

~ The Stakeout ~

(Undercover Part 2)

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

Drew stared into her closet; her eyes were glazed over. "Come on, Collin. You're supposed to be helping me here," she pleaded, turning towards her husband who was lounging on her bed and playing Nintendo. He groaned as he tossed the control down.

"Honey, with what's in that mess you call a closet, we're going to need to take you shopping," he teased her as he brushed his curly blonde locks out of his eyes.

"Come on, Collin. This is serious," Drew growled at him.

"It's always serious when you're going out with Regan," Collin said as he rolled his eyes in exasperation.

"Please," the tall brunette whined.

"Oh all right, peaches." He sighed in a dramatic fashion. "Where are you going?"

"A stakeout," she repeated angrily. "I swear you never listen to me."

"See! We really are married," he squealed. "What does one wear to a stakeout?"

"That's what I've been asking you for the past two hours," Drew growled. "That's what I get for marrying the one queen in the universe without any fashion sense."

"Excuse me," Collin said snidely. "If it wasn't for me, you would have spent your entire four years in college as a walking fashion violation."

"Then help me out, Mary," Drew flared.

Collin held up his hand in protest. "Come on, Collin. Be a good husband and help your wife get ready for her date," she said with a pout.

"I got you and Charlie's gay angel together. Wasn't that enough?" Collin grumbled.

"You so don't want to go there," Drew hissed before pouncing on him. Collin laughed as Drew tickled him furiously. "You hired her so you could divorce me and take half of my business," Drew growled as she continued her assault.

"I didn't know you'd see it as a challenge." He laughed as he tried to swat her hands away. "Who knew you'd score yourself a toaster oven. Stop it!" he pleaded. "Stop! Uncle!" he cried out as the tears ran down his face. "Okay, Auntie! Auntie!"

Drew released her hold on Collin. "Wuss," she said tauntingly as she gave him a playful slap. "Now are you going to help me?" she asked threateningly as she leaned over him and poked him in the chest.

"I'm thinking something chic in black," he finally said. "Ooo! How about your black Capri pants, black Donna Karan turtleneck, and your black leather car coat? Very Audrey Hepburn."

"That could work." Drew smiled as she climbed off the bed.

"So how are things going with the fair Miss Regan?" Collin purred.

"Good," Drew answered with a bright smile.

"How good?" Collin pried.

"Is that all you ever think about?" Drew chastised her husband as she pulled out the appropriate clothing.

"Yes," Collin said with a defiant smirk. "Hey, I can't do anything for the next twenty-nine days. One of us should be getting all hot and bothered."

Drew laughed. "I wonder if I would've been able to get you into rehab if you had realized that you'd have stay celibate for six months?" Drew inquired in an amused tone.

"No," Collin responded flatly. "But I am meeting the most fabulous men at my meetings."

"Only you would use recovery to find a date," Drew scoffed.

"I'm crushed." Collin gasped in mock horror.

"Right." Drew snickered.

"Look, I'm meeting very nice, clean, sober professionals," Collin noted thoughtfully. "I had to give up my old friends."

"Your old *friends* were a bunch of sycophants who disappeared when your money was gone," Drew reminded him.

"Yeah, I know," Collin said agreeably. "You're the only one who loves me. Now speaking of love, how are things going with Miss Blonde, Beautiful and Butch?"

"She's not butch," Drew snapped as she tossed a shoe at her husband. "Things are good. I tell you, Collin, I'm really falling for this girl."

"And?" Collin pried. "I want details, princess."

"Collin?" Drew grumbled once again.

"So things are still not happening?" He groaned.

"Things are happening." Drew corrected him. "Just not what you think. She needs time to sort things out. This is all new to her. Not to mention that the way we met was unconventional, to say the least."

"I know." Collin smirked. "She thought she was straight, your husband hired her to find out if you were sneaking around, and the two of you ended up having hot monkey sex."

"You are a pig," Drew sniped as she glared at him.

"Duh." Collin laughed. "But tonight it will just be the two of you sitting alone in her car," he said encouragingly.

"I'm hoping," Drew confessed. "I really care for Regan but I'm going to spontaneously combust if things don't change soon."

PART TWO

"So this is a stakeout?" Drew said for what seemed like the one-hundredth time as she played with the lock on the glove compartment.

"Yes," Regan responded as she pinched the bridge of her nose.

"It's kind of dull," Drew whined.

"I warned you," Regan responded flatly as she peered out the window of her car.

"I know," Drew grumbled. She was disappointed at the way the evening was turning out. She had practically begged Regan to bring her along that evening. She had hoped that it would be exciting like it was in the movies or on television. But it wasn't. Basically they were just sitting and waiting in Regan's car. Drew started to fiddle with a small pair of binoculars until Regan took them away. "So what did this guy do?" Drew pouted.

"It's a woman and I'm not certain," Regan explained.

"Not certain or not telling?" Drew pressed. She knew by the way Regan failed to respond that she wasn't going to tell her. "Can we turn on the car and get some heat?"

"No," Regan repeated since Drew had already asked several times.

"We could make our own heat?" Drew suggested as she leaned into Regan's body. It was something that she was really hoping might happen that night. Somehow she had thought that the thrill of being on a stakeout together might kick-start Regan's desire. Of course, had she known that there wasn't anything remotely thrilling about a stakeout, she would have stayed home and watched Cinemax.

She understood that Regan needed time to sort out her feelings. Everything had happened so quickly between them and Regan's world had been turned upside down. That explosive night had almost ended Regan's career and awakened her latent homosexuality. Then again, Regan still hadn't been able to admit that she was gay. Drew was trying to be patient and understanding; with each passing day it was getting harder and harder to keep her promise.

Regan sighed deeply as Drew's hands found their way around the blonde's waist. Drew grumbled as she removed her hands and retreated back to her side of the car. "I'm sorry," Regan said quietly.

"Don't be," Drew reassured her as she tried to calm her rapid heartbeat. She couldn't be this close to Regan without craving to touch her, taste her, and make love to her until they were unable to move. "I'm the one that's sorry. I promised you that I wouldn't pressure you."

"It's not that I don't want to," Regan explained.

"It's okay, Regan," Drew said, trying to console her.

"No, it's not," Regan grumbled. "It's not fair to you."

"Hey!" Drew protested. "Don't do this to yourself. I'm just a horny old bugger."

Regan turned and smiled at her. "I'm thankful for that or else we would never have met," Regan said softly. "I don't know why I'm still fighting this. Every fiber of my being wants you and it's a little overwhelming. Every time I'm with you or think about you, my body kicks into overdrive."

"Good to know," Drew purred.

"Still, it's so strange to realize that everything I thought I knew about myself is a lie. At first I thought maybe it was just you and now I know that I've had these feelings before."

Drew remained silent, allowing Regan to proceed at her own pace. Regan blew out an exasperated breath. "I was hoping to have this conversation in a more romantic setting," Regan grumbled. "Drew, you are the most amazing person I have ever met and I know that I'm gay." Drew held her breath, waiting for the other shoe to drop. "And I'm . . . there she is." Regan broke off suddenly.

"Rats," Drew grumbled, not certain if she wanted her lover to finish what she'd been about to say. Still, her heart was dancing now that Regan had actually said the 'G' word. Not only had she said it, but she'd also said that she was it. Drew knew that it was a big step.

They watched as a tall lanky blonde stepped out of the doorway of the building they had been watching for the last several hours. The woman looked around and walked over to the payphone on the corner. Regan wrote something down in a notebook and adjusted a small handheld device that looked a lot like a tiny satellite dish.

"She doesn't look too dangerous," Drew commented wryly. Regan swatted her arm and pressed her earpiece tightly into her ear. Drew felt bad, knowing that Regan was trying to listen to the woman's conversation.

"Drew, do you want to help?" Regan said softly. Drew nodded eagerly, anxious for something to do. "Get out of the car."

"You're not sending me for coffee again, are you?" Drew whined.

"No." Regan laughed quietly. "I want you to go around the corner and then wait by the payphone. When she's done, call my cell phone."

"Huh?" Drew looked at Regan in confusion.

"I need the phone number for the pay phone. It should come up on my caller id, but if you see it try to remember it," Regan explained slowly.

"I can do that," Drew said happily as she slowly opened the car door.

"I know you can, baby," Regan encouraged her sweetly.

As Drew rounded the corner and made her way back down to the payphone, she realized why Regan had made her go all the way around. It appeared as if she was coming from a different direction. '*Clever girl*,' Drew noted as she looked over at the lanky blonde with a pensive expression. The woman held up her hand, indicating that she would be done soon. Drew curled her lip and looked at her watch; the blonde rolled her brown eyes at Drew.

Drew shuffled from one foot to the other, keeping up her impatient act. "Wednesday at 10 A.M.," the blonde muttered before hanging up the telephone. "All yours," the blonde offered before walking off. Drew snatched up the receiver and quickly dialed Regan's number. She noticed that the tall blonde kept looking back at her with some degree of interest.

"Hey, baby," Drew purred into the phone when Regan answered.

"She's watching you," Regan explained.

"I know," Drew maintained her sultry tone. "I miss you."

"Good girl."

"I need you," Drew said, deciding to torture Regan just a little. "I want to feel your arms around me."

"Brat." Regan snorted. "Keep it up. She's not going inside yet."

"I want to make love to you." Drew continued to tease her lover. "My husband is out of town. Why don't you come over and let me lick every inch of your body." She heard the blonde snort and chuckle as Regan whimpered into the receiver. "We can watch that video we made in San Francisco." Drew went on as she heard the blonde's footsteps heading towards her building.

"You still have that?" Regan choked out.

"There's only one way to find out," Drew said, taunting her. She smiled as Regan's breathing became heavy.

"She's gone inside," Regan stammered. "Go back around the same way."

"Are you wet?" Drew continued to play.

"Stop," Regan responded in a breathy tone.

"Are you?" Drew pressed.

"You are going to get it," Regan growled in a husky tone.

"Promise?" Drew continued, noticing the tall blonde still watching her. "I'll see you soon," she added before hanging up the telephone and heading back the way she had come.

Drew said a silent prayer that the blonde stranger had finally returned to her apartment so she could climb back into Regan's car. She also prayed that Regan wasn't going to be upset by the way she had played with her. She looked around before approaching Regan's car; the coast seemed to be clear. She opened the door and got back into the passenger side.

Drew turned to Regan to offer a defense for her rambunctious behavior but she didn't get a chance to speak. Regan pressed her lips against Drew's and cut off her words. The brunette didn't stop to think as Regan nibbled on her bottom lip. Drew parted her lips, inviting Regan's tongue in for exploration. She moaned as Regan explored the warmth of her mouth.

Regan pressed her firm body into Drew's as their tongues dueled for control. They broke apart gasping for air. "You are playing with fire," Regan cautioned her. Drew chuckled lightly. "Do you really still have that tape?" Regan inquired as she ran her hands along Drew's body.

"I'll tell you if you answer a question for me," Drew teased as she slipped her hands under Regan's jacket.

"Anything," Regan responded in a breathy tone.

"Are you wet?" Drew inquired hotly in Regan's ear.

Regan gasped as she pulled away slightly. Drew regretted her question, thinking that she had just ruined the moment. Her blue eyes widened in surprise as she watched Regan start to undo her jeans. Her eyes were riveted to her lover's hands as the small blonde reached inside the front of her jeans and began to touch herself.

Drew's breathing became erratic as Regan's hand moved slowly inside her pants. She watched in amazement as Regan's glistening fingers emerged from their cocoon. Regan ran her fingers along Drew's trembling lips. "Does this answer your question?" Regan taunted her as Drew sucked the digits into the warmth of her mouth.

Drew savored each drop of nectar on her lover's fingers as the blonde whimpered in pleasure. "You taste so good," Drew groaned before giving Regan's trembling fingers one last flick of her tongue. Her breath caught at the smoky gaze she received from her lover's half-open emerald eyes.

Drew leaned over and locked the car doors before grasping her lover's hips tightly. Regan shifted slightly so that she was leaning against the driver's door. Drew's stomach clenched with excitement as she pulled Regan's jeans past her hips. Regan ran her fingers through Drew's long raven tresses. The brunette shifted her body and lowered her head. She knew by the tantalizing aroma of her lover's passion that it was too late for them to stop.

Regan moaned as she ran her tongue along the blonde's slick folds. Drew found that she was moaning as well as she buried herself in her lover's desire. "Wait," Regan pleaded. Drew whimpered as she lifted her head. Looking at the uncomfortable position they were in, she knew that they would be unable to continue without inflicting some kind of injury.

Drew sat up quickly as she realized her lover was pressed against the door handle. "You need a bigger car," Drew complained. Regan smiled in response. "Come here." Drew motioned to her lover. Regan moved closer and they found themselves kissing lightly. Drew lowered her hand between them and slipped it between Regan's quivering thighs.

"I want you so much," Drew said softly as her fingers dipped into her lover's wetness.

"Yes," Regan panted in agreement. Drew ran her fingers along Regan's swollen lips as her thumb made lazy circles across the blonde's throbbing clit. Drew hadn't wanted their second time together to be in a car, but once again their passion overrode their senses. She pressed her fingers against Regan's opening. Feeling her lover's hips thrust into her touch, she entered her; her fingers were gripped tightly.

"This isn't what I had planned," Drew apologized as her fingers slid in and out of Regan's center while her thumb continued to tease her clit.

"I know." Regan moaned as her hips continued to rock against Drew's hand.

"Do you want me to stop?" Drew panted while she took her lover deeper.

"No," Regan growled as she gripped Drew's shoulders tightly.

Drew drank in Regan's flushed features as she continued to pleasure her. She just needed to feel Regan explode in pleasure, then she would take her back to her place and the two of them would make love all night. "Drew," Regan pleaded as her body continued to gyrate wildly.

"Let yourself go," Drew said, urging her lover on.

Regan's body trembled furiously as she cried out. Drew tried to hold her steady as the blonde climaxed against her. Regan pulled Drew in for a passionate kiss as the last waves of passion trickled through her body. "You are amazing," Regan confessed in a throaty tone. "Can we go somewhere a little bit more private?" she asked as Drew withdrew her touch.

"Yes," Drew said softly before placing a promising kiss on Regan's full lips.

"My place isn't too far from here and I need to email my report to the client," Regan explained.

"Oh right. You're working." Drew laughed as Regan pulled up her pants.

"You are incorrigible." Regan chuckled as she started her car. "I just need to get this done and then we can talk."

"Talk?" Drew inquired hesitantly.

"Well . . ." Regan hedged slightly. "There's something I want to tell you but not here."

"Oh?" Drew responded with a grimace.

"Drew, are you all right?" Regan asked quickly.

"Just fine," Drew lied.

PART THREE

Drew paced nervously as Regan worked on her computer. "You're making me dizzy," the blonde investigator said.

"Sorry," Drew grumbled.

"Why don't you go into the kitchen and open the bottle of wine I have there?" Regan suggested. Drew nodded in agreement as she made her way to Regan's tiny kitchen.

She liked Regan's apartment; it was tiny and the organized clutter reflected its occupant. She'd been nervous since their impromptu intimacy in the car. She was worried that Regan didn't share the same feelings for her; that perhaps it was just a physical thing for the blonde. Of course, Drew couldn't deny the overwhelming desire that filled her each time she was within a fifty-mile radius of the beautiful blonde.

She poured two glasses of Pinot Grigio and made her way back into the living room where Regan had her equipment set up. "So is this woman cheating on her husband?" Drew asked, trying to keep the conversation away from what was happening between them.

"It's not that simple," Regan replied absently as she continued to type. "Thanks," she said as she accepted a glass of wine from Drew. "Did you hear her say anything? The traffic kept interfering with my connection."

"Wednesday at ten A.M.," Drew replied.

"Did you hear anything else?" Regan asked quickly as she stopped typing.

"No," Drew responded with a shrug. "So are you going to tell me what's going on with this woman?"

"She may or may not be involved in an embezzlement scheme," Regan explained as she continued typing.

"Really?" Drew gushed.

"Yes, really," Regan answered with a smile. "All done," she announced before turning off the computer. She picked up her glass of wine and took a sip.

Drew looked down at Regan in nervous anticipation. "You want to tell me what's going on in that pretty head of yours?" Regan asked carefully as she ran her fingers along the rim of her glass. "Normally I'm the one who's edgy about the two of us being alone together."

"You wanted to talk," Drew said dryly, fighting to hide her emotions.

Regan blinked in surprise. "Drew, I just wanted to talk about us," Regan explained slowly. "I know that none of this has been easy on you."

"Well . . . the way we met was . . .," Drew began before her thoughts and words trailed off.

"Explosive, exciting, incredible, unnerving, unsettling, unbelievable, and the best thing that ever happened in my life," Regan blurted out as she set down her wine glass and jumped out of her chair.

Drew stepped back in surprise; she'd been expecting Regan to say that it was over. "This is good then?" Drew asked fearfully.

"I hope so," Regan said softly as she stared deeply into Drew's eyes. "I know that my confusion must have been hard on you."

"No," Drew protested. "What was hard was worrying if I'd lost you before we had a chance to begin. I really care for you, Regan, and not just the way I showed you tonight."

"Drew, I fell for you the first moment I looked into those incredible blue eyes of yours," Regan reassured her.

Drew smiled as she took Regan by the hand. "Good," Drew stated firmly. "Because you are the best thing that's happened to me in a very long time."

"Now that I've told you . . .," Regan said softly as she started to lead Drew by the hand out of the room. "Don't you think it's about time that I showed you?" Regan purred as she opened the door to her bedroom. "It means a lot to me that you care for me beyond the physical because I feel the same way about you, but you have to admit that we really connect when it comes to the physical aspect."

"Connect?" Drew laughed as she followed her lover into the bedroom. "Oh darling, you have no idea what you do to me."

"Oh, I think I do," Regan said softly as she led Drew over to her queen-sized bed. "I keep thinking about that first time and the way you took me on that sofa. I can still see it, how you had me bent over, pressing your body into mine."

Drew released a whimper as Regan reached over to the nightstand and turned on the CD player next to the bed. "Speaking of seeing it, you don't still have that tape do you?" Regan inquired playfully as she wrapped her arms around Drew's waist.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Drew teased her with a throaty chuckle.

"Dance with me?" Regan asked softly before she stole a quick kiss. "Did you watch it?" she

added as their bodies started to sway to the music.

"Did you?" Drew teased. She pulled Regan closer, enjoying the warmth of her lover's body.

"Hum." Regan chuckled slightly as she nestled her head against Drew's chest.

"I thought so," Drew said before placing a gentle kiss on the top of Regan's head. She took a moment to inhale the scent of her lover's shampoo. It was the same sweet scent that she remembered from the first night they'd met. "This sounds familiar," Drew said quietly, noticing that her lover's shampoo wasn't the only thing reminiscent of that fateful evening. Regan sighed contentedly as she snuggled even closer to Drew's body. "You had this all planned, didn't you?" Drew asked with a knowing smile.

"I wanted it to be special," Regan explained. "Of course, I didn't know that we'd start before we got back from surveillance."

"Are you sorry?" Drew asked, suddenly concerned.

"That you gave me a completely mind blowing orgasm?" Regan teased. "What? Are you kidding me?" Regan laughed as she looked up at Drew. The smile on the blonde's cherubic features tugged at the brunette's heartstrings. "Anytime you want to do that, feel free," Regan said encouragingly.

"Anytime?" Drew smirked.

"Anytime," Regan confirmed. "You know, I'm still very new at this and I still have a lot to learn."

"I'll be more than happy to teach you," Drew offered sincerely. "I like this, holding you and dancing. And I love the fact that you're playing the first song that we danced to."

"That night was special to me," Regan murmured.

"Yeah, I could tell by the way you ran out of the bar and completely freaked out." Drew laughed lightly.

"I don't have a complete breakdown in front of just anyone," Regan teased in return. "Do you want to know why I agreed to dance with you that night?"

"My irresistible charm," Drew said arrogantly.

"Absolutely." Regan smiled as she stole a tender kiss. "If I didn't get up off that barstool, I knew that I would start kissing you again."

"But we made out on the dance floor," Drew noted.

"Like you said, it was your irresistible charm," Regan said.

"I'm that irresistible, am I?" Drew whispered softly into Regan's ear. She felt her lover shiver as she spoke. Drew's heart raced as she began to nibble on her lover's sensitive earlobe.

"Yes," Regan moaned in response. Drew's hands slid down Regan's back until she was cupping the smaller woman's firm backside. As she massaged the firm cheeks, she felt Regan kiss her neck.

Drew's head fell back, giving her lover more access to her long neck. Regan eagerly accepted the offer and began feasting on the expanse of skin. "Do you want to try something different?" Regan murmured.

"Anything," Drew conceded willingly as Regan ceased her assault on her neck. Drew's body ached; she missed the feel of Regan's warm kisses on her skin. Regan smiled sweetly as she nudged her closer to the bed.

"Look - a bed," Regan said softly as she lowered Drew's body down onto the comfortable surface.

"This is different for us." Drew laughed as she pulled her lover down on top of her.

"Now that we seem to be moving forward, I thought we'd try actually making love in the bedroom for a change," Regan suggested as her fingers traced Drew's full lips. "Not that I'm complaining about the other times, like the bar in San Francisco or your hotel room."

"I offered you a bed that night," Drew pointed out as she ran her hands up and down the sides of Regan's body. She paused for a moment to enjoy the swell of the smaller woman's breasts. Her hands moved to the front of Regan's shirt and she cupped the firm round breasts gently.

"Looking back, I know now that I should have stayed that night," Regan said with a strangled moan as her hips pressed into Drew's overheated center. "I wanted to. I wanted to make love to you again. But if I'd started, I know neither of us would have left that hotel room."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Drew said softly as her palms started to make lazy circles across Regan's breasts. She loved to feel her lover's nipples harden in arousal.

Regan simply groaned as her hips rocked in a sensual rhythm against Drew's body. The brunette could feel her underwear becoming damp from her growing excitement. She tugged Regan's black long-sleeved shirt out of her pants as the blonde began to place gentle kisses on her neck. Drew pulled the top up as Regan lifted her body and arms; Drew quickly removed the garment.

She smiled when she found the black lacy bra that lay underneath. She liked the sharp contrast of the black against her lover's alabaster skin. "You are so beautiful," she uttered with an appreciative breath as she ran her fingertips along the soft material. She smiled as Regan's hips

ground harder against her body, her smaller hands covering Drew's larger ones. Regan guided Drew's hands over her breasts, encouraging her to massage the firm flesh and pinch her nipples lightly. Drew moaned as her lover continued to guide her hands.

Drew was slightly disappointed when Regan's hands left her own. Her disappointment vanished when she felt the blonde's hands pulling up her turtleneck. "I want to see you," Regan explained in a needy tone. Drew smiled, not missing the lustful gaze her lover was casting at her. She lowered her hands and allowed the smaller woman to remove her top. Without hesitation, her lover lowered her head and began to kiss Drew's newly exposed flesh.

The hungry urgent need in Regan's kisses set Drew's skin on fire. "Oh my God," Drew groaned as she ran her hands up and down Regan's back. As Regan suckled her neck possessively, Drew unhooked the blonde's bra with ease. She could feel her own nipples straining against her bra as Regan's body melted into hers.

Drew's hips began to match Regan's rhythm as they swayed urgently against each other. Regan's mouth licked and tasted its way down to the supple valley between her breasts. Drew raked her blunt fingernails down Regan's naked back as she felt the material of her bra being tugged down. Her body arched and her mind went blank when the blonde hungrily sucked her nipple into her mouth. She thrust against her lover, raising both of their bodies off the bed as Regan's teeth grazed her aching nipple.

"Yes," she hissed as her hands grasped Regan's backside, urging her lover to thrust harder against her. She could feel Regan's mouth suckle her harder as her body shifted and the blonde's hand slipped between their gyrating forms. She growled as Regan's hand cupped her mound. The heel of Regan's hand stroked her as she continued to tease her nipple with her teeth and her tongue. "Oh God, Regan," Drew pleaded as her body neared the edge.

Regan lifted her body up, keeping her hand firmly against Drew's aching center. Drew groaned in desperation as she felt Regan's hand leave its warm cocoon. The blonde stared down at her with a look of pure desire. Regan removed her bra, which was hanging down her arms. Then the blonde placed a firm reassuring hand on Drew's shoulder and guided her up. Before Drew could speak, her lover removed her bra as well and tossed it across the room as she gently lowered Drew back onto the bed.

Regan then stood up and kicked off her shoes and slowly removed her jeans. Drew was panting heavily as she drank in the sight of her lover standing before her, clad only in a tiny pair of French-cut black lace panties. She got up on her elbows with every intention of pulling her lover to her and ravishing the beautiful blonde.

The investigator knelt down on the floor beside the bed and removed Drew's shoes. Then she leaned over, just out of Drew's reach, and pulled the Capri pants slowly down Drew's long legs. Drew's clit throbbed as she watched her panties follow. The brunette groaned as her lover kissed her way up her legs in a slow torturous manner.

Her breath caught at the fiery emerald gaze directed at her. "I want you," Regan stated in a firm

tone. Drew was helpless; she needed this woman. Her legs parted as her lover's tongue licked her passion from the inside of her thighs. Drew willingly allowed Regan to lead their passionate dance. Drew wrapped her legs around her lover's shoulders and raised her body so she could watch her lover pleasure her.

Regan cupped Drew's backside and brought her wetness to her mouth. Unable to control herself, Drew thrust her hips forward, freely offering all of her passion to her lover. Drew fought to control her breathing, knowing that she was already on the brink. She trembled as Regan's tongue ran slowly across her slick folds. She could hear Regan moan in pleasure as she continued the slow torture. "Please," Drew begged. "I need you inside of me." She felt one of Regan's hands move to comply with her request. "No, baby," Drew panted as she ran her fingers through Regan's short blonde locks. "With your tongue first," Drew instructed her lover who moaned in pleasure.

The tip of Regan's tongue pressed against the opening of her center as the blonde buried herself deeper inside of Drew's passion. Her hips thrust forward as Regan's tongue entered her while her thumb began to tease her clit. Drew's stomach clenched as her body rocked. Her lover held her steady as she continued to plunge deeper inside of her. Drew's body thrashed as she gripped the back of her lover's head with one hand and the bedcovers with the other.

The delighted murmurs emanating from Regan let Drew know how much her lover was enjoying the moment. There was a buzzing in Drew's ears as Regan's tongue left the warmth of her center. The blonde's mouth captured her clit as her fingers slid gently into of Drew. The brunette's body bucked wildly as Regan plunged deeper inside of her as she suckled her throbbing clit.

"Sweet Jesus," Drew cried out as her body rose off the bed. Somehow she and her lover were moving across the bed. Somewhere in the muddled recesses of Drew's mind, she knew it was because her body was rocking wildly and the blonde was refusing to release her hold on her. "That's it, baby. Don't stop," Drew pleaded as Regan's fingers plunged in and out of her.

Drew's eyes fluttered shut as her mind filled with images of crimson hues. Her chest tightened as her thighs trembled. The brunette cried out as she reached the peak and cascaded over the edge. Waves of sheer ecstasy filled her being as Regan continued to suckle her clit. "Can't. . .," Drew panted as the aftershocks coursed through her. Regan failed to heed to her pleas as she wiggled her fingers inside of Drew's center.

The brunette felt the walls of her center quickly tighten once again as the second wave crashed over her. Her mind went blank as her body exploded once again. Drew tried to pull away from her lover's sweet persistent loving. "Enough," Drew panted as she finally pulled away from her lover. She curled up as Regan climbed up her body. The room was still spinning as Regan pulled her closer. "You're hanging off the bed," Regan informed her in a tender voice.

Drew looked around in confusion. She had somehow ended up on the opposite end of the bed and was indeed hanging off the side. "How did we get over here?" Drew mumbled in bewilderment as Regan wrapped her up in her arms. "Last thing I remember you were kneeling on the floor," Drew choked out as Regan laughed.

"That was so good," Regan whispered as she kissed Drew's sweaty brow tenderly. "You taste so good and it feels incredible to be inside of you," she said tenderly as she continued to place gentle kisses along Drew's chiseled features.

"You're trying to kill me," Drew panted. Once again Regan chuckled in response.

"Do you want some water?" Regan offered softly.

"Hmm," Drew sighed as her breathing steadied. The feel of Regan's sweaty body pressed against her own, mixed with the musky aroma of her own passion, reignited Drew's desire. "In a little bit," Drew said softly as she began to lick the sweat from Regan's body.

Regan gasped as Drew pushed her back on the bed. Their bodies fused together as they lay side by side. They wrapped their arms and legs around each other as they began to kiss with a renewed passion. Drew loved the feel of their nipples brushing against one another as her hand slid down the length of Regan's firm body. She ran a single finger along the waistband of the blonde's panties.

"These are beautiful but they have to go," Drew said as she tugged on the soft silky material. Regan moaned deeply in response as she reached down to remove her underwear. Drew's passion couldn't wait for her lover to remove the last of her clothing. She reached down and tore the silk garment off her lover's body and tossed the torn panties across the room. Regan growled in a needy tone as she thrust her naked body into Drew's overheated form.

Their bodies melted together as they kissed deeply. Their tongues dueled in a sensual dance as they pressed their wetness into one another's firm thighs. The feel of her lover's passion caressing her skin urged Drew on. She could feel Regan's body trembling as she slid her hand down her back. Her strong fingers were tingling as she touched her lover's exposed flesh, caressing her way over Regan's quivering thigh and between their bodies. She moaned as she ran her fingers through Regan's wet golden curls. Her lover's thighs opened to her touch.

Regan's passion coated her long fingers as she gently explored the slick folds. Drew thrust harder against her lover. Their hips swayed in unison as Drew continued to explore Regan's wetness. The brunette rubbed her throbbing clit with a hungry need against Regan's thigh while she pressed her fingers against her lover's aching center.

Regan's hips arched, silently urging Drew to enter her. Drew plunged her tongue deeper into the warmth of the blonde's mouth while her fingers entered the warmth of her center. Despite her own need, she nudged her lover's legs further apart. With two fingers she plunged in and out of her lover while she stroked the blonde's clit. She rolled her lover onto her back as the blonde wrapped her legs around Drew's long body.

Her lover's excitement covered her fingers and her stomach as she rocked against the smaller woman in a sensual rhythm. She lifted her weight off Regan's body slightly as she took her harder and deeper. Regan's face was flushed with desire as her hips rose to meet Drew's touch.

She felt the walls of her lover's center tighten around her fingers as she increased her pace. Regan cried out as she grasped Drew's wrist, holding it steady. Drew watched in amazement as her lover climaxed. She remained still, hovering over Regan as she watched the aftershocks shake her small body.

The sight made the throbbing in Drew's lower body pulse harder. The brunette needed more and she lifted her hand to her lips; it was coated with her lover's desire. Regan was still panting as she watched Drew slowly lick her sweetness from her fingers. Drew smiled slyly before she turned Regan gently onto her stomach.

Regan groaned in hunger and lifted her backside. The sight of Regan offering herself up so willingly caused Drew's mouth to water as she began to kiss the firm cheeks. Her tongue swirled, slowly tasting every inch of flesh until she dipped into the sweet nectar between her lover's thighs. "Yes," Regan hissed as Drew dipped her tongue in and out of her wetness.

Drew continued to plunge in and out of Regan until her needs overwhelmed her. She ran her tongue up in a final sweeping motion, filling herself with her lover's taste, before kneeling behind the smaller woman. She needed to bring them to the edge of ecstasy and she loved doing it while Regan's backside was presented so enticingly. She straddled her lover's hips and pressed herself deep inside of Regan.

Her lover's hips responded instantly by thrusting back into her. Drew entered her lover's core once again as her hips rocked urgently against the blonde's firm backside. "Oh yes, Drew!" Regan called out as she lifted herself slightly and rocked her hips. "Feels so good," Regan whimpered. Drew's clit throbbed as she continued to thrust wildly. "Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes!" Regan screamed as Drew continued to slap her body into the blonde's while her fingers matched the sensual rhythm of her hips.

Drew could see the sheen of sweat covering Regan's back as her own body trembled. The bed shook wildly as their pace grew frantic. Finally they cried out in unison as their bodies quivered uncontrollably. They collapsed onto the bed in a quivering heap as they gasped for air. They lay there as their hearts continued to pound wildly and their lungs fought for air. "Water," Regan finally choked out.

Drew nodded in agreement as she rolled off her lover. She watched with some degree of amusement as Regan tried to stand on her shaky limbs. "Be right back," Regan squeaked as her body continued to tremble.

PART FOUR

Later they found themselves cuddling in bed, sharing their third glass of water. Regan had curled up in Drew's warm embrace.

"Why did you need that phone number?" Drew asked suddenly. Regan looked up at her in bewilderment.

"That's what you want to talk right now?" Regan asked in confusion before placing a gentle kiss on Drew's cheek.

"I'm curious." Drew shrugged before kissing Regan in return.

"Okay, if I know the number and the time the call was made, I can find out what number was called," Regan explained.

"Is that legal?" Drew persisted.

"There are legal ways of getting the information," Regan assured her. "They take longer, but with a payphone it's not as hard as you might think."

"That's a little frightening," Drew said.

"I know." Regan sighed. "But the client needs to be discreet and he needs to know who's working on the inside."

"Can't they just do an audit?" Drew asked.

"They have a firm coming in but that will make it public. My client is afraid by the time the accountants get to the bottom of things he'll be wiped out," Regan explained. "Money suddenly started to disappear from his business. His wife kicked him out and now he's in the middle of a messy divorce. He thinks she has a boyfriend."

"Wouldn't it be easier to catch her with the boyfriend?" Drew continued.

"Yeah, but you saw how suspicious she is," Regan explained. "She's a very careful woman and I've been unable to come up with anything."

"That was her?" Drew gasped.

"Yes," Regan confirmed. "I think the boyfriend works for my client and they're trying to clean him out."

"What makes you think it's a man?" Drew taunted her. "My husband hired you for the very same thing."

"Don't remind me." Regan coughed.

Drew smiled as she handed the glass of water back to Regan. "Are you always this thirsty after making love?" Drew inquired as Regan blushed. The blonde shook her head before taking another sip.

"I'm not usually this interested in sex," Regan confessed as Drew's eyes widened in surprise. "At least I wasn't until the day you walked into my life. Now I feel like I've turned into a

nymphomaniac overnight. It's all I can think about."

"What ever shall we do?" Drew gasped in mock horror.

"Grant my every wish and desire," Regan said in deep tone that sent shivers up and down Drew's spine.

The brunette's heart began to race with renewed passion while Regan reached over and placed the water glass on the nightstand. "Think you're up to the challenge?" Regan asked sexily as she pulled down the covers to reveal their naked bodies.

"Yes," Drew responded firmly as she wrapped herself up in her lover's arms.

THE END

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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