

~ Lucky Thirteen ~

by Mavis Applewater

March 2004

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

As always this is for Heather.

Leila narrowed her eyes watching her roommate carefully. Phoebe had been glued to her computer for hours. "It is a beautiful day out," she glibly announced. She knew the small brunette was gone oblivious to the outside world. "I'll never understand just what is so amazing about those damn computer games," she added with a growl as Phoebe continued to ignore her.

"Sorry," the brunette muttered her apology as she studied the computer screen more carefully. "It is just so addicting," Phoebe confessed.

"If I may ask, just what in the in the hell are you playing?" Leila demanded.

"Solitaire thirteen," Phoebe mumbled as she snarled at the game.

"Solitaire?" Leila bemoaned. "Are you telling me that you've been chained to your computer for an entire day playing solitaire?"

"Yeah," Phoebe sighed as she glanced over at her roommate with a glazed over expression.

"Unfreaking believable," Leila huffed. "Turn it off," she softly suggested to the smaller woman. It was almost the semester break, the both of them had already finished with their midterms and Phoebe was wasting her freedom playing solitaire.

"Okay," Phoebe conceded much to Leila's surprise. "I need a shower," she grimaced as she stood.

"No kidding," Leila scowled as she claimed her roommate's now vacant seat.

"Brat," Phoebe snarled as she playfully swatted her unsuspecting roommate.

Much to Leila's pleasure Phoebe began to gather up her belongings. Leila glanced over at the

computer screen bewildered by just what was so fascinating about the game highlighted in red and green. She slipped the mouse along the desk and clicked deal. She studied the cards as she tried to figure out the game.

"You need to pair up cards to make thirteen," Phoebe explained as she lingered over Leila's shoulder. "All of the cards are face value, Jacks are worth eleven, Queens twelve and Kings thirteen. You can only match two cards together, except Kings, which are a freebie. So match like an eight and a five and if they aren't covered you get two points. The goal is to reach fifty-two. If you do you get a one hundred point bonus and a chance to move on. Oh, and you can only match up cards that are exposed."

"This is what you've been doing?" Leila scoffed at her normally level headed roomy.

"I'm telling you that it is addicting," Phoebe defended. "You come close to winning, so you have to keep going. Or you do badly and you can't end with a bad score, and it is worse when you win."

"Fine, let me give this a shot," Leila sighed as she clicked deal. The cards were spread out in a pyramid while a stack of unseen cards remained at the bottom.

"Just click on the cards you want," Phoebe explained. "When you need more just click the deck. You get three new cards each time you do that and it covers the three spots."

"Sounds easy enough," Leila shrugged as she began. She played for all of five minutes before she was blocked. "What does 'no more moves' mean?"

"Game over," Phoebe flatly informed her.

"Son of," she growled when she checked out her meager score of thirteen. "What is your high score?"

"Four hundred fifty," Phoebe yawned as she grabbed her towel.

"Maybe one more game," Leila muttered. Feeling challenged by Phoebe's score she clicked on the deal icon.

"That is how it starts," Phoebe cautioned her. "You keep saying that and starting a new game is just a flick of the wrist away."

"Whatever," Leila dismissed the brunette's warning while she tried to form a strategy as Phoebe left the room.

Leila fared better the second time and quickly decided to try just one more time. She barely noticed when Phoebe returned from her shower. Normally the sight of the petite brunette half-naked would definitely draw her attention. She silently wondered if the computer game might just be the distraction she needed to keep her mind away from the wayward desires regarding her attractive roommate.

"Alright!" She cheered when she cleared all of the top cards. "Wait how come I only scored fifty?"

"You need to clear all of the cards not just the ones on top," Phoebe explained as she peered over Leila's shoulder. The redhead shuddered as the scent of the brunette's shampoo invaded her senses.

"Okay," Leila conceded as she started a new game. "Now that I know all the rules I am certain that I can beat this sucker."

"Oh boy," Phoebe sighed. "I'm going out for a walk. I can't believe I wasted all of this time on that game. I'll see you in a bit."

"Later," Leila absently muttered while carefully studying her cards and planning her strategy.

She lost track of how many times Phoebe came and went. She barely acknowledged the perky woman who normally held her undivided attention. Phoebe did try to feed her and engage her in conversation. Sadly, as time passed, Leila's vocabulary shrank considerably. She was limited to expressions such as you suck, you cheat, I'm almost there and, of course, just one more game.

Leila's eyes were glazed over and her back and wrist were sore as she played on and on. She finally relented when she glanced at the clock and discovered that it was almost five in the morning. "What the hell?" She groaned as she gazed over and discovered Phoebe fast asleep and snoring like a foghorn.

Leila dragged her tired body over to her tiny twin bed and collapsed. After just a short sleep she awoke the next morning to discover Phoebe had left for the day. Leila's eyes lit up when she noticed that not only was the brunette's computer on but it was booted up to the yahoo game web site. "I'll only play three games and then stop," she vowed as she sat down at her roommate's desk.

"How is it going?" Phoebe inquired after she returned from breakfast.

"I'm sorry," Leila apologized failing to look up from her game. "Do you need your computer?"

"No," Phoebe giggled from behind her. "Trust me you are saving me from myself. Carry on if you get in too deep I'll be here."

"I won't play for long," Leila vowed confident that she was telling the truth.

Twelve hours later she was going strong thoroughly convinced that she was just one step away from winning at least two games in a row. "What is your high score?" Phoebe called out from her bed.

"Two hundred," Leila vacantly responded, as her gaze remained transfixed on the computer

screen.

"Good job," Phoebe complimented her as the hair on the back of Leila's neck prickled. She knew without looking that the brunette was standing directly behind her. "Shut it off."

"Huh?" Leila squeaked.

"After you finish this hand shut it off," Phoebe asserted. "We are going for a walk."

"But?" Leila fussed.

"Promise me?" Phoebe whispered her warm breath caressing the redhead's sensitive earlobe.

"Okay," Leila blew out conceding to the only thing on earth that could tear her away from her newly discovered pleasure. "Crap," she grumbled as she lost by a few cards. Blowing out a heavy breath she shut down the web site.

"I told you that it is addicting," Phoebe giggled as she crinkled her nose.

"No kidding," Leila yawned as she stretched out her weary body.

"Get washed up and we'll take a stroll around the campus," Phoebe instructed her.

After she showered and changed Leila felt like a new woman, but she still felt a nagging itch to reboot the computer. "We need to set a time limit on how long we play," she theorized as Phoebe laughed hysterically at her.

"It is after midnight and we only have two days left before we head home for break," Phoebe began to explain. "I'd really like to spend that time enjoying your company."

"Why Miss Phoebe are you trying to sweep me off my feet?" Leila jested silently wishing that perhaps someday it would be true. Leila had been wishing for Phoebe to notice her as more than a friend for the past year. The shy smile Phoebe gave her made her heart flutter with renewed hope. She quickly dismissed the idea as she reminded herself that they were nothing more than friends.

Leila walked into the freshman dorm finally free of the small town life. Upon her entrance she met the one person who would turn her world upside down. Leila had already known that she was different. She had long ago accepted that the difference between her and her other friends was simply that she was gay.

Leila had just never been brave enough to share this discovery with anyone. From the first moment she looked into Phoebe's blue green eyes she was positively smitten. She silently prayed that the energetic brunette possessed a horrid personality.

Instead Phoebe possessed a sparkling personality and a heart of gold. They became the best of

friends. The moment Leila realized just how close the two of them had become it sucked the life out of her. Being attracted to her roommate was bad; falling for her best friend was a disaster.

"What cha' thinking about?" Phoebe chimed in breaking through Leila's thoughts.

"Solitaire," she lied.

"Amazing isn't it?" Phoebe exclaimed. "Those games should come with warning labels. Come on my little card shark let's go outside and breathe semi clean air."

Leila blew out a sigh of relief as she followed behind the brunette. She felt the guilt stirring as she allowed her dark brown eyes to drift to Phoebe's shapely behind.

"Isn't this much better," Phoebe encouraged as the warm spring night air embraced them. "I like nights like this; it is late and most anyone who is still awake is busy studying."

"Hmm," Leila sighed while her body tingled as she felt Phoebe's arm slipping through hers. "Looking forward to going home for spring break?"

"Yeah, I guess," Phoebe muttered as she leaned slightly into Leila's body. The brunette's actions, once again, caused Leila's heart to beat just a little faster.

"You almost sound like you'd rather stay here?" Leila curiously questioned her friend.

"I'm looking forward to seeing my folks," Phoebe sighed again.

"Just your parents?" Leila questioned thoughtfully as she realized that Phoebe rarely discussed or mentioned any friends from back home.

"Yes," Phoebe flatly responded while Leila fought against the moan threatening to escape from her lips when she felt the brunette's breast brushing against her forearm. "I didn't have a whole lot of friends in high school."

"I find that hard to believe." Leila said as she shook her head in disbelief. "You're so outgoing and," she halted her words fearful that she was about to let it slip just how attractive she thought the smaller woman was. "I mean I'm the shy one and even I left a few mates behind."

"I use to have a lot of friends," Phoebe began sadly in a hushed tone. "Things changed," she added grimly.

"Such as?" Leila encouraged her suddenly quiet friend.

"I um," Phoebe grumbled as she clenched her jaw her body slipping slightly away from Leila. "I stopped lying or rather I told someone something in confidence and they felt it was their moral duty to tell everyone my secret."

"Jeez what a jerk," Leila retorted with a sneer. "Again I'm finding it hard to fathom that you did or were involved with anything that would make everyone in your home town treat you like a leper."

"Boogers," Phoebe grunted while running her fingers through her long dark hair. "I knew that this day was coming. I had planned on telling you. I just kept putting it off."

"Jeez what did you do murder the baby sitter?" Leila laughed at her friend's suddenly dismal attitude.

"Nope," Phoebe grimaced. "I slept with her, only she wasn't my baby sitter. That would be icky."

"Not to mention a disturbing illegal act," Leila piped in with a wry smile. "Is that it? You're gay? Or was it one of those BI-curious episodes?"

Leila held her breath as she waited for Phoebe to respond to her blunt comments. "Jerk," Phoebe lightly laughed. "You knew?"

"No," Leila corrected her as she felt her palms beginning to sweat. "I hoped," she added with a brilliant smile.

"Fine," Phoebe snickered while hooking her arm with Leila's. "Now that I've shared, do you have anything you'd like to get off your chest?"

"What do you mean?" Leila hedged as a lump formed in her throat. She cast a wary gaze over at her companion.

"You hoped?" Phoebe encouraged as she bumped the taller woman with her hip. "Come on, I just confessed how Debra blabbed about my relationship with Candy."

"Candy?" Leila barked with laughter until Phoebe shot her down with a challenging look. "Yes, I'm gay too. Suck the fun out of it for me why don't you?" Leila halted her steps the sudden stop jolted Phoebe causing the small brunette to fall against her.

"What is it?" Phoebe choked out with concern. "Your ex has a funnier name?"

"No, it is just that I've never said that before," Leila stammered as the reality hit her. "I'm gay," she repeated allowing the words to sink in.

"Never?" Phoebe probed comforting the taller woman by stroking her arm. "I know the first time you tell another person can be frightening. I just wish that I didn't have to keep announcing it every time I meet a new person."

"I'm not a new person," Leila protested as she smiled down at the brunette. "We've lived together for almost two years. I'd like to think that we are friends."

"Just friends?" Phoebe pensively inquired. Leila was about to explain that Phoebe meant much more to her than just a friend. She was finally filled with the courage to tell Phoebe just how deeply her feelings ran. The sound of Phoebe inhaling sharply cut off her words. "Wait? How could you've not have told anyone before now? What about old girlfriends?"

"No one," Leila muttered as she slipped away from Phoebe's touch.

"How is it that I'm closer to you than anyone else and I never knew that you are a virgin?" Phoebe sputtered. "Then again the both of us are masters when it comes to avoiding talking about sex."

"I'm not a virgin," Leila corrected her. "I dated this guy my senior year. He was so sweet but the intimacy lacked something."

"I understand," Phoebe agreed as she nudged Leila to start walking again.

"I've made out with a girl before," Leila expanded. "I even copped a feel. I think it was the way I felt when I touched her. I was so much more excited by so little that really broke down the barriers for me."

They fell into a comfortable silence as they strolled across the quiet campus enjoying the night air. Leila felt the warmth encompassing her soul as the short conversation kept replaying in her mind. "Lost in thought again," Phoebe hummed softly. "I'm happy we've finally talked about this. I felt like I was betraying you by hiding this."

"I've felt the same way," Leila nodded in agreement. "Only difference is I didn't say anything because I'm attracted to you. I was afraid if I told you the truth about me and my feelings you'd walk away."

"Never," Phoebe vowed with a tender squeeze. "Then again perhaps you should pay a little more attention to your surroundings. Do you honestly think I follow you into the shower every morning just because it is a convenient time for me? You know I'm glad we both became obsessed with that silly computer game."

"Huh?" Leila sputtered as she tried to follow her roommate's strange sense of logic. Primarily her focus was locked on the parts where Phoebe had said she'd never turn away from her and liked to watch her in the shower. As her mind contemplated the complexity of the situation Phoebe stepped in front of her. Leila's body was all too aware of the fact that the brunette's hands came to rest on her hips.

"If we hadn't gone gaga over that game," Phoebe softly began as she captured Leila in a smoky gaze. "I might have kept postponing having this conversation with you and I might not have mustered the courage to do this."

"Do what?" Leila whispered as they inched closer together. She could feel Phoebe's breath on her face as she caressed the smaller woman's back. Her world lit up as she felt Phoebe's lips brushing

softly against her own. It was a shy promising gesture that somehow eclipsed the outside world. Entranced by the simple kiss Leila returned for more.

Her mind became devoid of thoughts as she gave into the feel of Phoebe's body melting against her own as they kissed deeply. Leila's knees buckled as soft lips departed from her touch. "Wow," Phoebe blew as she swayed slightly. "Just how many girls have you made out with?"

"Couple," Leila sheepishly answered as her body swayed. Phoebe's eyes twinkled up at her mesmerizing her completely. Her head dipped as her hazel eyes sought out Phoebe's soft lips. The sight of Phoebe's lips slightly parted and swollen from the kiss they had shared drew her in. Their breath mingled as her eyes fluttered shut. Her ears were filled with the sound of her heart pounding and just as she was about to touch those soft supple lips she felt a steady hand on her chest halting her movements.

"Not here," Phoebe's hushed voice cautioned her.

Leila's eyes snapped open as the gravity of Phoebe's warning reached her. She blew out a terse breath as she tried to calm her body. She swallowed hard as she watched Phoebe's tongue dart out and lick her lips. She knew that she should step away from the brunette's warm inviting embrace. Fearfully she clung to the other woman not wanting the moment to end. She needed the connection that they were sharing as if it was the force that was keeping her alive.

"Leila," Phoebe murmured her nimble fingers caressing the curve of the taller woman's body. They shared a curious laugh as Phoebe slipped her arm around the redhead's waist. Aimlessly Leila blindly followed as Phoebe guided them back towards the dorm.

They bypassed the elevator choosing to use the back stairwell to reach their room exchanging kisses in the dark recesses as they stumbled closer to the room. Phoebe kept a tight hold on Leila's trembling hand as she opened the door to the floor they lived on.

Leila bit back a laugh as she watched Phoebe peeking around the door. "Find something amusing did we?" Phoebe teased her as she spun around.

Leila cleared her throat as she tried to formulate an explanation as to just why it was that she found the situation amusing. "All of this cloak and dagger antics, we live here," she related as Phoebe blushed in embarrassment. "We just don't normally hold hands when we come back to our rooms," she added shyly as her thumb brushed tenderly against the back of Phoebe's hand.

Her heart warmed as she watched Phoebe's lips curl into a mischievous grin. "Right you are Watson," Phoebe jested as she yanked the unsuspecting redhead into the hallway. "Let them see us," she asserted. "I don't care. I'm tired of hiding who I am and how I feel."

Leila smiled down at the enigmatic brunette as they stood in the middle of the hallway. She cupped Phoebe's face in her hands. Her stomach fluttered as Phoebe released a soft whimper as she leaned into Leila's touch. "Kiss me," Phoebe pleaded with a purr as Leila guided her closer.

Leila captured the brunette in a soft smoldering kiss. Phoebe returned her affection with a deep intensity that literally made the taller woman's toes curl. If any of their dorm mates witnessed the passionate encounter, neither of them noticed. They were caught up in the feel of their lips and bodies coming together.

As the kiss deepened Leila released a deep moan. She became light headed as all of the blood in her body rushed to her aching nub. Leila was left quaking, her lips burning long after the kiss ended. Slowly she lifted her eyelids and her heart fluttered as she gazed down at Phoebe.

The brunette's face was flushed and her eyes were smoldering with desire.

Leila licked her lips while blowing out a calming breath in an effort to quell the inferno brewing from deep inside of her. "Why don't we go inside?" Phoebe requested. The husky tone of her voice and the under-lying meaning lingering behind her words sent a shiver through Leila's body.

Leila blindly followed wrapping her arms around Phoebe's slender waist as the brunette fumbled while unlocking the door. A sudden sense of panic encompassed Leila as they stumbled into the room. She stood silently in the middle of the room filled with a sense of nervousness. Her mind was trying to catch up with the strange turn of events.

She inhaled sharply as Phoebe stood before her capturing her trembling hands with her own. "It is me," Phoebe reassured her as she guided her closer. "Your friendship has been my guiding light. I don't want to lose that."

"Never," Leila promised with a smile leaning closer to the smaller woman.

"If this is too much, or?" Phoebe stammered.

"No," Leila smiled before stealing another kiss. "I can't resist this."

Leila felt the heat flowing between them as they stood there gazing deeply into one another's eyes. The sounds of their labored breathing filled the room. She reached out caressing Phoebe's hips. The brunette's hands glided up along her arms gently kneading and caressing as they made their ascent.

Leila clasped Phoebe's hips tighter as she pulled her closer. Phoebe clasped her neck caressing it gently as they explored the warmth of the other's mouth. Leila stroked the brunette's back her hand slipping lower and lower with each caress. Phoebe molded her body against Leila's as the redhead's hand massaged the smaller woman's firm round backside.

Leila filled both of her hands with Phoebe's bottom while the brunette's kisses drifted from her lips to Leila's face. Their hips ground against one another as Phoebe explored Leila's chiseled features. Leila felt their bodies moving against one another as they crossed the room. She released a yelp as they stumbled against her bed.

She laughed as they fell down onto her bed. Her body surged as Phoebe landed on top of her. She caressed her lover's body enjoying the feel of the small brunette's body covering her own. They smiled while studying the other's face not only with their eyes but their fingertips.

As she traced the contour of Phoebe's delicate features Leila was filled with a sense of belonging. They were drawn together kissing passionately their bodies rocking slowly as the heat between them grew. Leila's hands slowly explored the soft, supple curves of Phoebe's body. The brunette moaned deeply as Leila's fingers brushed against the swell of her breast.

Encouraged by the urgent sway and sweet murmurs Phoebe released Leila's hand slipped between their bodies. Her body arched as she filled her hand with Phoebe's breast. She massaged it tenderly her body quivering as she felt the brunette's hardened nipple greeting her touch. Phoebe was gasping as she tore her soft lips from the fiery kiss.

Leila's heart soared as Phoebe gazed down upon her through half open lids. The brunette's face was flushed with desire. "We have to stop," she whimpered forcing Leila's heart to sink.

"Why?" She stuttered not understanding what she had done wrong.

"If we don't," Phoebe struggled with her words. "I won't be able to stop. You're driving me insane."

"Did I do something wrong?" Leila questioned her hand still caressing Phoebe's breast. The brunette's hips ground against the redhead's body as she released a haughty moan.

"No," Phoebe groaned her hips still grinding against Leila's over heated body. "You're doing everything right," she confessed while her body trembled. "I don't want to rush this or you."

Leila smiled with a sudden understanding her hand pressing harder against Phoebe's breast. "I've wanted this since the first moment I saw you," she confessed in a breathy whisper as her hips matched Phoebe's sensual rhythm. "Don't you want this?"

"Yes," Phoebe choked out as she slipped her thigh between Leila's legs. The redhead cried out as she felt Phoebe's firm thigh pressing against her aching center. Leila's thighs clenched and her body arched as she pressed her aching need harder against her lover's body. "You've never done this before," Phoebe cautioned her while they thrust harder against the other's body. "It should be special."

"I'm with you and that makes it special," Leila managed to sputter out as she ground harder against Phoebe's warm inviting form. "I don't want to stop. I want it to be you."

"Sweet Jesus," Phoebe moaned as her body collapsed against Leila. She laced her fingers through Leila's long red hair and drew her in for a searing kiss. Leila's hand became trapped between their bodies. She reluctantly withdrew it from the softness of the brunette's breast.

Leila could feel her desire dampening her jeans as her clit rubbed against the seam. Her body

was screaming for release as she caressed Phoebe's body. She kneaded the smaller woman's back as she felt Phoebe's curious hands tugging on the hem of her shirt.

A jolt of excitement soared through her as Phoebe raised her body while she slowly lifted Leila's shirt up her body. The redhead's stomach fluttered as she raised her arms and Phoebe removed her shirt. She fell back against the pillows as Phoebe curiously studied her half-naked body with both her hands and eyes.

The brunette's touch and gazed filled her with a sense of being worshiped. She inhaled sharply as Phoebe's fingers danced lightly against her stomach. "You're not the only one who has desired this since the day we met," Phoebe absently murmured as her fingertips glided up along Leila's quivering flesh. "So beautiful," Phoebe sighed happily as she slowly traced the swell of Leila's breasts.

Her ears were pounding with the sound of her thundering heart as Phoebe began to kiss her neck while filling her hands with Leila's breasts. Leila bit down on her bottom lip as she pressed her breasts against the palms of Phoebe's hands. The brunette massaged her firmness as she suckled Leila's neck.

She felt dizzy from the feel of Phoebe pushing her bra up exposing her hard nipples as her lips urgently teased the pulse point on her neck. In a need to feel more Leila reached behind her and unclasped her bra. Phoebe tenderly lowered her down as she slipped Leila's bra from her body. Their hips maintained a slow tantalizing pace as Phoebe's long dark hair tickled Leila's trembling flesh.

She clung to her lover's shoulders as she gave in to the feel of Phoebe's lips and tongue tracing her breasts. Her body jolted up when the roughness of Phoebe's tongue grazed against her nipple. "I want you. I need you," Phoebe whispered against her skin before capturing her hardened nipple between her lips.

Leila dug her blunt nails into Phoebe's shoulders as the brunette suckled one nipple while her tiny fingers captured and teased its mate. Her mind was filled with the aching need to rip Phoebe's clothing from her body and ravish her. Leila's body gave into the smaller woman's knowing touch. She felt a pang of jealousy striking her heart as she realized that she was not the first woman the brunette had touched this way.

The ugly feelings quickly departed as Phoebe murmured soft promising words. "Leila," Phoebe whispered as she teased one breast then the other. "I love you. I have since the very beginning." The sincere words struck Leila like a thunderbolt further igniting the passion burning inside of her.

"Phoebe," she gasped as she felt a shy hand slipping between her thighs. She captured her lover's hand with her trembling body grinding urgently against Phoebe's touch. "I love you too," she confessed her long hidden feeling as she ground her throbbing clit against the heel of the brunette's hand. "Oh my God," she cried out as Phoebe's touch grew more insistent.

"I want to feel you cum," Phoebe whispered hotly in her ear driving the redhead closer to the edge. Leila released a strangled cry unable to speak as she felt Phoebe straddling her body and lowering her zipper. Leila tried to steady the rapid beating of her heart as she felt her jeans being lowered down her body.

She shivered as Phoebe's hair caressed her body while the brunette kissed her quivering stomach. Her wetness was overflowing as Phoebe's mouth drifted lower while she yanked the redhead's jeans down her body. She was a quivering mass of desire as Phoebe teased her as her lips followed the descent of her jeans.

Leila tried to cool the aching need as Phoebe cast off her pants and socks before she began kissing her way back up the redhead's legs. The feel of Phoebe's clothing brushing against her skin frustrated her. "Hold on," she managed to squeak out as Phoebe began kissing the inside of her thighs. Phoebe smiled up at her as she raised her head.

"Yes?" Phoebe coyly inquired with a sly smirk. The smoldering gaze the brunette cast down upon her stole the words from her. Unable to speak Leila responded to Phoebe's inquiry by raising her body and gripping the brunette's T-shirt. Phoebe held her in a fiery gaze as Leila tugged the shirt from her lover's pants. Phoebe kept smiling at her as Leila removed the unwanted garment from the brunette's body.

She blew out a terse breath as Phoebe cupped her own breasts slowly teasing her nipples. Leila was riveted by the sight of the brunette's nipples straining against the sheer material of Phoebe's bra. Leila released a tiny squeak as she watched Phoebe intently. Leila reached out her eyes never drifting from the sight of Phoebe's tiny fingers pinching her nipples. Her hands moved quickly as she undid the button of Phoebe's pants. A jolt of excitement shot through her as the sound of Phoebe's zipper being lowered echoed through the room.

Leila lowered Phoebe's pants to her hips as the brunette raised her body while reaching behind her back. Leila stared as the brunette's bra fell open and Phoebe removed the garment from her body. "Can I touch you?" She pleaded, as her gaze remained transfixed on Phoebe's firm full breasts.

"You can do anything you want," Phoebe promised as she rolled off of the redhead's body and removed her pants. They reclined next to one another clad only in their panties as Leila's curious fingers reached out and brushed against the softness of her lover's breast.

She could feel Phoebe's hand massaging her hip while she brushed her fingers against the brunette's pert pink buds. Her passion grew as she felt Phoebe trembling from her touch. Her mouth quickly followed her fingers and she captured one of the buds with her lips. She suckled her lover urgently as she felt Phoebe's fingers gliding along the waistband of her panties.

Leila's touch quickened each time she felt tiny fingers slipping beneath the elastic barrier. Phoebe pressed her breast deeper into the warmth of Leila's mouth as she lowered the redhead's panties. Her panties hugged her hips while small fingers brushed against soft passion soaked curls. She tugged on Phoebe's nipple with her teeth as she felt a single digit slipping between her

slick folds.

Leila shuddered as Phoebe slowly stroked her throbbing clit. The softness of Phoebe's breast brushed against her body, as the brunette's touch grew more insistent. Leila's hands roamed along Phoebe's body. With each caress she was filled with an aching need for more.

She slipped her thumbs in the waistband of Phoebe's underwear tugging them down to the brunette's slender hips. She lowered Phoebe's panties yanking the garment in an urgent need to see all of her lover. "This can't be happening," she gasped as her fingers dipped into Phoebe's overflowing wetness. The feel of her lover's desire filling her hands overloaded Leila's senses.

"This is happening," Phoebe promised her warm breath tickling Leila's flesh. Leila mirrored her lover's movements as they slipped gently inside of one another. Phoebe gently kissed her as they pleased one another. Their bodies became one as they clung to each other. Leila cried out in ecstasy as Phoebe's touch drove her over the edge.

Phoebe rolled Leila onto her back as the last waves of ecstasy rushed through them. Her head was still spinning as Phoebe kissed and tasted her way down the redhead's body. She released a throaty chuckle as she watched Phoebe's descent. Her chuckling quickly gave way to needy moans and passionate pleas. Phoebe's warm breath tickled her heated center.

Leila was certain that her heart had ceased beating as she felt the roughness of Phoebe's tongue gliding along her sex. Leila clenched the bedding as she felt Phoebe tongue curling as it slid inside of her. She was lost set adrift in oblivion at Phoebe's touch. Leila was unable to think or speak as Phoebe's tongue glided in and out of her wetness.

She was filled with a sense of belonging as her world exploded. She had barely caught her breath when her mouth began a slow assault on Phoebe's nubile body. When her mouth first tasted the sweet ambrosia of Phoebe's passion her body tingled with excitement.

She wanted to drown in Phoebe's desire, as she became lost in her taste. She kept pleasuring her lover with her mouth. Leila reluctantly ceased her actions when Phoebe pleaded with her to stop. Leila kissed her way up Phoebe's trembling body until she was nestled safely in her lover's arms.

She stroked Phoebe's face before stealing another kiss. "I'm so sorry," Phoebe murmured as Leila gave her a curious glance. "I shouldn't have kept my feelings a secret."

"You mean we could have been doing this all this time?" Leila quipped as she relaxed into Phoebe's embrace. "We weren't ready," Leila reassured her lover.

"I'm so happy," Phoebe sighed happily as she dragged her blunt nails along Leila's shoulders. "Who knew we'd finally get together because of a computer game? When I tried to imagine what would win your heart I honestly never thought of becoming obsessed with a computer game."

"I'm just happy to finally know that you share my feelings," Leila sighed contently. "And if either of us gets trapped by solitaire again we can always rescue the other with sex."

"Good plan," Phoebe squealed with delight.

The End.

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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