

~ Living The Life ~

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.

'Perhaps it was because she was bored or she just needed a little excitement in her life. Maybe it was the underlying attraction she felt towards her roommate and best friend and the thought of sharing something that was taboo with her was far too tempting.'

Sheila released a terse grumble as she read the words. "I can't believe she emailed me this crap," she grunted as she deleted the message. Reading about a fictitious sexual romp wasn't what she was in the mood for. She dashed off a snotty response to Candice the friend who had sent her the frisky email.

She returned her attention towards the pile of work awaiting her attention. A few moments later her telephone rang. "Sheila Bevens, she greeted the unknown caller.

"You want to tell me what has got your knickers in a twist?" Candice chastised her.

"Does your boss know that you spend most of your working day reading smut and emailing it to your friends?" Sheila challenged her friend.

"I thought you might enjoy it," Candice grumbled in her own defense.

"Oh yeah reading about two women who are so beautiful that they couldn't possibly exist in the real world without the aid of a plastic surgeon and an air brushing, performing sexual acts that require not having a spine and a third arm is how I want to spend my day," Sheila fumed as she rolled her hazel eyes in disgust. "Some of us have to work when we show up at our jobs not play on the Internet."

"My you are a cranky wench today," Candice huffed. "Which is why I sent you that story."

"How is my being overworked a viable excuse for emailing pornography?" Sheila sputtered as she tried to decipher Candice's unusual thought process.

"Erotica," Candice harshly corrected her.

"Fine, it is erotica," Sheila conceded with another roll of her eyes as she wondered why she was allowing Candice to bait her. "Again I have to ask why you feel a need to share your horny little stories with me."

"Because you haven't done anything remotely close to what happens in one of those stories in a very long time," Candice explained confidently.

"So, I'm single." Sheila grumbled. "And for the record no one really does what happens in those stories."

"Sure they do," Candice asserted.

"Hate to burst your bubble but a repairwoman isn't going to show up to fix your air conditioner and boink you," Sheila tried to reason with her flighty friend.

"It could happen," Candice whined her protest.

"Not in the real world," Sheila laughed. "Look I have to get back to work we can talk about this over coffee tonight. I'll meet you at the Java Hut around seven."

Later that night Sheila's head was spinning as Candice went into great detail about the story she had emailed her. "Fine," Sheila finally blew out in exasperation. "Her roommate invites her to a party which turns out to be an all girl orgy, and after having wild sex with eight or nine different women she and the roommate realize that they are in love. I see your point that kind of thing happens every day. And you're right it isn't about the sex those stories are about finding true love," she added in a condescending manner.

"They are," Candice vehemently protested her eyes widening with disbelief.

"Yes, that would explain the strap on in the third paragraph," Sheila scoffed. "And the four way in the fifth paragraph."

"You read it?" Candice gleefully chimed.

"I skimmed through it," Sheila freely admitted. "Those stories are fun. I'm just not in the mood for wasting my time reading about highly improbable sexual escapades."

"They are not improbable," Candice once again protested.

"Oh course not," Sheila laughed. "People play strip checkers every day. And I know the last time I went shopping the salesgirl and I had a wild time in the dressing room."

"You're just a cynic," Candice sneered.

"When it comes to true romance yes I am," Sheila sighed in defeat. "Trust me I would love to look across a crowded room have my eyes be captured in a smoldering gaze, followed by the hottest sex known to lesbian kind with the person I am destined to spend the rest of my life with. The reality is I can't find a woman I can tolerate sharing a meal with much less eternity. I just think that true love, like the sex in those stories, is a myth."

"This is Deirdre's fault," Candice scowled. "If she hadn't been such a bitch when she dumped you,"

"I would have stayed with her sorry ass," Sheila grimly concluded as she reflected upon the two years she had wasted with a woman she was never fully convinced was the right one for her. "The things that went wrong with my relationship were just as much my fault as they were hers."

"Oh so the lying and cheating she did was your fault?" Candice snarled.

"No," Sheila snapped as she felt the pang of betrayal striking at her heartstrings. "That was all her doing. My fault lay in my need to be in love and not stopping to ask myself if I really was in love. I knew in my heart things were amiss yet I chose to turn a blind eye to what she was doing and how she was treating me. Instead I wrapped myself in a cocoon woven out of the need to be in a relationship."

"Just like those stories," Candice eagerly piped in.

"Right," Sheila laughed. "I accidentally slept with my new employer who likes to spank me for being naughty. I got trapped in a bad relationship it happens every day."

"You know for someone who puts down those little stories you seem to know them pretty well," Candice theorized.

"I've already admitted that they are fun," Sheila blew out thankful that they were no longer discussing her last in a long line of disastrous relationships. "They're just unrealistic. Like all of that reuniting with a past love crap; it never happens. None of those things happen."

"Some of those things must happen," Candice renewed her argument. "All of those writers on line must get their story ideas from somewhere."

"Over active imaginations," Sheila quickly dismissed the notion. "Name one person that has lived out one of those adventures?" She smirked triumphantly as Candice sputtered unable to come up with a name.

"Alright," Candice shrugged. "At the moment I can't, but I bet between the two of us we can find

someone who has done those things."

"What are you saying?" Sheila's eyes widened at the thought of asking the people she knew if they've ever won another woman in a card game.

"We ask," Candice snickered. "Come on, if by the end of the week we don't find anyone who has done something out of one of those on line stories I'll buy you dinner at the restaurant of your choosing."

"A free meal?" Sheila perked up. "Wait what if we do find some one who has really done some of those things?" Her stomach fluttered as she realized there just had to be a catch.

"You stop turning your back on the possibility of finding true love, and try out one of those stories," Candice threw down in a challenge.

"Excuse me?" Sheila questioned as she narrowed her gaze.

"Open your heart and broaden your horizons," Candice snickered with an evil gleam in her dark brown eyes.

"That is ridiculous," Sheila gasped. "What I'm supposed to walk into a bar packing or pick up two women?"

"Why so worried all of sudden?" Candice taunted her. "You said yourself the stories are nothing but the work of over active imaginations."

"I'm not worried," Sheila lied as she felt the beads of sweat forming on her brow. "Fine, it is a bet. I just have one little stipulation. They have to have done it before they read about it."

"Cool," Candice beamed as they shook hands and sealed the deal.

The following day Sheila spent her lunch hour looking up some short stories on line. Her intention was to formulate the parameters of her search. Half way through her research she was wishing she had chosen to read the stories in the privacy of her own home. She shrieked when Tracy, one of her co-workers, stepped into her cubicle and peered over her shoulder.

"Relax," Tracy howled with laughter. "I've read that one."

"But you're straight," Sheila sputtered still blushing for being caught.

"And?" Tracy responded with another gale of laughter. "What you think only gay women read those things? I like Vertigo's work because her stories are longer and actually have a plot. But I have to confess I've wasted many hours reading PWP's. You don't have to be a lesbian to like

them or a woman for that matter."

"Just out of curiosity," Sheila tentatively began. "Ever do anything that was like one of those stories?"

"Yes," Tracy coyly confessed.

"Really?" Sheila gaped in response.

"I'm not going to go into details," Tracy taunted her. "Suffice it to say my college roommate and I were very close."

"What?" Sheila choked out.

"That is all I am going to say about it," Tracy sighed contently. "Lunch is almost over get back to work, you little pervert."

"Okay," Sheila squeaked out as Tracy bounced out of her cubicle. "I wonder if that counts. Of course since she didn't go into detail I can't really be sure," she rationalized before deciding it was time to call a few friends. The first call was to Margo who had been half of a poster couple for well over a decade.

After chatting with Margo briefly she bolstered her courage and finally asked the tall blonde the question that had inspired her call. "Margo, have you ever read any of those stories on line?" She sheepishly inquired.

"Of course," Margo casually responded.

"Are you familiar with the sex stories?" She stammered out her question in hushed tone.

"Hell yes," Margo laughed. "Why are you asking?"

"Candice and I have this bet going," she began to explain suddenly feeling more than a little silly.

"Lord what did she talk you into this time?" Margo snickered.

"I won't go into details," Sheila carefully began. "I just need to know if you've ever done anything in those stories."

"Oh yeah," Margo calmly responded.

"What?" Sheila practically shrieked. "Which one?"

"Ever read any of those stories about two girls at summer camp?" Margo purred.

"Well there are more than a few of them out there," she conceded as she felt the waves of defeat encompassing her.

"That is how I met Tina," Margo brightly confessed.

"I thought the two of you met at a fund raiser?" Sheila argued.

"The second time," Margo corrected her. "The first time was when we were counselors at the same summer camp. She was my first love and when we ran into one another again we fell in love all over again."

"Crap," Sheila bellowed.

"Did you just lose your bet?" Margo laughed.

"Yes, damn it," Sheila hissed.

"Do I want to know what idiotic stunt Candice is going to bully you into?" Margo's hysterical laughter echoed through the telephone.

"No," Sheila fumed before hanging up. "I can't believe it took me less than a day to lose," she groaned as she buried her face in her hands. She felt miserable as she dialed Candice's number. The one reprieve to her horrible existence was reaching Candice's voice mail and not having to actually speak to her. "You win," she snarled into the receiver before slamming her phone down.

Later that night she wasn't at all surprised when she answered the door and was greeted by Candice gloating. "I already knew I had won before you called," Candice continued to gloat as she brushed past the aggravated little blonde. "We have a lot of horny friends with some very shady pasts."

"Lucky us," Sheila scowled. "So what do I have to do? Dress up like a delivery woman and stalk some poor woman?"

"No," Candice dryly countered. The mischievous gleam in her eyes was making Sheila very nervous. "I've given this a lot of thought."

"I'm screwed," Sheila whimpered under her breath.

"Hopefully," Candice brightly responded. "I think you had the right idea last night."

"Last night I was convinced that this was pure lunacy," Sheila tried to argue.

"Lost loves," Candice cut her off.

"What you want me to look up an old girlfriend?" Sheila gasped her stomach turning at the very thought of reuniting with any of her ex-lovers.

"No way," Candice grimaced at the idea. "With that parade of freaks I'd be very afraid of whom you'd hook up with."

"I suppose it would be rude of me to remind you that we used to date," she snickered gleefully.

"Yes it would," Candice huffed with a pout. "Back to what I was saying, I think you should look up someone who never knew they held your heart."

"There isn't anyone," Sheila quickly dismissed the idea.

"Come on," Candice scoffed. "There must have been a girl, some cheerleader, a gym teacher or some hottie in your math class."

"Well," Sheila shyly began as she chewed nervously on her bottom lip. "No. That would be insanity; she's probably married with a boatload of kids by now."

"Name?" Candice demanded as she folded her arms across her chest in a defiant manner.

"What good would it do?" Sheila argued feebly. "How would I find her after all of these years?"

"How does one find anything these days?" Candice confidently retorted with a bright smile. "The Internet."

"No, no, no," Sheila repeated as she shook her head wildly. She was horrified when Candice released a snicker as she kept her arms tightly folded against her chest. "Brooke Morris," she muttered as a sudden rush of heat turned her cheeks a light shade of pink.

"See that wasn't so hard now was it?" Candice gloated as she brushed past her and planted her body down in front of Sheila's computer that was tucked away on table in the corner of the blonde's living room.

"You want to start now?" Sheila sputtered.

"Why not?" Candice reasoned as she booted up the computer.

"You know if I didn't know better I'd swear you've been plotting this from the very beginning," Sheila accused the overly confident brunette.

"Truth or dare," Candice snickered.

"Beg pardon?" Sheila snarled once again narrowing her gaze.

"What do you think the odds are that between the both us we wouldn't be able to find one person who has played everyone's favorite lesbian parlor game," Candice reasoned as Sheila's eyes widened and her face turned ashen. "And based on that unnatural shade your skin has turned I'd say that one of us actually played the X-rated version."

"I just um, err," Sheila sputtered her face quickly changing from white to bright red.

"I see," Candice chuckled as she began her search. "And was the fair Miss Brooke involved?"

"No, I didn't meet Brooke until college," Sheila huffed indignantly. "And I never actually met Brooke."

"So, you just stalked her around campus?" Candice inquired as she typed Brooke's name into the engine search.

"No," Sheila whined as she watched a list of web sites pop up. "God how did my life get so pathetic?"

"We can eliminate the first seven sites," Candice quickly deduced. "They are men."

"The next one can go as well," Sheila sighed finally resigned to the fact that Candice wasn't going to let this go. "It is an obituary from the fifties. If I begged you is there any chance you'd stop now?"

"I think we have a winner," Candice exclaimed ignoring Sheila's plea to cease her half-assed plan. "Brooke Dana Morris, teacher of the year 1999 Cabot Elementary School in Brookline. She's local, that's good she could have joined the Peace Corp or something."

"You do know that this is insane don't you?" Sheila sobbed pitifully. "She won't remember me. I wasn't even a blonde back then," her jaw dropped as she realized just what it was she had confessed.

"Oh lighten up," Candice waved off her admission. "As you so annoyingly pointed out we used to date one another. I am already very well aware of the fact that you're not a natural blonde."

"I never liked you," Sheila sneered with disgust. "We still can't be sure that it is the same woman I knew from Dartmouth," she pointed out.

"Brooke Morris has been a valued member of the staff at Cabot since she graduated from Dartmouth College in 1992," Candice supplied with a cocky smirk. "Wasn't that the year you graduated?" Candice taunted her as she clicked on the link to the web site.

"Yes," Sheila growled as she watched the newspaper article pop up. She felt her stomach flutter as she spied the grainy image greeting her eager gaze.

"There is a picture," Candice droned on oblivious to Sheila's flustered state. "Is that her?"

"Yeah," Sheila whimpered noting that the distorted photo did nothing to diminish Brooke's beauty.

"Wow," Candice blew out with appreciation. "I can see why you're still carrying a torch for this woman."

"I'm not carrying a torch," Sheila spat out hotly. "I hadn't thought about her in years. You are the one who brought all this up. I was happily going about my life, albeit lack luster as it is, I was happy."

"No you weren't," Candice blew her off. "If you were you never would have gotten so worked up over my little challenge."

"You're certifiable," Sheila sneered feeling like an idiot for falling for Candice's hair brained scheme. "Fine you suckered me, now what is the rest of your plan oh great one? Just how am I supposed to woo this woman who is probably some big breeder?"

"You don't have to woo her," Candice corrected her. "You just have to get reacquainted with her."

"I was acquainted with her in the first place," Sheila tried to reason with the ditzy brunette. "And just how am I going to meet up with her? It might look a little creepy if I start hanging around the school yard."

"Good point," Candice agreed. "It wouldn't bode well if you got arrested before you managed to get her digits. Well she teaches in Brookline chances are she would live close by."

"Yeah that only narrows it down to what six or seven towns including the city of Boston," Sheila quipped while she rolled her head as the aggravation steadily grew. "I also hate to mention this, but that award was from 1999. She could have moved on or been laid off due to cut backs or some other silly nonsense. Is there anything else listed? Oh man I can't believe I'm getting sucked into all of this."

"Nothing else," Candice grimaced as she completed her search. "Now we need a plan of action."

"Hold on," Sheila cut in as she watched the squeaky wheels starting to spin in Candice's mind. "Now before you come up with something that will land the both of us in the booby hatch let's just think about this. I thought the idea was that I was supposed to try and experience one of those frisky escapades you read about? Call me crazy but pouncing on this poor woman sounds more like stalking than fate."

"We just need a good reason for a chance meeting," Candice calmly theorized.

"You're scaring me," Sheila blew out. "If we arrange things it won't be a chance meeting, now

will it?"

"Fine little Miss Ethical," Candice conceded.

"Now Candice, you're the one who wants this to be something out of a story," Sheila placated her. "It has to be fate, right?"

"Yes," Candice grimly agreed with a pout. "So what is your idea?"

"My idea is to call the whole thing off," Sheila confessed.

"Then we're back to you putting on a strap on and a firefighter's outfit," Candice taunted her. "What time do kids get out of school, six at night?"

"What the hell kind of school did you go to?" Sheila gaped. "I think small kids get out at two or three in the afternoon. Why?"

"I was just thinking," Candice began.

"I doubt that," Sheila muttered under her breath.

"What if you just happen to stroll by the school around closing time?" Candice explained.

"Closing time?" Sheila sputtered. "It's a grade school not a bar you dim wit. Thankfully at that time of day I will be working."

"Look I'm not suggesting that you drop by and pounce on the woman," Candice defended her theory. "Just stroll by, or circle around until you see her. If your heart doesn't go pitter pat then so be it."

"Wait," Sheila held up her hand. "I don't have to ask her out?"

"Not unless you want to," Candice conceded as she returned her attention to the Internet. "I swear Sheila my only intention is for you to start believing in love again. It pains me to see you this way."

"What way?" Sheila snarled suddenly feeling as she had been insulted.

"You know," Candice shrugged. "Hopeless, cold hearted, giving up on romance."

"I'm not like that," Sheila wailed.

"Hey look, Brooke's school is having a bake sale this Saturday," Candice sighed dramatically. "Oh never mind. You're right the idea is just silly."

"No, no, no," Sheila wagged her finger at the brunette. "I'm not falling for that."

"What? I'm agreeing with you?" Candice gasped.

"I know this routine," Sheila barked in response. "You forget this is how you got my phone number the night we met."

"Yes," Candice boldly conceded with a wiggle of her eyebrows. "And we dated very briefly ending up only to become very close friends. You're right that ended horribly."

"Forget it," Sheila meekly protested.

"I already said that I would," Candice agreed innocently. "Look it is late I have to get going."

"It's not that late," Sheila blinked with surprise.

"I have a date," Candice shrugged. "Who knows maybe I'll be living out a little fiction myself. One of us should have a social life."

"I have a social life," Sheila argued sounding pathetic even to her own ears.

"You work, you come home," Candice corrected her as she strutted towards the doorway. "My only intention with this little game was to get you back out in the world of the living again. Sadly that doesn't seem to be something that interests you."

"Hey?" Sheila barked in response.

"She broke with you, she didn't die," Candice fumed. "Even if she had left you in death, the mourning period is over."

Sheila stood slack jaw as her friend waved goodbye. She was furious at what Candice had implied and deeply shaken that her friend's words rang true. Had the disastrous way her relationship with Deirdre ended caused her to shut down emotionally?

The rest of the week Sheila was frustrated, aggravated and generally pissed off. She cursed Candice and those naughty stories every moment of each passing day. Candice, true to her word, had backed off and never mentioned the little challenge. Sheila was the one who seemed incapable of dropping the subject. Silently she had felt as if it was a challenge that she needed to prove that she wasn't emotionally unavailable, simply particular.

She had managed to completely dismiss the ridiculous notion of tracking down Brooke. The tall, slender brunette had never so much as looked in her direction during the four years they spent at Dartmouth; there was no way she'd remember Sheila. The blonde had spent four long years trying to concoct a way to garner the brunette's attention. She failed miserably back then she wasn't about to waste her energy for a second time.

Sheila did start thinking that just perhaps Candice had a point and she did need to go out more. She also decided that suddenly popping into Brooke Morris' life was nothing short of lunacy. When Saturday morning arrived she had managed to delude herself into believing that she was standing on the crowded trolley heading towards Brookline to visit one of her favorite coffee shops and she wouldn't be traveling anywhere remotely close to the Cabot school.

When she passed by the coffee shop which was her intended destination it was under the guise of taking a stroll before indulging in the pastry the shop was famous for. *'Just a little work out before breakfast, I am not going to the school,'* she mentally deceived herself even though she was turning the corner that would lead her directly past the school.

"I won't stop," she muttered under her breath as she spied the bake sale in full swing. "She won't even be there," she reasoned as she tried to will her feet to keep moving away from the bake sale. Instead her feet guided her into the schoolyard, which was filled with tables, balloons and lots of screaming children. She glanced up at the banner that was flapping in the wind, *'Keep After School Programs Alive,'* it boldly beckoned.

"It is for a good cause," she reasoned as she wandered from table to table pretending to look for the right dessert to purchase. She was convinced that she would simply buy some cookies to help out a worthy cause and she wasn't looking for a ghost from her past.

Suddenly the air seized in her lungs and her knees buckled slightly when her curious gaze fell upon the tall, dark figure lurking behind a row of bunt cakes. She felt her body being propelled towards the table her reasoning being that a nice bunt cake would be a tasty treat to enjoy with her Sunday paper and a pot of coffee. So then why was she filled with disappointment that a dark pair of sunglasses cloaked the green eyes that had haunted her for years?

She pretended to inspect the wares while sneaking peeks at the tall woman who was engrossed in a conversation with an older woman. She blew out a terse breath and decided to just buy a cake and get the hell out of there saving the small shred of dignity she was still clinging to.

"See anything you like?" A deep, rich voice beckoned to her causing her stomach to flutter in the most unusual manner. She inhaled sharply as she slowly lifted her gaze and discovered Brooke Morris looking down at her. She, once again, slightly cursed the bright sunlight that was forcing the beauty to cover her eyes.

"I . . . Uhm," she stammered like an idiot as she tried to calm the rapid beating of her heart. She could feel Brooke studying her from behind her dark glasses. She took a cleansing breath as she tried to regain her composure. "I don't know what would you suggest?" She somehow managed to squeak out. "I was just passing by and saw the banner and thought I should contribute."

"Well I'm no expert," came the husky response once again sending a tiny tremble through Sheila's body. "I personally would go for the banana bread. It is perfect for a Sunday morning.

Then again I'm biased since I was the one who baked it," she added with a lilting laugh.

"Wrap it up," Sheila stammered as she reached her sweaty hand into her pocket and tried to search for some money. Her hand was shaking as she tried to hand Brooke the twenty-dollar bill she had somehow managed to extract from her wallet.

Her heart slammed against her chest when Brooke's fingers lightly brushed against her own. She felt wave of panic encompassing her body when the brunette's hand suddenly froze. She was certain that she was going to pass out when the bill slipped from her trembling fingers. Instead of putting the money in the till Brooke reached up and slipped her sunglasses from her face finally revealing her mesmerizing emerald eyes.

The warmth spread through Sheila's body as all of the blood in her body rushed to her nether region. "I'm sorry," Brooke whispered. "I don't mean to stare," she apologized. "But did you go to Dartmouth?"

Sheila stood there paralyzed fearing that her true motives had been unmasked. "Yes," she finally squeaked out.

"Sheila Bevins right?" Brooke gleamed finally making change for the frightened blonde. "We were in the same dorm. Sorry you probably don't remember me," Brooke apologized as she placed the change in Sheila's sweaty palm. "I'm Brooke Morris."

"Right," Sheila played along. *'How could I not remember you? I went to every game you played in, just to watch you. I went to every chorus concert just to hear your voice. I worshiped the ground you spit on,'* her mind rambled on until she realized that she was clutching her money tightly as she stared openly at the taller woman. "I'm sorry," she quickly apologized as she shoved her money into the front pocket of her jeans. "I remember you," she finally managed to sputter out sounding somewhat sane.

"Small world huh?" Brooke brightly exclaimed.

"You have no idea," Sheila blew out with a slight roll of her eyes, as the crowd around seemed to grow. She searched her mind in a desperate effort to find something to say that would prolong the conversation. As someone tried to catch Brooke's attention, Sheila's courage abandoned her. "Looks like you have a crowd," she meekly offered. "I should let you get back to it," she added as she shoved her hands in the pockets of her jeans and wandered away from the table.

With her shoulders slumped and her head hanging she sauntered back towards the street. As she dragged her feet she muttered bitterly that she was an idiot, a coward and a long list of other things that went along with her darkened spirit. She could hear voices echoing from behind her. At one point she could have sworn she heard her name being called. She ignored it feeling certain that it was just her imagination.

She simply plodded down the street vowing to drown her troubles with some over priced coffee and fattening pastry. The feel of a hand grasping her shoulder broke her out of her dark thoughts.

She released a yelp as she spun around fully prepared to defend herself.

"Whoa," Brooke held up her hands in defense. Sheila blew out a heavy breath as she blushed profusely. "Easy there tiger," Brooke teased her as she tried to catch her breath. "You forgot this," she offered with a warm smile as she held out the loaf of banana bread.

"Moron," Sheila muttered under her breath as she smacked her forehead.

"What?" Brooke questioned with a light laugh.

"Nothing," Sheila mumbled as she accepted the loaf. "I'm just distracted today."

"Oh?" Brooke responded with a hint of disappointment.

"It was nice running into you," Sheila offered shyly as Brooke gave her a curious glance.

They stood there each shifting nervously as the words seem to escape them. As much as she tried Sheila couldn't convince her feet to start moving. She was trapped there standing on the sidewalk holding a loaf of banana bread feeling very silly.

"Uhm, nice seeing you too," Brooke finally offered breaking the awkward silence. "I almost didn't recognize you."

"It's been a long time," Sheila threw out as her felt a slight tingling of renewed hope stirring inside of her.

"Yeah that and you weren't a . . ." Brooke's voice trailed off as Sheila ran her fingers through her short, blonde locks.

"Blonde," Sheila concluded for the flustered woman narrowing her gaze slightly.

"I like it," Brooke quickly asserted with a nervous rasp.

"Thanks," Sheila nodded as she, once again, tried to think of something incredibly clever to add to the conversation. Once again she just stood there as they seemed to be caught up in a wave of uncomfortable silence. "Well, Uhm," she stammered. "Thanks for the bread," she offered as she held it up.

"I hope you like it." Brooke gushed out.

"I think I'll save it for tomorrow," Sheila went on to explain eager to prolong her time with the brunette. "I was just heading down to Mario's. You know to drive myself into a caffeine frenzy while adding more fat to my body."

"What fat?" Brooke uttered with a slight blush. "I mean you look like you are in great shape. I've heard that the pastries at Mario's are fabulous. I keep meaning to drop in. All the years I've lived

in the area I just never managed to get down there. I hate eating alone."

"I don't mind it so much," Sheila absently replied. "I've kind of gotten used to it over the past couple of years," she released a frustrated grunt once again running her fingers nervously through her hair. "What I meant to say is you should drop in sometime. I'd invite you to join me but I know you're on duty. Speaking of which I should let you get back to it."

"Well," Brooke began tentatively as she checked her watch. "I should be all done in about half an hour. If you think you'll still be hanging around I could join you."

"Really?" Sheila blurted out much too quickly. "That would nice," she quickly amended in a much more dignified voice.

"Great," Brooke beamed. "I'm not interrupting any plans am I?"

"Not at all," Sheila quickly reassured her while trying to ignore the wave of tingles that were tickling her body.

"I'll see you in a bit," Brooke promised before bouncing off.

Almost an hour later Sheila was a nervous wreck. She didn't indulge in any of the tasty treats offered in the display case. Her stomach was churning far too much to add anything to it. Instead she kept guzzling down the highly toxic coffee as she kept a keen eye out for an open table. She almost knocked over an elderly woman when a small table opened up in the back corner.

Now that she had secured the cozy table for two she was afraid to leave it and her bladder was screaming for release. She drummed her fingers nervously on the table as she checked her watch once again. She tried not to worry about Brooke's tardiness as she discreetly checked her breath and took a quick sniff to ensure that her deodorant was still working.

She started tapping her foot as her need to expel the coffee she had gulped down begged to leave her body. She was just about to surrender to her demanding bladder when she spied a tall figure working her way through the crowd. "I'm sorry I'm late," Brooke quickly apologized.

"No worries," Sheila choked out as Brooke sat down beside her.

"Are you alright?" Brooke asked with concern as Sheila fidgeted in her chair.

"Honestly?" Sheila asked in a strained voice. "No, I had to arm wrestle someone for this table and I didn't want to lose it."

"It is really busy in here," Brooke noted as she kept looking at Sheila with concern.

"No kidding," Sheila agreed with a hard swallow. "I know this is going to sound rude, but I really

need to hit the ladies."

"Go," Brooke encouraged with a hearty laugh. "I'll guard our table."

"My hero," Sheila blew out thankfully as she bolted out of her chair and rushed off towards the restroom.

"Feeling better?" Brooke laughed once Sheila returned.

"Much better thank you," Sheila responded with relief. "Have you had a chance to check out the menu?"

"Everything looks so good," Brooke smiled.

"Well why don't I go get some coffee and treats while you keep watch on our table?" Sheila gallantly offered. She felt positively giddy after taking Brooke's request and waited in the long line to retrieve their treats. Once she returned with their order she and Brooke fell into an easy conversation as they indulged.

Sheila sat there captivated by Brooke's tales of the horrors and joys of teaching the third grade. "Enough about me," Brooke concluded with a bright smile after returning with a fresh order of coffee. "Tell me about you? What do you do for a living?"

"I design software for a small company in Cambridge," Sheila shyly began suddenly feeling uncomfortable now that the conversation was focused on her life. "I really enjoy it and despite the economy we are doing pretty well."

Silence fell over them as Sheila refused to divulge any further information. "So do you live around here?" Brooke prodded her and Sheila felt a wave of nervousness seizing her.

"No, I live in Cambridge," she timidly supplied as Brooke looked at her with surprise.

"Cambridge?" Brooke announced slowly as she furrowed her brow in confusion. "So what brought you to Brookline today? I know we're not that far away and I must admit that the coffee is really good not to mention the bear claws, but isn't this a bit out of the way?"

"You could say that," Sheila hedged as she felt that the magical afternoon was about to turn into something ugly. She knew that there were a dozen innocent fabrications she could offer in her defense. She just hated lying; deception was just not in her nature.

"What's up?" Brooke encouraged as Sheila began squirming in her chair.

"You're going to think I'm a complete nut job," Sheila finally confessed. "Have you ever read any of those on line stories?"

"This should be interesting," Brooke responded with a bright smile. "And yes I've spent more

than a few hours on line reading stories. Why?"

"I have this friend," Sheila carefully began. "She's a bit nuts and thoroughly convinced that I am in desperate need of a life. She challenged me or made a bet as it were."

"I was right this is going to be interesting," Brooke chuckled before taking a sip of her coffee. "Go on?"

"Oh boy," Sheila blew out with a terse breath. "Do you know what a pwp is?"

"Plot, what plot?" Brooke laughed heartily. "Oh yeah I must confess that I have certain weakness for them. I'm big on the ones with Buffy, Star Trek or the X-Files."

"Not Xena?" Sheila pouted.

"I never really watched the show and I'm a sci-fi geek," Brooke explained with a shrug.

"Bummer," Sheila said with a frown.

"We can debate the issue later," Brooke snickered. "Get back to your story and what brings you to my little neighborhood."

"Candice and I got into a debate," Sheila began as she swallowed her pride and decided to continue. She did add a silent prayer that Brooke wouldn't press charges. "I like those stories not as much as Candice does but she's a pig. Anyhoo, we got into a debate about how the stories are unbelievable."

"Well I'm quite certain that most of the sexual acts are physically impossible," Brooke agreed. "Oh and please don't let it get around that I read this stuff, I do have an image to up hold. Not to mention I teach small children," Brooke added in a teasing manner.

"Your secret is safe with me," Sheila promised with a laugh. "Getting back to my trek over here," she continued as she pondered if she could out run Brooke if the brunette decided to freak out. "My objections didn't stem only from the inability of a person being able to bend their body into a pretzel, but the scenarios are just too incredulous to believe."

"Such as?" Brooke prodded her as she leaned closer. "They could happen I remember this one time, never mind you were saying?"

"You see that is how Candice suckered me," Sheila fussed. "I bet her that none of those things happen in the real world. You know like running into the girl you had a crush on in high school and discovering true love. Imagine my surprise. Damn summer camp stories."

"So you lost?" Brooke questioned in hushed tone. Sheila trembled as the brunette's breath tickled her skin. "Should I ask what it cost you?"

"First can I ask you something?" Sheila squeaked out her body shivering from the closeness that they were sharing. "What genre do you like?"

"I told you," came Brooke's puzzled response. "Oh? I think I get it. I like girl meets girl even though a friend of my writes boy band stories. I prefer an absence of men in my fiction. Does that answer your question?"

"Yes," Sheila confirmed with a sigh of relief.

"And you?" Brooke urged.

"The same," Sheila shakily responded.

"Now tell me what did you have to do when you lost?" Brooke nudged her.

"I have to live out a pwp," Sheila uttered quickly and softly hoping that Brooke wouldn't hear her.

"Holy shit!" Brooke barked in astonishment. The brunette's jaw hung open as the other patrons looked at her. Sheila blushed profusely as she buried her face in her hands. "I'm sorry," Brooke apologized once she regained her composure.

"I can't believe you're allowed to teach small children," Sheila blew out as she finally extracted her face from her hands.

"Frightening isn't it?" Brooke wiggled her eyebrows. "Now that everyone has stopped staring at us, or me like I'm a crazy person care to explain what you just said and exactly what does that involve? The possibilities seem endless, there was this story I read where Willow was reading under a tree and Buffy came along, oops got caught up there in the moment. You were saying?"

"You think this interesting?" Sheila asked brightly.

"Sheila if someone told you what you just told me wouldn't you be a wee bit fascinated?" Brooke asserted.

"Or course not," Sheila protested as she played with her cup. "Oh alright yes, I'd want every little detail. Hell I'd want them to fictionalize it and post it on line.

"I can understand how it could make you uncomfortable," Brooke offered gently. "When you said it I got that glazed over look that straight men get when you tell them you're gay."

"I hate that," Sheila scowled in agreement. "Getting back to my plight, Candice actually let me off the hook. All I had to do was look up someone from my past that I had a secret crush on. I don't have to hit on her or anything like that, I just had to find that girl from my past I was so gaga over that I could never work up the courage to actually speak to her."

"That is so sweet," Brooke sighed. "And completely terrifying. Wow I don't know if I could do that. So, she lives in Brookline?" Brooke added sadly. "Have you found her yet?"

"I'm sitting with her," Sheila slowly confessed as she braced herself for the fall out.

"Me?" Brooke sputtered in astonishment. "Me?" She repeated, as she looked over at Sheila in complete awe.

"Now is your chance to run for the hills," Sheila gallantly offered.

"Why on earth would I do that?" Brooke questioned in a breathy tone. "When you described your crush all I could think about was I know what she is talking about because I went through the same thing in college."

"You did?" Sheila sighed as her heart dropped.

"Yes, and like you I am now sharing coffee with my secret crush," Brooke confessed with a brilliant smile.

"Me?" Sheila gasped echoing Brooke's reaction.

"One time I saw you walking across campus towards the science building," Brooke began to explain as her face turned a light shade of pink. "I was so captivated that I walked right into a tree."

"Excuse me?" Sheila laughed her mind whirling from the turn of events.

"You laugh?" Brooke gasped. "I was almost cut from the game that night not to mention that no one believed the lame story I used. My best friend Kristi was the only one who knew what really happened. She is still giving me crap over it."

"I can beat that," Sheila waved her off. "One time I was studying in the library and who comes strolling through wearing very tight spandex biking shorts? I fell out of my chair causing a major ruckus and hid under the table until you were gone."

"That was you?" Brooke laughed hysterically.

Sheila's shoulders slumped as she relived the embarrassing moment. "I know, I'm a dork," she muttered miserably.

"No," Brooke scolded her as she covered Sheila's hand with her own. Sheila's heart soared as a warmth spread through her body. "Remind me to thank your friend Candice. When I saw you today, I suddenly felt like an awkward teenager."

"You?" Sheila questioned. "I find that hard to believe. I also can't believe that you ever noticed me back at Dartmouth. You were so popular and beautiful and I'm going to shut up now before I

really embarrass myself."

Sheila's breathing hitched as Brooke's emerald eyes held her captive. For the first time in years Sheila simply allowed her mind to stop. She didn't analyze what was happening she simply enjoyed the way Brooke was looking at her and the warmth filling her body each time the brunette's thumb brushed the back of her hand.

The blissful moment was only darkened by the sounds of the café staff cleaning up around them. "I guess we should leave and let them close up for the day," she finally acknowledged.

"Yeah," Brooke sighed as she stood.

Sheila could feel the awkwardness from earlier returning once they stepped outside. Somehow it had been easier to speak freely when they were in the safe confines of a crowded coffee shop. Now they were alone, overly caffeinated and somewhat exposed by what they had confessed.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Sheila finally blurted out.

"What the hell should we do now?" Brooke choked out. "If this is one of those stories this would be the part where I invite you back to my place." Sheila's eyes widened as she gulped in response. "But since this is the real world how about I give you my phone number?"

Sheila blew out a sigh of relief as she commended Brooke's suggestion. They quickly exchanged phone numbers and email addresses. Then they were trapped in an awkward silence. Despite her fears Sheila didn't want to say goodbye. She had just spent the past couple of hours talking to the woman she lusted after all through college. Even though she was encouraged by what had happened she was still reluctant to end their time together. Adding to her strife was just how should they end the unusual encounter? Should they shake hands, just wave or should she try to kiss to the tall, dark beauty.

By the way Brooke was chewing on her bottom lip Sheila sensed that the brunette was just as perplexed as she was. "You know my apartment building is on the way to the T-stop," Brooke finally offered breaking the silence that was looming over them. "We could walk together?"

"That would be nice," Sheila readily agreed thankful for the reprieve. They strolled along the streets exchanging details of their favorite stories. When they first started joking about the stories it seemed like a good idea. After they started sharing details from some of their favorites Sheila could feel her mind and body caught up in a whirlwind. By the time they were standing in front of Brooke's building, Sheila's nipples were erect and her lower anatomy was pulsating.

Brooke looked equally flustered. Her face was flushed and she seemed to be struggling to breathe. Sheila stepped back slightly in an effort to use the sudden darkness to hide her face that had turned beet red as she fought to control the heat wave that was consuming her body. "Are you alright?" Brooke inquired in a shaky tone. "It is getting late and I'm a little worried about you hanging around the T-stop. If you want you could come upstairs and hang around for a bit. I rented a couple of movies and was just going to kick back."

"Okay," Sheila accepted before she could give in to her natural urge to chicken out.

Sheila relaxed on Brooke's sofa looking around the tiny, yet comfortable, apartment while the brunette was in the kitchen calling for a pizza and opening a bottle of wine. Sheila was froth with a mixture of excitement and sheer terror. As Brooke entered the room Sheila looked up. One gaze into Brooke's eyes and she decided fear be damned. There was no way she was going to freak out about what may or may not happen.

"I hope white wine is okay," Brooke shyly offered.

"Thank you," Sheila accepted her body shivering as their fingers brushed. "So what did you rent?" She inquired as she sorted through the small stack of DVD rentals.

"Not that one," Brooke blushed furiously as she snatched the movie in question from Sheila's. "Sorry," Brooke stammered out a quick apology while clutching the DVD to her chest.

"I take it that particular movie wasn't made by Disney," Sheila beamed as she wiggled her eyebrows.

"It is a nature film," Brooke squeaked out her face turning a delightful shade of red.

"I'll bet," Sheila laughed heartily.

"Did you want to?" Brooke inquired nervously as she held out the movie.

"No," Sheila declined with a bright smile. "I think I've tortured you quite enough for one day."

"It has been an interesting reunion," Brooke laughed as she tossed the movie aside. "I don't think I've blushed this much in years."

"Just blame it on Candice," Sheila waved it off. "That is what I'm planning on doing. If it wasn't for her obsession with naughty stories none of this would have happened."

"Then I should be thanking her," Brooke theorized as she took a seat next to Sheila and placed the provocative movie back down on the coffee table with the others. "The others are more appropriate. I rented Gothica."

"I've always wanted to see that one," Sheila nodded. "Or we could talk?"

"Oh so you want to hear the story of how Scully was kidnapped by the pirate alien again?" Brooke teased this time forcing Sheila to blush. "Or I could tell you about the first time I saw you. It was at orientation and for the first time I wished I didn't have a girl waiting for me back

home."

"You were involved back then?" Sheila inquired hesitantly as she played with her wine glass.

"I thought so," Brooke grumbled. "That is why I didn't even think about approaching you that first year."

"What happened?" Sheila encouraged.

"It is an old story," Brooke began with a heavy sigh. "I went off to college, she stayed home. Despite the distance I was sure that we were meant to be together. One day I went home as a surprise and caught her in bed with my best friend. Or should I say my former best friend."

"I'm sorry," Sheila sympathetically offered as she rubbed Brooke's forearm in a soothing manner.

"I'm not," Brooke concluded. "I mean I was at first. I went through all of the feelings of anger and hurt from the betrayal, but looking at it now I understand that Monica and I were growing apart even before I left. The two of them are still together, so I just have to assume that it was meant to be. Of course I didn't keep in touch either. A part of me still harbors resentment that they were messing around behind my back. I did get over it and there was the cutest little brunette running around campus that I really wanted to meet."

"So, why didn't you ever talk to her?" Sheila playfully encouraged.

"I'm shy," Brooke shrugged. "And every time I saw you Ginny, your roommate, was hanging around. I thought the two of you might be a couple. I even went so far as to have Kristi pair up with you as a lab partner to see if she could find out."

"I should thank you for that," Sheila chuckled. "I ended up doing really well in that class because of Kristi and yes Ginny and I were together. It only lasted for a couple of semesters. Ginny turned out to be going through her angry young dyke period and would freak out if I talked to anything with a penis. She had a lot of issues with men, still does. Because I didn't she kept accusing me of using her and that I was really straight. Ginny was the beginning of a long list of troubled relationships I became involved with. That was one of the reasons Candice prompted this little challenge, she thinks I've turned my back on love."

"Have you?" Brooke questioned her voice tensing as she spoke.

"I think in some ways I have," Sheila confessed. "Or did. Now I'm not so certain," she tried to explain her heart warming as she felt Brooke's fingers lacing through her own. "I know that relationships are hard work, it is just that I always seem to be the one doing the work. The last time I stayed for all the wrong reasons and I'm not even convinced that I was ever in love. I've been alone for the past couple of years and it just seemed easier not to try anymore."

"I can understand the sentiment," Brooke softly agreed. "I've been alone for awhile now. The last time we were together for almost two years. I went away for a teaching conference. During the

week I was gone she met, fell in love with someone new, and fell out of love with me."

"All in one week?" Sheila sputtered in disbelief.

"That is what she claimed," Brooke sneered. "I claimed that she was complete lunatic especially after she suggested that not only we remain friends, but we keep living together."

"Freak," Sheila concluded.

"My thoughts exactly," Brooke laughed. "Which is why I moved out immediately and trashed some of her belongings. Petty, but it felt right at the time. Her new girlfriend thought I was a complete psycho until she pulled the same thing on her about a year later."

"I hate serial monogamists," Sheila snorted with disdain. "For the past couple of years I've enjoyed getting to know me. Being on my own has been good for me, it's just been alone."

"I understand," Brooke sighed in agreement as she caressed the back of Sheila's hand evoking the most delightful shivers. "I am at a point in my life where I can wake up alone and be fine. If love happens it happens. But I also understand what crap I will or will not put up with. I'm just too old and too tired for games."

"I like that," Sheila applauded Brooke's theory. "I also like talking to you."

"You know what I would like right now?" Brooke inquired in a husky tone as she brushed back Sheila's fair hair from her brow.

"What?" Sheila panted out her response as they inched closer together until she could feel Brooke's breath caressing her face.

"I'd like to kiss you," Brooke gasped out her reply before softly claiming Sheila's lips.

Sheila gave into the softness as she cradled Brooke's face in her hands. The warm, gentle kiss ignited her long ignored passion. It had been a long time since she had been kissed even longer since she had been kissed with such intensity. Her tongue peeked out and parted Brooke's soft inviting lips. She moaned when Brooke's tongue greeted her own.

Her heart was pounding as the kiss deepened and their bodies pressed dangerously close to one another's. She laced her fingers through Brooke's long, dark tresses as she felt the brunette's hands caressing her back. She drew her lover in closer until she felt a pair of erect nipples brushing against her body. She knew that when she had accepted Brooke's invitation that she was tempting fate. The brunette's excuse had been flimsy. If it had been far too late to be hanging around the train station then how would waiting even later and drinking alcohol make it safer for her to leave that night?

As she felt her body being lowered down onto the sofa and their bodies wrapping around one another's she was happy that she had thrown caution to the wind. Feeling Brooke's body covering

her own felt incredibly right. She slipped her knee between Brooke's quivering thighs. Her mind became a blur as she felt the brunette's body grinding against her thigh. "We need to stop," Brooke helplessly gasped in her ear.

"Why?" Sheila murmured as their bodies continued the sensual dance. The reality of how quickly things were moving struck her. She was gasping for air as Brooke lifted her body slightly and was hovering above the blonde.

"Because if we don't we will end up really living out one of those stories," Brooke panted in response as she cast a smoky gaze down upon her lover. "This is happening so fast, I don't want to stop touching you and I can't remember if I have any dental damns. Unlike those stories safe sex is a reality."

"We wouldn't," Sheila choked. "I mean you wouldn't, I'm healthy. My ex ran around on me I've been tested and retested almost a dozen times."

"Me too," Brooke beamed down at her. "I never believed that it all happened in one week. So we could?" Brooke stammered as Sheila answered with a vigorous shaking of her head while her fingers played with the hem of Brooke's shirt. "And we wouldn't have to? I haven't been able to taste another woman in almost three years."

"The math on that doesn't quite add up," Sheila teased as she slowly lifted Brooke's shirt up revealing her well-toned abs.

"She had issues," Brooke shrugged as her hands cupped Sheila's breasts.

"We don't have to stop," Sheila encouraged as her fingers danced lightly against Brooke's stomach. "Unless you want to."

"I don't want to stop," Brooke responded with a sly smile as she massaged the smaller woman's breasts. "You did promise to live out a PWP," she encouraged as Sheila's body arched against her touch pressing more of her breasts against the brunette's hands. Sheila dragged Brooke's shirt up revealing her cotton bra. She moaned with pleasure as Brooke's body returned to her own.

The brunette began kissing Sheila's neck while curious fingers teased the other's nipples. "Tell me what you want?" Brooke demanded hotly in the blonde's ear. "Tell me your fantasy?"

"Are you wet?" Sheila choked out her hand slipping between the brunette's thighs. "Show me," she groaned as she teased her lover with the heel of her hand. She listened to Brooke's labored breathing before the brunette lifted her body. Sheila smiled up at her lover who was straddling her body. "Show me?" Sheila gasped in amazement as she watched Brooke removing her top then her bra. Both garments were tossed aside as Brooke held the blonde in a fiery gaze while she lowered the zipper on her jeans.

"I can't believe this is happening," Brooke echoed Sheila's thoughts. "I thought about you so many times back in college," she offered in a husky tone as she undid her jeans. Brooke lowered

her zipper in an agonizing slowness. Sheila's breathing hitched as she watched Brooke's white cotton panties slowly being revealed. Her hazel eyes widened with delight as she watched Brooke's long, slender fingers dip beneath the elastic waistband of her panties.

"You have no idea how many times in college I fantasized about this happening," Sheila blew out in wonderment as she watched Brooke's hand moving steadily beneath her jeans. "I would lay awake at night hoping for the day that you and I might accidentally bump into one another."

"Tell me?" Brooke gasped as she stroked herself harder.

"We'd start talking," Sheila continued to spin out her tale. "Somehow we'd end up in my dorm room."

"Always your room?" Brooke breathlessly inquired.

"I didn't know what yours looked like," Sheila laughed her eyes still locked on the steady movement of her lover's hand. "My roommate would be out for the night, we'd be sitting on my bed just talking when your hand would brush against mine. Our eyes would meet and we'd start kissing. You'd end up on top of me straddling my body like now and you'd offer to show me how excited I made you."

"It is like we were sharing the same dream," Brooke moaned as her eyes rolled back and her hand slipped out of her wetness. The brunette revealed her glistening fingers. Sheila was speechless as Brooke's passion coated fingers brushed against her trembling lips. The blonde eagerly licked her lips savoring the taste of Brooke's desire. Aching for more her tongue snaked out and swirled around Brooke's fingers licking away the brunette's wetness.

Brooke's hips rocked gently against her body as Sheila sucked her long fingers into the warmth of her mouth. She sucked and licked the slender digits until she had drunk in the last drop of passion. Reluctantly she released them from her mouth as Brooke moaned with pleasure. Sheila's body rocked in unison with Brooke's steady rhythm as she felt her own desire mounting.

She glided her hands slowly up along the curves of Brooke's body until her thumbs brushed lightly against the soft swell of the brunette's breasts. As she traced the softness of Brooke's breasts she could feel Brooke's hands lifting her shirt higher. Sheila's hands ceased their exploration as she raised her arms above her head allowing Brooke to remove her top. She arched her body allowing Brooke's hands to slip along the edges of her bra.

She released a heavy sigh as she felt her bra snapping open. She shivered as the cool air greeted her flesh as Brooke slowly removed her bra. Each of them was naked from the waist up as curious hands instantly gravitated to the other's pert nipples. They brushed and teased the buds each of them reeling from the feel of hardening buds pressing against their touch.

Their hips ground wildly as Sheila guided Brooke down to her and captured her in a searing kiss. Their bodies melted together as the heat between them escalated into a fiery passion. Sheila slipped her hand between them running her fingertips along the waistband of Brooke's panties.

Her lover's body ground harder against her body as she slipped past the thin barrier. "So wet," she murmured as her fingers glided between her lover's slick folds.

Brooke's erect nipple brushed against her eager lips as her fingers glided along the brunette's swollen nether lips. She suckled the brunette's nipple into the warmth of her mouth as her fingers slowly stroked her engorged nub. Brooke's passionate pleas filled her ears as she felt the brunette struggling to support her body above the blonde.

Brooke's balance wavered as Sheila pressed her fingers against the opening of her lover's warm, wet center. She could feel Brooke's hands tearing at the cushions of the sofa as she slipped deep inside of her lover. She wiggled her tiny fingers inside of her lover as she teased her nipple with her teeth and her tongue.

She could feel the walls tightening against her touch as she began to slip in and out of her lover. Brooke's body swayed in perfect rhythm with Sheila's touch. The brunette's body tightened against Sheila's body as the blonde drove her higher.

She kept pumping her fingers wildly as she felt Brooke's body exploding against her. Sheila continued pleasuring her lover as Brooke begged her for mercy. Her touch stilled as her lover collapsed on top of her. She stroked Brooke's long, dark hair as she felt the last waves of ecstasy slipping from her lover's body.

Brooke meekly lifted her head looking up at Sheila, "Damn we're not even naked and you've already reduced me to a bowl of Jell-o," Brooke murmured with pleasure. Sheila slipped her fingers from the warmth of her lover's body and cradled her in her arms. She shivered as she felt Brooke nuzzling her ear.

"Sleep with me?" Brooke quietly requested as she began kissing the blonde's neck.

"Yes," Sheila softly consented as she felt Brooke's body lifting. She felt a sudden sense of loss when their bodies were no longer touching. They clung to one another as they stumbled the short distance towards Brooke's bedroom. Sheila smiled as Brooke turned on the light revealing the complete disarray she had left her bedroom in. "Sorry," Brooke murmured as she wrapped her arms around Sheila's waist as she stood behind the smaller woman. "I wasn't expecting company."

"No worries," Sheila chuckled softly as she turned in the brunette's warm embrace. "None of this was expected. I'm just content to be in your arms," she went on to explain as she traced Brooke's broad shoulders with her fingers. She bit back a moan as their nipples brushed together. "This is so amazing, you are so amazing I feel like I wished upon a star and someone was listening."

"You weren't the only one who made that wish," Brooke softly proclaimed as she dipped her head and placed a promising kiss on Sheila's soft lips. The gentle kiss literally took Sheila's breath away as she clung to her lover's body. Her hands began a gentle exploration down Brooke's back her fingers tingling each time she felt her lover's flesh shivering from her touch.

"Sheila," Brooke murmured as she caressed the blonde's hips while guiding her backward.

Sheila was lost in the scent of Brooke's body and the feel of her skin as her knees bumped against the edge of the bed. Brooke captured her in a searing kiss as she lowered the blonde down onto the bed. Sheila groaned with disappointment when Brooke's body failed to follow her own. Brooke knelt beside the bed looking up at Sheila with a misty gaze in her eyes as her hands caressed the blonde's jean clad thighs.

Sheila's mind and body were reeling from Brooke's tender touch. As she felt the fire growing inside of her she wondered if she had ever felt such intense emotions just by being touched and kissed. Her eyes fluttered shut and her head fell back as Brooke's mouth traced the supple curve of her breasts. Sheila's heart stopped beating as she felt her lover's tongue dipping between the valley between her breasts.

She could feel the blood in her body rushing towards her throbbing clit as Brooke's hair tickled her flesh while her tongue teased her nipples. Sheila dug her blunt nails into her lover's bare shoulders as she arched her body offering more of her breasts up for Brooke. The brunette did not disappoint her as she suckled her nipples eagerly moving from one to the other driving Sheila's body into frenzy.

She wrapped her legs around Brooke's body as her need for release intensified. She rocked her hips urgently against Brooke her wetness growing as she felt the seam of her jeans rubbing against her clit. She released a growl as she felt Brooke's hands on her thighs slowing their motion. "Not yet," Brooke whispered against her skin as she began to kiss her way down the blonde's body.

Sheila swallowed hard as she felt Brooke's hand pressing against her shoulder guiding her down onto the rumpled bedding. She inhaled sharply as Brooke's tongue teased her stomach before dipping playfully into her navel. She fought to control her breathing as she felt Brooke undoing her jeans. She cupped her own breasts teasing her aching nipples while Brooke slowly lowered her jeans and underwear down her body. Brooke's mouth worshiped every inch of her flesh as it was slowly revealed.

She stared up at the ceiling with bleary eyes as she felt the last of her clothing slipping from her body. She pinched and teased her nipples as Brooke slowly dragged her tongue back up her legs pausing to kiss the back of her knees. Sheila squirmed against the mattress her wetness pouring from her body. She released a needy moan as she felt Brooke's strong hands cupping her backside and drawing her closer.

She looked down her naked body and discovered Brooke's emerald eyes twinkling up at her as she kissed her trembling thighs. Brooke held her in a steely gaze as she drew Sheila's passion to her eager mouth. Sheila's body jerked as she cried out when Brooke blew a warm breath in her damp curls.

She fought to keep her eyes open as Brooke parted her with her tongue while her hands caressed her firm cheeks. Brooke's tongue swept along her slick folds before gliding along her swollen

sex, Sheila's hands shot out and she gripped the bedding as Brooke slowly licked and teased her aching need. "Brooke please," Sheila whimpered helplessly as her lover's tongue flickered lightly against her throbbing clit. Sheila draped her legs over the brunette's shoulders pressing her wetness harder against her lover's touch. Brooke continued to tease her clit in a slow agonizing fashion as Sheila thrust harder against her lover.

Brooke murmured with pleasure as her fingers slipped deep inside of Sheila while she suckled Sheila's clit harder. Sheila's head fell back as her hips jerked up while her lover took her deeper. Her climax suddenly tore through her body as her lover's touch grew wild. She gave into Brooke's demanding touch as the room began to spin.

Time became meaningless as Brooke slipped another digit deep inside of her driving the small blonde into a lust filled haze. She had no idea how many times she reached the pinnacle. She was only dimly aware of what was happening as her ears were filled with a strange buzzing and her world darkened.

Her next conscious thought was how alive she felt as Brooke nestled beside her caressing her body. She rolled over and kissed her lover as her shaking hands pulled Brooke's jeans down to her hips. Her body was still quivering as she knelt beside her lover and quickly dispensed of the remainder of Brooke's clothing.

The sight of Brooke lying before her completely naked stole her breath. She began kissing her lover allowing her mouth to drift lower as she savored the taste of Brooke's flesh. She rolled the taller woman onto her stomach and straddled her naked backside. Encouraged by Brooke moans of pleasure she pressed her wetness deep inside of her lover.

They began to sway against one another their passion mingling as Brooke raised her hips. Sheila slipped her hand between her lover's trembling thighs caressing the wetness that greeted her touch. She could feel Brooke's clit throbbing against her fingers as she stroked her. Brooke thrust her hips backward silently begging Sheila to take her. Sheila happily slipped deep inside her lover.

Brooke was chanting her name as Sheila plunged in and out of her. She rode against the firm flesh of her lover's backside as she took her harder. Her own desires renewed as she rubbed her clit against Brooke's gyrating body. They cried out in unison as they collapsed onto the bed. Sheila could still feel electrified as the last waves of passion trickled from their sated bodies.

She was filled with a sense of peace and belonging as they cuddled up together and drifted off to sleep.

Sheila was filled with confusion and a sense of loss when she awoke alone in a strange apartment. Her face erupted with a silly grin as the events of the previous day came back to her. She looked around the unfamiliar bedroom stretching out her weary body as she looked for her lover and something to put on her body. She panicked for a brief moment as she grabbed a robe

and put it on. It was morning and now she needed to control her emotions and remember that last night was more than likely a one night stand.

Her spirits lifted when she sniffed out the familiar scent of coffee brewing as Brooke peeked into the bedroom. The bright smile on Brooke's face warmed her heart. "Good morning," Brooke purred, as her smile grew brighter. "You look absolutely adorable," the brunette added as she motioned to the robe that was much too large for Sheila's tiny body.

"So do you," Sheila smirked as she quickly closed the gap between them and kissed Brooke lightly on the lips. Her hands caressed the brunette's well-worn t-shirt and tattered sweatpants. She jerked away suddenly. "I need to brush my teeth," she grimaced as Brooke led her into the living room.

"Bathroom is that way," Brooke instructed her. "I've put on a pot of coffee. Any chance I can interest you in staying for breakfast?"

"Just let me freshen up," Sheila promised before darting off towards the bathroom. Once she had freshened up she found Brooke sitting at the breakfast bar sipping coffee as she scanned the Sunday globe. She was just about to join her lover when the shrill sound of her cell phone broke the mood.

"It has been doing that since I got up half an hour ago," Brooke informed her as she stood and poured the blonde a cup of coffee.

Sheila crinkled her brow as she picked up her leather jacket that was hanging on the arm of the sofa and fished out her cell phone. "Seventeen missed calls?" She said as she shook her head and joined her lover in the tiny kitchen which was located just off the living room. The only thing separating the two rooms was the breakfast bar. Her phone rang once again as she accepted the cup of coffee. "Candice," she grumbled as she glared at the caller ID. She was fully prepared to toss the phone aside and ignore her friend when a knock on the door halted her movements.

"Now what?" Brooke grumbled as she stormed off towards the door.

Sheila decided to answer the phone and deal with Candice while Brooke took care of whoever was knocking on the door. "Hello," she coyly greeted her friend.

"Where the hell have you been?" Candice demanded.

"None of your business," Sheila taunted her as she watched Kristi step into Brooke's apartment. Candice ranted on as Sheila hid in the back of the kitchen. The blonde didn't bother listening to Candice's ranting as she watched Brooke and Kristi.

"Aren't you ready yet?" Kristi sputtered as she took in Brooke's attire.

"I completely forgot about meeting you for brunch," Brooke gasped. "Look Kristi this isn't a good time."

"I drove all the way over here and you're canceling?" Kristi complained. "Oh?" She suddenly gasped as she spotted Sheila lurking in the kitchen. "I didn't know you had a date," she threw out in embarrassment.

"Yes," Brooke hissed as she guided her friend back towards the front door. "And I'm still on it. Now go."

"Okay," Kristi readily agreed. "Sorry to interrupt," she was just about to leave when she spun around. "Aren't you Sheila Bevens?"

"Nice to see you again," Sheila responded with a blush as she picked up the phone only to discover that Candice was still blabbing away.

"What is Sheila Bevens doing in your apartment?" The lanky brunette demanded.

"I lost a bet," Sheila called out playfully.

"That is how Brooke gets most of her dates," Kristi jested as Brooke grabbed her by the arm.

"Out," Brooke demanded as she ushered her friend out of the apartment.

"Call me later," Kristi demanded.

"Much later," Brooke coyly supplied before shoving her out the door and turned her attention back towards Sheila. The blonde held up her finger as she pressed her phone against her ear.

"My turn," she quietly informed her lover. "Candice? I can't talk right now I'm busy paying off my debt."

"Huh?" Candice stammered.

"I'll call you later and explain right now there is someone I really need to kiss," Sheila concluded triumphantly before hanging up. "Now where were we?"

"I was just about to grant your every wish," Brooke promised as she rejoined her lover. Sheila smiled mischievously as she knelt before her lover lowering her sweat pants as she slipped down onto the floor. Brooke grasped the counter as Sheila's tongue dipped into her wetness. The blonde murmured with pleasure as she feasted upon her lover.

As Sheila was leading Brooke back into the bedroom Kristi caught up with her new girlfriend who was waiting on the corner. "It worked," she boasted as her lover was slipping her cell phone into her coat pocket. "I can't believe that hair brained scheme of yours worked. I tried all through

college to get those two knuckle heads together."

"I told you it would," Candice boasted.

"I hope they won't be mad when they find out that we were behind this," Kristi blew out nervously. "What if it doesn't work out?"

"I've got a really good feeling about the two of them," Candice supplied as she took her lover by the hand. "Speaking of feeling good, why don't we have brunch back at your place?"

The End.

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