

~ Second Chances ~
(That Thursday Afternoon - Part 2)

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

Part One

Brenna couldn't believe it. Geyla was standing directly in front of her. Her high school sweetheart - this was incredible. Even more incredible was that Geyla had actually grown more attractive over the years. She seemed somehow more confident with her firm body and short hair that seemed even blonder than she remembered. Gone was the girl who had captured her heart and in her place was an incredibly beautiful woman. "I can't believe it's really you," she said as she nervously brushed back her long raven hair.

"Brenna?" Geyla smiled back at her. "What are you doing here?"

"My office is just next door," Brenna explained with a shrug, feeling relieved that they were so relaxed with one another.

"Get out," Geyla beamed.

"Okay," Brenna teased as she turned to leave.

Geyla's gentle touch halted her movement. "Get back here you goof," Geyla laughed.

"Make up your mind," Brenna joked, her body instantly warming from Geyla's touch. She allowed the small powerhouse to drag her back into the tiny office. Geyla closed the door behind her as she laughed at the taller woman's antics.

"I still can't believe this," Brenna said with crooked smile. "When I heard the new accountant's name was Geyla, I thought it might be you. I mean, how many people out there are named Geyla?"

"I know. The little Irish lass with the Russian name." Geyla chuckled as she released her hold on

Brenna and settled halfway on her desk.

"Angelic," Brenna said in a slight haze as her body cooled from the lack of contact with Geyla.

"You are the only person I've ever met that knew the meaning of my name," Geyla explained, the smile never leaving her features.

"It suits you," Brenna said absently. "Always did." She shook her head to clear her thoughts, not wanting to get off on the wrong foot with her old . . . *friend*. "I was a little confused though. Your last name is different," Brenna began hesitantly.

"Divorced," Geyla offered simply.

"Oh," Brenna's heart dropped slightly.

"Nice guy," Geyla explained sincerely. "But . . ." Geyla paused for a moment as she dropped her gaze slightly.

"You don't have to . . .," Brenna jumped in, feeling a little uneasy hearing about Geyla's ex-husband.

"No," Geyla said suddenly. "I'm being silly. It's just that we haven't seen each other in a long time. Given what we said to one another that night."

"Prom night," Brenna added with a slight wince. "We were so young."

"To say the least," Geyla laughed lightly. "Brian and I split up because I couldn't lie anymore. I'm gay," she added with confidence.

"Thank God," Brenna practically shouted. "Oops." She clasped an embarrassed hand over her mouth.

She relaxed as Geyla threw back her head and laughed. "I take it by your reaction that we bat for the same team?" Geyla chuckled at Brenna's flustered state.

"Out and about," Brenna confirmed as she blew out a cleansing breath. "In fact, the last date I had with a guy was Huey."

"The dufus you went to the prom with?" Geyla blurted out. "Sorry," she quickly added with a blush. "Never liked him," she muttered guiltily.

"Why would you?" Brenna inquired in a relaxed tone. "Water under the bridge," she added in hopes of clearing the air. At the moment she was just happy to see Geyla. After the horrible way things had ended between them, it would be nice to have her friend back. "It's really good to see you again," she added warmly as she fought back the sudden overwhelming desire to just grab the woman and kiss her senseless. '*Just old memories,*' she cautioned herself.

"Yeah, it's good to see you too," Geyla agreed. "I hated the way things ended between us."

"What did we know," Brenna concurred. "We were just teenagers. Look, I'd like it if we could get together sometime and do lunch or something. Kind of catch up with one another."

"I'd really like that," Geyla responded happily. "But right now I really should look like I'm working what with it being my first day and all. I wouldn't want to make a bad impression."

"Okay," Brenna said. "We'll catch up later."

Having said that, Brenna offered a friendly wave and left the office. As she stepped into her own tiny office, her head was spinning.

PART TWO

Brenna practically floated to her desk. She felt elated at the way things had gone with Geyla. Initially she had been apprehensive but Geyla's reaction instantly put her at ease. "I can't believe it after all these years," she said merrily to the stuffed Tigger that sat on her desk. "Wow!" She giggled as she spun herself around in her leather chair, clutching the ragged stuffed animal to her chest. "I better hide you away. I wouldn't want her to think I'm sentimental," she said to the Tigger as if the toy could respond. "Cause I'm not," she asserted in an effort to convince herself.

Brenna couldn't help it as her mind drifted to the night Geyla had given her the stuffed Tigger. It was one of the last happy moments the two young girls had shared. It was the night before they were to start their final semester at St. Marks. Geyla's Uncle James lived in Orlando so her family decided to spend the holidays there and enjoy Disney World.

Brenna remembered how she hated the idea of being separated from Geyla for the holidays. Things had already been tense between the young couple. Brenna had been all too aware of the fact that people were starting to take notice of their sudden friendship. They were young and in love; at least she knew that she was. Her parents were far from accepting of the time she spent with the young blonde who was literally from the wrong side of the tracks.

Geyla had often suggested sleepovers so they could spend more time together. Brenna knew that they were out of the question. She never had the heart to tell the sweet girl that her parents simply didn't approve. They were reduced to grabbing stolen moments whenever they could. Often Brenna would find herself caught in a lie. Back then she was forced to lie to everyone - her friends, her family and, of course, Geyla. Around Thanksgiving her parents insisted that she go out on a date with a boy. She knew she had no choice after they went ballistic over her lack of attendance at any of the social functions that fall. And she couldn't very well explain to them that she was involved with Geyla.

When Geyla found out, she threw a major fit. Brenna discovered that the sweet angelic blonde that had stolen her heart possessed a fiery temper. Brenna promised that it was just for show and

somehow smoothed things out between them. She looked forward to the winter break where she was certain that she would be able to spend time with Geyla. Her hopes were dashed when Geyla told her that her father had saved up his vacation time and they were heading to Florida for the break.

Upon Geyla's return the couple arranged to get together. Brenna's parents were out for the evening. She recalled how anxious she was to see the blonde. They sat by the fire in the living room. Brenna had lit the lights on the Christmas tree. Brenna had tried to play it cool, but then Geyla gave her the stuffed Tigger she had purchased down in Disney World. Her heart melted on the spot.

She hugged the smaller woman to thank her and quickly their lips sought out one another. Just as quickly, they found themselves removing each other's clothing. Brenna never forgot the feeling of the heat of the fire on her back, while feeling the heat of Geyla's body lying beside her as they pleased one another. Faces buried in each other's wetness, they tasted and teased each other endlessly.

The moment was broken when she heard her parents entering the house. There was a mad scramble to get dressed and rush Geyla out the back door. She laughed at the memory of how she had tried to appear calm when she spoke to her Mother and Father. She hid her face, certain that they could see her flushed features. If her parents had taken notice that anything was amiss, they never said a word.

Her face turned grim as she held the Tigger tightly, recalling the guilt at tossing Geyla out into the cold night air. She had never given her the present she had bought her. Like the ragged stuffed animal that she was now clutching, she had never gotten rid of it either. It was at her home tucked away in box filled with notes and other mementos she had saved from their brief time together.

As she was lost in thoughts of their time together, Brenna's hand had absently begun to stroke her own breast. She blushed suddenly as her arousal alerted her to her actions. "Oops," she grinned sheepishly as she halted her movements. "Not exactly the time or place for that. Of course when I get home tonight, I have a feeling that *Lefty* and I are going to have a grand old time." She snickered to herself as she flexed her left hand in appreciation.

PART THREE

Brenna enjoyed spending time with Geyla. Over the past month since the blonde started working at the same accounting firm, they had really become friends. Yet Brenna was trapped in a new set of problems. Their conversations would often lead them back to their time as lovers, and of course some details would occasionally slip out. It wasn't a problem except that Brenna found herself very attracted to Geyla. In some ways it was if time had stood still. She felt the constant rush of desire that she had experienced as a teenager.

She also felt desire for the woman that Geyla had become. She was confident with a quick mind

and not the shy girl who once hid those qualities. Brenna could barely control her hands around the outgoing woman. Yet she didn't sense that Geyla felt the same way. She didn't want to ruin their newfound friendship over something that might not be what it seemed. She had to question whether or not she was simply reacting to what they once had. Perhaps it wasn't what they had, it was what they had lost back then.

They broke up in the early spring that year when prying eyes and pressure from others drove them apart. Brenna hadn't wanted to end their blossoming relationship but they were trapped in a small town. Their breakup finally came about when she felt that Geyla wasn't there for her. If the truth was told, she was the one who had pulled away. That wasn't something she wasn't capable of admitting until she had grown up.

Looking back, Geyla had simply grown tired of being her secret. Brenna had offered her body but never really given Geyla her heart. Brenna started dating the Captain of the football team in hopes of soothing her aching heart. Huey could never take Geyla's place, but he was the more appropriate choice at the time. The last time they saw one another was at the prom. It was Geyla's date that had set Brenna off. Geyla's escort was Brenna's brother, George.

The events of the evening inevitably took a nasty turn. Brenna was fuming when she discovered that Geyla had accepted an invitation from her younger brother. She stopped speaking to the sibling she had always been close to. The night was perfect for everyone except the tall brooding Brenna. Perhaps that was why she accepted the alcohol that Huey offered her. On the outside she looked like she was having fun, surrounded by her friends and her ever-doting boyfriend. Internally she was a mass of anger and confusion.

"Water under the bridge," she muttered to herself as she pulled her car up to Geyla's apartment building. It was Sunday night on a holiday weekend and they had made plans to hang out together. It was to be a simple friendly evening of takeout food and videos. Brenna rang the doorbell as she juggled the pizza carton and sodas. When the door opened she was greeted by a vision of beauty. Geyla smiled brightly at her, dressed in a pair of tight black jeans and a teal baby-doll T-shirt. *'Damn, why isn't she wearing a bra?'* Brenna's mind cursed as she realized that the simple friendly evening had just taken a very frustrating turn.

PART FOUR

A few hours later Brenna was sitting on Geyla's very comfortable sofa, feeling anything but comfortable. Her libido was screaming loudly, her heart was pounding, her palms were sweaty and her nipples had been painfully erect since the moment Geyla greeted her at the door. For the first time in years she felt the same way she did the first time they made love. Her stomach was tied up in a knot, just as it had been all those years ago as they sat on her bed studying.

Geyla's bare foot brushed up against hers, breaking her train of thought. It hadn't helped that the blonde had been playing footsie with her all night. In fact, Geyla had been very touchy-feely all night long and it only served to fuel Brenna's increasing desire.

"Pizza was good," Geyla said casually as she brushed her fingers along Brenna's arm. Brenna's body tensed once again.

"Thanks," she responded curtly.

"Are you okay?" Geyla asked softly as her hand moved to Brenna's thigh. It wasn't overtly sexual but Brenna's body couldn't help but reacting.

"Fine," she lied, avoiding eye contact which was easy in the dark room.

"The movie sucked," Geyla added, shifting slightly closer to Brenna.

"Yeah," Brenna answered flatly.

"Sorry about that," Geyla apologized. "It got great reviews," she explained to Brenna who was pretending to watch the news. "Are you sure that you're okay?" Geyla inquired once again.

"Yeah," Brenna responded in the same dry tone.

"You just seem kind of distant tonight," Geyla shrugged as her nimble fingers began to trace a pattern along Brenna's thigh.

"I'm fine," Brenna lied as she enjoyed Geyla's lingering touch. *'This is ridiculous,'* she chided herself. *'Either she's flirting or she's not. First things first.'* She wanted to give in to what her body was craving yet her heart wanted more than just one night. If Geyla was flirting, it would be difficult to refuse her but they needed to clear the air first.

"George says hi," she offered carefully as Geyla's hand suddenly halted its movement. *'Okay, probably not the best way to start this conversation.'* She cringed internally as Geyla folded her arms across her ample chest.

"How is the little stinker?" Geyla inquired with a tense smirk.

"Still pissed off at him?" Brenna said, hoping that this would be the opening that she needed.

"Now why would I hold a grudge against George?" The blonde muttered as her jaw clenched.

"Oh, I don't know," Brenna teased slightly, turning towards Geyla. "Perhaps it's because he told every guy at school that he scored with you on prom night."

"Which he didn't," Geyla flared as she turned a fiery gaze up at Brenna. "The only person I touched that night was . . ."

"Me," Brenna finished for her. "I know. George told me the truth."

Geyla's features softened as her arms lowered to her lap. "He did?" She asked in a quizzical tone.

"Yeah," Brenna confirmed. "Granted, it was a couple of years later when I had come home after my sophomore year and finally came out to my parents."

"That must have gone over well," Geyla noted sympathetically.

"George was the only one who didn't throw a clot," Brenna laughed lightly. "We hadn't been close, not since the whole prom thing. I was so angry with him for asking you and of course I couldn't tell him why. He came to me after my parents exploded. He told me that he loved me and then, without my asking, he told me that he knew that I had feelings for you back in school. That's when he told me that he was still a virgin and that you didn't even kiss him goodnight."

"Then why did he tell every one that we slept together?" Geyla asked.

"He said it was a guy thing," Brenna explained. "He couldn't very well admit that as a Junior he went to the Senior prom with one of the cutest girls in school and only got to hold her hand."

"Makes sense now," Geyla conceded. "Back then it really hurt me."

Brenna nodded in understanding as she took a deep breath, preparing herself for what she had to ask next. "Speaking of hurt . . .," she began slowly. ". . . why did you go to the prom with my brother? You dated other guys back then."

"I only dated boys because you told me to," Geyla offered in her own defense.

"I know," Brenna admitted. "I was terrified that someone would find out about us. But my brother?"

Geyla paused for a moment as she ran her fingers through her short blonde hair. "To hurt you," she finally admitted in a sad tone. "I was so hurt when we split up and I heard stories about what you and Huey were doing."

"We weren't," Brenna offered softly as she reached over and took Geyla's trembling hand in her own.

"Now you tell me," Geyla chuckled lightly. "I also knew that it would really frost your parents' cookies if George escorted me. I knew they didn't like me."

"I'm sorry. I really tried to keep that from you," Brenna said sincerely as she clasped Geyla's hand a little tighter. "Looking back on things, I guess we really weren't fooling anyone but ourselves."

"Hmm," Geyla added thoughtfully. "Did you tell him about that night? What we did outside the restaurant?"

"No," Brenna answered solemnly. "What a mess that was."

"I know."

"I wasn't able to take my eyes off you that night," Brenna confessed as she stared deeply into Geyla's eyes. "When I saw you go outside, I knew that I had to follow you."

"All that angst was too much for the both of us," Geyla concluded as Brenna absently ran her thumb across the smaller hand that was still joined with her own. "I mean one moment we were . . ."

"Fucking," Brenna offered, cringing slightly at the bitter memory.

"Yeah, and that was all it was," Geyla agreed. "No small wonder we weren't able to climax."

Brenna chuckled slightly as she shifted her body closer to Geyla. "That was the only time that happened with us. Then we had that awful argument. I always regretted the things I said. I didn't mean any of it. I was just so confused and very much in love with you." Her heart skipped a beat as she finally admitted her true feelings.

"I was going through the same thing," Geyla smiled at her and she felt her heart melt. "I never meant what I said that night either. I was in love with you too."

PART FIVE

They fell into a comfortable silence and Brenna's eyes drifted to Geyla's pouting lips. She shivered slightly as the tip of the blonde's tongue licked those lips lightly. "I wished that we had talked about this then," Geyla said.

"Probably wouldn't have made a difference then," Brenna concluded as she moved her gaze back up to Geyla's eyes.

"And now?" Geyla offered in a husky tone as she placed her free hand on Brenna's thigh. "Now that we're all grown up? What would you like to say to me now?" Geyla asked in a voice barely above a whisper as she leaned slightly into Brenna's body.

"Now . . .," Brenna choked out as she leaned into Geyla. Their nipples gently brushed as their bodies touched. ". . . now . . .," she repeated in a dreamy tone before lowering her lips gently to Geyla's. It was a brief meeting filled with promise. She cupped Geyla's face in her hand as she lost herself in those emerald orbs. ". . . I would tell you that you are a captivating woman who is slowly working her way into my heart. And that I treasure the friendship that's building between us." She felt Geyla tense slightly at the word *'friendship'*. "But that isn't all I feel for you," Brenna admitted. "I loved you then and I feel my heart leading me to who you are now. And it frightens me."

Geyla leaned into her touch as the blonde ran her hands along her back. "Don't be afraid," Geyla

whispered. "Trust me. Trust us." The sincerity of those simple words sent a surge of pure elation through Brenna's entire being. Brenna knew that now was not the time for talking. She gave herself over, trusting the look of love twinkling in Geyla's eyes.

She kissed Geyla's eagerly waiting lips that parted instinctively. They quickly began to explore the warmth of one another's mouth. Brenna gently lowered Geyla down on the sofa, pressing her longer frame into Geyla's embrace. Brenna swooned as Geyla's hands grasped her hips. They continued to kiss as their bodies shifted on the sofa. Now lying side by side, hands began a gentle exploration.

Brenna allowed her hands to guide her just as she had the first time they made love. Once again her body reacted on pure instinct fueled by the passion she felt for this woman. Her hands slipped under the tiny shirt that had been taunting her all evening. She heard a soft moan as she cupped the firm breast awaiting her.

She could feel Geyla's hands gliding over her body as the smaller woman tugged her shirt out of her jeans. The only thing that Brenna knew for certain was that she wanted to take things slow this time. She wanted to make love to this woman all night long. Her fingers gently teased Geyla's now erect nipples. She moaned as her own shirt was unbuttoned.

The cool autumn air caressed her skin as her blouse was opened. She shivered slightly as small confident hands explored her exposed skin. Their lips separated as their hips melted together. She smiled brightly as Geyla's head dipped slightly, gently nipping at her very sensitive neck.

In response Brenna pulled the teal baby-doll shirt up. Geyla halted her assault on Brenna's neck long enough to allow her to remove her shirt. Brenna felt a hunger pulsating through her as she drank in the sight of Geyla's half naked body. Leaning down, she kissed Geyla's lips gently as her own blouse was removed from her body. At that moment, everything felt right as her bra was unclasped and slipped off of her body.

They paused for a moment, allowing their fingers to gently caress exposed flesh. Smiling, they gazed deeply into one another's eyes. Their hands slowly tortured as they each blazed a path down to the other's abdomen. Brenna felt a jolt of pleasure as each began to unbutton and lower the zipper of their lover's pants. In unison their hands tugged on the offending garments. They giggled lightly as they realized it was time to free themselves of all barriers.

Kissing lightly they then pulled away and removed the remainder of their clothing. Now both women found themselves completely naked. Drawn by some unseen force they wrapped themselves up in one another's arms. The jolt of pleasure as their bodies joined sent a tremble through both of them.

They instinctively began a deep passionate kiss, their tongues immediately engaged in a sensual dance. Thighs slipped between each other, dipping into the other's passion. Brenna's hands caressed the woman lying beside her, weaving a tantalizing trail down until she found herself cupping Geyla's firm backside. She heard her lover moan as her body thrust against Brenna's.

Brenna kneaded firm flesh tenderly as she felt Geyla's desire against her thigh. Her own body began to rock gently, offering up her own passion. Brenna no longer knew where she ended and Geyla began as hands shifted, feeling every inch of each other. Brenna gasped loudly, tearing her lips from Geyla's as both women slipped a gentle knowing hand between the other's trembling thighs.

They each parted their legs, welcoming the other's touch. Geyla's mouth captured one of Brenna's breasts, her tongue and teeth teasing an already sensitive nipple. The sensation threatened to drive Brenna over the edge. Her own fingers felt their way through damp golden curls, slipping two digits between swollen lips as her lover moaned deeply against her skin.

Brenna parted her lover as Geyla's fingers began a sweet exploration of their own. Their hips ground together, building into a passionate rhythm as each began to tease one another's throbbing clit. Brenna teased Geyla's opening and her lover mirrored her actions. Their bodies seemed to be humming as they continued to tease each other.

No longer able to hold back they entered each other, gently at first. It built into a wild exploration, panting and gasping as they thrust in and out. Each woman used her thumb to tease the other's sensitive nub. Their bodies rocked together, continuing to pleasure one another. Crying out, they crossed over, climaxing together. Trembling, they melted into each other. They held each other tightly, both seemingly afraid to let go.

As their breathing steadied, they exchanged sweet gentle kisses. Finally they each slipped out of the other. Brenna's passion still needed more. Sighing, she felt Geyla's hands teasing and exploring her body. Geyla gently guided her onto her back. She allowed the smaller woman to take control for the moment. Brilliant emerald eyes stared down at her. Brenna smiled up, losing herself in the smoky gaze.

A devious smile emerged on Geyla's angelic features. Brenna swallowed hard as she recalled having seen that look years ago. She couldn't resist giving in to Geyla's desires. She nodded in acceptance as the smaller woman began to part her thighs. She groaned as Geyla's body settled between her legs.

Geyla's lips brushed against her own sweetly. Her wetness pressed into the firm abdomen above her. Their nipples touched. Geyla placed sweet kisses along Brenna's jaw and slowly began to taste her way down Brenna's now trembling body. Her heart raced as she felt Geyla's mouth taunting her. She arched her back as Geyla suckled her heaving breast.

Brenna couldn't control her body as she tried to steady her breathing. She wanted this moment to last forever, but as Geyla's mouth worked its way down she knew that she was already nearing the edge. Brenna trembled as Geyla's tongue tasted her abdomen. She cried out weakly as Geyla's tongue dipped into her navel. Looking down her own naked body, she watched as the blonde hair moved down her body.

Her eyes fluttered shut as Geyla's breath tickled her dark curls. She felt her lover's mouth on her thighs as her own hands drifted to her breasts. Geyla lifted her slightly as she nestled herself

between Brenna's legs. Brenna continued to tease her own breasts as Geyla tasted her, her tongue licking all that she had to offer. Her body arched in pleasure as Geyla's tongue entered her. "Yes," she hissed as her eyes opened wide and her hand shot out to the back of Geyla's head.

Geyla held her tightly as her hips shot off the sofa. Finding herself looking into those eyes that had haunted her over the years, she cried out. Geyla continued loving her with her mouth. Her focus shifted as her fingers replaced her tongue. Her mouth was now feasting upon her swollen nub. Brenna's body once again rocked from the pleasure. As she climaxed once again, she felt the room spinning. Her ears were ringing as she realized that her lover had no intention of stopping.

Brenna pried herself away, gasping as Geyla whimpered. "No . . . ," she choked out. She knew the look on Geyla's face. "Uh uh, no you don't," she cautioned her lover with a smile.

"But . . . ," Geyla began weakly as she licked her fingers, casting a lustful gaze down at Brenna's quivering form. ". . . you taste so good," Geyla finished in a sensual tone.

She watched as Geyla began to lower herself back down. "Oh no, baby," Brenna purred as she reached for her. "It's my turn," she said firmly. She was greeted by a tender smile as Geyla climbed up into her arms. Capturing the smaller woman, Brenna held her tightly as she kissed her deeply.

Their bodies once again melted together as Brenna guided her lover onto her back. Breaking away from the heated kiss, she began to touch Geyla's body. She delighted in knowing that her touch was driving her lover insane. "Please," Geyla moaned as she turned herself over.

Brenna watched as she moved her body to accommodate Geyla's movements. Brenna pressed herself against Geyla who was now supporting herself on her hands and knees. Her nipples ached as they brushed against Geyla's bare back. She nudged the smaller woman's legs further apart.

Geyla gasped as Brenna pressed her wetness into her. "You still like this?" she muttered hotly into her ear as she lifted Geyla up slightly. Her arms wrapped around Geyla as she pulled her up into a kneeling position. "Yes," Geyla grunted as Brenna cupped her breasts.

"Show me," Brenna encouraged her. She bit her bottom lip as she watched Geyla begin to pleasure herself. "That's it, baby," she moaned as her hands slipped down. She captured Geyla's hips and began to thrust into her firm backside. Brenna's heart pounded, knowing that she was driving the both of them closer to ecstasy.

Reaching down, she clasped Geyla's wrist she urged her on. The frantic rhythm pushed them closer to the edge. She pulled Geyla's hand away from her center. Geyla whimpered once again as Brenna brought her fingers up to her mouth. The intoxicating aroma made her mouth water. She licked and sucked Geyla's fingers, savoring the taste of her. It was too much for the brunette to resist.

She guided Geyla's body back down as she nestled herself behind the woman. Tasting and

teasing, her mouth worked its way along Geyla's backside until it found its way into her center. She feasted upon Geyla's passion as her fingers teased her clit. She could hear her lover's screams of pleasure as her fingers entered her.

Brenna moved her body once again so that she was now kneeling behind Geyla. She plunged her fingers in and out, while grinding her wetness against her. Geyla's breathing became frantic as she clutched and tore at the sofa cushions. Brenna felt her lover's orgasm crashing over her as she continued to pleasure her. She rode the firm backside until she too screamed out.

They collapsed together onto the sofa. They clung to each other as the spasms continued. Once their breathing settled, Brenna kissed Geyla's ear gently. "Take me to bed," Geyla requested in a weak voice. "I want to wake up with you in the morning."

"I love you," Brenna murmured as she kissed Geyla once again.

The duo stood on shaky limbs. Holding one another up, they crossed the room and made their way into the bedroom. Climbing into bed, they quickly found themselves locked in another passionate embrace. Their lovemaking continued until way past the rising of the sun.

Finally, when their bodies had nothing left to offer, they drifted off into a blissful slumber. Several hours later Brenna awoke, still holding her lover tightly. She kissed the top of Geyla's head. "I've been waiting for this moment for years," she muttered happily.

"What's that?" A familiar voice asked as lips brushed against her skin.

"To wake up with you in my arms," Brenna answered, unable to keep from smiling.

"I love you," Geyla said tenderly as her kisses continued.

They soon found themselves expressing their emotions in a physical manner. Brenna lost herself in her lover's touch as the pair began to explore a sweet mixture of old and new feelings. The following morning they once again awoke in each other's arms. The race to get ready for work didn't dampen the mood. Brenna smiled to herself as she drove home. She'd been given a second chance and this time she knew that her heart would win.

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