

~ Tamara's Turn ~

(The Limo - Part Two)

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For disclaimers [see part one](#).

Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

Tamara studied the lobby's floor directory as butterflies danced merrily in her stomach. Her green eyes searched carefully until she spotted *'Bancroft & Dunn Architecture - 1503'*. Finding the information she needed, she adjusted her teal suit jacket and rechecked the crease in her trousers. Claspng her portfolio tightly, she headed off towards the elevators.

As she entered the elevator, she pressed the button for the fifteenth floor and moved towards the back of the car as was her custom. She tried to think of something witty to say in the upcoming interview in the hope that she could impress Mr. Bancroft. She wanted something that sounded completely spontaneous.

She chewed on the inside of her cheek as the elevator chugged along, stopping periodically to allow passengers to enter or exit. Tamara didn't doubt her abilities; she simply hated interviews. Tamara glanced up to see what floor they were approaching. *'Only five.'* Tamara sighed deeply while still searching for something clever to say.

The bell chimed as some of her fellow passengers made their departure. Just as the doors were about to close, a tall figure stepped in. Tamara's heart jumped as azure eyes locked with hers for the briefest of moments.

Tamara felt faint as she averted her gaze. *'It couldn't be,'* Tamara quickly reasoned as she tried to steady herself. She peeked up quickly and breathed a sigh of relief. She was more than a little relieved to find the statuesque woman facing away from her curious inspection.

Tamara surveyed the taller woman's back in an effort to determine whether or not it was *who* she thought it was. The long jet-black hair hanging down the strong back was familiar although the style was certainly different. This woman wore hers in a French braid. "It couldn't be," she muttered, startling the round-faced man standing next to her. Shyly she studied her shoes, feeling embarrassed for being caught talking to herself.

The man moved slightly away from Tamara. She allowed herself to study the back of the woman. *'She wasn't from Boston,'* she reasoned, managing this time to keep her thoughts to

herself.

Tamara felt the worry growing steadily inside of her as the woman remained on the elevator after each stop. *'No . . . no . . . no . . . it's not her,'* she found herself arguing. *'Okay, get a grip. First, it's not her and even if it is, what are the chances that she's going to the fifteenth floor'*

As the floors clicked past and passengers departed the elevator, Tamara could feel a tightness forming in her chest. What were the odds of bumping into a ghost from the past while en route to the most important job interview of her young life? Tamara tried to relax as she continually told herself it wasn't her. Around the tenth floor Tamara's mantra changed from *'It couldn't possibly be her'* to *'It probably isn't her'*.

As the passengers thinned out, the *'It probably isn't her'* was quickly becoming *'Oh my God, please don't let it be her'*. Tamara began to chew on her bottom lip as she tried to convince herself that the woman standing in front of her wasn't the one night stand from almost nine years ago that had ended very badly.

It was the blue jeans and the t-shirt that gave Tamara a ray of hope. It certainly hadn't been Julia's style. On her part the unknown woman absently studied a set of blue prints. The elevator continued on it's route as the tall figure in front of her quickly became an obsession. The elevator stopped again to let off another set of passengers, leaving the two women alone.

Tamara scanned the panel quickly. She swallowed hard as she realized that she and the mysterious woman were both heading for the same floor. *'No big deal, we're almost there,'* Tamara reasoned as she suddenly smiled. Tamara realized that, for the first time in days, she felt relaxed about the impending job interview. "Ha," she snorted suddenly, realizing that she couldn't wait for the interview to start since it would get her away from the mystery woman.

The woman looked up slightly but didn't turn towards Tamara. The elevator came to a sudden halt. The lights flickered before going out. The emergency lights flashed on to cast a dim hue in the car. "Not again," the dark haired woman groaned in a hauntingly familiar voice. The woman opened the metal door that housed the emergency phone. "Hey . . . yup, between fourteen and fifteen," the woman said while her back was still turned to the agitated blonde. Tamara's emerald orbs almost bulged out of their sockets.

"I hope you weren't in a hurry," the woman commented as she turned towards Tamara for the first time.

"Damn it," Tamara muttered under her breath as she instantly recognized her traveling companion. *'Yup, it's the one night stand from Hell.'*

"Who is it that you were going to see?" Julia asked in an overly casual manner as she unclipped the cell phone from her waistband.

Tamara just glared at her for a moment before she could answer. "I have an interview at Bancroft and Dunn,"

Tamara managed to say, unable to keep the icy tone out of her voice. *'Is it possible that she doesn't remember me?'* The thought wore on her nerves. How could someone do what she did and then simply forget it?

"You're T.J. Mitchell?" Julia inquired pleasantly as she dialed a number on her cell.

"I'm in Hell," was the only thing that Tamara could manage to utter at that moment.

"Julia Bell," the woman introduced herself calmly as she offered her hand.

Tamara was unable to accept the offering. Julia seemed unaffected by Tamara's indifference. She simply withdrew her hand as if she had never made the gesture. "Hey, Kyle," she said pleasantly into the telephone. Julia smiled as she spoke while Tamara seriously considered bludgeoning herself to death with her portfolio. "Guess what?" Julia joked with the person on the other end. "You got it. . . . no . . . she's here with me," Julia explained. "Okay . . . I will . . . see you when we get sprung." Julia ended her call. "Kyle says to relax. He'll see you whenever we get out," Julia explained to the stony faced blonde.

The two stood there in awkward silence. Julia finally planted herself on the floor of the car and unrolled her blue prints. Tamara stood there fuming as she looked down at the woman.

"Does it usually take long?" Tamara spat out.

"Sometimes," Julia responded with a shrug.

"Peachy," Tamara groaned as she decided to take a seat at the opposite side of the car. She began to drum her fingers against her portfolio. As she sat there fuming over the uncomfortable situation she found herself in, she couldn't help but notice the occasional sideways glances she was receiving from Julia.

Finally Julia raised her head and looked directly at the small blonde. "So . . . ," Julia began with hesitation. "Tam . . . T.J.," she quickly recovered, "is there anything I can tell you about our little firm?"

Tamara's eyes narrowed at the slip of the tongue. "I was wondering if you remembered me?" Tamara questioned her coldly.

"Of course I do," Julia answered honestly as her shoulders slumped slightly.

"Hmm," was the blonde's only response.

"I'm sorry," Julia offered as she swallowed hard. "I've waited a long time to tell you that."

"I see," Tamara responded, feeling her anger dissipate slightly. "And just what are you sorry for? Treating me like a prostitute, getting me fired, or outing me to the people I worked for?"

"Yes," Julia responded simply.

"That's it?" Tamara asked.

"It's all I can say," Julia answered truthfully. "I can't undo what I did. I can only tell you that there hasn't been a day that's passed that I haven't regretted my actions. I also want you to know that I'm not the same person I was then."

Tamara felt a pang in her heart, knowing deep down that the older woman was speaking the truth. The only question was if it really changed anything. Tamara didn't know and she wasn't certain that she wanted to know. Suddenly the lights flickered and the elevator sprang to life.

PART TWO

Two months later Tamara found herself working late at the offices of Bancroft & Dunn. The fiasco in the elevator had almost caused her to turn down the job she wanted. Fortunately common sense won out. The firm was small and treated everyone as an equal. Julia turned out to be quite different from the woman she had met nine years ago. The Julia she found herself working with was kind, funny and very generous. Occasionally Tamara would find herself thinking back to that torrid night they had together in the back of the limo. But the end result of that night still haunted her. As a result, Tamara still didn't trust Julia; after all she had once done something very cruel. Tamara felt comfortable in the knowledge that she didn't need to deal or even speak with Julia if she didn't want to. She was just another architect in the small firm. Julia seemed to understand and stayed out of Tamara's way.

Tamara enjoyed the laid back atmosphere and how everyone helped out no matter who's name ended up on the final draft. So there she was working on her latest restoration project; it what she loved to do and it was what she did best. Everyone else had left for the day with one tall dark notable exception. They worked in silence at their separate drafting tables.

Tamara looked over, feeling slightly guilty as she studied the beautiful older woman. A slight blush crept over her face as she recalled the both of them naked in the back of the limo. She had been sitting on Julia's lap as the taller woman touched her everywhere. She found herself licking her lips as she recalled how good it felt.

"Penny for your thoughts." Julia yawned as she stretched her arms over her head, the movement causing her breasts to arch slightly. Tamara's eyes grew wide as her blush deepened.

"It's late I should be going," Tamara blurted out as she jumped from her stool and began to gather up her belongings.

"Hold on. I'll walk out with you," Julia called out as Tamara raced towards the elevator. Tamara didn't fully understand why she felt a sudden need to bolt. Over the past few months she found

herself wrapped up in a bad case of lust if not something deeper.

"Tamara, wait," Julia called out as Tamara stepped into the elevator. Julia halted the door and stepped quickly inside; she fumbled as she tried to stop the doors from closing. "Rats!" she growled as the doors closed behind her.

"What is it?" Tamara questioned her in confusion.

"Didn't anyone tell you not to take the elevator at this hour?" Julia asked her in an exasperated tone.

"No." Tamara shook her head, not understanding what was going on.

"It will probably be okay," Julia reasoned while she chewed nervously on her bottom lip.

"Julia?" Tamara's tone grew tense as the ancient elevator came to a sudden halt. The lights flickered as the car plunged into darkness for a moment. The emergency lights came on providing little improvement. Tamara reached for the emergency telephone.

"Don't bother," Julia sighed deeply as she slumped onto the floor.

Tamara ignored Julia's instructions as she listened to the unanswered ring. Frustrated she jiggled the button praying for someone to pick up.

"There's no one there to answer," Julia explained as she stretched out her long legs and crossed them at the ankles.

"What?" Tamara choked out.

"That's why you shouldn't take the elevator after eight at night," Julia offered in an apologetic tone. "There won't be anyone to come and fix it until the morning."

"Excuse me?" Tamara couldn't believe what she had just heard. "We could call the fire department or someone else on one of our cells," Tamara reasoned.

Julia smiled at the idea and gave the blonde the thumbs-up. Tamara knelt down, rummaged through her bag, and pulled out her phone. She flipped open the phone and turned it on. It beeped several times but refused to come to life. "I forgot to charge it," Tamara admitted shyly as she tossed the phone back into her bag.

Julia simply chuckled as she reached for her own phone on her waistband. The smile she was sporting quickly vanished when she found nothing there.

"Where is it?" Tamara's voice squeaked.

"I . . . Uhm . . .," Julia stammered. "I must have left it on my drafting table. I didn't grab any of

my stuff. I just raced after you."

Tamara stared at her in disbelief. "This is not happening," Tamara protested suddenly. "We . . . are . . . stuck in . . . here . . .," she stammered as she continued to stare.

"I'm sorry," Julia apologized. "It doesn't happen very often. But after the first couple of times, everyone knew to take the stairs if they were forced to work late."

"Someone should have told me," Tamara responded weakly as she slumped onto the floor next to Julia.

"I think maintenance will be back around six a.m.," Julia said, trying to sound positive.

"Oh goody." Tamara chuckled. She peeked at her watch, barely able to make out the time in the dimly lit car. "Let's see, that's another seven hours and thirty eight minutes. You wouldn't happen to have a deck of cards would you?" Tamara teased as she finally accepted their fate.

Julia laughed and shook her head in the negative. "What about you?" she inquired.

"Nope," Tamara confessed. "I've got work and a stick of gum."

"Really?" Julia inquired as her stomach rumbled. "Wanna wrestle for it?"

"You can have it, sport," Tamara offered as she patted Julia's complaining stomach.

PART THREE

Tamara felt Julia's stomach quiver slightly from her touch. Their eyes locked as Tamara felt her hand begin to move on its own. Leaning in towards the other woman, Tamara could feel the heat radiating from Julia. Without hesitation she found herself capturing Julia's soft lips. Surprised by her action, she pulled back quickly. She looked at Julia's features and tried to understand what was happening between them.

She found herself smiling as caught the look of desire clearly written across Julia's features. There was something else there, too. There was a warmth, a softness that hadn't been there nine years ago. Somehow this time was different. Tamara couldn't fight the wave of emotion that was coursing through her veins; she simply surrendered. Bending her head once again, she reclaimed the soft lips.

This time the heat was far too great to control. Her tongue reached out to part Julia's lips. Tamara could feel the fire building as Julia granted her entrance. Tamara explored Julia's mouth with enthusiasm as her hands began a gentle exploration of Julia's back. She could hear the Julia's sweet murmurs as she kissed her harder.

Tamara broke the kiss as the need for air finally won out. "Are you certain that we're trapped here all night?" Tamara whispered huskily into Julia's ear as her tongue traced a delicate patch along the ear lobe and down to her neck.

"Yes," Julia groaned in response.

"Good," Tamara whispered hotly as she tugged Julia's shirt out of her jeans. Tamara smiled as she lifted the shirt over her head. She knew that the older woman was completely willing to give up control. The blonde straddled Julia's lap as her hands ran smoothly over the soft cotton material of Julia's bra.

She took her time and gently grasped Julia's breasts as the taller woman cupped her backside. Tamara sighed happily as she felt two nipples hardening under her gentle touch. Tamara paused briefly to remove her own shirt and bra before returning her attention to the beautiful woman beneath her. Leaning forward her fingers blazed a slow torturous trail from Julia's shoulders to her back. Her thumb and forefinger snapped open the clasp of the bra.

Julia laughed sensually, admiring the younger woman's skill. Tamara smiled sweetly as she removed the bra from Julia's tanned body. Allowing herself to admire the two perfect rose-colored nipples, she felt Julia's strong fingers cup her breasts.

Tamara inhaled sharply as she felt her own nipples harden. In a swift gentle motion, Tamara captured Julia's wrists. With a sensual gaze she guided the older woman's hands away from her body. She leaned in and gently brushed Julia's sweet lips. It was a quick kiss which was filled with promise. Tamara then kissed Julia's cheek and began working her way down her neck.

Tamara traced a trail with her tongue even further down, dipping into ample cleavage. She maintained her hold on Julia's wrists as her mouth tasted delicate skin. Julia murmured as Tamara's mouth continued its ministrations until its goal was reached. Her tongue swirled out to tease one nipple until Julia gasped; her body pressed closer to Tamara. "Please," Julia pleaded as Tamara moved her attention to the other nipple.

Tamara pulled away slightly releasing her hold on Julia's wrists. She held Julia's fiery gaze as she slowly stood. Still maintaining eye contact with Julia, the blonde slowly unbuttoned her Levi's. Tamara smiled as she watched Julia swallow deeply. She slowly lowered the zipper of her jeans. The dampness grew as she slid the denim down her thighs.

She watched Julia's breathing speed up as Julia's hands grasped the denim. Julia tugged hurriedly on Tamara's jeans, pulling them down to the blonde's ankles. Tamara smiled as she stepped back to allow Julia to pull herself up into a kneeling position. Tamara ran her fingers through Julia's raven tresses. Julia kissed gentle circles along Tamara's taut abs.

Tamara moaned as she felt Julia's fingers pressing against the damp cotton material of her underwear. Julia's azure eyes looked up at her. Tamara thought she would explode from the look of sheer desire clearly displayed in those eyes. Julia moved her hands to the elastic band of

Tamara's panties. She teased Tamara by slowly lowering them down the blonde's firm thighs.

Tamara clasped the back of Julia's head as she guided her to her wetness. She opened her legs as far as she could while still restrained by the pants pooled around her ankles. She shivered as Julia's tongue ran quickly across her swollen lips. Tamara could feel Julia's breath caressing her golden curls. She guided Julia further into her. "Yes," Tamara gasped as she felt Julia's fingers spreading her open.

The taller woman's tongue began a sweet swirling exploration, tasting Tamara deeply. Tamara pressed against the back of Julia's head demanding more. Tamara growled as she felt Julia's tongue teasing her opening. "Ugh," Tamara panted while pressing Julia closer. She felt her knees tremble as Julia's tongue entered her, slowly at first. Tamara's hips rocked as Julia plunged deeper inside of her with one hand clasping her backside roughly.

Tamara's heart and body were ready to explode as Julia's tongue moved to her throbbing clit and began to suckle her. Tamara rocked harder as she felt two fingers plunge into her core. Julia's tongue flicked in a steady rhythm as her fingers matched it's pace. "Yeessss . . . harder, Baby," Tamara begged as she felt her body trembling.

Her hips pounded out a furious pace as Julia took her harder. She felt her head spinning as she came, pressing Julia's face deeper into her. Julia kept teasing her, tasting everything Tamara had to offer. Tamara cried out once again. Feeling her legs give out, she found herself dropping to the floor. Julia quickly wrapped the smaller woman up in her arms.

Tamara held Julia as she began to kiss her furiously. Rolling the taller woman onto her back, she tried to slip her thigh between Julia's legs. Growling in frustration she pulled away. She reached down and quickly removed her shoes and pants while Julia did the same.

Finally freed from their clothing, the two women quickly wrapped themselves up in one another's arms. Tamara pressed Julia down onto the worn carpeted floor of the elevator and slid her thigh between Julia's legs. Her body responded to the wetness she discovered. They began to rock in a wild rhythm. Tamara's thigh pushed Julia's legs open wider as she reached down.

Her hand blazed a trail down towards the dark curls eagerly awaiting her. She felt Julia's fingers blazing their own trail as the two women found themselves locked in a passionate kiss. Their bodies pressed together as they entered each other, moving together as if they were one. Fingers probed and pumped wildly as their bodies became covered in a sheen of sweat.

They arched in unison as they exploded together. Collapsing into a heap, they lay there on the floor of the elevator barely able to breath. Holding onto each other they began to kiss gently as their hands renewed their exploration.

Neither was aware of how long they explored each other or just when they drifted off to sleep. They woke when bright lights flooded the elevator car. The two women bolted up, frantically searching for their discarded clothing.

"Shit," Tamara muttered as she pulled on pants. "What time is it?" she asked as they continued to don their clothing.

"Seven thirty," Julia squeaked as they felt the elevator begin to move.

They managed to get dressed and to look somewhat normal. "Tamara?" Julia said in a shy tone as they stood waiting for the elevator to reach the lobby.

"Yeah?" Tamara stammered as she rechecked her clothing.

"Do you think I could take you out to dinner tonight?" Julia asked with a slight blush.

"Really?" Tamara smiled at the thought.

"Yes, really." Julia laughed lightly. "I would like to take you out on a date. I'm not the same woman who hurt you so long ago."

"I know that," Tamara reassured her. "I think you're right. A real date sounds nice. We can talk and get to know each other."

"Thanks," Julia said barely above a whisper.

"Julia?" Tamara asked as the elevator doors opened in the lobby of the building.

"Yes?"

"Can we still sleep together if we want to?" Tamara smirked at her.

"Oh, yeah," Julia concurred. "But next time let's try a bed for a change."

Tamara laughed as she took Julia's hand and led her out of the elevator.

THE END

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