

# ~ Danica's Dilemma ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

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## PART ONE

Danica looked grimly out her dorm room window as the rain pounded heavily onto the sidewalk below. She sighed deeply, thinking that she was beyond bored at that moment. Life in college was certainly not turning out the way she had expected. Although the classes were great, everything else filled her with a sense of uneasiness.

She had finally gotten away from home just as she had always dreamed of doing, away from the small town that had been suffocating her. But life in the dorm fell below her expectations. The other students only wanted to spend their time partying. She wanted to study. It didn't help that she really didn't seem to click with anyone except her roommate. At least she did in the beginning anyway.

At the start she and Cassidy seemed to get along very well. They both seemed to be focused on their studies. They would chat and catch the occasional movie together. They usually ate together and went to the library together. The only distance stemmed from Cassidy's boyfriend, *Sam*. At least she assumed that Sam was Cassidy's boyfriend. The late night calls from him consisted of giggles and hushed words. The experiences always made Danica feel like an intruder. She never asked about Sam; she only knew his name by hearing Cassidy say it during the telephone conversations. Danica feared answering the telephone; something deep inside her didn't want to speak to Sam.

When the telephone in their room would ring, Danica simply excused herself. She knew that Cassidy would be chatting into the wee hours. She knew no one would call her. She had no friends back home and her parents would wait for her to call so she rarely answered the telephone. There was no need and they had voice mail. Why bother?

Then a few months ago, things changed. The subtle changes started after Thanksgiving. Cassidy seemed edgy after returning from the holiday. After the winter break Cassidy had grown distant and strangely quiet.

Danica had tried to draw the tall dark haired girl into conversation. Her efforts were greeted with a cold blue stare. Danica was hurt and retreated into herself even more. In spite of all that, she still felt a connection to Cassidy that she couldn't explain.

Cassidy's mood changed when the late night phone calls had suddenly ceased. Danica wondered if it had to do with Cassidy's boyfriend; perhaps they had broken up. Danica felt certain that's what had happened and the separation obviously hadn't been Cassidy's idea. "Idiot," Danica muttered under her breath as she thought about the mysterious Sam. Danica couldn't understand why anyone would break up with Cassidy. No matter where the leggy brunette went on campus, heads turned. Hell, they didn't simply turn, they snapped. Danica was quite certain that her roommate had unknowingly inflicted whiplash on many a poor unsuspecting soul.

Danica forced herself to hold her focus on the street below as she heard the door to the room open and close. It was Friday night and Cassidy was still in the dorm. Before the phone calls stopped, Danica could be certain that Cassidy would leave campus as soon as her last class was over and she wouldn't return until early Monday morning.

"Hey," Cassidy offered casually as she flopped down onto her twin bed. Danica turned her head slightly, getting a glimpse of the long form sprawled out on the little bed. She searched her mind for something to say. This was the first time in weeks that Cassidy had offered to talk.

"Hi," Danica finally managed to say, feeling slightly pathetic.

Danica turned her smaller frame towards Cassidy while tucking her short blonde hair behind her ears. "Staying in this weekend?" Danica questioned carefully, hoping that she wasn't pushing.

"Humph," Cassidy grunted.

"Sorry," Danica apologized as she wandered over to her own bed, feeling very sad.

Danica understood what was wrong with her. She felt clumsy and awkward around Cassidy. And she knew why. It was because she had a huge crush on her roommate. Something that she hoped would fade with time. She had been down this road before and it only caused her heartache. She wanted to be Cassidy's friend and the only way that could happen was if she could curb her desire.

"Why?" Cassidy asked as she propped herself up on one elbow and cast a deep blue gaze over to Danica. Feeling slightly lightheaded from the intense look, Danica paused for a moment before responding.

"Why what?" she asked in confusion.

"Why are you sorry?" Cassidy asked with a shrug.

"I . . . Uhm . . . ," Danica stammered, uncertain what to say or do.

"Danica?" Cassidy drew her name out in a rich tone that had an unnerving effect on the small blonde.

"Yes?" Danica responded with a hard swallow. Her mind was reeling as she drank in the sight of her roommate lounging on the bed. It was one of those moments she'd been experiencing since early September. Every once in awhile she had the odd feeling that Cassidy was flirting with her. She just wrote it off as wishful thinking.

"I was just going to say that you shouldn't be the one to apologize," Cassidy explained as her face turned sullen. "I'm the one who's been moping around."

"Well . . . uhm . . . you had your reasons," Danica answered shyly. "You want to talk about it?" Danica inquired after deciding to take the risk.

"No," Cassidy answered flatly. "I want to go out." She wiggled her eyebrows and smiled brightly as she spoke. "How about it?"

"I . . . guess so," Danica stammered slightly, feeling suddenly warm in some very interesting places.

"Good," Cassidy answered boldly as she bounced up from the bed. "Let's go."

"Now?" Danica stared down at her clothing. "Shouldn't we change first?" Danica smiled at the prospect of spending time with her attractive roommate.

"Why?" Cassidy shrugged as she glanced up and down Danica's firm body. "You look great. How about hitting Mattie's over in Marblehead? They never card."

"Oh . . . okay." Danica had suspected that Cassidy would want to go out drinking. She felt a little uneasy about getting tipsy around Cassidy because she wasn't certain that she could trust herself.

"Come on. I need a night out," Cassidy asserted as she ran her fingers through her long black hair. "All this rain has me a little keyed up."

Danica looked over at her leggy roommate clad in an old pair of ripped jeans and short white t-shirt that exposed her flat stomach. "I suppose we could catch the bus and then take a cab back if we stay late," Danica reasoned, still feeling slightly apprehensive.

"It's settled then," Cassidy responded as she draped her arm around the smaller woman's shoulders.

"Are you sure I look alright?" Danica frowned slightly as she looked at herself in the mirror. She was wearing black jeans and a turquoise tank top.

"Are you kidding?" Cassidy chuckled as her hand patted Danica's abdomen. "You look terrific. That's quite the six pack you're developing there." She gave Danica's firm abs an extra pat.

Danica swallowed hard as she felt the heat emanating from Cassidy's fingers. Unknowingly she instinctively shifted to lean into the tall woman. Cassidy tightened her grip and held the smaller woman for a moment before suddenly stepping away from her.

Danica felt a sudden coolness from the loss of contact with Cassidy. Feeling embarrassed she hoped that she hadn't revealed too much. She didn't want to lose the friendship that was growing between the two of them. It was the tiny spark of passion that threatened to ignite into an uncontrollable blaze that troubled her.

Cassidy turned to her as she opened the door and flashed a brilliant grin. "Come on already," Cassidy urged. Unable to stop herself, Danica grabbed her keys and her wallet and rushed out the door, tossing her worries aside.

## PART TWO

The bus ride over to Marblehead was uneventful. The two women chatted about school and the weather although Danica did notice that Cassidy was a little evasive when the subject turned to rain. She managed to convince Cassidy to stop for dinner before they went to the small night spot. If they were going to be drinking they needed to eat. They also needed to dry off a bit since neither had bothered to grab a jacket or umbrella before they left.

Dinner tested Danica's willpower as she sat across from Cassidy whose damp t-shirt was more than a little revealing. They passed on alcohol for the moment and settled on ice tea and burgers. The rain had stopped when they emerged from the restaurant. They walked in silence over to Mattie's, simply enjoying each other's company and the coolness of the night air.

Upon entering Mattie's they were instantly greeted by the thumping of techno music that blared across the somewhat deserted dance floor. "I'm glad we got here early," Cassidy remarked as they made their way to the bar. "I wasn't in the mood to be hit on by some guy."

"No kidding." Danica snorted as she felt herself relax more than she had in ages.

They leaned casually against the oak bar. "Two Long Island Ice Teas," Cassidy ordered from the bored bartender. He simply nodded and started to make the drinks without asking for any identification. Danica looked over at her roommate who was smirking back at her in a cocky manner as she played with a bowl of peanuts.

"Do you come here often?" Danica inquired in a serious tone, not realizing what she was implying.

"Are you trying to pick me up?" Cassidy teased as she popped a peanut into her mouth.

Danica's mouth dropped open as her face turned beet red. "I . . . err . . . Uhm . . .," she blabbered, trying to recover some sense of dignity.

"Whoa." Cassidy laughed heartily. "I was just teasing."

Danica shook her head fiercely, trying to clear her thoughts. The bartender delivered the cocktails. Seeing the opportunity to save some dignity, she paid for the drinks and tipped the bartender. The generous gratuity seemed to ease any suspicions he may have held regarding their ages.

"I'm sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable," Cassidy offered shyly as she took a sip of her drink. "You're not a phobe or anything, are you?" Cassidy's voice was direct even if her eyes were focused firmly on her cocktail.

"No," Danica answered harshly. "Trust me, I'm not homophobic." The last part was muttered in a bitter tone. Danica took a healthy swig of her drink. The strength of the cocktail surprised Danica and she ended up choking on her drink.

Cassidy was beside her instantly and patted her back furiously. "Danica?" Cassidy asked, her voice filled with concern.

"I'm fine," Danica gasped out as she struggled to breathe. Cassidy requested a glass of water from the bartender while her arms stayed wrapped around Danica's body.

Cassidy offered the water to Danica who accepted it gratefully. She sipped the water carefully as Cassidy rubbed her back in slow circles. For a brief moment Danica closed her green eyes to allow herself to wallow in the guilty pleasure of Cassidy's touch.

"Can I help?" a male voice interrupted her enjoyment. Danica opened her eyes to find a tall somewhat attractive man looking down at her. Internally she groaned, thinking that this was last thing she needed.

"No, thank you," Danica coughed out politely. She was disappointed to feel Cassidy's hand move away from her back as she straightened up.

"Well, at least allow me to buy you a drink," the young man offered as he stepped slightly closer to her. Danica felt the familiar anger building within her. She felt her face burning as she glared up at the man.

"No, thank you," she repeated, hoping that this would be the end of it.

"Come on." He winked at her. "Maybe a shot?" he offered, stepping a little closer.

"She said *NO*," Cassidy spat out sternly as her hand gently clasped Danica's shoulder. She

couldn't see the expression on Cassidy's face, but the way the young man turned pale and scampered off told her that its expression was less than friendly.

"Thank you." Danica sighed with relief as she turned to her roommate. She couldn't stop herself from smiling when she caught the warm expression on the taller woman's face.

"Some guys just can't take a hint," Cassidy said casually as she reached for her cocktail.

"I know," Danica agreed. "I tried to be nice."

"I know but sometimes you just have to break down and tell them to piss off," Cassidy sneered.

Danica smiled in return as she reached for her own cocktail. Cassidy raised her glass to make a toast. Danica mimicked the gesture.

"Cheers," Cassidy offered.

"So what are we drinking to?" Danica asked as they clinked their glasses together.

"Girls' night out," Cassidy offered in an amused tone.

"Sounds good to me," Danica concurred. "Men who needs them?" she added as a joke.

"Here here!" Cassidy cheered before taking a healthy swig of her drink.

The duo settled back down at the bar and sipped their drinks quietly. They found themselves ordering another round as the Friday night crowd grew. Danica shifted uncomfortably as she noticed men checking both of them out.

"So . . .," Danica began slowly, ". . . you want to talk about it?"

"What's that?" Cassidy responded with a slight hesitation.

"Sam," Danica finally said fearfully.

"Oh, Sam," Cassidy answered with a grimace. "Not much to say."

"You don't have to talk about him," Danica offered sympathetically. "But if you want to . . . I'm here for you."

"Thank you," Cassidy answered heavily. "Nothing to say . . . it's over. It just sucks when you think you're in love only to find out that the other person doesn't love you."

"The guy's an idiot," Danica pointed out. "Screw 'em!"

Cassidy barked out a hearty laugh at Danica's sudden bravado. "I'm shocked." Cassidy continued

to laugh as her body moved slightly closer to the smaller woman. "You're a little gutter mouth after a couple of cocktails. But you're right, *screw 'em!* Let's drink." Cassidy waved for the bartender to bring them another round.

"Are you trying to get me drunk?" Danica teased, feeling slightly bolder. Of course she knew that her boldness was directly related to the buzz she had going.

"Perhaps," Cassidy taunted her as she handed her a fresh cocktail. "Why? Worried that I might take advantage of you?" The last part was whispered hotly into Danica's ear.

Danica heard the moan escape before she could stop herself. She turned away and placed her drink on the bar thinking that perhaps she had enough. "Like you would need to get me drunk for that," she muttered as she turned away from Cassidy.

"What?" Cassidy inquired absently as her fingers tapped to the beat of the music.

"Nothing," Danica lied, noticing that her companion's drink was much darker than it should be. "When did you switch to soda?"

"The last round," Cassidy confessed over the music.

"You are trying to get me drunk." Danica wagged her finger in accusation.

Cassidy laughed deeply as she captured the offending appendage with her hand. Danica swallowed deeply as Cassidy captured her in a mesmerizing stare. "Dance with me," Cassidy commanded.

"What?" Danica asked, feeling suddenly lost.

The spell was broken as Cassidy released her hand. "Good tune, let's dance." Her voice lost the sensual edge it held just moments earlier.

"Sure," Danica agreed, disappointed at the sudden change in Cassidy's demeanor.

Cassidy led the way to the tiny dance floor, her hips swaying gently in time with the music. Danica followed and willed herself to relax. '*Come on now. Just relax and enjoy yourself. It's not like anything's going to happen between the two of you.*' she scolded herself as she tried to ease into a rhythm. Despite her mental cautioning she found her heart beating wildly as her palms began to sweat.

Cassidy's movements were intoxicating as she swayed closer to Danica. The heat emanating from the brunette drew the smaller blonde closer. Danica found that she couldn't look at the other woman as their bodies moved in a sensual beat. They were so close that Danica could smell Cassidy's perfume. Still just a breath apart the two didn't touch. Danica looked around and noticed the men in the room watching them with a mix of envy and lust.

They continued to move together. Danica felt a sudden rush when their thighs accidentally brushed. She glanced up to see Cassidy lost in the rhythm; her eyes were closed as she swept her long black hair out of her face. The sight caused Danica to inhale sharply. Her eyes drifted down slightly to catch Cassidy's ample breasts swaying as well. Danica licked her lips as she lost herself in the wondrous vision.

Her chest heaved when she felt Cassidy's hand caress her shoulder as she moved behind the smaller woman. Danica felt certain that she would explode at that moment. Cassidy placed both of hands on Danica's shoulders as she pressed closer. Another moan escaped from Danica as she felt herself lean into Cassidy's body as they danced.

Drawing closer, their bodies moved together in a sensual dance. Cassidy's hands slipped slowly down Danica's arms. Danica allowed herself to let go as she reached behind her and stroked the strong thighs that were pressing into her. Cassidy's hands were wrapped around Danica's firm abdomen. Hands stroked her stomach and drove her senses into overload.

"You are so beautiful," Cassidy whispered in her ear. Danica felt herself melting into the other woman's touch as she whimpered helplessly. Cassidy had a firm grasp on Danica's abs with one hand while her other hand weaved its way down to one of her thighs. Cassidy's hands continued to roam and explore Danica's body.

The mixture of lights, music, alcohol and Cassidy's touch was driving Danica to the brink. Her lust was fueled even further as she felt Cassidy's hot breath on her neck. Danica responded by reaching further back and grasping Cassidy's backside firmly as she leaned slightly forward. Her movement forced her backside to grind firmly into Cassidy's pelvis. Cassidy gently guided Danica's body back into her own.

As the music beat on the two women continued to melt together. Their breathing became erratic as their bodies were covered in a light sheen of sweat. "Danica?" Cassidy's voice called to her in a low sensual tone; her lips brushed lightly against her ear.

"Yes," Danica gasped as she felt Cassidy's hand slip over her thigh to press lightly against her center

"I wan . . .," Cassidy began.

Suddenly Danica felt a slight nudge. Off balance she tripped slightly as her eyes flew open. Danica spotted the source of the problem instantly. The unwelcome man from earlier had bumped into them. Apparently he was making a pathetic attempt to join them. Danica saw the look in Cassidy's eyes and things didn't look good for the boy wonder. Quickly Danica took Cassidy by the hand and pulled away from the guy as he made a lewd suggestion on how he could assist the two women.

"Let's go," Danica pleaded.

Cassidy didn't say a word as Danica led her out of the nightclub. Cassidy dropped her hand as soon as they stepped out into the rainy night. "Cassidy?" Danica said in a fearful tone. Cassidy didn't say a word as she crossed her arms over her chest. "Hey, the guy was a jerk," Danica

offered, knowing that the moment had passed. Cassidy just stared at her strangely.

"Yeah, right," Cassidy finally said in a flat tone. "We'll never catch a cab down here. We should walk up to the main drag," Cassidy suggested. Danica reached for her roommate's hand and her heart sank when Cassidy seemed not to notice the gesture.

### PART THREE

The cab ride back to the dorm was dreary for Danica. Cassidy didn't say much; she simply stared out the window. Danica made a few lame attempts to engage her roommate in conversation. When her efforts fell short she tried to reconcile herself to the fact that their dance hadn't really meant anything. She felt guilty for feeling like something was happening between the two of them.

They stepped into the dorm with their wet clothes clinging to their bodies. They slopped their way across the lobby and stepped into the elevator. Cassidy hit the button for their floor. She stepped to the back of the elevator with her shoulders slumped as she nervously chewed on her fingernails. Danica caught the shy glance Cassidy sent her way.

"I'm sorry," Cassidy offered up as they stepped out of the elevator and began walking towards their room. Danica felt confused and uncertain as to just what she should do. Cassidy blew out a heavy breath as they stepped into their room.

"Cassidy?" Danica called to her carefully. "What happened?"

"I'm going to take a shower," Cassidy said quickly, ignoring Danica's question. "I'm all wet."

"Tell me about it," Danica grumbled as her mind flashed back to the feel of the other woman pressed against her.

Cassidy arched her eyebrows as she cast a curious glance at the blonde. Feeling bold for the briefest moment, Danica flashed a cocky smirk in return. Cassidy smiled as she shook her head. They each grabbed a robe and a towel and headed off to the bathroom.

As she showered Danica replayed the events of the evening. Replaying the images over and over again, she came to one clear conclusion . . . it wasn't her imagination. Cassidy had been flirting with her. This new revelation didn't give her any sense of relief. It simply raised an entire new set of questions. *'Why did Cassidy flirt with me? Was she that drunk? Or just curious because she's on the rebound from Sam?'* Danica pondered that last thought. It made her uneasy but it also made her consider something she hadn't thought of before. *'If she's just bi curious, I don't care how hot she is! Been there, done that!'*

She stepped out of the shower and dried herself. She wrapped herself in her oversized navy blue terry cloth robe and strolled back to the room. She was lost in thought as she stepped through the door. She saw Cassidy sitting on her bed wrapped in a similar bathrobe. Danica inhaled quickly as her mind instantly returned to the crowded dance floor. Cassidy looked back at her; their eyes locked for a moment before Danica turned away. *'I need to think,'* she told herself. *'Well that or kiss her. No . . . no . . . oh yes!'*

"I'm sorry I got all weird tonight," Cassidy apologized. "I just . . . uhm . . ." Cassidy paused, seeming to struggle with something. "I . . . I was drunk," she lied.

Danica rolled her eyes in disbelief. "No, you weren't," she groaned. "I know you stopped drinking before I did. You may have been buzzed but you weren't drunk. Do you feel like you need an excuse for dancing with me the way you did? Was it that guy?"

"Well I should know better than to dance like that in a straight club," Cassidy mumbled absently. Her bright blue eyes grew wide as she realized what she had just admitted.

"Yeah, straight guys get all stupid when it comes to seeing a two women together," Danica offered with a smile. "Sam wasn't your boyfriend."

"No," Cassidy confessed shyly. "Samantha wasn't my *boyfriend*. And according to her she wasn't my girlfriend either. She's been talking about this girl or that girl at Amherst since last fall. But she always claimed that they were just friends. I started suspecting something around Thanksgiving. It was true she'd been seeing other girls at her school. Of course, like the total jackass that I am, I thought I could win her back."

"Eww." Danica winced.

"Yeah," Cassidy sighed. "She dumped me right before Christmas. She gave the whole '*we weren't ever that serious*' load of horse pucky."

"Bitch," Danica spat out.

"How did you know?" Cassidy asked.

"What, that Sam's a bitch?" Danica teased.

"No." Cassidy winced as she got up off of the bed and glared down at Danica.

"Oh, you mean that you're gay?" Danica smirked as she stepped closer to Cassidy. "I got the vibes at the beginning of last semester." Danica smiled slyly at her roommate as she approached her.

"How did you know?" Cassidy repeated.

"Takes one to know one," Danica volunteered with a shrug.

"Wait a minute," Cassidy said as she stepped even closer to Danica. "What about what's-his-name from the prom?" She emphasized her point by jerking her thumb at the photo resting on Danica's desk.

"Simon?" Danica laughed. "He's gayer than you, me, and Elton John put together. He's a friend. I wanted to go to the prom and didn't have a burning desire to come out in a small town. Especially since the girl I thought was my girlfriend, *Stacy* . . .," she gritted her teeth at having to say her name, ". . . said that she wasn't gay. She just liked doing me."

"Bitch," Cassidy offered.

"I think we should make a pact," Danica said softly as the two moved even closer to each other. "No more dating women whose names begin with 's'" Danica finished to find herself standing directly in front of Cassidy. Reaching up she began to finger the soft material of Cassidy's bathrobe. Her eyes drifted down to rest upon Cassidy's slightly exposed cleavage.

"Sounds like a plan," Cassidy confirmed in a rich tone as she reached out to place her hands on the smaller woman's hips. "Danica?" she whispered into Danica's ear.

"Yes," Danica questioned, her breath blowing gently on Cassidy's exposed skin.

"My eyes are up here," Cassidy pointed out as she tilted Danica's chin up.

"Hmm . . . spoil sport," Danica teased as she leaned slightly into Cassidy's body.

Danica felt her heart pounding as her eyes dropped to Cassidy's lips. Her stomach clenched as she watched Cassidy's lips part slightly. "Kiss me," Cassidy requested as she lowered her head to meet Danica. Once again they found themselves a mere breath apart. "Kiss me," Cassidy repeated as she wrapped her arms around Danica once again.

Danica reached up to tangle her fingers in the lush raven tresses and pulled Cassidy closer to her. The scent of Cassidy's body invaded her senses. Danica pressed her lips to Cassidy's and a fire ignited that they instantly lost themselves in. Cassidy's tongue flicked against Danica's lips. Eagerly Danica parted her lips to welcome Cassidy's tongue into her mouth. She pressed her smaller body into Cassidy. She couldn't seem to get close enough to the woman who had evoked many a late night fantasy.

She heard a moan, not realizing that it came from her. Her hands roamed down Cassidy's back seeking out more of the woman she held in her arms. Cassidy continued the sweet exploration of her mouth while her own hands busied themselves with untying Danica's robe. A cool gentle breeze kissed Danica's newly exposed skin, creating goose bumps in its wake as it tickled her golden curls.

They broke the kiss finding that they needed to breathe. "Do you have any idea how much I wanted to do that on the dance floor tonight?" Cassidy asked as she leaned closer to Danica.

"Yes," Danica answered, breathing heavily as her hands reached down and quickly undid Cassidy's robe. "This is what I wanted," she explained as she took in the sight of Cassidy's naked form under the terry cloth.

"This could complicate things," Cassidy explained halfheartedly as she began to nibble on Danica's neck.

"I don't care." Danica whimpered as her fingers slipped into the opening of the robe. "I want you," she asserted as her hands began to caress Cassidy's naked body. Starting at the brunette's hips she felt her way up, enjoying the feel of Cassidy's body responding to her touch.

While Danica was exploring Cassidy's body, Cassidy was teasing her nipples with her palms. Danica arched her body in response, their wetness meeting. Both women moaned deeply from the contact. "You . . . bed . . . now," Danica instructed.

"Whose?" Cassidy groaned as her lips and tongue continued exploring Danica's neck.

"Don't care." Danica heard herself growl in frustration as she thrust her thigh between Cassidy's legs.

Cassidy's hips greeted her thigh eagerly. Danica encouraged her roommate's grinding by cupping her backside. She massaged the firm flesh as she rode the brunette's thigh with wild abandonment. "Aah," Cassidy gasped as she nipped Danica's neck. "You're so hot," Cassidy continued as she pulled Danica over towards her twin bed.

Danica felt herself being lowered onto the bed as she reached up and pulled the robe off of Cassidy's body. Cassidy assisted her and tossed the offending garment onto the floor. Together they removed Danica's robe, stealing kisses along the way. "I need to taste you," Danica begged.

"Oh yeah," Cassidy gasped, "but first . . ." She didn't finish her thought, allowing her actions to speak for her as she captured Danica's breast in her mouth.

Danica felt her wetness growing as Cassidy feasted upon her breasts. Her legs opened to allow Cassidy to settle her long body between them. Cassidy continued to use her tongue to taunt Danica's hardened nipples as Danica thrust her center against Cassidy's body.

Cassidy's mouth worked its way down Danica's body, nipping and sucking down her rib cage to the little mole on her torso. She worked further down with agonizing slowness to her navel and then her hips. "Please," Danica implored her.

"Please what?" Cassidy teased as she kissed and licked the inside of Danica's thighs.

"Don't tease me," Danica panted as she glanced down at the beauty nestled sweetly between her legs. The wicked glint in Cassidy's eyes made her heart race. "Paybacks," she cautioned the blue-eyed beauty who blew a gentle breath across the damp golden curls.

"Tell me what you want," Cassidy said as her tongue flicked her throbbing clit.

"You," Danica moaned as she planted her hand firmly on the back of the other woman's head.

Cassidy continued to circle Danica's clit slowly with her tongue. Danica stared down at her with a fiery gaze. Cassidy smiled wickedly, understanding what Danica wanted and needed. Raising her body she shifted so that she was lying beside the blonde.

Danica kissed Cassidy's thigh, the musky scent of Cassidy's passion filling her nostrils. She felt Cassidy opening her legs and tasting her for the first time. Danica's eyes fluttered shut as she used a single finger to feel Cassidy's wetness. She opened her eyes as Cassidy's tongue tasted her. She needed to taste the other woman. Danica bent her head and lowered it to Cassidy's welcoming thighs.

They feasted upon one another as fingers explored and entered. Moans were muffled by the sweetness of the other woman's body. The scent of sex saturated the tiny dorm room as they pushed one another harder. Thighs trembled as bodies arched, screams were lost in walls of wetness.

They lay silently for a moment as they regained their breath. Danica felt Cassidy shifting. As the taller woman moved herself into a position where they were now facing one another, Danica reached for her. They found themselves locked in a heated embrace. Their bodies began grinding together as they kissed deeply.

Danica tasted herself on Cassidy's lips and tongue. She knew that she was sharing the same experience with Cassidy. Their bodies seemed to melt together, bound by sweat and passion. Without a word they groped and fondled until they found themselves entering each other. Danica found herself on top of Cassidy as they rode each other in a passionate haze.

"Yes . . . ," Cassidy encouraged her. "Harder . . . I need you . . . "

"Oh . . . . Cass . . . Cass . . . fuck me, baby," Danica added as they drove one another to the brink.

Their bodies moved in perfect unison as their fingers pumped in and out, faster and faster, until the pleas for more exploded into screams. Exhausted, Danica collapsed alongside her new lover. They held each other tightly, unable to move or speak.

Cassidy eventually cleared her throat in an effort to speak. "Well . . . ," she choked out, "let's hope that everyone on this floor has left for the weekend." Danica found herself chuckling. "My God, you have a filthy mouth," Cassidy teased with a low chuckle. Danica's head popped up as she flashed Cassidy an indignant look.

"Excuse me, Miss Potty Mouth," Danica countered with an evil gleam in her eyes.

"We aren't done," Cassidy said hopefully.

"Not tonight." Danica leaned down and kissed her gently. "Maybe not ever."

THE END

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

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