

~ Memory Lane ~
(That Thursday Afternoon - Part 3)

by Mavis Appewater
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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

Gelya yawned as she shuffled out of her bedroom. She turned on the coffee maker and then powered up the computer to check her email. As she sifted through the email and waited for the coffee to brew, she noticed the crumpled invitation lying next to the computer. She sighed heavily as she looked at it once again. "I don't want to go," she muttered as it dangled from her hand above the trash bucket. She grimaced as she tossed it once again onto her desk. "I should just throw it out," she grunted, as it seemed to be taunting her.

After responding to her email she got up to check on the coffee. Her emerald eyes once again drifted to the invitation that sat on her desk. She knew she hadn't thrown it out because Brenna wanted to go. "Of course she wants to go," Gelya grumbled as she poured herself a cup of coffee, filling it with an excessive amount of sugar and cream. "She was the most popular girl in school. Everyone loved her - including me." Gelya chuckled as she wondered how the class of '87 would react if they knew that their precious Homecoming Queen lost her virginity to the quiet girl who was there only because she was smart enough to get a scholarship.

Gelya pondered the thought as she went into the bathroom and prepared to take her shower. Once she was engulfed in the gentle hot mist she wondered if she should go to the alumni dinner just to show them up. Gelya wasn't by nature a petty person. It was just that Covington was a small town inhabited by either very rich or very poor people. There was no middle class per sae. The two distinctively different economies were literally divided by the railroad tracks.

Gelya and her family lived on one side and Brenna and her fellow classmates lived on the other. Gelya was bright and hard working. It paid off when she got a scholarship to St. Mark's, the parochial school on the outskirts of town. Gelya was poor, studious and Protestant. It didn't matter; the public school was a war zone and St. Mark's was her ticket to college. She didn't care that her fellow classmates shunned her solely based on her economic standing. She was there to

get a good education. What she hadn't counted on was the one person who was nice to her. Brenna McKenzie was the only one who would even bother to say hello to her in the hallways of the imposing stone buildings of St. Mark's.

"I did like the way she looked in that cute little skirt." Gelya sighed happily as she stepped out of the shower. She blushed as she wrapped her body in her navy blue terrycloth robe and made her way back to the kitchen for a refill. She'd loved running her hands up under Brenna's pleated skirt. It still filled her with desire thinking about the stolen moments they'd shared. She poured a second cup of coffee after preparing her own. This cup was black with no sugar. "Disgusting," Gelya said as she crinkled her nose at the offending beverage and, carefully balancing both mugs, she made her way back to her bedroom.

She carefully placed both cups of coffee on the nightstand and leaned over the naked woman wrapped in a sheet. *'I wonder how old Huey would take it if he knew that his prom date is naked in my bed?'* she pondered gleefully as she brushed a strand of raven hair from her lover's brow. "Brenna sweetie, it's time to get up," Gelya cooed softly as Brenna tried to pull the sheet up over her head. Gelya smiled at her lover's antics. Brenna was not a morning person. In fact she could be down right nasty until she was properly caffeinated. "Brenna," she repeated in a more forceful tone, "we need to get ready for work."

"Don't want to," the tall woman whimpered as she rolled over, exposing her bare backside.

"I do so love the mornings." Gelya smirked as she ran her fingertips down Brenna's back. The brunette released a throaty moan as Gelya's hands drifted further down her body. Brenna rolled over, her crystal blue eyes capturing Gelya in a smoky gaze. Gelya's eyes drifted down to Brenna's firm full breasts that were now exposed by the lowered sheet. Gelya smiled mischievously as her small hand drifted to the swell of Brenna's breasts.

The sharp intake of breath that emanated from Brenna further fueled the blonde's desires. "I love it when you stay over," Gelya confessed as she slowly began to roll one of Brenna's nipples between two of her fingers.

"So do I," Brenna responded in a breathy tone as she rolled onto her side. Brenna's naked body brushed slightly against the soft cotton of Gelya's robe.

The blonde cupped her lover's face and drew her in for a lingering kiss. "Good morning," she said brightly as the kiss reluctantly ended.

"Good morning," Brenna responded with a brilliant smile of her own. "Is that coffee I smell?"

"Huh," Gelya scoffed as she pulled slightly away. "Fine; toss me aside for a cup of coffee," she teased as she climbed slightly off the bed. Brenna gently tugging on the tie on her robe halted her movement.

"Come back to bed," Brenna urged her in a sultry tone.

Gelya considered the thought but the glaring red numbers on her alarm clock alerted her that there just wasn't enough time. "It's getting late," Gelya reluctantly noted as she pulled away from her pouting lover's touch.

"Fine," Brenna whimpered. "Coffee?"

"On the night stand," Gelya informed her as she crossed the room to gather work clothes.

"Maybe we can have lunch together?" Brenna suggested eagerly as she climbed out of bed and sipped her coffee.

Gelya's lips curled into a scowl. She had plans and Brenna was well aware of that fact. "I have plans," she responded flatly.

"That's right," Brenna grumbled. "Lunch with him."

"He has a name," Gelya grunted, once again failing to understand why Brenna didn't like her socializing with Brian.

"Brian," Brenna corrected herself as she put on an old T-shirt she kept at Gelya's. "I'm sorry, baby," Brenna offered with sincerity. "I don't dislike Brian. It's just that . . . well, you were married to him."

"And I divorced him because I didn't love him," Gelya explained, not for the first time.

"I know it's silly," Brenna conceded. "And I have to admit that Brian is a really nice guy. Maybe it's because your parents still refer to him as your husband every chance they get."

Gelya couldn't argue the point. Her parents liked Brenna but they did make a habit out of mentioning her ex-husband around her lover. As much as they accepted her and her lifestyle, it was no secret that they hoped she and Brian would get back together. A part of Gelya was angered by Brenna's comment since, despite their misgivings, she and her lover were welcome in their home. There was never a mention of visiting the McKenzie clan. Granted, Brenna's family lived back in Covington and Gelya had bought her parents a nice home nearby. Still, the few times Brenna had to visit them, they never mentioned bringing her lover along. "They're trying, Brenna," Gelya responded coldly.

"I know," Brenna conceded. "They do really try to make me feel comfortable. In time I'm certain that they'll give up on you going back to Brian. In the meantime it hurts me just a little." Brenna made her way across the bedroom and came up behind Gelya. The blonde smiled as she felt her lover's arms wrap around her waist. "It's far too beautiful a morning to start off this way," Brenna whispered in her ear, sending delightful tremors up and down Gelya's tiny body. "I'm sorry. Enjoy your lunch with Brian," she added as she began to nibble on Gelya's neck.

"Why don't you come over tonight?" Gelya suggested hopefully. Her smile quickly vanished as Brenna's body tensed. "Now it's my turn to be sorry. You have to pack for the trip this weekend."

"We both could be packing if you'd change your mind and join me," Brenna suggested. "It's your reunion too."

"I'm not going," Gelya responded with a grumble.

"I wish you would talk to me about this," Brenna urged her.

"I just don't want to go," Gelya offered flatly as her stomach became uneasy.

Brenna seemed to accept her decision as she placed a tender kiss on the top of Gelya's head before leaving to take a shower. Gelya knew that she should tell Brenna how she was feeling. Back in high school she hadn't been treated badly, she was simply ignored. And how the one person who mattered kept the love that they shared hidden like it was a shameful secret.

PART TWO

"What's wrong?" Brian asked as she slid into the seat across from him.

"Nothing," she lied as she accepted the menu from the waitress.

"Gelya," he pushed as his brow crinkled.

"Brenna and I just had a tense morning," she said, hoping to change the subject. The morning's conversation had been troubling her all day. "And before you say anything, it was not because I'm so perky in the morning," she declared.

"Gelya, you're beyond perky in the morning." Brian chuckled. "So what happened? Is it because of me?"

Gelya grimaced; she had always hated how observant her ex-husband was. Sometimes she wished that they had shared the normal painful divorce like the rest of the world, but she just couldn't allow that to happen. Brian, in many ways, was her best friend. It broke her heart when she had to leave him. "It started out that way," Gelya confessed. "She was uncomfortable with my meeting you for lunch. I don't understand it. She likes you."

"Gelya," he groaned. "I'm your ex-husband. Of course it's going to be awkward at times. Hearing about Brenna doesn't exactly put a spring in my step. Then again Brenna is . . ."

"You are not going to tell me how hot my girlfriend is again," Gelya scolded him. It amused her that Brian was so enamored with Brenna. Her past loves only seemed to ruffle his feathers. But he'd taken one look at Brenna and all he could say was, *'Now I get it.'*

"She is," Brian stated bluntly.

"I know." Gelya laughed with a slight blush. "Anyhow, the problem is the alumni dinner."

"What alumni dinner?" he encouraged her as they placed their orders.

"It's a dinner dance thing for my old high school at the country club," Gelya explained.

"Sounds like fun," Brian responded.

"Are you insane?" Gelya spat back. "Those people treated me like dirt just because they came from money and I didn't."

"So don't go," Brian responded in confusion. "Or go and show everyone what a success you are. And walking in with Brenna on your arm would certainly put them in their place."

"I wasn't good enough then; why should I bother?" Gelya responded in a curt tone as her stomach clenched once again.

"Then don't go," Brian reasoned.

"I'm not," Gelya answered flatly. "Brenna can go without me."

"Okay, I'm lost here," Brian said in a baffled tone. "Why would Brenna go to your reunion?"

Gelya took a sip of water, as she wondered why she'd never mentioned to Brian that she knew Brenna in high school. "We went to high school together," Gelya explained.

"Really?" Brian blinked in surprise. "You said you had a past; I just never thought it went back that far. Wait! You were her lover back in high school?"

"Yes," Gelya confirmed.

"From what you said about your hometown that couldn't have been easy," Brian noted thoughtfully.

"It was hell," Gelya responded softly. "She was the most popular girl in school and I was a nobody. Now you see why I don't want to go? Especially since the McKenzie's are sponsoring the event. Her parents never liked me because I was from the wrong side of town. Damn; the closest I ever got to the Briarwood Country Club was when I worked in the kitchen."

"And Brenna was a member," Brian concluded. "I think you should go."

"Haven't you been listening?" Gelya grouched. "I had to wash her and her friends' dirty dishes and then sneak into her house so she could screw me. I was Brenna McKenzie's dirty little secret. I won't be again."

"Then stop acting like you are," Brian stated firmly. Gelya's jaw dropped in shock. "That's the

problem, isn't it? The two of you had to hide everything. Do you honestly think Brenna ever viewed you that way? Do you think she does now? Or do you think she's going to walk into that country club with her head held high because you're on her arm? Have you even talked to her about this?"

"I hate you," she grumbled as the weight of the truth crashed down on her. This was what had been upsetting her. It was the fear of once again being hidden away and treated like she didn't matter. All of those awful feelings of insecurity that had ended their teenage romance were still dwelled inside. She was haunted by the memory of making love to Brenna in front of that fireplace only to be escorted out the back door and cast out into the cold dark night.

PART THREE

After a long painful discussion with Brian, Gelya made her way back to her office. Her hand rested on the knob to her office door as she looked at the closed office door next to her own. She sighed deeply as she released her grip on the doorknob. Feeling battle weary, she made her way to the other door. She knocked lightly, praying that the occupant was away.

"Come in," Brenna's voice greeted her.

Brenna's face lit up at the sight of Gelya entering her office. *'Now how could I have doubted her?'* she asked herself as she smiled in return. "Hi," Brenna greeted her brightly as the blonde closed the door behind her and crossed the small office to perch herself on Brenna's desk.

"Hi yourself," Gelya responded as she leaned in and kissed her. Gelya's brow wrinkled as she noticed the opened package of peanut butter crackers that must have come out of the vending machine. "Tell me that isn't your lunch," she chastised her lover.

"I . . . Uhm . . .," Brenna stammered in a guilty manner. "Speaking of lunch, how was yours?"

"Don't change the subject," Gelya scolded her. "You don't eat right." Brenna sighed heavily, conceding the point. "And lunch was fine; thank you for asking."

"And how is Brian?" Brenna asked.

"He's good," Gelya replied with a shy smile, knowing that her lover was really trying. "He did read me the riot act though."

"What for?" Brenna blurted out defensively.

"For not going to the alumni dinner," Gelya responded quietly.

"I see," Brenna said thoughtfully as she leaned back in her chair. "Are you ready to talk about this? You've been on edge since the invitation arrived and I said I was going."

"Of course you're going," Gelya fumed. She quickly collected herself. "I'm sorry. Brenna, you and I have very different memories of high school."

"I know," Brenna agreed.

"I don't think you do," Gelya began to explain. "You were Miss Popularity and I had no friends."

"Of course you did," Brenna argued as her brow creased in thought.

"No," Gelya responded as Brenna's eyes widened in surprise, "there was no one."

"We were friends," Brenna pointed out.

"We were lovers," Gelya corrected her. "And when we hung out together it caused talk. And problems. And eventually it led to our breakup. I'm afraid that if I go to the reunion that I'll be invisible once again. I'm terrified that you will once again deny me and hide our love for one another. Back then I was so ashamed."

"Of me?" Brenna blurted out fearfully.

"No," Gelya reassured her, "of me. I was your secret. I loved every moment we had together and then hated myself afterward. It was like I wasn't good enough to be with you. I think that may have been why I tried to convince myself that I was straight later in life."

"I loved you," Brenna asserted. "You were everything to me. I was a coward who let that slip away. And despite what you think, it would have been the same if we lived in the same part of town. Covington is a small town filled with small minds, and unfortunately, I let it control me. I'm going back because I do have friends back there, who I stopped hiding the truth from a very long time ago. I would be proud to walk in with you on my arm. I've been given a second chance on the best thing in my life. I love you."

"I love you too." Gelya sighed with relief as Brenna opened a bottom drawer of her desk. Gelya looked at her with curiosity, as she wondered what was so fascinating at that particular moment. Her emerald eyes widened in surprise as Brenna plopped the ragged Tigger onto the top of her desk.

"He goes everywhere with me," Brenna explained softly. "I've had a devil of a time keeping him hidden since you've come back into my life. Wouldn't want you to think I'm sentimental or something."

"No, we couldn't have that now, could we?" Gelya laughed as she picked up the stuffed animal she'd bought for Brenna over her last Christmas break in high school. "God, that was a magical night." Gelya sighed at the happier part of the memory.

"Yes, it was." Brenna smiled in return. Just as quickly the smile vanished from Brenna's chiseled features. "Until I sent you away. Rushed you out the back door like I always did."

"What were you suppose to do?" Gelya argued. "Say 'hey Mom and Dad, I'm in the family room making love to another girl'? I'm certain that would have made quite an impression. I understand the whys. Trust me; intellectually I really do understand everything."

"But I hurt you," Brenna protested.

"And I hurt you," Gelya added. "I thought we were past this. It's silly. I'm all grown up and something as simple as the class reunion can make me feel like an awkward teenager."

"You weren't," Brenna reassured her. "To me you were the most beautiful girl in the world. For four long years, every time I saw you my breathing would catch." Gelya looked at her in disbelief. "Gelya, it's true. It took me almost four years to work up the courage to speak to you. I felt so lame that afternoon when I approached you and asked if you wanted to study together. I was so nervous. My palms were all sweaty and I was certain that my knees were knocking."

Gelya smiled as she slipped from the desk onto Brenna's lap. "Is it any wonder that I love you?" she whispered softly as she claimed Brenna's soft lips. A surge of desire rushed through Gelya's body as she teased Brenna's bottom lip. Her lover moaned as she parted her lips, inviting Gelya in for a sweet gentle exploration. Gelya was lost in the sensation of their tongues wrapping around one another as her small hands drifted down the front of Brenna's blouse.

She felt Brenna's nipple pressing against the palm of her hand. "Oh, this is too good to resist," Gelya moaned as the kiss ended.

"Someone could walk in," Brenna cautioned her as Gelya began to unbutton her blouse.

"I know," Gelya responded hungrily as she began to nibble on Brenna's neck.

Brenna moaned deeply as Gelya's mouth continued to feast upon her neck and her fingers dipped beneath the lacy material of her bra. Gelya slid her body down a little further and pushed the material of Brenna's bra down. Gelya shifted herself until her eager mouth could capture Brenna's nipple. She suckled Brenna's nipple hungrily while one of the brunette's hands slid up under her skirt.

Gelya felt her pantyhose being lowered as she teased Brenna's nipple with her teeth and her tongue. Brenna's body arched against her own as her fingers slipped below the elastic band of Gelya's panties. Long fingers dipped into Gelya's wetness and began to tease her throbbing clit. Gelya lifted her body and allowed Brenna to lower her onto the desk. Brenna pressed her body against Gelya's trembling form and kissed her deeply.

Her lover entered her aching center as Gelya lay across her desk and they lost themselves in the passionate kiss. Brenna plunged in and out of her wetness while Gelya wrapped her legs around her lover's waist. Gelya's body was pressed against the cool surface of her lover's desk while Brenna's fingers filled her completely and her thumb stroked her clit. "I love touching you," Brenna growled into her ear as she took Gelya harder.

"Make me come for you," Gelya whimpered as her hips thrust against Brenna's touch.

Gelya heard items crash to the floor and didn't care as her body arched. It was the middle of the day and anyone could walk in; still the blonde didn't care. All she wanted was to loose herself in Brenna. She climaxed against her lover's body, kissing Brenna deeply to mask her passionate screams. She felt the waves of pleasure slip through her body as Brenna's touch left her.

Kissing her lover deeply and more urgently she guided Brenna up. Never breaking the kiss, she seated her lover in her leather chair. She finally tore her hungry lips from Brenna's. "You know what I want," she growled in her lover's ear. Brenna's sensual moan told her she wanted the same. Gelya sank to her knees on the carpeted floor before her lover and ran her hands up along Brenna's firm thighs and then up under her skirt. Brenna's breathing grew ragged as she lifted her hips and slipped closer to Gelya.

The blonde slipped her lover's skirt up and then lowered her lover's pantyhose and underwear down to her ankles. Gelya stared deeply into her lover's eyes as she caressed her firm backside. Brenna's thighs parted as Gelya brought her passion to her. Brenna's arousal filled her senses as Gelya lowered her mouth to Brenna's desire. Gelya moaned in pleasure, as she tasted Brenna's desire. She caressed Brenna's firm flesh as she suckled her clit in her mouth. She feasted upon her lover and lost herself in the taste of Brenna's wetness.

She could see Brenna's knuckles turning white from clutching the arms of the chair as Gelya teased her clit with her teeth and her tongue. She held Brenna steady while her tongue flickered across her clit. Brenna's thrashing increased as her hips swayed in rhythm with Gelya's tongue. She could feel Brenna's thighs trembling against her as she buried herself deeper inside Brenna's wetness. Brenna's stifled cries filled her as she felt her lover's climax trembling through her long body.

Gelya rested her head on Brenna's thigh as she allowed her lover to catch her breath. "I feel so much better," she said as she kissed Brenna's quivering skin. Finally they stood and adjusted their clothing. Both blushed when they saw the mess on the floor. Almost everything that was on Brenna's desk was now on the floor, including the Tigger. "Well, I'm glad he ended up on the floor. He's much too young to witness what we were doing," Gelya commented wryly as they put Brenna's desk back in order.

"I need to get back to work," Brenna noted with a hint of disappointment. "I'm going to have to bring the Anderson file home with me as it is."

"I'll stop over and give you a hand," Gelya offered. "It's a stuff job and I know you have to pack tonight."

"Thank you," Brenna accepted as she placed a tender kiss on Gelya's cheek. "I'll order some takeout."

"Should I bring my jammies?" Gelya teased.

"You don't wear any jimmies," Brenna responded with a seductive smile. "Actually, just bring your laptop. I've had your black suit cleaned and you have a toothbrush there."

"I'll see you tonight," Gelya promised with a kiss before leaving her lover's office.

Gelya returned to her own office after reluctantly washing up in the ladies room and began working on her own accounts. Her thoughts drifted to spending the night at Brenna's. What Brenna had said about her having everything there that she needed for the morning suddenly hit her. It was true - they both had belongings at the other's home so that they could easily spend the night. "Half her stuff is at my place and half my stuff is at her place," she pondered. "So why am I so nervous about letting the world know that I want all of our stuff in our place?" Gelya shivered for a moment as she realized that they were definitely heading towards a more permanent relationship. She rolled her eyes at the sudden wave of panic. "Okay, just think this through," she instructed herself. "We've been back together for awhile now and things are great. So could I wake up next to her for the rest of my life?" A bright smile emerged. "Oh yeah," she gleefully confessed.

PART FOUR

Gelya was stretched out on Brenna's bed clad in jeans and a tank top. She poured over the numbers flitting across the screen of her laptop. "What a mess," She grumbled as her lover stared blankly into her closet.

"I've been meaning to clean," Brenna offered meekly.

"I was referring to the Anderson account," Gelya corrected her as she looked over at Brenna and the mess she'd created. "But now that you mention it . . .," She teased the scowling brunette. "Anyhow, I was just wondering if Anderson will be able to pay our bill. How did they get so far into the hole so quickly?" She was looking over at her lover when something from inside the closet caught her eye. "Is that what I think it is?" she asked excitedly as she set her laptop aside and hopped up off the bed.

"What? A dust bunny the size of Montana?" Brenna teased. "Probably."

"No, silly." Gelya chuckled as she brushed past her and went into the walk-in closet. "This!" she exclaimed as she emerged from the closet holding a plastic-wrapped garment in front of her.

"Oh Lord, I thought I got rid of that," Brenna grumbled as she relieved Gelya of the old school uniform and tossed it on the bed.

"Does it still fit?" Gelya inquired eagerly.

"Does it what?" Brenna asked in bewilderment. "I don't know. Oh wait, now I remember why I

still have it; I wanted to wear it to a Halloween party a few years ago."

"Does it fit?" Gelya repeated urgently.

"No," Brenna scoffed with a chuckle. "In fact I recall being quite humiliated when I tried it on. I had to wear something else. I should donate it to the Salvation Army or something."

"No!" Gelya whimpered.

"Sweetie, it's just my school uniform," Brenna reasoned. "What's the big deal?" Gelya shifted nervously as she watched her lover's face brighten in understanding. "You twisted little blonde." Brenna began to laugh. "Does somebody want to play dress up?"

"Yes," Gelya informed her directly. "Brenna, you have no idea just how hot you were in that outfit."

"Not half as hot as you were in yours," Brenna responded in a husky tone. "Tell you what; if you can find your old uniform, we'll have ourselves our own little reunion."

"I'll pay a visit to Mom," Gelya promised as she wiggled her eyebrows suggestively. "She never throws anything out." Brenna wrapped her arms around her and the two soon found themselves kissing passionately. "I should get back to work," Gelya said reluctantly as she pulled away from Brenna's warm embrace.

"I need to get cracking on this packing," Brenna grumbled. "It's only for the weekend but I'll still need some casual stuff and a gown for the dinner."

"If someone was going to go, what should they bring?" Gelya hedged as she climbed back up onto the bed.

"Are you considering going?" Brenna inquired gently.

"Yes." Gelya sighed, still not comfortable with the idea. "So if I go, what do I need to bring?"

"There's a cocktail party on Friday night," Brenna informed her, "so something dressy. Your teal pantsuit would be great, plus it shows off your eyes. I was planning on being late since I'm having dinner with my parents that night. Then there are the golf and tennis tournaments on Saturday morning. I'm entered in the tennis tournament so something casual, but no jeans since it's at Briarwood."

"I'll pass," Gelya grunted. "Not that I don't adore seeing you all sweaty."

"It's for charity," Brenna offered in encouragement and then began to chew on her bottom lip nervously.

"Charity?" Gelya pressed, sensing her lover's sudden reluctance. "So the players' fees and

attendance tickets go to support which fine charitable organization?"

"The scholarship fund," Brenna offered in an apologetic tone.

"I already give to the scholarship fund," Gelya noted flatly. "Since most of the alumni, including your father, want to do away with it."

"I know," Brenna conceded. "I give to it as well. In fact I helped put these tournaments together. I know a lot of the pinheads back in Covington don't want the scholarship. But they do like trying to show one another up. They don't mind paying for the bragging rights they get if they win the trophy."

"It's a good thing you're doing," Gelya responded sincerely. "Still I'll pass on sitting in the stands with the matrons of Covington. I will however mentally cheer you on in the hopes that you finally kick Buffy Spenser's fat ass. So then, a gown for the dinner and then what?"

"Brunch with my family," Brenna added. "And by my family I mean my parents, and George and his wife sans the children. The two hundred other guests will be my Dad's cronies, a bunch of annoying politicians and anyone of influence in Covington."

"Oh joy," Gelya grumbled. "I don't know about this. It seems like a lot of time with your parents, who if I may be so bold as to point out, hated me fifteen years ago. And that's when they were clueless as to why we studied together so much. Of course we weren't really studying," she added with a smirk. "How are they going to treat me now when they find out that we're together?"

"They already know," Brenna explained.

"What?" Gelya blurted in surprise.

"I told them months ago," Brenna explained as Gelya blinked with shock. "Sweetie, our relationship makes me happier than I've ever been in my life. Of course I told my family."

"And how did they take it?" Gelya inquired cautiously.

"They hate it," Brenna said with a shrug. "Which was an added bonus in telling them. Now before you go ballistic, you have to know that it isn't you or your pedigree. It's simply your gender. I could walk in with Princess Di on my arm and they would still freak."

"Well, she was a divorced foreigner, and now she's dead," Gelya reasoned. "So I could understand the problem with that one. So where would we be staying?"

"The St. Augustine," Brenna offered.

"Nice place," Gelya complimented her.

"It is, isn't it?" Brenna agreed.

"Oh yeah, Mom was a chambermaid there," Gelya explained.

"Oh?" Brenna responded in a deflated tone. "I'm sorry; I could book us into another hotel."

"Thank you." Gelya smiled. "But are you kidding? That place is fabulous. I'd love to stay there. I just want to know if I'm the reason you're not staying with your parents."

"I never stay with my parents," Brenna scoffed. "It's been made painfully clear that I'm not welcome to sleep in their home unless I change. The last time I slept in my parents' house was the night before I came out to them."

"So why are we going?" Gelya questioned.

"Because, despite my parents and some others, there are really nice people living there that will be more than happy to see both of us," Brenna explained honestly. "Including my brother."

"Oh right, my prom date," Gelya gasped. "Almost forgot about that."

"Should be some fun." Brenna laughed as she crawled up next to Gelya.

"I need to think about this," Gelya said.

"If you don't want to go I understand," Brenna offered in a comforting tone. "But you were one of the best people in that town before you became a success. And now maybe it's time to show everyone just that. Plus I get to walk into the dance with the best looking girl in school."

PART FIVE

Gelya and Brenna were happily making out on the king-size bed in the room at the St. Augustine Hotel when a knock on the door disrupted their bliss. They had only arrived a short while ago and hadn't begun to unpack when they decided to test out the bed. "Who can that be?" Brenna grumbled as they straightened their clothing. Brenna opened the door as Gelya climbed off the bed.

Her emerald eyes widened when an attractive woman with shoulder-length brown curly hair brushed past Brenna. Her lover seemed unfazed by the woman's action. "Your father is a jackass," the woman spat out as she flopped down on one of the cushioned chairs in their room.

"Tell me something I don't know," Brenna sighed as she allowed a tall dark-haired blue-eyed man Gelya did recognize step into the room. *'My goodness, George! You certainly did grow up nice,'* she noted as the young man smiled at her.

"I'm Wendy by the way," the woman explained as she held out her hand to the befuddled blonde.

"Gelya," the accountant responded in kind as she accepted the energetic woman's hand.

"Gelya?" Wendy beamed. "George, come here. You owe this woman an apology," she commanded. Gelya watched in wonderment while Brenna and George simply smiled. "Being a jackass must run in the family," Wendy continued to grouse as George smiled.

"It's her word for the day," George explained as he approached Gelya. "But as usual, my dear wife is right. I do owe you an apology."

"George, it was a long time ago," Gelya said, seeing the sincerity in his brilliant blue eyes.

"Gelya, what I did was abominable," George argued. "Not to mention disrespectful. I do not treat women that way and I am not raising my sons to behave in such a despicable manner."

"Thank you," Gelya responded; her mouth hanging slightly open. It was more than apparent that George was no longer the goofy teenager who had told every guy in school that he'd gotten lucky with her at her prom. In his place was confident sensitive man.

"Good boy," Wendy complimented her husband.

"Well, I'm an adult now and understand what I did," George added warmly. "Plus now that I have two daughters of my own, it certainly changes a man's view on things." George quickly reached into his jacket, pulled out his wallet, and showed Gelya the pictures of their four children. "Our little angels," George said proudly.

"Terrorists are more like it." Wendy laughed. "That's our oldest, Brennan, and these are the twins, Mary and Grace, and the one who's trying to hide from the camera is our youngest, Jefferson."

"I've heard all about them from their Aunt Brenna," Gelya explained. "They're beautiful." Both Wendy and George blushed at the compliment. "Did you bring them?"

"No," Wendy groaned. "According to George Sr., children should only be seen when necessary. And then they should only be seen and not heard. I swear I don't know how the two of you survived growing up in that house. Needless to say, I don't get along with my in-laws."

"Really?" Gelya said with a smirk. "And why is that?"

"I speak," Wendy noted drolly.

Gelya had never realized just how stifling the McKenzie children's upbringing had been. Her own parents showed her off as much as possible and always encouraged her to be her own person. Despite their obvious discomfort with her lifestyle, they let her know that she was loved. And Brenna was only allowed in her parents' home when they commanded her presence. "Well, dinner should be fun," Gelya offered with amusement. George looked down at his shoes as

Wendy began to grind her teeth.

"Actually, that's why we're here," Wendy began to explain in a bitter tone.

"Let me guess," Brenna began with an exasperated sigh. "Unless I arrive with what they consider is an appropriate escort, I'm to come alone." Her eyes darkened with anger. "Well Gelya, I guess we're going out to eat tonight."

"With us," George asserted. "I told Father that you would never leave your partner behind. And since I have no intention of playing into his narrow-minded views, I said that Wendy and I would not be joining them either. He can have dinner with Mother for a change."

"Thank you," Brenna said softly as she hugged her brother tightly.

"What does your mother say about all of this?" Gelya inquired curiously, recalling that she had never heard the woman's opinion on anything.

"Mother doesn't say much." Brenna sighed. "Not when Father's around. And she's never mentioned my sexuality. I honestly don't know how she feels about it."

"That's so sad," Gelya concluded.

"Yes, it is," Brenna agreed sadly.

During dinner Gelya was lost in gales of laughter as Brenna and George recalled some of their childhood antics. "So Brenna is dangling me over the balcony by my ankles, threatening my life, when Constance starts yelling at her to put me down. I start screaming that down would mean she was going to drop me. I still don't understand why she punished both of us?" George said, concluding his tale.

"I was punished for hanging your sorry butt off the second floor balcony and you were punished for stealing my diary, you little bugger," Brenna explained as they made their way out of the restaurant and towards the cocktail party.

"Who was Constance?" Gelya asked.

"One of our nannies until George scared her off," Brenna casually explained.

"You scared her off," George argued as they stepped into the party that was in full swing at the Birmingham restaurant, which was another one of Covington's finer establishments.

Gelya felt the familiar pang of fear clutch at her heart as she and Wendy followed the squabbling siblings into the elegant room. "It is truly amazing," Wendy offered as she took Gelya by the arm. "One of the nannies - like it's no big deal to be raised by an entire staff. I admit I didn't want for anything growing up but I'd never been exposed to anything like this until George and I started dating. Forgive me for saying this since you're from here as well, but Covington is like

some bizarre throwback to a different time."

"I'm not from here," Gelya clarified. "Are you familiar with the part of town called Sutter's Town?"

"Yes, it's the rundown section of town just over the tracks," Wendy commented.

"That's where I'm from," Gelya explained as Wendy blinked in surprise. "The dilapidated part of town that's rapidly disappearing because the finer families need more room. That's where I grew up. I only went to St. Marks because I was smart enough to get a scholarship."

"Good for you," Wendy noted. "Looks like we'll both be the breath of fresh air the McKenzie clan needs."

Gelya opened her mouth to protest. Wendy seemed to readily accept that Gelya was going to be apart of Brenna's future. As she watched her lover surrounded by a crowd of people, Gelya's doubts resurfaced. "Look at her," she said with a smile. "It's as if time stood still. She was the best and the brightest and she still is. Is it any wonder that I loved her then and still do?"

Before Wendy could respond to her comment, both George and Brenna waved them over. Gelya took a deep breath before stepping up beside her lover. She didn't miss the blank stares she was receiving from several people that surrounded them. "Gelya?" one burly voice greeted her and she found herself surprised to hear her own name. She turned to see Michael McGowan who'd been a starting linebacker on the football team. "I haven't seen you since graduation. I'm glad that you could make it," he offered in a sincere voice. Brenna wrapped her arm around Gelya's waist.

"Michael, it's good to see you," Gelya responded, truly surprised that the man remembered her.

As the evening progressed Gelya was continually surprised that many people remembered her and greeted her as she walked by. At first she thought it was because she was standing at Brenna's side. Yet it happened even when Brenna and she were separated. Another thing that amazed her was how old her fellow classmates looked. Most of them now resembled someone's mom or dad. Of course most of them were.

She yawned and went in search of her lover. She found her at the bar with Michael and a few other people, one of whom she recognized as Steve Standish, Huey's younger brother. She noticed something interesting. Steve stood close to Michael in a familiar manner. She'd noticed the wedding bands both men were wearing, and for the first time realized that they matched. "Hey boys, mind if I steal Brenna away?" she asked in a friendly manner.

"So soon?" the large man protested.

"Yes," Gelya confirmed as she rested her hand on Brenna's arm. "Someone has a tennis tournament in the morning and I've already heard Buffy bragging about how she's going to wipe the court with Brenna."

"Not a chance," Steve protested. "My money's on you. Personally I would love to see you wipe that smug look off of my sister-in-law's face."

"Buffy married Huey?" Gelya responded with amusement.

"Ugh," both men responded.

She caught the cautioning look Steve flashed towards Michael. "I didn't say a word about Her Highness," Michael argued in his defense. "We promised your Dad we would be nice."

"Come on, hot stuff. We have a golf tournament in the morning." Steve nudged him. "Dad's counting on us."

"So your Dad is on your team and not Huey's?" Brenna asked.

"Yeah, Dad knows a winning team when he sees it," Steve offered with a smug look.

Just as Brenna was about to comment, a large drunken man pushed his way through the crowd and nudged Gelya aside in a dismissive manner. Gelya angrily looked over to find Huey hugging her lover. "There's the best looking girl in town. I've been looking all over for you," Huey slurred. Gelya's anger was about to boil over when Brenna shoved Huey aside.

"Never do that again!" she flared at the man who looked at her in confusion.

Brenna pushed the man further away as she took her place by Gelya's side. The blonde smiled boldly as she stepped in front of her lover and glared up at the former captain of the football team.

"What?" Huey asked in confusion.

"You are such a jerk," Steve spat out. "And you're drunk. Tell me Buffy's driving."

"I'm fine," Huey protested as he swayed slightly. "I just wanted to say hello to Brenna. What's the big deal?" He moved closer to Brenna only to be stopped by Gelya pushing him away. "Who the hell are you?" Huey demanded as he stepped closer to Gelya, hoping to intimidate her with his size.

Gelya once again forcibly blocked his movement, noting how easy it would be to take the drunken idiot down. "Was he this stupid when he took you to the prom?" Gelya asked her lover in a condescending tone.

"I have no idea," Brenna confessed. "I really didn't pay attention to him."

All eyes turned as Huey started to complain about Gelya's actions in a less than friendly manner. "That's it," Steve fumed as he and Michael each grabbed an arm and started to yank Huey away.

"I'm not going anywhere until Brenna gives me a kiss," Huey argued.

"I suggest you listen to them," a firm voice informed him. Gelya turned to see another classmate, Michele Duggan, standing at Huey's side. "I would really hate to see you violate your probation," she chastised him in a sarcastic manner.

"If it isn't our illustrious DA," Huey snarled. George and Wendy joined them, taking a protective stance by Gelya's side.

"Shut up," another voice scolded the drunken man. A white-haired gentleman stepped in front of Huey who suddenly looked embarrassed. "Steve, take your idiot brother home, and Michael, feel free to slap him around."

"Sure, Dad," Steve readily agreed.

"I'll see you tomorrow, boys," the elder member of the Standish clan added.

"Night, Dad," Michael responded with a smile as they dragged Huey off.

"Ladies, I'm sorry for my son's asinine behavior," the older man offered with heartfelt sincerity.

"What did you do?" Buffy demanded, storming over to Huey's father.

"This just keeps getting better and better," Gelya whispered to her lover.

"Saving your sorry excuse of a husband from being tossed into jail again," Michele explained in a tired voice.

"You people," Buffy spat out as her face wrinkled in disgust. "I don't know who you are but you've made a serious mistake," the plump matron threatened Gelya.

"She was the valedictorian of our class," Michele informed her.

"Uhm . . . huh?" Buffy muttered as she wandered off.

"Do you think she knows what a valedictorian is?" Mr. Standish questioned.

Everyone seemed to be considering the idea before Mr. Standish apologized once again for bringing Huey into the world. "Gelya, it's nice to see you again," Michele offered as she held out her hand. "And I would like to apologize for not getting to know you fifteen years ago."

"Thank you," Gelya accepted graciously.

"It's true," Brenna muttered in disbelief.

"What's that, sweetie?" Gelya asked as she turned to her lover, suddenly cringing at the slip she'd

made by using a term of endearment.

"They ostracized you," Brenna responded in disbelief.

"Yes, we did," Michele asserted firmly. "We were pompous jerks. Only you and George showed any degree of class. A situation I personally wish to rectify."

"I would like that," Gelya accepted graciously. "A lot of people have changed in this town. It's nice to know that people can grow up and change. Well, with the exception of Buffy and Huey of course."

"I can't believe she was my best friend," Michele groaned. "She has the IQ of a tube of lipstick but not as much personality."

They chatted for a while longer and Gelya was pleased that Michele's change in attitude wasn't unique. Many of her former classmates had changed as well, yet many hadn't. Exhausted, she and Brenna retired for the evening and woke early so Brenna could prepare for the tournament. Gelya wished her luck and decided to spend her day touring the old campus.

As Gelya wandered about the tree-lined paths and ivy-covered buildings she felt a sense of peace. She also noted just how many buildings were inscribed with her lover's last name. She sat under a sprawling elm tree that faced the William Covington McKenzie library. As she leaned against the same tree that Brenna had first approached her at that long ago Thursday afternoon she smiled at the library. "Old W.C. McKenzie is probably spinning in his grave after what I did with his great granddaughter in the anthropology stacks." Gelya snickered with delight as the memory filled her mind.

It was the Monday afternoon after Gelya's first sexual encounter with Brenna. She was wandering through the stacks trying to do some research for an upcoming paper. She was having a hard time focusing on the project as her mind kept drifting back to the loss of her virginity. Brenna's touch had been magical when they'd made love in her bedroom and then later in Brenna's car. Gelya hadn't spoken to Brenna since then. Brenna had tried to approach her in the hallway on Friday, but Gelya was thankful that her groupies had kept her full attention. She didn't know what she should say or do after the two of them had shared such an intimate experience. Gelya had always considered herself a lady and had always assumed that the loss of her innocence would happen with someone she was at least dating. She never considered that it would happen when an innocent tickling match escalated into raw sexual desire. She could sense Brenna's presence before she saw her. "Hello." The warm sensual voice caressed her ear. Gelya's body shivered with renewed desire. "You're not avoiding me, are you?" Brenna whispered in her ear.

"No," Gelya squeaked in response as she turned to face Brenna. Unfortunately, by facing Brenna the blonde soon lost herself in those amazing crystal blue orbs.

"Do you want to talk?" Brenna offered shyly. "We can take this as slowly as you want or not at all; it's up to you. I know what I want."

"What is it that you want, Brenna?" Gelya inquired in a frightened tone. Brenna opened her mouth to speak when the shuffling of footsteps alerted them to the fact that they weren't alone. "Let's go upstairs. The anthropology section is always empty. Sometimes I go up there just to think."

They quickly and discreetly made their way up to the top floor of the library and ducked into the musty abandoned stacks of the anthropology section. They discarded their backpacks on the floor. "Tell me, Miss Brenna McKenzie, what is it that you want?" Gelya asked in a determined voice as she backed her lover into a dark corner.

"I want to know you better," Brenna explained as Gelya pressed her body slightly into the taller girl. "And not just the way we did a few days ago. I swear, Gelya, that wasn't my intention when I invited you over. I don't know how I knew how to touch you, but it felt right." Gelya could feel Brenna's breath caressing her face and it filled her with desire.

"I felt that way too," Gelya confessed as her hands drifted to Brenna's thighs and up under her skirt. Once again it was as if Gelya's body had taken control as she leaned into Brenna's trembling body and her hands caressed her firm thighs, drifting higher up under her pleated skirt. Brenna kissed her cheek as Gelya's fingertips felt their way to the elastic band of Brenna's panties. Brenna's arms wrapped around Gelya's body and held her in a warm embrace as the blonde began to lower Brenna's underwear down her thighs.

After lowering Brenna's underwear, Gelya lifted her skirt. She leaned back slightly from Brenna's body so that she could see the curly dark patch that was damp with her lover's desire. She looked up into Brenna's flushed features as she slipped her skirt up to her waist. She watched the rise and fall of Brenna's chest as Gelya held the skirt up with one hand while she dipped into Brenna's wetness with her other. "Gelya," Brenna whimpered and they both took a careful look around to reassure themselves that prying eyes couldn't see their actions. They nodded in understanding both knowing that they would need to be very quiet so no one could discover what they were doing.

Gelya's inquisitive fingers ran the length of Brenna's sex. "My angel," Brenna whispered as Gelya traced her slick folds with her fingers, pressing her leg between Brenna's quivering thighs. Brenna ran her fingers through Gelya's long blonde hair as the smaller girl lost herself in the feel of Brenna's passion painting her fingers and thigh. As Gelya began to tease Brenna's clit with her fingers, the brunette began to loosen the narrow black necktie Gelya was wearing. "Can I see you?" Brenna pleaded in a soft voice.

"Yes," Gelya panted softly. She relished the feel of Brenna's excitement coating her fingers as she continued to tease her lover.

As Brenna undid Gelya's necktie and began to unbutton her white cotton blouse, the blonde pressed her fingers against the opening of her lover's center. Brenna opened Gelya's blouse just enough to allow her to see the blonde's breasts while her hips thrust forward. Gelya entered the warmth of her lover's center, the walls gripping her fingers tightly. She waited as her lover's

body became accustomed to her touch, while Brenna unclasped her bra and lifted it, freeing Gelya's breasts

Gelya began to tease Brenna's throbbing clit with her thumb as her fingers began to glide deeper inside of her. "I love your breasts," Brenna whispered in admiration as she cupped them and allowed them to fill her hands. Brenna's thumbs brushed across Gelya's nipples. The blonde moaned as her nipples became erect. Her fingers plunged in and out of Brenna in a slow sensual rhythm as Brenna's hips swayed in unison with her touch.

"You feel so good," Gelya confessed as her rhythm steadily increased and Brenna continued to tease her aching nipples. Brenna's thighs parted as she opened herself up further for Gelya's touch. Gelya melted into Brenna's body as her thigh and hand rocked against Brenna urgently. Brenna captured her in a feverish kiss as she abandoned her breasts and clung tightly to Gelya, their bodies pounding against one another wildly.

Gelya felt the sweat dripping off her body as she took Brenna harder and their tongues engaged in a passionate duel. Gelya was silently begging for Brenna's release as she increased her rhythm. She felt the walls capture her fingers as Brenna's thigh trembled. Her lover screamed into her mouth as she tightened her grip on Gelya's shoulders. She continued to brush Brenna's clit with her thumb as her fingers stilled inside of Brenna's warm wetness.

The brunette's body continued to arch and thrust as Gelya teased her clit. Brenna was trembling and gasping as she tore away from the kiss. She buried her face in Gelya's neck as she whimpered in pleasure. The blonde felt her lover release her passion once again as her teeth grazed the skin of Gelya's sensitive neck. Gelya grunted with desire as Brenna continued to feast upon her neck while the last waves of passion slipped through her body.

"Do you think it will always be like this?" Gelya asked as her touch slipped from her lover's body.

"God, I hope so," Brenna murmured as she tried to catch her breathing.

As Brenna pulled her underwear up and lowered her skirt, Gelya reached to adjust her own bra. Brenna captured her small hand. Without speaking she allowed Brenna to caress her breasts and lean her back into a bookcase. The musty smell of the books pressing against her back filled her senses as Brenna began to suckle her nipples, Gelya's body arching as Brenna teased them with her teeth and her tongue. Brenna was driving Gelya slowly insane as she move from one nipple to the other and then back again. Gelya was shaking as Brenna suckled her greedily. Just when she was ready to explode, her tall lover knelt before her and slipped her hands up under Gelya's skirt.

Gelya licked her lips with desire as she parted her thighs and Brenna lowered her underwear. She bit back the scream of ecstasy as Brenna's tongue dipped into her wetness. Gelya bit down harder on her bottom lip as she opened her thighs even further while Brenna feasted upon her wetness and suckled her clit in the warmth of her mouth. Gelya clamped one of her hands over her mouth as she felt Brenna's tongue enter her. Her muffled cries continued as Brenna's tongue

plunged in and out of her center, curling at times. She clutched the bookcase when Brenna's tongue returned to her clit and her talented fingers filled her. Brenna's mouth and fingers worked in a frantic rhythm until Gelya exploded. The small blonde was certain she saw stars as she climaxed against Brenna.

"Your lip is bleeding," Brenna commented in concern as they adjusted their clothing.

"I had to do something," Gelya confessed shyly.

"After school can I give you a ride home?" Brenna offered as she wiped Gelya's injured lip with a Kleenex.

"Yes," Gelya readily agreed, hoping that it would be like the last ride Brenna had given her. They could pull off the road in the secluded glen and allow the passion to flow through them without worrying about who could hear them.

Of course that was exactly what happened. The anthropology section in the library became one of their many secret hideaways. "It's amazing we never got caught," Gelya noted in amusement. It was funny in the here and now, but back then it had seemed like life and death. But they couldn't resist one another and Gelya knew in her heart she still felt the same way. "So why am I here instead of cheering her on from the stands?" she admonished herself.

As she purchased her ticket she discovered that the women's finals were underway. She easily found George and Wendy and took a seat next to them. "Glad you could join us," Wendy greeted her warmly. "They're at set a piece. I'm amazed that Buffy's such a good player considering how out of shape she is."

"That's because learning to play tennis at the club meant she could work on her tan and flirt with the pros," Michele explained from behind them. "Still does from what I've heard."

"Come on, baby," Gelya whispered, encouraging her lover who was about to serve. "That's my girl," Gelya boasted as Brenna served an ace. Buffy was fuming and arguing with the chair umpire. Gelya rolled her eyes at the matron's theatrics, noting that Brenna was up a service break.

When Buffy finally stormed back into position Gelya caught the lopsided smile her lover offered her. "How did she know I was here?" she asked in amazement as her lover once again served up a winner to win the game. The next game went quickly as Brenna once again broke Buffy's serve to go up three to one. Before Brenna served, she winked at Gelya. And as Buffy huffed and puffed across the court Brenna easily went up four to one. Once again Buffy's serve failed her against Brenna's powerful returns, and soon the brunette was serving for the match.

Gelya caught sight of a tired looking Huey taking a seat with Brenna's father to watch the match. Steve, Michael, and the older Mr. Standish took seats as well with bright smiles and a trophy. "Looks like Dad's team lost," George noted gleefully.

"Huey's on your father's team?" Gelya asked in a hushed tone, trying not to disturb the players on the court.

"He works for Dad," George explained. "I think he always thought that Brenna would marry him after they went to the prom together."

Gelya snorted in amusement; she wondered how George Sr. would feel if he found out that the only one who'd touched his daughter that night was her. Gelya smiled proudly at Brenna who was quickly up forty-love and serving for the match. The crowd erupted in applause as Brenna put away a clear winner. Buffy threw her racket down and started screaming at the line person while Brenna waited patiently at the net to shake her hand. Buffy's tirade continued as she brushed past Brenna and tossed her gear bag at the line person. She looked over at the forlorn look on Huey's face. "That's not going to help his hangover," she noted dryly.

Later that evening Gelya sat in the back of a taxi that was taking them to the dance at the country club. She couldn't take her eyes off Brenna in her beaded red gown. "You look amazing," Brenna commented with a deep purr. Gelya blushed at the compliment.

"So do you," she responded honestly. "Not to change the subject, but did your father talk to you after your match?"

"Yes, he did," Brenna confirmed as her eyes scanned Gelya's body. "He said well done."

"That's it?" Gelya grumbled.

"That is it," Brenna confirmed. "Buffy apologized in front of several witnesses."

"Good for her," Gelya commented.

"She didn't mean it, love." Brenna chuckled. "She needed to save face before she faced everyone tonight. Her standing in the community is very important to her."

Heads spun as they entered the ballroom looking like every man's fantasy. Brenna placed her hand on the small of Gelya's back, and with a brilliant smile, escorted her into the elegant ballroom. Gelya felt ten feet tall as she noticed the look of sheer pride in her lover's features. "Thank you," Gelya whispered as they made their way across the room.

"For?" Brenna responded.

"For loving me as deeply as I love you," Gelya asserted with her own sense of pride.

They approached George and Wendy who were looking quite spiffy themselves. "Good job on the court today, Sis," he congratulated her. "Gelya, you look breathtaking."

"Thank you," Gelya responded with a smile. "And the both of you look quite fetching yourselves."

"Brenna, a word," a commanding voice demanded from behind them. Gelya turned to find Brenna's parents standing behind them. Her father glared at them sternly as her mother simply looked lost.

"I'm busy at the moment, Dad," Brenna countered as she wrapped her arm possessively around Gelya's waist.

"I simply do not understand you," her father said calmly. "I heard about last evening."

"From Huey I suppose," Brenna sighed.

"Who almost got arrested again for his behavior," Michele added before taking her leave. The others followed her example and gave them some privacy. Gelya turned to join the retreating figures but Brenna held her close.

"Don't give in to his bad behavior," Brenna requested. Gelya smiled and stood firmly by her lover's side. Mrs. McKenzie was giving her an odd look. "Dad, if there's something you want to say, I suggest you say it so we can get on with our evening."

"Must you continually degrade yourself in this manner?" His voice stayed calm but his eyes blazed in anger.

"Look around you, Dad," Brenna instructed. "With the exception of yourself and a couple of other close-minded fossils, no one cares that my significant other is here."

Gelya watched in amusement as the older man looked around, surprised that no one was paying attention. "This is an alumni dinner and should be held with some degree of respect," Mr. McKenzie pointed out in a firm tone as Mrs. McKenzie's eyes widened in delight.

"That's where I know you from, Mrs. McKenzie exclaimed. "She's an alumni, dear. Don't you remember? She was Brenna's little friend her senior year."

"What?" Mr. McKenzie said in confusion. Brenna was surprised to hear her mother speaking.

"Gelya, wasn't it?" Mrs. McKenzie continued. "She was the valedictorian for Brenna's graduating class. George escorted her to their prom. Escorting a senior was quite a notch in his belt."

"Yes, I'm quite certain she was a notch in his belt," Mr. McKenzie hissed. Gelya felt as if she'd been slapped across the face.

"That's it," Brenna fumed as she reached out and slapped her father. Heads turned and the band stopped playing. "How dare you?" Brenna demanded. Gelya placed a comforting hand on her lover's arm before she could reach out and strike her father again.

"George, you're causing a scene," Mrs. McKenzie chastised him, and somehow Gelya sensed

that was the worse thing you could do. "Now apologize."

"Our daughter strikes me and you want me to apologize?" he gasped.

"Actually I was referring to Gelya, but you should apologize to Brenna as well," Mrs. McKenzie instructed the stunned man. He shook his head in disbelief before walking off towards the bar.

The music resumed and people turned away, no longer interested in the scene now that the fun part was over. "Mom?" Brenna began in bewilderment.

"You know I had dinner with your father last evening," Mrs. McKenzie explained, seemingly lost in thought. "I sat across from him while he ground his teeth and complained about how ungrateful his children are. I find that odd since he never really knew either you or George. I don't get to see my children or my grandchildren which is my own fault. But as I sat there listening to the pompous blowhard, I came to the realization that I have had enough. Now I don't understand this," she added, pointing to both Gelya and Brenna. "But I do know that when Brenna was friends with you in high school, her grades soared, and for the first time in years she seemed truly happy. Then after you were gone she changed. She just wasn't herself after that. Not that I really knew her. But tonight I saw it again. You're both happy, really and truly happy. Some day you must tell me what that's like. I'd ask you tomorrow but I assume you're going to pass on brunch. I wish I could," she added with a heavy sigh. "Well, I should see after your father. Enjoy your evening, girls. You two as well," she added to George and Wendy who had been eavesdropping. Then with a small smile she left the four of them standing there completely stunned.

"What just happened?" George stammered.

"Mom spoke," Brenna stammered in response. "I've never heard her say that many words at one time. And I've never heard her say anything against Dad."

"Maybe you should slap Dad more often?" George suggested eagerly.

"Okay, enough," Gelya interrupted as she took Brenna by the hand. "Dance with me?" Brenna smiled brightly as she led Gelya out onto the crowded dance floor. As they swayed to the music, the George Sr.'s , the Huey's and the Buffy's no longer mattered.

PART SIX

Several weeks later Gelya was letting herself into Brenna's apartment with the key she'd been given. She tightened the long coat around her, suddenly nervous about what she was doing. She closed the door behind her and began to search for her lover. She found her in the bedroom, chatting on the telephone. Brenna smiled up at her and waved as Gelya watched her from the doorway.

"That was my mother," Brenna explained as she hung up the telephone. "Is it cold out?" Gelya

simply shook her head. "Well, it seems that my mother's change of attitude is permanent. She's divorcing my father."

"Wow," Gelya exclaimed.

"It seems that after the dance she called her lawyer and discovered that most of their assets are actually in her name," Brenna continued. "Now why are you wearing that coat?"

Gelya smiled at her slyly as she wiggled her eyebrows. Then she slowly removed the long coat and allowed it to drop to the floor. Brenna's eyes widened as she gaped at her lover. Suddenly she sprung from the bed. "I can't believe it." Brenna panted like a hungry animal. "You're even hotter looking in that than you were in high school."

"Told you my mother never throws anything out," Gelya explained as she twirled to give her lover a full view of her school uniform. Brenna's hands slipped up under her skirt just like they'd done in high school. Due to the tightness of the skirt her hands didn't have far to travel.

No," Gelya chided her. "Not until you put on yours."

"Oh no," Brenna whined. "Honey, it doesn't fit me anymore."

"Neither does mine," Gelya noted.

"Yeah, but yours is tight in all the right places," Brenna moaned as her crystal blue eyes drifted up and down Gelya's body.

"Put it on," Gelya demanded as she slipped out of Brenna's grasp. "Or else I'm going home." Brenna watched her intently as Gelya sprawled out on her bed. Gelya watched as her lover's breathing grew ragged and she chewed nervously on her bottom lip. Brenna spun around and walked into her closet. Gelya laughed at the cursing she could hear. She removed her shoes and relaxed on the bed, eagerly waiting for her lover.

Her heart stopped and she was unable to breathe as Brenna stepped out of the closet wearing her school uniform. The skirt was much higher giving Gelya a full view of Brenna's endless legs. The blouse was so tight that Brenna only managed to button two buttons at the bottom. "You're not wearing any underwear," Gelya purred happily as she noted the absence of a bra and panties.

"Do I need any?" Brenna questioned her as she climbed up onto the bed.

Brenna's body hovered over her own as Gelya slowly ran the tips of her fingers along the brunette's thighs. "I love you," Brenna whispered as she lowered herself and captured Gelya's lips. As the kiss deepened and their bodies melted together, Gelya caressed Brenna's firm backside. As their tongues engaged in a sensual duel Gelya rolled her lover onto her back and straddled her thigh. Memories of their first time together came flooding back as Gelya slipped her hand down Brenna's body. She parted her lover's legs with her thigh and slipped her fingers into her wetness.

"You're so wet," Gelya gasped as she ran her fingers over the slick folds.

"I always am whenever you're around," Brenna confessed with a deep blush. "It's always been that way, even before we made love."

"I use to dream about you," Gelya admitted as she began to kiss her way down Brenna's body. "I'd lie in bed at night and touch myself, thinking about how beautiful you are." Gelya ran her tongue along the swell of Brenna's breasts.

"So did I," Brenna gasped as she wrapped her long legs around Gelya's waist. Gelya traced Brenna's nipples with her tongue as her lover's body arched against her. Gelya captured one nipple in the warmth of her mouth while she tore Brenna's blouse free from the only two buttons holding it in place. She suckled Brenna's nipple eagerly, teasing it with her teeth and her tongue as she teased its twin with her fingers. "Gelya," Brenna groaned in hunger as the blonde moved her attention to her other nipple, lavishing it with the same attention.

Her lover's whimpers fueled her desire as she began to kiss her way down Brenna's body. The scent of Brenna's desire caressed her as she lifted her skirt. She blew a warm breath into the thick patch as she wrapped Brenna's long legs over her shoulders. She nestled her body between Brenna's quivering thighs and slowly began to feast upon her. She took her time tasting all that Brenna had to offer. Each time the brunette neared the edge Gelya retreated and each time she was greeted by a frustrated growl.

She licked and tasted her lover until every fiber of Brenna's body trembled with desire. She suckled her throbbing clit in her mouth as she entered her lover's center. "Yes," Brenna screamed as Gelya's hands and mouth began a wild rhythm, taking her higher. Brenna's body arched up off the bed as Gelya pleased her. Gelya held Brenna steady until her lover climaxed against her. Then Gelya began again before Brenna had a chance to recover.

She teased Brenna's clit with her teeth and her tongue while her fingers plunged in and out of her. She added another finger and she took her higher, bringing her to a second climax. Brenna collapsed onto the bed. Gelya slowly ran her tongue along Brenna's sex. "No," Brenna said, halting her.

"But?" Gelya began to protest. It was a familiar argument they shared. Each loved pleasuring the other until they begged them to stop.

Gelya moved up her lover's trembling body and was pulled down into a fiery kiss. Brenna rolled her over as she quickly undid the buttons on Gelya's tight blouse. The kiss deepened as Brenna removed the blouse in a flurry and then quickly sent her bra flying across the bedroom. "Do you know how beautiful you are?" Brenna gasped as the kiss ended and the brunette began to kiss her way down Gelya's neck. "How much I love you? How much I want to spend the rest of my life with you?" Brenna said against her tingling flesh before suckling her nipple.

"I love you," Gelya cried out as her body arched against Brenna.

Brenna teased Gelya's nipples as her hand slipped under the short skirt and cupped her mound. Gelya parted her thighs as her lover teased her clit with the palm of her hand. Soon she was being rolled onto her stomach. Gelya's body trembled as she lifted herself up on her hands and knees. She loved the feel of Brenna's body pressing against her own. She felt her underwear being lowered and then removed. She whimpered as Brenna kissed her way up her legs.

Gelya parted her thighs as she felt Brenna's tongue and lips teasing her backside. She fought to keep her breathing steady as her lover's tongue dipped into her wetness. Brenna massaged her firm cheeks while her mouth feasted upon her desire. Gelya's hips thrust backward, offering more of herself up to her lover's touch. Soon her body was thrusting harder as she felt herself nearing the edge of ecstasy. She cried out as the waves crashed down upon her and her body exploded.

Gelya started to collapse but Brenna captured her and held her steady. Gelya gasped as Brenna pressed her wet mound into her and her nipples teased Gelya's back. Brenna kissed the nape of her neck as their hips began to grind together. "Yes," Gelya groaned as she thrust harder and Brenna matched her urgent movements. She felt Brenna entering her as their bodies rocked harder against one another. Gelya clutched at the bedding as Brenna's fingers plunged in and out of her.

Gelya's body trembled as she felt the orgasm take over. Brenna continued to pleasure her as she cried out. She could feel Brenna's body trembling as she drove both of them into ecstasy. They were gasping for air as they collapsed on the bed. They wrapped themselves up in a tender embrace.

Later they were snuggled up under the covers basking in a warm afterglow. Their former school uniforms were scattered across the bedroom. "Brenna?" Gelya said softly as she snuggled closer to her naked lover.

"Yes, my love?" Brenna responded in a warm tone.

"I was wondering if you wanted to . . . ," Gelya searched for the right words. ". . . it's just that we both have stuff at each other's place and . . . I wanted to know if you would consider getting a new place . . . to live with me," she finished in a hurry.

"I was just waiting for you to ask," Brenna responded brightly.

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