

~ The Messenger ~

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.

"I'm so sick of people asking me that," Jasmine groaned as Tammy scowled at her. "It is just another Saturday," she fussed.

"No it is Valentine's Day," Tammy quickly admonished her. "Saying that it is just another day in February screams I don't have a love life."

"I don't," Jasmine concurred with a shrug. "And I don't feel bad about that. I worked long and hard to be able to stand on my own two feet, and not be defined by who is on my arm. What I hate is that everyone on the planet wants to make me feel pathetic just because I don't have a date for that one night. Just because I'll be home watching television and scarfing down junk food doesn't make me a loser."

"Not entirely," Tammy stammered. "Not having a date for Valentine's Day isn't a huge deal, but spending Saturday watching television and eating crap isn't a good sign."

"Hey I just paid my rent, car payment, and insurance, shall I continue?" Jasmine protested. "Besides I have no desire to go out and be surrounded by happy couples. Again being single doesn't bother me, having it flaunted in front of me like I have some kind of defect does."

"There is going to be a hot body contest for men and women," Tammy tried to entreat her.

"Yeah," Jasmine retorted in a condescending manner. "I'm staying home and catching up on the "L" word."

"Think about it," Tammy tried to encourage her.

"Did you just nap through our entire conversation?" Jasmine grumbled wondering if she was indeed going to head out to the nightclub that Saturday.

Tammy simply smirked before it was time for them to leave the restaurant and go back to their respective jobs. Jasmine was beginning to hate Valentine's Day. Everywhere she looked she was constantly reminded that she was alone. The tall brunette had been honest when she tried to explain to her best friend that being single wasn't a tragedy.

Normally she truly believed it. Yet, lately with all the ads, and chit chat about that one day of the year florists make a killing she was beginning to feel pathetic. She had long ago decided that love wasn't something you went out and discovered. It was something that just happened when you least expected it. Something that just sort of sneaks up on you. Then again based on her last few relationships, Jasmine was thoroughly convinced that love not only snuck up on you, it hit you from behind and bit you in the ass.

Jasmine had not only given up on finding the one, she had forgone dating in general. All of the women she had met over the past couple of years seemed completely normal when she asked them out. Heck even a couple seemed normal after the first date, then they would start to change, managing to shed the façade of being sane only to reveal a troubled baggage carrying fruitcake that lacked a firm grip on reality.

Jasmine willingly accepted that no one is perfect, but creating an entirely different persona was just too much. In fact one gal she discovered possessed several personalities, none of which turned out to be stable. Another one of her admirers claimed to be a fitness nut, omitting that she chain smoked, snorted coke and drank tequila like it was water. "Just whom did she work out with Jim Morrison?" Jasmine muttered under her breath as she wandered the hallway of the office complex where she worked.

She was heading to the copy room her mind wandering back to the long list of disastrous dates she had subjected herself to over the past few years. As each drama replayed in her mind she felt better about being on her own. Sadly she was so caught up in her thoughts that she failed to notice the blonde blur racing down the hallway.

The brunette gasped as the air escaped from her lungs and she toppled to the floor. She groaned as her neatly compiled paperwork scattered everywhere. "Oh gosh," someone exclaimed. "I'm so sorry Ma'am."

"Oh that makes my day," she wearily groaned as she cringed from being called Ma'am.

"I'm sorry," came the meek apology. "I didn't see you, Ma'am."

Jasmine felt her breathing hitch when she glanced up to find a pair of startled green eyes looking down at her. "Please stop calling me that." She pleaded in an effort to save one small shred of dignity.

"I'm sorry again," the blonde babbled on as she knelt down and began to assist Jasmine with retrieving her documents. "I grew up in the South, we call everyone that. I didn't mean to imply

that you were old or anything. It is just when I get nervous, my accent shows."

Jasmine's head was spinning as she listened to the small blonde rattling on without pausing to take a breath. She shook her head as the stranger continued explaining that she had been born in Texas, while each of them tried picking up her paperwork. She was just about to beg the woman to stop when the blonde who was on her hands and knees turned around in an effort to retrieve more papers. Jasmine's mouth hung open as the sight of the blonde's shapely behind greeted her.

Jasmine was caught up in admiring the view until the blonde turned back around and handed her a stack of now rumpled papers. She shivered as the girl's fingers brushed her hand. "Jasmine?" She heard from behind her.

"Hey George," she grumbled as she looked over her shoulder noticing her boss looking down at the mess.

"What happened?" He asked with concern as she stumbled to her feet.

"It was entirely my fault Sir," the blonde blurted out as she plopped her helmet back on covering her long, blonde locks. Jasmine glanced over at the smaller woman taking a brief moment to drink in her tight uniform. The blonde was apparently a bike messenger. *'No wonder she has a great ass,'* she quickly theorized before she realized that the blonde was still babbling and her boss was looking at her for help.

"We need to rush from one delivery to the next and I just wasn't looking," the messenger continued in a flurry.

"It was an accident," Jasmine interjected hoping to end the girl's tirade. "We bumped into each other, nothing to worry about. I'll have these copied for you in no time."

"Thanks," George eagerly accepted before darting off seemingly eager to avoid having the blonde begin yammering again.

"It was an accident," she quickly asserted, as the blonde's mouth opened seemingly prepared to continue with her apology.

"I'm just so sorry," the blonde began in earnest. "I'm almost done for the day and it has been one of those days, cars kept aiming for me and a dog tried to bite me,"

"My God do you ever stop to breathe?" Jasmine cut her off amazed by the smaller woman's stamina.

"Another thing I do when I'm nervous," the blonde confessed as she began to chew on her bottom lip. "Or over caffeinated. Again I am sorry."

Jasmine couldn't help laughing at the blonde's antics. "I'm fine," Jasmine reassured the bundle of energy. "I really need to take care of this."

"Okay," the blonde finally blew out. "Have a nice day."

"You too," Jasmine laughed at the retreating figure. "And try not to run anyone else over."

"I'll try," the messenger giggled before disappearing.

"Now that was interesting," Jasmine smiled still staring at the now empty hallway. "Oh well back to work." The rest of her workday went surprisingly well as Jasmine often became caught up in the pleasant memory of a certain little blonde messenger. "Maybe I do need a date." She theorized at the end of the day.

The following day Jasmine was convinced that she needed a date when she was unable to stop thinking about a certain messenger. "Stop that," she admonished herself as she tried to focus on her computer screen. Just as she was able to concentrate on her work there was a knock on her office door. "Come in," she called out without looking up from her work. She felt the hair on the nape of her neck prickling with excitement. She glanced up and was surprised to find the blonde messenger nervously standing in the doorway.

"I have a delivery." The blonde squeaked out in the most adorable fashion. Jasmine burst into a brilliant smile as the blonde lingered in the doorway holding out the package as if it was about to explode.

"Come on in," Jasmine warmly encouraged the younger woman.

"Thank you, Ma'am," her voice trailed off as she realized how she was addressing the brunette.

"Jasmine," the brunette quickly interjected as she waved the nervous blonde over to her desk.

"Jasmine," the blonde beamed in response as she handed the brunette the package and pulled out her computerized clipboard from a pocket in her jacket.

"Great I've been waiting for this," Jasmine smiled her gaze lingering on the nervous woman standing before her. She briefly wondered why the blonde didn't freeze to death riding around in tight biking pants. She also took a moment to appreciate that the blonde was carrying her helmet and not wearing it. There was something about her long, flowing hair that sent a delightful shiver up and down the brunette's spine.

"You'll need to sign for it," the younger woman stammered as she held the small PDF in front of Jasmine. The brunette's smile grew as she noticed the blonde's hand trembling slightly.

"There you go," Jasmine offered as she signed her name with a flourish. "Thank you," She hesitated hoping that the blonde would finally reveal her own name.

"Terri," the blonde blurted out with a stammer.

"Thank you Terri," Jasmine responded her body trembling slightly as their fingers brushed. She paused for a moment as curious green eyes studied her while she frantically searched for something to say that would keep Terri in her office just a little longer. "So, run anyone over today?" She tossed out whimsically as Terri turned to leave.

"Not yet," Terri smiled as Jasmine's heart skipped a beat. "Just the usual being splashed by cars and a couple of dogs chasing me. I can't wait for spring."

"Me either," Jasmine thoughtfully supplied once again racking her brain for something clever to say.

"Well," Terri slowly began before tucking her clipboard back into her pocket. "Have a nice day."

"You too," Jasmine responded as she was consumed with a feeling of disappointment.

"Thanks," Terri blushed as she stumbled over towards the doorway with a silly grin plastered on her face. "I'm off to get more coffee."

"Now that is a frightening thought," Jasmine laughed.

"Yeah I know," Terri blew out. "I'm up to about two pots a day."

"Wow," Jasmine blinked in surprise. "It is amazing you still have the lining to your stomach and can sleep at night."

"Sleep?" Terri blinked with surprise. "I'm working on that. I just can't help it, I love coffee so much and there are at least four Dunkies and five Starbucks on my route."

"So, what do you do to relax?" Jasmine threw out in an effort to find out more about this endearing young woman.

"I'm working on that too," Terri grimaced as the sound of a cell phone ringing broke through. "That's me. Gotta go."

"Be safe," Jasmine called out as Terri gave her a shy wave and closed her office door behind her. "She is so damn cute," she sighed as she pondered just how suspicious it would look if she started sending packages to herself?

The following day Jasmine was sitting in the Starbucks around the corner from her office listening to Tammy prattle on and on about what she and her lover Cindy were planning for the weekend. Jasmine was glad that her friends were happy in their relationship, there was just something about hearing it at this time of year that was grating on her nerves. "So, tell me about

this chick from UPS?" Tammy finally inquired.

"She's a bike messenger," Jasmine quickly corrected her friend as she fought against the unnerving grumbling inside of her. "She's blonde, in great shape, chatty as all get out and cute as hell," Jasmine clarified as the hair on the nape of her neck prickled. Her eyes darted up catching a glimpse of the topic of her conversation storming into the coffee shop. "And she just walked in the door," she gasped before she could think better of it.

Tammy spun in her chair with lightening speed. "Yikes, very nice," Tammy quietly confirmed before turning back around and pinning Jasmine with a glare. "Why haven't you asked her out?"

"Excuse me?" Jasmine sputtered.

"Why haven't you asked her out yet?" Tammy pressed in an incredulous tone.

"I didn't even know her name until yesterday," Jasmine blew out in exasperation. "I don't even know if she is gay."

"Yeah right," Tammy snorted as she glanced over at the perky messenger who was busy ordering a Grande coffee. "She's gay," Tammy dismissed the brunette's objection. "Or did you miss the little pink triangle on the back of her helmet?"

"I didn't notice it," Jasmine argued. "I was too busy staring at her," the words died on her lips as Tammy broke out in a wild cackle.

"Fine," Jasmine grumbled in agreement. "Isn't it bad manners to leap from signing for a package to hitting on someone?" Jasmine's eyes widened with horror as Terri turned and spotted her. Her heart began to thump loudly as the blonde smiled over at her. The brunette's mouth suddenly turned dry as she watched Terri making her way over to their table.

"No," Tammy continued completely clueless that the topic of their conversation was now standing directly behind her. "I say ask the girl out."

"Hi," Jasmine blurted out horrified that Terri might have over heard Tammy's comment.

Tammy's brow scrunched up in confusion until she heard Terri's shy "Hello," muttered in response. "Oh my," Tammy whispered as she turned and spied the blonde.

"Terri this is my friend Tammy," Jasmine made the quick introduction in an effort to defuse the situation.

"Nice to meet you," Terri politely responded.

"Join us?" Tammy offered in a grand tone as Jasmine's jaw dropped to the table.

"Sorry," Terri apologized with a shy smile. "I'm on a run. I just dropped in to refuel," she

explained with a mischievous smirk as she held up her coffee cup. "I'll see you around?" She added with a hint of nervousness.

"Yeah," Jasmine choked out as she waved goodbye to the attractive woman who was now heading out the door.

"Smooth," Tammy snorted in disgust.

"What?" Jasmine wailed.

"Why didn't you say something?" Tammy groaned as she rolled her dark, brown eyes. "It was the perfect opportunity to do a little digging about her social status."

"You must be joking?" Jasmine gasped.

"I'm dead serious, that girl has the hots for you," Tammy concluded with toothy grin.

"Shut up," Jasmine sneered her heart still pounding.

"Great come back," Tammy chuckled. "Next time you run into her try talking to her."

"And just what do you suggest I say?" Jasmine fussed. "Gee Terri you look swell today," she scoffed in a gooberish tone. "Yeah that would confirm my dweebiness."

"Nice pants though," Tammy purred with appreciation. "I wonder if she wears those spandex shorts in the summer."

"Shut up," Jasmine huffed as her mind drifted to the possibility.

"Yet another clever repartee," Tammy snickered. "Ask her out."

"Again, I feel a need to point out that I don't know anything about her, except what she does for a living and that she's a caffeine junkie," Jasmine argued.

"And she has a really nice ass," Tammy quipped with a sigh. "Hey, I'm married not dead. And why wouldn't she go out with you?"

"I'm a complete stranger," Jasmine droned. "The only interaction we have shared is she knocked me on my ass and I've signed for a package. She could be another nut job. Like I said the only thing I know about her is she's a bike messenger. Oh and she babbles incessantly and she was born in Texas."

"She didn't seem all that talkative," Tammy responded curiously.

"She says she only does it when she's nervous," Jasmine explained. "Like after plowing into someone. She also has an annoying habit of calling me Ma'am. I hate that."

"That's because you were raised here. In other parts of the country it is considered a term of respect," Tammy explained.

"Yeah well here in Boston it means you're old," Jasmine sniffed. "How old do you think she is?"

"I don't know. She looks a little young," Tammy conceded. "Probably still gets carded everywhere. If she's working full time she has to, at least, be a high school graduate."

"My God she could be teenager," Jasmine gasped suddenly feeling like an old leech.

"I doubt it," Tammy scoffed. "I'd say her mid twenties. I could find out."

"No," Jasmine hissed at the suggestion.

"What is the point of having a friend who is a cop if you can't check girls out?" Tammy argued.

"You're deranged you know that don't you?" Jasmine sighed.

"Just let me do a little checking," Tammy pleaded. "If you had let me do it the last few times you went out with someone it would have saved you."

Jasmine chose to ignore Tammy's suggestion. A few days later she was toiling away at her computer, her mind still drifting to a certain blonde. "Come in," she called out responding to the knock on her office door. Once again her skin began to prickle. When she looked up she wasn't surprised to find Terri standing in front of her. "Hey there," she greeted the smaller woman as she fought against the silly grin that was threatening to emerge. Her heart skipped a beat as Terri smiled down at her. "I have a package?" Jasmine stammered as her palms began to sweat.

"Maybe I just missed you," Terri quipped in a playful manner as she reached out to hand Jasmine her delivery. Jasmine discreetly wiped her hands on her skirt before accepting the delivery. "You just need to sign."

"Oh so it isn't my sparkling personality after all," she countered with a brilliant smile as she signed for the large envelope.

"Sorry," Terri shyly confessed. "Actually it is from your friend. I never picked up a package at the police station before. I was really excited until I found out I was coming here."

"Thanks," Jasmine mumbled feeling dejected.

"Oh I didn't mean I didn't want to see you," Terri started babbling. "I just thought that maybe it was some evidence or something really exciting. You know like on television. But then why would the police use a bike service and not," she blushed as her words trailed off. "Sorry, I'm

doing it again."

"It isn't even noon yet don't tell me you've already downed your first pot of coffee?" Jasmine gasped in amazement. "Wait this is from Tammy? That freak."

"Something wrong?" Terri inquired quizzically.

"Let's just say it is a frightening concept that she is allowed to carry a gun," Jasmine growled. "And if you knew just how she was wasting your tax dollars you'd be appalled." *'Not to mention pissed if you knew what was in this envelope,'* she shivered at the thought. "You know what, send it back to her," Jasmine sneered as she handed Terri the envelope. She felt a spark as their fingers brushed.

"Okay," Terri nodded as she pulled out some paper work. "You just need to fill this out. So, what's in the envelope some kind of joke?"

"No, just Tammy's dementia setting in," Jasmine grumbled as she began to fill out the form. "There is someone she thinks I should ask out, because God forbid I should sit at home on February fourteenth."

"I hate that," Terri blew out in agreement as she leaned closer. "I swear Valentine's Day is worse than New Year's Eve," she rambled on as she stuffed the envelope into her pouch. "I'm curious, if she is trying to fix you up then why the package? She didn't pick someone out of a line up or go through mug shots did she? If she did be careful I think my ex is in there."

"Nothing like that," Jasmine laughed as she stood and handed Terri the form. "At least I hope not. I think she checked out some one who caught my eye."

"That is a little disturbing," Terri grimaced. "Then again, I could have used her help with my last two girlfriends," she teased while Jasmine stepped out from behind her desk. She leaned against it her heart racing as she realized that she was standing dangerously close to Terri. "So, this about what she was saying the other day in the coffee shop? I didn't mean to listen, I just over heard her saying that you should ask the girl out."

"I think so," Jasmine murmured her gaze drifting to Terri's firm spandex covered thighs. "Don't you get cold?" She absently inquired her fingers reaching out and touching the material before she realized what she was doing. "Sorry," she quickly apologized as she yanked her hand away.

"Don't be," came the breathy response. Jasmine's chest tightened as their eyes met. They stood there simply staring deeply into one another's eyes for a lingering moment. Jasmine's eyes drifted down to Terri's soft pink lips. Her stomach fluttered as she watched the pink tongue peek out and wet those incredible lips. "So everything you'd want to know about your mystery woman is in that envelope? Are you sure you don't want to read it?"

"Oh I'm sure," Jasmine whispered as her gaze lifted and she once again found herself lost in a sea of green. She could feel her nipples hardening as Terri leaned even closer. She hadn't realized

what she was doing as her hand came to rest on Terri's thigh. Her body hummed as she felt the taut muscles flexing beneath her touch.

"Are you going to?" Terri softly inquired.

"Huh?" Jasmine stammered softly still caught up in Terri's mesmerizing gaze.

"Ask her out?" Terri choked out her eyes dimming as she took a shy step away.

"I'm not real good at making the first move," Jasmine reluctantly confessed as her telephone began to ring. Her heart sank as she realized that the moment was over. She and Terri exchanged awkward goodbyes as she retreated behind her desk and answered the telephone.

Jasmine spent the rest of her day toiling away at the computer her thoughts occupied with what had happened earlier. Just as she was about to wrap up for the day, somehow managing to do her work, the phone rang. "Jasmine Summers," she greeted the caller.

"I just had a package delivered by the cutest messenger," Tammy snickered. "Did you really imply that I am wasting the tax payers' money?"

"No I did not imply; I out and out said you were wasting the tax payers' money," Jasmine curtly responded. "I can't believe you checked her out."

"In more ways than one," Tammy purred. "She's twenty-eight."

"Don't," Jasmine scolded silently hoping Tammy would continue.

"Fine, I will tell you that she's never been in trouble," Tammy grumbled. "And she sucks at being subtle."

"What do you mean?" Jasmine asked.

"She tried to be casual and find out about you," Tammy gloated.

"She did?" Jasmine beamed. "Wait what did you tell her?"

"Not much," Tammy feigned indifference. "Just that you are a major jerk and she should stay away from you."

"Tammy," Jasmine fumed snapping the pencil she had unconsciously begun to play with.

"Spoil sport," Tammy taunted her. "All I told her was yes, you are single. I didn't mention who the woman was that had caught your eye. However I might have let it slip that you would be at the club on Saturday."

"But I'm not going to the club," Jasmine protested.

"You are now," Tammy commanded. "Because I'm positive that she is going to be there. You should have seen the way her eyes lit up when I let it slip."

"You lied," Jasmine growled. "I can't believe you did this. Did her eyes really light up?"

"You're pathetic," Tammy snarled. "Yes, her eyes lit up."

"How?" Jasmine pressed.

"I have to go," Tammy avoided her question.

"Tammy?" Jasmine snapped.

"Seriously, I have to go," Tammy's voice relaying that she wasn't yanking her chain she just really needed to hang up.

It was late on Friday and Jasmine sat at her desk drumming her fingers on her desk as she waited for the last quarterly report to post so she could head home. She had been looking forward to the weekend until Tammy's meddling derailed her plans. "I should go," she reasoned aloud. "If she's going to be there then we can talk in a social setting. Then again she could show up with a date," she grimaced at the last thought. "I mean it is Valentine's Day, why wouldn't she already have a date?"

"Uhm Hi?" The now familiar voice called out. Jasmine's head jerked up her eyes widening fearfully as she found Terri peeking around her door. "Sorry the door was open. I thought you were with someone."

"No," Jasmine grimaced blushing deeply as she stood. Her heart was racing at the sight of Terri entering her office. She was also filled with fear wondering just how much of her conversation the blonde had over heard. "I, Uhm," she began with a hard swallow. "I spend a lot of time alone and sometimes I talk to myself," she shyly confessed.

"Don't be embarrassed," Terri smiled brightly. "I do that too. I get some really strange looks when I am roller blading through the streets."

"Roller blading?" Jasmine questioned as she leaned on the edge of her desk and accepted the package Terri extracted from her pouch.

"In the summer sometimes I like to skate instead of bike," Terri prattled on as Jasmine signed for the package. "You're working late. I was afraid I might miss you."

"It is late," Jasmine noted checking her watch. She used the slight diversion to finally drag her

eyes away from Terri's body. "Already dark out, you're running around late yourself."

"Last stop of the night," Terri beamed drawing Jasmine back so that she was once again leering at the small blonde. The brunette's mind suddenly flashed to the sight of Terri skating around the streets in a tight pair of shorts. She felt hot suddenly as the blush began to creep up along her body. "I guess you could say I saved the best for last."

Jasmine smiled shyly her eyes dropping slightly feeling giddy from the compliment. "So," she heard Terri begin with a nervous squeak. "Staying much later?"

"No," Jasmine responded as she tossed the package she had been gripping onto her desk. "I'm just waiting for my reports to post and then I'm off for the weekend."

"Big plans for the weekend?" Terri cautiously pried.

"I don't know," Jasmine sighed unable to stop her eyes from drifting down the blonde's body. She gasped as Terri removed her helmet and undid her ponytail allowing her long, blonde hair to cascade down to her shoulders. She was mesmerized as she watched Terri running her fingers through her hair.

She cleared her throat in an effort to rein in her errant thoughts. "Tammy is trying to convince me to go out dancing. I really don't want to tag along with her and her girlfriend. I think she is trying to fix me up."

"Right the mystery woman," Terri frowned. "Will she be there?"

"I have no idea," Jasmine mumbled while her mind screamed for her to tell Terri that she was the one. She tried to bolster her courage but instead she decided to side step the question and test the waters. "About the other day, I wanted to apologize."

"For?" Terri inquired with a tilt of her head.

"Touching you," Jasmine stuttered. "That was out of line."

"No it wasn't," Terri argued leaning slightly closer as she set her pouch down onto the floor. Jasmine's stomach fluttered as Terri's eyes darkened. "Because of the way I dress for work, I do get my share of unwanted groping. Trust me if your touch had been unwelcome I'd let you know. You can anytime you want," Terri added with a breathy whisper tilting her head until she was lingering dangerously close to the nervous brunette.

Jasmine was trembling as Terri's thighs brushed against her body. She was unable to respond as she felt Terri's hands clasping her own. Her mouth became suddenly parched as she felt her hands being guided to the blonde's thighs. "It doesn't really seem fair," Jasmine finally managed to sputter out as her hands kneaded the firm spandex covered thighs. "I get to touch you and," her voice trailed off as she noticed a pair of emerald eyes looking down her blouse which was hanging slightly open.

"And?" Terri encouraged leaning so close that her breath tickled Jasmine's flesh.

"And you should be able to touch me," she concluded as she fought against the fire building inside of her. Terri nuzzled her neck as Jasmine felt the blonde's muscles dancing beneath her touch. She had no doubt that her offer was going to be accepted as she felt Terri's lips nipping tenderly at her neck while the blonde's fingers traced the edge of her blouse.

"You smell good," Terri murmured as the tips of her fingers brushed lightly against the swell of Jasmine's breasts. Jasmine swallowed a deep moan while her fingers slipped between Terri's thighs. She felt a rush surge through her as the blonde parted her thighs inviting her in.

Jasmine's eyes fluttered shut as their lips met shyly. The taste of the blonde's lips was intoxicating and Jasmine quickly returned for more. The kiss quickly deepened as Jasmine cupped the smaller woman's mound. Terri's hips rocked in response as she began to unbutton Jasmine's blouse. The brunette's heart was pounding as their tongues wrapped around one another's.

She ground the heel of her hand against Terri's clit as she felt her blouse fall open and the blonde's hands caressing her stomach. Jasmine was swept away by the taste of Terri's lips and the feel of her hips grinding against her touch. Jasmine didn't care that the door to her office was half open and even though most of the building was empty someone could still walk in on them. The only thing she could focus on was the feel of Terri's hands roaming along her body, unclasping her bra and feeling her way up until she was cupping Jasmine's breasts in her tiny hands.

They were gasping for air as the kiss ended. Terri releasing a deep moan as Jasmine stroked her harder. Terri's movements faltered momentarily as she tore her biking gloves from her hands. Jasmine groaned as she felt the palms of the blonde's hands brushing against her nipples. "Oh God," she whimpered as her nipples hardened against the blonde's touch.

She was struggling to breathe as Terri captured her erect buds between her nimble fingers. Jasmine nudged the blonde's thighs even further apart feeling Terri's desire seeping through the tight biking pants. "It was you," she gasped stroking the blonde harder as Terri nibbled on her neck while her tiny fingers pinched and teased her nipples.

"What was?" Terri murmured against her flesh while her body thrust harder against Jasmine's touch.

"The mystery woman," Jasmine choked out as she felt Terri's mouth drifting lower. "It was you."

Jasmine's head fell back as Terri responded to her confession by capturing one of her nipples between her lips. She fell backward onto her desk, her hand still teasing her lover as Terri suckled her greedily. Their bodies swayed together as Terri teased the brunette's nipple with her teeth and her tongue. Nimble fingers teased her other nipple as Jasmine's hand slipped from the warmth of Terri's body.

She tugged on the cumbersome coat the blonde was wearing as Terri refused to release her breast from the warmth of her mouth. She pushed Terri away from her rising to her feet. She captured the blonde in a savage kiss as she yanked her coat from her body. She didn't stop once she had removed the blonde's jacket. She continued by pulling off Terri's sweatshirt.

As she continued removing Terri's clothing she kept backing the blonde up until she pressed her against the wall. Jasmine slipped her thigh between Terri's as she felt her blouse and bra falling from her body. When Jasmine finally reduced Terri to only her sports bra and the tight pants that looked as if they had been painted onto her shapely body she growled. "My God woman, how much clothing do you wear?"

"It is cold out there," Terri teased in response her eyes filled with pure desire. "Warm me up?"

Jasmine growled in response as Terri raised her arms above her head. The brunette quickly rolled the sports bra up and off of the smaller woman's body. Her mind was spinning as she drank in the sight of Terri's half naked body awaiting her touch.

Terri began caressing the brunette's naked torso before they became locked in a fiery kiss. Jasmine pinned the smaller woman against the wall as her hand slipped between their over heated bodies. Their bodies melted against one another as Jasmine tugged on the tight material of Terri's pants.

Terri's blunt nails raked up and down Jasmine's back. Frustrated that Terri's pants refused to yield Jasmine grasped the elastic waistband with both hands and rolled the material down the blonde's hips. She leaned back licking her lips as she gazed down at the soft golden curls glistening with desire.

Terri was panting heavily as Jasmine's fingers glided down the front of the blonde's body. Every fiber of her being was tingling as her fingers brushed against Terri's wetness. "And here I thought Friday the thirteenth was supposed to be unlucky," she murmured with delight as she parted the blonde's nether lips.

"Not this one," Terri moaned as Jasmine's fingers glided along her slick folds. The blonde's body jerked as Jasmine's fingers brushed against her throbbing bundle. "Jasmine," the blonde whimpered helplessly as the brunette teased her clit with the tips of her fingers.

"So wet," Jasmine blew out in amazement as she stroked her lover. "I want you so much."

"Take me," Terri panted her hips rising to meet Jasmine's touch. "Please!"

Jasmine was on fire as she raised her passion-coated fingers to her lips. Terri was gasping for air as she watched the brunette slowly licking each digit savoring the blonde's taste. Terri remained plastered against the wall as Jasmine dipped her fingers into her passion.

Jasmine licked her lips still tasting the blonde on them as she gathered her wetness. Terri watched as the brunette painted her erect nipples with her own desire. Jasmine's body reeled with

pleasure as she captured Terri's nipple in her mouth. She licked away every drop of passion as she suckled her. She teased her harder fueled on by the feel of Terri's body squirming against her own.

Terri's fingers laced through Jasmine's long, dark hair as she pressed her closer to her. Jasmine captured the blonde's arms and turned her around. Terri pressed her palms against the wall as Jasmine nudged her thighs apart. She molded her body against the trembling blonde's. She brushed the hair from Terri's neck and began kissing her shoulders.

She pressed her breasts against the blonde's back as her nylon clad thigh slipped between Terri's legs. Terri rode against the brunette's thigh as Jasmine kissed her neck. Jasmine clasped the blonde's thighs as their bodies thrust wildly. The feel of Terri's wetness on her thigh as she ground her clit against her was driving Jasmine insane.

She nipped at Terri's neck before raking her fingers down the blonde's spine. Terri's hips jerked backward as Jasmine cupped her firm backside. She massaged the taut flesh as Terri pressed more of her body against Jasmine's hands.

Jasmine slipped her hand between the quivering blonde's thighs. Urgently she stroked the blonde's sex before slipping deep inside of her warm, wet center. She felt the walls tightening around her fingers as she filled her lover. She wiggled her fingers inside of her lover whose body was thrusting as she pleaded for more.

Jasmine was unable to refuse her lover's pleas. Frantically they rocked against one another, Jasmine plunging deeper and harder inside of Terri's body. Terri's cries of pleasure filled the room as their bodies became one. Jasmine's body was screaming for release as she molded her body against her lover stroking her clit as she plunged in and out of her.

Terri's face was flushed as she clawed at the wall when her body erupted. The sight of her lover lost in the throes of pleasure filled Jasmine with a burning desire for more. Her touch never yielded as Terri sank to the floor. Jasmine continued pleasuring the smaller woman even as she fell to her hands and knees. She rode against Terri's firm ass as she drove the blonde over the edge. Finally Terri was begging her to stop after having almost torn a hole in the carpeting.

Jasmine's knees trembled as she stood. Her body was awash with desire as Terri knelt before her. She ran her fingers through Terri's long, golden locks as the blonde's hands glided up her thighs. Jasmine watched in amazement as Terri lifted the hem of her skirt up to her waist.

Terri smiled up at her as she lowered Jasmine's pantyhose and underwear in one fluent movement. Jasmine parted her thighs as she felt her lover's breath on her skin. She whimpered when she felt a hot breath tickling the course hair nestled between her thighs. She cried out as she felt Terri's fingers parting her swollen lips.

Terri murmured with delight as she dipped her tongue into Jasmine's wetness. Jasmine clutched her lover's shoulders as she felt Terri's flat tongue gliding along her sex. She rolled her hips pressing her wetness against her lover's touch, as Terri slowly tasted her.

Terri's eyes were smoldering as she glanced up at Jasmine. She captured Jasmine's pulsating clit between her lips and suckled her greedily. Jasmine's body swayed against Terri's urgent touch. She could feel Terri's tongue everywhere as the blonde feasted upon her. Jasmine fought to remain standing as she felt Terri's fingers slipping inside of her. Her body thrusting as Terri's fingers and mouth moved in perfect rhythm. The room was spinning as Jasmine felt her body melting.

She knew she was crying out yet was unaware of what she was saying as her body exploded. She couldn't stop her body from shaking as Terri's fingers plunged deeper inside of her. She started to fall backward as Terri's lips kept a firm hold on her clit. "I'm going to fall," she finally choked out as she felt her body bumping against her desk.

Terri sighed happily her fingers stilling as she kissed Jasmine's quivering stomach. Jasmine was humming pleasantly as they finally began to dress. "This is going to sound odd," Terri began as Jasmine shut down her computer and shrugged on her coat. "I don't usually have sex on the first date, much less before the first date."

"Neither do I," Jasmine confessed as she brushed her fingers along Terri's cheek.

"Would you like to go out with me tomorrow?" Terri softly inquired.

"I Uhm," Jasmine hesitated.

"Oh?" Terri frowned.

"I don't want to be around a big crowd," Jasmine quickly explained. "Would you like to have dinner at my place?"

"That would be nice," Terri gleamed with excitement.

They stood there grinning at one another for a long moment. "I guess you need to go clock out from work?" Jasmine offered feeling a little disappointed that the night was coming to an end.

"No," Terri offered in a vague tone. "I did that before I rode over here."

"Huh?" Jasmine blinked in confusion.

"There is nothing in that package I delivered," Terri coyly explained. "I just wanted to see you. I also wanted to find out if you'd be interested in going out with me."

"I see," Jasmine laughed. "We could start our first date now. Any ideas of what you'd like to do?"

"I'll think of something," Terri retorted with a playful wink.

The End.

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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