

# ~ That Thursday Afternoon ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

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## PART ONE

Gelya jumped when the tall form stepped into her office. "Brenna?" She choked out. She hadn't seen the taller woman since they graduated from St. Mark's over ten years ago. St. Mark's, the private Catholic high school locked away in the small town where the two women had grown up.

Gelya was an outsider there and most of her classmates let her know it. There was one notable exception - Brenna. The tall dark haired senior was different. Brenna always treated Gelya in a friendly manner, even though the two were as different as night and day. Brenna came from one of the wealthiest families in town while smaller fair-haired Gelya's family came from the wrong side of the tracks. The only reason the two girls attended the same high school was due to a scholarship earned by Gelya's hard work.

For almost four years their paths crossed occasionally. When this happened their exchanges had always been warm and friendly, even though it was clear that they weren't friends. One of them was a studious loner while the other was constantly surrounded by the best and brightest. Perhaps that was why the events of that Thursday afternoon were so unexpected.

## PART TWO

The school day was over and Gelya was in no hurry to head home. Her parents were gone for the night and she didn't have to work. Gelya decided to relax for a minute and enjoy the warm weather. She plopped herself down under a tree on the school's front lawn. Once seated, she tugged at her pleated skirt, wondering once again why the uptight school insisted on girls wearing such revealing skirts. Pulling her notebook from her backpack, she decided to get a head start on her homework.

As she studied her math problems a shadow crept across her textbook. Annoyed, she flashed her green eyes up. The first sight she could see clearly was the pair of long firm legs standing before her. "Hey," a deep voice addressed her. Gelya snapped out of her admiration of the pair of legs, thinking that perhaps there was something good about the school's dress code after all. She found herself staring into the crystal blue eyes that she knew were waiting for her.

It wasn't a lucky guess. Gelya was well acquainted with the sight of Brenna's legs. The young blonde had stolen enough glances at the endless gams over the past four years to commit them to memory. "Hi," Gelya answered brightly as a silly lopsided grin sprung out before she could stop it.

### PART THREE

Gelya was sitting on Brenna's bed, her heart beating wildly. She was not only in the house of the most popular girl in school but she was sitting on her bed. The afternoon had started out innocently enough. Brenna had sat down next to her on the lawn and they began to chat. It was a rare occurrence but not unheard of. As they discussed the heavy course load they were facing in their last year, Gelya felt on top of the world. Brenna was the one who brought up the math homework and somehow they decided to study together that day.

As they studied, Gelya found herself very distracted by the sight of Brenna sitting cross-legged across from her on the queen-sized bed. Brenna's thin black necktie was undone and the standard white cotton dress shirt was unbuttoned a little too far, letting her white lacy bra peek out. The short pleated skirt was hiked up, revealing the edge of her panties.

Gelya had long ago accepted her crush on this beautiful girl. She knew that Brenna probably didn't share her feelings and so she kept them safely locked away in her heart. Gelya would only reveal them to herself in daydreams that revolved around kissing those rich full lips. There were times at night where she would lay alone in her bed and indulge her fantasies further.

At those times she had no problem dealing with her feelings - she knew what she was. But at this moment in time her emerging sexuality was a big problem. The object of her desire was so close to her and was showing way too much skin for Gelya's comfort. Gelya tried to concentrate on their homework as she felt her cotton panties becoming damper by the minute.

"Whew," Brenna blew out as she tossed her notes and textbook aside. "That was exhausting," she exclaimed as she fell back slightly on the pillows piled up behind her. "If this class is any indication, our senior year is going to be a real bugger."

"Tell me about it," Gelya agreed as she watched the rise and fall of Brenna's breasts.

"Thanks for helping me with this today," Brenna said as she sat up slightly, seemingly unaware that Gelya was peeking at her cleavage.

"No problem," Gelya answered quickly as she moved her focus up to Brenna's electrifying gaze. She instantly regretted her choice as she felt her breathing catch. Quickly she turned away, pretending to look around Brenna's bedroom while her breathing returned to normal. "Nice room," she complimented her hostess.

"Thanks." Brenna shrugged uncaringly. "Have you thought about what colleges you're going to apply for?"

"That's all I've been thinking about," Gelya answered thoughtfully as she returned her focus to Brenna.

"With your grades you should be able to get in anywhere you want," Brenna pointed out. "I'm seriously thinking about Stanford or Yale."

"Can't decide which coast you want to be on?" Gelya laughed.

"Not really," Brenna sighed. "I prefer Stanford but the folks are Yale alums and aren't thrilled with their little girl moving to the other side of the county, yada yada yada."

"Oh," was all Gelya could manage to say. It was at times like this she realized what a huge gap existed between her world and Brenna's.

"Why so quiet Gelya?" Brenna asked her voice thick with concern.

"Nothing," Gelya answered quickly. "I should get going."

"Bummer," Brenna sighed. "I'll get my keys."

"That's okay," Gelya declined the offer, suddenly feeling awkward. Brenna's stately home was within walking distance of their school so they had simply walked from there. Now Brenna's offer to drive her to her own home was making her uncomfortable. Their house was a run down apartment building. She wasn't ashamed of where she lived because her parents provided what they could. She just wasn't overly happy with the thought of Brenna seeing where she lived. It was the same as the discussion about where to go to school. Gelya didn't feel comfortable telling Brenna that she'd end up going to State unless she could get a full scholarship.

"Gelya?" Brenna began in a serious tone. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No," Gelya lied.

"So why the sudden hurry to leave?" Brenna asked in a lighter tone. "Hot date?" She inquired as her left foot reached out to poke the smaller woman in the ribs.

"No," Gelya giggled as she tried to push away the offending appendage.

Brenna laughed as she kept up the tickle fest. "So why are you in such a hurry to ditch me?" She

asked as she tickled the girl harder. "Am I boring you?"

"Stop it," Gelya said with a mock growl as she finally snagged Brenna's foot. An evil smile emerged as she held the foot captive and began her own attack. Brenna squirmed, trying to free herself from Gelya's assault.

The taller girl laughed wildly as she yanked her foot free and lunged after Gelya. The blonde found herself squealing as she tried to evade Brenna's attack. "Oh no," Gelya gasped as she felt Brenna wrapping her arms around her.

"I think you have some explaining to do," Brenna said in a mock growl as her fingers began a slow torture of Gelya's rib cage.

Gelya laughed uncontrollably as Brenna tickled her ribs unmercifully. Gelya felt like her lungs would explode as she found herself caught between hysterical laughter and an overheated libido. She found herself unable to fight back as her senses went into overload.

Gelya could feel Brenna's breasts pressed against her back. As the tickling escalated, Gelya delighted in the feel of Brenna's body pressing even closer to her. Gelya fought to suppress the moan that was building up inside of her. Brenna's hands roamed her body, occasionally slipping higher or lower than her ribs.

Her body arched of its own volition as strong fingers accidentally brushed the swell of her breast and the curve of her hips. Gelya knew that she needed to put a stop to her companion's innocent antics but she couldn't bring herself to say anything. Brenna's touch felt too good. It was intoxicating the way Brenna's hands just seemed to know where to touch her.

Unexpectedly, large hands slid around and cupped her breasts. Gelya could feel her body heat rising as her breathing became erratic. Feeling the warm breath caressing her ear, she couldn't fight the overwhelming sense of need that was now pulsating through her body. Uncertain, Gelya simply tried to relax, knowing that whatever was happening felt good.

Her nipples became hard as Brenna began to rub and squeeze Gelya's breasts. As Brenna continued playing with the sensitive nubs, Gelya felt Brenna's pelvis grinding into her backside. The laughter had ceased and was replaced by heavy breathing.

Gelya licked her lips as she felt Brenna's hands begin to slowly unbutton her white cotton blouse. She didn't know what to say or do. Brenna remained behind the smaller woman as she tugged the blouse out of Gelya's skirt. Gelya shivered as she felt the tiny kisses trailing a blaze down her neck as her blouse was removed.

Gelya moaned, unable to stop it from escaping this time. It felt so good being touched by this woman. Their hips had begun dancing together in a steady rhythm. Brenna wasted no time removing Gelya's bra. Now naked from the waist up, Gelya felt the excitement growing. Hands groped, feeling their way across her bare abdomen to grasp her hips as she thrust backwards into the touch.

Gelya was becoming dizzy as she felt long strong fingers feeling their way underneath her skirt. The moans deepened although Gelya was uncertain if it was Brenna or herself. The only thing she knew was Brenna's hands sliding up her skirt to caress her backside as their bodies moved together in a sensual rhythm.

Brenna slowly lowered Gelya's panties down her thighs and then guided her back gently. Gelya found herself lying on her back as Brenna straddled her hips. Neither of them spoke as their eyes locked in an intense gaze. Gelya's heart raced as she watched Brenna unbutton her own blouse. She swallowed hard as she watched Brenna reveal herself.

Gelya found herself mesmerized by Brenna's exposed breasts as the brunette removed her blouse and bra. Gelya thought that her heart would explode as Brenna lowered herself to her. Their breasts brushed against one another; nipples hardened from the touch.

Gelya felt Brenna's body pressed against her own and Brenna's warm lips tasted her neck. Gelya's smaller hands felt their way down Brenna's back and her fingers felt alive as they tingled from the energy generated by Brenna's exposed flesh. Feeling her way up and down the strong back, Gelya's mind struggled with the burning need to kiss Brenna. She had a deep-seated need to feel their lips melt together.

Brenna pulled away from her slightly, her long raven tresses falling down across her bronze skin. Gelya reached up to touch the two nipples lightly. The two rose-colored buds became erect from her touch and Brenna's crystal blue orbs fluttered shut as Gelya increased her touch.

She could feel Brenna shudder as her tongue snaked out and flicked across one nipple, while she captured the other breast with the palm of her hand. Brenna ran her hand through Gelya's long blonde hair, moaning as Gelya treated herself to a more in depth exploration of Brenna's breast.

Brenna gently lowered Gelya back onto the bedding. She ran her hands over Gelya's body caressing every inch of exposed flesh. Her hands slipped down to feel their way to the cotton panties that were still resting on Gelya's firm thighs. Her fingers paused briefly at the elastic waistband. Her crystal blue orbs flashed brilliantly as she looked down into Gelya's emerald green eyes.

Gelya's eyes flashed their acceptance as she slipped her hands under Brenna's pleated skirt. Their eyes locked in a steady gaze as they removed each other's panties. Clad only in their skirts and white bobby socks, they found themselves locked in a passionate kiss. Gelya felt Brenna's tongue brush against her lower lip.

Gelya invited Brenna in by opening her lips and her thighs. Brenna pressed against the small blonde as her tongue entered Gelya's mouth. Her fingers began a sweet exploration of Gelya's damp golden curls. Long fingers slid into the wetness that awaited her touch. Gelya lost herself in the passionate kiss, aware only of the beating of her heart and Brenna gently stroking her clit.

Gelya's legs opened further, silently inviting Brenna to take whatever she wanted. Brenna snuggled her long form between Gelya's thighs. Her heart was racing as Brenna lifted her skirt

higher. A pleading groan sprang from deep within her. She could feel a finger teasing her just outside of her opening. Her hips arched eagerly as Brenna entered her carefully.

There seemed to be a certain shyness surrounding her actions. Gelya winced slightly as she felt a second finger join the first. "Are you . . .," Brenna started to ask in a trembling tone.

"I haven't . . .," she tried to explain as she wondered why she was just giving away her virginity so easily. The question quickly vanished as she felt Brenna's fingers sliding gently in and out of her.

"Neither have I," Brenna said as she leaned forward and captured Gelya's lips.

Brenna's rhythm increased as Gelya found herself grabbing at the taller girl's backside. They found themselves melting together. Gelya needed more. She needed to feel and taste more; she needed to experience everything that Brenna had to offer. She carefully moved one of her hands between the legs of the woman on top of her. Feeling the wetness that instantly coated her fingers, she didn't hesitate to begin her own exploration as Brenna continued to plunge in and out of her.

Nudging Brenna's legs apart with her thigh, Gelya quickly slipped deeply into the wet passion that seemed to be calling her. She felt the resistance and understood completely as she slowed her movements. She looked up at the beautiful woman poised above her. Brenna's soft long hair gently tickled her skin as she felt her breathing catch. As she looked into Brenna's eyes, she felt lost. They remained locked in a heated gaze as their hands simply acted on pure instinct.

Their wetness grew as their fingers plunged in and out; the pace growing wild as moans floated through the thick afternoon air. Each felt their thighs trembling as their bodies arched. They were thrusting against each other in a frantic need to give and receive as much pleasure as possible. Their voices rang out as each climaxed. They found themselves trembling as half naked bodies collapsed together, clinging to one another.

Brenna began to kiss the nape of Gelya's neck, tasting her way down the blonde's body. Brenna guided her to lie on her stomach. Once again she felt Brenna's hands lifting her skirt and her buttocks rose in response. She felt Brenna's wetness pressing into her, Brenna's breasts grazing against her back, her hands feeling between Gelya's legs. Brenna kissed her way down Gelya's back, her tongue feeling its way down to a firm ass.

Gelya's body thrust back, offering itself up. Brenna's tongue dipped in, tasting everywhere until she found herself sampling Gelya's throbbing wetness from behind. Gelya rocked, thrilled to know that Brenna was below her, tasting what she was doing to her. She felt Brenna gripping her cheeks firmly as her tongue plunged into her deeply. Gelya bucked furiously as Brenna's mouth took her deeply, driving her over the edge. Her thighs trembled as she cried out. She started to collapse onto the bed, only to be held in place by Brenna. She smiled and trembled as she felt the sweet swirling of Brenna's tongue.

Brenna's tongue teased her stopping suddenly as she lifted herself and moved behind the small

blonde. Her fingers slipped between Gelya's trembling thighs. Gelya was panting uncontrollably as the long fingers felt their way across her swollen lips. She tried to hold on as the teasing commenced again. "Please," she finally begged. Brenna entered her, taking her quickly. Gelya pressed her face into the mattress as her fists clenched the comforter. Brenna was riding her from behind, her groans driving Gelya further over the edge.

Once again they climaxed together and collapsed onto the bed. Their bodies were covered in sweat as they clung to each other. Gelya's fingers began to trace a slow path along the swell of Brenna's breast. A moan escaped from the taller girl. Gelya lowered her head, her tongue circled the tantalizing rose colored nipple. Needing more she captured the erect nipple in her mouth and began to suckle it. She felt Brenna's hand clasping the back of her head. Urging her on she greedily took the breast into her mouth savouring the taste.

She felt her own passion growing as she shifted her body on top of Brenna's. Settling herself between those long legs she pressed her stomach into Brenna's wetness. Knowing what she wanted, what she needed she began to kiss her way down Brenna's body. When she reached the waistband of Brenna's skirt, she lifted her own body slightly. Looking down she drank in the look of pure desire in Brenna's eyes.

She lifted Brenna's skirt and lowered herself between Brenna's powerful thighs. Brenna wrapped her legs around Gelya's back as the smaller girl inhaled the intoxicating aroma that was Brenna. She gently kissed the inside of Brenna's trembling thighs. Then she ran her fingers thru the dark curly hair. Spreading her lips apart she dipped her tongue into the sweet nectar and began to drink. Eagerly she suckled her clit as Brenna thrust her wetness up to greet her. With her face pressing deeply into Brenna's center she licked her clit in a steady maddening rhythm. She held on tightly as Brenna climaxed arching against her as she screamed out.

Gelya tasted her quickly before climbing up to be captured in Brenna's warm embrace. Their hearts still racing as they once again held each other tightly.

They heard a noise off in the distance. "My parents," Brenna informed her grimly as she reached for their discarded clothing. Gelya touched Brenna gently on the shoulder.

"Brenna?" she began slowly. "What does this mean?"

"I don't know," Brenna confessed as they began to dress. Her face was clouded in deep thought. "But I really want to find out," she concluded as a smile broke out. Gelya couldn't help but smile in return.

And find out they did. In fact, their exploration continued on the drive home. Much to Gelya's surprise and pleasure, she learned that Brenna maintain her focus on driving while she slipped a hand up her skirt and play with her clit until she climaxed and begged the taller girl to pull off of the road. Gelya got home very late that night.

Now all these years later Gelya found herself smiling at her first love as the stirring of long forgotten feelings threatened to overwhelm her.

THE END

Brenna and Gelya are back in [Second Chances](#).

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

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