

~ The Limo ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

Julia growled at everyone who had the misfortune to cross her path as she stormed out of Continental's Gate Seven at Logan Airport. The weather had caused so many troubles and delays that she found herself landing four hours later than she had expected. The architect was tired and fit to be tied. She searched around, fearful that her limo would not be waiting for her. The, for the first time since early that morning, Julia Bell actually smiled.

Standing just outside the gate area was a petite blonde clad in the standard black suit and cap required for limo drivers. Her emerald green eyes peeked out over a sign that had "Julia Bell" boldly printed on it. Julia sighed as she allowed herself to enjoy the view of the blonde's well-toned body. "Oh yeah! Things are definitely looking up," she muttered softly under her breath as she approached her driver.

She towered over the small blonde standing in front of her. She felt a slight flush of excitement as she detected a light jasmine scent. "I'm Julia Bell," she informed the driver who was now looking intently up at her.

"Welcome to Boston, Ms. Bell," the blonde greeted her politely. "Do you have any other luggage?" she inquired as she relieved Julia of her carry-on bag.

"Just one," Julia responded as she handed her claim ticket to the attractive young woman.

"Allow me to get you situated in the car and then I'll fetch your bag."

"Very nice," Julia answered in a husky tone as she allowed her blue eyes to wander up and down the young driver's body.

The smaller woman blushed slightly as she escorted Julia towards the airport exit. Shouldering Julia's carry-on bag, she instantly snapped open an umbrella to shield her passenger from the rain. She ushered Julia over to the limo, opening the door for her before placing her bag in the trunk. She popped into the driver's seat with ease, started the car, and picked up the phone in front. Julia smiled as she watched the blonde in the rearview mirror. She picked up the receiver knowing it was her driver.

"I'll be right back, Ms. Bell. The bar is located inside the door just to your left."

"Hmm," Julia purred, thinking that this little blonde was just what she needed to relieve her tension. She opened the small refrigerator that served as the bar, and helped herself to a tumbler which she filled with ice. She then filled the glass with a generous amount of Disaronno. Sipping the sweet amber liquid, she allowed herself to ponder what her driver looked like out of uniform, and just what would it take to really find out.

A smile crept across her face as she watched her driver reenter the vehicle. She watched the smaller woman settle herself into the driver's seat. As the blonde buckled her seat belt, Julia picked up the receiver that would connect her with the adorable blonde.

"Yes, Ms. Bell?" the blonde answered in a pleasant professional tone.

"Julia," she offered seductively, deciding it was time to test the waters. "And what's your name?"

"Tamara," the perky blonde responded as she put the limo into drive.

"That's unusual," Julia continued, hoping she was reading the vibes correctly.

"Not to me," Tamara countered brightly.

"No, I suppose you're use to it." Julia chuckled lightly. "I was *excited* to see you waiting for me."

Julia watched as a pair of green eyes looked up in the rearview mirror. Julia's smile grew as she caught the slight spark in those eyes.

"How so?" Tamara inquired, her voice lowering slightly.

"Well, with all the delay's I was forced to endure today, I was afraid that you might stand me up," Julia teased, pushing her underlying meaning a little harder.

"Never," came the breathy reply.

"Good to know," Julia responded as she watched the woman in the rearview mirror. A slight charge ignited within her each time their eyes met. "You really brightened my day," Julia sighed as she started to remove the charcoal blazer of her Donna Karen suit. There was a slight pause in the conversation as Julia tried to decide what her next move should be, or even if she should

continue. A part of her felt a little silly flirting with the young driver. A confused look crossed Tamara's delicate features as she hung up the receiver.

PART TWO

As the limo inched along in traffic, Julia made herself comfortable by slipping off her shoes and unbuttoning her blouse slightly. As she sipped her drink, her eyes never drifted from her driver's image. Her fingers absently stroked her neck as she studied the long golden blonde hair pulled neatly into a ponytail that was hanging out from under her black cap. She reached for the receiver once again. Stopping herself this time, she decided that she wanted a little more personal contact.

When Julia leaned forward, she noticed the pair of twinkling green eyes that seemed to be focus upon her cleavage. A cocky smirk graced Julia's face as she thanked her lucky stars for the rain and the backed up traffic. She rapped on the glass divider to catch Tamara's attention. With a gleam in her eyes, she motioned for Tamara to lower the divider.

Tamara traced her lips with the tip of her tongue as she complied with her passenger's request. Once the barrier was down, Julia settled back into her seat.

"You don't mind do you?" Julia inquired with a slight leer as she wondered if the alcohol was clouding her judgment.

"You're the boss," Tamara answered with a sly smile of her own.

"Interesting," Julia mused before refocusing her attention back to the conversation. "I just thought this might be a little more personal. Using the phone seems a bit impersonal."

"I know what you mean," Tamara agreed. "Kind of like phone sex."

Julia ran her tongue across her teeth, knowing that the blonde was testing the waters. "Really?" Julia said, playing along.

"Well, not that I would know." Tamara blushed.

"That's an interesting shade of red you're sporting there," Julia offered as she arched her eyebrow.

"Do you always treat your drivers this way?" Tamara asked.

"Never," Julia purred as she settled deeper into the leather seat and sipped her drink.

The two stole glances at each other as Julia began to once again trace her fingers slowly down her neck. "You know, I was feeling very tense after I got off that plane," Julia offered absently as

she allowed her fingers to feel their way further down past her neck, creating an electric trail towards her cleavage.

"Are you still feeling tense?" Tamara asked. Julia didn't miss the soft tone in her voice or the subtle innuendo.

"I'm starting to relax," Julia answered in a breathy tone, allowing her fingers to linger on the gentle swell of her breast. She watched carefully, trying to gauge the young blonde's reaction as her movements grew bolder.

"If there's anything I can do to assist you, just tell me," Tamara offered as the blush returned in full force.

"Anything?" Julia asked as her hand slipped under the folds of her blouse.

"Yes," Tamara responded in a breathy tone as her eyes darkened slightly. Julia moaned as the prospects presenting themselves tingled her senses. She lowered herself slightly in the seat and began to tug the hem of her blouse out of her skirt.

"Can you see me? Do you want to?" Julia boldly asked her driver.

"Yes," came the response with an equal amount of bravado.

Julia licked her lips and began to slowly unbutton her blouse. She couldn't understand what was happening to her. She was certainly by no means a virgin, but this was certainly something she had never experienced before. As she freed the buttons of her silk blouse, she cautioned herself to take it slowly so the moment would last. Julia held the pair of darkening emerald green eyes locked in a fiery gaze.

Julia's fingers continued their heated journey towards her ample cleavage. The feel of skin mixed with the silk of her blouse served to stoke the fire that was burning inside of her. Tamara bit down on her bottom lip as Julia freed herself from the confines of the last button. Julia accepted the soft moan that escaped from the blonde as an invitation to continue.

Slowly she opened the blouse slightly to expose the white lacy bra that lay beneath. The coolness of the air conditioner gently kissed her skin. Julia freely caressed herself, working towards her breasts. She cupped the lacy material that was holding them captive. Her breathing increased slightly as she felt her nipples hardening from her own touch. She felt an added thrill as she watch the bead of sweat that had begun to form on the driver's upper lip.

Feeling slightly light-headed, Julia allowed two of her fingers to slip underneath the lacy garment. She felt her skin beginning to burn as she watched Tamara grip the steering wheel tighter. The sound of a blaring car horn broke the spell momentarily.

As Tamara snapped her attention back to what was happening on the road, Julia felt a need to continue her exploration. Trapping one of her nipples roughly between two fingers, she pinched

and rolled the bud, feeling the dampness pooling between her legs. Tamara maneuvered the black limousine through the heavily congested traffic as Julia's eyes fluttered shut in an erotic haze.

"Perhaps we should pull off the road?" Julia suggested in a breathy voice as she pressed her thighs together tightly.

"I'm afraid it will take some time before we reach a place that would be *convenient*," Tamara explained in a husky tone.

"I don't know if I can last that long," Julia choked out pinching her nipple harder as her opposite hand began to feel it's way down her abdomen.

"I don't know either," Tamara concluded.

"Are you touching yourself?" Julia inquired hotly her eyes opening slightly.

"No," Tamara panted as her eyes darted back and forth between the traffic on the road and the torrid activities of her passenger.

Julia allowed herself to drink in the flushed features of her driver. She opened her eyes a little wider as her hand slipped up under her skirt. She knew that she was frustrating Tamara who could do nothing to release her own pent up desire.

"Once you find us a place that is more *convenient*, would you like to join me in the back so you can have a better view?"

"Yes," Tamara responded as she swallowed hard. "I'll do anything you want."

"Oh God," was the only response Julia's overloaded mind could conjure up. Julia's other hand released her breast and then joined its mate. She hiked up her skirt as her thumbs slid under the waistband of her nylons. She tried to steady her racing heart by slowly lowering the confining garment past her firm thighs.

Her need grew as she removed her panty hose and tossed them on the floor. She slid deeper into the leather seat of the car and lifted her skirt higher now that she had freed herself from her nylon prison. Julia arched her hips slightly to give her driver a full view of panties that matched the bra. She continued to watch Tamara. The sight of the beautiful woman clad in the black uniform further fueled her desires.

Unable to contain her passion any longer, she opened her thighs wider. Julia slipped one hand between her thighs as her other hand returned to massaging her breast. She heard the sharp gasp Tamara released as Julia began to grind her wetness against her palm.

With her fingers pressed against the damp lacy material, she shifted to ensure that Tamara had full view of her activities. She continued to tease herself, her pulse racing and her head

swimming with desire. Her only thoughts were of what she wanted to do with her attractive driver. Her fingers were already coated with her own passion before she slipped them under the delicate elastic. Passing the lacy barrier she dipped them into overflowing wetness.

Julia was unaware of the traffic outside. Her thoughts were focused solely on the beautiful woman sitting in front of her. So consumed was she by the fire, she never felt the limo pulling off the road and coming to a halt. Julia didn't hear Tamara release her seatbelt as she entered herself. Her hips arched as she plunged into herself deeply. She began to thrust furiously, her hips beating a wild pace.

She was so lost in her excitement that she hadn't realized that she now held Tamara's undivided attention. She finally noticed Tamara adjusting the rearview mirror and unbuttoning her black blazer. She took herself harder, teasing her own clit as she heard the sound of a zipper being lowered. Through a lustful haze, she watched a blonde head fall back slightly as Tamara's arm matched her own passionate movements.

"Harder," Julia demanded.

The two continued, each entering themselves wildly. Bare skin rubbed against the leather interior of the limo as their wetness flowed freely. Julia watched as Tamara's shoulders trembled. She knew that Tamara was falling over the same edge. Grunting and gasping harshly, driver and passenger climaxed together. Julia melted into the leather as she felt the stirring building again. She needed more. She needed to touch the young woman and be touched in return. "I want you," Julia demanded. The driver simply nodded in response.

Julia removed her blouse and skirt as Tamara pulled her black trousers up and exited the limo. When she opened the back door, she found her passenger lounging across the backseat wearing nothing but her panties and a lustful gaze. Tamara climbed in quickly to join her. Julia sat up slightly to allow Tamara a better view of her breasts. She reached up and removed the black cap from the golden blonde hair and placed the cap on her own head with a smirk. She then reached over to the sweet freckled face before her and undid the tie that was holding the long blonde hair in place.

Julia ran her fingers through Tamara's golden hair as she leaned closer to the smaller woman to slip the black blazer down her shoulders. Green eyes followed her every movement as the garment was removed. Tamara reached up to remove her thin black tie when larger hands halted her movement. Julia took over and gently pulled the tie open from its knot.

"So beautiful," Julia admitted honestly as she slipped the tie from around the smaller woman's neck. Tamara tilted her head bashfully and averted her gaze. Julia tucked two fingers under her chin and lifted her gaze up until the blue and green clashed in a smoky haze.

The rain fell harder, beating a steady rhythm on the roof of the limo. The sound matched the beating of Julia's heart. She unbuttoned the white oxford shirt and opened it slowly to reveal Tamara's well-toned body. She slipped the cotton shirt off and dropped it on the floor with the other remnants. Julia trailed a path with the tips of her fingers down from Tamara's neck to cup

her breasts.

She ran her palms over them; her body ignited further as she felt two nipples harden simultaneously from her touch. Her touch then drifted downward pausing briefly on the mole that was on the younger woman's firm abs. She felt Tamara's touch on her shoulders. She swallowed hard as she felt herself being drawn in. Instinctively their eyes locked as faces drew closer to allow soft sweet lips to brush together.

They melted into one another, their passion deepening as hands searched, driven by the need to touch. The kiss ended as sweetly as it began. Julia smiled as she watched Tamara remove her own bra. Julia leaned back and watched Tamara shed the rest of her clothing. The sight of the younger woman's naked body moving towards her caused Julia to whimper.

Tamara pressed her body against Julia's almost naked form. They kissed again, without gentleness or sweetness. This kiss was formed out of raw passion and desire. Julia's senses reeled as Tamara's hands roamed her body. Tamara's mouth broke free from the kiss and captured Julia's breast. Tasting and teasing with her teeth and tongue, the sensation caused Julia's body to arch in response. Tamara pressed against her tightly as she treated her other breast to the same attention.

Thighs opened as Tamara kissed her way down the taller woman's body. Her hands eagerly pulled down Julia's underwear, removing the last barrier between them. Julia's arousal was all consuming as she felt passionate kisses and little nips. Tamara's long blonde hair tickled her thighs. She needed this woman. Tamara didn't need to hear the words but Julia knew her eyes conveyed the message.

Tamara lowered herself as Julia opened her thighs. Tamara's tongue tasted the taller woman as Julia wrapped her long legs around Tamara's shoulders. Julia felt a rush as she felt Tamara's tongue enter her. Unaware of what she was doing, she arched her back and thrust her hips as her hands pressed Tamara into her wetness. Her body seemed to be begging and pleading for Tamara take all she had to offer. Tamara eagerly complied. Julia found herself screaming out wildly as she climaxed quickly.

Julia collapsed in a heap as Tamara rested her head on her thigh. Time passed as the two simply rested peacefully.

PART THREE

As Julia looked down at her naked body, she smiled as she drank in the vision of long blonde hair draped over her torso. A pair of emerald eyes twinkled up at her. Smiling, she offered her hand to the young driver who smiled in return as she lifted her body. Julia gathered Tamara into a tender embrace. Julia felt content as Tamara traced her nipple. The gentle musing renewed her desire. Julia kissed the top of Tamara's head sweetly.

Julia lifted her body slightly holding Tamara as she moved. Tamara lifted her eyes to meet Julia's lustful gaze with equal intensity. Julia leaned forward, drawn to Tamara's lips like a moth to a flame. Lips melted together; each parting to invite the other in for exploration. Tongues danced together as bodies pressed together tightly. Moaning deeply, Julia cupped Tamara's backside to pull the woman closer. Tamara opened herself as their passions ignited again. Grinding against one another, Tamara straddled Julia's lap as she pressed the taller woman into the leather seat.

Julia growled deeply as she tore her mouth away from Tamara. "Turn around," Julia instructed her firmly. Panting heavily, Tamara complied. Julia opened her thighs as Tamara shifted position. She engulfed the younger woman who was now sitting on her lap with her back to her. Julia cupped Tamara's breasts roughly as she nudged the blonde's thighs apart.

Julia thought she would explode when she felt Tamara's backside grinding into her wetness. "I want you," Julia hissed hotly in Tamara's ear. Tamara moaned deeply as her grinding increased; there was no misunderstanding the young woman's desire. Julia continued to tease one of Tamara's nipples. Arching her hips, she pressed her wetness deeper into Tamara's smooth flesh. Her other hand felt its way down the front of Tamara's stomach which glistened with a thick sheen of sweat.

Her fingers teased the golden curls. Julia's grinding increased as she felt the dampness. Tamara opened herself further as Julia's strong fingers reached further down. Tamara's passionate wetness flowed freely as Julia's fingers spread to feel her lips. Her thumb grazed over Tamara's throbbing clit. She could feel the smaller woman shivering as she began to grind harder, almost bucking against Julia's wetness. Julia couldn't hold back any longer. She entered Tamara, plunging two fingers deeply inside of her.

Their actions became electric as their rhythmic movements exploded in a frenzy. Tamara was begging for Julia to take her harder as the older woman gasped out for her to climax. "That's it baby . . . ," Julia encouraged, ". . . I want to feel you explode." Julia felt the walls tighten around her fingers as she slid them in and out of Tamara. Her pace increased as Tamara arched back, her thighs trembling, as she cried out wildly in her climax. Julia's fingers remained deep inside of Tamara's center as she continued to grind against her.

Tamara climaxed repeatedly as Julia continued to pleasure her until Julia exploded against her firm backside. Collapsing once again, they remained in the same position as spasms danced through their bodies.

Once they managed to regain their ability to breath normally, the two dressed. Neither spoke to the other. Shyly they avoided eye contact. Julia sipped a bottle of water contentedly as Tamara drove her to the hotel. The limo pulled up in front of the Parker House. Julia remained seated until Tamara unloaded her luggage and opened the door for her.

Julia stepped out of the vehicle as Tamara held the door open. Turning to the smaller woman, she smiled broadly. "If you don't mind, I'd like to request you as my driver for the extent of my visit," Julia said hopefully.

Tamara smiled broadly and simply nodded her acceptance. "I'll see you in the morning then."

Julia's smile grew as she handed a tip to the smaller woman. Tamara's smile quickly vanished. Julia gave her a questioning look as Tamara's expression turned grim. The doorman opened the door and Julia walked into the hotel. It wasn't until she stepped into the lobby that she had realized what she had done.

Julia spun around quickly. Her heart sank when she found the black limo and Tamara were gone.

The next day she wasn't surprised when a different driver greeted her. The events normally wouldn't have caused Julia to think twice. Going against her distant nature, she found herself calling the car service only to find that Tamara had been terminated after refusing to drive Julia. Upset by the news, she spent her free time trying to convince Tamara's employer to take the young college student back. Her efforts were useless and she feared that she had revealed too much to the younger woman's ex-employer.

When she flew home she accepted that she would never see Tamara again. After all it was just one of those things. But over the next few years, she did find herself thinking about a certain green-eyed blonde.

THE END

Will Julia and Tamara ever meet again? Find out in...[Tamara's Turn](#).

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