadn't had sex for almost three days so she was feeling really horny. However, it was difficult to gauge how old the girl actually was she did not look more than

eighteen or nineteen and she had absolutely no intention of getting involved with some oversexed teenager who would probably run out of her flat screaming she had been molested. Besides she reminded herself with great difficulty that her tastes ran to women who looked like women, women with curving hips and ample breasts not the scrawny looking waif in front of her.

"I believe you will find this quite comfortable for now." Rage drawled.

She could not help but feel the wave of pure lust which washed over her. She did not quite know how she managed not to jump on the girl because they were so close as to be almost touching.

Annoyed because she was not getting her way Traci snatched the t-shirt from the woman and still standing opposite her slipped the t-shirt over her head making sure that when she lifted her hands above her head her breasts brushed against the blonde.

Rage reached behind the younger woman again, and heard her inhale loudly expecting her to reach out and touch her. There was definitely an electric sexual tension between them one that Rage was not prepared to acknowledge or act upon. She had her reasons and as far as she was concerned they were very good ones too. Instead she stepped back and handed the younger woman back the glass of brandy she had poured for her earlier.

Traci ignored the drink "Why? I know you want me."

Rage ignored her question and drank from the glass. "It's really very good brandy. It looks like liquid gold and tastes like liquid caramel, You should try it."

She offered Traci the drink again. Sullenly Traci accepted the drink and decided the woman was full of herself. Her unspoken rejection of her and her sheer arrogant I am so cool façade were all fake and she especially hated that bored expression. She was maddening she was not quite sure whether she wanted to kiss her or slap her. She wanted to destroy that cool façade. She was sure there was a fiery passionate woman hidden there somewhere. The coolest ones always had the most to hide. She took a sip and was pleasantly surprised. It did not have the harshness of any brandy that Jane drank. However Jane never drank brandy. She drank a harsh throat burning whiskey. The rougher the better.

"I like it." Traci said surprised. She sat on the edge of the bed. "You did not answer my question."

"Which question?" Rage asked innocently

"Oh don't be coy." Traci said irritated.

"Well let me see. You don't look a day over seventeen, I don't know you, you don't know my name and I am not sure whether you have quite gotten over the shock and trauma of narrowly escaping rape and possibly even death at the hands of some street thugs which means you are probably not yourself and oh yes I have a girlfriend I am absolutely head over heels in love with."

Traci put the glass down on the table. "What if I was to tell you I am twenty three, my name is Traci Spinner and your girlfriend does not have to know."

"Twenty three? No You don't look twenty-three?" Rage said disbelievingly

"Would you like me to show you my I.D?" Traci asked angrily placing her hands on her hips.

"Nope." Rage made her way out of the spare room. "It has been nice meeting you Traci Spinner I hope you sleep well and I will see you tomorrow." She opened the door and was about to leave.

"You did not give me your name or is that a state secret?"

"Rage Fenton." Rage stopped but did not turn round."

"Wait," Traci said softly walking over to Rage, she stood on her tip toes and placed a lingering kiss on her lips "Thank-you Rage."

Rage reluctantly removed the girl's arms from around her neck, acknowledged her words with a nod and left. The next morning Rage had just finished brushing her teeth when she heard someone knocking loudly at the front door. She pulled on her t-shirt and jeans. Her short blond hair ruffled from sleep she opened the front door and was promptly enveloped within a cloud of expensive French perfume. She recognised the scent immediately.

"Darling I missed you so much." small slender hands swept up her body to pull Rage's head down for a hot long passionate kiss. She moaned with pleasure as her kiss was returned with interest. Rage's arms went around her like steel bands and the other woman melted into the embrace. When she eventually let her go Eden stared up into her violet blue eyes, which were rapidly turning black as her pupils dilated.

Behind Rage a movement caught her eye. A young girl wearing Rage's t-shirt which barely covered her nakedness and not much else. Eden was furious she stepped back and slapped a stunned Rage.

"You...you...will never change!!!"

Rage blinked and caught her as she turned to walk away.

"Bloody hell Eden what the hell was that for?"

"Let go of me you lying cheating...."

Rage yanked Eden so hard she fell forward into her body and kissed her again. Eden struggled at first against her, she was so angry but Rage carried on kissing her taking her breath away she could feel her body responding, her nipples getting hard, the tingling feeling spread from her sensitised nipples, to her centre which ached to be touch, stroked, loved.

When their lips finally broke apart Rage tried to reassure her again and explain away the misunderstanding as best as she could. "Traci is just a friend and who is staying with me for a few days." Rage murmured against her lover's slender throat.

At first Eden did not want to believe her, but Rage was so relaxed and she couldn't see any guilt in her eyes or her body language. She attempted to calm down but she found she could not. She most certainly did not like the way the younger girl was looking at her girlfriend and if looks could kill she would have stabbed Eden with her eyes.

Initially Traci could not see past Rage but when she did she held her breath. The woman in Rage's arms was probably one of the most stunningly beautiful woman she had ever seen in her life. She was a slight delicately built woman, her head barely came up to Rage's chest but then Rage herself was quite tall. However even Traci was taller than her. Her ebony locks fell down her shoulders in thick flowing waves. Rich dark and luxuriant. Her green eyes were assessing and intelligent they seemed to see right into her soul. As her piercing gaze swept over her she felt extremely intimidated and folded her arms across her body defensively. She had a fantastic figure all curving hips and breasts yet with an unconsciously dark sensuality that packed a punch. Traci felt self-conscious standing before the immaculately dressed and very glamorous woman before her first instinct was to run.

Eden watched the girl's retreating back with satisfaction. However she was soon irritated by that annoying half smile that Rage wore. It did not give a hint about her emotions or what she was thinking or anything.

"Just got out of bed did you?" Eden asked sarcastically.

"As a matter of fact I did." Rage drawled "Would you like some breakfast?"

"No thank you." Eden said shortly

"Still sulking?" Rage teased

Eden turned around angrily. " I guarantee if you had come round to my flat and found me wearing some woman's shirt **YOU** would have gone ballistic too."

"But I am not wearing some woman's shirt. I am wearing my shirt." Rage replied. She had missed her dark lady and made three cups of coffee whilst watching Eden as she settled into the kitchen stool. She barely glanced at Traci who returned to the spare room to finish getting dressed.

"I don't want any coffee." Eden said sullenly. As Rage placed a steaming cup of coffee in front of her.

"Well you don't have to drink it do you?"

Eden watched as Rage made breakfast. She was a fantastic cook and she moved with a cat like grace and elegance. She was a like a glorious lazy lion with her blonde short thick golden mane. She always moved so effortlessly and deceptively slowly. In fact she was as fast as a rattlesnake and could be just as deadly. Whilst Rage knew and had met all the members of her family Eden knew next to nothing about her golden haired lover. The woman was so closed mouthed sometimes it was frustrating.

She put a plate of fries and eggs on a plate in front of her Eden sighed as she dug into the sinful concoction. It was so unfair, Rage could eat as much as she wished and never seemed to gain an ounce. She only had to look at food and it seemed to either land on her breasts or her hips. Eden never considered that it was her very curvaceous body was one of the many attractions that fascinated her blonde lover.

Traci joined them at the table wearing her clothes from the night before. Her green shimmering evening dress with a plunging neckline which plunged down almost to the waist and left very little to the imagination for some reason annoyed Eden. She was able to get away with a dress like that because of her youthful figure. The girl could not be anymore than nineteen and Eden could feel her hackles rise as all her insecurities bubbled dangerously to the surface.

Rage introduced them both, but Rage being Rage she didn't give any other information about Traci except her name and she didn't tell Traci anything about Eden except that she was her girlfriend. All through her inspection of the younger girl Eden could almost feel Rage's eyes probably watching her with amusement. She turned to glare at Rage but there was no smirk of satisfaction on Rage's face. Instead Rage seemed to be watching her intently all the way through the stilted desultory conversation at the table.

Then she noticed it. The muscle at the base of Rage's jaw which ticked when she was sexually aroused. It was ticking like crazy now and her nipples were now erect through the tight, white v-necked t-shirt she wore. Unnerved by Rage's hot smouldering gaze Eden's hand shook as she sipped her glass of orange juice and a droplet fell on her bare chest and as Eden wiped it away she realised two things her blouse was revealing more cleavage than it should have been and Rage was now openly leering at her.

"Um Rage" Traci cleared her throat. " I need to go shopping I would like to get a few things."

"I'll come along with you and show you the best places around here."

Eden's smile did not reach her eyes.

She wanted to get her alone and find out just what was going on. It was difficult to fathom but somehow whilst she believed Rage's innocent protestations about the girl and how she came to be in Rage's flat, she just did not trust Traci. She looked like she was on the make and the girl was obviously up to something. She was not at all fooled by her I am a helpless little girl look.

"You will do no such thing." Rage drawled. Not taking her eyes of Eden for a second.

In fact Traci thought jealously she hadn't taken her eyes off the black haired witch since she since had arrived at the apartment.

"Traci is quite capable of buying whatever she requires by herself besides there are a few things I need to discuss with you."

"Like what?" Eden asked irritated.

"Things....private...things." Rage drawled maddeningly

Traci could feel the tension smouldering between the two women who sat opposite her on the table. Rage's face was inscrutably bland whilst Eden looked furious. Traci sensing the beginning of an argument made her excuses and left. The other two barely acknowledged her departure.

"Well?" Eden asked belligerently she stood up and folded her arms across her chest.

"I missed you." Rage said softly and swallowed. " I....." she moved towards Eden who backed away from her.

Eden found herself retreating from a rapidly advancing Rage " You can't even say the words." Eden accused angrily.

"Say what words?" Rage backed Eden up against the kitchen wall

"That you love me?" Eden whispered.

"But you know I do." Rage placed her hands on either side of Eden's head, rested them against the wall and lowered her head.

Eden placed her hands on Rage's chest and tried to push her away. It was like trying to move a mountain. She didn't even budge. As Rage's head lowered inexorably Eden knew she was going to be kissed but she was still so angry and confused riding on an emotional roller coaster. She turned her head to the side to avoid the blonde's tempting questing lips. Rage nuzzled her neck and then nibbled her ear. Eden bit her lip determined not to let Rage manipulate her out of her bad mood.

"What's wrong honey?" Rage murmured sliding her hands up her waist and side so that her thumbs brushed the underside of her breasts and left her in no uncertain terms what her intentions were.

Eden turned her head to reply and Rage swooped and captured her lips thrusting her tongue into her open mouth. At first Eden tried to push her away but then she was overwhelmed by the hungry kisses. She gasped as she felt herself lifted off her feet and carried to the bedroom.

Eden felt her shoes then her jeans slide off. Rage expertly removed her shirt and undid her bra with one hand. Naked now with Rage inside her the blonde's hot mouth on her nipples, her lips

her skin everywhere. She was so hot she was burning up. Only Rage made her so wet so quickly and sometimes it annoyed her no end that no matter how irritated or angry she was with her lover, Rage could reduce her to a quivering wreck with one lift of her tawny eyebrows.

Her fingers and lips stroked her touching her in all the places she knew would bring her to her pleasure and fulfilment until she reached climax and she as she came her nails raked the skin of Rage's back under the white t-shirt. She sank her teeth in Rage's shoulder biting her through her t-shirt but Rage did not flinch instead she was rewarded with a moan of pleasure. She collapsed against her blonde lover her breath coming in large gasps. She felt self-conscious. She was butt naked whilst Rage was still fully clothed!!

"This is exactly what I mean!"

"Bloody hell Eden what am I supposed to have done now?" Rage asked exasperatedly.

"You always have to be in control!"

"That's not true I have not seen you in ages. I missed you I could not wait to get your clothes off what's wrong with that?"

"Fine If you don't want me to touch you. I won't. You can keep all your clothes on and.... "

Rage looked horrified and started ripping off her own clothes with unconscionable speed "What are you saying? Of course I want you to touch me!"

In her haste to undress, she ripped off her v-necked cotton t-shirt. So that it fell in rags at her feet. Her bra followed the same fate and Eden enjoyed the sight of Rage's small pert breasts, shaking with her movements, her nipples, pierced with steel bars, were now hard and turgid and looked like they needed lots of attention and tender loving care. Rage was beautiful. Her body was slim and svelte, her stomach flat like a washboard, the muscles on her stomach and arms were toned and gently defined. Her hair all mussed up from sleep, her lips red from Eden's lipstick, she looked drop dead sexy. Eden got up and went to where Rage was struggling to take off her jeans and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Stop we'll do this my way for a change." she whispered and standing on tiptoe pulled Rage's head down for another searing hot kiss whilst her other hand slowly undid the belt and buttons of her jeans and slid inside her panties.

Rage groaned something unintelligible and ground her hips against Eden's teasing, questing fingers. Unable to support her legs anymore Rage sank down on the bed with Eden on top of her. Her hands caressing her golden lover's lithe sun bronzed body, stroking her skin and her sex. Eden's mobile phone rang jarringly breaking into the pleasure of the lovers. She would have got up but Rage rolled over and pinned her to the bed.

"Call them back later" Rage commanded imperiously.

"It could be important." Eden gasped as Rage's hot mouth closed around her nipples and one long denim clad leg eased its way between her thighs. Eden arched her body upwards against Rage. But then the phone went off again bringing her back to reality.

"Rage please?"

Rage swore and started to protest vehemently when Eden cupped Rage's head in her hands and dropped a kiss on her forehead and then her lips.

"Let me get it honey hmmm." She pleaded softly.

Rage groaned and rolled away from her. Her eyes followed hungrily Eden as she moved across the room and bent over to pick up the mobile phone from her purse. She could see her body glistening with sweat from the aftermath of their lovemaking in the afternoon sunlight and a wave of pure desire rushed over her.

Eden made the phone call but whilst she was talking Rage went to stand behind her. Her hands cupped her breasts and her thumbs brushed over her nipples. Her mouth rained hot kisses down her neck and back and Eden completely lost the thread of the conversation.

When she eventually put the phone down she turned to face Rage who kissed her deeply and hungrily as their tongues duelled together she felt Rage's hand cup her bottom and massage and knead them gently. She wanted Rage again and whilst knowing Rage was quite willing to give her what she wanted she also liked to see her blonde lover lose that control she prided herself on so much. Besides she'd get what she wanted later.

She pushed Rage slightly back and avoided those red hot questing lips. She pressed her body closer to Rage. Her hands slipped to Rage's belt buckle and she undid the rest of the snaps of the blue Levis. Eden slid slowly to her knees pressing her body all the way down Rage's slim svelte body pushing down her jeans. She was gratified to see Rage was not wearing any underwear she spread her nether lips and flicked at her clit with the tip of her tongue. Rage grit her teeth and moaned as Eden's tongue delved deeper and deeper torturing tormenting teasing her over and over again she could barely stand.

Her knees trembled as Eden made love to her lovingly and expertly till she felt the tingling on her skin that preceded her climax then finally body was rocked with a shuddering orgasm. Rage groaned out her release and pulled up Eden by her hair up to receive her kiss.

They made love again and again till they fell asleep exhausted in each other's arms. They barely registered Traci's return to the flat. The next day Rage had to go to work. Eden was on holiday but she needed to go home to sort out a few things, over the next few weeks things seemed to settle down between her and Rage especially as she had more time on her hands. She did not trust Traci and spent more time than usual at Rage's flat. She knew she should feel bad that the other woman had been attacked and it was kind of Rage to take her in and normally Eden was quite a charitable person but there was just something about Traci that did not sit well with her. She just could not put her finger on it, there was also the fact that although she tried to be civil

they both detested each other.

When she had first met Rage, she had a wild reputation. She was going out with three different girls not including her. When she had insisted on fidelity and total exclusivity, Rage had protested that she could not just dump her various playmates.

At first Eden had thought Rage was cheating on them, but she was unpleasantly surprised when one of Rage's girlfriends told her in no uncertain terms that Rage was going out with both of them with their knowledge and permission and they were more upset with Eden for depriving them of their playmate, because Eden had insisted that either Rage go out with her exclusively or they just remain friends. Ever since then as far as she knew Rage had remained faithful and she meant to keep things that way.

When she came back from work Rage had let herself into her apartment and made dinner for both of them.

"I take it you've come to seduce me again." Eden smiled accepting her drink from Rage who now hung up her coat and ran a hand through her blonde hair.

"Well I couldn't think of a better way to spend a Tuesday evening, could you?"

"So you're not playing football today?"

"Are you joking?"

"If I remember correctly when we started dating, one of your requests was that I not interfere with your nights of football with your soccer buddies."

"Yeah well." Rage shrugged and wrapped her arms around Eden and nuzzled her neck. "You came to watch me play in that sexy red number and just blew my mind away."

Eden remembered the day very well. Rage was generally an easy going person. She had that kind of calming personality that always made her feel safe and secure she'd never seen Rage panic or show fear. However that day she saw a different side of her partner. She smiled to herself as the memory of the day came flooding back. Rage became extremely attentive and literally shackled her to her side. She'd then proceeded to glare at anyone who came within 3 paces of her, snapping at her best friends Angel and Mercy. Having expected to have to drag Rage away from the English style Pub/bar her lover had bundled her into the car at the earliest opportunity and made a quick getaway. Despite the fact Rage had been playing football for two hours her golden lover had been like a demon possessed.

Eden turned around in Rage's embrace and stroked the muscle ticking in her jaw wryly, "So what did you make for dinner.?"

"Tiger Prawns in garlic butter, " she counted off the rest of the meal she had made on her fingers "Baked Lobster with ginger and spring onion noodles, and for desert, mango and passion fruit sorbet."

Eden looked impressed "You have been busy!"

"Not as busy as I am planning on keeping you tonight." Rage lowered her head and kissed her gently.

Eden could feel Rage's heart beating frantically beneath her fingertips and hear her breathing heavily. Eden moaned when she felt Rage's hand on her bare breasts. She hadn't even felt herself being undressed. Eden whimpered as she felt her lover's teeth close around her nipple and tug gently. Her tongue gently flicked across her hard turgid nipple which she now proceeded to suck on, her other hand gently kneaded her breast and long slender fingers rolled her nipple. Eden moaned again and gave herself up to the pleasure that saw them both naked and making love on her living room floor. When eventually Rage lay exhausted against her and rested her head against her head between breasts. She stroked her blonde lover's wavy hair.

"Eden Aren't you hungry?"

She was so comfortable and satiated she did not want to move so she lied. Unfortunately her stomach rumbled and Rage helped her to her feet. Dinner was fantastic but then cooking was one of Rage's passions. She loved her food and if it was not for her obsession with the gym and football she would not be in as great shape as she was. The champagne and wine effectively meant she got very drunk very quickly and they went to bed early.

She was woken at one o'clock in the morning by Rage who climbed out of bed and into the shower. When she came back Eden was still half sleepy. She watched lazily as Rage got dressed.

"Where are you going?"

"To work. I'll come round to the apartment tomorrow afternoon. We can go out for lunch."

Rage did not want to leave her warm bed nor her willing lover but the club was not going to run itself and whenever she was absent there were always incidents these days she did not know why. She drove the Silver Mercedes to the club, turned on her rap music to an ear shattering volume, placed her baseball cap backwards on her head, opened up the roof of the car, so it became a convertible at the touch of a button and let rip. She gunned the engine and after looking round to make sure it was safe the car set off with a satisfying squeal of burning rubber.

She was dressed casually in black Jeans and a white V-neck t-shirt a navy blazer completed the whole ensemble. The place was filled to capacity. The dance floor was packed and the bar was buried beneath a crush of people. She sat at her table in the V.I.P section overlooking the whole scenario and ordered a bottle of champagne and lit a big fat cigar.

She wished she was back in bed with Eden. She shook her head. She was getting maudlin. It was bad enough that she spent the whole day fantasising about getting her into bed. Now she was dreaming about her at night too. A few glasses of champagne later she was feeling extremely mellow and able to mingle with the guests on the dance floor. She shook hands with regular

patrons, made sure the new staff were settling in behind the tills, helped out there when she needed to. The chef had the kitchen under control, well at least enough that the customers were not complaining about the bar snacks. The entertainment on the main floor on most nights was a DJ but sometimes they would have a live band.

At the back was a small casino a recent addition and it was proving to be a money spinner. The license had cost a lot in money and favours but she thought it was well worth it since it more than paid for itself. She even had plans to acquire the shop at the back and use it for karaoke. Yep things were definitely looking good.

Traci was still staying with her in her spare room although she made an effort to not be around her. She was still secretly attracted to her and she knew she had to get her out of her flat before that situation got out of control. It was not that she did not love Eden she did. If the truth were to be told the lust she felt for Traci was more a matter of convenience. She was there and available and willing. Whereas although she loved her girlfriend, Eden was not always on hand. She didn't expect her to be after all she had her own life to live.

However Rage knew she had a high sexual libido. Higher than most if not all the women she knew. An ex-girlfriend had once accused her of being a sex addict. At twenty seven Eden was her first real monogamous relationship. It wasn't easy for her, especially as no one else had complained before about her seeing several people at once but she was determined to give it a go if it would make Eden happy and she wanted to make her happy because she did in fact love her there was no doubt about that.

She sighted Traci again this time getting a drink to take to a customer in the casino. She looked lovely in the long black regulation cocktail dress she wore. The patrons in the casino were an exclusive lot rich cultured and well mannered. Rage did not allow anyone to maul her bar staff. Many were young people in university who needed the cash and she tried to make it as safe as possible a place for them to work. Well it was as safe a place as this neighbourhood would allow anyway.

Traci came over to Rage who acknowledged her presence with a nod of her head. "Can I get you anything." She removed an imaginary bit of fluff from Rage's chin.

"No thank-you but I think one of the customers needs your attention." Rage said dismissively turning her back on her.

She didn't know if anyone really needed her attention but she did know that the girl was standing too close and she was trouble. She looked very sexy in the long empire style silk number, its flowing lines moved gracefully with her body highlighting the sway of her hips. She ignored the disappointed pained look in the brown eyes and turned around to go about her business.

Traci sighed and resumed her work. She could well understand Rage's reluctance to get involved with her but she couldn't help herself. She knew there was something between them it crackled every time they came within five feet of each other, she also admitted to herself that it paled into insignificance whenever Eden was around. Rage just seemed to be blind or oblivious to

everybody or everything when Eden was around. She turned to ask a customer something and her smile froze into place and then slowly disappeared.

Rage had given Traci a job at the club mainly to get her out of the way but also because it had become clear to her that if she left her at home alone with nothing to do it was a recipe for disaster. Idle hands being instruments of the devil and all that. She seemed to be enjoying it though. Rage had noticed a change in her she was not sure if it was the confidence that independence gave her or just that she was beginning a crush on her. She frowned. She could see a commotion over by the casino and stubbing out her cigarette she went to sort it out.

It was Jane Lee, cocaine dealing diesel dyke and general all round bad news. Her male bouncers stood warily around watching Jane Lee's bodyguards. They looked mean and ready for a fight, her security were therefore reluctant to engage them and she knew she had to handle the situation carefully otherwise it was all going to get messy.

Rage came downstairs and stood in front of her. "What seems to be the problem here Lee?"

"Problem? There's no fucking problem." Jane shrugged her shoulders and adjusted her jacket. She was wearing blue denim jeans, a white shirt and a double breasted blazer. A fat sovereign ring sat on one of her short stubby looking fingers and she held a cigar in her other hand.

Rage turned to one of her bouncers who was cradling Traci protectively. She raised an amused eyebrow a smile hovered at the corner of her lips. Brian was a large man with a broken nose and missing teeth. A legacy of his boxing career. However he was also extremely empathic when it came to the feelings of others especially women. His appearance was so frightening few people knew of his soft side and he took great pains to hide it. She was surprised he was even showing it now.

"Vinnie?" she directed her question at her Chief of Security.

He was not the one who answered her however. It was Brian, the gentle giant who was now cradling Traci protectively. "Boss she came in here with her bozos and tried to beat up on Traci."

"You're a long way away from your territory Lee."

"Yeah but times they are a-changing. I'm a very good friend of Jay Fontaine's, You know Jay, You need to be good to me. I'll put in a good word for you. Hell, I might even let you keep the old place." Lee smirked arrogantly stubbing out her cigar in a glass belonging to one of the customers. The man who was about to complain, looked up and saw the intimidating bulk of Jane's bodyguards and moved away.

The trouble was Rage did know Jay Fontaine. He was the local mafia boss, but Jane was not part of his outfit. He also owned a part-share in the club. He was a good friend so she had no compunction in ordering Jane Lee to leave.

Unimpressed she pointed at her with her left index finger" You need to leave before I throw you

out."

"I'd like to see you try." Jane Lee sneered back menacingly. "So You're gonna listen to that meathead."

Brian took exception to the insulting description and looked up and glared. "Hey who you calling meathead bozo?"

"Enough!" Rage roared and then she moved so fast Jane barely felt the blow as Rage's fist connected with her solar plexus, The wind knocked out of her body, she slumped. Her bodyguards looked like they were about to react but her security stood in front of them like a screen.

Rage threw her arm around Jane and holding her elbow in front of her in a vice grip she twisted her wrist and led her outside. It was very neatly done and it did not look like she was being thrown out. The music was so loud that to the average observer it just looked like two people making their way through the crowd together. Once at the back of the club she literally threw her out of the door.

Unfortunately the two security men and the bodyguards were not as adept and it turned into a free for all outside the back door of the club. Luckily none of the patrons could actually see what was going on in the alley behind the club.

Jane Lee got up gasping for breath and lunged at Rage expecting a catfight lots of screaming and hair pulling she was surprised to find she was fighting an experienced pugilist. Neither did she have a wide swinging style like a brawler but controlled jabs and punches and kicks her hands were incredibly fast and she had a fighting style that was different from anyone she had ever come across. She obviously held a belt in at least two martial arts disciplines. Rage rolled out of the way of Jane Lee's incoming spiked heel they only pulled apart when the unmarked police car pulled up in the alleyway of the club. Both sets of people watched each other warily.

"Boss it's the Popo." One of the men said dusting himself off.

By the time the inspector came out of the car and walked over all six of them were looking like they were just having a "friendly" chat.

"What's going on here?" The cop asked nobody in general. He was dressed like a policeman trying to "blend in" so of course stuck out like a sore thumb.

"Inspector Burrows what the fuck are you doing here?" Jane wiped the blood away from her mouth with the back of her hand.

"I'm watching you Lee. I want to take you down so bad it makes my dick hard."

Inspector Burrows loathed Jane Lee with a passion and it wasn't because she was a dyke. He

hated her because she sold drugs and she also ran a brothel. The woman lived off other people's suffering but she was so well connected and difficult to touch.

He knew she'd probably been involved in murder or much worse but he couldn't prove it and it frustrated him. Somewhere in all of it Rage Fenton was caught up in the whole debacle. It was a shame because he used to respect her. If she had anything to do with Jay Fontaine, and he suspected she did then she was also bad news. Anything connected to Jay Fontaine was bad news. They were like a close knit community, and extremely close mouthed about what was going on. They all pretended like they had legitimate going concerns but so far the only legitimate going concern that he had observed was the Phoenix rooms the club Rage owned and ran.

She paid her taxes and licences so it all looked above board but Jay Fontaine owned a twenty percent stake in it and that man was pure evil. If he was involved there was bound to be something he was using the place as a cover for. He just hadn't figured it out yet.

"Fuck you Burrows I could kill you now and walk. I got the protection." Jane Lee looked like she knew something he didn't.

She stood there arms akimbo wearing a five thousand dollar navy blazer, suit her short spiky hair was gelled back. Her eyes framed by thick bushy eyebrows, were too close together. She looked like she could kill a man in cold blood and not think twice about it.

Even Burrows felt slightly apprehensive. "If you mean your boss Martinez He got shot 30 minutes ago the DA is probably going to make a deal with the killer Luciano Hernandez and if you know Lu like I know Lu he is going to sing like a fucking canary telling everybody your business. The gang bosses are all going to lay low for a while, everyone fighting to get a piece of action. The way I see it everybody's gonna be too busy with a turf war to worry about you." He finished grinning evilly.

"You're going down Burrows. And you" She turned to Rage and pointed at her with her right index finger "and You, You I'll deal with you another time."

"Bring it on." Rage sneered back.

She motioned for her thugs who brought her BMW jeep around. So it was parked level with Burrows squad car. Lee got into the back of the car and they reversed out of the alley.

"How do you know Lee?" Burrows laid a hand on Rage's shoulder to detain her. Rage didn't answer instead she turned her head and stared at his offending hand till he removed it.

"I don't." Rage turned away dismissing the detective.

"Fucking Macho dykes" Burrows muttered under his breath. Although she was one dyke he would not mind banging. It was her full red mouth, a perfect cupid bow shape that just begged to be kissed. The club doors were shut in his face and the bouncers barred his way.

"Sorry sir you can't come in this way. Regulations." The Bouncer smirked.

Burrows left in disgust. No one had any respect these days. They would not be acting like this if he was in uniform.

Rage stepped back into the club and went upstairs to the office where the accounts were kept. She didn't know why she bothered her head was throbbing from being hit by Jane Lee in the Fracas downstairs in fact every part of her body was hurting from being hit by Jane Lee. She felt like she'd been run over by a Mach ten truck.

"Boss you look like shit. Maybe you should go home and clean up before Eden sees you."

"Gee thanks Brian I can always rely on you to pump up a girls ego."

He winked back at her "Anytime boss."

"Where's Traci?" Rage asked as an after thought.

"We put her in the V.I.P. she looks a little upset and she was crying. Maybe you should go and see she's okay. She's a good kid."

Rage did not want to go into the V.I.P and see Traci because she knew what would happen. She felt like a coward she had no compunction dealing with a bully like Jane Lee but trying to comfort a beautiful young woman she had an attraction to? Therein lay the road to destruction. Surely she could fend off one vulnerable tearful young woman surely. She went into the V.I.P. and sure enough there was Traci crying. The bloody woman had no right to be crying. She wasn't the one who been kicked black and blue by Jane Lee.

"Do you want to stay up here till you feel better?"

"Yes." She nodded she was sitting on the sofa hugging herself. Someone had given her a glass of water.

"Fine I'll just go down and..."

"Please don't go, I don't want to be alone right now." She looked up at Rage with tears shimmering in her eyes.

"Listen Traci, I have a business to run, I cannot stay up here and nursemaid you so if you want anything just ring down. I will be back shortly..."

"That's okay Rage, why don't you take the girl home I'll take care of everything here. She looks like she needs a bit of sympathy." The voice that spoke from behind her was instantly recognisable.

"Mercy?" Rage turned around to acknowledge her foster sister. Mercy stood at a very

intimidating six foot. She also knew her way around the neighbourhood because they'd grown up together.

"What are you doing here?" Rage went to hug her enthusiastically.

"Angel is downstairs, she saw Burrows heading around the back and she thought there might be trouble. You look like shit. I wouldn't let Eden see you like that though she'll be furious."

"Is it that bad?"

"Hmmm" Mercy replied in no uncertain terms.

Rage swore and wiped her split lip with the back of her hand. Mercy shook her head amused and looked over at the slender girl sitting on the couch. She was watching Rage almost proprietarily.

"Still can't manage to stay out of trouble sis?"

Rage followed Mercy's gaze and froze. "It's not what you think."

"Hey I'm not the one that needs convincing. Come on take the kid home, Angel and I will sort things down here."

"Thanks sis."

"Anytime blood. Oh Rage where do you keep the bubbly?" Mercy asked casually.

"You can drink anything from my personal stash except the pink champagne. That's for special occasions." Rage smiled.

Rage asked someone to go and get Traci's bag and things. She said a quick hello goodbye to Angel and left the Bar in their capable hands. Her foster sisters had helped her run the bar when she'd first started out. Mercy had provided some capital and Angel her time. The three of them had helped each other's business in one way or another and it was nice to have that back up when she needed it.

They drove back to her flat in silence. She wanted to return to Eden's but it was hardly fair to wake her up at three in the morning when she had to go to work the next day. When she got into the apartment she tossed her jacket onto an armchair and went straight to the bar. She poured herself a large measure of brandy and sipped it slowly till she finished it all. It stung her lips satisfactorily. The pain felt good. As the alcohol warmed her throat and chest she felt herself relax. Traci went straight to the spare room. She'd taken off her sandals the minute they got into the flat.

Rage took off her shirt and swore. It was covered in blood and dirt. She hadn't realised just how bad it looked because in the club the lights were low and it was dark. She swore again ,took off the t-shirt and tossed it in the dust bin.

There was no point trying to get blood and grease out of that. She was better off just buying a new one. Her nose, now bleeding for no discernible reason was now out of control and blood was still streaming from her lip. Annoyed she dabbed at it with a wet towel and went to the bathroom. She put her head under a cold shower and just waited for everything to stop bleeding.

The door of the bathroom opened to reveal Traci who just stood and stared. Rage had her back to her so all she could see was her back, her shoulders. All bronzed and beautifully sculptured like a statue of a Greek goddess. The water plastered her hair to her skull and she shivered as the icy water washed over her. Eventually the running water stopped and her hand groped aimlessly looking for a towel. Traci wordlessly handed it to her and when she turned around most if not all of the blood had been washed off. She looked very pale though. Most of the bleeding had stopped. All though there was still a little coming from the cut above her eye.

Traci had been in love with Rage ever since she rescued her from Jane's thugs. What baffled Traci was that Rage had not made a single pass at her. She was younger than Eden and a lot less demanding. She had tried everything to get her attention she'd practically paraded about the flat naked but Rage always remained considerate and kind and just didn't notice her efforts. It never occurred to her that Rage might be ignoring her advances because she was not interested. No one did. No one ever had.

"I wanted to thank you for today."

"No problem. What did Lee want anyway?"

"Unlike you she wanted me." Traci said dryly.

Rage raised an eyebrow at Traci's comment but said nothing. Instead she left the towel around her neck and headed for the living room wearing only her bra and jeans. When she got there she poured herself another hefty brandy and was well on her way to getting plastered.

There were several reasons for getting plastered. The first was she had a raging headache, well everything and everywhere ached actually, the second and most important was if she got drunk enough quick enough she would be totally incapable of acting on the burning lust she was now feeling for the pretty young waif looking girl with the big brown come hither eyes. She was horny as hell. She was way too drunk to drive over to Eden's and way too tired to even contemplate getting dressed and calling a cab. She absently flicked on the television and lit a cigarette.

"Shall I get you something to change into? You catch a cold if you sit there with a wet head."

"No I'm fine, I just need to make sure my nose bleed does not start up again."

"Can I get you anything else..."

"Look just leave me alone I said I was fine okay."

Traci's eyes filled with tears and she fled. Rage ignored her and went to the bar she poured

herself another large glass of brandy and sat on the sofa. Half a bottle of brandy later and she passed out on the couch.

Traci woke up on the early hours of the morning on her way to the kitchen. She went over to the sofa and ran her hands through Rage's damp blonde hair. She took off Rage's shoes and socks and led her back to bed. She got in beside her. Her body was cold from sleeping on the couch with wet hair. Just this one time Traci wanted to pretend that Rage was hers. She wanted to feel loved. She cuddled up to the unsuspecting Rage and started dreaming up her favourite fantasy. In this fantasy Rage rescued her from Jane and her thugs and they returned to the flat.

In this fantasy Rage did not have a drop dead gorgeous girlfriend and when they got into her flat, She had a shower and wore one of Rage's large white shirts. She sat on the sofa drinking a brandy and Rage looked at her the way she looked at Eden, with those deep blue smouldering eyes. Then she kissed her wordlessly and undressed her slowly undoing each of the buttons with her teeth. She would gasp as Rage gently sucked her nipples and stroked her skin, kissing her way down her belly, her tongue would invade her sex gently, tenderly, expertly and this would be followed by her long slender fingers stroking her, sliding deliciously in and out of her. The blonde woman's weight would be on top of her fingers inside her and since it was her fantasy she would wrap her legs around Rage's now naked body, her every touch would make Rage strive to please her and they would kiss deeply until Traci came and then Rage would profess her undying love.

The first thing that woke Rage up was the shriek of pure fury from Eden that cut right through her hangover headache. Rage was so startled she fell out of bed with a resounding thump. Eden launched herself at Rage and hit her with the pillow several times. Rage thought she was getting a reprieve when Eden left only for the black haired wench to storm back and poured a large bucket of ice cold water over her head and onto a shrieking, screaming Traci who was lying in the bed beside her.

The shock sent her running to the bathroom where she puked her guts out in the toilet. As far as she was concerned she was in the middle of some sort of nightmare and she hoped that sooner or later she would wake up. Rage rinsed her mouth and face and crashed out on the sofa.

A shower and several cups of coffee later when Rage finally realised that maybe it wasn't a nightmare and Eden had actually turned up at her flat and doused her in ice cold water and it would probably be a good idea to call Eden, all she got was an answering machine.

Tracie looked incredibly contrite and sorry for herself and to Rage's bemusement kept bursting into tears. Finally after leaving several messages on Eden's answering machine she decided to go to Eden's apartment. She was not there so she thought she'd wait.

Eden drove back to Rage's apartment. In her head she kept thinking she might have overreacted either way she was going to confront Rage once and for all and get it over and done with. However when Traci opened the door dressed in Rage's shirt. A shirt which Eden had bought her as a Christmas present all reason seemed to fly out of her head.

"Where is Rage?"

"Don't you know?" Traci asked innocently

"No I don't so why don't you tell me?"

"She went out to buy me a few things. Some lingerie I think. She said I look real good in Victoria's secrets."

"How tacky. Are you trying to tell me in a round about way that you and Rage are sleeping together?"

Traci gave her a patronising look. "What do you think?"

"I think you are lying.!"

"Oh wake up and smell the coffee Rage doesn't want you she wants me. Why don't you go and find someone your own age grandma."

"How dare you! You are nothing but a little tramp."

"Takes one to know one." Tracie looked down her nose and sniffed.

"I am not going to stand here and trade insults with you. Enjoy Rage whilst you can there's always someone else who is going to take your place."

Eden turned around and left slamming the door. She cried all the way home. She could barely see the road. She parked the car mascara ran down her face. It was pouring with rain she was soaking wet her hair was bedraggled she was furious. She opened the front door of her apartment and slammed it behind her. It shut with a satisfactory bang. The first thing she noticed was that there were pink and white roses everywhere.

Rage stepped out of the kitchen with two drinks in each hand. She wore her black jeans and a black figure hugging v-necked t-shirt, she looked drop dead sexy and Eden thought she knew it.

A small plaster above her right eye and her tussled blonde hair looked as though she'd been running her fingers through it or perhaps Traci had been running her fingers through it. Eden thought jealously.

She looked slightly anxious. Eden hoped she was anxious she was going to give her bloody hell and then send her home.

"What are you doing here?" She took off her jacket and flung it dramatically on to the sofa. Rage's eyebrows rose inquiringly but then she was distracted by the damp white blouse which Eden wore her erect nipples strained against the wet material.

"I take it you had a bad day." Rage drawled.

"Why would you think that Rage?" Eden answered sarcastically. She took one of the drinks Rage held out and knocked it back in one swift gulp. Rage sipped her brandy thoughtfully.

"Well you are not your usual cheerful self." Rage pointed out.

"And why do you think that is?" Eden asked sarcastically with her hands on her hips.

"I don't know Eden why don't you tell me." Rage replied calmly.

"Alright then please explain what you were doing in bed with Traci this morning."

"Sleeping" Rage deadpanned.

"How could you Rage?" her voice broke and Rage put her drink down and went to comfort her. She concernedly hugged her and Eden surprisingly didn't fight her off. So far so good she thought.

"I love you and you cheat on me, why?" Eden sobbed in Rage's arms.

"I did not cheat on you and I have never cheated on you."

"But you slept with Traci!"

"We slept in the same bed but that is all we did. Sleep."

"You never just sleep Rage I know you." The dark lady stepped out of the blonde's embrace.

"Eden...."

"Tell me Rage did she turn you on like I do, or was she just convenient and available and you had too much to drink. Eden slid her blouse off her shoulders and let it slide to the floor. She cupped her breasts and pushed them together and forwards as though offering them to Rage." Did you kiss her soft pert breasts and tell her she was the only one...."

"Eden come here." Rage rasped.

Her throat was so dry she could barely speak. Eden had a lush full-figure with large firm breasts and rounded gently flaring hips, which left no one in doubt that she was a woman. Although she was full figured her belly was flat and she had a very sexy walk that made eyes turn. Right now though she did not look vulnerably feminine instead she was absolutely furious and fire flashed in her brilliant emerald eyes. She looked sexy as hell and more like a dark vengeful love goddess. Eden continued to taunt and tease her and took off her skirt till she was naked except for her stilettos, stockings, bra and suspenders.

"Did you tell her what you always tell me? "I want you" or was she the girl you told you loved."

" I want YOU." Rage whispered earnestly.

"I know you want me. But then that's all I've ever been to you. A sex object."

"I love you." Rage said quietly.

"I don't believe you. You want me and now you think saying I love you is the easiest way to keep me happy. Admit it Rage you just want to sleep with me."

"Amongst other things." Rage drawled moving towards her.

"Eden backed away "If you think I am going to let you touch me you have got another thing coming."

"Is that a challenge Eden?" Rage advanced towards her menacingly

"I mean it Rage I want you to go." Eden said defensively

"I rather think you are being most unreasonable and I don't think you don't really want me to leave. " Rage tried to reason with her.

"I don't particularly care what you think Rage Fenton, I just want you to get out of here." Eden replied pointing to the door with an outstretched hand.

Rage came to stand in front of her and looked down at her so they were standing toe to toe and looking into each other's eyes. At 5'11 to Eden's 5'5 she should have intimidated the hell out of the smaller woman but Eden was furious and upset, she was angry and hurt and she just wanted Rage to leave so she could curl up into a little ball on her bed and bawl her eyes out but she also wanted Rage to hold her and comfort her and tell her everything was going to be alright.

"Get out!" Eden slapped Rage.

Rage did not move and Eden failed to see the beginnings of a smouldering fury and a raging burning desire in her lover's eyes that threatened to get out of control very quickly,

"I said get out." Eden slapped the blonde woman again.

The third time she raised her hand Rage caught her hand and twisting it behind her back manoeuvred her into a tight embrace before ruthlessly crushing her lips beneath hers with a passionate kiss. Her tongue invaded Eden's and ravaged her mouth ruthlessly, hungrily devouring her almost as though she'd never kissed her before.

Eden was bent back so far she was almost strung like a bow. Rage ripped off her bra in one angry fluid movement and her hands kneaded her soft white globes now free of the constricting lace.

All Eden could do was hang on. She had inadvertently wakened the sleeping lioness and now she would be pay the price. Her knickers were torn off her tights followed the same fate. However the hands that lifted her skirt and touched her were nothing like the rough hands which tore off her clothing. Gentle questing fingers sought out her centre and Eden moaned as her legs weak from the sensual assault seemed to collapse from underneath her weight.

She knew deep down in her heart that no matter how angry the larger woman got she would never physically hurt her. She was angry, to be so completely overpowered not by Rage's strength, She didn't mind that after all, Rage was stronger and bigger than her and Eden knew her limitations, but to be defeated by her very gentle tenderness? That was a different matter entirely, it meant she didn't really want to fight. So She surrendered and a tear escaped as she gave herself over to the feelings that now threatened to overwhelm her. They made love on the living room floor. Eden forgot her anger and gave as much pleasure as she received.

Afterwards as they lay together on the sofa Eden pulled her clothes about her protectively. "I want you to leave now!" Eden said coldly

Rage stared at her utterly perplexed "Eden! Why?"

"You know why, I will not share you with that girl."

"But I am not sleeping with her." Rage exasperatedly ran her fingers through her hair.

"You said you did."

"Eden....."

"Rage please...." She held her hand up "Just go!"

"I'll give you a while to calm down and when I get back we will discuss this." Rage said reasonably pulling on her jeans.

Eden did not answer her calls or return her messages. It was the longest week of her life. Rage loved Eden. She had from the first day she'd looked into her green eyes and loved her now with all her soul. Even though Eden had worried about their age difference it did not bother Rage.

Rage was now twenty six Eden was just turning thirty six. It did not matter to Rage but it seemed to bother Eden and because of it, it had taken ages for her to get Eden into bed. As Rage had gotten to know her green eyed dark lady she had fallen in love with her even more.

Unfortunately where Eden liked to talk about her feelings and dissect every emotion Rage was quite happy to sweep everything under the carpet and as long as the sex was good and frequent then as far as Rage was concerned there was no problem. It caused many fights although it was not the root cause of this one.

Rage suspected that Eden was jealous of Traci because she knew Rage might be attracted to her and Rage had to admit to herself that she was. She'd have to be dead not to be. Traci was a very

pretty girl and her I'm so helpless looks appealed to Rage's protective instincts but that did not mean she was going to act on it. She had absolutely no intention of doing anything about it whilst she was going out with Eden. She did not think that just because she was sexually attracted to Traci meant that their relationship had to end. She was just thinking that she would go and see Eden after she finished work when she received a letter by special delivery.

Dear Rage,

I love you very much and I feel this relationship has gone as far as it can go. I know that you only want my body and I thought I could handle that but you cheated on me with Traci and I find I just cannot forgive that. The whole situation just breaks my heart. I feel we should part ways at this point and I wish you all the best for the future.

Eden.

"Bloody hell." Rage roared and. She raged all over her office. She picked up her keys and slid into her silver Mercedes. She drove over to Eden's but she was not at home. She drove over to Eden's parents house and knocked on the door. Her mother opened the front door she looked slightly apprehensive and guilty.

"Good evening Mrs Payne may I come in."

"Of course. Is anything wrong?"

"Not at all I was wondering if I could speak to Eden."

"She does not want to speak to you." Another voice spoke from the doorway. It was Everard, Eden's father. The old man's face was difficult to read. They had a mutual respect for each other.

Eden's father was a colonel in the army. He was very well preserved for his age, tanned lean and fit as a fiddle. Eden had inherited his determined character and green eyes from him. From her mother she had inherited her dark middle eastern features. Even at her advanced age Naseera was beautiful with thick long wavy hair and delicately sculptured features. Her complexion like Eden's was flawless, yet a pale white, lustrous mother of pearl complexion and just perfect. Where Naseera had a rounder almost Arabic nose, Eden had inherited a hybrid nose from her parents which was perfectly proportioned and sensuous thick lips. Everytime she looked at Naseera she saw a younger Eden standing before her.

"I think that after a four year relationship I deserve more than a post it note from UPS." Rage said angrily without raising her voice she had a healthy respect for Eden's father but at the same time she was not leaving any one in the room unaware of her ire.

Naseera winced and Everard looked shocked but then he schooled his features sternly.

"I am sure Eden has her reasons."

"Very well. I shall take my leave." Rage turned to go.

"Rage wait...." Naseera felt that somehow Eden might have misjudged the situation and her woman's intuition was rarely wrong. Rage turned around with such a vulnerable look in her eyes that Naseera gasped.

"Naseera...." Everard lead her back into the house and firmly shut the door behind them. "We must not interfere."

Rage felt as if her world had come crashing down around her. She got into the car and drove off without a backward glance. On the one hand she was absolutely furious she did not deserve such treatment. Eden was a selfish bitch and she hoped she never set eyes on the woman again. There were many other women out there and in fact there was a very warm willing one waiting for her at home now.

Rage stepped on the accelerator and enjoyed the squeal of burning rubber as the tyres spun before shooting the car forward. By the time she got home her mood was bloody. She walked straight into her study and opened a bottle of Cognac. She got to the bottom of the bottle and instead of feeling mellow she was still angry. She tossed the decanter at the wall and heard it shatter satisfactorily. The door opened tentatively and Traci who was in a planned state of undress seduced her.

In the midst of her anger as she felt Traci's compliant willing body move against her own she knew she was going to hate herself but she was too angry to care.

Chapter 2

Eden looked out of the window and sighed. The weather perfectly matched her sombre mood. The sky was grey and unwelcoming, it was pouring with torrential rain and she was wishing she had not agreed to take this current assignment. After she had broken up with Rage she had locked up her apartment and gone to stay with her parents.

She knew Rage would come to her parents house. She just had not been prepared to deal with her when she came. It was wrong of her to use her parents as a screen and she had avoided her father's disapproving looks. He felt she should have spoken to Rage and not cowered upstairs. Her mother was more understanding. Although her mother was of the opinion that she thought Rage really did love her. Both her parents were very liberal and surprisingly both of them had liked Rage a lot. Her Mother, fussed over Rage at every opportunity and she always remembered to send her father a bottle of his favourite brandy which they both drank on Christmas day.

Well they were both wrong. Rage had started sleeping with Traci, she'd known because Sabrina had told her they were now going out. Which just went to show that they had probably been sleeping together all along. Unable to take it any longer she accepted a six month assignment which meant she had to move temporarily. The Law firm were paying her enough to keep on her old apartment and they provided accommodation for her so she could be near to the building sight. It was whilst she was there that she had met Anna.

Anna was the architect on the sight. They were a similar height. Anna did not tower over her, or stride around confidently in black suits expecting everyone to obey her every wish. She had a nice relationship with Anna. It was not clouded by a burning out of control desire that made her jealous, or angry or so gloriously happy her heart wanted to burst.

She had a more mature relationship with Anna. Anna was beautiful in her own way, calm and placid, her head of thick black hair liberally spattered with flecks of grey hair was distinguished, she wore expensive suits and drove a sensible SUV. Moreover she respected Eden's space and was not constantly trying to get her into bed at every opportunity. She was interested in the arts, she liked going to museums and art galleries they had similar tastes in music. They both liked Jazz and classical music and even a bit of country.

Anna liked going to the opera and the ballet nor did she look like a trapped deer in headlights whenever she suggested they go to a ballet or a classical recital. Anna did not make her listen to loud ear busting Rock Music or Hip Hop, nor she did give atrocious R'nB musical renditions at the top of her voice whilst washing her car or try and grind her body sexily against her when a favourite reggae track was playing on the kitchen radio whilst she was trying to do the washing up.

Anna was safe. She sent her flowers and took her out to eat gourmet meals at elegant fashionable restaurants and pecked her cheek outside her apartment door.

Anna was boring! Even worse Anna did not know how to kiss. They had kissed once and only once and it had left Eden in no doubt that she never wanted their relationship to be anything other than platonic.

"Eden look at this!!!" Anna walked into the office waving a local newspaper. Eden took it from her and gasped.

"Your ex has been arrested for murder." Anna said almost gleefully.

"Rage is no murderer. Let me see that."

"The paper says she killed Traci Spinner and is currently being held for questioning."

"I have got to get the first flight back."

"What about us? I thought it was going to be me and you?"

"Anna I am so sorry. You know I have never gotten over Rage."

"But that was almost a year ago."

"I went out with Rage for four years I cannot just let that go. I am sorry. You deserve better."

Jane Lee inspected the apartment it would suit her needs nicely. It was large it was roomy it was spacey with lots of light. The owner had obviously kept it in good condition. Jane intended to do the same. When she left no one would even know she had been there, not even her boys who worked for her. She had given the woman a cash deposit and paid her a year's rent in advance as well as some very generous hush money to ask no questions or get any references. She stood at the large window in the sitting room and opened the large carton she had ordered on line. It was a telescope. A very large and very powerful telescope.

She unpacked it touching it reverently as she set it up in front of the window. She looked up at the sky, there were no stars in sight because it was the middle of the day, but then she hadn't bought the telescope for stargazing. She trained the telescope at the apartments across the road until she found the one she was looking for. She sighed. There was no one home but she could see right into the apartment. She could see everything in it right down to the picture of the female couple on the side board.

Rage could not believe her eyes. Eden was actually less than two feet away from her.

"I came to get you out." Eden smiled nervously.

Rage lit a cigarette and sat back. "Why?"

"Because I know you did not kill her." Eden said earnestly

"Really" Rage drawled "And how the hell would you know that?"

"I have known you for four years you would never do something like that."

"Right." Rage sneered "I never cheated on you with another woman in four years but you believed Traci whom you barely knew and disliked intensely."

Eden bit her lip guiltily "You could have told me the truth."

Rage leaned forward "I tried," Rage pointed at her emphatically with her finger "You wouldn't listen."

"You didn't try hard enough."

"I did nothing wrong and I did not know she lied to you about what happened the night you came back to my place. Besides it does not matter any more. I slept with, screwed, fucked Traci after you left and it was fucking good too."

"Rage!!!" Eden gasped hurt and tears welled up in her eyes.

"Yeah so run away little girl go back to your perfect life and hide behind Mummy and Daddy and leave me alone." Rage crushed the cigarette she'd been smoking in her bare hands and wondered why the hell she was smoking it anyway. She tossed it into the little bin in the corner. She got up to leave.

"Rage please?" Eden said softly

She turned round angrily "What!"

Eden bit her lip and continued speaking determinedly. "I'm still going to help you get out of this place and clear your name."

Rage leaned forward and placed both hands on the desk between them. "Now, Why would you want to do that Eden?" and stared intently into the green eyes opposite hers.

Eden held her breath caught up in the power of that hypnotic steely gaze. She blurted out involuntarily "Because I suddenly realised that I love you."

She groaned inwardly. She should never have said that. Rage was very wary of expressing her emotions and she was not really surprised at the answer she received although she was hurt by it.

"You didn't have to come all the way here to say that lady, you could have just sent me a post it note and fedexed it" Rage snarled angrily.

"Rage!" Eden sprang up and reaching out she caressed the muscle ticking frantically in her jaw.

Rage almost wet herself. All she could feel, hear, see, smell was Eden. Her perfume her touch all conspired to drive her a little crazy. Eden was like a drug addiction you craved, a luxury you could not ever hope to have enough of. The more you had the more you wanted. It had been difficult to live without her passion, her humour, her compassion her dynamic energy and intellectual mind and of course her gorgeous body. Even as she cursed the day she ever met her, she dreamed and fantasised about her every single day she had been away.

She longed for her touch, her scent the taste of her, her humour, just thinking of her kept her awake and sweating at night and drove her bloody crazy during the day. Sometimes Rage had wished she had never set eyes on the bloody woman! She wished she had never known such happiness. She wished she had blithely continued on in an emotionless empty world of no gut wrenching pain or heart-bursting happiness.

Eden had indeed arranged for Rage to be granted bail with Angel and Mercy her friends. Rage had originally wanted to go straight back to her apartment. However the police had locked up her place because they were still investigating a crime scene. They would not let her return in case she tampered with the evidence. Hence she couldn't spend the night in her apartment.

"Where are you going?" Eden asked worriedly

"Back to my club." Rage lit a cigarette and exhaled and started walking away.

Eden followed her running to keep up. "Rage!" Rage stopped but did not turn round "Why don't you come back to mine." Eden laid a tentative hand on her forearm and Rage shrugged it off.

"I don't want to."

"Please?" Eden pleaded. "Do you want me to go down on my knees and beg."

"Would you?" Rage sneered

"If you wanted me to." Eden replied simply.

Rage mentally let herself savour the thought of Eden on her knees, not begging her but pleasuring her. She cursed under her breath and scowled.

"Fine! I'll come." she ungraciously agreed.

Eden parked her Chrysler jeep and stepped out of the car. Ordinarily Rage would have come round and helped her down. Now however she stood with her hands in her pockets watching her warily. A cigarette dangling from the corner of her mouth.

Rage had chain smoked the whole journey and the atmosphere in the car had been very uncomfortable. She could feel waves of hostility emanating from her as they walked through the lobby and into the lift together and Eden wrinkled her nose.

"You need to take a shower."

"I know." Rage leant against the wall of the lift with her hands in her pockets.

Her hands were in her pockets to stop herself from grabbing the unsuspecting woman and making love to her in the lift. The last thing she wanted for Eden to know how much she wanted her, needed her, missed her. It was not a good idea to jump her in the lift. It was not a good idea to jump her at all. She did not need that kind of heartache a second time.

The lift ride seemed to go on forever. Eden carried her bag under her arm. She could smell her. Smell her sensuously heady perfume. She glanced at her surreptitiously from the corner of her eyes. Her black hair was piled up on her head and it looked like it was about to tumble down her shoulders. She looked straight ahead so Rage was able to observe her delicate features, high cheek bones, a flawlessly white complexion and she was especially fixated by her sensual lips now covered with red lipstick which she wanted to kiss off. Her slender neck was adorned with a string of white pearls and the pink silky blouse she wore which was opened tantalisingly to reveal just a hint of cleavage.

Eden sighed inwardly, disappointed Rage hadn't even tried to kiss her in the lift. Instead Rage continued to watch her warily, suspiciously. They got out of the lift and made their way to Eden's flat, as she put the key in the lock, Rage held her breath she was now deeply engrossed in the sight of Eden's legs.

Her skirt was short, a respectable length for the office but it fell to mid-thigh length so she could catch a glimpse of her long legs, she well remembered the silky smooth feel of those legs wrapped around her. In the car she hadn't known where to look. When she finally managed to drag her randy gaze from her legs, as the grey suit skirt she wore rode upwards every time she changed gear of the stick shift, she tried to focus on her hands.

Hands were innocuous she thought. But then she remembered the feel of those slender fingers caressing her body, teasing her sex. toying with her nipples, she could remember how her French manicured nails raked her back in the middle of her climax bringing a stinging pleasure.

Eden had put her hand on her chest and Rage's attention was drawn to the fact that she was wearing a pink silk blouse with a white lacy bra, how did she know because she caught a glimpse of cleavage from where she was sitting and then before she knew it she was fantasising about kissing those soft red lips amongst other things. She grit her teeth and exhaled, opened up her box of cigarettes, and lit another one she needed to keep her hands busy before she did something she would later regret.

Eden was being too nice to her, too nice, nobody could be this nice. She wondered what the hell the bloody woman was up to. Once inside the flat Eden was briskly efficient and handed Rage a towel and a t-shirt. If Rage had attempted to wear the t-shirt it was fairly obvious that it would barely go past her waist and Rage's eyebrows shot up with suspicion.

Eden returned her look innocently but her eyes twinkled with mischief and a barely concealed smile hovered at the corner of her mouth.

Rage went into the shower and did not linger. She slipped the t-shirt over her head and wrapped the towel around her waist. Eden looked slightly disappointed but she did not say anything, instead she gestured towards the living room where they had a picnic style meal of grilled fish and fresh crusty bread to go with the salad washed down with a bottle of white wine. After dinner they cleared up and took the plates to the kitchen.

Rage planned to make her excuses and go to bed. She opened her mouth to say as much when Eden reached out to trace her jaw line with her index finger.

"How did you get all those bruises and cuts on your face?"

Speechless she swallowed. Hard.

"Playing dominoes." Rage deadpanned.

She did not want to talk about it. She'd had her butt kicked inside by a gang of four women all

bigger and tougher than her on her first day. She'd given as good as she got so she knew they wouldn't mess with her again. In the end she'd picked a fight with the most aggressive meanest bitch there so they could throw her in solitary. When she came out, they all thought she was crazy and left her alone. Prison was not a place she wished to talk about nor an experience she wished to relive.

Angel and Mercy had managed to get enough money to stand bail and act as a surety for her and with Eden's help they had managed to get her out. The Judge a bible bashing old man who believed all lesbians belonged in prison where they could be with their own kind and he had as good as said so, had made the bail conditions unnecessarily stringent.

Eden sighed "Rage you have a nasty cut just above your eye and it looks quite deep."

Eden was now wearing just her pink satin blouse and the skirt of her suit. She'd discarded her jacket when they had first got to the flat. Rage could see her erect nipples through the blouse and it was all she could do not to just lower her head and...

"Wait there a moment." Eden left for the bathroom and returned with what she referred to her "patchrageupkit" and it always came out after Rage's numerous football games. It was a small brown wash bag which contained some cotton wool balls, a bottle of antiseptic alcohol and some plasters.

Rage tried focus on anything but the beautiful woman examining her face. Eden dabbed the antiseptic on to the cuts gingerly. She was used to patching Rage up after she played football or even worse when she did martial arts. She was not sure if the vaseline and gauze she used would hold and the more she peered closely at the cut she thought that Rage might need stitches. Now as she stood between Rage's legs her hands held Rage's face in her hands.

She was so close so tempting. All she had to do was place her hands on her hips and pull her in close and rest her head against her belly and undo the buttons of her blouse with her teeth and.....Rage closed her eyes and counted to ten. She dragged her mind away from her lustful thoughts and attempted to focus on the information she'd been given whilst she had been behind bars.

She had heard it said on the grapevine inside that Jane Lee had slit Traci's throat with a carving knife out of jealousy. She was jealous of Rage. She had not liked the fact that Traci no longer wanted anything to do with her. The night she had come by the club she fully expected to win Traci back or drag her back. Traci had died because she was sleeping with Rage and Jane Lee considered Traci her exclusive property. The woman was obviously unbalanced.

Eden took a deep breadth. Rage was not responding as planned. Usually after placing a plaster on her cuts, Eden enjoyed kissing her better amongst other pleasures they enjoyed together. It was usually not this difficult to seduce her but she was proving a lot more stubborn than she expected.

"Why don't you lie down on the sofa and let me give you a massage." Eden suggested gently.

Rage was about to argue but thought better of it and rolled over. She was still angry and no matter what Eden did to appease her she was determined to remain stubborn and angry.

Ten minutes later she wished she had not agreed to Eden's "innocent suggestion." It was rapidly becoming obvious to her that it was going to be extremely difficult to remain angry. After awhile it was bloody torture. Every nerve she possessed was tingling with pleasure and Eden was most definitely not giving her a massage anymore.

Oh it had started off innocently enough with her kneading some tired muscles on her shoulders and back but now Eden's fingers were lightly trailing a nerve tingling caress down her spine and before Rage knew it, she was now caressing her bare bottom under the towel and then she boldly pushed two fingers between her legs and bit Rage's shoulder. Eden was relieved when she heard her groan and when Rage pulled her back into her arms she felt as though she was back home.

They made love all night long as though they had never been apart. Where before everything had been a fight Eden was so giving and so generous with her lovemaking that Rage cried. Eden did not know why Rage was so emotional. Rage never cried and even now she gave no explanation. All Eden could do was hold her and stroke her head until she subsided and fell asleep.

In the morning she woke up to find Rage leaning over her, her blues deep unfathomable and wary.

"Stop looking at me like that I am not going to run away Rage I live here."

Rage nodded and Eden pressed another kiss against her lover's lips. Rage cleared her throat. "I have a few things I need to take care of."

Eden was disappointed and opened her mouth to say something but the look of steely determination on Rage's face let her know there was no use in trying to dissuade her.

"Where are you going?"

Rage ignored the question and went into the shower. When she came out she was dressed in her own clothes. She'd found a few of her things still hanging up in Eden's wardrobe.

"Aren't you going to eat? I made breakfast." Eden asked as if it was a ritual they indulged in everyday.

"I am not up for playing happy families." Rage said curtly making for the door.

"I only asked if you wanted something to eat is that a crime?" Eden tightened her dressing gown around herself defensively.

"What do you want Eden?" Rage took up an aggressive stance. She did not shout Rage rarely did but Eden could see she was bristling with barely suppressed fury.

"You. I want you." Eden whispered and chewed on her lip.

"Slumming are we? Why? Did you get tired of screwing your upper class antiseptic girlfriends so now you're shopping for a bit of rough?" Her lips curled in a cruel sneer

"Rage....."

"What was her name Agatha, Agnetha, Aganoia?"

"No one is called Aga-noia. Her name was Anna and it was not like that."

"Yeah what was it like Eden? Was it like this?" Rage dragged her against her svelte lean body and roughly pushed the dressing gown down her shoulders.

"Rage...no...don't. ...not like this" She was worried. This new Rage seemed harder more cruel and less forgiving than the lover she'd left behind.

"Did she kiss you like this?" Rage crushed Eden's lips beneath hers "Like her very life depended on every breadth you took." Eden was naked under her robe and she felt extremely vulnerable but at the same time she recognised that on some level she had hurt Rage by leaving.

She didn't even think she could, she thought she was nothing more than a temporary diversion. As Rage crushed her lips in a bruising kiss her arms around her waist. Eden brought her foot down hard on Rage's toe. It didn't seem to have any effect because the blonde still held her in a tight embrace.

"Let me go!" Eden struggled in arms that held her like steel bands.

"Slut!" Rage hissed

"You hypocrite!" Eden shrieked. " I did not sleep with Anna. But you, you slept with Traci."

"And she was bloody good too."

"I hate you."

"Yeah and yesterday you loved me. You just say the words but you don't know what they mean then you get into your high tower and give me all that bullshit about talking about my feelings.

"Rage You're hurting me." Eden managed to get out.

"Good." Rage retorted but let her go. "I am going back to my club. When I come back you will end the relationship you have with that woman. I am not sure I will be able to share you this...this Anna person."

"You are jealous of Anna the way I was jealous of Traci and now you know how I felt." Eden cried

"So this was all about revenge was it?" Rage said coldly

"No it was not. Rage I loved you," Eden could not control the tears that fell down her cheeks. "I loved you then and I love you now. I will do whatever it takes to prove it. I know you don't love me but I think you care for me just a little in your own way. If that is all you are willing to give me I'll take it."

Rage was not convinced. However the sight of Eden sobbing her heart out made her heart sore. Besides she'd never been able to resist Eden's tears. She swept Eden up in her arms made for the sofa. Eden turned her head into her Rage's shoulders and continued to cry.

"Don't cry Sweetheart." Rage sighed and held her close.

"You said she was good in bed." Eden sniffed

Rage shrugged "Yeah well. She was so what."

"Was she better than me?" Eden risked a look at the blonde haired woman.

"What kind of a question is that?" Rage fairly growled and Eden's bottom lip quivered dangerously.

"Well was she?" Eden demanded petulantly. Her fingers slid up Rage's shirt to draw a circular pattern on her chest, taking great care to avoid her breasts and her neck. Rage swallowed hard and tried to think and speak despite Eden's attempt to distract her.

"Eden...I...Hell no!" Rage closed her eyes and tried to put how she felt into words but she couldn't so she spoke the only way she knew how by loving Eden with her body.

After making love they had a leisurely meal together and Rage got dressed with her back to Eden. She was trying to avoid the sight of Eden laying sprawled naked on the bed, her hair all spread around sexy curves, her lips red from hot desperate kisses, her nipples turgid with arousal. If she wasn't careful she'd be tempted to spend the rest of the day in bed with Her.

"I need to go. I have a few things I need to do."

"Don't get into any trouble please Rage?" Eden pleaded cupping Rage's face in her hands. The blonde nodded and kissed Eden sweetly on the lips before leaving.

Chapter 3

Rage made her way to the Hammond's Ladies Pugilists club. It was a boxing club for women. Boxing was taught more as a sport than as self-defence here. Rage had been going for years and knew many of the members. Today she was looking for a particular member. Violet "Violence" Lee. Jane Lee's sister and right hand woman in her organisation.

She found her too. She'd told herself she would be very careful and she would not antagonise the woman but one look at that stupid smirking face and she'd wanted to stuff her fist down it.

However she remained calm and continued to work out on the treadmill even when the evil bitch came and started running beside her. Violence knew who she was and she kept taunting her about how Jane was going to deal with her. Rage tried to challenge the woman get her angry enough to find out just what it was that Jane Lee had planned for her. She needed to know if it was going to be a business move or a personal move.

If it was a business move then she would not worry. She'd got the business savvy to take care of any situation. However if it was a personal move then there might be a slight cause for worry. The only way she was vulnerable was through Eden. However everyone thought that she and Eden were no longer together so she did not think it would be personal. Eventually since both Violence and Rage were renowned for having a short fuse it was simply a matter of time before they found themselves "sparring" in the ring.

If Eden had known what Rage was up to she would have been furious. As it was she went to the Night club after work only to be told Rage was not there. Nor was she at the gym where Vinnie the chief of security at the Phoenix Chamber had directed her to. She had not picked up any of her calls and neither Angel nor Mercy knew where she was. Worried in case something had happened she was about to call the police when Rage walked in.

She looked like she had been in some sort of violent struggle. Her clothes were all torn her hair was very messy and she was now sporting a black eye. Her head wound was bleeding again and Eden was rightly concerned.

"Oh my god! Rage! Are you alright."

"Yeah I'm fine."

"You don't look fine you are practically bleeding everywhere and why are you holding on to your side."

"Honestly sweetheart I'm fine.....I"

"Let me look at that." Eden lifted Rage's t-shirt and gasped when she saw the rapidly purpling bruise spreading across her body.

"But....."

"Sit." Eden ordered.

Rage muttered something unintelligible under her breath about bossy women but did as her lover requested. Rage took off her shirt and Eden gasped shocked. There was a huge bruise in Rage's side and it looked very tender in all its multi-technicolour glory. Red, blue, purple, yellow it looked extremely painful.

"Well you haven't broken anything." Eden said with relief. "Honestly Rage I have had to use my nursing skills on you more often than all the time I worked with Medicine Sans Frontier and that is saying something."

Medicine Sans Frontier was a French organisation that provide health care to poor people in third world countries. They usually worked in war zones or areas of extreme poverty. Eden had trained as a paramedic and finally as a field nurse before she went to work there in her gap year before she started university. However she never actually got to work in the field. Her male colleagues had been very protective of her because of her age and she ended up doing a lot of administrative work.

"So what have you been up to?"

"I went to see someone. I found out who killed Traci in prison. Unfortunately whilst I can prove my innocence I have no way of proving that she did it."

"You went to confront a killer? Are you crazy?"

"Now Sweetheart I know what you are thinking." Rage held her hands up and Eden moved them away.

"No you don't know what I am thinking." Eden glared down at her.

"Okay so I don't know what you are thinking." Rage conceded "What are you thinking?" The blonde asked sheepishly

"Oh Rage," Eden said helplessly "You need to be more careful especially with this." She held the blonde's head between her slender hands and gently dabbed at the cut. It wasn't deep and it looked superficial but it should have clotted by now and it hadn't because it kept opening up.

She gently stroked Rage's furrowed brow satisfied when the worry lines finally disappeared. "You look awful." She said softly and dropped a tender kiss on her lips. "Your black eye needs something cold on it."

Rage pulled her into her lap "How about some TLC?"

"I don't have enough time for what you have in mind." Eden retorted slapping away the hand that attempted to undo the buttons of her blouse.

"Aw c'mon babe." Rage nuzzled her throat and nibbled her ear gently and then moved her hand down to her jeans. "Touch me." She whispered seductively.

Eden slid her fingers between the blonde's thighs and into her jeans and the cotton pants she wore. She was so soft and wet and womanly. She was rewarded with a long deep moan and ragged breaths from her blonde lover as she gently stroked her centre.

Rage had been trying to be more considerate about her lover's wardrobe. Eden had reminded her the other day she was not the heroine in a bodice-ripping romance. Consequently her trembling fingers struggled to undo the pearl buttons on Eden's baby blue silk blouse whilst they kissed heatedly. Frustrated at her clumsiness she pulled the shirt out of the waist of her skirt and sighed when her hands touched her lover's midriff. Her hand slid slowly up her body to cup her breast, her thumb rubbing at her nipples through her lacy bra.

She ground herself against Eden's questing fingers and pushed her shirt up so she could suck on her big red juicy nipples and.....The disconcerting sound of the intercom jarred unpleasantly into the lovers' silence.

Eden froze "There's someone at the door." She gasped and pulled her hand out of Rage's jeans and tried to scramble off the lap of her blonde lover.

The younger woman swore but held her in her arms unwilling to let her go "Well whoever it is can wait."

"Rage, Its probably Sabrina I asked her to arrange a lift for me to the work dinner I had tonight." When Rage still didn't release her Eden she pushed against her.

"Let me go." She said firmly.

Rage let her go extremely reluctantly "Sweetheart, you're not going to go and leave me like THIS! Come on I've never been this hot for you before. Never."

"Yes you have!" Eden escaped into the bathroom and shut the door behind her giggling.

"Eden open this door. Now! Eden!"

"Go and let Sabrina in." Was the only answer from the other side of the door.

She glared at the offending door and then swore and muttered under her breath whilst she opened her wardrobe she slipped on a clean white t-shirt grimacing at the roughness of the cotton against her skin. She stalked to the intercom and buzzed Sabrina. When Sabrina entered the flat, Rage had a face like thunder.

"Nice to see you too. Where's Eden?"

"Getting ready!" Rage bit out "Can I get you a drink?"

"Yes please the usual." She replied. When Rage stalked to the bar and started pouring and mixing she realised all was not quite well in paradise. A lover's tiff perhaps. "Why are you so mad? Is it something to do with that horrible black eye you're sporting?"

"I'd rather not talk about it." Rage bit out and handed her the glass. It contained Sabrina's favourite cocktail of choice. A Margarita.

Sabrina observed the blonde woman opposite her. She looked furious. She hoped she had not interrupted an argument. Eden was her best friend and Rage had been one of her few former lovers who she remained friends with. She liked both of them very much. She savoured the drink thoughtfully and didn't say anything for awhile. She saw Rage think about lighting a cigarette then toss the box onto a table. She knew that was Eden's influence.

Her friend had tried to get Rage to stop smoking. She didn't come right out and say to her stop smoking because as she'd told Sabrina all that would happen is Rage would probably do it quietly when she was not around. Eden however knew how to handle Rage very well so she sweetly asked Rage to restrict her smoking in certain areas like, not smoking in either her own flat when Eden was around or Eden's flat or her car but she could smoke outside thus effectively cutting down the number of cigarettes she smoked.

Now unable to smoke she got up and poured herself a conservative glass of brandy and after a sip she seemed to settle down. However the blonde brows remained furrowed with annoyance.

"So Mercy tells me you are on a mission to find out who killed Traci?" Sabrina said casually.

"Mercy should learn to keep her big mouth shut." Rage snapped and took a large swallow of her brandy.

"Why are you angry with me? I know I'm not the reason for your current state of anger or am I?" Sabrina looked at her intently.

Rage scowled and looked away. "Jane Lee."

Sabrina raised one inquiring eyebrow "Which conversation am I having with you now?"

"The person who killed Traci I think it is a woman called Jane Lee. She is the managing director of Lee industries. The company imports and exports agricultural products from China but that is a cover. She deals in drugs and traffics young women from the Orient to work in her brothel here in the city."

"Do you know I think I met her today when I went to meet up with Eden at Lunch. She is about 5'11 she looks mixed race like a mixture of Caucasian and Oriental. Maybe Chinese or Japanese. Something like that"

"If she was wearing expensive men's suits, a gold sovereign ring and smoking a fat illegal Cuban cigar then that's my girl."

"Remarkable. I think she might even be Eden's client."

Rage went white. "Oh Cack! I thought her law firm only did building contracts and other commercial things like that."

"No they also do criminal, commercial and maritime law which would explain why she approached them."

"Are you sure she is working with Eden?"

"Well I think it is mainly Eden but it could also be Lucy, or even Salem. You know Lucy and Salem."

Rage did know Lucy and Salem. They were perhaps the only two lawyer friends of Eden's that she got on well with and the only ones she spoke to with anything approaching civility. She found the others were incredibly snobby and always looking down on her.

"Tell them to stay away from her. That includes you too. I believe she is mentally unbalanced and extremely dangerous. I don't know what her motives are but if she killed Traci I would not put it past her to try and kill again."

"Why don't you come with us to the dinner tonight. You'll have an opportunity to observe her."

Rage shook her head. "I can't do that. I have a meeting I need to attend. Besides I don't want her to be aware of my relationship with Eden. She's the kind of shark that would use something like that against me."

"You see your relationship as a weakness do you?" Sabrina shook her head, "I see it as your greatest strength."

The door of the bedroom opened and Eden entered. She was wearing a short green dress that was held up by two spaghetti straps. It hugged her body like a jealous lover making the most of her ample cleavage, flat stomach and gently curving hips. A light chiffon scarf was draped loosely around her neck.

It was a cocktail party so the dress was short, Had it been evening wear it might have fallen down to her ankles instead it stopped mid-thigh and just managed to cover her bottom. Her stilettos gave her the extra height and whilst they were not as high as Sabrina's ridiculous looking heels they were still pretty high.

She hugged Sabrina and kissed her cheeks. Rage just stood there staring. She'd almost forgotten how devastatingly stunning Eden looked when she got dressed up.

"Rage would you come and pick me up tonight? Sabrina will be leaving early but I need to stay to meet one of the new clients who will be attending later."

Rage scowled. She was trying to figure out how she could get out of her meeting with Jay Fontaine. So she could attend dinner with Eden. The more improbable her chances were of not

attending the meeting the more annoyed she was at the thought of Eden being anywhere near Jane Lee and all the other lecherous men in her office.

"Rage?" Eden asked the angry looking blonde who now stood in front of her. Her arms were folded across her chest her lips pouting because she was not going to get her way. She hid the smile that threatened to stretch her lips. "Are you sulking?"

Eden went to the tall blonde and placed her hand on her shoulder. She was not surprised to be pulled into her embrace, nor was she surprised to feel Rage's hands slide up her hips to rest on her waist. She knew what was coming next. Expected it even. She was kissed very thoroughly indeed. When she pulled away she could see the muscle in Rage's jaw ticking away like crazy. She wished she could stay and enjoy the promise in the deep blue eyes but that was not possible.

When they broke apart she traced her jaw line with her finger , "Are you still mad at me?" She asked softly.

Rage sighed. "No. Horny? Yes. Mad?" She shook her head and answered her own question "No."

Sabrina rolled her eyes "We don't have all night for your mutual adoration society meeting we should really get going."

A few more kisses later and they left. Eden had to repair her make up in the limo for obvious reasons.

The employee who was leaving was very popular and staff had hired a private area. The food was great and there was lots of Alcohol. Colleagues and clients alike mingled freely with each other. The event was also to celebrate the occasion of the senior partners 30 years of practicing law successfully. It was at the function that Eden spoke to Jane Lee for the first time.

She was quite tall possibly about the same height as Rage. But where Rage had that slender whipcord strength and elegance, Jane Lee was built like someone who attended the local gym on a regular basis. Her black hair was cut short in a crew cut and she wore a black masculine suit with a black shirt and black shiny satin tie. Her stance was extremely aggressive and she fairly bullied all those around her. She managed to get Eden alone and manoeuvred her against the wall and introduced herself. Eden tried to move away as the other women kept invading her personal space till her back came up against a solid brick wall.

At first Eden was quite put off but she wasn't sure if it was Sabrina's dire warnings having an effect on her or perhaps she was being unfair on the woman. Certainly she appeared charming enough. Errol one of the senior partners appeared relieved that Jane got on with Eden. The woman was like a goddamn porcupine and everything seemed to make her angry. However Eden was a useful asset to the firm not only was she very diplomatic and experienced at handling awkward clients but she also had excellent contacts and a more than capable legal brain.

Errol therefore had them partnered together at dinner. Eden was not openly gay at work she had seen the issue of sexual orientation affect chances of promotion. A few of her co-workers were

aware of her preferences and some like Alison, Salem and Lucy had even met Rage. Lucy now took her aside in the ladies.

"Do you know what you are doing?"

"Of course I do. Errol told me that everyone he had assigned to her had managed to offend her and he asked me to ensure everything went smoothly."

"That woman is practically drooling all over you and where the hell is Rage?"

"She's busy." Eden said curtly

Lucy shook her head and picked up her phone from the table. "She won't be that busy if I call her."

"Lucy!" Eden stayed her hand.

"You know how possessive Rage can get." Lucy said exasperatedly

"Rage is hardly in any position to say anything to me."

"Two wrongs don't make a right." Sabrina retorted.

"I totally agree." Lucy nodded. However she put her phone away.

The party finished much later than she thought and Sabrina and Lucy left early. She was just waiting outside for Rage but the night was getting colder and she did not want to go back into the party. She did not fancy taking a cab alone so late at night. She was just about to call Rage and ask her where she was when a long black limousine rolled up in front of her as she stood waiting in the car park.

The windows came down slowly and she recognised Jane Lee.

"It is not safe for a lady to be walking home alone." She swept her eyes up and down Eden, her eyes making it plain that she totally enjoyed what she was seeing.

"It's alright someone is coming to pick me up."

"I can give you a lift home. A preferable option I am sure you will agree than waiting out here in the cold."

Eden thought about it and decided it would be best not to do so. She could not quite explain the feeling but there was something malignantly evil about Jane Lee. She almost felt as though she knew her from somewhere and that she was stalking her. Every time she had turned round tonight the woman had been there like some kind of snake. It was really eery.

She had absolutely no intention of getting into an enclosed space with her and she was extremely

glad when Rage's silver Mercedes came screeching to a halt in front of the black limousine. She literally bounded out of the car and in a proprietary gesture even for Rage made it obvious to Jane Lee that they were an item. Rage put Eden behind her using her body to shield her from Lee's gaze and stood with her hands on her hips for a face off. Lee stepped out to the car so they were eyeball to eyeball and squaring up to each other.

"Stay away from her." Rage warned menacingly

"Or what?" Jane sneered.

"I'll fucking kill you."

"You?" Jane spat on Rage's shoe.

Rage moved like lightning her fist aimed to connect with Jane's face. Jane blocked the blow with her fist and moved in close to Rage. In between them Rage could feel the steel gun Jane held in her hand against her midriff. All Jane had to do was pull the trigger and that was literally the end of the story. She swore under her breath. She had to learn to reign in her temper. Luckily Eden could not see what was going on.

Her body shielded the gun from her and being taller it would have been difficult to see the small black handgun at night anyway. Eden knew something was wrong from the punch that Rage threw. She had never seen Rage like this, bristling, snarling a savage who looked like she was ready to rip another human being to shreds with her bare teeth. She placed a calming hand on Rage's back.

Jane Lee laughed "Not so tough now. So you think you can take me."

"Yeah!" Rage sneered

"I can put an end to you right here right now. I've done it before and I can do it again."

Rage could feel a droplet of cold sweat trickling down her back. Her senses seemed to be heightened, her instincts honed to perfection as she tried to think fast, well quickly enough to get her out of the situation she found herself in now.

Rage leaned in close and whispered "I'd like to see you try." Rage taunted " You think you are the only one with thugs on the block? Take a look around you bitch. Every police man is on my tail since you killed Traci Spinner. So if you want to kill me in front of them go ahead. Make sure Burrows can see you smile whilst you do it. Now he wants you so bad. I think He's is the Squad car parked just behind you. "

Jane Lee noticed the street had suddenly gotten very busy. There were at least four parked cars filled with men and women lounging nonchalantly watching the scenario with avid interest. She was not sure if they were thugs, passers-by or cops. She decided to let it ride this time and called off her bodyguards. She also slipped the gun scumpiously back into her jacket.

"I'll deal with you later." She turned around to face Eden as though nothing was amiss.

"Miss Payne goodnight, It was a pleasure." She nodded at her over Rage's shoulder and turned around to return to her Limousine.

"Rage what was all that about?"

"I will tell you later. Just get in the goddamn car."

"Hey don't speak to me like that." Eden stood with her hands on her hips.

Rage took a deep breath "For once Eden why don't you just do what I ask? You can ask me anything you want once you get into the car."

Eden acquiesced but only because Rage seemed uncomfortable and jumpy.

"What was that all about?"

In the car Rage waited for the black Limousine to pull off into the night before starting the engine of her car. Once she was satisfied the car had gone she started the engine.

"Jane Lee is a gangster, She murdered Traci and I do not want you even ten miles in her vicinity."

Eden shrugged "Well I met her tonight for the first time she's just a client."

"She is into drugs, prostitution, human trafficking and as far as I know murder and fraud. I cannot think of any possible reason for her to be doing business with any lawyer other than a criminal lawyer. If she has a problem with authorities she is hardly likely to sue and more likely to kill whoever stands in her way."

"Maybe she wants advice on how to hide her ill gotten gains."

"I don't think so. I think she engineered to meet you for her own nefarious purposes. She is playing some sort of game."

"And here I thought it was because she found me attractive." Eden said sarcastically.

"Don't tell me you are attracted to her?"

"I did not say I was attracted to her. Is the little green monster of jealousy rearing its ugly head hmm?"

"You are attracted to her." They stopped at a traffic light and Rage looked over at her disbelievingly "Why?"

"Same reason I'm attracted to you. You've both got that dangerous broody go to hell attitude that I find so sexy" Eden drawled. A smile played about her ruby lips as she gently caressed the blonde's jaw with her index finger. She felt and saw Rage shiver with desire. Rage kissed her hungrily and she allowed herself to be swept along for a while before placing a restraining hand on Rage's chest. The light changed and Rage revved up the engine and moved the car forward.

"So who were those people?" Eden asked breathlessly "The other gangsters you alluded to?"

"Police. They have been following me since I got out of jail. One of them is coming tomorrow to ask me questions."

Rage looked out the window and changed lanes. She could see the unmarked squad car following them in her rear view mirror.

They didn't speak for awhile. Eden was enjoying the song being played on the radio. It was an old Joni Mitchell tune. She was surprised Rage had left it on because her tastes ran to more modern music. The news followed and the music changed again they were almost home when a thought popped into her head.

"Did you get yourself a lawyer today?"

"Nope. Don't need one."

"I cannot believe that you can be so stubborn." Eden replied exasperatedly

"It's true I don't need a lawyer."

"Is this some stupid macho, butch, pride thing? If you had hired a lawyer you would not have spent a single night in jail and I would not have had to come out and rescue you."

"Hey I appreciate your efforts Eden but I am a big girl I would have got out sooner or later by myself thank-you very much."

"Rage you just hate the fact that I rescued you for a change instead of the other way round."
Eden said smugly

"What the hell do you mean by that?" Rage's mouth came together in a pout. She got out of the car and came round to open the door for Eden.

"I mean that if I had not shown up you would still be languishing in jail. I came through for you."
Eden retorted pompously.

"Because you felt guilty for walking out on me."

Eden gasped "I did not walk out on you. You... You cheated on me!"

"I did not cheat on you. I never cheated on you. You made an assumption which by the way shows a distinct lack of trust." Rage said as reasonably as she could. She knew she was going to lose her temper soon if she was not careful.

She ground her teeth as she steeled herself. She could feel her temper getting hotter. She thought she had been able to control it but it was rapidly becoming clear to her that was not the case. She was generally not given to emotional displays of temper. She preferred to leave all the drama and emotional display of fireworks to Eden. However the whole Jane Lee thing made her edgy and Eden was the only other Woman in the world who could make her lose her temper faster than even she could imagine. She just seemed to know which buttons to push.

"I....." Eden paused before the front door of her apartment, "caught you", She turned around and poked Rage in the chest with her index finger to emphasise her point. "In bed with another woman!"

As they were speaking Eden did not notice her next door neighbour who gasped in shock at this titillating bit of information. She was too busy trying to open the front door with a key that was obviously not the right key because it would not fit in the damn lock. Her irritation with Rage went from mild annoyance, at the fact that Rage took the keys from her to full blown anger because Rage effortlessly opened the door of her own flat and the bloody woman did not even live there.

"You know now I did not cheat on you. You know it now and you knew it then. You only came back because you felt guilty and you felt guilty because you knew you were wrong!"

"I most certainly did not do it because I felt guilty" Eden slammed the door and continued speaking her hands on her hips "And if the positions had been reversed and you had found me in bed with another woman you would have killed me!"

"You? Never! Your erstwhile partner however would have suffered a most unpleasant fate. I would never lay a hand on you in violence."

"Hah!!"

"What?"

"You've done it before!"

"Oh come on that was different, what you did was totally irresponsible. Bloody hell Eden I still get cold shivers down my spine when I think about it and then to make matters worse you went running of to your parents who are now convinced I am some kind of monster."

"I'm sure they don't think that." Eden sighed. She wished she hadn't brought it up now. Rage looked ready to explode. The incessant jangling of the phone fuelled the confrontational atmosphere."

Eden took a deep breath "Honey I don't want to argue with you I am tired and I would just like to go to bed." She said stepping out of her shoes and pulling a pin from her hair so that it all tumbled onto her shoulders in rich dark waves. She made her way to the bedroom. In an attempt to get away from Rage and her annoying mobile which was now ringing incessantly.

"Oh no you don't you always do this just when I...." Rage finally answered her mobile phone and growled "Who wants to know?" into the mouthpiece.

Eden could only hear one side of the conversation but as she calmed down Rage seemed to get extremely angry with whoever was on the other side of the conversation. She left the bedroom door open and undressed with one ear on Rage's conversation.

"A disturbance....a disturbance.....I'll give you a fucking disturbance you bastard what the hell gives you the right to tap into my flat, or my phone I bet you're outside the window now you peeping tom is that how you get your kicks.....sick bastard." Rage opened the window and hurled the phone across the street at a parked car.

Downstairs and across the street Jon Burrows had to duck Rage's unerring aim as the mobile phone bounce harmlessly off windscreen of his car.

"Bitch!" He swore and put the phone down. The tap he had installed was illegal and he probably should not have called her phone but he could not bear the thought of another girl having her throat cut whilst he could prevent it. He was convinced the blonde psycho dyke was responsible. She probably had penal envy issues.

In Eden's study Rage poured a generous helping of brandy into a rather large glass containing two ice cubes. Eden did not drink brandy so it was probably leftover when her old man came over for a visit and very nice it was too. She put her feet up on the desk and knocked back the first glass. Three glasses later she had a warm feeling in her stomach and she could feel her tense muscles start to relax so she felt quite mellow. She delved through Eden's CD collection and fished out some Al Green and Angie Stone. Soothing calming music. She was still trying to get over the feeling of having the gun pressed against her mid-riff and knowing Jane Lee could have and would have killed her then and there.

She was also happy she had protected Eden from seeing the gun. Even though she was older she did not think the other woman would have dealt well with such knowledge. She would find a way to deal with Jane Lee tomorrow. She eventually felt drowsy enough to make her way back to the main bedroom where she expected Eden to be sleeping soundly like a baby. Eden however had not done the expected indeed she was wide awake and sitting up in a confrontational style obviously anticipating her arrival.

"Well? Have you exercised your demons? Did the alcohol give you some clarity and make everything better? Hmm?"

Rage ignored her. An answer now would bring a lecture on the evils of demon drink and her supposed infidelity down on her head or even worse Eden might decide she wanted to talk about "feelings" and where their relationship was going. She decided to make an evasive manoeuvre

and withdraw to the bathroom where she undressed although she did not know why she bothered because she normally slept naked.

She performed her ablutions in the bathroom strode out naked across the room and into bed. She was quite drunk but she figured if she just got into bed and shut her eyes Eden would go to sleep. The woman had that look in her eye, the one that said I want to have a deep and meaningful conversation with you right now.

There was silence for a little while. All that could be heard was the occasional car driving past in the moonlit street. The dull orange glow of the street lights were hidden from view by the heavy opulent curtains. As the silence lengthened and Eden said nothing Rage thought she had successfully got out of that one when she said

"Rage I think we should talk."

Rage groaned "Now?" She asked aloud.
In her head she prayed Not now...Please God not now.

"Yes I think now would be a good time don't you?" Eden answered thoughtfully chewing her lip.

"I'm tired." Rage sighed.

"Well I think this is important."

Rage tried to placate her. "It probably is important honey but we can always discuss it tomorrow."

Eden folded her arms across her chest determinedly. "I would rather talk about it now."

"Now is not a good time." Rage put her head under her pillow.

"When would be a good time?"

"TOMORROW!!!" Rage answered exasperatedly.

"This is just what I mean you never listen to me."

"Fine you want me to listen to you after I have drunk half a bottle of brandy go ahead. I am now ready to listen." Rage sat up after plumping up the pillows by thumping them with her fist
"Naturally the fact that I am considerably inebriated and will probably have a hell of a time following the thread of the conversation is totally irrelevant." She made a big ceremonial show out of sitting comfortably and expecting to spend the whole night just listening.

Eden felt slightly put out. "Fine if you are going to be like that then forget it." Eden turned around tucked herself into bed and put her head on the pillow.

"Fine!" Rage lay back down and prepared to sleep.

"Fine!" Eden grabbed the duvet and pulled with all her might to her side of the bed. Rage pulled it back and Eden tugged at it again. Rage got up and out of bed.

"I am not going to get into a childish duvet pulling contest with you. I am going somewhere to get some sleep."

Rage pulled on her jeans and a t-shirt grabbed her keys and wallet and left.

She called a cab to take her to her office at the club and slept on the sofa. She was not ready to go back to Eden's and she could not face going home right then. Although the police had now finished with it still felt like a crime scene. She returned to the office and buried herself in a mountain of paperwork. By lunch time she was feeling really pissed off. So she was not exactly happy to see a smiling, smirking, gloating Jane Lee steal into her office and past her security.

"What the hell are you doing here? Come to blow my head off?" Rage was feeling so bad tempered she could not care less what Jane wanted to do.

"I thought you and I should have a little chat. You know clear the air a little." Jane Lee said matter of factly.

"We have absolutely nothing to talk about." Rage replied curtly.

"I hear the cops are all over your ass."

Rage shrugged. "Comes with the territory."

"You know I fucked that little girl and gave her a big smile afterwards."

She spoke with a fake deep southern drawl. Jane was deliberately crude. She wanted to see how far she could push the blonde bitch. What would make her lose her temper and therefore her guard so that she could use it in a fight as an advantage because make no mistake there was going to be another fight between the two of them sooner or later.

"Smile? Ah you mean the three inch slit you left in her throat."

Jane Lee leered back. "Do you know why I did that?"

"No but I am sure you will tell me?"

"I wanted to hurt you. I wanted to make you pay."

"So you killed her. You are not as smart as I thought. I did not give a damn about her."

"Yes I figured that out awhile back. You don't give a fuck about anybody and anything except

the sexy little lady you left lying between the white satin sheets. You left her on her own tonight didn't you. You know you really should learn to look after your women. Losing one girlfriend could be forgiven as a mistake but to lose two why that is downright careless."

"You bitch!!! If you've hurt her I will fucking kill you." Rage leapt at Lee and slammed her against the wall. Jane laughed even after Rage's fist connected with her face. Jane raised her knee and caught Rage in the abdomen with her knee and an elbow which she smashed into Rage's jaw. As Rage staggered away Jane reached into her trouser pocket and took out what appeared to be a handkerchief from her pocket and sniffed it with real enjoyment.

"Hmm smells good.....do you know what the best perfume in the world is?"

She wiped her bloody nose with real enjoyment "Pussy" She hissed the last word out viciously and threw what appeared to be a white cotton handkerchief at a perplexed Rage. She caught it in her hands and Jane Lee smiled wickedly like a jackal that has just sighted its prey, as it suddenly dawned on Rage just what the little scrap of silk was. Jane enjoyed watching the expression of anguish that crossed the blonde's face. Yes killing her with a gun would have been too easy this was much more fun.

"Oh don't worry I left your little woman in bed alive and well satisfied soon she too will be wearing a big smile just for me."

Rage lunged at Jane again and the two of them went crashing against the utility table which collapsed under their combined weight. Broken glass and shards of splintered wood flew everywhere and the door of the office opened to reveal Rage's shocked secretary.

"What is going on here?"

The two protagonists ignored her. Lee had two ham fisted hands wrapped around Rage's throat and the blonde was rapidly turning blue in the face a result of having her impending strangulation.

"Call Security." She managed to rasp. Her secretary dashed off and Rage broke out of the choke hold by the simple expedient of hitting Jane on the head with the perforator that had fallen on the floor during their struggle. When her secretary finally returned, Rage was punching and kicking Jane when the security pulled them apart. She eventually allowed them to "escort" her out of the building which in Rage speak meant the security was to throw Jane out physically onto the street.

"Please escort Ms Lee out of the Building." Rage said breathlessly.

Jane shook the security men off. She put a finger in her mouth and drew a line down Rage's face with the saliva wet finger as though marking her. "You are dead." She smiled confidently.

Rage did not react to the disgusting gesture other than to say "No I am alive and I intend to stay that way." She turned to her security guards "Now get her out of here."

She picked up her phone intending to call Eden when she bounced gaily into her office.

"Good morning all.....oh my what happened here?" Eden gasped.

"We had a pest problem." Rage scowled and dismissed the other inhabitants of the room who were attempting to tidy up the mess which resulted from the struggle with a flick of her wrist.

Eden's eyes swept disbelievingly across the room taking in the chaos and carnage before her. There were papers everywhere, broken bottles, shattered glasses. Then in all the chaos in all the confusion Eden spotted the one item Rage did not want her to see.

"What is this?" She walked over to the coffee table where she found the white blood stained silk material Jane had been fondling and threw it on to the desk.

Rage thought about telling her the truth. Eden would be extremely worried she would probably feel violated and she did not need to have to go through all that. Rage would just have to make sure they took extra precautions that was all. In the meantime the truth was not an option.

So she lied. "I have no idea."

"These are a pair of someone's underwear." Eden said coldly picking them up with a biro that she'd picked up from the floor. So the white frilly lacy knickers hung suspended in the light leaving it in no doubt just what they were.

"Let me see that." Rage reached for them and Eden let her have them. She watched disbelievingly as Rage carefully tucked them into her denim pocket.

"Is that what you were doing here last night."

"Was what? What I was doing here last night?"

"That?" Eden pointed in the direction of Rage's jeans.
Rage asked blandly as though nothing happened "What?"

"Why are you being deliberately obtuse? I come into your office and you have a pair of Knickers on the floor of your office which looks incidentally like a bomb has hit it? Were you here with someone else last night?"

"You know you should learn to trust me. If you don't trust me we are going to have a problem." Rage drawled.

Eden was absolutely furious. That bored supercilious condescending expression she hated so much was back.

Rage looked quite calm but under it all Rage was quite shaken. It could not possibly be

happening again. Could it? She hadn't done anything wrong. This time there wasn't even a woman for her to be jealous of! Rage stood clenching her fists holding her breath barely aware she was doing so.

Eden closed her eyes. The last time she had walked out some other woman had walked off with the love of her life and she had been miserable. She knew now that Rage had not slept with Traci until after they broke up. She'd returned to collect her things from Rage's flat and Traci had taken in a great delight in what had actually happened. She should have believed Rage but she hadn't and now it seemed as though it was happening again.

"Very well I will give you the benefit of the doubt on this occasion." She finished quietly.

Inwardly Rage breathed a sigh of relief but continued as though she had not heard her. As though her statement was not of monumental implication to her. "I think that you should move back into my house." Rage rasped. Her voice still slightly hoarse from Jane Lee's chokehold.

"Why on earth would you make such a ridiculous proposal."

"I have been informed by the police it is alright for me to move back to my apartment and I believe my flat is a more secure place for us and finally I don't think you are safe alone in your apartment."

"Why wouldn't I be safe in my apartment?"

"I just don't feel it's a good idea for you to stay there. Jane Lee could get your address from your office and...."

"Are you trying to get me to move in with you?" Eden asked suspiciously

"Why would you think that?"

"It's the sort of thing you would do. Try and manipulate me into moving in with you. So you don't have to make a commitment. The same way you refuse to say I love you."

"What has that got to do with this? We are talking about you moving in with me temporarily."

Rage wiped the blood off her cut chin with the back of her hand. "It's just until...." The intercom on her desk buzzed annoyingly interrupting their conversation. Eden winced as Rage swore profusely. "I said I did not want to be disturbed."

A man in a brown overcoat walked into the room. He wore a brown trilby and a three piece suite and flashed his badge at Rage.

"Who the hell are you today Elliot Ness?" She snarled at him.

He smiled wickedly. "I'm the worst nightmare you ever had. So don't get cute with me blondie."

"What do you want Burrows?"

"I have come to question you about the death of young Traci Spinner. You know the young girl you murdered."

"I did not kill her."

"Oh come on what did she do refuse to leave her husband for you. You Fucking Dyke."

"I object to this line of questioning." Eden interrupted putting her hands on her hips.

Burrows turned around and his whole demeanour changed where he'd found the tall overtly sexy blonde intimidating as hell Eden's dark elegant demeanour brought out a wholly different side of his character altogether. She was dressed in a long straight navy skirt and pastel blouse. A string of pearls around her neck. Her hair was piled up on her head loosely as though it could all fall down about her shoulders at any moment. Her brilliant green eyes assessed him intelligently.

"And who might you be?" He asked curiously. He knew who she was.

Eden replied confidently "I'm her lawyer?"

"Ah you must be Eden Payne." He smiled at her and Eden ignored it and continued "So what seems to be the problem officer?"

"Inspector actually." He gave her a beatific smile.

Eden corrected herself, raised an eyebrow and dulcetly asked the question again.

Inspector Burrows relaxed "Miss Fenton here has been cited on two counts of violent conduct whilst on bail."

"I was defending myself." Rage snarled

"Never the less these are grave charges." Inspector Burrows continued looking at Eden making it plain he thought her an attractive woman. Which naturally only served to irritate Rage no end.

"Mr Burrows surely you can see that some one broke in here and assaulted her." Eden said reasonably.

Rage ran her hands through her short curly locks. "If you two want to make goo goo eyes at each other then go ahead but not in my office and not on my time. I have a business to run."

"Miss Fenton I would like to remind you this.." he paused for effect "Is a serious police investigation."

" Yeah, So why did they send you then?"

"If you refused to answer my questions I will...." He leaned against the desk and smiled at Eden again before returning to face Rage "bring you in for questioning."

"You cannot do that. That is harassment." Eden interrupted

"Or she can choose to answer a few questions here and now."

"I am sure this is very much against police procedure." Eden turned to face Rage. " You don't have to answer any of his questions."

"I think I do sweetheart. I am tired of everyone thinking I am a murderer. I did not kill that girl you can ask me any question you want."

"Where were you that night?"

Rage took a deep breath and looked warily at Eden.

"I am aware of your relationship with Ms Spinner." Burrows smirked.

"I left her sleeping on the bed and got dressed and went to the club. Many people saw me there. We have the CCTV tapes to prove it too. I was with my accountant and lawyer for approximately 2 hours. We ordered dinner and when I came home I found her there."

"What time did you leave her?"

"I don't know about 6pm. The club usually starts to get moving about eight or nine pm so I knew I'd have enough time for the meeting."

Eden interrupted the interrogation. "The evidence clearly shows that Miss Spinner was killed at approximately 7:30pm. You've had the autopsy done so why are you still harassing Rage." Eden interrupted.

"Your client also has business dealings with Jay Fontaine. Jay is a very dangerous character in the underworld."

"What has my business dealings with Jay Fontaine got to do with Traci Spinner's murderer Jane Lee."

"Absolutely nothing. Lee is a small fry in the great scheme of things. The person we really want is Fontaine. Besides we have no proof that Jane Lee was the murderer."

"Mr Fontaine is a regular visitor of my establishment and that is all I am willing to divulge about my business my relationship with him."

"I don't believe you."

"Well that is all you are going to get." Rage sneered. "Now leave."

He made as if to move towards her and hit her. She was not in the least bit intimidated and glared back at him menacingly leaving him in no doubt that she was ready to take him on then and there. He checked himself and shrugged his shoulders adjusting his ill-fitting raincoat.

"I'll be watching you."

He left slamming the door. Eden turned to Rage and took a deep breath she was about to tell Rage that she could have incriminated herself by giving Burrows so much information when she found her lips captured in a gentle and tender kiss. The way she kissed her anyone would have thought they had been apart for years.

She felt her knees weakening and she wrapped her arms around the blonde woman's neck. She heard Rage moan as she ran her blood red nails down the skin on the back of the neck of the younger woman. She let her head fall back as Rage nuzzled her neck and her teeth closed around her nipple tugging it through her silk blouse.

"Don't even think about it?" Eden said breathlessly as she managed to drag herself away from Rage's marauding mouth.

"Huh?" Rage looked down at her quizzically her lips full and moist from their passionate kiss, her blue eyes almost black as her pupils dilated enormously. She looked all loved up.

"Let's go home!" Rage whispered

"Now?"

"Yes now." Her lover replied

"Rage I just came round to ask if you would like to go out for lunch." Eden picked up her purse. "Are you hungry?"

"Yeah" Rage leered at her " Really hungry".

"Would you stop that!" Eden hit her playfully on the shoulder.

"Alright then I have a fantastic idea."

Rage grabbed her jumper and keys and opening the door for Eden ushered her out of the office. They walked down hand in hand to Rage's silver Mercedes.

"How come you always get to drive?" Eden queried as she got into the car.

"We both know I can't keep my hands off you whilst you're driving." Rage drawled.

"Well try!" Eden said irritably

Rage grinned and put the key in the ignition but she did not start the engine instead she turned to face Eden.

"I could but you would be extremely distressed if I was to do that."

Eden smiled wryly "Indeed." She turned away to look out of the window and waited for Rage to start the engine but she did not instead she looked at Eden curiously.

"I sometimes think you have a problem with sex."

"I do not!!!" Eden said embarrassed.

"Yes you do. You want it but you are too afraid to admit it."

"I do not." Eden said indignantly

"You don't want sex?" Rage teased

"Off course I want....Rage!!!" She said exasperatedly

"You want me." Rage replied ruefully "Well that's a relief."

" No...."

Rage shook her head from side to side "You don't want me?"

"Off course I want you its just...I was brought up to think that nice girls don't like sex and everyone I know all the women roll their eyes whenever they talk about their husbands wanting sex. The only women I know who do enjoy it like Amanda and Lacey are branded as easy!"

"Sweetheart a few things you need to know. Firstly we are talking about a bunch of straight women here, and secondly everyone knows gay couples have more sex than straight couples!!!!"

Rage started the car and revved it up she looked in the mirror popped the clutch, signalled checked her two mirrors again and pulled out.

"I don't know Rage maybe we are just a different generation."

"I don't believe this, I bet that Annita you were dating didn't tell you she didn't like sex."

"Not everyone is like you Rage. Anna and I had a more mature meeting of the minds. We enjoyed each other's company" She said primly.

"The way you are talking anyone would think you spent the whole time going to the ballet and

the Opera or something."

"Her name was Anna and I was not sleeping with her."

"You weren't?" Rage could not control the satisfactory smirk on her face. The lights turned red and she was lucky they did because Eden then dropped her bombshell.

"You are the only woman I have ever slept with in my life." Eden whispered turning to look at Rage.

Rage went white as a sheet as the full impact of Eden's words hit her like an icy blast. She cleared her car to the other side of the road and killed the engine and flicked on the hazard lights.

"What did you say?" Rage rasped. She could barely get the words past her throat.

"You heard me." Eden said truculently.

"I have known you for four years and you never told me this. Why?"

"Because I never found anyone I wanted to share my body with in that way. Till you." She turned to face Rage and continued speaking her voice a bare whisper. "I wanted it to be special."

Rage simply stared at her utterly speechless "You mean..."
Behind them the lights turned green and disgruntled motorists started flashing their lights and pressing down on their car horns. Rage swore and moved the car forward.

"This conversation is not over. We are going to talk about it. Preferably when I don't have both my hands full. "

"It's not a big deal." Eden said embarrassed. "Lets just talk about something else."

Chapter 4

The proprietor was obviously Rage's friend by they way they embraced.

"Eden this is Laura and her girlfriend Debs. Where Debs was dark and svelte and Italian Laura was a beautiful buxom cockney with a lovely smile and twinkling eyes. The two of them were very hospitable and made them very comfortable. The food when it arrived was light and perfect for a summers day and the white wine was crisp and light a perfect foil for the spinach and goats cheese pizza.

As the restaurant got busier Laura and Debs went to see the other customers.

"Why did you lie to Burrows?"

"How did you know I lied."

"Come on Rage we have been going out for four years now of course I knew that your relationship with Jay Fontaine goes beyond him being a mere customer at the club."

"I can't tell you."

"Why not? Don't you trust me?"

"I do. It is just that the situation could get messy and the less you know the better. I do not want you to get caught up in it."

"Rage what are you involved in?"

"I can't discuss it here let's go upstairs."

"Upstairs?"

"Yeah I keep a private room here these days."

They passed Laura on their way upstairs and she gave Eden a saucy wink. Eden laughed despite her apprehension of what Rage was going to tell her.

"I know Burrows put a wire tap in my flat and I am quite sure he left one at my office today."

"He can't do that."

"What? put me under surveillance? Well he's done it."

"That kind of evidence would not be allowed in a court of law. The judge would throw it out."

Rage shrugged. "May be May be not. But that is not what he is using the evidence for. He probably wants to check and confirm meetings maybe find Fontaine and follow him find out what his business operations are."

"Are they as underhanded as you suggest?"

"Absolutely. The thing is there appears to be some sort of unrest amongst the rival factions of the underworld. We all have to pay them extortion money to survive or else face the consequences. I pay Fontaine to keep my place free from thugs and other would be trouble makers, he takes a percentage of the takings of the club. He was the least greedy and the most reasonable. It is all about profits to him. If he takes too much from me the club goes down he loses. I also borrowed thirty percent of my start up capital from the government because I started as a young entrepreneur. Its one of those schemes for disadvantaged kids you know to keep us off the streets. If my club goes down It will be investigated. At least as long as I am owing the government money it will be investigated and they know it."

One of the reasons Jane Lee has kept a low profile is because up till now she is essentially a small time player in the great scheme of things. Last week she openly threatened Fontaine and appeared to be under the impression someone powerful was protecting her. Burrows walked into my office and starts throwing his weight around."

"You think he might be involved in this whole mess?"

"No he is too straight. I think he knows something."

"How did you meet all these people."

"They come to the club." Rage shrugged " The problem is the more lucrative a club is the more likely it will be used as an example i.e. someone will firebomb it or torch it as an example to the others or to show their displeasure."

"Rage if that is the case I really do not think you should continue to push Jane Lee she sounds dangerous."

Rage shrugged "May be. Right now what I would really like to do is get you out of your clothes. Rage winked and Eden stood with her hands on her hips.

"Rage this is serious!"

"Eden I really don't want you around when things start kicking off and the less you know the better."

"So you shut me out and try and use sex to distract me. I am not some bimbo."

"I know." Rage stood behind Eden and nuzzled her neck. She wound her arms around the smaller woman. "that you are an intelligent woman but the fact remains that right now I want you and we can discuss all this other stuff later hmmm."

"Rage...." Eden turned around to protest and gasped when Rage's large hands cupped her bottom and pulled her closer. Her hands pushed up her skirt her long fingers eased below the straps of her panties and pulled them slowly down her legs so she could step out of them and then she kissed her thighs and the backs of her knees her calves her shins her ankles as her hot breath scorched her skin Eden was aware of a wave of desire that that washed over her now trembling body.

Eden cupped Rage's face in her hands. "Rage no." Eden moaned

"Yes baby yes." Rage knelt on the floor between Eden's legs, Her lips and tongue intent at spraying Eden's sensitised centre with hot kisses. Eden moaned and her hips bucked forward involuntarily. "We can't do it here." Eden whispered desperately.

"Why not?"

"Debs and Laura...."

"Are busy with the restaurant downstairs and will not come up here." Rage said thickly.

Rage got up and took off her shirt belt and trousers in one economical movement. Her underwear followed the same fate. Eden tried not to stare and failed miserably. Rage had a beautiful body and she knew it. When Rage reached for her again she put her qualms aside and enjoyed the kiss. Before she knew it she was butt naked. As they made love she noticed Rage was holding back. There was an element of control creeping into their lovemaking Eden used to Rage loving her without reservation was unused to this more cautious Rage.

As they lay together on the sofa Eden stroked the blonde crispy curls on Rage's head which now lay between her breasts.

"I think you are right." Rage said finally.

"Oh oh I am not sure I am going to like what's coming next what am I right about?"

"You should move back to your parents."

"Why? You hated the idea a few hours ago."

"You'd be safer there than with me."

"I am staying in my own apartment thank you very much.

"No way I don't think it's safe and I won't allow it."

"You won't allow it?" You can be extremely arrogant and high handed at times. You can't do anything about it."

Rage stared up at her considering. "You can either move in with me or back to your parents but I am not going to let you stay there alone."

Eden knew that when Rage's protective hackles were up she could be extremely stubborn. Anything concerning her safety or welfare and Rage could be quite unreasonable like now. She remembered a particular incident which still made her blush whenever she thought about it.

They'd just started going out and Eden was feeling particularly vulnerable because of the "couldn't give a damn" Attitude Rage displayed. She had argued with Rage and gone to a very dodgy S&M night club in the city with her friend Trina who was a regular on the scene. She had known Trina since her college days she was always part of the group they hung out together but she did not know her that well. At first it had been a bit of fun they had gone shopping and dressed up in P.V.C and leather with lots of red and black makeup with boots and stilettos.

The club was dark and dingy the music was closer to Rock and grunge with a bit of Speed Metal thrown in. When they got in the air was filled with smoke and naked men and women whose only coverings were strategically arranged rubber straps and harnesses which did not actually cover anything. One girl even wore a chain mail bikini and was whipping a fat balding man whose whole body was covered in rubber. Even his head and face except for two holes in his face mask to let him breathe and his obviously erect penis. The air was thick with sex and drugs and the nauseating smell of stale sex. Someone pushed past them and offered them some poppers. Trina bought a dildo and grinned at Eden's embarrassed blush as she placed it in her hands.

"Don't tell me you've never used one of these before."

"I haven't" Eden had looked at her outraged at the time.

" You mean Rage hasn't..."

"No! Absolutely not. Rage wouldn't even dream of it. She's very attuned to my sensibilities." Eden finished primly.

"You should get Rage to try it. She's very good if you know what I mean." Eden knew exactly what she meant and gave voice to her suspicions.

"How would you know?" Eden demanded as Trina squirmed under her intense green gaze.

"I.. I've heard." Trina answered falteringly

"You've slept with her haven't you." Eden concluded

Trina knew Rage was going to kill her for this and tried her damage limitation exercise. "It was a long time ago Eden."

That confession was the match that lit her reckless behaviour. "You know what I am going to be just as bad."

"I don't think that's a good idea Eden. Rage will be furious if she finds out."

"I don't care just watch me." Eden left Trina and wandered off on her own. The club was not that big but it was full with lots of people in various sexual positions. She did not feel particularly aroused in fact she was quite disgusted.

Did Rage really come to one of these places? Did she want to go out with someone who had casual sex in such sordid places? She did not think so and for all her bravado this was not really her scene. She had just decided to leave when she was collared by a 6'2" in muscle Mary. Even her breasts appeared to be made of Muscle. Her hand stroked Eden's thigh and then before she knew it they were surrounded by 3 other men. One of them held her tight flush against him whilst his hand cupped her breasts and squeezed them none too gently. Another pulled out his

Penis and stroked it whilst staring at her lasciviously the third was trying to undo the ribbons of her bodice.

"This slave needs discipline." She heard one of them sneer.

"Slave?" She said indignantly "I am not a slave."

She looked helplessly around for Trina and could not find her. She suddenly realised the men could rape her then and there and no one would be any wiser. Even worse she was in a sex club so no one would believe her protestations. Her only other option was to ask the muscle Mary who was now stroking her hips and buttocks for mercy but something in her flat black eyes left her cold. This was someone who obviously enjoyed inflicting pain.

"I don't want this." She said looking into the woman's eyes.

"If you don't want this what are you doing here?" She licked her neck with her wet tongue from throat to chin and Eden shuddered with disgust.

"Just relax everything will be fine." She whispered.

The woman studied her predatorily like a snake about to strike her neck sinuously moving her head from side to side. She licked her thin cruel lips and bared a row of silver teeth studded with diamonds. In that instant Eden felt her skin crawl. She did not even want the woman to touch her. The woman enjoyed her reaction it seemed to turn her on. She closed her eyes and decided to fight and struggle. Before she could decide what her next move would be there was a huge commotion and then a loud roar. The men holding her grunted and the woman suddenly let her go. When she opened her eyes Rage was standing in front of her like an avenging angel. Dressed in white jeans and a white shirt in a sea of black leather and PVC.

She ripped something off the wall of the club, some sort of metal objects which she threw at the fleeing men. It hit one of them on the back of the head and he passed out cold on the floor. The woman who had looked predatory and feral before was cowering in the corner and the others just seemed to scatter.

"Eden!"

She was so glad to see her she did not even bristle at the arrogant tone of command that expected her to follow at the sound of her voice. She rushed over to her partner and clung to her.

"How did you know I was here?"

"Trina called me before you left. She left a message on my answering machine" Rage muttered as she led her out. The crowd of bodies that had impeded them as they entered parted like the biblical red sea. Rage covered her up with her large overcoat and glared at anyone who so much as glance their way. Once they were in the car Rage was eerily quiet and did not say a word through out the journey to her apartment.

Once they were up in her apartment she slammed the door threw her car keys into the jar kept for small change and keys and let rip.

"What the hell were you doing in a place like that?"

"I'm sorry I didn't realise it was like that, I don't know what I was thinking."

"Sorry! I'll make you sorry. If that's the kind of sex you want I can give it to you right here right now."

She sat down heavily on the sofa and yanked her down on to her lap so that her bottom was an easy target for her open palm. Rage lifted her skirt and slipped off in one easy motion and then proceeded to spank her. Eden had never felt so humiliated in her life. She cried out as each of the four heavy handed blows landed on her bare buttocks.

Eventually the spanking stopped and then Rage turned her over and kissed her from head to toe lingering on her hot aching sex licking, sucking, teasing her and then she could feel Rage's fingers between her quivering wet nether lips. She was so wet and horny she moaned as Rage's fingers slid into her hot aching centre. She was in bliss she ground her hips against Rage, rubbing her centre against her hips and fingers.

"Oh please don't stop baby." She pleaded as Rage's breathing turned ragged.

"Is this what you want cock girl?" Rage queried undoing her belt to reveal a dildo harnessed to her waist and covering her own nether regions. Rage rolled her onto her stomach and into a kneeling position so that her buttocks was thrust backwards. She held the dildo in one hand and pushed it slowly inside her.

"Yes please Rage yes!" She ground herself back onto Rage. She could feel Rage's breasts pressed against her back, Rage's hands covering her breasts, Rage's lips on her throat and neck, Rage's fingers rubbing her just the way she liked it and She could feel Rage pounding inside her, Around her against her like angry waves pounding a golden sandy shoreline. She could barely breathe. Rage lifted her up and round to face her and sat on the sofa.

She clutched her golden haired lover to her breasts and they moved together. She moaned as Rage's white teeth tugged at her hard and distended nipples her smooth pink tongue flicked soothingly over her skin. Their lovemaking was so vigorous they fell over the side of the sofa and onto the floor.

Rage rolled over so that Eden landed on top yet still inside her. They laughed together and Eden kissed Rage deeply pushing her tongue into her mouth and nibbling on her lower lip.

"That was very good. Did you plan that?" Eden finished breathlessly pulling away.

Rage gave her an exaggerated wink and a cocky little grin in reply "Hell no! I'm good but I'm not

that good."

"Give me some more." Eden ordered

"More... You want more?" Rage asked thrusting against her and pulling her tighter into her embrace

"Yes... Yes... Yes!!!" Eden managed to gasp out the last three words. She whimpered and moaned held Rage down with one hand on her throat and rode her like a cowboy at a rodeo.

Rage smacked her plump juicy bottom cheek and Eden retaliated by slapping her Rage's face. Which really turned Rage on even more. Eden a quick study slapped Rage a few more times whenever she thought she was flagging.

Finally Eden got up and turned around to sit on Rage's face. She removed the dildo and its straps very gently from Rage's slim hips and then proceeded to lick her sex. Rage returned the complement and they both shuddered out their release.

"Yoo hoo? Honey Are you alright?"

"oh no! That's my Mom!"

Her parents not knowing what was going on had heard all the shouting and caterwauling had been banging on the door of Eden's flat. Naseera had looked extremely disapproving because the living room looked like they had just had a full blown physical fight. There were scratch marks on one side of Rage's face and an imprint of a hand on the other side of the other side of her face. Eden's hair looked tussled the nearest shirt which she'd slipped on belonged to Rage and was ripped down the front with only a few buttons to preserve her modesty.

"What on earth happened here?"

"It's a long story. Rage you better get going." She had literally pushed Rage out of the door.

"You look all hot and bothered are you okay?" Rage's words broke into her musings.

She blushed "Yes I'm fine what time are you coming over to mine for dinner?"

"We've already been over this"

"Oh alright then you bossy grumpy woman I'll spend the rest of the week at yours and then I will spend the weekend at my parents before I decide where I want to stay."

"Fair enough."

The car pulled outside her offices where she worked and the major domo opened the door for her. Before she stepped out Rage held her elbow.

"I'll come and pick you up about 8, don't leave the building till you see me."

"Oh kay Mummy!!!"

"I mean it." Rage said earnestly

Eden placed a hand on Rage's cheek and dropped a gentle but lingering kiss on her lips.

"See you later." She said lightly and got out of the car.

Rage strode into Fontaine's living room. The man was a drug baron and a multimillionaire. Rage never cheated him, she'd seen what happened to people who did. She paid her protection money turned up regular as clockwork once a month with a pilot case that held nothing more than a bottle of champagne. She'd discovered long ago cash was a hazard so she wired money into his account from her personal computer. The pilot case and the Mafioso style drop was just a show.

"I wish more people in business were like you. But they are always trying to screw me over there's always one."

"I have some important news I gotta tell you Jay."

"Yeah what?"

"My flat was bugged, maybe my club too. I don't know if they heard anything I been keeping the music loud since I found out. Burrows came over asking all sorts of questions.

"Why's that?"

"Martinez bull dog Jane Lee we fought over a girl. The girl died and Burrows wants to pin it on me he thinks he can use me to take you down."

"Why would he think that?"

"He says he got information from the inside. Something Lee said makes me think its one of your boys and not one of mine."

"So you didn't do it?"

"I fuck women Jay I don't kill'em. Nah Lee did it and now she's after my woman"

"Ah the delightful Eden."

Rage froze and Jay laughed "Relax I never had trouble with you before. So you want a contract on Lee?"

"No. I'll deal with Lee in my own way. Its just you been good to me I just came to ask you to be careful."

"You mean I should stay away from your club."

"Yeah."

"Don't worry about her she's a small time crook. I'll sort something out. But I got something for you"

"I want you to make a run for me."

"You know I don't do drugs man. I don't sniff em, smoke em, or deal em"

"Were you always this fucking holier than thou?"

"You got a wife Jay? Kids?"

"Yeah but I don't fucking....okay I get it. You been pussy whipped alright I let it go. But you can fucking drink. Can't you."

"Hell yeah."

"Oh and by the way that annoying little charge Burrows is trying to fix on you, you take the deal and I'll fix it."

"So what's the deal?"

"Why don't you bring your girlfriend over to my yacht next weekend. It leaves from the Marina at the country club at 11:00am. I'm sure she'll fit right in. Oh yeah and make sure you have a hundred thousand dollars handy."

"If you want a donation I can give you that straight away I don't have time for fixed games."

"No this won't be fixed. Besides Jane Lee is coming. It will give you a chance to study her. If you are going to take her out"

Rage drove straight to Eden's office to pick her up. She was right on time. When they got home they ordered a takeout.

"So how was your day?" Eden ran her hands through Rage's short golden mane and handed her a

drink after receiving a satisfyingly long lingering kiss.

"Not bad. I have a favour to ask of you?"

"What's that?"

"I have a business meeting next weekend on a friend's yacht so I won't be around."

"So what's the favour?"

"I would like you to spend the weekend with your parents."

"Sure."

Thursday Lunchtime and the four women were catching up on their daily luncheon ritual and gossip fest. They sat eating salads because they were on a perpetual diet, and drank white wine before they tucked into a sinful chocolate concoction which defeated the whole purpose of the salad.

"You mean Rage did not tell you? Why Mr Fontaine is a big investor in Rage's business and a friend of Rage's. Fontaine's sister was a lesbian who died in tragic circumstances. He's always been a rainbow supporter and every so often he throws a party on the island. He hires like a cruise liner to take everyone to his Island and Sunday night is the White and diamonds ball then Monday is a bank holiday so we all traipse back on the cruise liner. Every dyke on the take will be there lots of romances and oh dear...."

Alison gave Sabrina a killing look "It might not be what you think." Alison was a cuddly redhead who has happily married with three children. She was the PA to the Managing partner Brad who also happened to be her husband. Sabrina on the other hand was an ex-model an ex girlfriend of Rage's and had actually introduced Eden and Rage. If you could call it an introduction. Eden remembered it like it was yesterday.

Someone had directed her to the "Lesbo bar" and she decided to meet Sabrina her friend there. Eden had always had boyfriends nice young clean cut men from well to do families but she'd never been able to make the final transition to make it to bed. She'd even had a serious relationship with a marriage proposal but her fiancée had not been willing to wait and when he'd decided to get caught in a sex act with his secretary well that was the end of that relationship.

Eden took a deep breath and stared into the dark smoky room. Women stood idly by barstools, some were glancing at the dance floor, most stared fixedly at their drinks. A few were engaged in conversations but mostly these were women in groups.

Eden's nose wrinkled as she recognised the different odours that permeated the bar and assaulted her nostrils, cigarette smoke mingled with sweat and stale beer and what her friend Sabrina called the scent of woman.

Eden continued her survey of the bar. It looked like many of the others she had visited over the last week looking for her Sabrina's girlfriend. The requisite pool table, complete with contestants wielding their cues, Dark walls punctuated with small neon signs extolled the virtues of Stout, Jack Daniels and Budweiser

Ashtrays were interspersed with empty beer bottles and partially empty shot glasses littered the bar and surrounding tables. Pop Music bounced out of the throbbing speaker system. The base was so low she could feel it in her stomach. The music bounced off the walls and overwhelmed the sparse crowd with its loud intensity.

It was early days and the room wasn't even half full, but by Midnight the club would be jumping with people dancing getting drunk and fucking. It would be packed, the dance floor teeming with eager celebrants of rhythm alcohol and the seductions of the flesh.

As her eyes continued to absorb the colours and textures around her, her emerald eyes came to rest on the hot young blonde who stood beyond the pool table and its combatants, and suddenly her breath caught in her throat. Short golden blonde hair, deep blue eyes like the sea that you just wanted to drown in, strong, elegant hands played absently with a beer bottle. Eden's knees felt like they were going to buckle.

She could not believe it. Seven nights she had been crawling through bars, with Sabrina looking for some woman who Sabrina claimed was her latest flame, now here she was looking at what was possibly the most gorgeous woman on the planet. Eden quickly turned her head in case the woman noticed her stare and focused all her attention on a spot above her shoulder.

So intent was she on recovering her composure, that she was not aware of the butt end of the pool cue dangling by her ankle until it was until it was far too late.

Suddenly Eden found herself bumping in to another person playing pool behind her and staring upwards into the flushed face a very angry woman and all she could think was oh my God she's huge. Eden swallowed, her mouth suddenly very dry, and stared up at the tallest woman she had ever seen. Unaware of the gathering crowd, so intent was she on the large muscular woman with short-cropped white Mohawk , who was glaring menacingly down at her.

"Clumsy cow," the low, angry words cut through Eden's frozen trance and she inhaled loudly.

"I'm sorry," she smiled sheepishly up at the denim-clad woman, " "My dancing is not much better?"".

A laugh went through the women in their general vicinity who heard her words, increasing the already edgy and tense atmosphere, Morag seemed to relax herself and a half smile broke the tension. Morag pushed the woman unceremoniously away.

"Get the fuck away from me bitch." She pushed off Eden none too gently.

Unfortunately for Eden, she bounced off another careless passer by and knocked the woman's drink onto the floor. Could this get any worse? Morag bellowed like a maddened bull and raised her fist. Eden closed her eyes and waited for the fist to fall.

She didn't know that Rage had been watching the unfolding drama with growing annoyance. Rage, later told her in one of her more expressive moments said that she had been fascinated by the way she moved. She teased her that she had the kind of sexy walk that made you want to look twice. Her hips rolled her bottom jiggled Rage later told her she could have spent the whole night just watching her and that she loved her full figure and large firm rounded breasts.

Morag was in fine form, the grumpy heifer was always on the look out for someone to hit on or hit depending on her mood. As she'd once confessed to Angel, during a drunken arm wrestling competition "Fighting ees beddder dan sex."

Rage moved quickly. She'd had to otherwise she would have been pulverized by Morag's meaty fist. Morag was a veteran of the bar scene, who believed in terrorising everyone else to gain a little respect. Rage had watched the older woman and her crew prey on other newcomers to the bar. She was very good friends with the owner of the bar so she generally got away with it most of the time.

Eden stammered worriedly "I ...I'm sorry "

Morag shoved her into the post again forcing the air out of her lungs and cutting off the rest of her apology. The larger woman leaned in close, rancid alcohol fumes from her breath threatened to overwhelm her as she leaned down close to Eden's ear, so near that their cheeks were almost touching. "This is my fuckin' table, my fuckin' bar and no one fucks wid me an gets a fuckin'way wid it. Ya get me?"

Morag ran her free hand along the side of Eden's top, lingering near the swell of her left breast before continuing downward. The last thing she saw before she closed her eyes was Morag clenching her hands slowly deliberately into a fist and raising it menacingly. Eden closed her eyes and waited to feel the pain from the resulting blow. When none was forthcoming she opened one eye and then another.

The blow still didn't come. The sexy blonde with the mesmerising blue eyes across the bar held Morag's hand in the air in an uncompromising grip. She pushed Morag away and pulled her back behind the safety of her body.

"Leave her alone," the voice which spoke had its own commanding menace. It also held a trace of arrogance and what Eden thought was either boredom or humour or possibly both she wasn't sure. She was just grateful she wasn't contemplating a night in ER and a cosmetic surgeons bill.

Eden's eyes widened as the tanned arm now wrapped itself around her waist and she found herself dragged from danger and held up against the long lithe athletic svelte body. She could feel the heat of the woman next to her, searing the side of her body where the woman had supported her weight to keep her knees from buckling from the apprehension and shock of a possible assault.

"Thank-you" She whispered, she whispered because she seemed to have lost her voice and she

was now being hypnotised by those mesmerising blue eyes again and oh my goodness those lips. Her attention was drawn away from her rescuer with her tormentor's next actions.

In an intimidating show of strength Morag took the cue and broke it across her knee. It snapped like a twig and she tossed it aside and gestured towards Rage.

"You going to fight me for her Rage?" she sneered, "Fair's fair, after all I did see her first."

If only Eden had known that her fate had been sealed from the day she walked into the bar because from that first embrace Rage had become the most jealous, possessive over-protective lover ever imaginable. Now she put her behind her protectively and Morag's comment was like lighting the fuse of a bomb. She wasn't called Rage for nothing. The thought of anyone else so much as laying a finger on her made her utterly inexplicably and unexplainably furious.

"Hell yeah!" Rage retorted

Morag came towards Rage and Eden bravely stepped in between them. She placed her hand on each woman's chest in an effort to pacify them. It seemed to work because they both stood still despite their bristling and snarling. She could feel the rage emanating off Morag in waves, read its answering challenge in her rescuer's eyes and stance.

She swallowed and began to speak "Hey, how..."

A snarl from the bully cut her off. "Shut -up bitch, this is between me and her," She glared at Eden whilst pointing at the woman with the flashing blue eyes.

Eden had found it disconcerting when Rage had told her later that on that day at that time she knew she was ready to fight Morag and the whole world and his wife, for her because she was not just a woman anymore she was HER Woman. It was as though she had met her destiny. She could feel it in her soul, in her heart. She rarely had that feeling and when she did she had never been wrong.

She groaned inwardly. She should have been more careful instead of leering at the sexy blonde woman. The woman Morag was obviously drunk, angry, and embarrassed, and ready to beat up on anyone who got in her way and the beautiful sexy blonde was equally determined to be her punching bag.

"Bring it on Bitch.!" Rage cocked her head to one side and spread her arms wide her hands urging Morag on.

"Couldn't we be more civilised about this?" Eden cleared her throat.

Eden did not stop to wonder why the two bristling women suddenly looked calmer, as did Morag's crew. However stop they did. She did not see the two large menacing women who stood behind her till much later and even then did not realise their presence had diffused a volatile situation. It was Mercy and Angel. Rage's friends. The three of them were rarely seen apart.

Angel stood at over 6'2, Angel was built like a football player. Mercy was 6'0 and Rage at 5'11 was the shortest of them. They were impressive. Imposing awesome and they stared down Morag's friends in case they wished to intervene. Suddenly realising the blonde could kick her butt, and humiliate her crew too Morag decided to take the easy option and listen to Eden.

"Alright then...There", indicating one of the abandoned pool tables.

Morag was an excellent player one of the best but Rage on a whole new level altogether. She rarely played in bars unless she was playing for money, Morag had heard what she thought was the exaggerated stories of Rage's skill with a pool cue. How she could she could clear a table off a break, and send the balls careening off the surrounding rails with deadly precision into their respective pockets.

It later that Mercy had told her that Rage had been notorious for sitting in her alcove snogging some girl or the other or just generally hanging out with her soccer mates. And now Morag had wanted to take her down because of some macho reason that Rage explained to her but which quite frankly made no sense to her at all.

All she knew was that Morag was flexing her muscles and having decided that Eden was not a worthy target she directed her ennui at Rage.

They had taken one look at Eden sussed she was a beginner and therefore a handicap because she did not look like she knew how to play pool, would most probably mess up and then they would win the juvenile game of one upmanship that was all really about Morag's reputation and Rage's street cred.

Eden looked from woman to woman, watching how intently each was focused on the other. It appeared they were no longer going to beat the living daylights out of each other but settle their differences with a game of pool which was a much better result really. However it suddenly dawned on her that she was a prize in a pool game. She was incredulous and unbelieving not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

She watched as a smile tugged at the corner of the blonde woman's full lips and she raised one eyebrow and said, "High ball, low ball, called shots, flukes back to the spot." The blonde haired woman paused, the smile fully breaking across her mouth, "Doubles."

A loud murmur rippled through the gathered audience. Morag's eyes bulged with sheer unadulterated fury.

Rage leaned close into Morag, " Hey, You chose the playing field, I choose the game."

Morag opened her mouth to protest, then a malicious grin twisted her mouth "You think she even knows what to do with a pool cue?" she taunted.

Her crew who formed part of the crowd of women gathered behind them laughed with her. Once particularly evil looking one stuck her tongue between two fingers and wriggled it suggestively at her. They all laughed and another drawled "There's only one stick you probably know what to

do with, and there aren't any of those in here honey".

Eden felt herself she blush and hoped it was too dark to for anyone to see how uncomfortable and embarrassed she was.

"C'mon Jess, rack'em up, I'm gonna teach miss high and mighty a lesson or two eh." Morag grinned again, "And then I'm gonna enjoy getting more acquainted with doll face over here" This last comment brought more sniggers from the watching women, and Eden felt her face flush and even deeper crimson if that was possible.

"I'm Rage",She said calmly. It was difficult to believe she was the same woman who looked ready to beat up anyone. She extended her hand towards her. The hand was warm in hers, and sent tingles up her spine as they touched.

She looked up at the woman and whispered, "Eden."

"Eden these are my sistas Angel and Mercy."

"Wow Angel, Mercy and Rage are you guys like the X-men?"

"Cute! real cute!" Mercy's eyes twinkled

"I like her blood, I like her a lot." Angel winked at Mercy.

Eden was glad to hear that because Angel was tall and big. she had huge meaty fists and looked like a solid big wall of flesh. She was not fat, just stocky and big. Mercy was slim like Rage and taller, her tennis dress left no one in doubt of her muscular physique.

These were two women you just did not want to mess with. For the second time Rage felt herself drowning in sea green eyes, as the girl returned her gaze.

"Can you play?" Rage inquired, the question was for ears alone sending delicious shivers up her spine when her breadth skimmed her ears.

"No," she smiled nervously, the action lit up emerald her eyes, "but I guess I'm about to learn and fast."

Rage answered her smile with one of her own and then turned to Morag. "Give us fifteen minutes, she's not familiar with our...rules." Eden smiled inwardly at the remark,

"You could have all night and you still couldn't teach her to play. Unless off course you have another game in mind. " Morag's crew laughed enjoying the show. Nothing much happened around here on a Wednesday Night and this was probably the best entertainment they were going to have for awhile.

"I've got other things to do - fifteen minutes ought to be plenty to explain the...rules,"

Rage took Eden's hand and guided her to the rack where the bar cues were kept and selected a cue of moderate length, and only slightly warped for her new partner and another for herself. Eden felt the other woman's touch go through her like an electric shock...it startled her unexpectedly and her hand hastily moved away. Rage lifted a questioning eyebrow and she tried to ignore the obvious puzzlement on the other woman's face.

She breathlessly took the proffered cue, her mind swirling with apprehension, excitement and dawning sexual attraction.

Her hand had fairly tingled from Rage's touch, she couldn't seem to stop staring at the tall blonde's indolent pose as she chalked the cue elegantly and explained the rules. She was fascinated by the deliberate sure way the sexy blonde moved. She possessed an economy of motion and a sinuous elegance that reminded her of a large predatory jungle cat.

Eden remembered all the thoughts swirling through her head at the time. She couldn't take her eyes off the lithe blonde with the slim athletic body, and her smouldering violet eyes, her cocky swagger. She didn't just walk, she seemed to bounce on the balls of her feet. However when she stood still she stood in a very confrontational almost military style. Chest thrust out, back ramrod, an arrogant almost regal tilt of the head. But what captured her attention was not her well-toned body under her tight t-shirt but her lips. Her full luscious perfect cupid bow lips. They were not too thick and not too thin they were just perfect and there they were demanding nod begging to be kissed.

She remembered her hands absently moving over the cue stick, her body delighting in the feel of the smooth weight as she held the cue, her mind began to calm a little, focusing instead on the comforting feel of the length of wood in her hands.

Eden was what Sabrina affectionately called a goody two shoes. She didn't go out often she'd spent most of her adult life enamoured of books. Then she'd met Sabrina at one of her parent's house parties and they had hit it off as friends. Sabrina was the reason she was in this bar in the first place. Sabrina was the reason she had been going to girl bars. Sabrina bless her little cotton socks was still nowhere to be found. Sabrina would never believe her, neither would her friends Alison and Luci, A marker in a game I've never played - of all the stupid asinine....

Rage moved over to the table and placed the cue ball behind the line, centred on the rail. She bent over the table and showed Eden how to place her table hand and hold her body.

"Okay now you have a go," and motioned for the smaller woman to take her place at the table.

Eden could sense Rage's presence behind her, causing her hairs to stand on end. She swallowed, hard. It was suddenly very hard work to swallow. Her throat was dry and then when she felt the other woman's hands on her arms and her breasts pressed against her back she nearly jumped. She let the Rage's arms guide her movements and listened to Rage explain the rules as she continued to demonstrate the motion of the cue. She couldn't help it she blushed every time Rage touched her, certain everyone could see how attracted to the blonde she was.

When Rage thought she had the basics she placed the cue back in front of her pupil.

"Hit it just there just above the center, where I've smudged chalk, firmly and quickly, like this."

Rage walked around the table to give her something to aim at and Eden leaned over, her blouse opened a little exposing more of her than she wanted and by the time she looked into smouldering blue of Rage's violet blue eyes she blushed.

As the dawning comprehension that she was being comprehensively devoured by the blonde woman's eyes, she became aware that Rage had noticed that her low cut blouse was now revealing a lot of cleavage as she leaned over the table. She stared and stared and then she licked her lips slowly and looked into Eden's eyes with such hunger that Eden could feel herself blushing furiously scarlet.

Rage took a sip of her beer and then her thoughts were hidden behind that bland supercilious smirk that Eden would come to hate in the beginning of their relationship before she realised it was Rage's face when she wished to hide her feelings.

However at the time she had been more confounded by the fact that she had never had such a powerful sexual attraction to anyone like this before. She wanted to tell them all to get lost and drag her somewhere they could be alone. She closed her eyes in an effort to regain her composure. She really needed to concentrate. Concentration was good.

"Flip for break." Rage took her baseball cap from Mercy and set it backwards on her head. She took a sip from her bottle and folded her arms across her chest.

"Heads or Tails?"

"Call it in the air," replied Morag's second.

Rage looked at Eden, and nodded to her and raised one tawny eyebrow expectantly wordlessly indicating that she expected her to make the call.

"Tails," said Eden breathlessly.

"You break," Rage told her, reaching for the cue. Eden watched the muscles ripple under Rage's tight t-shirt as she chalked up preparing the cue for her shot.

Eden looked up at Rage, and saw a reassuring look in her blue eyes. She took a deep breath and leaning over the table, settled the cue in her hands and sent the cue ball speeding toward the racked balls. The impact scattered them apart, one of them dropped into a pocket. She smiled and looked over to her partner.

"Beginner's Luck." Morag sneered.

Her second shot was not as successful and she didn't pot the ball.

"Not bad." she heard Rage's low reassuring voice.

Morag stepped up to the table, chalked her cue, and leaned down. "Two ball, side pocket, one rail". The ball fell into the designated pocket. "You're highballs," she grunted, potting the five and the four balls.

Rage's face held a bland expression, the same bland nonchalant expression that Eden would come to love and hate. The one she used to hide her feelings and thoughts. Morag lined up on the seven ball and called for it to come back down the table, but it kissed the twelve on the way by, missing the intended pocket by a fraction. Rage finished her beer and hopped down from the table she was sitting on walked around the table thoughtfully. She bent down stood up walked around again adjusted her baseball cap lit a cigarette and then smiled wickedly and started speaking gibberish as far as Eden was concerned. It obviously meant something because everyone else seemed to understand her.

She pointed at the pockets naming which pocket each ball was going into, she listed them one by one. "Fifteen- right side; twelve - bottom left corner; nine - top right;"

Eden watched Rage deftly handle the cue with deftness, efficiency and precision, each ball dropped in succession - fifteen, twelve, nine, - until a hush fell over the crowd --thirteen, and fourteen. Only the eight remained. Rage walked around to the left side of the table and prepared to bank the cue ball.

"Hey Rage, you inhale or exhale before you take a shot." Morag's second yelled and this time the crowd laughed nervously.

Rage ignored her it was meant to destabilise her. An old trick to get her to lose concentration instead of focusing on the task at hand.

"Eight-ball, top left Corner Pocket." She took aim and the cue ball bounced off two cushions before hitting its' target, which dropped into the top left corner pocket. She looked up at Eden and smiled, and this time it was Eden who nearly drowned in an ocean of blue.

Morag swore and glared at Eden, then Rage, shock and disbelief on her face. She watched incredulously as Eden slipped her arm through Morag's, gave her another of those dazzling, Eden smiles, that turned her legs to jelly and asked if she could get her a drink. Morag standing between the two of them looked at both of them and then shrugging "why not" and nodded her consent.

Eden settled Morag with a drink and walked back to Rage reached out and touched the other woman's shoulder, feeling the muscles ripple under the shirt.

"Thank-you for stepping in for me."

Rage looked down at the woman and smiled. "No worries," and then she looked at her consideringly "Don't I get a reward for my mighty labours? " She asked teasingly.

"What would you consider a suitable reward?" Eden whispered. Wondering if the breathless voice coming from her lips really belonged to her? Rage had looked down into her eyes, and lowered her head in a way that made it perfectly obvious that she was going to kiss her. But she didn't. The anticipation was tortuous, they were almost touching, their lips barely inches away,

"A kiss freely given from my fair lady?"

"You'd like a kiss?" Eden asked breathlessly

"Not just any old kiss, I would like for you, to kiss me right here right now." Rage's eyes twinkled roguishly.

Eden took a deep breath closed her eyes and pressed a seemingly chaste kiss on Rage's lips. Soft lips met hers and after a heartbeat she stepped away. Rage looked shell shocked. She would never forget the expression. The roguish twinkle disappeared to be replaced by a raw naked undisguised hunger.

Eden found herself in her favourite place to be. In Rage's arms. She forgot all her good intentions as Rage pulled her closer and kissed her again this time her mouth demanded entry she complied willingly sweetly returning the kiss.

It was like no other kiss Eden had ever experienced before. It was as though an electric current surged between them. She did not even realise when her arms encircled her neck and she buried her hands in Rage's golden locks nor when her blonde lover's hands closed around her waist and drew her deeper into the kiss. Her legs felt like jelly, her blood pounded in her ears and she wanted to pass out from the sheer joy of sexual arousal.

Sabrina's voice however brought her back to earth with a jolt.

"For crying out loud Rage I leave you alone for ten minutes, ten minutes and you are already snogging my friend! I haven't even gotten round to introducing you!"

When they pulled apart she was still clinging to Rage and was virtually plastered all over her body.

Sabrina stood in front of them hands on hips. She'd been in the bathroom, there was a couple in there ahead of her the other toilets were full, she'd missed all the action.

Eden had been mortified at her shameless behaviour. Rage on the other hand decided to come after her and had flirted and smouldered all night and had they not been in a public place she was quite sure she they would have made an embarrassing exhibition of themselves.

Although Sabrina had taken her home she'd warned her off Rage in no uncertain terms.

"Eden, I never get involved in your affairs but if you are going to go out with Rage I think you should get to know her first."

"I'm not going out with her, it was just a kiss."

"Not from where I was standing. I know you and I know Rage. I used to date her for crying out loud. Commitment is not her strong point."

"Look, I'm dating Peter, I am not gay and you don't have anything to worry about." What she didn't tell Sabrina was that Peter had never kissed her the way Rage kissed her and he had certainly never made her feel the way Rage kissed.

Eden shook her head and thought Famous last words. She'd ended up dating Rage for the next four years. She sighed Sabrina was now an extremely wealthy and glamorous model/socialite she was going out with a rich investment banker called Winston Althorp-Sandringham III who was on his third wife. Lucy was a Lawyer in the law firm like Eden and was friends with both Rage and Eden having met them independently.

"Sabrina's disbelievingly drawled rrrrrright" brought her back to present day.

"Remember what happened last time you got jealous?"
Lucy interjected bringing her back to the present conversation

"Yes I ran away and I let that silly Traci girl move in on Rage well its not going to happen this time."

"We girls are going shopping and Cinderella is going to the ball."

"I hear you sister." Sabrina clinked her glass of champagne with Eden's.

"Is there something you would like to tell me Rage?" Eden lay in the middle of the bed in her pink negligee. A glass of cold crisp white wine in one hand a copy of vogue magazine in the other. Her long black wavy hair fell past her shoulders and she lazily turned the pages of the latter. She knew Rage was watching her and that the younger woman's eyes were glued to her cleavage. She could see Rage watching her in the mirror.

Rage was getting dressed to go out to the club. She was wearing a white shirt and black leather trousers. She shrugged her shoulders into her black jacket and threw a tie around her neck carelessly .

"No. why do you ask?" Rage walked over to the bed where Eden had arranged herself very enticingly and kissed her lips lingeringly.

Eden now sat on the edge of the bed her thighs on either side of a now kneeling Rage who took a deep breadth and slid her hands up her thighs pushing the pink silken material upwards. She could smell her perfume heady and sensual.

"No reason." Eden calmly tied Rage's tie into a thick Windsor Knot "Its just that I heard about a

White and Diamonds ball on Mr Fontaine's yacht on the weekend."

"It's business." Rage said very discouragingly.

"Really what kind of business." Eden asked innocently running her hands through Rage's hair. Before lightly grasping the tie around her lover's neck.

"The kind of business that I don't want you involved in." Rage said curtly trying desperately to hold herself together. All she could think about or feel was this burning all consuming desire for the dark haired woman opposite her.

"You are lying." Eden yanked the tie tightening it around Rage's neck till she was red in the face.

"Eden.....You're strangling me." Rage bit out hoarsely

"You are going off to the white and diamonds ball to see your latest whore aren't you who is she?" Eden gave Rage a dirty slap with her free hand.

"Eden....can't....breathe."

Eden relented and let her go. Rage undid the tie and gasped for breadth. Eden's ranting continued and then she noticed the suspicious bulge in Rage's trousers.

"You are packing, If you are not seeing someone else why the hell are you packing?" Eden shrieked the last word out. Then before Rage could say another word she flew at her all raking nails and screaming soft sexy woman. The distinctive sound of her negligee ripping brought Eden to her senses.

Rage's eyes were glazed with pure hot unadulterated lust and raging need and Eden groaned inwardly. Another beautiful Agent Provocateur creation destroyed.

"Rage" She wailed "You didn't have to do that."

"I'll get you another one." Rage promised against her naked breasts and suckled on her nipples.

Utterly naked and utterly out of control Eden gave herself up to pleasure as Rage's tongue worked its unique magic on her centre and she returned the compliment. She wanted Rage to fuck her with it. She felt Rage slide inside her and moaned as she was subjected to a long slow lazy thrust that travelled the length of her vagina. Rage's arms wrapped around her one hand cupping her breast the other rubbing her clit, not too hard yet not so soft as to be annoying just the right pressure. She turned her head for a deeply possessive kiss.

"How come I'm naked and you still haven't taken your clothes off?" Eden asked breathlessly.

"Because I can't think straight around you." Rage groaned

"Or because you like to be in control?"

"I've...Just...about...had.....enough.....from you." Rage slide into her slowly unrelentingly and utterly deliciously. Her palm rubbed her clit and Eden thought her head was going to explode. It was an exquisite feeling being so full, pleasure, power and submission. For whilst Rage was the dominant one now, the one in control, the one calling the shots, she, Eden was the one receiving. Rage was trying to please Her. Eden gasped again as Rage pinched her hardened nipples she couldn't do very much but wrap her arms around Rage's neck, bite her lip and just enjoy it all.

Therein lay the essence of their whole sexual dynamic. All her life Eden had been taught that sex was bad only naughty girls had sex or initiated sex. So whenever the decision was taken out of her hands which Rage did often she could simply surrender and enjoy it.

She also loved seducing Rage when she took a more passive aggressive role. She played up to Rage's domineering ways because it suited her to do so like now. Eden knew she was going to get her way. She was going to get fucked, She was going to go to the ball and Rage was not going to work tonight. Oh yes she was going to get her way. Her orgasm was so powerful she thought she was seeing stars right after she came and then she fainted.

Eden stretched on the bed like the cat who got the proverbial cream and purred. Beside her Rage was lying on her side watching her thoughtfully.

"I don't want you to go to the white and diamonds ball because Jane Lee will be there and I don't want to expose you to any danger."

Eden slid her hand down Rage's belly her eyes went to the rubber phallus still between her legs.

"And that?"

"Well we are doing a drag king night and everybody is supposed to get in the spirit of the things and....." Her voice trailed off as Eden raised one perfectly curved disbelieving eye brow.

"That is the lamest excuse I have heard from you ever. You were going on the pull tonight. You were looking for someone, a new girlfriend perhaps but definitely on a mission to get laid."

"Eden!" Rage followed her as she got up and slipped on Rage's shirt. "Where are you going?"

"To get something to eat." She answered going into the kitchen. Rage grabbed her black vest and followed her into the kitchen. Eden set about making a club sandwich for them both.

"Look honey, I know what it sounds like."

Eden washed her hands and started taking food out of the fridge.

"Do you? You have no idea but I will make you never fear." She cut the bread and then chicken, bacon, she sliced the eggs, tomatoes lettuce mayonnaise and cheese.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" Rage roared angry and a little apprehensive.

"Exactly what it means." Eden said calmly pointing to the fridge "Pour me a glass of white wine please." Rage poured her a glass and opened up a beer for herself. Eden smiled sarcastically and took a sip. She went back to preparing the sandwich with gusto.

"Look I know what you are thinking and that is not the case I have a perfectly innocent reason for...."

Eden jammed one half of the sandwich she'd made for her into Rage's mouth mid-sentence.
"Save it."

She picked up her own plate and took her meal over to the sofa in the living room with her glass of wine and sat on the sofa. She was watching an old rerun of sex in the city. Which finished and they showed the beginning of a basketball game. Rage came to join her.

"I suppose you would like to watch the basketball game." She asked ungraciously.

Rage smiled amused "I've no doubt that if I said yes you'd change the channel."

"Fine watch the game. This is just a bunch of overgrown men running after an overgrown pumpkin What's the point?"

"I have no idea. Not being a basketball fan I prefer soccer and tennis the latter for obvious reasons." She grinned at Eden and winked.

"I am acting like a spoilt brat aren't I."

"Well yeah but I didn't want to say it. I don't know why, you're usually more mellow after sex."

She threw her pillow playfully at her. "I want to go to the white and diamonds ball." Eden said forcefully.

"I've told you I will take you and we can go shopping tomorrow okay."

"I'm going shopping with the girls."

"Okay so you don't need me then." Rage said relief evident in her voice.

"That's the problem I always need you." She smiled winsomely and held out her arms. Rage went to her and kissed her and after a more sedate and tender lovemaking session they were lying like spoons all cuddled up on the long sofa.

"You look extremely moreish in my shirt. Very moreish" Rage drawled.

She did look fantastic. Rage's shirt barely came up to her knees and since she was a lot bustier

than Rage her breasts strained against the cotton shirt. Rage dragged her eyes away and changed the channel with the remote control. "Ah" she said "Hammer the head hunter. Nothing like a good horror movie at night"

"Aren't you going to go to the club tonight?"

"Fuck the club. I've got better things to do"

"Like?"

"Making love to you for starters." Rage started undoing the buttons on her shirt gave up and ripped off the buttons so she could fondle her breasts.

"Rage!" She groaned wrapping her arms around Rage's neck "Must you be so impatient."

"When it comes to waiting to make love to you yes."

Sabrina's partner the banker was out of town, so she decided to attend the ball as she had not been for awhile. Alison was going to spend the weekend with her family in the mountains. They went every year. Lucy's date had a change of heart and Lucy came on her own so it was a party of four that made their way to the marina in Rage's silver Mercedes. When they went to pick up Sabrina she had six suit cases.

"Sabrina!" Shrieked Lucy horrified "We are only going for 3 days."

"Look why don't you take half of what you originally planned to take?"

"How do you take half a hair dryer?" Sabrina asked innocently

Eden laughed but gently and diplomatically took Sabrina upstairs and when she returned had managed to help her pack most of her things into a single suitcase. The drive was really entertaining and fun. Lucy was quite an uptight kind of gal. Whereas Sabrina was quite easy going and extremely vain.

When they arrived at the Marina they got on the cruise liner almost immediately. They were welcomed with a glass of ice cold champagne. Everyone was in their summer gear. They even met two of Rage's football friends. Angel and Mercy. Rage was glad to have the conversation off the topic of fashion and indulge in a discussion between who was going to win the Champions League in Europe Mighty Milan or Beautiful Barcelona. The conversation was good natured if a little heated and then it turned on badly behaved ex-girlfriends. Rage kept quiet whilst everyone even Eden contributed to the conversation.

"You are strangely quiet my love." Eden caressed Rage's cheek with the back of her fingers.

"That is because apart from you Eden, Rage has never had a relationship with a woman in her life."

"But I thought Traci was.."

"One of many." Angel said dismissively

"I thought you said you dated Rage" Eden inquired of Sabrina

"Yeah me and four other girls. We'd all pile into her car like lambs to the slaughter and we never knew which one of us she was going to take home until you found you were the last to be dropped off."

"Rage!!!" Said Eden appalled

"You allowed her to treat you like that?" Asked Lucy

"Off course Rage is vera vera good in bed just ask Eden." Sabrina teased. Rage blushed and Eden stood up on tiptoe to plant a kiss on Rage's chin. Then she smiled wickedly "You are vera vera good."

"How touching." Jane Lee walked in with her girlfriend. Jane was wearing a double breasted blazer and a cravat with a blue shirt that was so eighties it was fashionable again. Her girlfriend wore a dress that left very little to the imagination. She gave Rage a frankly assessing look. Eden saw it and felt her hackles rise.

"Ah the delightful Sabrina we meet again." Jane licked the back of Sabrina's hand and that unfortunate young lady wiped it on the back of Lucy's jacket.

"Eden stunning as ever." She held out a hand to take Eden's and Rage's voice was like cold steel.

"Don't touch her." Rage hissed placing Eden protectively behind her.

Unusually for Eden she did not comment. She'd seen something evil and nasty in Jane Lee's eyes. Apart from anything else she did not want to be licked. Yeugh!

"Allo Rage." Jane Lee's girlfriend said breathlessly to Rage in her French accent.

"Ami,"

"You know each other."

Angel grinned "Apart from Eden, here we all know Amie if you know wharra I mean."

"I happen to know for a fact Ami, is she cleared her throat was, a virgin and your slanderous lies will get you nowhere. Come my dear."

"Is she crazy or something?" Lucy asked no one in particular

Sabrina shuddered "What a Creep!!!"

"What was all that about." Eden asked curiously

"I would rather not say." Rage watched the couple go till they were safely out of sight.

"You are a being over-protective and Eden's almost ten years older than you." Sabrina led them to a table and sat down. "Mine's a vodka martini."

They all ordered and Sabrina removed her sandals and continued speaking and ignoring Rage's scowls. Sabrina continued "Amy is half Arabic half French. Her Parents are very old fashioned whenever she comes on holiday she shags as many people as possible before she goes back she gets a hymen operation and does not shag anyone in Saudi. She's probably shagged Jane and spun her the whole line about her being the first."

"How do you know all this?" Rage asked.

"I'm a femme darling its my business to know such things. There are some things you just don't tell someone you're just shagging especially if she is your butch girlfriend ."

"I don't think you should pigeon hole yourself into femme and butch you should just be yourself." Lucy interjected

"Oh there speaks miss politically correct but here it is I am a femme the most femme of femmes. I love butch women, I love macho men. I love them. They are sure of themselves and they don't mess about. They just take you instead of asking stupid questions. Is that good for you? What ever you want to do honey? Just get on with it I say."

"Hmm I know exactly what you mean." Eden winked at Rage and shifted to give up her seat to sit on Rage's lap to make room for Angel as there were not enough seats.

"What do you think about a Stone butch girlfriend?" Angel sat down and placed two meaty black fists on the table. She was a tall woman. Taller than Rage who stood at about 5'11 and Mercy who was over 6ft tall. Where Mercy and Rage were quite lean Angel was very muscular.

"What about them?" Eden asked quizzically

"Are you a stone butch?" Sabrina breathed at Angel

"Bona fide." replied Angel

"Are you packing?" Sabrina asked breathlessly leaning forward

"Are you asking?" Angel moved further across the table towards Sabrina.

"I'm asking?" Sabrina moved closer till Angel and Sabrina were almost nose to nose

"Then I'm packing?"

"Let's ride." Sabrina grabbed her bag and Angel and off they went.

"What was that all about?" Eden turned to Rage

"Trust me you don't want to know." Mercy sat down.

"Was that...Did they just did Sabrina just Pull isn't she supposed to be seeing somebody?" Lucy asked horrified

"Lighten up lil bo-peep or you'll never get laid." Mercy laughed

They carried on speaking for a while then one by one they melted away to their rooms to get ready for the evening's social activities.

In their cabin as they got ready for dinner Rage watched Eden getting dressed. She loved the way she put on her underwear and then her make-up and jewellery. Usually she would sit in front of the mirror and do her hair finally she would slip on her dress and heels before picking up her hand bag on the way out.

"You look stunning." Rage muttered under her breath. Eden had her hair swept up and was wearing a long glittering blue sparkling dress which clung to every inch of her body. Rage was watching her with unconcealed desire glittering in her blue eyes.

"I've half a mind to lock you in here for the rest of the trip and have my wicked way with you." Rage rested her hands lightly on Eden's hips. "Help me with this?" She turned and motioned for Eden to help with her bow tie.

Eden smiled but said nothing instead she started tying Rage's bow tie. "Aren't you afraid I'll strangle you again?" Eden teased

Rage winked "No you want to fuck me too much."

She laughed "Arrogant twit!"

Dinner was served In a large hall on the boat Each course was brought to the table and there was a cabaret. It was like a cirque du soleil meets le son et lumieres. Lots of scantily clad bodies, naked musicians, motorcycles, horses, pole dancers, cage dancers, fire eaters and firewalkers, jugglers, There was even a naked women dangling from the chandeliers pulling love beads out of

her vagina. There were lots of performers in Top hats and tail coats with veils and people walking around dressed like birds with feather pins in their backs.

Eden met some friends whom she was chatting with and Rage went off to meet with Jay. There were seven other people in the room one of whom was Jane Lee. Jay Fontaine motioned for silence, and began his speech. An elegant man he spoke with a French Canadian accent. "You are all probably wondering why I summoned you all here. Well I have decided to retire from the crime business. I am going to give all the businesses to whoever wins at each table. You can play for different parts of my business at each table so who ever cleans out at Polka for example will get the nightclubs."

Rage perked up She could own her club outright without any mafia interference.

"Whoever wins the bacarat table wins the drugs, the unions, the prostitution, extortion rackets etc." Rage realised she'd need to win the extortion rackets as well otherwise if Jane or some other psycho won it she'd be in deep shit otherwise they would still own a share in her club.

They got down to do some steady gambling and Rage presented her card and her stake was swiped via card from her account. It had exactly 100,000 in the account and was one she had opened specifically for that purpose. She had no doubt that someone somewhere would use the details to clean out the account.

She had no problem winning the nightclubs. They were a legitimate business and like most legitimate business required a lot of hard work to make them profitable which most mob bosses were not interested in. Why sweat out your blood to make a million dollars when you could make a hundred million on one drugs deal.

However the one everyone was interested in was the extortion racket. Whoever controlled that controlled the empire. Because everyone would have to pay protection money to that person. They were gambling for high stakes. Ten million was bet on the roll of a dice or the turn of a card. It was all rather exhilarating. Rage stuck to cards. Dice were not her game.

"Rage." She heard a feminine voice over her right shoulder. She recognised it and turned towards it.

Eden bent down to give Rage a quick kiss on her forehead. "I'm ready for bed."

"I'm coming with you."

Rage threw in her hand and left the table for Jane Lee. She'd made a fair amount of money and if she carried on playing she would probably just lose her money and not win the extortion business. She was not a gambler and there were sharks on the tables, sharks who hated to lose so whatever she won she figured one of the sharks would get back one cold lonely night whilst she was walking home alone. She would rather find out who won in the morning. Right now she wanted to take Eden for a romantic moonlight walk across the promenade and share a kiss beneath the moonlit sky.

They walked out onto the deck. It was indeed a beautiful moonlit night and there was an electric string quartet playing techno dance version of Vivaldi's four seasons. There were couples actually dancing. Angel and Sabrina were one of the couples and they were really going for it.

"Come on you two!" Someone called out from the dance floor

"This is so surreal" Rage grimaced as she was dragged onto the dance floor with Eden. However they had a great time dancing the night away under the stars.

Eventually everyone peeled away leaving a few diehard couples on the deck slow dancing. The sun was just about to come up and it was a bit chilly. They went to a quiet corner on the deck of the ship. Rage wrapped Eden up in her jacket and they cuddled up together in a giant chair with two glasses of champagne which they sipped in between kissing and giggling like two naughty little kids playing truant from school. They lay on the long roman style couch on the deck beneath the stars. Eden slipped her hand inside Rage's trousers and was pleasantly surprised to find she was not wearing anything else not even a strap on. Her fingers encountered soft wet willing woman. Rage thrust her hips forward against Eden's questing fingers and moaned as she rubbed her with small slender fingers.

"Oh yeah honey, that's good.....real good." Rage whispered. Eden loved watching her lover in the throes of passion. Her blue eyes black with desire, her arms held her tightly, her body straining against hers. She liked the feeling of power she had over her young blond lover, she gloried in making her beg for more, teasing her, pleasuring her and more importantly loving her. She felt Rage's shuddering climax, unlike in the privacy of their room when she allowed herself to be swept away, now she was more restrained. In fact the only outward evidence appeared to be that Rage appeared to blink slowly and exhaled a long drawn out breadth but there were other clues there if you cared to look. The muscle in her jaw which ticked madly, her ragged breathing and her shuddering body. Eden let her settle down for a moment before kissing her deeply thrusting her tongue into her mouth. She cupped her head in one hand and then buried her fingers in Rage's thick luxuriant golden hair, caressing her jaw, fascinated by the muscle which was still ticking but not as madly.

"I've always found it adorable that when you get excited, you get this tick in your jaw." Eden whispered.

"Really? I didn't even know I did that." Rage gently eased the straps of Eden's dress off her shoulders. Her hands reached behind her to unzip the dress and she was extremely frustrated and a little bit annoyed to find Eden was wearing a lacy bustier bra thing that prevented her from reaching her goal.

"Why do you insist on wearing so many clothes?" She groaned against Eden's throat. Her hands cupped her breasts looking for a way to dispose of the frilly complicated undergarment she wore.

"Don't you dare! Rage Fenton." Eden stilled her roaming hands.

Well aware of what would happen next if she allowed Rage to have her way. Although Rage had the annoying habit of ripping off her underwear she did always replace it almost immediately. However this particular piece was a one off and irreplaceable and there was no way she was going to let her impatient lover have her way. Rage lifted her dress upwards and was relieved to find the catch for the baby dolls she wore. She sat between Eden's legs and pulled her further down the lounge so she could eat her. Eden moaned as Rage's hot tongue licked her sex and then thrust into her cunt again and again. Her tongue circled her labia and clitoris and pussy lips. Her skin was soft and tender and she felt every touch of Rage's sweeping voracious tongue. She moved her hips thrusting upwards and ground Rage's head against her centre. As she, whimpered and moaned and eventually screamed out release, her body shook violently as wave after wave of pleasure started in her centre and rippled across her body like a great big tsunami tidal wave.

As they watched the moon and stars across the ocean, the clear starry night shining brilliant on the water and slightly replete from their love making, Rage's jacket and taste and scent around her the two lovers, lay in the lazy afterglow of lovemaking.

"It's Absolutely beautiful." Eden sighed in Rage's arms and felt a gentle kiss from Rage on her forehead. "I almost wish this day would never end."

"Hmm I know what you mean." Rage replied however tomorrow we get to sleep in all day and order room service and make love and order more room service. I wish this whole weekend would not end."

Which is what they did. At least all morning. In the afternoon they went to explore the island. There were quad bikes, scuba diving, clay pigeon shooting and a tennis court a basket ball court and surprisingly a badminton court. Inside there was an indoor cinema/theatre a library a games room. It was a huge estate and everywhere there was always someone standing on hand at the pleasure of the guests.

"I am going to do what I do best, laze about on the beach. Whose coming with me" Sabrina asked no one in particular. Rage could not think of anything more boring than lying out in the sun all day and reading a book. She was a very active person and she kept quiet hoping that someone else would be interested in joining Sabrina.

"I thought shopping was what you do best." Rage teased her.

"That's different that's my job" Sabrina drawled.

"I would love to join you." Eden knew that there was no way Rage was going to spend a whole day lazing about. Not unless someone physically pinned her down anyway. "I have got Paris Vogue and English Tattler what have you got?"

"American Cosmopolitan." Sabrina grinned. The two friends sauntered off arm in arm.

"What about you Lucy any plans?"

Lucy blushed at Mercy's gentle inquiry actually I've got plans. I met someone last night and we

are thinking of going ten pin bowling on the other side of the island. You're welcome to join us if you want." Rage shook her hand as did Mercy and Lucy left. She giggled like a little school girl and scuttled off.

"Looks like it's the musketeers again."

"I got badminton racquets and a shuttlecock."

Rage laughed "I haven't played badminton since I was in school."

"You mean you were bent even then?" Mercy grinned

"Get your ass on the court and let me whoop it." Rage jumped up as she said the last two words.

"They don't call me Merciless for nothing, the only person who's gonna be whooping around here is you when I finished with you you'll be whooping like Michael Jackson. whoo whoo whoo." Mercy sang her last three words in a falsetto.

"You ain't singing you cryin cos you know you're beat already I am gonna whoop both you mother's knickers...."

Mercy and Rage looked at each other and looked at the stocky definitely out of shape Angel "Bring it on!" " They chorused.

"I will but first I'm gonna get me a couple of them juicy looking hamburgers and some fried chicken and ribs oh yeah and a bottle of Hennessy couple of cokes be right back." Angel turned around and left.

They went over to the badminton court and stripped to tight shorts and vests. Badminton is an explosive game which requires athletic ability and dexterity to reach the fast flying shuttlecock but it also requires a deft touch and sometimes a flick of the wrist is more effective than a powerful overhead smash. It also necessitated a high level of fitness which Mercy and Rage possessed in abundance. They were tied at one game a piece and the way they played was extremely entertaining to watch. A little crowd had actually gathered around to cheer them on which had resulted in the carnival atmosphere. Mercy eventually won the game. Rage a gracious loser shook hands with her and as they sat down wiping themselves down with their respective towels and drinking beers, Angel got up and burped.

"I am ready for you now Mercy."

"Angel sit your punk ass down you done ate two tournados royale which are not hamburgers they are a very rich gourmet hamburgers made with amongst other things goose liver pate, you've drank half a bottle of whiskey." Mercy interjected.

Angel shrugged "Hey I added coke."

"I haven't fucking finished, You had fries, a whole fried chicken and enough ribs to reconstitute a baby goat did I leave anything out?" Mercy stood up now arms widespread pointing to the little feast on the ground.

"Apple Pie, You left out the apple pie." Rage said helpfully.

"You are so not helping." Mercy glared at Rage

"Don't be silly of course Angel is not going to play you. She's just winding you up. I played badminton with Angel in school she does not know which end up you hold a badminton racquet." Rage laughed

"What you saying Rage? Get your blonde tush off the court I am gonna give you a lesson Mercy."

"Told you she wasn't kidding." Mercy shook her head in disgust.

Rage laughed knowing full well Angel was grinning from ear to ear she loved to wind Mercy up.
"Come on blood, Serve!"

"No you serve you might not get another chance." Mercy threw the shuttlecock over the net to Angel.

Angel threw the shuttlecock back "I ain't a servant I aint serving."

"You're not supposed to hold the end with the strings." Rage pointed out to Angel.

Angel waived her racquet at Rage and then at Mercy "Fuck You blondie, come on cous serve the godda'en ball."

"Its not a ball " Rage said laughing so hard she was holding her side from laughing so much.

Mercy served a delicate little chip that barely crossed over the net and landed just perfectly inside the service box."

"What was that?" Angel asked

"That was a serve you dumb fuck!" Mercy shouted back

"Well it was out!" Angel said confidently

Mercy threw her hands up in the air "Aw come on that was in."

Angel stood defiantly with her hands on her hips "Well I say it was out"

"Rage!" Mercy wailed "Tell her it was out."

"How Rage gonna see whether it was out or not I'm closer than she is. She all the way over there," (Rage was actually less than a foot away off the court)

"Fine then I will take my second service."

Mercy served again the shuttlecock flew past Angel's head. Angel carried on standing waiting for Mercy to serve. Rage was laughing so hard it hurt.

"What you walking over there for?"

"Because I just served and you didn't hit it back."

"You served?" Angel stared disbelievingly at Mercy "When?"

"Just now."

"Take it again I weren't ready."

"What!" Mercy shrieked in anger

Angel stood with her hands on her hip defiantly "I said I wasn't ready." She took her position and waved her racquet at Mercy like a wand. "Take it again."

Mercy served again and by sheer luck, and it was sheer luck because Angel closed her eyes and took a wild swing at the shuttlecock. She managed to return Mercy's service. Everyone was so startled including Mercy she started running late to retrieve the shuttlecock she slipped on the grass and landed flat on her backside.

"My ankle" Mercy groaned "I think I twisted it."

Angel unrepentant helped her friend up "See I told you exercise was a bad idea. All that running around you been doing, you done gone fucked up your damn self. Now you broke your godd aen leg."

"I didn't break my leg I twisted my ankle." Mercy bit out as Rage and Angel helped her to the bench.

"Well you beat Rage, I beat you I guess I is the diva."

"I guess you are blood." Rage smiled ruefully.

"Well then, that was hard work I'm gonna get me some fried chicken and beer anyone interested? No? more for me then." with those parting words she went back to the house.

"She's right you know. You didn't have to run for that shot it was going out."

Rage laughed and imitated Angel's soft Southern drawl "You done gone fucked up your daaaaaceemmn self." Rage laughed and Mercy groaned but eventually joined in laughing with her as she saw the funny side.

"What's so funny?" Jane Lee stood in front of them.

"You bitch." Rage's eyes widened confrontationally and she would have got up had Mercy not promptly laid her injured leg across Rage in a feeble attempt stop her from confronting Jane. It seemed Ami was also aware of Jane's prickly confrontational attitude for she tried to distract Jane unsuccessfully.

Jay was watching them from the sidelines Angel and Mercy had given him a nod of acknowledgement when they started playing. "How about a game between you two, I will make it attractive. Rage you won the Nightclub franchise , Jane you won the Motel Franchise," (motel which was just a fancy name for brothel)

"what if I said whoever won would not have to pay any money to Vigo."

Rage figured out Vigo must have been the lucky shark who got the extortion racket. Vigo would not hold that franchise for long he did not have the clout nor the manpower, she did not even think he would survive a week after he left the island. It would appear his win was more a death sentence not unless he sold it to someone more ruthless and powerful. Why buy what you could take, a gang war was more likely to be played out if Fontaine was not careful. The police might even negotiate to ask him back to keep the peace on the streets.

"Yes, Jay was saying I would make sure you left the island with all the necessary papers."

Jane smiled baring all her teeth like a lion stalking its prey. "I beat you up in your club, I beat you up in the gym, I beat you on the gambling tables and I'll beat you here."

"I didn't know you were counting." Rage drawled lazily unconcerned.

They took their sides across the badminton net and started playing. Mercy watched with bated breath.

"Perhaps this will resolve some of their issues." Jay muttered under his breath

Mercy shook her head "Those two wanna kill each other so bad the only way they are gonna sort it out is if one of them leaves this island in a body bag."

"It's all so intense I get tired of all of this."

Amie sat next to Mercy "Why don't we go find somewhere quiet and get reacquainted."

"Later babe I will hold you to that." Mercy winked

On the badminton court it soon became obvious that Jane Lee was an extremely good player. She

had powerful shoulders was incredibly fit and played powerful shots. She smashed from the back of the court, she smashed from the front from everywhere. Every shot she hit was a hard shot and she hit it hard and fast.

Rage was also just as athletic, she matched her smash for smash and for the first ten minutes neither of them was able to score a point. Rage then seemed to take the game to a whole new level. Where Jane was all power and motion Rage was all elegance and intelligence. She wielded her badminton racquet like a samurai warrior slow deft movements. She had quick reflexes. The first point she scored was so fast Jane didn't even see it. It soon became obvious to everyone watching that the game Rage had played with Mercy, Rage had allowed her friend to win because some of the shots she played and she then consistently looked almost impossible. Whenever it looked like the shuttlecock would hit the ground she somehow managed to reach. When she started contemptuously returning Jane's hardest forehand smashes with her own backhand smashes and varied with deft little touches at inopportune times. Rage won the game and Jane did not win a single point. It was a pointed thrashing and a master class in badminton.

"Bloody hell blood, you blew her away. I didn't know you were that good." Mercy breathed "How come you didn't play me like that?"

"I was playing You with my left hand. I am not very good with my left hand." Rage shrugged.

Chapter 5

On the beach Sabrina and Eden were lying in the sun. They were joined by a group of Sabrina's friends. When they decide they had enough of the sun they moved indoors and after a shower they sat around on the patio with their summer dresses and sun hats sipping cocktails.

Eden met Sabrina's cousin Rocco Alfredo. He was a blonde Adonis and oh he knew it. He lay on the sun lounger in a variety of different poses. His body was tanned and toned and he got a lot of attention both from men and women. The women were less obvious but the men were so aggressive and predatory. She'd already worked out that Rocco was known as a bisexual and that was why the men felt able to approach him so confidently because she was quite sure his reaction would have been very different had he been a straight heterosexual. As it was he managed all their advances very diplomatically. She soon found out why. Rocco was going out with a little mousy haired non-descript woman. She was not stunningly beautiful just really nice and sweet. It was obvious she worshipped the ground he walked on because she was literally at his beck and call. Her name was Kate and she was a librarian in the local library. Rocco was a model and was currently working on a his first major breakthrough in a film.

He was obviously very much in love with her. He defended her from any catty remarks and made his displeasure clear. He was very protective and they seemed to fit very well. The other two friends were Jason, he was huge. He was also in the entertainment business as an actor. He worked out and had huge muscles like he took steroids. When he spoke she expected a deep voice to come out from his thickly corded neck. Instead a gentle high falsetto issued forth. When he'd first spoken Eden had to resist the very strong urge to burst out laughing. He was actually a very nice man. He looked like a boxer, someone who had been in a lot of fights and he was a

very well read actor. They were in conversation for many hours as they discovered they read the same books. The last two members of their group were female. Bianca and Cassandra. Both trust fund babies in their mid-twenties and both very beautiful. They were friends of Sabrina's from the model circuit. They were also very mature for their age and down to earth.

"So You're the one going out with Rage, can you get us into "the Phoenix Chamber"? Bianca asked excitedly

"Why would you want to go there its full of lots of lesbians over twenty-five." Eden asked perplexedly

"Sometimes my friend you can be a little slow." Sabrina drawled

Cassandra sighed dreamily "Older women are so much sexier."

"It does not work like that in Homo world. When you're young you're sexy when you get old no one wants to fuck you." Jason sighed "it's so unfair."

"Yeah but it works like that in het-world." Kate spoke hesitantly "When you get to a certain age men start looking around for someone younger more exciting."

"You'll always be exciting to me Cara." Rocco spoke in his heavily accented Italian Accent. She Smiled but it didn't quite reach her eyes.

"oh oh." Sabrina whispered to Eden "Trouble in paradise."

"oh Look here come the troops." Sabrina said in a louder voice.

Mercy was walking awkwardly her ankle was all strapped up and Ami, Jane Lee's girlfriend was acting as her personal leaning post. Rage had stripped down to just a pair of shorts and a tight t-shirt. They had obviously been taking part in some sort of physical exertion. However it was also so hot just walking in the sun could be classed as physical exertion. She looked totally hot and sexy and Eden just wanted to get her alone somewhere and do wicked things to that long lithe body.

"Greetings all." Mercy sat down and sighed.

"Can I get you something to drink m'am?" one of the waiters asked.

"I'll have a beer, has anyone seen Angel?" Sabrina asked hopefully

"She told me to tell you she's at the barbeque why?" Eden moved over so Rage and the others could be accommodated around the table.

"When did you see her?"

"When you went to the bathroom."

"Thanks I'll see you all later" Sabrina grabbed her bags and dashed off towards the barbeque.

"Speaking of barbeque all that exercise made me famished I'm off to have a shower I'll catch up with you all later." Rage got up and made her way off to the main house where they had all been given rooms.

"I feel dirty and sticky I think I need a shower too." Eden murmured to no one in particular and followed Rage to their rooms.

After their shower it was late in the afternoon when they returned to join the others. They were spending the night on the Island. There was a real party atmosphere and everyone was casually dressed as opposed to the way they were dressed on Friday Night. They were staying at the Mansion which covered almost 8 hectares. Sabrina and Angel had actually driven around on dirt bikes in the afternoon.

There was a steel band and a full orchestra. Some people were dancing, some were playing boules and some croquet. It was a really easy going atmosphere and of course with the food and alcohol flowing like a river there was plenty of Jollies for everyone.

"Can't you two stop playing sucky face long enough to concentrate on the conversation." Mercy scowled at Sabrina and Angel.

"Hey don't be hatin' on me? You're the one who let your wife to fly to Brazil to make the Benjamins instead of hanging out here with your sorry ass." Said Angel unrepentantly.

"Oh I'm outta here!" Mercy got up and left.

"Don't you think you were being a little hard on her." Rage asked Angel quietly. No one else heard the question except Eden the others were too busy talking about Cassandra and Bianca's planned trip to "the Phoenix Chamber"

"Maybe but she's been in a blue funk all weekend."

"And winding her up is gonna get her to talk about what's bothering her."

Angel shrugged "It's always worked before."

Eden stated the obvious "Why don't you just ask?" Rage and Angel looked at her as though she were crazy.

"Mercy is a very reserved person. She feels it is a sign of weakness to share a problem." Rage agreed with Angel.

"Yes but have you ever thought of just asking?"

"Nope!" The other two chorused firmly.

"Hey Rage can we go to the Phoenix Room?" Cassandra asked boldly

Rage laughed "Anytime baby just not on grab a granny night."

"But that's the best night." Cassandra pouted.

"Grab a granny night!" Eden threw her head back and laughed "You don't have a night called grab a granny night do you?"

"Well yeah its for over thirties actually. Most people who come have just come out of a long term relationship and feel a little intimidated going to a club where there are lots of younger women or they looking for the more mature woman or they are just looking for a long term relationship." Rage said seriously.

"When aren't Lesbians looking for a long term relationship." Angel laughed

"Yeah don't you just hate it when a shag turns into a relationship." Bianca wrinkled her nose.

"Shag on Saturday, Move in on Sunday, engaged on Monday, registry wedding on Tuesday, baby plans on Wednesday, Fighting on Thursday, Break up on Friday...story of my life" Cassandra finished saying the last words emphatically.

"Well at least you get a week. Jason was saying mine's been meet on Saturday fucked off on Saturday didn't even spend the night."

"Oh Jason." Kate kissed him on his forehead. "You're a sweet man. I am sure you'll find someone."

They were sat talking till late into the night. Eventually they went to bed late. Everyone also woke up late and spent most of the morning in bed. Jane Lee left. Jay had had enough of her trouble making. She had managed to insult one of the guests and jay had kicked her off the island. Consequently Rage was more relaxed and spent the rest of the day doing what she primarily came to the island to do. Network. She needed financiers if she was to develop the business further and she also needed to have the right connections and know what was going on so that her businesses were not targeted.

The summer ball was amazing and extremely formal. Unlike Friday night when a lot of the ladies were wearing short cocktail dresses the white and diamonds ball was very formal with all the ladies wearing long evening gowns and lots of diamonds. Well sparkly stuff anyway. The Men and other ladies who were not wearing evening gowns were all in white tuxedos and cummerbunds of different shades and colours.

Rage had rented a diamond choker, earrings and bracelets to go with Eden's dress.

"This must be really expensive." Eden gasped

"Only a million dollars."

Eden gasped "Thank-You!"

Eden turned around so Rage could put the necklace on and help her with the rest of the jewellery. They stood together admiring their themselves in the mirror.

"You look fantastic." Eden smiled.

"Thank you old gal you don't look too bad yourself." Rage parodied an English accent.

Eden looked beautiful and her dress was not only elegant it was also very risqué. It was a backless dress with a plunging neckline at the front and a diamante beaded bodice. Very thin plastic see through straps which was only visible to the naked eye when you stood next to her, held the dress up. It fell in straight classic lines hugging her hips and fell down to cover her ankles. Diamond studded Manolo's completed the entire ensemble.

They left their rooms and went to the dining room or rather banquet hall. They had a 7 course meal which was followed by speeches of farewell and wishing Jay Fontaine good luck. It was like a proper retirement party except it was for the mafia for all intents and purposes.

Eden looked over at Rage she was talking to Rocco Alfredo. She had taken off her white tuxedo jacket. She was wearing a burgundy tie and cummerbund. Most of the people were of American descent so they were wearing long ties rather than bow ties which seemed to lose its formality when translated to a tuxedo. Rocco and Rage wore their bow ties in the European style and stood out for doing so. Rocco had a classic white shirt which he wore with thick braces whereas Rage was wearing a more modern shirt. It was actually Italian in design she'd seen it in London Vogue. The front was white in the classic style but the back was coloured and patterned with burgundy and green colours and which were the same colour as the lining of their tuxedos. Both wore black trousers where everyone else wore white trousers and they stood out in a crowd of peacocks like two Olympian demi-gods.

Whilst the band played some of the older styles like the foxtrot, the polka and the waltz, Angel and Mercy sat down pointedly with their arms crossed defiantly across their chests. Eden was dancing with one of her father's friends. She loved dancing and had studied dance in school. Although she'd succeeded in teaching Rage the Waltz and some of the Latin American classical dances like the tango she had never been able to persuade Rage to learn the polka. She remembered how that particular dancing lesson had gone.

Her blonde lover was having none of it. Rage had shaken her head in disbelief and said "Step together Step hop? No one dances like that any more at least not unless it's a barn dance. You might as well teach me the hokey kokey."

She had danced the tango with Rocco though that had been fun. He had done a very flamboyant tango which was so passionately done it had left her breathless and if she had not seen Rocco

with Kate she would have assumed he was coming onto her. However after the dance he had swept her an elegant bow and winked at her.

"You're making her jealous on purpose." Eden surmised from the thunderous look on Kate's face.

"But of course." the scandalous man replied " First I and Kate, we fight, Then after we fight we, how do you say make up with the passion ees good. My Kate ees a very passionate woman."

Eden sat down and was surprised to see a wink from Kate when Rocco wasn't looking. When they went to the ladies room Eden was about to apologise.

"Rocco he likes drama and I don't mind giving it to him."

"How long have you been together?"

"Ten years." She smiled powdering her nose.

The band played a more modern form of music starting with some pop, some rock a little Rnb and Hip Hop, some country a few oldies and a style of music called dancehall which Eden had never heard of but which she soon surmised Rage, Angel and Mercy loved and she could see why. The beat was slow sexy and it involved a lot of sinuous hip thrusting and body rubbing with your dance partner. Even Rocco and Kate were getting down.

It got really hot and sweaty inside she was glad when Rage suggested they went out for a walk outside.

Rage wrapped her jacket around her and said.

"Eden I would like to ask you something very important."

"What is it?"

"Well I think that since we have been together now we seem to be doing alright together and I was wondering if maybe you could see yourself, you know...." Rage swore under her breath, this wasn't coming out right in fact it wasn't coming out at all. However she laboured on trying to find the words to say what she was feeling. Eden continued to look up at her quizzically.

"And then I thought that perhaps it would be a good idea what do you think?"

"What would be a good idea Rage?" Eden asked terrified "Was Rage trying to break up with her on a perfectly beautiful night like this?"

"I mean I thought that you and me, I mean you and I but I mean if you or you don't think...you and me.....I mean me and you if maybe then it would work out then maybe we should just but that is not really what I mean I think that what I'm really trying to say is that...."

Eden cocked her head expectantly waiting for the sentence to make sense.

Rage took a deep breath and exhaled loudly and blurted "I bought you a ring."

Eden looked down at the velvet box Rage held outstretched in her open palm "Thank-you I think" Eden looked at the box quizzically and then at Rage who looked at her hopefully.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"What do you think?"

"I think it's beautiful." Eden replied slipping the ring on to her finger. She stood on tiptoe and gave Rage a little kiss on her chin. Rage looked a little confused and a little hurt.

"I guess that's that then." Rage said tightly.

Suddenly some there was a loud explosion and the sky was lit up with fireworks. Reds, Blues, Greens, Gold, Silver, Sparks flew upwards in a brilliant pyrotechnic display. Eden entranced just loved being held. The evening was quite cool and she leaned back against Rage.

"It's beautiful." Eden sighed.

"No, You're beautiful."

"You're not so bad you're self." Eden teased turning round in Rage's arms to give her kiss.

"I was wondering where you two got to?" Sabrina and Kate strolled over

"Interrupted a tender moment did we?" Sabrina finished Kate's sentence.

"We were just enjoying the evening." Eden smiled back at the other two women. Then as if something dawned on her she covered Rage's eyes with her hands.

"Sabrina that dress is absolutely scandalous it looks like you're naked with strategic bits of glitter."

"Lemme see!!" Rage playfully removed Eden's hands.

Sabrina was wearing a flesh coloured creation that in the dark garden appeared to the naked eye as though she was indeed naked. It showed off her slim svelte figure to perfection and the redhead posed as though just coming off a runaway and they all giggled.

"How come you're dressed like a boy?" Kate asked "Or is it some old- fashioned butch femme dyke thing?"

Rage put her hand on her heart and sighed a twinkle in her eyes "Eden does not like me to wear dresses she gets extremely jealous," She winked conspiratorily "She can't take the competition you know."

"That's so not true." Eden playfully hit Rage's shoulder as the four friends made their way back to the main garden where everyone else had gathered to watch the fireworks display.

Rage asked curiously "Why do you say it's old fashioned?"

"Well most of the girls I hang out with who are gay either go out looking like boys or are dressed like two girls. I guess where I am from the whole butch femme thing has gone out of fashion."

"If Lucy was here she would say you are trying to pigeon hole people."

Sabrina said matter of factly.

"Where are you from? Well I am German. I think Europeans a lot more sophisticated than in America. Its not that we don't have our fair share of homophobes we do but its just not as bad as here. ." Kate said and whilst pouring herself a drink from the table laden with food which they walked past.

"Ah Rage I have been looking for you." A young man walked over. It was one of Rage's business acquaintances.

"I have been looking for you everywhere." The young man dragged her away.

Eden blew a kiss at the departing Rage who attempted to catch the imaginary kiss and almost tripped over an empty carton left lying carelessly on the grass. Kate was still laughing at their antics

"Wow" Sabrina gasped "You sly wench imagine you getting engaged and not telling anyone."

"Oh Eden you must be so happy I remember when Rocco proposed it was just on a night like this we had just..."

"Don't be silly I am not getting married, Rage just gave me the ring now."

"Now girlfriend, I appreciate that you are trying to keep things quiet but you have officially been busted. I have to tell Lucy and Alison." And off she went into the crowd dragging Kate with her.

Suddenly someone grabbed her from behind and swung her around. "I just heard the news. Congratulations." Mercy grinned "it's about time someone made an honest woman out of Her."

"But Mercy I...."

"Lemme see that ring there?" Mercy picked up Eden's hand and the ring glittered in the evening

lights. It was a large blue diamond surrounded by other little diamonds and set on a platinum band. It was beautiful and elegant and on the wrong finger.

"Eden don't you think you are wearing this on the wrong finger? Shouldn't the ring be on your other hand."

"No it's on the right finger. I am not getting married. I have been trying to tell Sabrina and Kate but they wouldn't believe me."

"That's because in Europe the wedding ring is worn on the left hand and not on the right." Mercy laughed. "Well Rage will soon set them right won't she. I'd like to see her try and get out of that one."

Eden laughed but inside she was feeling sad. It would have been nice if she was getting married to Rage. They had, had such a wonderful weekend together and they seemed to be working things out. The three month gap in their four year relationship already felt like a forgotten nightmare.

Eden felt tears come to her eyes unexpectedly and she sniffed. "Sorry, excuse me."

"You really wanted it to be a real engagement didn't you." Mercy asked gently Eden nodded wordlessly. She couldn't speak, she bit her lip in a futile attempt to stop herself from bursting into tears. Which she did anyway when Mercy took her in her arms comfortingly.

Which was how Rage found them. Mercy saw the look of pure murder in the blonde's brilliant freezing glare and jumped away guiltily. Mercy knew from bitter experience that Rage was extremely possessive when it came to Eden in a way that she was not with any of her past girlfriends.

"If looks could kill!" Angel teased Rage and diffused the situation but not before giving Mercy a do you want to get yourself killed look?"

"You shouldn't be holding Rage's fiancée like that." Angel grinned "You should be holding her like this!" Angel laughed and swept Eden up into a bear hug that lifted her clear off her feet.

Eden risked a glance at Rage's face and sighed inwardly. She had that bland expression on her chiselled Nordic features. The one that was totally impenetrable, and it was virtually impossible to even begin to guess what she was thinking.

Soon Sabrina had announced their nuptials on the microphone and they were being congratulated by the whole party. Rage politely accepted people's congratulations. Finally in the early hours of the morning when they were dancing under the moon lit sky.

Eden sighed "It's such a beautiful night I could almost pretend we really were getting married."

"Maybe we should go I don't feel up to this." Rage got up

"What's wrong?" Eden felt as though she was being dragged away.

"Nothing" Rage said sullenly

Eden looked at her exasperatedly. When they returned to their cabin on the boat her blonde lover was unusually quiet. Eden did not say anything else she was still musing over the day's events.

"Are you upset because of Sabrina's announcement? You don't have to be you know I'll tell them it was all a misunderstanding in the morning."

"As you wish." Rage said curtly unsuccessfully trying to take off the bowtie that now seemed like a noose around her neck.

"Here let me help you with that" Eden said gently going over and effortlessly undoing the offending necktie. Rage stared ahead into the distance fixing her gaze at a point above her head. Which of course happened to be one of the mirrors so that she had a very good view of Eden's shapely back and beautifully contoured bottom in the white satin dress that she wore. Eden slid her hands slowly up Rage's shoulders and undid the buttons at her throat and lower down to reveal a bronze expanse of flawless skin.

Her lips brushed skin just under Rage's collar bone and she felt her lover's reaction. One of the things she loved about Rage was her total inability to hide her sexual arousal. Oh she could school her face to look stern or bland and hide her emotions very well but she could never hide her body's feelings from Eden. The tell tale signs were all there, like the way her pupils dilated till her eyes were almost black, the ticking at her jaw, the way she stood completely still like a great cat about to pounce.

Eden undid another button and she could see Rage's white cotton bra with the catch at the front. She heard Rage's breathe catch in her throat when her fingers touched her skin, bronzed by staying out in the sun. The legacy of an active lifestyle.

"Hmmm" Eden murmured and slid Rage's shirt down her shoulders. She undid the clasp of her bra and slid that downwards also, it became entangled in the shirt. Rage's hands were restricted by the tangled shirt and bra and could just about rest her hands on Eden's waist. Eden continued her delicious torture sliding her elegantly slim fingers down Rage's body tracing the muscles that stood out in stark relief on her stomach, gently sucking on her large brown nipples which were both pierced with silver iron bars. She smiled triumphantly against Rage's stomach when she heard her moan but carried on her mission which involved sliding off the black leather belt which held up her black trousers. Trousers dispensed with, She eased her white cotton panties down slowly and inhaled her scent before probing her clit gently with her tongue. Her scent was familiar, spicy, heady, womanly, clean with a hint of the sandalwood and pine shower gel Rage used. Eden loved the taste and feel of her. Above her she could hear Rage moaning, feel her hands on her head, pushing her face deeper into her centre. Even as she gave her words of encouragement.

"That is good. That is Real good." Her hips bucked her body shuddered with the force of her

orgasm and Eden got up and tried to steady her unsuccessfully. They fell onto the bed together laughing.

Eden cupped Rage's head in her hands and kissed her gently. "I need to get changed I can't sleep in this."

Rage got up to undress as well. Eden placed a hand against her chest. "Oh no you don't. You can just wait for me till I'm good and ready."

Eden slid out of her dress and panties so that she was down to her bra, bustier, tights and suspenders. She didn't take off her high heeled sandals. She did however turn her back to Rage and bend over to remove the horny blonde's shoes and socks giving Rage a very nice view of a pink, wet, glistening, slit that seemed to be begging for her lecherous attentions.

"c'mere." Rage slurred. She sounded drunk and she was. She was drunk with desire, drunk with need, drunk with passion, Eden had not taken the edge off her need with her earlier lovemaking only made her hungry for more. Like an appetiser that whets your appetite for the main course she was left craving for more.

"I'll be back in a moment." Eden disappeared into the bathroom and she heard running water and she came back she was holding Rage's strap-on.

"Eden! I can't be bothered to put that on. Why don't you get your sweet little tush over here so I can get in a couple of licks!!!" Rage wriggled her eyes suggestively.

Eden laughed that's a terrible pun but don't worry, I'll put it on for you." Eden promised

"You must have been one of those torturers in a previous lifetime. You are slowly driving me crazy."

"Good you deserve a bit of torture." Eden replied unsympathetically.

"Well at least take this off and let me touch you." Rage motioned to the tangle of shirt and bra.

"Oh no. no. no. no" Eden wiggled her finger at her. "There is a reason why I have you entangled in your shirt. Firstly its cotton so its quite strong and you can't break free, secondly you chose to wear cuff links on your shirt so it will be a lot harder for you to rip up and turn the tables on me. No you'll just have to surrender and let me do my thing."

She turned round and lowered herself unto Rage's face so she could slide the strap on over Rage's sex. Eden moaned as she felt her lovers hot pink tongue licking at her wet, aching sex. She temporarily forgot her plans and began moving herself rhythmically with Rage's tongue. Her fingers which she had washed before looking for the strap on now caressed Rage's thighs and clit.

She had to drag herself off her protesting lover and then lower herself down on the phallus protruding between her hips. She sighed as it slid in and leaned forward on to Rage and kissed

her. She could taste herself on Rage's lips and as she moved up and down and round, rolling her hips, . Eden leaned back so she could continue to manipulate Rage's clit and in so doing inadvertently thrust forward her breasts and nipples, Rage nibbled, sucked, bit and lick greedily.

Somehow and Eden still could not figure it out, Rage rolled them over so she was underneath her. One of her ankles rested on Rage's shoulders, one of Rage's hands grasped her breasts alternately and kneaded them gently Rage's other hand held her other ankle whilst she sucked Eden's toes all the while Rage continued thrusting in and out of her with long lazy considered strokes, each movement bringing her closer and closer to the abyss. All the different sensations assaulting her senses Eden came violently her orgasm ripped through her body causing her to scream and tremble with the force of it. She passed out.

When she woke up Rage was looking worriedly at her. "Are you okay?"

Eden laughed "I'm fine." She stroked the worry lines from Rage's forehead. "I love it when you do that."

"Do what?"

"Make love to me till I forget everything but you and me." She smiled and pressed a light kiss against Rage's shoulder.

"You're special." Rage kissed her forehead and then kissed her lips again taking pleasure in deepening the kiss. Very special Rage thought but she didn't say it.

Chapter 6

"So have you chosen a date yet?"

"A date for what?"

"Your wedding, civil union whatever you gay people call it?"

"Alison! Don't pressure her." Lucy, put her glass of white wine on the table carefully.

"No I haven't because we are not getting married."

"What makes you so sure about that?" Angel asked curiously.

Angel was one of Rage's closest friends and she was now dating Sabrina. Neither of them took their relationship seriously. Sabrina described them as being fuck buddies. They were friends who met up to have sex. However they had been meeting up more and more often. Sabrina had admitted that since the weekend jaunt at Fontaine's two weeks ago she had broken up with Winston and Rage had confirmed with Eden that Angel was not actually seeing anyone other

than Sabrina anymore.

"Off course I'm sure. If Sabrina here had not run her mouth off after jumping to conclusions I wouldn't be sitting here making these denials." Eden pointed out logically as she ate a forkful of her chicken salad.

"I know what I saw." Sabrina folded her arms across her chest defensively.

Eden dropped her fork pointedly and asked "What did you see Sabrina?"

"You were wearing a ring which Rage gave you, on a romantic night it can only mean one thing."

"I was wearing it on my left hand. In America we wear engagement rings on our right hands."

"Eden," Lucy spoke hesitantly "I didn't want to say this because I know how sensitive you can be but Rage asked me to surreptitiously find out your ring size because she wanted to propose to you. She was extremely excited at the time and more than a little nervous too."

"Do you think may be she changed her mind?." Alison asked looking worriedly at Eden.

The waiter appeared to take their orders and that conversation was forgotten and the talk turned to other things. The end of summer and how autumn was coming and with it a Halloween and whether Alison was going to have a Halloween ball. What they were all going to wear. As lunch wound down the other's all went to the bathroom leaving just Angel and Eden alone at the table. "You know Eden Rage told me you turned down her marriage proposal." Angel said carefully

"She told you what!!!!" Eden asked incredulously

"She said you turned her down."

"I did no such thing, the bloody woman did not even propose."

"Are you sure about that? What did she say?"

" She said I bought you a ring."

"And then you said?" Angel tried to coax her further

"Its beautiful." Eden replied

"And then she said?"

"I guess that's that then."

"Think back Eden did she say anything else?"

"Well when she started talking I thought we were going to break up but she didn't say I love you I want to marry you."

Angel sighed "Eden how long have you known Rage?"

"Four years."

"Right and in all that time my sister, the Rage you know is very good at expressing herself is she?"

"Yes of course....." Eden started Angel's look of utter disbelief made her examine what she knew of Rage "Well maybe not exactly.....No, she's terrible when it comes to expressing her emotional issues."

"You need to think about what she said."

In the gym on the other side of town Mercy was having the same conversation with Rage.

"She said no! clear as day." Rage was punching the big punching bag whilst Mercy hung on to it to steady it.

"What the hell did you say to her!" Mercy wondered aloud

"I said I think it would be good for her and me to you know..." Rage shrugged "and then I gave her the ring."

"So you didn't actually say the words marry and me in total juxtaposition at any point in time during that whole conversation."

"I guess I just thought she knew what I was asking."

"What is wrong with you, you can't even say it to me and we blood."

"Well I don't want to marry you do I!" Rage retorted and then more optimistically. "Well I think I could just suggest it to her again I guess."

"Why don't you just come out with it and say marry me I love you."

"Are you out of your ever loving mind? The last time I told her I loved her, she buggered off to Aganoia."

"Aganoia is that a place?" Mercy raised one inquisitive eyebrow

"No silly that was her name. Her name was Aganoia."

"No one is called Aganoia." Mercy shook her head

"Well she was."

"Why are we at this gym anyway?"

"Jane Lee comes here."

"You are not going to get into another boxing match with her. Last time she almost killed you."

"I want to follow her, I heard she is up to something, something big. Even her bodyguards don't go there. If I can find out what it is I might be able to get her sent down or something."

"Fine but don't antagonise her."

"I won't promise anything."

Rage did manage to stay out of her way and the two of them followed her to an apartment in Eden's neighbourhood. Rage got Mercy to stand outside whilst she looked around. The place was spotlessly clean. Either she suffered from OCD or she did not live there. Rage looked around the apartment and apart from the large telescope in the living room there was nothing to see. She went over to it and switched it on. It was trained on an apartment maybe her next victim. Rage adjusted the telescope to get a better look and then the front door of the flat she was looking at opened. She adjusted the telescope so she could see the person's face.

"Eden!" She whispered horrified and continued watching as though hypnotised. The telescope had a perfect view into all aspects of the apartment. She could see every detail of Eden's face, and body she could see their photos on the mantle piece even her pen which she'd left there from her last visit. She swivelled the telescope back to Eden who had now entered her bedroom. She took off her reading glasses and let down her hair and Rage held her breath as she slowly undid her blouse and slid out of her skirt.

Eden was very tidy and wandered around the apartment tidying up little bits and pieces and running her bath.

"Take it off honey..." Rage muttered to herself As Eden slid off her tights and suspenders then her baby dolls before removing her bra and massaging her breasts before she finally bent down and slid off her knickers and stepped into the bath.

Rage sighed. Fuck she was beautiful. Now she was horny and finally as the realisation dawned on her of what was going on she was furious and kicked the carry case for the telescope out of the window. Mercy came running into the flat.

"What the fuck did you do that for?"

Rage had managed to compose herself. "I have my reasons." However Mercy could see that her friend looked ready to commit murder.

Rage pointed to the telescope now pointed at Eden who was in the bath and modestly covered up. Mercy looked into it. And it did not take her long to work out that had Eden not been in her bath whoever was using the telescope would be guilty of a gross invasion of privacy. She pulled back and hurled the telescope out of the window.

"The woman is a fucking pervert!"

"Let's get the fuck out of here."

"You cannot live here anymore." Rage said hoarsely her voice raw with anger.

"Rage is right." Mercy interjected helping her friend to pack Eden's things.

"Are you two alright? You come bursting into my apartment whilst I am in my bath and start ordering me about what is wrong with you?" Eden managed to wrap her towelling robe around her.

Rage was too agitated to speak so Mercy had to explain how they had followed Jane Lee to a flat and how they had found the telescope and found out that the other woman had been watching her for the past few weeks. Eden could see that Rage was really upset and decided she would ask questions later. So she got dressed and packed some clothes for the week. Rage's apartment was closer than her parents, she doubted Rage would let her out of her sight anyway she had that haunted look on her face. A week later when she went to pack some more of her clothes with Angel she was horrified to discover that someone had obviously been in her flat. There was writing all over the walls and her clothes were thrown all over the floor. At work after her gruesome discovery she'd had to have a business meeting with Jane Lee. The horrible woman had made suggestive questionable remarks that left her in no doubt that she had been in her apartment. She dared not tell Rage that Jane Lee was still her client. She would not put it past her to do something crazy.

Even worse their relationship had been rather strained of late. Rage was working hard at making the chain of night clubs which she had obtained from Jay Fontaine work which meant she was travelling a lot more. Last week she had missed their weekly scheduled dinner date and fed up with her Eden had moved into the spare room. Bianca and Cassandra sent Rage a text that they were taking her up on her offer and coming to stay with them. Only Rage was so busy she had forgotten so when they turned up unexpectedly, Eden was still at work. Luckily for Rage they dropped their bags in the hall way and went off for some appointment they had already made. Rage ever the opportunist moved Eden's things into her own room and put the girls in the spare room. She'd hired Angel as her general manager to see to the day to day running of the Phoenix Chamber and Mercy had promised to get her a P.A. to help out with the franchise so she could spend more time at home.

Eden was surprised to see the two girls when she arrived and even more surprised when they told her they were staying in the spare room and that Rage was taking them to the Phoenix Chamber that night.

"What time are you coming to the club?" Bianca asked excitedly

"I have got work tomorrow girls, an old lady like me can't afford to go clubbing on a week day."

"Oh but you must come it won't be fun without you and you know how moody Rage can get." Eden shook her head and smiled "Don't worry you'll have fun. Didn't you just say that Angel and Sabrina will be there?"

As the girls predicted Rage was not happy that she was not coming. She was indeed moody and sullen at the club and she left early. She did not see Jane Lee and Cassandra retire into the ladies. Bianca went home with another woman in the crush of people it was hard to keep track of everything that was going on.

Rage picked up a bottle of Hennessy and went home. She got into the apartment and sat down on the sofa in front of the television broodingly. Having gone halfway through the bottle and feeling much more the thing she opened the door of the bedroom. As far as she was concerned it was her bedroom and if she wanted to sleep in her bed then she was perfectly entitled to do so.

She opened the door with a flourish bottle in one hand she rested against the door jamb and drank in the sight of Eden lying in bed. She was reading a magazine, her reading glasses were on the end of her nose her black hair fell about her in waves her green eyes were flashed angrily.

"You're drunk." Eden took off her glasses and folded them carefully. She put them on the bedside table.

"Hardly. Sexually frustrated? Yes! Drunk? Not quite yet." Rage sat on the bed and took off her black bikers boots and socks.

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I am doing? I am taking my clothes off and getting ready for bed."

"You can't do that here?"

Rage swore "Why not? Its my flat."

"I was sleeping in the spare room. You moved my things in here. So you go find somewhere else to sleep."

Rage turned around took off her jacket and tossed it across the room. "Make me!"

"Rage," Eden said more reasonably closing the magazine that lay on her lap.

"Why don't you sleep it off on the couch."

"Because I want you. You sexy little witch. You drive me to distraction" Rage crawled onto the bed, "I'm going to fuck you, I'm going to marry you, I'm going to love you and then I'm going to probably fuck you some more." She finished thickly pulling the covers back from her hands. Eden froze and took a deep breath. Her eyes widened when Rage knelt above her, one knee on either side of her body.

"What did you say?" She whispered

"You talk too much. You know that? You think too much about a lot of shit that don't matter." Rage muttered undoing the buttons of her satin nightshirt very gently. Rage kissed her hungrily pinning her to the bed with her body weight.

Eden was caught in two minds wondering whether to resist and insist Rage explain herself or enjoy the lovemaking that she had to confess she'd missed. Her hands, her lips, her fingers, her tongue touched her everywhere leaving no part of her body unexplored or unloved.

At first she had wanted to fight her feelings but her lover was unrelentingly gentle and ruthlessly thorough' coaxing out a response from her more than willing body. Tender caresses, soft kisses, love bites, sucking, licking, stroking her neck, her breasts, her shoulders, it just went on and on till she simply gave in and let Rage have her way.

Rage took a sip of the brandy from the bottle which she had opened earlier and left on the bed side table. She poured the liquid over both of them and they both gasped as the alcohol stung and tears sprang to their eyes. Rage slid inside her with her fingers, her palms rubbing against her clit and began fucking her and it all felt to deliciously fantastic it was all she could do to hang on. She raked her nails down Rage's back again and again and bit her shoulder.

Her nipples were red and tender from being sucked and nibbled, Rage reached over the side of the bed and made her drink some of the brandy. She took a sip for herself and poured the rest over the two of them in a shockingly decadent gesture and carried on fucking till Eden felt as though she was going to explode with pleasure. She shivered and shuddered and then stopped being aware of even Rage her head swam as her orgasm exploded she could hear herself screaming from far away and then she passed out.

When she came round Rage was still slumped against her and lying between her legs. Her head resting on her breasts. She stroke the blonde curls on Rage's head and was rewarded with a self satisfied moan.

"I think I have died and gone to heaven" Rage muttered.

Eden felt slightly bereft when Rage rolled away and she was still feeling too mellow to protest when Rage lit a cigarette. Instead she rolled over and cuddled against her svelte slim body and

promptly fell asleep. They woke each other up several times during the night to make love right until the early morning when they fell into an exhausted sleep.

Meanwhile unknown to Rage and Eden Cassandra had met up with Jane Lee in the Phoenix chambers. Jane had known straight away that she had something to do with Rage but she just was not sure what. Every time Cassandra had tried to introduce them Jane had decided to make herself unavailable. She saw Cassandra kiss Rage goodbye and she automatically assumed Cassandra was Rage's new girlfriend. Certainly she had taken great delight in fucking her in the toilets and making sure everyone knew they were fucking in the toilets.

She bought a bottle of champagne and offered to drop Cassandra.

"Why don't you come home with me? Hmm?"

In her car Ferrari they had driven off to the apartments high on a cocktail of psychedelic drugs and cocaine. When they got into the flat Jane could not believe her luck. She was actually in Rage Fenton's flat. There were pictures of Rage and Eden everywhere. Amidst the art paintings and sculptures. The flat was tastefully decorated and very simple with little clutter. The colours were very bold and striking, red, black and white. Italian leather furniture, mainly black and soft with lighted ceilings and floors.

Cassandra led her into the spare bedroom and began taking off her clothes. She slid Jane's jacket off and then her shirt and jeans till she was down to her boxers, she slid off her own panties and spread her legs wide open so Jane could see her slit and crack.

"Well? Are we gonna fuck or what?" Cassandra asked winding one lock of her hair in her finger whilst she rubbed her little nubbin with her other finger.

Jane took all of Cassandra's pert white breast in her mouth her other finger pinched her nipple roughly. She slid Cassandra's dress over her head and then Jane finger fucked Cassandra's tight little pussy stopping every so often to lick her clit again and again.

"So which one of the dykes here are you fucking?" Jane whispered one hand holding Cassandra down by the throat restricting her breathing, the other sliding in and out of her vagina

"Neither, oh don't stop...just there that's so good!"

"Yeah? So are you fucking Rage or what?"

"Rage is going out with Eden, why are you asking about my flatmates do you want to fuck one of them or something?"

Jane was in two minds whether to simply strangle Cassandra there and then. It would be so easy to just crush her windpipe. She was so small and delicate. Jane leaned down to kiss her crushing her soft pink mouth between hers. She liked this. She liked fucking like this. She closed her eyes when she felt Cassandra's slender fingers in her boxers. Delving between her legs parting her

cunt hairs stroking her clit.

Jane took off her boxers and moved so that she sat on Cassandra's face and thrust her hips down on the younger woman's face almost suffocating as she rubbed her pussy over Cassandra's face. Then she spread Cassandra's legs wide and slowly slid one finger, then two then three inside her all the while licking and drooling all over her cunt. The walls of the room were not too thick and as she fucked Cassandra, Jane could hear Rage and Eden fucking. She knew they were fucking because she had arranged to watch them many times when they were having sex in Eden's flat. She could hear them fucking hear the bed moving, hear that certain timbre in Eden's voice, that little catch in her throat which she gave when she was being fucked. Oh she'd been watching, waiting and listening for a chance to fuck Eden before she killed her. She would hurt Rage for taking Traci from her. She would fuck Eden before her eyes before she killed her. She closed her eyes and fantasised about having Rage tied up on the bed bound and gagged whilst she fucked Eden. She would pretend Cassandra was Eden and she would fuck her good. She would kill Cassandra in the morning. It would not be a good idea to leave any witnesses.

Cassandra could barely breathe. She felt so full, like any minute she was going to be torn in half. Jane licked her clit again and again, up and down and around in circles with the tip of her tongue, her orgasm seemed to be building from the very depths of her bowels. It was not painful, and at first it was slightly uncomfortable but as the four fingers moved within her, her clit had grown hard and sensitive she could barely breathe all she could smell was the other woman's cunt all she could feel was her own cunt and when her orgasm ripped across her she moaned gutturally. It sounded to Jane like a pig in its death throes.

All that had been fine but then Jane to her further annoyance the woman had yelled out Eden's name in the middle of what was obviously a very powerful climax. Cassandra was furious. She put on her jogging shorts and went out for a morning run. She decided she would break it off with the freaky bitch. If Rage and Eden were there to run interference then so much the better. She definitely did not want a relationship with anyone who made her do anything she did not feel comfortable with. Besides there were other people to meet and fuck, why tie herself down to one fuck when there were so many waiting to be had. Having resolved her dilemma she felt a lot better and went out for her jog.

It had barely been ten minutes after she left when Rage also left to go out jogging and pick up breakfast. She picked up some fresh fruit, pomegranates and strawberries, some, orange juice, some pain au chocolate and twenty four fat large roses that looked like they belonged in her flat. She put everything on the kitchen table and was just unpacking when she thought she heard a sound in the hall. She was whistling and humming an old sea shanty to herself.

"You shouldn't have gone out and left her all alone you know." Jane Lee advanced slowly into the kitchen area. "You should learn to take better care of her. I mean anything could have happened. Her in there alone and vulnerable...."

"You fucking bitch if you have harmed a hair on her head I'll fucking kill you."

"Yes maybe, but it would be too late then wouldn't it. Its too late now."

Rage lunged at the other woman and she easily moved out of the way and aimed a kick at her as she sprawled on the floor.

"You fucking little piss ant its just me and you now." Jane Lee rolled up her sleeves and aimed another kick at Rage which she just managed to block.

"No security to call." She kicked Rage again and missed then tripped her up as she scrambled to get up.

"Where are you going shit head? This isn't badminton, you don't have your cunts around you to help you cheat." She aimed another kick at Rage. This time Rage caught hold of her leg and pulled her forward. In the ensuing struggle they used their fists, elbows, knees to hammer at each other. They kicked each other, head butted each other and cut each other with various implements.

Eden was having a shower, the bathroom was sound proofed so she had no idea of the titanic struggle that was going on in the kitchen and the living room. The first she knew that something was wrong was when they both crashed into the bathroom door and into the bathroom. Since the shower was en suite she did not normally have a need for the shower curtain.

However both of them suddenly stopped and stared at her. Eden was horrified to discover Jane Lee in their flat and obviously fighting with Rage and she suddenly realised why both of them were staring at her lustfully like two schoolboys at a porno magazine.

She gasped angrily and drew the shower curtain around her. "Rage!"

"Eden" Rage smiled at her distractedly

Her eyes widened as Jane Lee lifted the knife in her hand and aimed it at her distracted lover.

"Rage!" Eden gasped as she tried to warn her lover. Rage barely avoided the death blow from the kitchen knife. Instead it was blocked by her forearm and Rage thumped her in the stomach a few times before Jane Lee used the bulk of her body to send her crashing into the bathroom and into the shower. Eden barely managed to scramble out of the way. She scrambled into the bedroom and used the telephone to frantically call the police. She had just finished giving them the address when Jane aimed a knife at her. She barely managed to get out of the way and the knife cut the phone cord connecting the head set to the phone.

Jane advanced towards her and from nowhere Rage leapt at her and caught her ankle. She elbowed Rage in the face and got up. She pulled out a gun and fired it at Eden. However before she could take aim Rage hit her arm and it discharged the bullet harmlessly upwards.

"Eden get down!"

Eden shrieked and crawled under the nearest table.

She grabbed Rage by the shirt and put the gun against her head.

"Come out."

"Eden stay where you are."

"Come out now or I swear I'll kill this fucking bitch." She swore dragging Rage by her hair behind her. She pulled the trigger firing the gun upwards.

"Oh Cack!" Rage roared as bits of plaster fell down on both their heads.

"I said come out, come out now Eden."

"Just stay where you are honey!" Rage yelled back.

"Shut the fuck up. I have just about had enough of you." She reversed the butt of the gun and pistol whipped Rage across the face bloodying her nose and splitting her lip. At the second blow Rage grabbed her hand again and several shots went off. Finally Jane Lee managed to get control of the gun.

"Come out or I will blow her head wide open." Jane Lee held the gun to Rage's head. Eden came out from behind the breakfast bar timidly. She was shivering with fear.

"Come here." She motioned to Eden who moved towards her slowly.

Eden had grabbed the nearest dressing gown she could find and it was a transparent number which left very little to the imagination. As she had just come out of the shower she wasn't wearing anything else underneath it.

"Ahhh" Jane Lee exhaled parted the dressing gown with the nozzle of her gun.

"Leave her alone!" Rage closed her eyes and tried to conquer the pain. Her head was aching from the pistol whipping. Jane aimed a shot in the general direction of Rage not bothering to see where it was going. She was too busy looking at Eden. Rage's body jerked and Eden gasped and burst into tears.

Jane slid the dressing robe down one shoulder using the smoking gun which stung against her skin. Eden felt her flesh crawl as the odious woman cupped her breasts and rolled her left nipple between her fingers. She wanted to throw up.

"Don't touch me." She hissed angrily slapping the woman's lecherous hands away from her flesh.

"Oh I am going to enjoy breaking you. Right after I kill your blonde lover over there. But first lets have a little taste shall we." She slapped Eden so hard she fell to the ground. Jane was busy undoing her trousers. Her intention clear in her movements." Rage Struck and the gun went spinning away. As they both struggled for the gun Jane won and Rage put Eden behind her.

"Oh look I win again." This time Jane lee held the gun firmly trained on them

"All I have to do this time is pull the trigger."

"You wouldn't you sick bitch you're a fucking coward."

"Rage don't. Please don't antagonise her." Rage ignored Eden's frantic words.

"Listen to your girlfriend or should I say ex-fiancee"

"Oh its one thing to kill Traci she was a small helpless weak little girl. You came in fucked her and killed her. But you had to fuck her first. Just like you have to fuck Eden first. But you want to make me watch. You like to watch that's what gets you off isn't it you perverted little cunt!."

"Fuck You Bitch!"

"You watched Eden and I, and it cut you up cos you knew she would never have anything to do with a piece of shit like you!"

She pulled the trigger once more and Rage pushed Eden out of the way and took the something of slug against her arm. Rage dived for safety trying to avoid the bullet.

"Fuck that hurt!" Rage swore

Jane Lee aimed the gun at the couple again and swore when she realised the gun chamber was empty. Rage managed to get herself to her feet and decided since she was going to die she might as well kill her anyway. She didn't know where she got the strength from but she launched herself at Jane Lee who never saw the punch coming.

It landed on her chin and she keeled over like a sack of potatoes. Rage now governed by the uncontrolled fury which had given her the nickname Rage now pounded her face with her fists until it was a bloody mess.

From far away she could hear Eden's voice calling her begging her to stop. She couldn't she didn't want to. She picked up the piece of glass shard which had fallen on the floor from a broken glass in their struggle and was about to stab her with it.

"Please Rage don't, " Eden was crying "Please put it down....its okay....everything is going to be okay."

Rage slowly lowered the glass and started crying. Eden held her close. She'd been so terrified throughout their ordeal.

Cassandra and the neighbours had called the police when they heard the gunshots. Inspector Burrows had taken Jane Lee into custody and Cassandra was extremely apologetic. Rage had minor injuries except for the bullet that had grazed her arm and taking a chunk of flesh but had otherwise come out cleanly. The Hospital nurse had cleaned it out and decided that she had only

needed a bandage.

Burrows said he would make sure that Rage was cleared of all charges. She decided it would be a good idea to just take the girls to an expensive five star hotel for the night until she could get a cleaner in to clean up the next day.

In the hotel she lay with her head on Eden's breasts her arms wrapped around her waist. Eden smiled ruefully and stroked the short blonde curls on Rage's head gently.

"You had a rough day, I'm not surprised you had a bad dream."

When they had first arrived at the hotel Rage had been so exhausted she'd barely been able to have a shower and after Eden's insistence she had gone to sleep. When Eden had gone to the bathroom to finish her shower and the rest of her ablutions,

Rage started calling out her name frantically as though she was in the middle of a nightmare which she had been. Naturally now she was back to pretending she was tougher than tough her mind was reminding her that was not the case. Eden absently ran her nails down Rage's back and felt her shiver with pleasure.

"You didn't have a bad dream?" Rage murmured kissing the undersides of her breasts and moving her head to suck her nipples kiss her breasts and spray butterfly kisses on her neck.

Eden gasped enjoying the attention and replied "mmmm no but then I have a brave, blonde, dyke to keep me safe from psychotic women who are trying to kill me."

Rage kissed her again thoroughly, caressing her body, stroking her kissing her. Their love making was very gentle and tender and Rage seemed unsure of herself.

"Eden?"

"I was thinking...." She cleared her throat "I thought maybe we could you know get together." Rage cleared her throat again.

"Rage we are together." She snuggled into Rage's warm body and nipped one of her large brown steel pierced nipples with her teeth before flicking her tongue across it. She was rewarded with a satisfying moan of pleasure.

"I mean thought we could be together for a long time. Like you know what people do when they like each other."

"You want me to move in with you?" Eden asked looking up at her innocently

"Yes...No I mean Yes I mean....No...Yes not quite."

"You don't want me to move in with you."

"No...I...mean of course I want you to move in with me."

"Well then it's settled I will move in with you." Eden got back underneath the covers.

Rage swallowed hard and took a deep breath and let it go.

"We could have a party to celebrate that you're moving in with me." Rage said hopefully.

Eden asked exasperatedly "Why would we do that?"

"I dunno." Rage shrugged "Everybody else does."

"Well we don't need to" Eden teased

"We don't?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Cos we'll be having a wedding blockhead!" Eden said exasperatedly as she felt all the tension drain out of Rage's body.

"Honestly Rage Fenton I don't understand you. You can face down a psychotic killer with a gun to your head but you are too terrified to ask me to marry you."

Rage looked at her sheepishly "How did you know?"

"Never you mind you still haven't asked me to marry you."

"Really I thought I had."

"And what did I say?"

"You called me a blockhead!"

"You are teasing me aren't you? Rage?"

Rage smiled. "I love you and I would be most honoured if you would condescend, to"

"Condescend?" Eden raised one perfectly arched eyebrow

Rage cleared her throat "Agree? Agree to be my wife. Eh life partner."

Rage waited for Eden's reply "Well?"

"Oh I don't know Rage I was kinda of sorta hoping that maybe and then.... I thought I exactly!"

"What the hell kind of answer is that!" Rage looked at her horrified.

"It's the same kind of mumbo jumbo gibberish that you would use to call a proposal."

Rage looked at her in distress her eyebrows furrowed with worry "Eden I'm serious."

Eden reached up to stroke her worried brow "Convince me."

"That I'm serious?"

"Yeah you could start by kissing me right here." She touched her fingers to her lips. Several hours later Eden lay exhausted in her Lover's arms.

"I love you Eden."

"I love you too" she smiled at Rage like a satisfied cat.

"And Rage I would love to marry you." Eden sighed.

Rage hugged her tightly and kissed her.

"Eden?" Rage asked quietly just as Eden was about to nod off.

"About kids? I was thinking that if you wanted them, we could, and maybe you could but if you didn't want to it would be entirely up to you but I would if you thought that it was a good idea."

Eden groaned " You Rage Fenton, are thoroughly hopeless. The answer to whatever the hell your question was is yes!"

The End

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