

~ Sing For Me ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

Audrey looked around the lounge, wondering if it would be a bad thing if she simply bolted right then. "A blind date," she muttered in embarrassment as she ran her fingers nervously through her short blonde hair. She scanned the crowd carefully, looking for the woman she had agreed to meet. It was her friend Martha's idea. *'Okay, Martha described her as average height which would make her taller than me. She said she has brown eyes and hair. She also said that she had a great personality. I'm regretting this already.'* Audrey mentally reviewed the information that Martha had provided her with. In the back of the room she spotted a woman who seemed to match the description.

"She's cute," Audrey noted as the stranger looked up at her hopefully. Audrey made her way towards the back of the lounge. As she passed the baby grand piano she smiled, hoping that someone would be playing that evening. She always found music soothing.

"Dee?" Audrey inquired shyly.

"Yes, I am," the woman responded eagerly.

"It's nice to meet you," Audrey said brightly as she offered her hand to the woman. She noted with some regret that Dee didn't stand and shake her hand. She just sat there with her hands folded in her lap. Audrey wrote it off to nerves as she took a seat beside the woman.

The waiter approached them. Audrey noted the young man seemed uncomfortable as he stopped at their booth. "Pinot Grigio," she ordered quickly and turned towards her date who was staring at the table. "Would you like something, Dee?" she inquired softly, noticing that Dee didn't have a drink in front of her.

"No," the brunette snapped.

Audrey's green eyes grew wide in surprise before she turned back to the waiter. "Just the glass of wine of me." The waiter nodded in understanding. The first alarm bell went off in Audrey's mind; she took a deep breath and mentally willed the waiter to hurry back with her drink. "So how long have you known Martha?" Audrey inquired in hopes of getting the conversation started.

"Why?" the brunette inquired in a fearful tone.

"Just curious," Audrey stammered as the second alarm went off in her head. "She said a lot of nice things about you," Audrey continued in a very slow and careful tone. *'Too bad I'm going to have to kill her when I see her at the office tomorrow.'* Audrey smiled as the murderous thoughts ran through her mind.

"Really?" Dee responded, genuinely surprised at what Audrey had said.

"Yes, she did," Audrey continued in the same careful tone of voice. The waiter approached and placed Audrey's glass down. "Are you certain you don't want something to drink?"

"No," the woman snapped once again.

"Okay," Audrey stammered once again as the waiter made a mad dash away from the table.

"You can't be too careful," Dee began in a soft tone. "I saw this thing on the X-Files about contaminated water," she explained.

Audrey simply nodded her head as she saw the sincerity in the woman's eyes. "So what do you do for a living?" Audrey inquired, hoping that she could just polish off her glass of wine and get the hell out of there.

"Why?" Dee inquired suspiciously.

"Just making conversation," Audrey retorted quickly.

"That's what *they* all say," Dee responded sincerely.

"They?" Audrey blinked in surprise. *'Go ahead. You know you want to ask her,'* Audrey thought in an amused tone. "Who are they?"

"You know," Dee whispered. "Martha really said nice things about me?" she inquired, shifting gears rather quickly.

"Yes, she did," Audrey confirmed. *'Only she left out the part about you being a big wacko,'* she thought wryly as she continued to plan Martha's untimely demise.

"That's sweet of her. She's very nice. She didn't even blame me for the fire," Dee continued

absently.

"Fire?" Audrey choked on her wine.

"Uh huh." Dee nodded. "They won't let me play with matches anymore," she added in a distracted tone.

"Or sharp objects," Audrey muttered under her breath as she rubbed her now throbbing temple.

"That too," Dee agreed as her eyes seemed to glaze over. "Who did you say sent you?"

"Martha," Audrey replied carefully as she moved slightly away from the troubled woman. *'I just don't understand why Martha would fix me up with this girl. I know she said she was a bit eccentric, but this chick needs to be medicated.'*

"Who's Martha?" the woman snarled.

"Check please," Audrey called out quickly, hoping the waiter could hear her.

Dee began to ramble incoherently as Audrey looked around the room, searching for the waiter. The music filtered through the air. Audrey smiled at the sweet melody coming from the piano. "Who is that?" she choked out as she spied the vision of beauty seated at the piano.

"I hate this damn music," Dee growled.

"Probably interferes with the voices in your head," Audrey muttered as she searched for the waiter, her eyes never leaving the raven-haired beauty seated at the keyboard.

"No, that's not it," Dee stated in a flat tone. "I have to go," she said abruptly as she jumped up and stormed off.

The waiter finally approached and smiled at her meekly. "I'm sorry," he apologized. "But your companion scared me." Audrey looked the six-foot-three muscular man up and down.

"Coward," she growled.

"I don't mean to offend you or your friend," he quickly apologized once again.

"Blind date," Audrey confessed.

"Girlfriend, who would do that to you?" he asked in a light tone.

"A soon-to-be-deceased ex-friend." Audrey laughed as she watched all traces of masculinity vanish from his demeanor. "I'll just take the check now," she added in a pleading tone.

"Nonsense," he scoffed. "It's on me and the next one too."

"I don't know." Audrey hesitated as her emerald eyes once again drifted back towards the piano player.

"I'll bring it to you at the bar by the piano," he suggested smugly.

"Oh well, if you insist," Audrey responded with a playful smile.

Audrey passed by the baby grand piano and found herself mesmerized by the brightest, bluest eyes she had ever seen. She almost tripped over the vacant stool at the bar near the piano. She blushed as she finally managed to sit in the chair. "Here you are," the waiter informed her as he placed a fresh glass of wine in front of her. "I'm Steve," he introduced himself.

"Audrey," she responded as she shook his hand.

"That's my partner, Kenny." He pointed to the bartender. "And she is Camille." He pointed to the goddess at the piano. "She's single after a nasty breakup a year and a half ago. Doesn't date the customers or anyone else lately. Tip her enough and she'll play anything you want. And girl, you have just got to hear her sing."

"I just love a family restaurant." Audrey chuckled as she settled back and listened to Camille play one soothing melody after another.

As the evening wore on Audrey felt herself becoming lost in the music and Camille's electrifying good looks. She tried to work up enough courage to slip money into the large glass snifter on top of Camille's piano. Each time she considered it, her palms would begin to sweat. Every once in awhile Camille looked over at her. Each time they shared a brief smile and Audrey was certain that her heart would explode.

She glanced at her watch and was shocked to realize how late it was. Reluctantly she left the bar and hailed a cab. She was smiling as she crawled into bed. She didn't know if it was the wine or the Gershwin or Camille's overwhelming beauty, but she felt wonderful.

PART TWO

Audrey arrived at the office in a delightful mood the next morning, which surprised her since she'd had very little sleep the night before. She plunked herself down in the chair in Martha's cubicle and waited for her arrival. The tiny older woman screamed in surprised when she found Audrey in her cubicle with her feet propped up on her desk. "Hello, Martha," Audrey offered in a droll tone.

"Oh no," Martha gasped before swallowing in fear. "I called Dee last night and asked her how it went. She said you never showed up."

"Oh, I showed up all right." Audrey glared at her. "I'm not certain which of Dee's personalities

showed up."

"She must be off her meds again." Martha grimaced.

"Her meds?" Audrey choked out.

"I'm sorry," Martha apologized quickly. "Dee is a very nice girl. It's just if she doesn't take her meds she has a few problems."

"Problems?" Audrey choked out once again. "Look, I don't mean to belittle Dee's obvious psychological afflictions, but why in the name of all that is sacred would you fix me up with her?"

"She's my niece," Martha explained tearfully. "And she's a good person. I thought she was doing better and she needed to get out and socialize."

"So me being the only lesbian that you know, you thought that I could take her out." Audrey nodded in understanding. "You should have told me."

"What did she do?" Martha inquired fearfully.

Audrey related in detail what had occurred on her date from hell. Martha simply rubbed her temple wearily. "I'd better let her mother know that she's pocketing her drugs again," Martha said in a tired voice. "I'm sorry about last night," Martha apologized again.

"Tell you what old pal of mine . . .," Audrey taunted her as she finally got out of her chair, ". . . you can make it up to me by joining me for a drink later tonight."

"What gives?" Martha prodded.

"I'll tell you tonight." Audrey shrugged nonchalantly. "Just meet me at Vinnie's at eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock?" Martha grumbled. "Why not just after work?"

"You owe me," Audrey asserted as she left the cubicle.

That night Audrey found herself sitting once again at the bar by the piano. "Well, hello again," Kenny greeted her. "I just knew you couldn't stay away from me," he teased. "Or is it Stevie that's caught your eye?"

"How did you ever guess?" Audrey played along.

"Okay, I'm here," Martha huffed as she sat down next to Audrey.

"I see your taste is improving." Steve laughed as he approached the ladies.

"Steve, this is my friend Martha whose life I've decided to spare," Audrey explained quickly. "And the grinning boy behind the bar is Kenny."

"You are bad woman." Steve wagged his finger at Martha.

"So now I know why I'm here." Martha groaned, looking at Audrey for the first time. "Nice dress," she exclaimed, taking in the short black beaded number Audrey was wearing.

"Thank you." Audrey blushed. "Pinot Grigio," she ordered quickly from Kenny.

"Stoli Raz and Sprite," Martha ordered. "As I was saying, am I here so you and your new friends can torture me?"

"No, sweets," Kenny interrupted them as he delivered their drinks. "That's why you're here," he continued as he pointed across room.

Audrey blushed as she watched her friend's eyes roam across the room. "Wow, she's gorgeous," Martha gasped loudly. Audrey looked across the room as Camille took her spot at the piano.

"I know." Audrey sighed deeply.

"Okay, so explain to me what you need me for?" Martha said before taking a sip of her cocktail.

"I couldn't show up here two nights in a row and just sit here by myself," Audrey explained, her eyes never leaving Camille's body. "She'll think I'm some kind of stalker."

"Imagine that." Martha laughed. "God Audrey, you should see yourself. You're drooling."

"I am not," Audrey snarled as she glared at Martha.

Audrey was about to protest her innocence further when the most beautiful voice she had ever heard began to sing. Audrey turned in amazement as her jaw dropped. For the first time in years, Audrey found herself rendered speechless.

"I love this song," Martha murmured. "Sam and I danced to it at our wedding."

Audrey was so mesmerized by the ballad Camille was belting out that she didn't realize she was gripping Martha's arm tightly. "Okay, let go of my arm," Martha protested as she pried Audrey's hand off.

"She is amazing," Audrey whimpered as she turned towards Martha. "How am I ever going to meet her?"

"You haven't spoken to her yet?" Martha grilled her.

"No, what would I say?" Audrey balked.

"I don't know . . . how about hello?" Martha suggested.

"And then what?" Audrey asked in a panic.

"Oh boy, you have got it bad." Martha chuckled. "Okay, try this. See those little breaks she takes between songs when people go up, put money in her tip jar, and request a song? You could do that."

"What would I request?" Audrey contemplated Martha's suggestion.

"You're pathetic," Martha groaned.

"I am not," Audrey snarled. "I just don't want to request something she doesn't know or like."

"Are you going to request Feelings?" Martha interjected.

"No." Audrey rolled her eyes in disgust.

"Okay. Well, you heard what she played last night; why not pick something from that?" Martha egged her on as she opened her purse. She removed a five-dollar bill from her wallet and thrust it into Audrey's hand. "Go on," her friend pushed. "And don't just request a song; try to talk to her."

"I don't know about that." Audrey blushed. "It's going to take all the courage I have just to walk over there."

"Okay, but I should tell you that she keeps looking over here," Martha chimed in. "Go. She just finished a song."

Audrey braced herself and climbed off her stool; her legs wobbled slightly as she stood. Somehow the petite blonde managed to make her way across the few feet to the piano. "Hi there," the singer's sultry voice purred.

"Hi," Audrey answered in a dreamy tone.

"Did you have a request?" Camille asked as she played around on the keyboard.

"No . . . I mean yes," Audrey stuttered as she blushed.

"Well, what would you like?" Camille encouraged her, blue eyes twinkling up at Audrey.

"I have no idea," Audrey confessed with a light laugh.

"I don't think I know that one." Camille laughed along with her. "I'll tell you what. I'll play something just for you. That is if your friend won't take offense?" Camille hesitated as she nodded towards Martha.

"Martha is just a friend," Audrey explained quickly.

"Good to know," Camille responded with a dazzling smile. "And you are?"

"Audrey," the blonde said with a slight blush.

"You are absolutely adorable," Camille said softly as her fingers continued to glide across the keys. Audrey simply blushed harder as she found herself unable to speak. "How about this?" Camille said softly as she began to play the soft melody. "What I'll do . . . ," Camille crooned softly.

Audrey's heart pounded wildly as she debated whether she should remain by the piano or return to her seat at the bar. She finally convinced herself to move but her feet refused to cooperate. Camille's electric blue eyes never broke contact with Audrey's sparkling green ones. With each note Audrey sunk deeper into Camille's electrifying gaze. As Camille finished the ballad, Audrey was certain that she was going to melt on the spot. "Thank you," Audrey whispered shyly.

"Any time," Camille replied softly as she took a sip of water.

Audrey blushed once again as she finally willed her body to move. Finding her way back to Martha, she sat down with a heavy sigh. "Now that was interesting," Martha teased her.

"Shut up," Audrey scolded her as she watched Camille play the piano. Her long fingers stroked each key tenderly. Audrey bit her lip as she watched those fingers work their magic. She couldn't help but wonder what those fingers would feel like stroking her skin.

She sighed deeply, totally lost in her thoughts when Martha's chuckle snapped her back to reality. "I'm sorry," she apologized in a dreamy tone. "So tell me about your niece Dee. Is she going to be all right?"

"I hope so," Martha responded in a heavy tone. "She wasn't always like this. I honestly thought she was getting better. When she was a kid she was outgoing and loved life. Then she started to change. At first we just thought it was the stress of starting college. You just never think that someone close to you could suffer from a mental illness. We finally got her help. It seemed to take forever to find the right meds for her."

"A guy I knew in college went through something similar. The meds they had him on seemed to suck the life out of him," Audrey offered compassionately.

"Dee went through a lot of that," Martha explained. "This time was different; she seemed to be responding well."

"So now she goes back on her medication? And she'll be okay?" Audrey said hopefully.

"It's not that simple," Martha continued. "It's not like taking an antibiotic. She'll need to be sent

back to the hospital so she can be monitored."

"I'm sorry, Martha," Audrey said tenderly.

"Well, it's a long road. I just wish I could understand why she stopped taking her meds." Martha sighed deeply. "So what are you going to do about tall, dark, and lovely over there?" Martha taunted her as she nodded towards Camille.

"Well I . . . Uhm . . I don't know," Audrey stammered.

"What do you mean you don't know?" Martha scoffed. "She seems to be very interested."

"You think so?" Audrey blushed.

"Are you blind?" Martha gasped. "Ask her out."

"Now?" Audrey stuttered as a sudden panic rushed through her.

"No, not now," Martha chastised her. "Maybe when she takes a break or after she finishes for the night."

"I don't know." Audrey hesitated.

"Look, you didn't come all the way down here just to stare at the girl," Martha pointed out. "Whatever you're going to do, you should do it soon. A woman like that isn't going to be available forever. She is single, isn't she?"

"According to Steve she is," Audrey informed her eager friend.

"Then go for it," Martha instructed her firmly. "The worst thing that will happen is she'll turn you down. But at least you'll have tried."

Audrey pondered her friend's advice as they sat back and listened to the rest of Camille's set. The evening wore on as Audrey's mind tried to conjure up just the right words to ask Camille out. Before she realized it, Martha was yawning. "Why don't you go," Audrey offered as she glanced at her watch, realizing that it was indeed very late.

"Goodnight," Martha agreed readily as she grabbed her coat. "Let me know what happens," she said as she hugged Audrey.

Audrey listened to Camille for another twenty minutes, trying to bolster her courage. She clapped politely as Camille finished for the evening and began to gather her belongings. Audrey chewed on her bottom lip nervously. "You better hurry," Kenny addressed her. "Camille usually just packs up and leaves right away."

Audrey could feel her heart beating wildly as she tried to will herself to stand up and walk over

to Camille. She was just about to stand when she noticed the dark-haired woman approaching the bar. "Well, that's a first," Kenny said from behind her. Audrey watched the woman's graceful movements as she crossed the room.

"Kenny, can I have a glass of white zinfandel?" Camille requested as she turned towards Audrey. "And whatever the lady would like," she offered with a sweet smile.

"Thank you," Audrey responded with a smile of her own as she pushed her wine glass over.

They remained there just staring at one another as Kenny filled their order. "You're very talented," Audrey finally managed to say.

"Thank you," Camille answered. The rich timber of her voice sent shivers up and down Audrey's spine.

"You just seem to melt into your music," Audrey continued, hoping to work up the courage to ask this beautiful woman out.

"I love music. During the day I teach music at Warner Junior High," Camille explained as she slid some money over to Kenny who pushed it away. Camille curled her lip and glared at Kenny. The bartender simply stuck his tongue out at the musician. "So what do you do?" Camille inquired.

"I'm an accountant," Audrey answered with a shrug.

"Really?" Camille responded in a surprised tone. "Sorry, you just don't look like an accountant."

"I don't?" Audrey toyed with her.

"Well . . . uhm . . ." Camille blushed slightly as she tried to explain herself. "It's just that you don't look like the type to stay locked up in an office all day long pouring over numbers. You're in such great shape."

"Thank you." Audrey laughed lightly. "It's true. That part of my profession sucks but it has its up side as well. Like a steady paycheck." Camille raised her glass in agreement. "Would I be out of line if I offered to buy you another drink?"

"Not at all," Camille agreed.

"Last call, ladies," Kenny informed them.

"Perfect timing," Camille responded. "Another round, Kenny."

As Camille engaged in a friendly banter with the bartender, Audrey took the opportunity to allow her eyes to roam over Camille's body. Audrey absently licked her lips in appreciation. There was something about Camille's long legs and firm body that caused her body to tingle all over. As

Camille turned back towards to her, Audrey quickly averted her gaze.

As Camille went to offer Kenny money, Audrey reached out quickly and grasped her hand. The warmth of Camille's touch made her tremble slightly. "This one's on me," Audrey said softly, her face flushing slightly as she spoke.

"Right," Camille responded smoothly. "You are so beautiful," Camille added, her blue eyes burning brightly.

Audrey looked away shyly as she paid for the drinks. "Sorry, I'm not usually this forward," Camille apologized. Once again Audrey could feel her body respond to the sound of Camille's voice. This time her stomach clenched slightly and her nipples inexplicably hardened. "Normally I'm really quite shy," Camille continued.

"You're shy?" Audrey blinked in surprise. "Why on earth would you be shy? I mean you are . . ." Audrey's mind raced to come up with the perfect word to describe the goddess that stood before her. ". . . breathtaking," Audrey concluded as Camille smiled shyly in response.

Audrey realized that she was still holding Camille's hand when she felt the taller woman's thumb lightly brush the back of her hand. "You know it's getting late," Audrey noted as Camille frowned slightly. "One of us better ask the other out or for a phone number or something before they throw us out of here," Audrey teased slightly, regretting that their time together was coming to an end. "Camille, would you like to go out with me sometime?"

"Yes," a husky voice responded.

"When?" Audrey pressed, feeling the fire building inside of her.

"Now," Camille confessed as her body leaned slightly closer to Audrey's quivering form.

PART THREE

"It's late. What did you have in mind?" Audrey's mind was spinning as she spoke. Her smaller body leaned slightly closer to Camilla's. Neither woman made a move to leave; they simply sat there holding hands as they sipped their wine. Audrey couldn't understand the intense attraction and desire she was feeling with every fiber of her being. She also didn't care. She simply didn't want the moment to end. She would follow it wherever it led her.

They finished their wine and finally released one another's hands. Audrey went to grab her coat from the barstool to find Camille holding it out for her. She smiled as she allowed Camille to help her on with her wool coat. She felt the warmth of the musician's hands even through the heavy material. Her body instantly missed Camille's touch as she put on her own coat and gathered up her bag filled with sheet music. Camille offered her hand once again. Audrey couldn't resist placing her hand in Camille's larger one and letting her lead her out of the bar.

Audrey wrapped her coat around her tightly. "Cold?" Camille asked in concern.

"A little," Audrey reluctantly admitted. Camille instantly wrapped her arms around her small body. "This is nice," Audrey murmured as she leaned into Camille's body, taking in the scent of the taller woman's perfume.

"Where would you like to go?" Camille asked as she nuzzled Audrey's sensitive neck.

"Anywhere," Audrey squeaked out as she stifled the moan that threatened to escape.

Camille stepped away from her slightly while keeping one arm wrapped around Audrey's waist. "I don't live too far from here," Camille said shyly, unable to look Audrey in the eye. "Would you like to come over for coffee?"

"Yes," Audrey answered before she could stop herself. She knew in her heart that neither of them wanted coffee. Yet there was something about this woman that was driving her senses into complete overload. She was helpless to stop what was happening between them. And she doubted that she would if she could.

As they walked in silence their bodies brushed together and they shared innocent touches that served to stoke the fire that was steadily building within Audrey's soul. The blonde could feel both hers and Camille's breathing becoming ragged and she knew it wasn't from the brisk stroll.

They entered Camille's apartment and the musician offered to take Audrey's coat. The blonde handed it over along with her thanks. As Camille hung up their garments, Audrey did a quick scan of the tiny apartment. She smiled as she noted that the space was far too small for more than one person. The thought of not being interrupted by any pesky roommates was very appealing at that moment.

Her eyes drifted across the room to find Camille standing nervously behind the sofa. She could see a tiny kitchen illuminated behind the taller woman. "So coffee?" Camille inquired in a shaky tone. Audrey could feel the heat from Camille's body as she shook her head in a negative response.

"Do you want coffee?" Audrey inquired carefully as she crossed the room to stand in front of the other woman.

"No," Camille confessed in a husky tone.

"Good," Audrey responded in a sultry tone as she reached up and laced her fingers through Camille's raven hair. Audrey was now standing so close to the tall musician that she could feel their hearts beating in unison. Through half open eyes she watched as Camille's face drew closer to her own; she could feel Camille's breath on her skin.

Their lips met shyly, brushing tenderly against each other. The feeling of Camille's warm inviting lips washed away any fear or hesitation from Audrey. The accountant wrapped her arms

around Camille's body and drew her even closer to her. She reclaimed the musician's lips eagerly, tasting them fully.

Camille's hands roamed along her body feeling every inch of her. Audrey began to suck and nibble on Camille's bottom lip. Audrey felt Camille's lips parting slowly, inviting her in for exploration; it was an invitation that Audrey eagerly accepted. The blonde's tongue slipped gently into Camille's mouth, exploring the delightful warmth she discovered there. As Camille's tongue greeted her own, they began a fiery duel for control.

Audrey was so lost in the sweet taste of Camille's mouth she didn't realize that she was pulling the taller woman's black blazer off her body. It wasn't until Camille's hands left her body to assist her in removing the jacket that she realized she'd been undressing the woman.

The realization did nothing to defuse her actions. Audrey needed to touch this woman and nothing was going to dampen her desire, not even the nagging thought that they were moving to quickly. She moaned into Camille's mouth as she felt the musician's hands work their way up under the hem of her dress. Camille's strong hands cupped her firm backside.

The musician's touch sent a jolt through Audrey's body. The small blonde thrust her body into Camille's. Audrey was groping Camille with wild abandonment as she tugged her white silk top out of her black slacks. "Wait," Camille panted as they emerged from the kiss. Audrey was gasping for air as she laid her head against Camille's heaving chest. "This is happening too fast," Camille choked out.

"I know," Audrey panted in agreement as the two women continued to cling to one another.

They stood there in silence as their hearts raced uncontrollably. Audrey's hands still rested on the small of Camille's back which was exposed since the blonde pulled her shirt out of her pants. Camille's hands were still tucked up under Audrey's dress resting comfortably on the blonde's firm backside. Audrey listened to the rapid beating of Camille's heart, knowing that she didn't want to release this woman.

Audrey looked up to find Camille's crystal blue eyes smiling down at her. All they had to do was let go of one another and calm down. The look in Camille's eyes and the feel of her hot breath on Audrey's skin made it impossible for the tiny accountant to do that. Camille leaned in, Audrey leaned up, and once again they found themselves locked in a fiery kiss.

Hands continued to roam and explore as Camille massaged Audrey's cheeks. Audrey's hands felt their way up Camille's back and unclasped her bra. She felt the brunette's skin respond to her touch as she allowed her fingers to drift along her exposed back.

Once again they broke away from the passionate kiss to breathe. Audrey began to kiss Camille's neck as the taller woman moaned in pleasure. "Audrey, we really need to slow down," Camille pleaded as their bodies seemed to melt together.

"Okay," Audrey whimpered as she lowered her hands, feeling as much of the taller woman's

body as she could before she released her. Audrey felt a strange sense of loss as they stepped away from each other. "I don't think I've ever been kissed like that," Audrey said in a breathy tone.

"Neither have I," Camille replied hoarsely as her eyes drifted over Audrey's body. "It's a good thing we stopped."

"Why is that?" Audrey wondered aloud as her eyes drank in Camille's flushed features. Her emerald eyes drifted down to Camille's full breasts that strained against her top.

"At this moment I haven't a clue," Camille confessed as she offered her hand to Audrey.

It was all the encouragement Audrey needed; she took Camille by the hand, giving it a gentle squeeze as she accepted it. She stepped in closer to Camille who seemed to hesitate. "I know what I'm feeling," Audrey admitted before placing a tender kiss on Camille's neck. "And I can feel what you are feeling," she added before placing another kiss slightly lower on Camille's body. "And I don't usually have sex on the first date, much less before the first date," Audrey continued as she began to kiss her way lower and lower, moving the material of Camille's top so she could taste more of her skin.

Camille's resolve melted away and the taller woman arched her body against Audrey as she ran her fingers through short blonde hair. "I want you," Camille growled out. Audrey looked up with pleading eyes. "I'm yours," she offered herself willingly.

Camille captured Audrey's lips fiercely and their tongues engaged in another sensual duel. Audrey felt herself being led. She was unaware as to where Camille was guiding her until her back pressed against the wall.

Audrey was on fire as she pulled Camille's blouse up and off her body. Just as quickly she removed Camille's bra without bothering to even look at the garment. Audrey was speechless as she drank in the sight of Camille's half-naked body. She felt Camille's hands move across her thighs and back up under the hem of her short dress.

With one hand Audrey clasped Camille's strong back and with the other she lifted one of her firm full breasts to her eager mouth. She felt Camille grinding against her as she suckled the taller woman's nipple. Her wetness grew as she teased it. Camille's hands pulled down her pantyhose and underwear. Audrey was certain that she was going to pass out from the pleasure of Camille's hands caressing exposed skin freely.

Audrey slipped her thigh between Camille's legs and the two began to sway together in a sensual rhythm. Audrey continued to suckle Camille's nipple as her hands found their way to the zipper on Camille's slacks. As Camille's fingers drifted closer to Audrey's wetness, the blonde undid her pants and pulled them down her body.

They pressed their desire into one another's body, each seeking to pleasure the other. Camille arched against Audrey once again. The movement granted Audrey the opportunity she

desperately needed. Her mouth released Camille's breast and her hands eagerly explored the taller woman's body. She felt Camille's exploration growing bolder as well.

Through their loose clothing, they felt their way to one another's passion. Each woman moaned in ecstasy as their fingers dipped into each other's wetness. Any clothing in the way was pulled up or down. Audrey couldn't believe this was happening as she began to tease Camille's throbbing clit. Her body arched against the wall as Camille's fingers mirrored her own.

Fingers pressing against openings and mouths tasted hungrily. They opened themselves to the other as their thighs parted. Eager fingers entered as their tongues resumed their dance. Each moaned into the other's mouth as their fingers plunged in and out.

Screaming out in pleasure, they climaxed in unison. Audrey clung to Camille who had collapsed against her. Finally their breathing calmed slightly. Camille placed a tender kiss on Audrey's lips before stepping away. The blonde leaned against the wall as she watched Camille remove the clothing that was now pooled around her ankles. With a sly smile she knelt before Audrey.

The blonde looked down as Camille kissed her thighs before removing her shoes, pantyhose and underwear. Camille began to place lingering kisses on the inside of Audrey's still trembling thighs. "Spend the night with me," Camille murmured against her skin.

"Yes," Audrey moaned in response.

Camille rose to stand before her. The woman was tall and seemed even taller as she stood before her naked. Once again Audrey accepted the musician's hand. Camille led her to the bedroom where she stood behind her and began to kiss the back of her neck. "I know we rushed things," Camille said softly as she continued to kiss her.

"This is either going to be a great one night stand or a sweet memory to look back on in our golden years," Audrey murmured in agreement as Camille slowly unzipped her dress.

"I can't wait to find out which," Camille whispered hotly in her ear as she began to lower Audrey's dress off her shoulders.

Camille slowly removed the rest of Audrey's clothing, kissing her newly exposed skin along the way. Audrey felt as if she was being worshipped as Camille lowered her slowly onto the bed. Camille climbed on top of the smaller woman; they moaned as their bodies met for first time free from all barriers. They kissed deeply as their hands caressed each other's body.

Camille's long hair tickled Audrey's skin as the musician kissed her way down her body. She tingled with each brush of Camille's lips. She felt her lover nestle herself between her thighs. Audrey wrapped her legs around Camille's shoulders as the taller woman raised her backside. Camille's breath caressed the inside of Audrey's thighs before Camille tasted her lover for the first time.

Audrey gripped the bed covers beneath her as Camille slowly feasted upon her. Camille held the

blonde tightly as her tongue explored all that she had to offer. Each time Audrey felt herself nearing the edge, Camille would slow her movements. "Please," Audrey finally whimpered in hungry desperation. Camille responded by capturing Audrey's throbbing clit in her mouth. Audrey felt her world spinning out of control as Camille sucked her clit greedily into her mouth.

With each flicker of Camille's talented tongue, Audrey felt the waves of ecstasy rush through her. Camille entered her lover with two fingers sending Audrey immediately over the edge. Audrey felt Camille's mouth leave her as her fingers continued to pleasure her; her lover kissed her way up Audrey's body.

Audrey looked up to see the brilliant blue gaze that filled her with renewed desire. Audrey's hand felt its way down her lover's long body. Her fingers felt alive as they reached Camille's overwhelming passion. She teased Camille's clit and once again she entered her lover. They rode each other's hand as their fingers plunged in and out.

The room was filled with the sights and sounds of their passion. Camille screamed out Audrey's name as she climaxed against her. Audrey followed quickly and once again they were clinging to one another. Once they recovered they climbed under the covers and curled up in one another's embrace.

"So this doesn't count as a first date?" Camille asked as she ran her fingers through Audrey's hair.

"No." Audrey laughed.

"But I thought we agreed back at Vinnie's that this was going to be a date?" Camille teased her. "Oh no. The boys are going to pressure me to find out what happened."

"I'm going to get the same from Martha." Audrey yawned.

"Can I ask what you were doing there last night?" Camille inquired.

"I was on a blind date," Audrey informed her.

"Oh?" Camille said with a frown.

"Trust me. I took one look at you and she didn't stand a chance," Audrey supplied. "Besides, she was unstable."

"And I'm not?" Camille laughed.

"Not that unstable," Audrey informed her. "So where are we going on our first date?"

THE END

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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