

# ~ Family Reunion ~

by Mavis Applewater

September 2003

---

Disclaimers, the characters and story are the sole possession of the author and may not be reproduced, posted or sold without the author's permission. If for any reason real or imagined you are uncomfortable with graphic descriptions of two consenting adult women in a loving and sexual relationship then do not read this story or anything else I have ever written. If for any reason it is illegal for you to view this material then get the heck out here and do not return until it is no longer a crime.

A very special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mary.

As always this is for Heather.

---

When I was about thirteen years old my parents split up. Not an uncommon occurrence at the time as most of my friends had experienced the same life-altering event. Yet, I withdrew even though along with my two brothers I had to agree that the end of our parent's marriage was a blessing. The arguments during the last two years of their marriage wore heavily on all of us. Still on the day my father moved out I felt devastated. A couple of years later I began to act out. My teenage rebellion had hit like a tidal wave, and by the time I was sixteen my father announced that he had met someone new.

I honestly don't know why it freaked me out so much. Perhaps I still harbored a glimmer of hope that my parents would get back together, and the bliss that existed before the hateful words would return. After my parents began to lead separate lives they actually got along really well. Funny isn't it? I spent years praying that they would leave one another only to start praying that they would find one another again.

What can I say when you're a kid you think all sorts of crazy things. For the next year I dealt with my father's new relationship with Shelia (that was her name), who I didn't like, with typical teenage class and finesse. I drank, I smoked, I stayed out all night, and ran around with the wrong crowd. Basically I did anything I could to add more gray hairs to my weary parents' heads.

My main problem was that I really didn't like Shelia. I tried at first, but she was so phony. She'd be all sweet and charming in front of my Dad and the moment his back was turned she turned into nagging conniving bitch. It was like hanging around with Sybil. She would try to pry us for information about our Mom, what kind of car she drove, how much alimony was my Dad paying her, and other weird stuff that I didn't think was any of her business.

The only thing I liked about Shelia was her kid Madeline. Madeline was very sweet even though she never said much; she simply hid away from everything usually with a book. I liked Madeline for many reasons. First, she was nothing like her mother, and secondly, she had to be the most

adorable girl you'd ever want to meet. She had sparkling, green eyes and sandy blonde hair and the most amazing breasts. Alas there was the other reason for my teenage angst reaching catastrophic proportions.

I was starting to realize that I really liked girls. And it really irked me when I realized that I had the hots for the daughter of my father's girlfriend. It was bad enough lusting after Dawn Jennings, the head cheerleader, who was straighter than straight, but Madeline was practically a member of the family. Plus her Mother was a witch who would have skewered me for being a dyke never mind harboring naughty thoughts about her precious little girl.

Madeline, to her credit, never seemed to notice my lustful desires and remained just as sweet as possible. I always wanted to meet her father; since I suspect that she must take after him and not the woman who was doing every thing she could to empty my poor Dad's bank account.

Now by the time I hit seventeen my poor Mother was at her wit's end as to what to do with me. I had one more year of high school and she really wanted me to go to college. By the way I was acting I was more likely heading towards juvenile hall rather than college. Now understand the stress I put her through, but back then I thought she just didn't understand my so-called friends or me.

My poor mother tried and tried to set me back on the right track. I, in turn, continued to screw up and make her life a living hell. Nothing she said or did could get through to me or manage to knock the twenty-pound chip I was carrying off of my shoulder. The chip grew bigger and my attitude grew more hostile when that spring my father announced that Shelia was moving in with him because they were getting married.

After I heard the joyous news it was a small miracle if I showed up at school or made it home at night. Basically I was a selfish ass. My mother in her infinite wisdom decided that I should live with my father and Shelia for the summer. She had some crazy idea that just perhaps Shelia and I would bond. I thought my mother had lost her mind. My brothers and I avoid the subject of Shelia around my mother. We did suspect, despite my mother's politeness towards Shelia, she really didn't like her either.

Needless to say the thought of spending an entire summer away from my friends, locked up with my over protective father and his witch of a girlfriend was less than appealing to me. A couple of other things about the arrangement were that I wasn't allowed to drive, because I had been caught driving without a license, I had a ten o'clock curfew, and I had to share a room with Madeline.

I was not happy about not having any freedom and sharing space with someone I was in total lust with and couldn't touch. My reaction to the news was harsh to say the least. That is when my father put his foot down and informed me I didn't have any choice. Yeah that is what you want to tell a rebellious teenager.

From the moment I was dropped off on my father's doorstep I was a major pain in the ass to everyone, including Madeline. In my muddled mind I figured if I pissed her off the same way I pissed everyone else off, she'd stay away from me. I turned bitter when my plan worked.

Madeline gave me the space I thought I wanted. It was a bitter pill to swallow and I, of course, blamed her for being distant.

I was a real prize back then. The only up note was that Madeline was very shy and insisted on getting changed in the bathroom. I think if I had seen her naked I would have spontaneously combusted. The down side was that because I was such a cranky wench Madeline hid in our room reading most of the time. Although I was thrilled by the way it annoyed Shelia who just harped on the poor girl, Madeline's solitude prevented me from sneaking upstairs and relieving some of my pent up frustrations.

All in all by the time the fourth of July rolled around I was a bitch on wheels. I couldn't go anywhere or do anything. I wasn't allowed to see my friends because they were a bad influence on me, and my future stepmother was a harpy from hell. Listening to her nagging my father about the wedding was wearing on me. By mid-July, after I got into a screaming match with Shelia, I had enough and just took off.

Well I didn't just storm out which would have been my normal method. Instead I snuck out of the house. I knew I was going to get in trouble and I couldn't have cared less. I called my friend Buddy Truman and went partying. I was numb and uncaring as I drank all night. By the time I fell out of Buddy's Trans Am onto the front lawn it was two in the morning and I was beyond trashed.

Suddenly I gave a rat's ass about being caught. The teenaged mind is a strange and troubling thing. Instead of just sneaking in the backdoor, which I had a key for; I thought climbing in the window of the den was a brilliant plan. To this day I'm shocked that the neighbors didn't call the police or I didn't wake my father or his bitch girlfriend. I know that I must have made enough noise to wake the dead, still the fates smiled upon my sorry butt and no one except Madeline was even aware that I had been out all night.

I lifted the screen and crawled through the window. I thought I was doing great until I crashed into the den. At the moment I struck the floor I was surprised that it didn't hurt. When I finally managed to lift my head that was spinning violently I quickly discovered why I had made such a comfortable landing.

Apparently my entrance wasn't the fluid movement I was convinced it was and Madeline had helped me. I never knew why she was waiting for me or why she was trying to help me. In the process of trying to make a suave entrance, I knocked the both of us onto the floor trapping her beneath my body.

"Are you insane?" Madeline hissed in a hushed tone.

"Huh?" I slurred as I looked down at the girl I was straddling.

"God you're drunk," Madeline bemoaned with a hint of disgust.

"No," I hiccupped my lie as I remained on top of the poor girl with my hands planted on either side of her head.

"Get off me before they hear us," Madeline whispered squirming beneath me.

I was far too drunk to realize the gravity of the situation. The only thing my booze soaked brain could focus on was the feel of Madeline's body wiggling against my own. I lowered my head and body so I could feel more of her body pressing against me.

"Do they know I snuck out?" I whispered in her ear; my senses reeling from the feel of her breasts brushing against me.

My entire body shivered and I could swear that I heard her whimper before she answered my question.

"No," Madeline responded sounding short of breath while she tried to lift her body up.

As her body moved her hips swayed against my center driving another jolt through my already over heated body. It felt much too good having her beneath me to giving up the pleasure, so I placed my hands on her shoulders and guided her back down onto the carpet. I can still remember the way her eyes shimmered in the darkened room as I hovered above her.

"Good," I whispered; my focus drifting down to her lips. My lower anatomy twitched as I spied her tongue peeking out to wet her lips.

My brain ceased to function; the sounds of our heavy breathing filled the room. I still don't know if I was aware of what I was doing when I kissed her. I just remember how soft her lips felt moving against my own. Instead of doing what any normal person would do when they realized that they were making out with someone who was about to become their stepsister I didn't pull away and apologize for being a drunken idiot. Nope, instead I sucked on her bottom lip before slipping my tongue inside of her mouth. My body shifted so that I could part her thighs with my knee.

I became entranced from the feel of our bodies melded together and the kiss deepened. To this day I haven't forgotten what a truly amazing kisser Madeline was. Maybe that is why I began to sway my hips against her body or why one of my hands slipped up and under the flimsy nightgown she was wearing. It was the first time I had kissed a girl, the first time I felt a woman's breast filling my hand, and her nipple hardening from my touch. It was also the first time my blue jeans were soaking wet with passion and my clit was not only throbbing it was pounding with an urgent need.

She broke away from the fiery kiss. My hips rocked against her body. I was trying to pull her nightgown up. She pressed her hands firmly on my shoulders and pushed me away.

"We can't," She whimpered helplessly the sound of her voice tugging at my heartstrings.

There was something in her eyes that pleaded with me to understand. I just nodded; my soul shattering. I climbed off of her body and without a word we snuck up the staircase. My heart was pounding. We mounted the staircase trying to avoid each creak and tried to shuffle without notice to the bedroom that was just down the hall from our parents. I was a mass of confusion watching her carefully clicking the door shut.

The room was dark except for the shadows of moonlight spilling through the

curtains. My sexuality had been hard enough to deal with, but copping a feel with my future sister was just unthinkable. I had screwed up before, but never to such an epic proportion. I watched her sit down on her twin bed, my mind and body were caught up in a whirlwind.

Then I made the mistake of looking into her eyes. I just about broke into tears. I knelt before her. I cupped her face in my hands and brushed away her tears with my thumb.

"I'm sorry," I stammered out the feeble excuse knowing I couldn't do anything worse unless of course I had set her on fire.

And that seemed to be the problem. Her dark green eyes were filled with tears and something else. The smoldering fire was drawing me in once again. I hesitated for only a moment until I felt her hands on my waist. The kiss was soft and tender. I nestled my body between her thighs. I dismissed all of the reasons why I shouldn't be kissing Madeline and gave in to the passion. Our tongues teased one another's. I felt her hands tightening against my waist. She pulled me in closer; the air between us slipped away.

The kiss deepened; the feel of her body fanned the flames of my desire. She moaned into the warmth of my mouth. Quickly I began to lift her nightgown up. We broke apart and I removed the garment from her body. She gave me a shy glance as I sat back on my heels and drank in her half naked body. I could feel my own shyness consuming. I reached out and brushed a stray lock of hair from her cheek.

My mouth felt suddenly dry. I brushed her face with my fingers. I watched the steady rise and fall of her chest, My touch gently drifted down along her neck and across her shoulders. I took a deep breath feeling her legs wrapping around my waist and guiding me to her warm inviting body. Never in my wildest imagination could I have pictured myself kneeling before her. She was sitting on her bed wearing nothing but a pair of panties. Soon my fingers were gently exploring her flesh.

She laced her fingers in my hair and drew me to her. We kissed passionately; I could feel her desire brushing against my stomach and her hands roaming across my back. The feel of her hips arching against me. I held her soft supple body in my arms was pure bliss. I cupped her breast once again and caressed it tenderly.

The scent of her skin mixed with the musky aroma of our mutual desire filled me. I kissed her chin. My eager lips and tongue drifted lower. Her head fell back; my mouth eagerly began to worship her neck. She whimpered with need; her legs tightening around my body. Her skin

tasted amazing. I suckled her neck. She released another deep moan when my fingers teased her nipple. I needed to remove my own clothing and feel our bodies touching, yet I was unable to yield my wandering hands and mouth.

Her moans grew heavier when my tongue discovered the supple valley between her breasts. Her body thrust harder against me. My tongue flickered across her nipple. I was on fire from the delightful sensation of her bud puckering against my lips just before I captured it. My hips were swaying my need growing to a painful level.

Still I was unable to give in to my own needs; her pleasure was my only concern. Madeline released a series of sharp gasps. My teeth joyfully joined in on the feast. I suckled her harder. One of my hands slipped between our bodies. I could feel her wetness seeping through her underwear and my t-shirt.

She thrust harder against my touch. I slipped my hand between her thighs and cupped her mound. I teased her nipple harder. I was amazed by how I felt when she rode against the palm of my hand. I had dreamed of holding and touching her for so long the moment seemed surreal. Our breathing became ragged. I slowly lowered her panties down to her thighs.

The tiny bed creaked; her body responded to my touch. Her wetness painted my finger. I eagerly explored her passion for the first time. Her desire filled my hand; my fingers glided along her slick folds. I felt alive for the first time in years. My fingers stroked her throbbing nub and I continued to suckle her nipple.

We were captured in a maddening spell. I slipped inside of her. My fingers filled her; my thumb teasing her clit. There we were, my fingers gliding in and out of her and her breast filling my mouth, when the bedroom door flew open. Madeline was on the edge of ecstasy when her mother burst into our bedroom.

"Girls are you all right I heard . . ." Shelia's words died on her lips when her focus cleared.

"Shit," I gasped pulling away from Madeline's body. I will never forget the sheer look of horror plastered on Shelia's face as she stood in the doorway.

I quickly tried to block her from the view of her half naked daughter while Madeline frantically tried to get her nightgown back on.

"You degenerates," Shelia bellowed. Which of course brought my father running into the room.

I blocked Shelia's path. She reached out for Madeline with her hand raised.

"Don't touch her," I shouted angrily pushing Shelia away before she could strike her daughter.

"What is going on?" My father asked clueless as to what Shelia had discovered.

"Dad this is my fault," I offered in an effort to spare Madeline.

"Okay?" My father stammered in bewilderment while Shelia kept trying to push past me so she could hit her only child.

"It isn't your fault," Madeline argued ducking behind me in an effort to escape her mother.

"You diseased bitch," Shelia spat before slapping me across my face.

To my credit I didn't flinch when she hit me. Instead I kept my stance and Madeline safely behind me.

"Shelia!" My father shouted out in horror pulling her away from us. My father never so much as spanked his children, and seeing Shelia hit me infuriated him. "Now everyone calm down," He said in a cold tone. "Now someone tell me what is going on here?"

I swallowed hard my father's eyes boring into me. "Dad it is my fault," I bravely confessed.

"No it isn't," Madeline argued stepping out from behind me.

"Yes it is," I offered the guilt consuming me. "I'm the one to blame."

"Well since you reek of Jack Daniels I am inclined to believe you," My father responded wearily. "Just what is it that happened?"

"She didn't," Madeline protested.

My jaw dropped. It was the first time in years someone had actually defended my callous actions. It was also the first time I didn't want someone else to take the blame. Madeline still had to live with Shelia and my Dad and there was no way I was going to leave her behind in a living hell. Let them punish me and think I'm a sick freak, but I wasn't going to have them think that about Madeline.

"I'll tell you what happened," Shelia said her lips curling into a hateful sneer. "Your precious little angel was raping my daughter."

"I what?" Came my horrified response to the absurd accusation.

"No she wasn't!" Madeline argued.

"The both of you are disgusting," Shelia sneered once again. She reached out quickly and grabbed Madeline by her hair and before I could intervene she was dragging the poor girl out of the room. My poor father just stood there in shock.

"Dad this isn't Madeline's fault," I repeated listening for any sounds that Madeline might need my help. I had a sinking feeling at the way she just let her mother drag her out of the room this wasn't the first time the witch had smacked her around.

"What happened?" He pleaded in a dejected tone that broke my heart. The look in his eyes made me angry. It screamed, *'What did you do now?'*

It was a small miracle that I didn't do what I always did and lash out. Somehow I remembered that there was another person's well being at stake. I took a deep breath and tried to think of what I could possibly say that would defuse the situation. I took another deep breath knowing that there wasn't any good way of explaining what had happened. The only thing I could do was gloss over the details and hope for the best.

"Shea?" My dad pleaded, the worry lines in his brow grew deeper.

"We were making out," I finally said. Actually I whispered it hoping he wouldn't hear the words.

"You were what?" He stammered confusion clouding his face. "But you're both girls? And she's practically your sister?"

The perplexed look on his face grew. I honestly believe that I could have told him I was smoking a joint with an alien from Mars and he would have had an easier time believing it. The sounds of Shelia's footsteps storming towards the room made me sick. I knew that she would put her own sick spin on things and I had to come clean.

"I'm sorry Dad," I began slowly the tears filling my eyes.

"Truth is it was more than making out," I never felt so sick or ashamed in my entire life.

If Shelia hadn't exploded I wouldn't have had to face my father and explain to him that I was having sex. I think deep down my Dad would be happy if he could go to his grave thinking I was a fifty year old virgin. And to this day the idea of him thinking that way is just fine with me.

"That slut is not staying in this house," Shelia coldly informed him.

My father's gaze bounced between the two of us. I'm not certain which of us had shocked him more? Both Shelia and I had shown our true colors that night. Only question was which of us could he live with? He just kept looking at the both us the color draining from his face.

"I'll go," I finally offered in an effort to bring some peace back into his world. He blinked in surprise at my offer. "I'll pack my things and go to back to Mom's."

"Okay," He nodded the shock still clearly written on his face. "I'll wait downstairs for you," He added softly before he and Shelia stepped out of the room.

I packed my meager belongings I could hear my father arguing with Shelia. I

couldn't understand what they were saying. All I knew was that the both of them were very angry. I cried while I packed my luggage. I had broken my father's heart and I had no idea what had happened to Madeline.

For the first time in my young life I realized that my actions really do have consequences and I was disgusted by what I had done. I wasn't disgusted that I had kissed Madeline or had feelings for her. What disgusted me was the fact that I didn't stop and think about the aftermath that would crash down upon my entire family.

The drive back home was spent with me sniffing like a baby and my father just staring out the windshield. Not once with all of the screw-ups I had been involved with did my father not look at me. Now he couldn't bring himself to look or even speak to me. We woke up my mother. She was more than a little surprised at our arrival.

I could hear hushed voices coming from the kitchen while I cowered in the living room

awaiting my fate. My heart sank when I heard the front door quietly closing. My father had left without saying goodbye. My poor mother looked like death warmed over when she joined me in the living room. I couldn't look at her. I just slumped further down into the sofa.

"He hates me doesn't he?" I choked out fresh tears rolling down my face.

"No he doesn't hate you," My mother responded in a surprisingly gentle tone. "He's in shock. But your father and I both love you. Shea are you gay?"

The gentleness of the question took me by surprise. "Yes," I sniffed certain that my confession would make both of my parents despise me the way that Shelia now despised Madeline.

"Why didn't you tell us?" Her question was once again gentle.

"You'd hate me," I sobbed.

She simply sat down beside me and wrapped me up in her arms. "Don't be ridiculous," She chastised me rubbing my back and held me in the same manner she did when I was just a little girl. "No wonder you've been acting like a delinquent, between the divorce and being confused. It is never easy dealing with your emotions when you're a teenager, but discovering that you are different can be hell on earth. I remember what Ruby went through," She sighed in a surprisingly thoughtful manner.

"Aunt Ruby is gay!" I squeaked out in surprise at the news that my mother's sister was a dyke.

"Lord yes," My mother chuckled. "Did you really think that she and Frieda were just roommates?"

"Yes," I blurted out.

"Come on," my mother comforted me before helping me to my feet and leading me into the kitchen. "We have a lot to talk about."

That night was a turning point in my life. Coming out to my parents hadn't been the disaster I had always feared it would be. Granted they never did cartwheels or were tremendously thrilled with my sexuality, but they did the one thing they had always promised to do. They loved me. It was that simple.

I never heard from Madeline again. She was shipped off to East Orange, New Jersey to live with her father, or so I heard from my father after he moved out of the house and left Shelia behind. Everyone's lives were altered because I made a mistake. Facing that was what set me back on the right track.

Granted Shelia probably would have shown her true nature eventually, but my father really did care for her or at least who he thought she was. I ended their relationship and forever damaged Madeline's relationship with her mother. In many ways I felt like a drunk driver who had killed their best friend.

It was a sobering thought in many ways. So I got my act together and really grew up that night. I even managed to pull my grades up. I discovered the funniest thing during my last year in high school; I wasn't as dumb as I kept telling myself I was. Now don't misunderstand me my senior year certainly didn't erase the three years before it, but I did manage to get into a decent community college.

This brings me to why I'm taking this trip down memory lane. I arrived at my daughter's school for the usual parent teacher conference. Andrea is seven and the light of my life. And, thankfully, she doesn't take after her mother. Nope she takes after Garrett my best friend and the kindest soul you'd ever want to meet. Asking him to father my child was the smartest thing I had ever done. All in all I felt pretty lucky.

That was until it was my turn to go into Mrs. Spencer's classroom. I almost fell over when I was greeted by the sight of Madeline sitting behind the desk. She didn't notice me at first when I closed the door behind me. Although when I accidentally plowed into a row of desks, she noticed me and how. At first she was concerned that I had injured myself. She jumped up to help me.

"Are you all right?" She blurted out with concern.

"Oh fine," I managed to mutter my face turning beet red. That was when it hit her. It must have been my voice. Her head jerked up and she looked up at me as if she had seen a ghost.

"Shea?" She gasped in astonishment.

"Yeah," I muttered once again not certain if she would be angry at seeing me again. "So you're Mrs. Spencer? Wait Spencer was your maiden name?"

"All the kids do that," She snickered her hand lingering on my arm. "Why don't you have a seat?"

"Can't I just stand here and wallow in my embarrassment?" I teased praying that she didn't hate me.

"No," She chastised me in a playful manner as she took a seat behind her desk.

"Now have a seat," She instructed me as if I was one of her students.

I heard her snicker while I try to pour my large frame into one of the tiny students chairs. I pursed my lips into a scowl, which evoked another snicker.

"So how is Andrea doing?" I asked finding myself staring into a very familiar pair of emerald orbs. "She just can't say enough nice things about you."

"Andrea is very sweet, bright, gets along with all of the other kids, very well behaved and truly a delight to have in my classroom," She complimented my pride and joy. "Are you sure that she is yours?"

"Oddly enough you're not the first to ask that question," I played along; my body filled with a sudden sense of warmth I hadn't felt in years. "My Dad usually asks about once a month."

"How is your father?" She quickly asks a smile lighting up her delicate features.

"Great," I smiled in response. "He and Mom got remarried about six years ago."

"To each other?" She said with surprise.

"Yeah," I laughed. "We didn't even know they were seeing each other. They were sneaking around like a couple of teenagers for years."

"Uh huh," She said dryly.

"I'm sorry," came my quick response suddenly realizing how it must have sounded. "How is your mother?" I asked not really caring about Shelia. I really just wanted to know about Madeline's life for the past few years. I thought it might be more polite if I didn't spew a litany of questions at her all at once.

"Okay," She shrugged the smile slipping from her face. "We haven't been close in a very long time."

"I'm sorry," I said with a hard swallow. It was something I had been waiting years to tell her.

"Don't be," she said the smile returning in full force. Once again I felt my body warming. "I was much happier with my father. I was never happy with her or how she manipulated people. She's married again. I think this is her fifth time. Hard to say, like I said we haven't been close in a long time."

"And that is what I'm sorry about," I confessed.

"We weren't very close to start off with," Madeline reassured me. "Shea I was more than a willing participant that night. Hell I thought you were the hottest thing since sliced bread."

"Really?" I beamed in a slightly cocky manner. I couldn't help feeling good about the statement. How often do you hear that the first person you kissed thought you were hot?

"Yes," She responded in a droll tone. "And I am very thankful that you didn't end up being my sister."

"Me too," I sighed with relief.

"Yes that would have been a twisted version of the Brady Bunch now wouldn't it?" She teased me.

I laughed along with her feeling completely blown away by the confident woman sitting in front of me. Madeline bore no resemblance to the awkward teenager I once lusted after. "As much as I would love to catch up," she said with a heavy sigh. "And just for the record I would love to catch up, but I'm afraid that I have to play teacher."

"Fine," I nodded in understanding. "So we both agree I have a great kid," I added struggling to pry my five foot ten frame out of the tiny chair. My actions earned me another snicker from the blonde schoolteacher.

"Yes your daughter is wonderful," Madeline agreed standing and crossing from behind her desk. I felt giddy when she offered me her hand. I clasped her smaller hand tightly and our eyes met for the briefest of moments our touch lingered. "I meant what I said," she added; my hand trembled from her touch. "I really would like to catch up."

"I would like that," I confessed reluctantly releasing her hand from my grasp. "I'd like a chance to show you that I'm not the same punk I was back then."

My hand was still tingling from her touch as I left her classroom and gathered up my daughter. We had dinner at my parent's house that night and all through the meal I couldn't get Madeline out of my head. I couldn't wipe the silly grin off my face all night long.

"Shea are you all right dear?" My mother finally asked after we had cleared the dishes and were sipping coffee in the living room. Andrea ignored us far too busy playing on my parent's computer.

"Yes I am," I chuckled for some unknown reason. "I went to the parent teachers' night."

"Well that explains the silly ass grin on your face," my mother teased.

"Grandma," Andrea scolded my mother. I swear my kid is the only adult in the room at times.

"I'm sorry Andrea," my mother apologized while my father snorted with amusement.

It is strange to see them together after all of these years. They are happy, now that the pressures of family and work are behind them. My father had always said the reason they didn't work wasn't because they weren't in love. It was stress, money problems, mid-life crisis, and all the things that tear apart the happiest of couples that finally drove them apart.

"No surprise that the teacher just gushed over Andrea," I boasted with a smirk plotting just how I was going to drop the bomb on them. "She did ask if I was sure Andrea was mine." This got a heartfelt laugh out of both of my parents.

"You were quite the handful," my mother sighed. "Not at Andie's age, but later I never thought we'd survive it."

"Speaking of my terrible teens," I slyly began. "Andie, sweetie, would you tell Grandma and Grandpa your teacher's name?"

"Mrs. Spencer," my darling daughter responded with a shrug. "She's really neat."

"Yes, Miss Spencer is really neat," I corrected her. My parents gave me a strange look. I knew that they knew I was up to something.

"Okay Miss Spencer is really neat?" My mother played along.

"What'd you do hit on her?" My father teased me.

"Yes," I smirked in response.

"That's my girl," my father beamed proudly.

"Shea you didn't?" My mother scolded me while my daughter released a disgusted groan.

"Yes I did," I proudly exclaimed. "Seventeen years ago."

"Mom you're not dating my teacher," Andie whined. My parents just stared at me with confused looks camouflaging their faces.

"Wait, Spencer?" My father finally said as the light dawned.

"No Andie I'm not dating your teacher," I reassured her. My thoughts screamed that I really wanted to date her teacher.

"I'm confused," my mother finally said.

"Madeline Spencer," I informed her with sly smile.

"Oh wasn't that the girl you got caught with," my mother's words drifted off. All eyes turned to my daughter who was listening to every word.

I love watching my daughter's face scrunch up. Andie hates it when adults try to talk around her. Sometimes my little darling is just too smart for her own good.

"Relax Andie," I reassured her. "I knew Miss Spencer when we were teenagers."

"Wow I knew she was old," Andie began before she realized what she had said. "Sorry?" She blurted out quickly. Like I said my kid is too darn smart for her own good.

\*\*\*\*\*

Months passed and it was just about summertime. Even though Madeline and I had gone out for coffee and chatted when I would drop Andie off or pick her up nothing else had happened. There was the notable exception of me falling for her all over again. I was sitting in my brother Ray's backyard retelling him and his wife Sally the whole saga.

"So you've gone out for coffee?" Sally eagerly asked. "No dinners, but you really hit it off? And she's let you know that she's single and gay?"

"Yes," I confirmed suddenly feeling like an awkward teenager again.

"You like her, from what you've said she likes you, so why haven't you asked her out on a real date?" Ray asked me as he looked at me like I've lost my mind.

"Because Andie would hate it," I tried to explain. "And Maddie's hinted around that dating a student's parent isn't a good idea. I think she's interested in me too, but she hasn't out and out said it."

"Well I can understand her problem with dating a student's parent," Ray confirmed in a thoughtful manner. "And if I was seven I would think it gross if my mother was dating my teacher."

"No kidding," I sighed.

"But tomorrow is the last day of school," Sally annoyingly pointed out.

"So you see my problem?" I blurted out like an idiot.

"Not really," Ray mumbled. "Ask her out."

"What if Andie still has a problem with it?" I sheepishly inquired.

"So ask her?" Sally practically shouted at me.

"Who?"

"Andrea, ask her if she will be grossed out if you date Miss Spencer now that she isn't in her class anymore." Sally growled at me. "And if she says no, and Maddie says yes, then Andie can sleep over on Friday night."

"Hey even if the both of them think this is a peachy idea," I blushed the words spilling out of my mouth. "It is only dinner."

"Not to be crude Sis," my idiot brother began as I rolled my eyes. "But the two of you have been going out of your way to just chat since September. And based on what you said happened the last time the two of you were close, it was the first time for both of you and you got interrupted."

"I am not talking to you about my sex life," I cringed at the very thought.

"You talk about it with Sally," He whined.

"That's a chick thing," I tried to explain.

"It's true Honey," Sally thankfully confirmed. "But,"

I cringed when she continues. "Even if it is just dinner you'll need a sitter anyways and we are taking our kids to Six Flags to celebrate their last day of school so why not let Andie spend the night with her cousins?"

"That was very diplomatic," I congratulated my sister in law. "Okay fine. Now let me go home and ask my daughter if I can go out and play on Friday night."

I found myself sitting at my kitchen table as my daughter peered over her bowl

of ice cream. She knew that I was up to something. I swear sometimes I wonder which one of us is the adult.

"Andie," I began slowly as she blew bubbles in her chocolate milk, and then again sometimes I know she's the kid. "Sweetheart, you remember the first time I met Miss Spencer don't you?"

"Kind of?" Andrea shrugged in the typical seven-year-old fashion. "If I dated her would you have a problem?" I carefully asked.

"Gross," Her face scrunched up at the very idea.

"Okay," I sighed knowing this wasn't going to be easy. I never hid my sexuality from my daughter, yet I didn't go into great detail either. "But after tomorrow she won't be your teacher anymore, would you still think it is gross if I went out to dinner with her?" 'I so can not believe I'm asking my kid if it is okay for me to go out on a date!' My mind screamed as I watched Andrea ponder the idea.

"I guess it's okay," Andrea finally shrugged before blowing out an exasperated breath. "Can I have some more chocolate milk?"

"Don't ever grow up on me kiddo," I laughed before I refilled her milk.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was sweating waiting to hear the school bell ring. Andrea rushed out and jumped into my arms. I was certain she was more excited about the trip to Six Flags than seeing me. I didn't care why I got hugs; Andie was most definitely the best thing in my life. I set her down spying a familiar blonde weaving her way towards us. Since the first time we met again, Maddie had made a special effort to talk to me when I picked up Andrea. I couldn't help noticing the way her eyes were darting around in a nervous fashion while she talked to my daughter.

"Andie, why don't you talk to your friend Tina for a moment?" I interrupted them. It was going to be hard enough asking Maddie out on a date. There was no way I would be able to do it with my daughter watching.

"Why?" Andrea asked not grasping the situation.

"Please?" I pleaded with her.

"Kay," she shrugged before catching up to her friend.

"I am going to miss her," Maddie sighed as I kept a careful eye on my daughter.

"Yeah Uhm," I stammered turning my attention back towards the petite blonde who was still making me crazy after all of these years. "Maddie, I mean Miss Spencer," I quickly corrected myself in case anyone was listening to my conversation. "Would you like to have dinner tonight?"

My palms were sweating and my heart was racing as I awaited her answer.

"Yes," She blurted out quickly. I smiled at the way her hand flew up to her mouth and her face turned a deep shade of crimson. I couldn't help smiling at her embarrassment as she cleared her throat. "I mean that would be lovely Miss Griffin. Will Andrea be joining us?"

"No she is spending the night with her cousins," I whispered softly so only she could hear my words.

"Shea I was never so happy to see the end of the school year," Maddie crooned softly in my ear.

"Me either," I agreed before stepping away. "I'll pick you up at seven."

\*\*\*\*\*

After I dropped Andrea off at Ray's and kissed her goodnight I raced back home. I must have changed my outfit half a dozen times before settling on the very first one I had selected. I was a nervous wreck by the time I arrived at Maddie's doorstep. Then I took one look at her and my mouth dropped. She was wearing a simple black dress that hugged her body in all of the right places. I had to calm my breathing and remind myself that this time I needed to take

things slowly.

Over dinner I realized that over the past nine months Maddie and I had already been taking things slowly. As we chatted I realized that we really knew a lot about one another. I learned that it was my father who sent her to live with her dad. After he returned that night and discovered how badly Shelia had beaten the poor girl, Dad just snapped and got Maddie safely away from her mother. What surprised him the most was that Shelia didn't seem to care that he had taken her daughter away.

What was more important than the knowledge and history we shared was that we really connected. There was an undeniable current flowing between us that I was certain could light up an entire city block. I also couldn't help wondering if the underlying flirting we had exchanged since September had been our way of wooing one another?

We lingered outside of the door to her apartment I realized that I was a goner. Somewhere, somehow I had fallen head over heels for this woman. Of course then I was plagued with thoughts about whether or not she felt the same way and if I should try to kiss her goodnight? And with the fire that was raging inside of me could I behave like a lady and not try for more than just a kiss?

We just stood there staring into one another's eyes until Maddie broke the silence. "Shea," She said so softly that I had to lean in to hear her words. My body quivered as we brushed slightly against one another. "I'm really glad that you asked me out."

"I almost didn't," I chuckled softly feeling her breath on my skin. "I had to get Andrea's permission first."

"Good thing she likes me," She whispered; her lips grazed my neck ever so slightly. "I feel like I've been given a gift," she continued her breath and lips teased my sensitive neck. I clenched my hands tightly in an effort not to just reach out and kiss her senseless. "I've wondered over the years what would have happened between us if we had been given the chance to explore our feelings. We never got the chance to see where what we were sharing would lead."

"I thought about it too," I moaned leaning even closer to her and felt my body spinning out of control. We kept moving closer and closer until I was pressing her body against the door. My hands refused to remain idle. I caressed her hips and erased the distance between us. The feel of her labored breaths on my neck made my body quiver.

"Kiss me," I pleaded feeling her fingers in my hair.

She drew me down to her and captured my lips in a soul-searing kiss. I had always remembered how Madeline kissed when we were young. It had plagued me into adulthood. At that moment I discovered that time had been good to her, and she was even more amazing than I remembered. Out of instinct my thigh shifted between her legs. She moaned deeply at the contact. I raised the hem of her dress slightly so our bodies could be closer.

My eyes remained half open when the kiss ended. I could feel her fingers playing

against the back of my neck. Each of us tried to breathe. When my eyes finally met her gaze my knees buckled.

"Stay?" Came her needy request.

I felt one of her hands tugging on my belt. I was about to ask her if she was sure or if she wanted to slow things down, when I realized it was a ridiculous question. There was no mistaking the fire in her eyes, which mirrored the fire burning inside of me.

"Yes," I gasped feeling her hips slowly swaying against my body.

She fumbled for her keys. We clung to one another. Somehow we managed to stumble into her tiny apartment without breaking contact. I could feel myself being led through the darkness. My clothing slipped from my body. I couldn't stop kissing her. I did my best to remove her clothing as well.

The air escaped my lungs when my body landed on the bed. I was mesmerized watching her undressing the both of us. Despite the warmth surging through my body my skin erupted with goose bumps. I drank in the vision of Madeline's glorious, naked body hovering above my own.

"I've waited a long time for this," she purred before she began to kiss my face and neck. I groaned she suckled my earlobe into her mouth while her hands caressed my breasts.

"So have I," came my own husky response. I felt her tongue and hands exploring

my flesh. I clung to her feeling her tongue teasing my nipple.

The bud puckered from her touch. My hands drifted down the smooth skin of her back. I

cried out. I felt her mouth suckling my nipple. I wrapped my long legs around her waist and arched against her. I knew she could feel my desire on her skin. She teased me with her teeth and tongue. Her hands and mouth were maddening.

She drove me to the edge with the slightest of touches. I was begging for release when she worked her magic down my body. Her warm breath teased the damp curls of my mound. Maddie nestled her body between my legs. I opened myself up to her touch. I felt her tongue tasting the inside of my quivering thighs.

I looked down my naked form and was greeted by a pair of emerald orbs twinkling

up at me. She moaned deeply drinking in my scent and draped my legs over her slender shoulders. I felt her parting me as I watched her. She moaned once again. I gripped the bedding. A bolt of lightning struck my core when I felt the first touch of her tongue. I felt my passion flowing heavily as her tongue glided along my swollen lips, drinking in all I had to offer. I had never felt so willing or eager to give myself so completely.

My clit was throbbing from the feel of her mouth teased me. I pressed my body closer; begging her for more. She suckled my aching nub into her mouth. I rode against her touch. She murmured with pleasure as she feasted upon my wetness. I couldn't still my body when I felt her slipping inside of me. I knew I belonged to her. Madeline seemed to know exactly how to touch me as her fingers glided in and out of my wetness and she nibbled on my swollen clit.

I was screaming out as she tried to steady my body. I fell into the abyss; the waves of passion consumed me. Still she pleased me even after I had released my passion. I finally pleaded with her to stop before my heart exploded along with the rest of my body. I was trembling when she kissed her way up my body. I needed to hold her, to touch her, to hear her screaming out my name. I wrapped her up in my arms; our bodies melted together. The feel of our skin touching scorched my soul as my hands explored her skin.

I felt our wetness touching our clits uniting in a steady rhythm. I cupped her firm round backside and guided her to ride against my body. Once again I became lost in the madness. I needed more. I rolled her onto her back and dipped my long fingers in her wetness. She whimpered clinging tightly to my body. I slipped from her grasp and kissed every inch of her flesh.

She was squirming beneath me as my mouth discovered her already erect nipples.

I felt her wetness pressing against my stomach; I suckled her urgently. I felt her nearing the edge. Maddie's body trembled against my own. I licked and tasted my way down her body. Her desire filled my senses as I parted her. I had waited far too many years to drink in her ambrosia. I almost climaxed tasting her for the first time. I buried myself inside of her wetness.

My tongue curled and plunged inside of her warm, wet center. I could hear her calling out my name. My tongue continued to slide deeper inside of her. I plunged in and out of her until I felt her body tightening against me. She grumbled when my tongue slipped from her warmth. My fingers soon replaced it. I captured her swollen clit between my teeth. I wanted to drown in her passion. I felt her body rocking against me, matching the wild rhythm of my fingers and mouth.

Just as she had done with me I continued to claim her long after she had exploded against my body. She tasted so amazing that my own body climaxed in response. I was reluctant to remove my touch from her body. Alas she begged me to stop. I licked and tasted my way up her body until we were wrapped up in one another's arms. The fire quickly consumed us and our bodies became one.

We kissed deeply; our bodies became entwined never breaking contact until neither of us had anything left to give. Sated and spent she rested her head on my chest. I ran my fingers through her long, blonde hair. I felt her breath evening out as she drifted off in a blissful slumber.

I followed her into sleep, I thanked whoever was watching over us for the second chance we had been given. Tomorrow would be the start of our new lives, and I couldn't wait to see where the road would lead us.

Continued in [Extended Family](#)

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

For updates, previews & the Wednesday Afternoon Series join my egroup, [yomavis-subscribe@yahoogleroups.com](mailto:yomavis-subscribe@yahoogleroups.com)

---