

~ Crossing Over ~

(Threshold Part Two)

by Mavis Applewater

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

I tap my foot nervously as I sit surrounded by fluffy, white clouds. The only thing troubling me is that somewhere I can hear '*Feelings*' being piped in, and the nagging thought that I have been here before. My last clear memory was holding Gina in my arms after we made love. I had planned a very special night. Gina took one look at the romantic setting and was in my arms. I barely had time to catch my bearings when she began kissing me.

Gina's kisses always have a way of distracting me and this night was no different. Before we had a chance to go into the bedroom, my frisky lover had me bent over the back of the sofa. She quickly yanked down my pants and underwear. I was already so excited by her feisty actions that I willingly allowed her to take me. She stroked me slowly teasing my clit with her nimble fingers. I gripped the sofa tightly as I felt her painting the puckered opening with my desire.

I was helpless to resist as I felt her slipping inside of me. My hips eagerly thrust against her touch as she filled me completely. Gina was demanding as she plunged deeper inside of me. Once I had climaxed it was my turn to be demanding. I led her into my bedroom. She laughed as I tossed her down onto the bed and tore off her clothing. After we made love we showered and climbed into bed. She was fast asleep in my arms when I finally remembered what I had planned on asking her that night.

Now I am lost in a strange place alone and confused. I can still feel her head nestled against my chest as I try to bolster my courage. Tonight was the night I had planned on asking her to share her life with me. I don't know why I was so nervous. Gina means the world to me. Still, as I sit here in what must be a dream, I am confused by the divided images playing out in my mind.

My life and memories seem jostled mixing with another person's life. None of this makes sense, and the music is driving me crazy. "I must admit," I jump at the sound of his voice as the scrawny man appears before me. "You are much more docile than the last time you were here."

"Where am I?" I politely inquire praying that this is all a dream. My spine tingles as he waves his hand before me. It all comes back to me, who I was and who I became. "I'm dead again?" I blurt out horrified as the memories encompass me. "At least this time I died in Gina's arms, and not bludgeoned to death in the bread aisle," I surmise as Milton casts a warm look down upon me. "Will Gina be alright?"

"I'm not entirely certain," he hesitates.

"I thought you knew everything," I tease him fully prepared this time to simply accept my passing. I do ponder if I might be able to watch over Gina.

"Your love for her is admirable," he praises me as he reads my thoughts.

"What's not to love?" I proudly boast. "She's beautiful, intelligent and the most amazing woman on earth. This time my only regret is that I didn't have more time with her."

"You still might," he answers in a vague tone.

"Another new life," I sigh as I think of how my passing would affect Gina. Her heart was already fragile when we first became a couple. I enjoyed my life as Hilary, and now I would be beginning all over again.

"There was a problem," he carefully begins. Seeing this all-powerful entity behaving in a nervous manner was filling me with a sense of fear.

"What is going on?" I demand not caring if he still possesses the power to send me to hell.

"Hilary," he slowly begins. My head lifts still responding to the name that I had thought was my own for the past year. "Or should I say the old Hilary was a very talented lawyer."

"I know," my brow scrunches as I respond. "Too bad she was such a smuck."

"That notwithstanding, she was very skillful in arguing her case when it was her time to be judged," he explains as I begin to shift nervously. "Despite her lack of remorse she did present a very powerful argument against her being judged."

"What are you saying?" I demand as I feel the heat rising in my cheeks.

"Technically she didn't die," he confesses in a weary voice. "For you to be placed in her body she had to be alive."

"She found a loop hole," I grumble as he nods in agreement. "You stopped the reason for her body dying, yanked her out before it would happen, and replaced her with me. Since she didn't pass on she couldn't be judged. How could you let this happen?"

"It has never been a problem before," he defends his actions. "If I hadn't intervened she would have had a heart attack in the ladies' room. Instead I simply cured her body and sent you to take her place."

"Where is she now?" I hiss.

"She has been given her old life back," he grimly confesses.

"Starting from the bathroom or from where I left off?" I howl as my insides churn with disgust.

"From where you left off," he confirms much to my horror.

"Are you telling me that right at this very moment that pig is in bed with my girlfriend?" I bellow as he casts a very stern look down upon me. "Don't give me that! Come on Milton help me out here. She will only break Gina's heart and you know it."

"I understand your distress," he tries to placate me.

"Do you?" I fume fighting against the urge to smack him.

"I do," he bellows in an effort to intimidate me. "Trust me sending her back as Hilary wasn't what we wanted. She wouldn't agree to being placed in another life."

"Of course she wouldn't," I fuss as I run my fingers through my long, dark hair. I try to calm myself with the thought that I still look like Hilary, so maybe there is a chance I can return to Gina. "It probably took her all of half a second to figure out that if you sent her back as another she'd end up as some low life on death row in Texas. What happens to me? How do I get Gina away from her?"

"You might not have to," he cautions me. "We do have a bit of a quandary on our hands because of this."

"To say the least," I blow feeling as if my world has just collapsed. "How are you going to fix this?"

"Like yourself she was given a chance at redemption," he begins to explain.

"Are you kidding me?" I snarl. "Everyone loves her now thanks to me."

"Not everyone has forgiven her," he cautions me. "Her family still harbors pain from her actions. You never succeeded in gaining their forgiveness."

"I was working on it," I admit. "They didn't want to talk to me. No small surprise since she stole her parent's home out from under them. Not to mention she seduced her brother's fiancée."

"These are not minor obstacles to overcome," he encourages me.

"What am I supposed to do in the mean time?" I question as I begin to pace. "It doesn't feel right to just sit up here in the clouds and wish her ill will, but I just can't root for her success either. Any suggestions?"

"As I said it is quite a quandary," he agrees. "You deserve to live the new life you have created and she doesn't. Still you can't bring yourself not to wish her well. I find the changes in you most commendable."

"Thanks, but right now I can't think about that," I groan. "All I can think about is how she is going to hurt the people in what was my life."

"I might have a solution," he offers thoughtfully with a slight smile. "What if you were allowed to oversee her actions? Offer her guidance without discouraging her to stray from her redemption?"

"What am I, Jimmie Cricket?" I bluster before taking a calming breath. "How exactly would this work?"

"The only one who will be able to see and hear you would be Hilary," he explains as I watch him intently. "Your mission would be to guide her along the way. Again you are not to discourage her from straying from her task."

I ponder his words for a moment. As much as I would love to go back and help her screw up, if I could somehow keep her from hurting people, in particular Gina, it would be the right thing to do. "Okay let me see if I understand this," I tentatively begin. "I would go back and try to keep her from undoing all the good I've done without encouraging her to screw up. What happens if she succeeds?"

"Then she remains Hilary Styles," he confirms my worst fears.

"And what happens to me?" I ask as the knots in my stomach tighten.

"I'll leave that up to you," he decides. "You can either return as another or come back here to be judged once again which should be lot more pleasant than the last time."

"Send me back," I concede fearful of what was awaiting my return.

"Remember you are not to do anything that will interfere with her quest," he cautions me once again.

"I get it," I grumble as I become engulfed in a bright purple light. "Ugh!" I scream out as I find myself in what was my bedroom watching Gina pleasuring Hilary. The brunette is leaning back her legs wrapped around my girlfriend's shoulders. The sight sickens me. "I can't watch this."

"That's it baby," Hilary screams out as Gina continues feasting upon her. I keep my eyes shut as I

cover my ears. "Babe that was amazing," I hear Hilary purr. "It is good to be back."

"What are you talking about?" Gina questions her as she leans in to kiss Hilary. Gina's eyes widen as Hilary jerks away. I clench my jaw as Hilary pulls away from Gina's attempt to snuggle up against her.

"Nothing," Hilary grumbles as she pulls away. "It is getting late Babe."

"Bad call," I caution Hilary as I fold my arms across my chest. Hilary glares at me from behind Gina's naked body.

"You're the one who woke me up," Gina giggles as she tries to get closer to Hilary. The brunette once again shrinks away from Gina's touch. "I must say you are very feisty this evening," Gina's sultry tone sends a shiver down my spine.

"What can I say?" Hilary snorts as she once again brushes aside Gina's advances. "Like I said it was nice. I really should get going."

"This is your apartment," Gina and I echo as Hilary's brow furrows. She looks around the bedroom apparently disgusted by the homey changes Gina has made.

"As much as it pains me to tell you this, she wants to cuddle," I bluntly inform the confused brunette.

"Yeah," Hilary scoffs at the idea. "Whatever I've got a busy day tomorrow."

"Okay?" Gina looks at her with confusion.

"So?" Hilary encourages as I wince knowing that Hilary is trying to get rid of Gina. "You really wore me out. Why don't you let yourself out and I'll call you."

"What?" Gina stammers horrified at the suggestion.

"Problem Babe?" Hilary shrugs.

"No problem," Gina grunts. I know by the fiery look in her eyes that she is pissed. I watch in horror as my lover climbs out of bed and begins searching for her clothing. Hilary seems completely undisturbed by Gina's hurtful look as she manages to get dressed.

"Stop her," I plead with Hilary who simply rolls her eyes with disgust as Gina storms out.

"Who are you?" Hilary demands once we hear the front door slamming.

"Well, for the past year I've been you," I bluntly inform her.

"Oh so you're the bitch who stole my life?" She snarls at me. "What happened to my waterbed?"

"Gone along with all of your other tacky possessions," I gleefully inform her. "And I didn't steal your life. I found redemption and was given a chance to live the new life I had created. You have the same opportunity. I've been sent down here to ensure that you don't screw it up. So, far I'm not doing to well. First thing in the morning you need to send Gina some flowers and apologize."

"Who is Gina?" She snarls at me.

"Your girlfriend, the one who just stormed out of here," I fume as she sneers up at me. "I can't believe that you kicked her to the curb just like that."

"I don't know her," Hilary laughs. "And I don't do monogamy. Freaky you look just like me. What should I call you?"

"Well I guess Hilary would be too confusing," I mutter. "I guess you should call me Simone. That is who I used to be. And, for the record, you are in a monogamous relationship with Gina."

"Not anymore," she counters. "I don't have to live the boring life you've created. The only thing I have to do is get my family to forgive me. Oh, and for the record, I don't trust you."

"I know," I shrug. "But you do need me. I know everything about what has happened in your life for the past year. I'll be honest I want nothing more than to reclaim everything and live out my life with Gina."

"Well bully for you," Hilary laughs as she climbs out of bed. I follow closely behind her as she searches the kitchen. "Where in the hell is my scotch?"

"You'll find your bottle of Glen tucked way in the back of the top cabinet," I reluctantly inform her. "I don't like scotch and I don't make a habit of drinking myself senseless."

"Just what in the hell did a prig like you need redemption from?" She laughs at me. "What did you do tear the tag off of your mattress?"

"I use to be just like you," I confess hoping that she can see that change is good. Instead I watch as she fills a tall tumbler with scotch. "When you died didn't you pay attention?"

"First I didn't die," she boasts. "And if you mean the endless list of my so called transgressions, yeah I heard them. So what?"

"Milton was right," I sigh heavily realizing that babysitting Hilary is going to be even more difficult than I expected it to be. "You feel absolutely no remorse what so ever."

"Why should I?" She laughs as she drains her drink and quickly pours another. "I lived my life to the fullest. Apparently I didn't do any damage since my family is the only one I have to make nice with."

"You did do damage," I correct her. "I was the one who atoned for your transgressions."

"Thanks," she smirks before draining her second glass of scotch. She pours yet another as I shake my head with disgust. "Why didn't you make nice with my parents?"

"I tried," I confess. "They refuse to talk to me."

"What the hell is their problem?" She slurs.

"You conned them," I quickly inform her. "You made them sign papers that gave you the home they worked and slaved to buy so they could raise you in a comfortable and loving environment. Then you sold it out from under them pocketing the money and forcing them to move into a tiny apartment in a very bad neighborhood. Now about your brother,"

"What has he got to bitch about?" She grouses.

"He was deeply in love with Kim and you got her drunk two nights before the wedding, and took advantage of her," I explain sickened by her actions. "She was so freaked out that she called off the wedding."

"Hey shows you the kind of girl he was going to marry," she reasoned. "She was a slut."

"No, you are," I fume. "She never would have slept with if you didn't get her drunk. Now what are you planning on doing about it?"

"Well," she hiccupped. "First I need to find them and make nice."

"Their addresses are in your rolodex at work," I force myself to inform her. "I've tried calling and writing to them. They don't want to see or hear from you."

"I'll figure something out," she shrugs before slumping off towards the bedroom and passing out.

I watch her sleeping as I ponder just how quickly she will manage to undo everything I've accomplished in the past year. And just how is she going to rectify things with her family?

"Milton?" I call out knowing that I am already in over my head.

"I've been waiting to hear from you," he greets me with a worry look.

"No small wonder," I sigh as I glance over at the naked woman snoring. "I seem to recall that when I was sent back that my actions had to be sincere. Isn't the same expected of Hilary?"

"Yes," he brightly confirms.

"Does she know this?" I squeak out.

"Yes," he responds. "The question is does she understand what that means?"

"I think I understand," I thoughtful respond. "When you told me that I had to fall in love with Gina I had no understanding what that meant. I was convinced that it wasn't possible. I know that she has to gain her family's forgiveness, but what about the other people in my, Uhm I mean her life? Can she just hurt them?"

"Yes," he sadly admits.

"She can just break Gina's heart and not be punished?" I gasp with horror.

"Not until her judgment," he concedes.

"I can't believe that she can just be mean to people Willy nilly and get her life back so long as her family forgives her?" I sputter stunned by what I've just learned.

"If she is sincere in obtaining her family's forgiveness then yes," he confirms. "This isn't about turning her into someone she isn't."

"I changed," I argue.

"Because it was in your heart to change," he dryly informs me. "Who you became was already inside of you."

"One more thing," I grumble. "When I first became her you said that I was placed in a position where I would meet Gina, if I hadn't contacted her would I have still met her?"

"Yes," he nods. "If Hilary hadn't had a fatal heart attack she would have met Gina."

"So if she wasn't scheduled to kick the bucket they would have met," I sneer. "And she would have used Gina the same way she did tonight."

"I am sorry to tell you but that is actually what would have happened," Milton sighs. "You forget that you weren't the only one who changed. Gina would have simply accepted Hilary's shortcomings. She would have continued on the same path that Simone had sent her on."

I brush a tear from my cheek as I feel the guilt over my past coming back to haunt me.

"Remember you've already paid for your transgressions," he reminds me.

"Hurts just the same," I confess as I feel another tear burning against my flesh.

"Just keep trying," he encourages. "Hilary hasn't much time."

"That is the only good news I've had today," I snort as he vanishes. "How am I going to get through to you?" I ask the slumbering woman.

I don't follow her as she stumbles into the bathroom. There are just some things I really don't want to share with her. I spent the entire evening trying to think of some way to get through to her. I understand that sometimes deep down some people really are skanky. I use to be one of those people, yet Hilary seems to have raised skankiness to an art form.

I finally decide that if I can get to the bottom of Hilary's cool, aloof manner then just perhaps she has a shot at redemption. "I feel like crap," she grumbles as she stumbles into the bedroom and drops her robe. I'm not shocked at seeing her naked; after all I've been seeing her body in the mirror for a year now.

"You're not used to drinking that much anymore," I explain as she begins to dress for work.

"I didn't drink that much," she snaps. "Look I've been stuck up in the clouds for a long time. So, forgive me if I have a need to indulge in a few earthly pleasures. I should thank you for at least keeping up with my gym membership," she smiles as she pats her stomach.

"Actually, I had to switch gyms," I inform her.

"I liked my gym," she squawks.

"Because it was for women only," I snicker. "That one wasn't really a choice the management asked you to turn in your membership. I agreed and then I apologized to everyone you seduced or tried to seduce I switched you to co-ed facility."

"They can't do that," she protested. "You should have sued."

"I got your money back," I cut her off. "Hey I was a lawyer too."

"Anything else I should know?" She snarls as she heads towards the living room. "I really hate what you've done to this place," she sighs with disgust as she looks around what was her home.

"It is a lot more comfortable," I shrug. "I like it."

"It is just not me," she grumbles as we head off towards the office.

"Why is everyone being so nice to me?" She whispers as we make our way towards her office.

"People like you," I brightly inform her. "Feels good don't it?"

"No," she grunts as she storms past Shelia without greeting her. Once inside the office she slams the door and throws her briefcase down. "What the hell did you do to my office?"

"Great isn't it?" I beam. I just love what Gina did with the office space. She was right clients find it much more comfortable.

"No," she echoes. "Listen Tinker Bell, I'm good at what I do because people don't like me and are just a little afraid of me."

My response is cut off as Shelia enters the office with a cup of coffee. "Morning Hilary, here are your messages," Shelia offers brightly.

"What did you just call me?" She snaps.

"Don't yell at her," I quickly caution the irate brunette. "And I wouldn't drink that coffee so quickly. There isn't anything in it."

"What are you a sadist?" She snarls as Shelia watches her with confusion. "Cream and sugar, now," she demands as shoves the mug back at the startled Shelia.

"Is this going to be a yearly thing?" Shelia teases with a smile. I watch in horror as Shelia takes a hard swallow as Hilary glares at her.

"Now," Hilary barks as the stunned Shelia scampers out of the room. Hilary slams the door behind her. "She didn't even knock? And she calls me by my first name that shit stops now. What have you done to my life? I can only image the damage you've done to my profit margin with this little Doris Freaking Day routine of yours."

"Tripled it," I gloat as she slumps into her chair.

"Excuse me?" She chokes out.

"Your client base and profits have more than tripled in your absence," I calmly inform her. "I don't want to brag or anything but there is talk that you will be offered a partnership."

"I don't get it," she stammers as she slumps further into her chair.

"People like you," I try to convince her. "They find working with you a pleasure, your office is comfortable and inviting so now they aren't in a hurry to get away from you. Because of this more people want to do business with you."

"I don't get it," she mumbles as Shelia carefully enters the office. Without so much as a thank you Hilary snatches the cup from Shelia. Wisely my former assistant bolts out of the room, quietly closing the door behind her. "What I really don't get is why you are here?"

"I'm here to help you," I sigh as I sit on the desk.

"Liar," she sneers over at me. "You want my life back so you and Blondie can ride off into the sunset together. First you'll buy a house, then a puppy, quickly followed by a turkey baster baby

so you can die of boredom together."

"It is true," I confess. "I want all that and more. By coming back you changed all of that. My main concern was for the people around you. I don't want you to hurt the people I care about."

"My how unselfish of you," she groans as she sips her coffee. "Again I have to ask what you did that required you needing a second chance."

"I acted like you," I frown as I admit the truth. "The only difference was I earned a second chance. Unlike you who wrangled her way back by finding a loophole. I wanted to make things right."

"That's it?" She glares at me clearly still not trusting my motives.

"It is not an easy task," I curtly inform her. "Gina hated me for what I did to her."

"The blonde?" Hilary laughs. "She seems to have gotten over it. What exactly did you do to her?"

"I broke her heart," I grimly confess.

"That's it?" Hilary scoffs shrugging it off.

"No," I bark. "I seduced her, took her virginity and kicked her to the curb. Sound familiar?"

"Good one," Hilary snickers. "Nice to know you're not a total freak. So, you're not going to try to screw me over just so you can get my life back?"

"I'm not allowed to," I flatly inform her.

"Yeah but you want to," she laughs as she begins flipping through her Rolodex.

"No, I'm just here for damage control," I bluntly inform her. "Don't bother they won't talk to you," I caution her as she picks up the telephone.

"Crap," she mutters. "Okay, they won't talk to me or read my letters. I suppose a fruit basket is out of the question."

"Yeah that'll make up for stealing their home," I snipe. "Why did you do it?"

"You don't know anything about me," she blares out at me.

"Tell me?" I encourage her thinking that if I understood her motives then just perhaps I could help her. "And chill out."

"You're right," she grimaces. "I am tense. But I have the solution to that problem," she adds with

a wicked gleam in her eyes.

"What?" I inquire fearfully.

"Right after I clock out I need to have my attitude adjusted," she asserts.

"Wait what about Gina?" I gasp ready to have a stroke. Thankfully I'm not alive so that won't happen.

"She's your girlfriend, not mine," she snickers. "Oh don't give me that look. If I succeed you can come back and catch her on the rebound."

"You're a pig," I fume as I try to control my anger.

"Fine," she snorts out with an uncaring shrug. "I'm not into monogamy. It just isn't who I am. If that is your bag of tricks then goodie for you, I don't lie to women and I don't lead them on. Just because I chose to live alone doesn't make me a bad person."

"Gina is under the impression that the two of you are in a relationship," I caution her.

"Don't worry about it," she waves me off. "She'll get the hint after she doesn't hear from me."

"That is how you are going to end things with her?" I groan as I run my fingers through my hair. "Avoiding her just so you can be single again does make you a bad person. She deserves better than that."

"Not my problem," Hilary snarls as she begins her work.

Despite my best efforts Hilary has managed to annoy everyone she comes in contact with. By the end of the day people begin to avoid her. I felt sick each time she had Shelia brush off Gina's telephone calls. Hilary seemed pleased each time I begged her not to act like the arrogant ass that she is.

Now it is late evening and Hilary has her sorry butt parked on a barstool. She scans the limited crowd like she is reading a dinner menu. "Hey Babe," she greets a slender blonde.

"Hilary long time," the blonde smiles back at her. "How is Gina?"

"Who?" Hilary groans.

"Your girlfriend," I remind her as she glares at me.

"Gina," the blonde whose name is Monique counters.

"Oh that," Hilary sighs. "It's over."

"I'm sorry," Monique sympathizes.

"Why?" Hilary stammers.

"Huh?" Monique shakes her head confused by Hilary's actions. "Do you want to talk about it?" Monique offers gently as she places her hand on Hilary's shoulder.

"No," Hilary sighs as she leans into Monique's innocent touch. "I want to talk about you, Babe."

Monique jerks away as Hilary tries to wrap her arm around the blonde's waist. "Babe?" Monique curtly retorts. "Look Hilary, you were a lot of fun but that was a long time ago. Why don't you call Gina, I'm sure whatever happened the two of you will work it out."

"Great that is the fifth time tonight," Hilary grumbles as Monique walks away. "You turned me into a eunuch."

"Are we done here?" I sigh weary of watching Hilary making an ass out herself.

"Not yet," she counters with an evil smile. I follow her lustful gaze to a brunette I've never seen before.

"Don't do this," I caution her as she slips off the barstool and slinks across the barroom.

"Hi," she greets the stranger placing her arm against the wall cutting off the brunette's chance to avoid her. "Haven't seen you around here before."

"Lame," I snort as the brunette smiles up at her.

"I'm from out of town," the brunette brightly responds.

"Really?" Hilary beams.

I watch in horror as Hilary chats up the stranger. It doesn't take her long to be invited back to the woman's hotel room. They barely make it into the taxi before they begin making out. I don't want to watch as Hilary begins unbuttoning the stranger's blouse. In some twisted way it is like a bizarre form of voyeurism, watching someone who looks exactly like me suckling another woman's nipple. I also have to be honest about the fact that I am happy that she is sating her needs with someone other than Gina.

I am still with them as they tear one another's clothing off and fall onto the bed. I have to admit the stranger is attractive. Still I really think Hilary should have at least asked her name before

seeing her naked. Hilary's urgency troubles me as I watch her guiding the woman's face between her quivering thighs.

I turn away unable to stomach the sight any longer. Somehow I feel dirty as I listen to Hilary moaning with pleasure. I grumble as I spy the amorous duo in the mirror. Hilary's body thrusts as she cries out in ecstasy. "That's it Babe," she echoes the same words from the night before.

I want to stick a hot poker in my eyes as I watch the brunette's fingers slipping inside of Hilary's center. Hilary's head falls back as she rocks against her companion. "Harder!" She demands as her lover grants her request. I cover my eyes and hum loudly in an effort to block out the sounds of the two of them. Hilary's piercing cries of pleasure break through as I fight against the disturbing image now permanently burned in my mind.

"Damn that felt good," Hilary boasts as she falls back onto the bed. I take a deep breath as I prepare for the action to begin again. "It's late," Hilary yawns and I spin around. My jaw hangs open as she begins to collect her clothing.

"Uhm," her companion stammers. "That's it?"

"Fraid so," Hilary sighs as she begins to get dressed. "Maybe next time."

"Even I wasn't that bad," I groan.

"Don't count on it," the brunette scowls. "I'm not into do me queens."

"Good for you," I commend the stranger as Hilary shrugs and leaves the room.

"Oh what now?" Hilary grumbles as we ride down in the vacant elevator.

"Nothing," I lie. "I just seem to recall that in the past you were a little more giving during your encounters."

"Not in the mood," she gruffly responds. "Look we both know that I may not be around much longer. I got what I came for. I didn't feel a need to hang around."

There is something in her attitude that makes me uneasy. Beside her selfishness in bed, I feel quite certain that something is troubling her. "Want to talk about it?" I encourage as she hails a taxi.

"There is nothing to talk about," she gruffly dismisses me. "How is it that you know so much about me?"

"I was you," I try to explain as she enters the taxi. "When I stepped into your life, somehow I knew everything about you."

"Then why can't I remember the past year?" She whispers as the cab driver looks at her with

concern.

"I don't know," I answer her honestly. "Tomorrow we need to go visit your brother."

"I'm not ready," she hisses under her breath.

"You don't have much time," I caution her.

She ignores me and a part of me is thankful for the silence. She storms into the apartment seemingly annoyed by my presence. She is muttering something unintelligible as she storms into the kitchen. "Why the fuck is there so much raisin bread in the freezer?" She barks as she yanks out the ice tray.

"Trust me you running out can be hazardous to your health," I shudder as she scrunches her face and pours herself a large glass of scotch.

"Is there any way I can get rid of you?" She barks. "Frankly all the nagging is messing with my concentration."

"Is that why you didn't finish tonight?" I ask with concern.

"Normally, having more than one girl in the room can be fun," she mutters. "But you look just like me. Frankly it freaked me out having me watch me and knowing that I don't approve of me."

"I think understand," I concede. "I felt strange watching me have sex with a stranger."

"So, you'll go bye bye now?" She beamed.

"I don't think I can," I try to explain. "How about we see how things go with your brother tomorrow and I'll talk to Milton."

"I told you I'm not ready to talk to him," she protests.

"Kim forgave you perhaps he will as well," I offer hopefully.

"That bimbo," she growls as she storms off slamming the bedroom door behind her.

"Milton?" I wearily call out. My shoulders slump as my plea goes unanswered. "Come on help me out here. I feel like I'm watching a train wreck. There must be something I can do?"

My pleas remain unanswered and I spend the rest of the night pacing.

"I can't believe I let you talk me into this," Hilary hisses as we wait in her brother's office. He is

the plant manager for a small footwear company and has no idea that she is in his office. This should be fun.

"You need to stop doing that," I caution her as I notice the strange look the secretary flashes at her. "No one can see or hear me. If you're not careful you'll be institutionalized before you have a chance to set things right." She simply huffs at my suggestion as I watch the tall man entering the office.

"What are you doing here?" He demands as he slams the office door shut.

"I need to talk to you," she asserts.

"Just be honest with him," I advise her.

"Get out," he demands.

"Tell him the truth," I offer in a hurried tone. I just know that there has to be more to her little tryst with Kim than she is admitting to.

"My life depends on it," she blurts out as I sigh with relief that she is finally listening to me.

"So?" He scoffs.

"Don't blame him for being angry," I caution her once again as she jumps to her feet. I am surprised to see that she is shaking. "Just tell him the truth."

"I didn't know what to do," she blows out.

"Excuse me?" He bellows. "As I recall you knew exactly what you were doing."

"Tell him," I push her.

"Shut up," she barks at me. "Not you," she quickly back peddles as her brother glares at her. "I had to stop the wedding."

"What?" He stammers.

"She wasn't the right person for you," she tries to explain.

"So you slept with her?" He laughs at her ridiculous explanation.

"He has a point," I mutter wondering why she just didn't say something to him instead of seducing his bride.

"I know it was wrong," she quickly asserts. "She was going to break your heart."

"So you decided to do it for her?" He counters his face filled with sorrow.

"I just," she stammers as she tries to collect her thoughts. "When you started dating her, I sat back and did nothing. I knew she was playing around. But I figured you'd wake up and dump her. Then you got engaged and still I said nothing. The closer the wedding got the more I knew that I had to do something. My actions were wrong and disgusting to say the least; I just didn't know what to do."

"Do you honestly think that this is going to make everything all better?" He asks in an incredulous tone.

"I was hoping that you would forgive me," she states meekly.

"Get out," he states with defeat.

"Danny?" She pleads.

"Just go," he whispers unable to look at her.

Hilary is in a somber mood tonight as we sit in the apartment with the lights off. "Well that's it I guess," she grumbles.

"No," I correct her as she glares at me. "If it was I'd be sitting there and you'd be crossing over."

"You mean on my way to Hell in a handcart," she laughs.

"Literally," I chuckle. "So, you only slept with Kim to break things up. Call me crazy but why didn't you just tell your brother that you had concerns?"

"I tried," she sighs. "But his head was so far up her ass he couldn't see daylight. And I didn't plan on sleeping with her that just sort of happened. When I took her out that night my intention was to convince her to break it off."

"Kind of a round about way to get what you want," I theorize as we hear a knock on the door.

"Did you see the pictures on his desk?" She asks as she stands to answer the door. "He has a family. He's happy that is all that matters," she concludes as she opens the door. "Danny?" She gasps when she finds her brother standing before her. "Come in?"

"No," he begins with a hard swallow. "I'm not here for a visit. What you said about Kim, I did learn later was true. But I still can't forgive you for what you did. You're a selfish bitch."

"I've always have been," she teases him.

"No," he scowls. "You just think you are. Look I just came here to say that coming to see me took a lot of courage."

"Come in," she repeats a smile finally emerging on her face.

"I can't I have to get home, Tammy is waiting dinner," he explains. "I just, forget it. I said what I came here to say."

He smiles slightly before saying goodbye. Her eyes are welling up with tears. I feel a pang of regret that I can't hug her. "Well again that is that," she sniffs as she tries to hide her tears. "He won't forgive me."

"He already has," I supply. "He just hasn't said it yet. The fact that you are more concerned with his happiness than your own fate is the most important thing."

"Whatever, oh great and powerful OZ," she brushes me off. "So what do you want to do tonight? Play cards?" She laughs knowing that I am unable to touch anything or be touched.

"Cute," I snicker. "Why don't we talk about your parents?"

"How about we don't?" She growls as I watch the walls going up. "I can't believe you asked for this assignment."

"I'm just here for damage control," I counter.

"And you are doing tremendously," she snorts. "You've screwed up my sex life, saddled me with a girlfriend and don't even get me started on your taste in furniture."

"I think Gina did a fabulous job," I argue.

"Oh goodie it only took you half an hour to slip her name into the conversation," she fusses.

"I happen to be in love with her," I snap.

"Whatever," she blows out.

"Tell me why you sold your parent's home?" I ignore her attitude as best I can.

"You wouldn't understand," she growls as she flops down onto the sofa.

"Try me," I encourage.

"I didn't steal their house," she snaps. "I tried to talk some sense into them. The house was too big it was falling apart. They couldn't afford the up keep. I put the money in trust and made some investments for them. They can buy a nice little condo, which would be better for them and near the hospital. Mom can't take care of Dad; he doesn't even know what year it is."

I freeze as something occurs to me. "So you were trying to help?" I compliment her. "Despite your good intentions you do know that you shouldn't have interfered."

"No kidding," she screams as she folds her arms across her chest in a defiant manner. "I don't want to talk to you anymore," she spits out before storming into the bedroom.

I can't really blame her I keep opening wounds that have yet to heal. "Milton?" I beckon my celestial friend. "Come on I know you can hear me."

"Of course I can hear you," he greets me in a condescending tone as he suddenly appears. "You're doing great by the way."

"Oh am I?" I laugh. "Everyone hates her and she is breaking Gina's heart. She left at least a dozen messages for her and Miss Hot Pants erased them without bothering to listen."

"You're not here to play cupid," he cautions me.

"I know," I reluctantly agree. "Tell me how sick is her father?"

"Very," he answers softly.

"Is he aware of his surroundings or the people around him?" I choke out suddenly fearing that I already know the answers to the questions I am asking.

"No," Milton grimly confides.

"Then how can he forgive her?" I stammer as my heart is pounding.

"At this time, he is unable to do this," Milton dryly explains.

"He won't until he passes on," I stutter. "That is why her time is so short. He's dying."

"I'm sorry," he gently offers. "I know this affects you much as it does her."

"She doesn't know does she?" I shout.

"No," he confirms.

"You don't play fair," I bellow as he gives me a stern look.

"Hilary didn't earn this," he corrects me. "She is only succeeding because of you."

"I still think what you are doing sucks," I grunt as he vanishes. I spend the rest of the evening trying to think of how I am going to save Hilary's sorry ass.

The following afternoon Hilary has once again managed to terrorize everyone in the office. Shelia is hiding at her desk as Hilary stares up at me as if I had sprouted a third eye. "I don't think he'll come," she mutters.

"Just call Danny and give him the portfolio you put together for your parents," I demand quickly growing weary of her attitude. Her newfound likeability only lasted until this morning when she managed to seduce an intern in the copy room. She wasn't even polite or coy about her actions. She just kept brushing up against the young woman in the most demoralizing fashion. "They won't talk to you, but coming from him they might just take the money and be able to live more comfortably."

"How is this going to get them to forgive me?" She demands. "Are you still mad about me having sex this morning?"

"No it was a real joy watching you bend that young thing over," I groan as another disgusting image mars my memory. When the intern started to respond to Hilary leaning into her body, the brunette's hands slipped around the girl's waist. I couldn't believe her brazen actions as her hands moved up along the woman's front until she was cupping her breasts. The intern moaned as Hilary caressed her breasts as she whispered that she was a naughty girl. My jaw hung open as I watched Hilary grind her pelvis into the woman's backside. She kept murmuring how naughty the woman was as her hands slipped from her breasts down along the supple curve of her body. Hilary fingered the hem of the woman's skirt as the younger woman moaned deeply. Hilary lifted the skirt up to the intern's waist. She ran her hand along her firm ass before yanking down her pantyhose and underwear. I could hardly breathe as I watched Hilary start spanking the girl who was clinging to the copier. Then Hilary slipped inside the intern's wetness and took her hard until she climaxed. She didn't allow the intern time to adjust her clothing before she spun her around and grasped her wrist. Hilary cast me a smug look as she guided the intern's fingers inside of her. "At least you were more sharing this time," I mutter as I shake my head once again trying to erase to sordid encounter from my memory.

"See I'm learning," she quips.

"No, you're not," I shout in response. "By this time I gave up on redemption and only tried to do what was best for Gina."

"Again with the blonde," she scowls. "Jesus H. Christ I'm so sick of hearing about her. It is bad enough she calls every two seconds."

"Fine, you know what? We'll do this your way," I throw my hands up with disgust. "Fuck everything with a perky pair of tits and forget about changing your ways."

"Finally we agree," she cheers as she picks up her phone. "But you are smart so I'll call Danny. What if he turns down lunch?"

"Then messenger the portfolio over to him with a note explaining what you did and why you did it and beg him to help your parents," I conclude.

"Beg?" She gapes at me.

"Do you want to stay alive?" I glare at her.

"I'll give it a shot," she shrugs as she dials her Danny's office. Not surprisingly he isn't ready to join her for lunch. "I want this delivered today," she barks at Shelia as she shoves the package at her.

"Yes, Ms. Styles," Shelia dutifully responds.

"You're such a smuck," I growl once we return to her office. "You really enjoy yelling at people don't you?"

"Yes," she smiles. "Or didn't you figure that out when I was spanking that intern this morning."

"When you were what?" I cringe as I hear Gina's voice cutting through our conversation.

"Babe?" Hilary greets her without missing a step.

"What were you just saying?" Gina gasps.

"Just thinking out loud," Hilary jests as Gina just stares at her. "You know me."

"I thought I did," Gina begins slowly. "The Hilary I know didn't duck my phone calls or call me Babe, like I'm some sort of stranger."

Hilary just smiles and, much to my horror, crosses the room and plants a smoldering kiss on my lover. Gina jumps back and brings her fingers to her lips. "And she doesn't kiss like that," she whispers with confusion. "Hilary what is going on?"

"I'm just got a lot going on these days," Hilary stresses with exasperation. "I need some space."

"Hilary I feel like I don't know you," she continues still staring blankly at Hilary.

"She knows," I gasp. "She knows that it isn't me."

"Whatever," Hilary grumbles sighing with boredom.

Gina's jaw hangs open as she continues to stare at Hilary. "Like I was saying, I need space time to think some things through," Hilary offers.

"I see," Gina responds as she squares her shoulders. "While you're thinking things through if you happen to run into the kind, caring woman I fell in love with tell her I said hello."

"Gina," I whimper helplessly as I watch her walk out the door.

"Gina says hi," Hilary taunts me with a cocky smirk.

I watch her as she sits behind her desk and pretends to work. "You're not fooling me," I assert.

"Beg pardon?" She throws out pretending she could care less about what I am saying.

"Danny was right," I nod understanding her better at this moment than I did when I was living her life.

"Of course he was," she sighs as she continues to pretend to be working.

"You're not the bitch you want everyone to think you are," I surmise.

"Excuse me?" She blurts out. "Weren't you paying attention? I just blew the love of your life off. She won't be coming back."

"Not to you," I explain. "But you left the door open."

"It's my office," she frowns.

"Not that door you jackass," I curse. "For me and Gina you left the door open. You didn't break up with her, you said you needed space."

"Same thing," she protests.

"No, it isn't," I smile down at her. "If I get to come back you know that if I show up I can win her heart again."

"I did no such thing," she lies as she twists her pen. "The only thing I want is to get my life back. You're so full of yourself. Why would I do anything to help you?"

"Because it feels good," I rationalize.

"Bite me," she sputters in frustration. "I dumped her. Frankly I'm sick of her and you whining about her. Can't wait to get rid of the both of you."

"Then why not just say it is over?" I challenge her.

"I didn't think of it," she growls as Shelia storms into the office. "Again with the no knocking?"

"Hilary, it's Gina," Shelia begins in a rush as I feel my world shattering. "Downstairs, she wasn't paying attention and stepped out into traffic."

"What?" Hilary gasps as I sink to the floor.

"Well damn it!" I shout as I find myself once again wandering through the mist.

"Again with the profanity," Milton scolds me as I find him standing before me.

"What happened to," my voice trails off as I see Gina standing before me. "Gina? No, it isn't her time," I argue.

"No it isn't," Milton agrees. "This whole thing has messed everything up. Frankly I'm at a loss as how to rectify things."

"Hilary?" Gina calls out to me as I wrap her up in my arms. "Are we dead?"

"Apparently," I grumble as I cast a murderous gaze over at Milton. "But you shouldn't be. I died over a year ago."

"Huh?" She gapes at me as she shakes her head. "What do you mean you died over a year ago?"

"I was crushed to death by a bread rack in the supermarket," I mumble still embarrassed at how my life came to an end.

"Wait that is how Simone Ryder died," she questions me her confusion growing with each passing moment.

"And that is who I was," I confess as she takes a step away from me. "I was given a second chance as Hilary. I really became Hilary with no memory of Simone after you and I fell in love. Understand?"

"No," she squints at me. "Okay, how about an easy question why have you been so distant lately?"

"That was Hilary," I blurt out as she gapes at me. "The real Hilary. Seems she convinced the powers that be she deserved a second chance."

"So, the cocky wench who kept calling me Babe wasn't you?" Gina concludes.

"No that was the other Hilary," I supply. "I was there I just couldn't intervene."

"Alright let me just review this quickly," she begins. "You are, or were, Simone the one who broke my heart?"

"Yes, which I truly regretted and was given a chance to make amends with you," I reluctantly supply.

"We fell in love," she continues as I nod. "Then Hilary, the stud muffin, who really did spank an intern this morning came back and now we're both dead, but I'm supposed to be alive?"

"See you do understand," I smile.

"Not a damn thing," she mumbles as Milton clears his throat.

"They really frown on cussing up here," I offer as she nods. "Milton, you need to send Gina back."

"Not without you," she protests.

"It is not that simple," Milton interjects.

"Why not?" I complain. "You've popped everyone else in and out without a bother, what's one more?"

"As I was saying," he clears his throat. "It is not that simple. Time passes differently up here. Gina's been gone for a long time. And placement is a delicate matter. When you became Hilary it was for the betterment of things which are now completely out of skew because Hilary was successful. Also we've decided that after this little incident to be far more selective."

"Her father died," I whisper feeling a strange rush of sadness. "But he got a chance to see that she really did mean the best."

"Yes, but she is still Hilary," he groans while rolling his eyes. "Which brings up the question of what to do with you? Do you wish to return or move on?"

"I wish for Gina to get her life back," I bluster.

"I'm working on it," he whines. "Sorry this has been very stressful. Wait here."

"Like we could wander off," Gina snickers as he vanishes.

"I said the same thing my first time up here," I laugh. "I missed you."

"I missed you too," she sniffs. "Still can't believe you used to be Simone. That's what you meant when you told me you had a chance at a new life and you grabbed it with both hands."

"You were literally my salvation," I concur with a bright smile. "I know that doesn't make up for taking your virginity."

"No kidding," she smirks as she takes me by the hand. "I knew it wasn't you. Her eyes don't have

your sparkle."

"What sparkle?" I smirk as I wrap my arms around her. I am still enthralled by the very sight of her that it makes my knees weak and my heart pound.

"That sparkle," she moans as she brushes my brow her eyes keeping mine locked in a fiery gaze. "And her kiss was so empty, not like yours at all."

Not being one to turn down a compliment or ignore an invitation I quickly claim the soft, supple lips. The magic and fire of her touch stoke the fire inside of me, as the kiss grows deeper. If it weren't for the pesky sound of Milton clearing his throat repeatedly things would have gotten a lot more interesting.

"Milton?" I glare up at him fully expecting him to have a solution for our present predicament. When he fails to answer my query I feel my insides gnarling. "There has to be something you can do."

"I wish I could just reset the clock and start this over again," he sighs in defeat. "One life touches so many. Gina's departure and yours left a void."

I am pondering what he has just said as Gina snuggles against my chest. I run my fingers through her long, golden hair when I am struck by something. I think I've found my very own loophole. "Milton," I gleam as I turn from my lover's embrace. "If Hilary gave up her new life would she be judged by her actions now and spared from Hell?"

"Yes," he answers me slowly.

"Even if you did reset the clock and sent both of us back, Hilary would still have her redemption?" I press my smile growing brighter as I argue my case. "What would be her fate if she stood before you today?"

"A fresh start," he answers me curious to see where this is going.

"She'd be reborn?" I bounce with excitement.

"Yes," Milton grumbles. "I hate lawyers," he mutters. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking that I know Hilary better than anyone," I gloat. "Can I talk to her?"

"If you think it will help," he gratefully accepts.

"I think I can get through to her," I sigh nervously. "But work on a back up plan just in case."

"Done," he commands as a light flashes before me and suddenly I find myself standing in Hilary's office.

"I thought you would have redecorated by now?" I quip startling the brunette who is staring out the window. "Miss me?"

"Not really," Hilary curtly informs me, as she looks me up and down. "Are you here to take me back?"

"Why would I do that?" I ask.

"I failed," she mumbles as sadness fills her eyes. "My mother and brother forgave me but my Dad," her voice trails off. "My father died."

"I know and I am sorry," I console her. "But after his passing he did forgive you."

"I don't understand," she squints at me. "Then why are you back?"

"I need to talk to you," I carefully begin.

"Wait, there is something you need to know," she chokes out. "Gina, she died. I'm sorry. I know this is my fault. Being part of a poster couple may not be my cup of tea but the two of you seemed really happy. I am truly sorry."

"I know about Gina," I tenderly offer. "I've seen her."

"At least you can be together now," she mutters sorrowfully.

"There is a bit of a problem with that," I grumble. "First tell me how are you?"

"You came all the way down here to ask how I'm doing?" She sputters. "There really is something wrong with you, you know that don't you?"

"Just answer my question," I groan my patience already wearing thin.

"You want to know how I am?" She snickers. "Great. I didn't get the partnership. Seems they wanted to promote you and not me. I am dating a lot. That's fun. My brother is speaking to me, but we're still not close. Other than that life is just a freaking picnic."

"Are you happy?" I encourage. "Were you ever really happy?"

"Fuck yes," she snarls as I roll my eyes at her outburst.

"The truth," I scold her.

"No, I'm not, is that what you wanted to hear?" She barks at me. "I actually managed to relive

my life, knowing what not to do and I still screwed up and ended up miserable. Why do you care?"

"I care," I console her once again. "You thought that getting your life back would make it better. I could see in your eyes that you weren't really happy."

"So?" She growls. "Hey I didn't think I'd be successful, I just wasn't in a big hurry to go to Hell. Plus I thought things would be different."

"What if I told you they could be different?" I boast. "You still get your get of Hell free card but you get to start all over again."

"What did you do?" She inquires with a gleam in her eyes.

"I found a loophole of my own," I smirk as I wiggle my eyebrows. "Seems that you being here and Gina not have caused disorder."

"Figures," she grumbles. "Leave it to me to screw up the entire universe."

"It doesn't have to be that way," I cut her off. "You don't have to be Hilary Styles. I'm offering you a chance at being reborn."

"Why are you doing this for me?" She blows out.

"I'm not," I correct her. "I'm doing it for me and Gina. The clock will be reset and none of this happened. The only difference is you still get another chance just as a different person. Interested?"

"Let me think about that," she smirks. "I get a fresh start but I will have to go through puberty again. But I don't have to keep living as Hilary. Let's do it."

I shot up in the darkness looking around my breath catching in my lungs. "Honey what is wrong?" I hear Gina calling out to me. "Hilary you are shaking," she nervously explains as she turns on the light in the bedroom.

"Bad dream," I choke out as I spy the chocolate moose she has set down on the nightstand.

"Want to talk about it?" She encourages as she curls up next to me and starts to rub my back in a soothing motion.

"Can't remember it," I blow out as I feel my body calming. "What is that?"

"Oh I was a little hungry," she sheepishly confesses as I scowl at her. "Hey we didn't eat dinner remember? Someone decided to ravish me instead of feeding me."

"You ravished me," I correct her, my body warming from the memory.

"I couldn't help myself," she murmurs. "Everything was just so romantic, the flowers, the dim lighting and you looking sexy as all hell."

"I just wanted tonight to be special," I confess as I lean into her soothing touch.

"Why?" She asks as I feel my nervousness returning. I take a hard swallow knowing that it is time for me to ask her the big question I had planned on asking during dinner.

"Oh God," I stammer slightly as I try to bolster my courage. I say a silent prayer that I won't scare her off. "I'm thinking of buying a house. In fact I found a really cute one just outside of the city."

"Oh?" She mumbles as I feel her hand stilling on my back. "You're buying a house. That's nice." I blink as I hear a note of dejection in her voice.

"Actually," I slowly start. "I was hoping that *we* would be buying a house." I feel my body tensing as she just sits there and stares at me.

"Yeah?" She finally beams in response.

"Yeah," I echo finally calming. "We can go look at the place in the morning. It is a good size, in need of some work but it is in a quiet neighborhood and has a big backyard."

"Sounds great," she smiles. "Plenty of room for you, me and,"

"And?" I tease her.

"And a puppy then maybe in a couple of years more," she encourages as I feel her hands slipping beneath my nightshirt. "Feeling better?"

"Yes," I shiver as I feel her fingers dancing across my flesh. I inhale sharply as I feel her nuzzling my neck. "I take it you are awake now," I murmur as I feel her teeth nipping at my flesh.

"Hmm," she moans into my neck her hands drifting higher up my body. "Wide awake," she purrs hotly into my ear before capturing the sensitive lobe with her lips. "I love you Hilary."

"I love you Gina," I groan as I feel the palms of her hands brushing against my nipples. My body arches against her touch. I need to feel more of her as I wrap my arms around her body. I feel content as her body melts against mine. I never thought that I could be happy being with just one person, now I can't imagine my life any other way.

Gina lowers me down against the pillows pulling my nightshirt up. I lay before her naked

shivering beneath her lustful gaze. The troubling dream that had awakened me vanishes as I watch her raking her fingers down my body. I reach out and tug on her shirt silently informing her that she is over dressed.

She smiles at me before lifting her arms allowing me to remove the troublesome garment. "Much better," I murmur with pleasure as I drink in her naked body. My hands reach out so my fingers can touch her. I listen as her breathing grows heavy while the tips of my fingers drift along the swell of her breast. She leans forward as I brush her nipples with my knuckles.

I draw her closer until the erect buds are pressing against my lips. My tongue snakes out to greet her pink buds. I flicker my tongue lightly against her erect nipples. She moans as I tease her drawing her closer until her breast is filling my mouth. I can feel her desire brushing against my skin. I love teasing her and the feel of her body gently moving against my own.

I feel her hand slipping between our bodies. Gina's fingers dance lightly against my trembling stomach. She caresses me tenderly. I know she understands what her simple touch is doing to me. My legs part as her touch drifts lower. I moan with disappointment as I feel her nipple escaping my lips. She captures me in a fiery gaze as I feel her fingers parting my swollen nether lips.

I draw her in for a lingering kiss as she traces my slick folds. I shiver uncontrollably as I feel her fingers spreading into a V shape as they glide along my wetness. My body responds to her touch as I feel her pressing against my center. I want to feel all of her as she slips inside of my passion.

She suckles my neck as I feel her thumb teasing my throbbing clit; her fingers gliding easily in and out of me as I ride against her touch. I cling to her my mind echoing the first time we were intimate. Thoughts of how she took me on the floor in my office fuel my desire. I need to touch her to capture her very soul.

I grasp her hips guiding her down against my shaking form. I slip my thigh between her until I feel her desire on my skin. She rocks her body urgently stroking her clit against my firm thigh. She is caught up in the feeling of our bodies melding together as I roll her onto her back.

She squeaks with surprise at how I've turned the tables on her. I hover above her our bodies never slowing. Gina's eyes darken with desire as we become lost in the fire. "I love you so much," I confess as we sway together. "I want you," I gasp as I slip from her touch.

"I'm yours," she gasps out her promise as my hands slowly trace the curves of her body. My eyes make love to her as my hands explore her quivering form. I feel the raw animal passion consuming me as my fingers brush against the damp curls of her triangle. "Hilary," she groans her eyes pleading with me to take all that she has to offer.

My heart soars as I capture her throbbing bundled between my fingers. I tease her roughly as her body responds to my touch. My fingers tease her as she wriggles beneath me. She grabs my wrist and guides my hand to her aching core. I am on fire as she grinds her clit against the heel of my hand.

I hear her calling my name as I slip inside of her warmth. I add a third digit as she thrusts against my touch. I watch her as I plunge deeper inside. Her body is on fire as she wraps her legs around me. I can feel the walls tightening against my touch. Her thighs trembling against my body as I capture her nipple in my mouth.

I lift my body slightly so I won't crush her beneath me. I lick the sweat from beneath her breasts. Soon my mouth tastes all of her flesh as my fingers drive her closer to the edge. I need to taste her pleasure as she nears the pinnacle. I want to drown in her wetness as she screams out my name.

Her hips jerk in response as my mouth captures her clit, my mouth and fingers moving in the same frantic rhythm as she screams out my name. Her release cascades over me as I refuse to yield. I bury myself deeper inside of her passion as I try to hold her body steady. I am losing the battle as her body lifts off of the bed.

Gina's fingers tighten in my hair as she tries to escape my touch. I murmur with delight as I finally release her nub from my mouth. She is struggling to catch her breath as my tongue teases the inside of her thighs. I feel her body relaxing the musky aroma her passion filling my senses. "What were you dreaming about?" I hear her gasping as she pulls me to her.

"I can't remember," I confess as I feel the softness of her breasts brushing against my body.

"You should have nightmares more often," she teases before she licks her passion from my lips. I feel the air escaping my lungs as she flips me over. I am always surprised that such a small woman could be so strong. She leans over my body and I release a whimper as her breasts remain just out of reach.

I try to reclaim her body as she crawls away from me and reaches into the nightstand. "Hilary," she cautions me as I feel my heart flutter. I inhale sharply as I see that she has pulled my vibrator from the drawer in the nightstand.

"Gina," I groan as I feel her rolling me onto my side. I hear the low humming of the toy as she nestles behind my body. I can feel her wetness brushing against my backside as she nudges my thighs apart. I cry out as I feel the vibrator slipping between my thighs.

Gina rocks against my body as I feel the toy gliding along my sex. Her nipples press against my back as she slowly teases my clit with the vibrator. I feel her hot breath in my ear as our bodies sway. I grasp a pillow in my hand as she keeps taunting me with the movement of her hips and the steady stroking of the toy.

She presses her wetness inside of me as she turns the vibrator until it is slipping inside of me. My hand slips from the pillow and I begin to pinch one of my nipples as she rides against me. By the sharp gasps I hear her releasing I know that she is about to follow me over the edge. I scream out as I explode her body still rocking against me.

The world becomes a blur and I am lost in a crimson haze. The only thing I am aware of is the feel of my lover climaxing against my body. We don't cease our lovemaking. I feel as if it has been ages since we've touched. Finally I am gasping into the mattress as my lover collapses on top of me. "So strange," I absently murmur as the feeling returns. "It feels like we've been apart."

"I know," she whispers against my shoulder. "I don't understand why I needed to feel you to reconnect."

She releases a contented sigh as we snuggle back under the covers. For a brief instant before I drift off to sleep I have the strangest feeling that someone is watching us.

"What are you doing?" Milton scolds the old Hilary.

"Just seeing how my life is going," she smirks as she watches the couple.

"This isn't your life any longer," he cautions her.

"Speaking of which, when I do I get reborn?" She asks hopefully eager to begin a new life.

"Not just yet," he confides with a knowing smile. "I've found the perfect parents for you, but it will be some time before you will join them."

"Really?" She cautiously asks before she understands what he is implying. She glances over at Gina and Hilary and smiles. "Oh I get it Hilary has two mommies."

"It seems fitting," he concludes.

"Yes it does," she agrees.

The End

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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