

# ~ Jolene ~

by Shea K.

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General warning: I'm sure you know by now there will be a sexual relationship between two women, but if you don't know, this is me warning you. There will be a sexual relationship between two women in this story. Get out while you still can! Run!

This story is based on the song "Jolene" by Dolly Parton. It is a great song and practically begged me to write a story using it!

Special thanks to my betas as usual, Revsrvixena and Judamacaby.

Find yourself wanting to see more from this lunatic? Probably not, I know. But, if you are, then you can find more of my insanity here for fanfics: <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/932292/> and for more original work here: <http://www.fictionpress.com/u/576301/>

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*Blush* was a small cosmetics company that was up and coming in the industry. The headquarters of *Blush* were located in the downtown area of a moderately sized town. Almost everyone that worked at the company looked like they belonged there. Almost being the keyword.

The IT team at the company was the only real exception. The biggest exception of them all was Drew Chang. Drew was the only woman on the small IT team, but that was not what made her unique. Drew came in everyday with her short, black hair spiked and her deep, almond-shaped brown eyes hidden underneath horn-rimmed glasses. She preferred low-cut sneakers to any other type of footwear and wore them all the time. Baggy jeans and colorful, form-fitting shirts were her uniform since the company had an unwritten dress code. Until they put it on paper that she could not wear those things, she would continue to do so. She did not see the point in pretending that she was interested in the latest fashion or even business-wear just because she worked for a cosmetics company.

Beyond her style of dress, Drew came in everyday with a skateboard attached to her back-pack. Everyone at the company knew that she skateboarded into work, which they thought was weird since she was a grown woman. She had heard plenty of remarks about her needing to buy a car, among other items they thought that she needed to purchase; almost all of those comments had to do with how she looked. That was not all she heard plenty of remarks about either.

There was a lot of mumbling about Drew's sexuality. Most of the company thought she "looked like a dyke." They never said that to her face, but she had heard it whispered a lot of the time. Now, she was not ashamed or hiding the fact that she was a lesbian, so she did not see why they found it necessary to mumble such things behind her back. Of course, she considered that the reason they said such things went beyond her somewhat boyish clothing to how she carried on when her girlfriend visited her. Honestly, she did not think that she did anything that warranted being whispered about, though. At least they never seemed bothered by her being a lesbian, but they loved to talk about it. But, then again, she expected gossip in a company with mostly women working in the office.

One of the things that *Blush* advertised and prided itself on was that it was a company started by a woman, for women, which included employment. The founding woman hired mostly women to work for her. The few guys at *Blush* believed that they were in paradise; well, the straight men anyway. Drew's IT team was somewhat of an exception. The two men thought it was very cruel for them to be at a company with so many beautiful women and they had to be stuck with the one lesbian. Drew ignored their whining instead of telling them that they were no grand prizes themselves and no one at work wanted them anyway. It was not totally true, some of the women found Drew's teammates interesting and cute for some strange reason. But, the good-natured teasing helped get them through work sometimes.

Aside from the gossip, Drew enjoyed her work. Most of the people were friendly, even though she would not consider them friends. They could have short, pleasant conversations. Polite greetings were often exchanged in the morning and cordial farewells in the evening. Most of them appreciated her and the IT team, even though the team had been unceremoniously crowned "the geeks." They took the unoriginal nickname with pride since most of the people at the office did appreciate them. They even had office IDs made up with the job title of "official geek" written on them.

At the moment, Drew was buried underneath a coworker's desk, trying to figure out why the CPU had caught fire...again. She was almost convinced that her coworker-Renee-was cursed. After all, how else could a person set fire to a computer three times without actually putting a torch to it?

Standing up, she stretched her sore muscles and thought about how close it was to lunchtime. Patting her belly, she could not wait to eat. As she ducked down to get back to work, she noticed a redhead coworker go by-Jolene Alston. Drew always figured if she was not somewhat shy and reserved, she would whistle at Jolene, if only to joke around a bit. Jolene was the type of woman that could stop traffic. But, Drew did not have eyes for her; she was probably among a small minority in the office that did not. Yes, she recognized that the redhead woman was gorgeous-her eyesight was bad, but she was not blind, after all-but that was about it with Jolene as far as she was concerned.

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Jolene did not even notice Drew when she went by. Walking fiercely, as she always did, she marched up to the front of the office by the receptionist desk. Her emerald eyes scanned the

lobby area, looking for her friend. Her friend was always late, which caused her to sigh. Shaking her head, she wondered why she even bothered to be on time for someone that she completely aware was perpetually tardy.

"I would set her watch ahead, but she uses the clock on her cell phone," Jolene muttered to herself, her voice was soft and a slight Southern accent peppered her words. Running her hand through her long auburn hair, she glanced around for her companion once again.

Her attention was taken from looking around at her friend as she noticed an extremely tall woman walk in. It was a rare day when Jolene had to look up to a woman since she was 5'8" herself, but the woman at the desk had to be six feet tall, probably more. She was wearing a sleeveless shirt that showed off rippling muscles and rich cocoa skin. She was willing to bet the tall woman gave powerful embraces and intense massages; the thought made her smile.

Since she was having pleasant thoughts about the arms, Jolene decided to check out the face. She was surprised by how soft the muscular woman's face looked; someone with such hard muscles did not seem like she should have an almost cherubic face. The woman's face was a lovely oval with beautiful hazel eyes and kissable, full lips. Curly raven hair cut short topped the woman's head. The hair itself looked soft and probably felt like silk when fingers ran through it.

"Hey, gorgeous," the tall woman spoke; she was addressing the receptionist, not Jolene.

"Oh, hey, Remy!" the receptionist grinned as she looked up from her desk. "You know you shouldn't call me gorgeous or I might start believing it."

The bright, almost childish smile covered the tall woman's face. "You are gorgeous, gorgeous!"

"I'm going to tell Drew you're out here sweet talking me again, Remy," the receptionist tried to sound scolding, but that was betrayed by a girlish giggle.

"I'll just deny it and she'll believe me like always," the tall woman-Remy-replied with an amused smile.

The receptionist laughed. "You're horrible. Do you want to me to call Drew's desk or do you want to go back there and surprise her?"

"I'd like to surprise her if you don't mind. See, I brought a treat and everything," Remy remarked, showing the receptionist that she was holding a single rose.

"Oh, you are just too much. You know you're the reason everyone has tall tales to tell about Drew."

Remy grinned. "I just want everyone to know someone loves her to pieces."

"Believe me, the whole office knows and can't get enough of talking about it. Go on back there. I'm sure you'll find her," the receptionist remarked, waving the giantess through. Remy chuckled and grinned some more before walking off.

Jolene exhaled in a low tone as she watched the tall woman stalk off like a huge, powerful cat. Jolene shivered, thinking about how those hard muscles would feel under her fingertips, how that body would feel pressed against her. As soon as the sienna-skinned hulk was out of sight, Jolene turned her attention to the receptionist.

"Maureen, who the hell was that?" Jolene begged to know, somehow managing to keep her composure. She did not want to seem anxious or eager to meet the woman, but goddamn, she wanted to know that woman...in more than one sense of the word.

"Who? Remy? Remy is Drew's girlfriend," the receptionist answered as if it was common knowledge. Honestly, she thought it was common knowledge. Remy was at the office enough and it was hard to miss her, so plenty of people knew her by now. It helped that she was a shameless flirt with most people. Of course, there was also the fact that she often got very amusing reactions out of the extremely bashful Drew that garnered even more attention around the office. Many of the workers believed that the way Drew acted around Remy was cute.

"Drew? Shortest nerd around here Drew?" Jolene asked in disbelief.

"She's not short," Maureen commented and underneath that, she knew there was something else that she should be defending, but it would be a lie to say that Drew was not a nerd.

Jolene rolled her emerald eyes. "Fine, she's not short to you."

"Well, most people are short to you. I'd call you a giant, but thanks to Remy, I know what those really are. Why are you so interested in Remy anyhow?" the receptionist inquired curiously.

Jolene almost admitted that she thought Remy was a goddess; something people usually thought about her. "She looks like she's in great shape. I'm just curious as to how she got that way," she commented. She was curious about that, among other things.

"She works out. I think she works at a gym not too far from here or something," Maureen replied. "I can tell you, she's the strongest looking woman I've ever seen. I heard she does martial arts too, so she could probably kill a man with her bare hands."

Jolene did not say that she was not interested in Remy killing a man with her bare hands. She had other thoughts about what those hands could be doing. But, she shook those thoughts away for the moment. There would be time for that later. Right now, she wanted to go to lunch. After lunch was another matter altogether, though.

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"I'd recognize that ass anywhere," Remy remarked as she came up behind Drew. She was going to pinch her girlfriend on the rear, but since Drew was still buried underneath the desk, all she could envision after doing such a thing was Drew popping up and banging her head. Pain tended to take all of the fun out of practical jokes for her.

So, instead of Drew embarrassingly busting her skull on the desk, she somewhat embarrassed herself in another way. At the sound of her lover's voice, she turned and quickly threw herself onto Remy. Just as she was about to kiss Remy, she remembered that they were at her job and there were people watching. She backed away, dark amber eyes focused on the carpeted floor. Clearing her throat, Drew hoped that her coworkers would swiftly lose interest in the scene. Her wish was granted, but she was aware that they would be talking about her strange behavior as soon as she was out of sight.

"Gee, Noodle, I didn't expect such a warm reception," Remy quipped with a lopsided grin.

The computer expert turned her mouth up and her forehead wrinkled. "What are you doing here?" she asked in a mumble, trying her best to act indignant.

"Of course I came to surprise you, baby. Come to lunch with me, Noodle?" Remy requested, presenting the shorter woman with the rose. She then went a little further by bowing, so that her lover could take the flower.

Drew's cheeks burned hotly and she looked around to see that they were the center of attention yet again. "Yes, I will, so let's get out of here please," she begged, grabbing Remy by the arm and tugging her toward the entrance.

Remy chuckled as she let her shorter lover pull her out of the office. She supposed that she would just have to give Drew the flower outside where no one was looking. Grinning, she waved bye to Drew's coworkers while Drew fled the building as quickly as possible. Remy waved again when they rushed by the receptionist.

"Why didn't you tell me you were coming?" Drew complained, even though she appreciated the gesture. It was just hard to express that when she was so thoroughly embarrassed by what happened in the office.

"Duh, not telling is what makes it a surprise, Noodle!" the muscular woman remarked, still grinning broadly.

Drew nodded and rubbed her hands together, something that helped calm her down. "It's sweet, but you know how I handle surprises."

"Yeah, poorly! You get that cute blush on your face that makes me just want to hug and kiss you." Remy leaned down as if she was about to do just that.

"Don't you dare!" Drew hissed the order in a low tone with a dead serious look in her brown eyes. Pointing a threatening finger at the giantess, she made sure Remy understood that kissing her right now would result in a problem.

"Baby, you know I'd never do that to you. Your poppa would never forgive me if I made you pop a blood vessel from a public display," Remy teased, putting her arm around Drew's shoulders. Gently, she caressed familiar muscles, hoping it would get the skateboarder to calm down.

"Remington Lydon, if you don't stop teasing me, I will tell my poppa on you!" Drew declared with a serious glint in her eyes, causing Remy to make a face that made it seem like she was about to be sick.

"SHHH!" Remy leaned down with her index finger on her lip. "He might hear you from here and he'll kick my ass if he knew just how much I teased you. You wanna get me killed?"

Drew chuckled at her lover's antics. They strolled off to Remy's jeep. Once they were safely inside, Drew finally accepted the rose and gave Remy a sweet kiss for her the surprise. Although, Drew wondered if it counted as a surprise anymore. Remy popped up at her job rather often, after all. But, it did not happen often enough for her to expect it, which was what Remy wanted. Remy was all about keeping Drew on her toes with sweet gestures and romantic surprises.

The couple rode off in Remy's jeep and went to lunch at a small bistro not too far away. Leaving her rose in the car, Drew followed Remy into the restaurant. Thankfully, there was no big lunch crowd and they were seated immediately. Remy reached across the table and took Drew's hand for no reason other than wanting to hold her.

"Is today a hot chocolate day for you or a hot tea day?" Remy inquired as they waited for someone to bring them some menus.

The shorter woman made a noise to show that she was considering it. "I think I'll go with hot chocolate."

Remy nodded and took it upon herself to order their drinks when the waiter came over. The ladies did not bother releasing each other's hands when he came over either. Hand holding and hugging was about as far as Drew would go with public displays; and, sometimes, she would even object to hugs. The waiter did not care, especially since he was familiar with the couple.

"Chicken salad as usual, Remy?" the waiter asked.

"I should probably change it up. I eat chicken salad every time we come here, huh, Mickey?" Remy countered, scratching her chin in thought as she tried to figure out what else she would want to eat.

"You eat chicken salad everywhere we go," Drew pointed out with a small, teasing smile.

"I figured you were on a special diet or something," the waiter commented, motioning to the giantess, as if that explained everything.

A chuckle escaped Drew. "No special diet at all. She just doesn't like reading menus and always believes the chicken salad is safe. She's pretty predictable when you get to know her."

An almost shy smile worked its way on Remy's face. She liked that she was so predictable for Drew. It showed that her girlfriend paid attention to her.

"I guess to change things up, Noodle, can you order for me?" Remy requested with an adorable pout.

The expression made their waiter, Mickey, do a double-take. The couple knew most people were shocked at how child-like someone of Remy's size could look when she moped. Drew saved him from having to see the expression much longer by ordering Remy some flounder fish and pilaf rice. Of course, that did not help as Remy went from pouting to grinning like an elated child. Mickey rushed away from the table as soon as he could.

"Baby, if only more people could find out what a big kid you really are," Drew remarked, caressing her lover's hand with her thumb.

"I can't help that all my emotions show on my face," the muscular female replied with a brilliant smile.

"I actually love that about you. When we first started dating, I could always tell when you were having a good time because it showed in your eyes. It's one of the things that helped get me comfortable with you."

"Then I consider it one of my best features," Remy said, earning a light blush from her girlfriend.

"Smooth talker," was the mumbled response.

"Isn't that another thing that helped you get comfortable with me?" The question was accompanied by a teasing smirk.

A frown cut across Drew's face. "No. It's one of the things that made me wary of you. It took me a really long time to trust you thanks to that mouth of yours." Her lover was extremely friendly and a charmer to the point that most of the time she was not even aware of her behavior. It was a double-edge sword when Remy was pursuing her because it meant that Remy was not put off by her shy, reserved demeanor, but it also meant that she did not trust a lot of the things that Remy said at first because she saw Remy flirt and smooth talk so many other people.

Remy pouted, which Mickey was able to catch as he chose that moment to deliver their drinks. He rushed off when he saw that Remy was at it again. His rapid departure got giggles from both ladies.

"I think I've scarred poor Mickey," the hazel-eyed woman remarked. "Hopefully, he'll get over it."

"I hope so too. We need to eat lunch sometime today, after all," Drew pointed out.

Remy nodded. "Right. I do need to get my little Noodle back to the office or they might not let me surprise you anymore," she commented, purposely looking sorrowful at the very idea.

"That might save my sanity. Or at the least my work reputation," Drew quipped.

"Do you honestly not want me to come up to your job anymore?" Remy asked, even though she knew the answer to that. She also knew that Drew would never admit the truth, which was that she loved the surprise visits.

Umber eyes hidden behind glasses glanced away, causing Remy to smile. She did not press the issue and their food was delivered before the silence between them was noticeable. Their hands finally released each other as they dug into their meals.

"Oh, this is really good. Noodle, I think I'm gonna let you order for me more often," Remy proclaimed.

The computer expert only smiled. When they finished the meal, Remy paid the check. Drew had not even made a move for her wallet; she knew better. Long ago Remy had insisted on paying for any and all outings.

Remy made sure to return Drew to work on time, knowing how Drew was for being punctual. Before getting out, Drew leaned over and gave Remy a quick kiss. Remy grinned as if she had just been given gold while watching Drew disappear back into the building.

"My little Noodle is too cute for words," Remy muttered to herself as she drove off, still smiling as if she were the luckiest woman on Earth.

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Drew walked in to work with a big smile on her face, holding the rose that Remy had given her. Maureen noticed and waved at Drew, who only blushed heavily in return. The skateboarder practically ran to her desk after Maureen acknowledged her and that caused the receptionist to laugh.

"Drew is so shy and bashful," Maureen giggled.

Most of the office did not consider Drew shy, except when Remy was around. Sure, Drew did not talk much, but they suspected it was because she did not have the same things in common with everyone else. They used to try to talk to her, but she was always glancing away, stuttering, and explaining that she really did not know what they were talking about. On the very rare



occasions that she tried to initiate conversations, they almost never knew what she was talking about. Her interests were clearly different than almost everyone around her.

Then there was the fact that she did not like to gossip, so they could not talk to her about everything going on around the office. Once upon a time, they had tried to include her and she used to just stand there, appearing slightly confused about everything. She asked one time why they even bothered talking about their office mates as they did. After that, it was pretty clear that she did not want to be included when they gossiped.

Of course, the fact that Drew was almost painfully bashful a lot of the time kept her from initiating conversations or at least trying to interact with her coworkers on her own. On occasion, when they were in large groups and talking, some of them noticed that Drew always stood quietly in the back. That was enough for them to pick up on her being a little reserved, but not enough to think that Drew was shy all the time. They now mostly assumed that Drew was aloof or anti-social more than anything else or just liked to keep things focused on business when they were at the office. But, they noticed when Remy was around, Drew seemed almost like a little girl with a crush. It was cute.

When Remy was around also helped them understand that Drew was somewhat shy. She always blushed whenever someone tried to talk to her about Remy. She looked away and spoke to the ground, but always smiled as she did. Many of them found that behavior quite adorable, but were kind enough not to engage Drew too often or they feared she might faint with all of the blood rushing to her face.

"Hey, Drew, did you get a chance to fix my computer before your Amazon of a girlfriend came and swept you off of your feet?" Renee asked as she strolled over to Drew's desk. The petite blond had a begging smile on her face that caused Drew to sigh.

"I don't think I can fix it. It might be safer to just take it out back and shoot it," Drew commented, scratching her forehead. She then rubbed her hands together, trying to think of some way to salvage the machine. Nothing came to mind.

Renee threw her hands up in disbelief. "Oh, c'mon! I've seen you work miracles with computers!" Her eyes pleaded for the miracle of miracles.

"Yeah, most of those didn't have smoke coming out of them...three times," Drew pointed out, glancing away, not comfortable with delivering bad news.

"I don't know what happened!" The blond looked so crushed. She never knew what happened when her computer started sizzling. In fact, most people did not know what happened. It was one of life's unsolved mysteries.

"The best I can do is see about getting you a new computer. It's better this way, Renee. That computer has caught fire twice in the past month. You know that's not normal," Drew argued.

"No, you're supposed to fix the not normal things!" Renee stomped her foot and seemed ready to burst into tears.

The computer expert shrugged and looked away again. "Some things are so not normal that even I can't fix them. Why don't you ask one of the guys to try?"

Renee snorted and shot Drew the most skeptical look that she had ever seen. "Those two geeks couldn't find their own ass with both hands and a map and you expect them to find a problem that you can't?"

Brown eyes rolled, but Drew did not defend her IT teammates. They were not incompetent like Renee made it seem. The women around the office just liked picking on them. It was mostly good-natured teasing and Drew let it go, especially since she was not included in the teasing. Renee eventually gave up on begging her to do the impossible and left Drew alone, probably going off to sulk about her death-touch on computers. Drew watched her go and then went about her business.

The day breezed by for Drew after that and she grabbed her backpack to leave. On the way out, she went by Jolene and did not think about the attractive woman as she went by the redhead. Hopping into Remy's jeep, she did not notice green eyes watching her all the way out the door and into the car.

Remy and Drew arrived home at their condo and went through a routine that they both enjoyed. They took their shoes off at the door. They both agreed that nothing said "I'm finally home" better than walking around in socks. Remy parked herself on the wooden floor in the living room in front of the television to play video games while Drew grabbed some oil and sat behind Remy on the chocolate, leather couch.

"Are you going to take your shirt off or you don't want the oil?" Drew inquired, tapping her lover on the shoulder to point out that she was still wearing her gym sleeveless shirt.

"I don't need the oil. Today wasn't so bad," Remy replied, eyes staying on the television as she made sure not to drive her video game car into a wall.

"Oh, so we're not going to take a hot bath today, too?" Drew teased with a small smile.

A yowl escaped Remy and she turned sharply. "Hey! The day wasn't that good either!"

Drew chuckled and gently rubbed her lover's shoulder. "Okay, okay, okay. Do you want stuff in the bath?"

"I want you in the bath!" the tall woman quipped with a lecherous grin. She wiggled her eyebrows for greater effect.

"That's a given. But, what else do you want in the bath?"

Remy shrugged. "I don't care, Noodle. You know all about that girly crap that goes in the bath. I just want it hot, which is a given with you in it."

Drew rolled her eyes as she positioned herself behind the taller woman. Despite the fact that Remy said she did not need the oil, Drew pulled her tank-top off anyway. Remy yelped and complained.

"You're gonna mess up my game!" the hazel-eyed giantess whined.

"You suck at this game anyway," Drew playfully taunted her lover, tapping her on the shoulder, as if lightly slapping her.

"Noodle, don't make me take you over my knee!" Remy playfully shook her fist at her girlfriend.

Drew chuckled again and then proceeded with the massage. A couple of minutes into it, Remy had her head thrown forward and was moaning in a rather hedonistic fashion. A smile appeared on Drew's face as she worked. She loved hearing Remy moan; her girlfriend made it seem like the simplest touch was infinitely better than heaven. Remy was the sort that appreciated little things a lot and appreciated big things so much it was almost frightening.

"Ready for that bath?" Drew whispered in Remy's ear, nipping at her earlobe at the end of the question.

A moan and a weak nod came before the verbal response. "I've been ready."

"I'm going to go prepare it. Think you can start dinner?"

"Why, Miss Chang, don't act like dinner isn't my specialty!" Remy declared with a proud grin.

"I know. I'm so lucky to have a girlfriend talented in cooking," Drew said, giving Remy a light peck on the cheek. The show of affection made Remy keep on grinning.

"I know my mother would love to hear that. Me and my brothers used to laugh at her when she forced us to learn to cook. Like we thought we would live with her forever!" Remy laughed.

"I'm sure you all would have if you didn't land yourselves girlfriends that yanked you out of there. But, I guess that explains why your mom likes us all so much."

Remy laughed again. She had three siblings; two brothers and one sister. The sister was the eldest and most responsible if any of the other siblings were asked. She took to anything that their mother taught her and happily learned it, apparently knowing that she would not live at home forever. Remy and her brothers, on the other hand, thought that home was the Promised Land and they were never going to leave! They even made sure to go to college close enough to home to stay there or at least be close enough to come home whenever the feeling overcame them. And then one by one, they met their girlfriends, who managed to turn them into semi-responsible adults. They went into adulthood kicking and screaming, but their girlfriends did not

let go them, Drew included. And, as Drew said, Remy's mother seemed to adore all of their mates for those miracles.

Remy finished up her game and then went to the kitchen while Drew disappeared in the back. The giantess never would tell anyone, but she liked cooking. Of course, it did not start out that way, but when she saw how much the skill impressed Drew, she grew more appreciative of it.

"I wonder what Noodle wants for dinner," Remy muttered to herself as she searched the fridge.

Before meeting up with Drew, Remy did not know how to cook a variety of things. She knew how to make things that she liked, but that was about it and she always thought that would be all she ever needed to know. When Drew came along she had to learn a whole new menu. At first, she tried to impress Drew and learned how to make Chinese dishes since Drew's father was Chinese. Remy assumed that Drew was used to eating real Chinese dishes. Wrong! The first time she ever made a Chinese meal, Drew did not even know what it was.

She chuckled, remembering how baffled Drew was when she set the meal before her then girlfriend of only one month. It was then that she learned Drew did not know much-if anything-about Chinese culture, which was thanks to her father, who knew even less than Drew did. She often teased Drew about it, so much so that when they were first dating, Drew went out and learned a few things about her culture just to show Remy.

Quickly, she made a decision and got started on the meal. She knew that she had about a half-hour to forty-five minutes to prepare the food. Drew always took a shower before drawing them a bath. Usually, Remy would take a shower before a bath with Drew also, but she had showered at work, so that was out of the way.

"Baby, whenever you're ready," Drew called, letting her lover know that their bath was ready.

"I'm coming! I just want to finish seasoning stuff!" Remy replied.

Rapidly, she finished up her task, figuring that she would cook the meat when they were done with the bath. Thankfully, the rice and vegetables were done, though. After washing her hands, she marched off toward the bathroom. There were four scented candles lit around the enormous, Jacuzzi tub; Remy had it installed as soon as they bought the condo so they had a bath that they could both fit in comfortably. The bathroom smelled slightly of coconuts thanks to the candles; the smell tended to set both women at ease. Bubbles were piled high, almost burying Drew, who moved to the edge.

"You took your shower faster than usual, Noodle," Remy commented, stepping over to the edge of the tub.

"I was eager to share the bath with you. Oh, you came in here overdressed, baby," Drew purred, reaching for Remy's slim hips.

"I figured you'd help me out with that," the tall woman stated with a half-smirk.

"You figured right."

Drew untied the black drawstring pants that Remy was wearing. The pants dropped with ease and the plain, white underwear went just as well. Remy had to hold in a snicker as Drew kissed her navel. Running her large hand through Drew's hair, slightly damp from her shower, Remy wondered what people would think of Drew if they saw this side of her. Of course, Remy prayed that she was the only one to ever see this side of Drew.

"Get in. The water is nice and hot," Drew said with a feral smile.

Remy nodded, stepping in while also throwing her sports bra to the side. Drew moved out of the way as Remy slid down into the hot water. She sighed as soon as she was fully seated and Drew moved over to rest against her.

"How was your day after lunch?" Remy asked, putting her arm around Drew and pulling the smaller woman to her. Drew settled against the front of her girlfriend's hard body, hands resting on Remy's thighs as if they were the arms of a chair.

"The same always. I had to put Renee's computer down. I don't understand how she ruined that computer so easily."

"Some folks just have the magic touch!" Remy chuckled.

"Is that my cue?" Drew inquired with a cat-like grin.

Remy did not get a chance to respond because Drew attacked, her hands on Remy's small breasts. The water swayed and swished around as Drew twisted her body to press against Remy's torso as her hands continued playing with her favorite toys. Knowing, experienced fingers clutched wanton flesh as tiny mewls escaped Remy's throat. Drew shifted again, bubbles drifted and the water sounded again, as she moved so that she was sitting in Remy's lap. Remy cried out as Drew's lips attacked her neck, sucking at her pulse.

"Oh, Noodle," Remy moaned, tilting her head and allowing her girlfriend better access. She splashed some water as she planted her hands on the bottom of the tub to keep herself from sliding beneath the bubbles.

"Remy," Drew growled in her lover's ear. "I've asked you repeatedly not to call me Noodle at times like this," she said before nipping Remy's earlobe and causing the taller woman to shudder.

"But, you're my Noodle," Remy said, putting her arms around Drew and pulling her impossibly closer. As their slick bodies met and rubbed up against each other, they both groaned a little.

Drew did not argue that and continued her assault, making her lover dissolve into their bath water. Remy moaned loudly as it felt like her girlfriend's lips were everywhere, flooding her senses and drowning everything else out. Closing her eyes, she experienced the sweet sensation of Drew's lips floating across her throat, over her cheeks, and finally finding her mouth.

As their tongue caressed each other, Drew's fingers kneaded Remy's small breasts. Drew smiled to herself as her hands roamed Remy's torso, reveling in the feel of smooth flesh. Remy was so hard everywhere else, but she had been careful of working her chest because Drew enjoyed playing with her breasts. It would cost them so much playtime if the flesh was not soft enough to be toyed with.

Drew gently pulled away from Remy's lips and began kissing a path down her body. The giantess noticed the move, even in her haze, and pushed herself up more, so that Drew would not end up under water as the smaller woman lowered herself. Remy panted while running her fingers through Drew's hair; Drew did not mind her hair being wet. Remy moaned loudly again and dug her fingers into Drew's scalp as lush lips attached to her nipple.

"Noodle, you're so naughty," Remy teased in between panting.

"You made me this way," Drew replied, moving back up to kiss Remy's mouth.

She swallowed Remy's response, knowing it would be an affirmation of her statement anyway. By the time Drew finished with her lips, Remy forgot what she wanted to say. Drew's attention went back to Remy's erect nipple while the giantess tried to gather her thoughts. Her wits did not return while they were in the tub.

The bath was less than a half-hour and filled with passionate kissing and caressing, but nothing more. They blew out the candles before getting out of the tub. Dressing in simple white tank-tops and navy sweatpants, they both retreated to the kitchen where Remy started to put the meat on, so they could eat soon.

"Oh, this all looks so good!" Drew chimed in as she surveyed the meal, scanning everything that was still in the kitchen.

"Everything looks good to you, Noodle," Remy teased, grabbing her lover into a hug.

"Because everything you make is always good," Drew declared with a grin.

Remy had to smile at the compliment before giving her girlfriend a kiss on the cheek. They eventually ate dinner in the living room while watching a movie. With the movie done, they broke apart for the rest of the night. It was typical of them to spend a couple of hours apart, doing their individual hobbies. Drew went to her office and got on her computer while Remy went to the other spare room, which was her gym. She picked up a magazine, which had been on the floor, to read it.

They met up again later that night in their bedroom. If anyone ever asked Remy, they would find out that the bedroom was her favorite room in the condo and not due to the activities that went on there. She liked it because it was the room that screamed them more than any other one in the house, including the living room. It was full of personal items that they both held near and dear to them. Yes, the whole house held things from both of them, but the bedroom just was something completely for them and Remy loved that.

During their night-time ritual, Drew always came into the bedroom right after Remy flopped down on the king-sized bed, scolding Remy as the bed cried out from getting hit by the heavy weight. Remy offered a big grin that always earned her forgiveness as well as a small kiss before Drew turned out the lights.

Pulling back the midnight blue covers, Remy crawled under followed by Drew. Once Drew was settled, Remy pulled the blanket over them before pulling Drew to her. They were quiet and the taller woman seemed ready for sleep until Drew started kissing her neck. A moan escaped Remy's mouth as the kisses turned to licks and light bites.

"Naughty...naughty, little Noodle," the giantess groaned.

Drew shifted her body on top of Remy's flushed form, not pausing in her gentle nips and long licks. Moving upward, she kissed Remy's mouth with deep, building passion as her hands roamed Remy's hard body. Remy's hands were not idle, wandering her lover's body with fervor too.

Clothing was shed and Drew slid down her girlfriend's body. Kissing her way to Remy's chest, the muscular woman squirmed and moaned as a familiar, fond tongue circled one nipple and a loving hand teased the other.

"Drew, please," Remy panted, looking down, watching her lover work. Whenever she could, she liked to watch Drew as much as possible, which used to bother Drew. Now, she expected it and would sometimes admit that it was a turn-on.

The shorter female nodded, but she did not move from her space. Her free hand, which had been caressing Remy's side, moved to the inside of her thigh. Thick legs spread openly, begging for Drew's knowing touch. Her wish was granted and her hips bucked, almost knocking Drew off of her.

"Calm down, baby. You'd think I starved you of affection with such wanton behavior," Drew joked in a low voice.

"I'm addicted," Remy quipped with a lopsided grin.

The shorter woman chuckled before going back to her favorite place in the world. As her tongue and fingers worked in and around Remy's center, powerful, narrow hips moved in time with her. Moans filled the room as it felt like Drew was all around Remy and in every part of her. Before long, Remy's body was convulsing and she was screaming. Closing her eyes, all she saw was white and felt paradise coursing through her veins.

Drew smiled to herself while watching her lover crest, all the while making sure to keep tasting Remy. As the taller woman calmed down, Drew placed once last, loving kiss to Remy's center before crawling back up Remy's body. She smiled down at her exhausted girlfriend.

"I love how you look right after we make love," Drew commented.

"I want to see you like that too," Remy purred, eyes barely open thanks to that wild ride.

"Well, you do have the power," Drew pointed out with a smirk on her face.

Remy nodded, moving her hands to Drew's hips. Slowly, her strong hands started to explore Drew's body. Small whimpers and moans escaped Drew's throat as knowledgeable hands touched her everywhere she needed to be touched. Eventually, Remy's hands settled on Drew's ample bosom.

"I love you so much," Remy whispered and since her eyes were focused on Drew's nipples, Drew could only guess that Remy was talking to her breasts. Not that Drew cared as long as those big hands continued kneading her breasts.

Louder cries filled the air as Remy sat up, so that her lips could wrap around a hard nipple. Drew bucked against her, causing her passion to slick across Remy's sweat-coated abdomen. The movement only made the giantess add pressure and she swirled her tongue around the hardened gem. Drew hissed and bucked again, pressing herself harder into her lover, trying her best to give herself more.

"Oh, god, baby, I feel all of you," Remy commented, lips still close to Drew's nipple as her fingers danced down Drew's body in a tantalizing manner.

"Not all," Drew whimpered, eyes begging for Remy to take her.

"Now all," Remy stated as she slid into Drew and the smaller woman hissed in pleasure.

Drew immediately started moving on Remy's fingers. Throwing her arms around Remy and holding on, Drew rode her lover with reckless abandon. For a few seconds, Remy was just mesmerized by the motion. It was a common occurrence and the only thing to snap her out of it was a heated, heavy moan from her lover.

"God, baby," Drew groaned, clutching her girlfriend tighter as she moved faster.

Remy had to move her other hand to keep Drew stable. Her mouth returned to Drew's bouncing breasts, kissing and tonguing whatever bit of flesh she could. Suddenly, she felt Drew's body clamp down on her fingers and Drew's grip around her neck tightened, almost choking her. Determined not to let Drew slide off of her, she held her lover in place and gently caressed her as she rode out of her climax. Drew collapsed against Remy, shaking and shivering, and Remy held her in place.

"I love you, Remy," Drew whispered, placing a soft kiss to the giantess' neck.

"I love you too, Noodle," Remy replied, easing her fingers out of Drew's warmth.



Instead of scolding Remy for using that nickname during such an intimate moment, Drew closed her eyes, ready for sleep. Remy held her tightly and laid down too, wanting to sleep. Rest came easy.

In the morning, the couple took showers and Drew made breakfast, since it was not that complicated. All she made were scrambled eggs and toasted bagels, which was about the extent of her cooking knowledge. Clean, fed, and dressed, they grabbed their bags-a back-pack for Drew and a duffel bag for Remy-and they were on their way to work. Remy drove Drew most of the way, but let her off a few blocks away from *Blush* for Drew to ride her skateboard the rest of the way.

Drew enjoyed the short skateboard trip and she got to work on time every day. Rolling in, she packed her board away and marched to her desk. On the way, she waved to Maureen and anyone else that wished her good morning. Going to her desk, she sat down and attached her skateboard back to her bag. She failed to notice green eyes watching her.

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Jolene eyed Drew and wondered about yesterday, about Remy. She wondered how someone like Drew was able to get someone like Remy. But, that did not really matter. What mattered was finding out more about Remy, she decided. She was tempted to just ask Drew, but she did not want the computer expert to know that she was interested in Remy in any way. So, Jolene decided to try another route.

Approaching Drew, Jolene stood in front of the skateboarder's cluttered desk. Drew looked up as soon as the redheaded woman was standing before her. Their work place was small enough for Drew to know who Jolene was, even though they had never spoke beyond Jolene needing help with her computer. They politely greeted each other, as they would anyone else in the office.

"You need something?" Drew inquired, trying to get herself set up for the day.

"Yes, but nothing to do with work. Yesterday, I saw your girlfriend, I believe Maureen said she was," Jolene replied.

"What about Remy?" the shorter woman asked, sounding a little tense. There was no suspicion in her gaze, but she still seemed a bit uncomfortable. Talking about anything but work at work was just a little out of her element.

"Maureen said that she worked at a gym," Jolene informed the shorter woman.

There was a nod. "She does."

"Maureen also said the gym wasn't far from here. I was wondering if you would tell me a little about it because I'm looking for a new gym and one close to work would be great," Jolene informed the skateboarder.

Drew relaxed a bit; it seemed that it was easy for her to talk about the gym. "The gym isn't too far from here. It's about fifteen minutes by car. It's pretty nice. I go there sometimes with Remy and they have a lot of different equipment, even an indoor Olympic-sized pool. It's really nice."

"Do you have the address? I might be able to look into this weekend."

The computer expert nodded and at first she went into her pocket, pulling out what looked like a card. But, she seemed to think that over and she pushed the card back into her pocket. Reaching over on her desk, she grabbed a post-it note and quickly scribbled on it before handing it over to Jolene.

"That's the address and the number," Drew said, tapping the paper.

"Thank you, Drew. You're the best," Jolene cooed and then she walked off.

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Drew watched her redheaded coworker walk away and put Jolene out of her mind. She did not think it was too weird for someone to ask about Remy's gym when they saw her because Remy was pretty much a walking ad for the place, but Drew did think that her reaction was weird. Usually, whenever someone asked her about Remy's gym and mentioned working out, Drew immediately handed the person Remy's card; Remy was a personal trainer. Drew was always happy to help her lover find more clients. It tended to mean more money in Remy's pocket, which was always a good thing, but she hesitated with Jolene.

Not only did she hesitate, she did not even give the redhead the card. She probably just cost Remy a client. It should have bothered her that she might have just cost her household money, especially when Remy often whined about how Drew made more money than she did. But, Drew was fine with not giving Jolene the card and was fine with the idea of Jolene not being Remy's client. Shrugging, she shook off her odd paranoia and got to work. The day went as usual and Drew even forgot about Jolene asking about the gym.

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Green eyes scanned the gym; it was as impressive as Drew made it seem. She did not see any sign of Remy, but she searched for signs that Remy worked there. She needed to figure out Remy's schedule, so that they could run into each other. It was not hard to find out about the giantess.

In the lobby area of the large gym, there were pictures. It looked sort of like a wall of fame or something to that effect. There were several pictures of Remy. In one photo, she was posing and showing off her muscles. Another, she was shown doing a kick move. And in another, she was in a boxing stance about to take on lean, muscular man. Jolene could not believe the raw power that Remy radiated, even from a picture.

"You like our homage to the stars?" a deep voice asked, causing Jolene to turn.

Emerald eyes focused on the short, muscular man in front of her. He was smiling and his eyes roaming her body. She was used to such attention, so she did not think anything of it.

"Yeah, I was mostly admiring these," Jolene admitted and she pointed to the pictures of Remy. "This woman is extremely cut."

"Oh, yeah, that's Remy. She's a trainer here. I don't think you want to be cut like that, though," he commented, giving Jolene the once-over again.

"No, I don't want to be cut like that. I just think it's impressive." *And so fucking sexy!*

"It is impressive. Do you want me to show you around?" he proposed.

"That would be great. I'm trying to figure out if this is the sort of gym I would like working out at," she informed him, pouring on her charm a little more. Her accent became a little more pronounced and her voice sounded innocent and sweet honey. She knew she did not need to, but she figured it would be a nice treat for him since he was being kind to her.

A huge smile spread across his face. "I'm sure it'll work out. It's a very large facility and has something for everyone almost. There are even sections for women only if you don't like being in a mixed environment. We've got a pool, basketball courts, and all sorts of things. Let me just show you the whole thing. You'll love it," he assured her.

Jolene found that she actually did love it. The place was massive and did have a little something for everyone. She was amazed that there was even a spa on "campus" as her tour guide referred to the gym. While discussing the place, Jolene was able to get bits out of him about Remy by asking about the physical trainers that worked there.

"We have some of the top trainers in the country. We jokingly call them professors around here to keep up with the whole campus joke," the guide, whom Jolene learned was named Damien, but most of the people that they passed called him "Shorty." Though it was not very creative, it was a fitting moniker for him.

"Why do you refer to the gym as a campus anyway?" Jolene asked curiously. While it was a huge gym, she did not think it compared to the campus of any university that she had seen.

"You didn't notice the name of the gym? It's named after the founder, Stan Schools. When he started the gym fifty years ago, his friends called it 'the school' and that eventually evolved to the campus as the whole gym evolved into this gigantic thing it is today. So, now everything that we do here has to somehow link to the whole 'campus' thing."

Auburn hair bounced a little as Jolene nodded, even though she did not have much of an opinion on the name or the joke. "So, how much does it cost to use one of your trainers or should I say professors to be kind?"

He laughed. "You don't have to call us professors. Most people just called us 'hey!'" he joked, earning a pity smile from the redhead. Clearing his throat, he continued on. "But, it depends on who you want to train you. Part of the membership package actually gives you a free session with three trainers, to help you pick which one you think would be best for you. Or at least what style you think would be best for you."

"And those three trainers would be my choice?"

"Yes, they would. I hope if you decide to join, you try training with me."

Jolene smiled. "I'll be sure to consider it. So, what would I do, put in the request and make an appointment?"

"It's that simple."

Jolene nodded, figuring that she would just make an appointment with Remy. Yes, she was planning to join the gym. She could not believe that she had not been to Schools' gym sooner. It was a fantastic place and once she got settled, she figured that she would tell her friends about it. Maybe she would tell them about it after she managed to pick up Remy.

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Remy yawned; she hated getting up early on Saturdays. Added to that, she hated working on the weekend, even though it made some sense. She and Drew did not do much on weekends unless she arranged something. Drew liked to stay holed up in her office, playing computer games. Sometimes, Remy would have friends over and they would just hang out. Other times, she would just workout in her home gym or play video games until Drew passionately assaulted her anyway. And the passionate assault was what made staying home on weekends worth it.

"There wasn't even enough time for some naked tag," Remy muttered her complaint. Naked tag consisted of little more than her and Drew running around their condo nude and tackling each other. It was fun and always made her laugh before Drew started making her moan.

Shaking that thought away, Remy knew complaining would not get her anywhere. Scanning the room full of treadmills, she looked for an unfamiliar face. There were not many people in the gym yet, but the ones that were there did not seem to be waiting for her. Strolling around, she spotted a lone redhead, inspecting one of the treadmills.

If Remy did not have a lot of self-control, she would have whistled or at the very least drooled. Now, she was very much head-over-heels in love with Drew, but that love did not stop her from looking and appreciating beauty...as she put it while ogling the redhead. Her smooth, creamy skin was barely covered thanks to her workout clothes. The stranger had the body of a model and curves that begged to be stared at. Remy was pretty sure that if she were not a lesbian, the looks of the redhead certainly would have turned her that way.

And just when Remy thought the package was complete with the body, the redhead turned and revealed her sparkling green eyes. Remy blinked in surprise when the lovely shade of emerald locked onto her. And then the redhead smiled, looking like a bright spring day. Remy had to let out a slow exhale before she got any closer.

"Hi, I'm Remy Lydon. Are you Jolene Alston by any chance?" Remy inquired, surprised that her voice was not trembling.

"That I am. It's nice to meet you," Jolene said, putting out her hand in a gesture of friendliness.

Remy was momentarily distracted. Between the body of a goddess and enchanting eyes, that voice was hypnotic because it sounded like pure honey. Shaking it off, she assumed her professional aura, not wanting come across as creepy to her potential client. So, she calmly shook Jolene's hand, trying not to notice how soft it was.

"Well, I'm all yours for an hour, so why don't you tell me what you want to accomplish and what equipment you're willing to work on," Remy said. Jolene smiled and nodded.

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An elated, but somewhat sly smile spread across Jolene's face as she headed into work. The weekend had not gone exactly as planned, but she had made the most of her Saturday. Chatting up Remy was not as difficult as she assumed it would be. Remy was like the complete opposite of Drew; where as the latter almost never said a word, the former could barely stop talking. And the best thing was that Remy did not ramble or go on and on about herself. The conversation just flowed naturally and she felt Remy deserved the credit for that more than she did.

Jolene easily made it past talking about the gym and her planned workout with Remy to talking about other things to feel Remy out. The giantess had gone on about the weather, which progressed to hobbies since Remy had both indoor and outdoor hobbies. She thought that Remy's hobbies were cute, mostly because Remy seemed like a teenage boy. She had considered it odd that Remy hung onto her every word when she spoke on her own hobbies, especially since it was clear that Remy did not share her interests. But, the best thing about Remy's listening was that it was genuine.

Jolene had no problem getting people to pay attention to her. She was striking and she knew that. People liked looking at her...and beyond that. It was normal for women and men alike to pretend to listen to her, hoping to eventually get her into bed. Now, she hoped that Remy did want to get her into bed, but she was happy that Remy was really listening to her.

"Hey, Jo, you look happy this morning," Maureen commented with a smile as the redhead walked by her desk.

"I just had a decent sleep," Jolene replied. She liked to think that her apparent happiness was from the fact that she believed in a little while she would have a tall, muscular goddess in her bed.

Maureen nodded and Jolene went about her business. Jolene marched to her desk, half thinking about work and half thinking about how she could arrange a meeting with Remy again. She still had one more free session, having wasted one before Remy on Damien, so she could always use that and since she knew that Remy was a talker, she should be able to get Remy to open up about when she was free.

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Drew noticed Jolene come in. It was difficult to not notice her come in, more to do with her height than her beauty as far as Drew was concerned. She was tempted to ask Jolene what she thought of the School's gym, if Jolene had managed to make it there anyway, but decided against it since the redhead did not even look in her direction. It was none of her business, she figured.

She did wonder if Jolene was the potential client that Remy met up with on Saturday. Remy had not given a last name when she spoke about the session after coming home on Saturday, but she seemed pretty confident that had she made a new client. Drew never doubted her lover when she was sure about something and Remy's personality was so amicable that whenever she got to be with a potential client one-on-one for an hour, that person almost always became a client.

But, for a reason that Drew could not put her finger on, she hoped that either Remy's Jolene was not this same Jolene or if she was, that she could not afford a trainer. She was not sure why that was. There was just something about Jolene, she supposed.

She felt a little bad for her thoughts. Remy was always so excited about getting new clients that Drew always rooted for her, except this time. She tried to shake it away, tell herself that it was nothing or that Remy could handle whatever it was. But, it stayed in the back of her mind.

The business day was normal for her and for everyone else from what she could tell. Some minor computer problems came up, but nothing serious. Going outside and throwing her skateboard down, she was off on her ten-minute ride before meeting up with Remy.

"Hey, Noodle!" Remy smiled as Drew climbed into car, throwing her board in the back as soon as she was settled.

Glaring from behind her glasses let Remy know that she was sick of being called "Noodle." And to keep Remy from saying it again for another thirty seconds, Drew reached over and soundly and thoroughly kissed her lover. Remy was left in a daze when Drew pulled away.

"When we get home, I'll finish that thought if you can keep yourself from calling me Noodle through out the drive," Drew promised.

"No problem, Noodle," Remy answered, grinning madly.

A rich, genuine laugh escaped Drew and she shook her head, knowing that Remy would do that. Still, they went to home and she definitely finished what she started with that kiss. She did not even pause to scold Remy when the tall woman kept calling out her nickname, which she

disliked when they were being intimate. To make up for it, though, the taller woman said three magic words.

"I love you," Remy whispered, holding Drew close to her naked body.

"I love you too," Drew replied. "I'll always love you," she added.

Remy nodded, yawning. Drew could tell that her girlfriend was sleeping without looking at her. The light snoring was the best indicator, but also the gentle rise and fall of the giantess' chest told Drew that she was going to be on her own for at least a half-hour. She decided to stay where she was, snuggled up to her lover.

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Remy was back at the gym on Saturday, working with Jolene. She hoped it meant the redhead was going to hire her for some sessions. Whenever she picked up a new client, she always bought Drew a gift because it meant more money coming in and it also showed her uncle that she could bring business to the gym.

Yes, her uncle owned the gym; he and her father had inherited it from their grandfather. Her father never really showed much interest in running the gym and went off for a career in marketing while her uncle just loved the place. He always promised her more responsibility in the business whenever she showed that she could handle it. He kept his word on that and whenever she got more responsibility, it tended to mean more money. It helped that she liked being at the gym all day.

"So, how do you like the gym so far? You're going to join?" Remy asked curiously, watching Jolene's form as she jogged on the treadmill.

"I've already joined for the year. I really like this place. I think I'm going to live here on the weekends," Jolene commented with a bright, engaging smile. "Will you about around weekends?"

Remy shrugged. "Sometimes. Me and my girl keep a weird schedule on weekends and by that I mean we have no schedule. I just know if she sits in front of her computer, I'll have a few hours to myself. If I get bored enough, I might show up here." She just would not be showing up so early unless there was a paycheck in it for her.

There was a nod before the redhead responded. "So, I suppose I won't be seeing much of you. That's a shame, I thought we were becoming fast friends."

"You could always hire me as a trainer. You'd see a lot more of me," the taller woman remarked with a charming grin.

"As tempting as it, I don't think I have the extra money to throw your way, sweetie. So, you better come up with a good workout plan for me to follow while I have you for free," Jolene quipped, laughing.

"Don't worry. I always give it my all. I'll try to check up on you on some days if you want. I can't promise too much, but if we happen to be here together, I don't mind working with you for a while."

"You're so sweet," Jolene cooed, smiling a little, barely showing off perfectly white teeth.

Remy shrugged; she had heard that line many times before. She would probably end up hearing it many times in the future. But, it never got old!

"So, what do you do aside from work out, spend time with your girlfriend, and those crazy hobbies you were telling me about before?" Jolene inquired.

"You know, you really should focus on your breathing," Remy commented, trying to get her mind back on work. Yes, Jolene said she could not afford a trainer, but Remy considered that she might be able to change the redhead's mind if she focused.

Jolene sighed in an exaggerated manner and waved the words off. "I know, I know, but I don't know when I'm going to see you again, so I want to learn as much about you as I can. I mean, I'd like for us to be friends while we're in each other's company."

Remy laughed a bit. "I don't do much aside from workout, especially beyond what I already told you. I'm kinda addicted to working out, if you ask Drew anyway. That's my girlfriend. I call her Noodle. Most of the time, she doesn't care that I call her that."

"Why do you call her Noodle?" Jolene asked, recalling the Amazon had used that name when she came to the office for Drew.

"We met in college. She didn't and still doesn't know how to cook. So, back then, she mostly ate ramen noodles, like all the time. I mean, for every meal and I started calling her Noodle. I told she'd turn into one too if she didn't stop. God, she used to eat them like four times a day," Remy snorted and shook her head at the memory.

"Really?" the question seemed skeptical. Drew did not have the body of someone that ate ramen noodles all day, everyday.

"Yeah, she was kinda on the pudgy side because of her diet, but she skateboards, so that helped. And then we started going out and I started cooking for her and that helped take that baby fat right off. Now, she doesn't look like me or anything, but now if I poke her in the stomach, it doesn't feel like I mold her like play doh," Remy remarked, smiling.

The giantess thought back to college and when she first started hanging around Drew. The shorter woman's diet had been appalling. If she was not eating instant noodles, then she having



microwavable pizza or burgers from the school cafeteria. If it tasted good, but was unhealthy, Drew ate it. Remy was so glad when Drew accepted her offer to cook for Drew. She was even more happy when Drew started working out with her. Now, she was confident that she was not going to lose her beloved prematurely because of poor eating habits.

"So, you like women that are in shape?" Jolene guessed, turning to watch the reaction.

"I like Drew," Remy answered without hesitation. She did not have a body type that she was attracted to or anything really. She just liked Drew. There was something about Drew that attracted her all those years ago and it had nothing to do with Drew's body.

An auburn eyebrow arched high. "And what does that mean?"

"It means I like Drew. What about you?" Remy countered, wanting the subject off of her and Drew for the moment. She had no problem talking about herself, but Drew was a different matter. Much of her life was an open book, but her relationship was a closed chapter.

Jolene smiled and laughed. "I'm single if that's what you mean."

"You're single?" the taller woman said in disbelief. "You're single looking like that?" Large hands motioned to Jolene while hazel eyes looked Jolene up and down. Remy was sure the single population of the town was stupid if Jolene was unattached.

A smirk settled onto Jolene's visage. "Why thank you kindly for that, but, yes, I am single."

"I don't believe. I know people that would probably kick each other's ass just to get a look at you," Remy commented. Sure, most people that she knew were closer to Neanderthals than Homo Sapiens and would probably club Jolene over the head to drag her back to their cave, but the point was that Jolene was hot.

The redhead laughed again; it was a heavenly sound. Remy actually figured that was probably how angels sounded when they laughed. Shaking her head, she rid herself of that thought.

"Well, I am unfortunately single," Jolene dramatically sighed, throwing her head back while she was at it.

"I don't get it. What type of people do you like? Are you interested in men or women?" Remy asked, honestly trying to figure out how Jolene was still single. Beside for being gorgeous, from what Remy could tell, Jolene was also great to talk to and seemed fun to be around.

"Why, are you going to find me a date?" the redhead teased with a smile.

A monster-size grin lit up Remy's face. "I can damn sure try. I've got a lot of single friends. They're a nice bunch." Most of them were a bunch of idiots according to her lover, but that did not make them any less nice.

"Well, then, maybe I can tell you my type and you can keep an eye out for me." A smile played on Jolene's lips as she made that statement.

There was a solid nod. "Sounds good."

"But," Jolene paused and reached out a hand, taking one of Remy's large hands into her own. She then continued. "For that to happen, we have to see each other more often, so you can tell me about these people before I meet them."

Remy nodded. "That sounds fair," she concurred and then she shook the redhead's hand, as if they were making a deal.

Jolene smiled even more, even though she thought the handshake was not a good sign. But, she noted that Remy did not move her hand, which was good. "I know this might seem picky, but I actually like people taller than I am."

"People?" That was rather broad.

"I'm not picky in regards to gender, darling. I like a type, not a sex."

Remy nodded again. "Okay, what type do you like?"

Jolene went into a general list of characteristics that she liked in someone. Remy nodded to show that she understood and mentally went through people that she knew to see if they fit the build. No one came to mind immediately, but she would definitely think on it since she liked Jolene so far. She would love to help the redhead out.

--8--8--8--8--8--8--

It was Saturday again and Remy was bored. She and Drew had a great morning. It started with Drew ravishing her quite thoroughly, making sure every single part of her felt loved and sated. Eventually, once her limbs were working again and she had the energy to move, she made breakfast. They watched a movie in their bedroom, during which Drew ravished her again to the point where she fell asleep right after Drew made her climax for the fourth time that morning. But, as morning turned to noon, Drew was drawn to her computer for once of her on-line games and Remy found herself bored.

"Hey, Noodle," the muscular woman called as she decided on what she was going to do.

"Yes, baby?" Drew replied, eyes on her monitor.

"I'm going to go to the gym. Okay?"

"All right. Don't work out too hard. Come back in a few hours. We can do something together, okay?" Drew proposed. She liked her game, but she liked spending time with Remy more. She just liked to get in some gaming too; Remy understood since she was the same way.

"Love to. Love you in fact."

Drew smiled. "I love you too."

Remy went and planted a gentle, sweet kiss on Drew's forehead, not wanting to mess up her game. After that, she trotted off to grab her gym bag and was off for a thorough workout. She considered going for a nice, long swim in the pool. That was always quite invigorating and fun too. With that settled, she got to the gym and waved to any familiar faces on her way to the locker room. Changing into her simple one-piece, navy blue swimsuit, she marched out to the indoor pool.

The pool area was actually divided into three different pools. There was a small one for toddlers and small children; people liked to sign their children up for swimming lessons and members could bring their children to the gym just for the fun of it. There was larger pool where the older children tended to be, but not quite old enough where they felt comfortable with deep water. And there was the pride and joy of the gym, the Olympic sized pool, which Remy was about to dive right into, but she was halted for a moment.

Out of the water, shining red hair breached the surface with the elegance of a mermaid and the body of one too. The glistening water looked like sparkles surrounding lovely creamy skin and a wonderful bust. And then green eyes turned to her, bright as emeralds and trapping her in place.

"Hey, Remy," Jolene called, waving to the large woman.

Blinking hard, Remy came out of her daze, only to realize that she was staring. "Hey, Jolene. I don't remember saying swimming should be on your workout routine," she remarked with a good-natured grin, trying to get herself together. She could not believe that she had been caught gawking like some horny schoolboy.

"I added it myself. Besides, I had to check out this pool because everyone makes it seem like it's amazing. They're right," Jolene replied, swimming over to Remy.

"The pool certainly is fantastic, but I like the boxing mats more than this," Remy answered, sitting on the edge of the pool, putting her legs in the cool water.

"There are pictures of you in the front, doing some kind of martial arts I think," Jolene commented, putting her finger to her chin as if trying to recall what the picture was about.

There was a nod. "Kick-boxing. I do kick-boxing and Tae Kwon Do. I'm pretty good," the giantess said with no modesty at all. "I need to be able to protect my little Noodle," she added with a laugh.

"Does Drew get into trouble a lot?"

"No, but back in college, walking around the campus at night with my pudgy little Noodle, I always thought that something could happen. Be it some lunatic looking to rob us or someone

who didn't like two girls holding hands or just about anything. I always did Tae Kwon Do, but I started kick-boxing too after those thoughts started going through my head. I haven't really had to use it to protect her. Most of the time, I can use my size to scare people off," Remy explained as she finally slid into the water.

For a moment, Remy laughed, thinking about how her size had protected her and Drew back at school more than just scaring people off. More often than not, at night, most people never guessed they were two girls holding hands or hugged close. It was because of that, they never had to suffer any homophobic taunts. The fact that she used to be mistaken for a boy was nothing new to her because she had always been tall and she liked having short hair. Of course, in the light of day, no one would think she was a male because her face was so soft.

"If only they knew what a sweetheart you actually are," Jolene teased with a chuckle, reaching out to pat the taller woman on the knee.

"Hey, I'll have you know I can be very intimidating if I put my mind to it. I can definitely protect myself and others if I need to," Remy proudly declared, puffing out her chest while showing off her biceps.

Emerald eyes sparkled. "I can see that."

A happy nod and smile were followed by, "So, how long were you planning on swimming?"

"Well, I finished my workout, so this was just for leisure activities. Why?" Jolene countered with a small smile of her own.

"I figure I could swim with you. If you don't mind, I mean," Remy said with a rather childlike expression and a shine in her eyes.

"I would love to swim with you. Maybe we could race?" she suggested, feeling like that would play into Remy's competitiveness. She just wanted something that would keep the giants around and entertained.

Remy shrugged; it sounded like fun. So, they set some rules and settled on how they were going to race; they were going to do three laps of the pool. After a "on your mark, get set, go" they took off. Remy quickly noted that Jolene swam with the ease of a fish, taking a quick lead. Remy, being the competitive nut she was, refused to lose and pushed herself harder.

She was able to close the gap, but found herself distracted-watching Jolene! She saw slender, but defined arms coming out the water and long, graceful legs kicking powerfully. Worst of all, she noticed the swell of Jolene's breasts whenever she paddled. Needless to say, Remy lost. She did not even think about it as she watched Jolene surface, shooting out of the water, giving Remy a nice glimpse of her complete bust. Remy groaned, but quickly caught herself, trying to get a grip on herself.

"I win," Jolene said, although it sort of sounded like a purr. Remy blamed the water in her ears.

"No fair. You didn't tell me you were part mermaid," Remy playfully complained, folding her arms over her chest like an upset child.

"No? I could've sworn that came up in one of our conversations," Jolene commented with a grim. "I like swimming."

"Obviously! I don't think anyone's beat me that easily ever," Remy said. She was sure that she had never been that easily distracted either.

"Certainly not. I'm sure it was only because I was out here practicing for much longer than you were. Perhaps another round?" Jolene proposed with a friendly smile.

Remy smiled back and nodded. The two swam around, racing and talking in between. Jolene was able to learn how playful Remy was as the taller woman developed a liking to yanking her under the water when she least suspected it.

"I swear you're like a teenage boy!" Jolene teased as she pulled herself up from the water after being pulled down for what had to be the millionth time at the least, she was sure of it.

The hazel-eyed woman gave an impish smile. "Who me?" she asked innocently.

"Yes, you," Jolene hissed, trying her best to be upset. It was hard to be mad at those beautiful brown eyes and that cute, honest smile, though. "I don't see how anybody puts up with you," she added, still making the attempt to be angry.

"Aw!" Remy threw on a quick pout. "Please don't be mad at me. I was just playing around," she said, swimming in circles around Jolene before taking her hand. She found that contact always made apologies better. It was not that she was being manipulative, but that she never meant harm and she did not like it when people got angry with her over what she wanted to be a joke.

"All right, you big lug, it's impossible to stay mad at that face," Jolene said, taking the opportunity to reach out and hold Remy by the chin. Secretly, she marveled at how smooth Remy's skin was. She could not help wondering how someone so hard could also be so soft.

Remy smiled. "Got me out of all kinds of trouble when I was little."

"I'll just bet. I hope your parents didn't have to content with a house full of those eyes."

Remy laughed as she pulled away and then submerged herself. "Four sets of them actually. We used to get away with murder," she declared.

"I feel so sorry for your parents."

"The neighbors too. We had 'em all!" Remy proclaimed, laughing quite hard as she remembered her childhood with her brothers and sister. "We weren't really bad. We were just the curious type."

"Curious like 'oh, I wonder if this rock can go through that window' I'd wager," Jolene teased.

"No, more curious like, 'I bet I can throw this rock further than you' without considering none of us can throw straight yet and poor Mister Mann's house was only like ten feet away."

Water flew as Jolene shook her head. "Horrible."

"You know, I will say I was a little bad. Me and my brothers used to like digging up worms. My sister would take us fishing sometimes, but we always dug up a lot of worms, so we'd have extra. We would then put the extra ones down girls' shirts," Remy said and then she ran her finger down Jolene's spine.

Jolene jumped and almost shrieked until she heard the giantess' laughter. She growled and chased after Remy as they continued talking. Before Remy knew it hours had passed. She knew that she needed to get home before Drew got worried.

"Hey, Jolene, I need to get going. I'm expected home," Remy informed her friend.

"Your Noodle has you on a short leash, huh?" Jolene teased.

"Nothing of the sort. I just told her I'd be home around this time and I don't want her to worry," Remy replied.

"How sweet!" Jolene's voice was so lilted that it sounded like she was singing.

Remy just blushed and pulled herself out of the pool before Jolene teased her about the color in her cheeks. She had already had to put up with Jolene's teasing about her no-frills swimsuit. It served a purpose, she had argued back. Yes, her swimsuit was bland and she silently admitted that Jolene's bathing suit was anything but bland.

Through out the swim, Remy had considered blasting back on the teasing by remarking on Jolene's attire. Unfortunately, she could not think of anything that would be remotely playful about that suit. It was a bikini that Remy would expect to see more on some exotic tropical beach than at a pool. A few times, Remy had stared at Jolene a few times that day and it was not at the fine muscle tone either.

"I think I should get home too before I really turn into a fish," Jolene commented, following Remy out of the pool.

"You'd be a cute fish," the taller woman remarked.

"I'd be a single cute fish. Sounds just like my life as a human," the redhead quipped.

"Oh, right. I've got a few friends who might interest you. Do you want me to put in a word for you or anything?"

"Tell me about them."

Remy nodded and started going through the characteristics of her many friends. Jolene did not add much to the conversation. They went to the locker room to retrieve their things. Jolene explained that she was going to take a shower at the gym and Remy did the same, as she was used to it. Besides, she wanted to finish telling Jolene about her friends. She figured one of them had to get Jolene at least a little curious.

"So, no one I mentioned seems like someone you'd like to meet?" Remy inquired, walking over to Jolene's locker. She was wrapped in a towel and ready to head to the showers, but she was waiting for Jolene.

"It's not that. I'm just trying to sort everyone out in my head before I commit to anything," Jolene replied, untying her bikini top.

Remy gulped and blinked hard as she watched the strings to the bikini fall. Jolene then turned her back to the taller woman, resetting Remy's brain. Remy started going on about her friends again, hoping someone caught Jolene's attention. Continuing to run her mouth, Remy almost faltered as Jolene wrapped herself in a small towel and then wiggled out of her bikini bottoms. Remy was glad that Jolene's back was to her because she was sure that her expression was bordering on inappropriate.

Shaking herself from those thoughts, Remy made sure to keep talking. She also mentally reprimanded herself for staring at her friend again. She needed to get home soon, especially as she found herself thinking about Jolene scrubbing herself in the shower. Something had to be wrong with her, she thought.

"Shit," Remy hissed, shaking her head and wishing that she could shake away the throbbing between her legs.

The conversation ended as the pair showered. Remy was thankful that the gym had shower stalls instead of just an open area because she hated thinking that she would ogle her friend if she could. Shaking it off, she showered quickly, wanting to get rid of the chlorine smell and then just go home. She wanted to be with her Noodle.

Not bothering to bid Jolene a farewell, Remy rushed out of the shower when she was done and dressed quickly. Grabbing her gym bag, she practically ran to the car. She did not even recall how she got home or to the condo door, but as soon as she crossed the threshold, she was on the hunt for Drew.

"Hey, sweetheart, I was-" Drew's words were swallowed by Remy attacking her lips with her own mouth.

Drew was shocked by the assault, but quickly got over it when she felt her lover licking at her lips, begging for entrance to her mouth. Remy's wish was granted. They both moaned loudly as their tongues dueled. In the back of her mind, Drew knew something was different about this

kiss; Remy was being much more aggressive than usual. Drew did not dwell on that, though, preferring to enjoy the sultry moment.

The moment went on longer than Drew even anticipated. Remy broke the kiss, only to yank Drew's tee-shirt off. Large hands were insistent and determined as they kneaded Drew's bare breasts, causing Drew to moan loudly into Remy's mouth.

"Baby, I need you," Remy mumbled against Drew's lips.

"Take what you need, love," the skateboarder replied.

Remy nodded and carried on, picking Drew up. Kissing Drew deeply, all the while she rushed to their bedroom. She eased Drew to the bed before yanking down her shorts and underwear, throwing them to the floor.

Before Drew knew it, her legs were on Remy's broad shoulders and she was screaming to the ceiling as Remy lavished her body with attention. Drew braced her palms on the bed, giving herself leverage to push herself into Remy's probing tongue. She almost flattered as one of Remy's hands returned to her breast, squeezing the bouncing orb. It felt like she was devouring Drew, consuming her in every way possible and Drew could not hold out for long.

"Remmmmyyyyy!" Drew cried out, body convulsing wildly before she collapsed to the mattress.

"I've got you, baby. Let go. I've got you," Remy whispered, making sure to hold onto Drew and carefully guide her all the way down to the bed.

The smaller woman was rendered speechless for a while. She gained control of her limbs enough to wrap her arms around Remy and hold on tight. It was then that she realized that Remy was overdressed.

"You do realize you're wearing too many clothes," Drew commented with a devastatingly sexy smile. Taking a moment, she pushed her onyx hair from her sticking to her forehead and then turned her attention back to her muscular lover.

Remy stared at her beloved for just a second and then chuckled. "Are you going to do something about it?" she asked with a purr.

"I can't move enough to do something about anything," the smaller woman admitted.

"I'll take care of it."

The muscular woman sat up and tossed her clothes down by the foot of the bed. She then launched her next attack, coming in for another hard kiss to Drew's mouth. As their tongue battled each other again, Remy crawled over Drew's body, covering the skateboarder completely. Drew reached up, hands wandering up down the hard body above her. Eventually, her hands settled at their favorite places, rolling Remy's nipples and causing Remy to moan into her mouth.



Remy had to pull away from the kiss, needing to let loose a long, passionate whine. Her lips did not return to Drew's. Instead, she moved toward the head of the bed, taking Drew's playthings with her. Drew would have complained, but she knew what Remy wanted. As soon as Remy was in position, she lowered herself to Drew's waiting mouth. She cried out the second Drew's tongue touched her, lapping at her dripping body like a curious puppy.

"Baby, you are practically weeping here," Drew commented before making another passing sweep of her tongue.

All Remy could manage was a long, drawn out whine. Soon, she could not control her hips, as they moved, wanting as much of Drew as possible. Another cry came out of her mouth as she felt Drew's fingers slide into her. Her hips moved with more purpose, so Drew moved with even more intent. Remy's hips now have a mind of their own, bucking recklessly against Drew's face.

"Oh, god, Noodle. Oh, god," Remy chanted as the end seemed so close that she could taste it. And then it was on her in a flash, blinding her, and causing her to scream until her throat was sore. And then everything went black.

When Remy came to, she felt kind fingers caressing her head. She looked up to see equally kind eyes staring at her. A tired smile worked its way onto her face.

"That was intense," Remy whispered.

"You should've been on my end," Drew remarked, laughing a little before licking her lips. Evidence that it had been intense was glistening all over her face.

"Wow, I did all that, huh?" Remy asked, reaching over to the nightstand. She opened a draw and grabbed a handiwipe from there. She gently cleaned Drew's face.

"What got into you? I've never seen you act like that before," the computer expert commented, smiling a bit to show that she like it while snuggling up to the strong body beneath her.

"I dunno," Remy said, trying to figure out what happened to her. "I just...needed you..."

"Well, like I said, I've never seen you that way before. In fact, in all our years together, you've always been...well...the shy one when it comes to sex," Drew pointed out. In fact, Remy almost never, ever initiated sex between them. She could start a make-out session with no problem, but whenever things started to get hot and heavy, Drew had to take the lead. When they were first together, Drew thought it was odd, especially since Remy was so outgoing and confident in every other aspect of life, but she eventually grew to accept it. It was just a part of Remy that she had come to adore.

Remy nodded. "Maybe I'm just coming out of my shell. I mean, five years is a long time to be shy about having sex with my girlfriend, right? My incredibly sexy, beautiful girlfriend." A kiss punctuated that statement. She was not sure why, but she had always been a bit timid when it came to anything sexual. It was not so much that she was a prude, but she just did not know how

to go about requesting or starting any sort of sexual contact beyond kissing. Gregarious, yes she was, but it did not extend to her being as friendly as many people seemed to think.

The shorter woman nodded. "That's true. But, I don't mind. It seemed nice that I wasn't the shy one somewhere with us," she commented, gently caressing her lover's broad shoulder.

The personal trainer chuckled. "You're not shy, baby, just bashful. And I love the bashful part of you. That's what made me come talk to you in the first place, remember?"

Drew nodded and smiled a little as she thought back to the night they first met. "It was a horrible night for me, believe it or not. You know, I don't even know what I was doing at that party. I was so nervous. I didn't know how to talk to anybody. Hell, I didn't know anybody except for Chrissy. I thought I was going to faint just from standing there with her and then Chrissy left me to go chase some boy. She was such a horrible roommate."

"Nah, more like a bad babysitter."

Drew shook her head. "No, definitely a bad roommate. She broke my laptop that week and she thought she was making it up to me by bringing me to one of the big parties she goes to. I guess she did make it up to me, though. I got to meet you." She clutched onto her lover a little tighter.

"Not that you wanted me in the beginning," Remy reminded her, laughing at the memory.

"I thought you were making fun of me. For a long time, I thought you were making fun of me whenever you came to talk to me. I didn't know you were so sweet," Drew said, leaning down to place a kiss to Remy's forehead.

"And now?" Remy asked, twisting a bit to face her lover.

"Now, I know most of the time you're sweet and making fun of me," Drew replied, kissing the end of Remy's nose.

Remy did not deny it and just smiled, which earned her another kiss. It seemed that whatever fire was burning in her earlier was sated and burned out. But, it was not going to be the last time that she returned from the gym and attacked Drew for affection.

--8--8--8--8--8--8--

Drew's eyes fluttered open, scanning for some sign of the time. According to the clock, it was going on eight. Her stomach was in agreement with that since she was starving, not having eaten since about noon. Remy had whipped up a quick lunch before running off to the gym.

Remy was always a gym rat, so Drew did not think anything of that. It was just that every Saturday that she ran off to the gym, she tended to come back so hot and bothered that she did not even taken Drew to bed anymore. That day was no different, as Remy rushed in and had Drew right there in her office. Eventually, they somehow made it to the bedroom, though. Remy

was knocked out, having exhausted whatever energy she had left ravishing Drew as thoroughly as possible.

"Funny that you're the one worn out," Drew commented. But, then again, Remy had spent all that time at the gym before, using up her energy.

The taller woman was curled up against Drew, mouth close to the nipple that she had bruised earlier thanks to all of the attention. A small, satisfied smile was curled onto her lips. Whimpering a bit, she turned in her sleep, trying to find the most comfortable position against Drew's body. It was typical behavior of her in her sleep, but what happened next was certainly atypical.

Remy grumbled and then mumbled something that sounded suspiciously like, "Won't beat me, Jolene."

Drew tensed and stared down at Remy with disbelief in her eyes. She wanted to think that she heard wrong and then she tried to convince herself that it was probably some other Jolene. There just could be no way... Still, she needed to know.

"Hey, baby," Drew said as Remy came to from her nap.

"Hmmm?" Remy asked, yawning as she sat up and stretched out her tired muscles. "What time is it?" she asked, scratching her stomach.

"Almost nine."

"That explains why I'm so hungry. Want spaghetti tonight?" Remy proposed, rubbing her eyes with the heel of her hand. It would be simple and quick.

"Sounds really good," Drew agreed, thinking about how cute Remy was when she rubbed her eyes like that.

The giantess hopped up and stretched again. Drew tossed her a tee-shirt, which she quickly wiggled into and marched out into the kitchen. Drew then grabbed her own shirt-which was actually Remy's shirt-and joined her lover.

"Hey, baby," the skateboarder said again.

"Yeah?" Remy asked, yanking out the items that she needed from the cupboards.

"You've been going to the gym a lot on Saturdays now," Drew commented, doing her best to sound casual, which she succeeded in.

"Yeah. I figure I get out of your hair, so you could get further in your game, and play around at the gym. I actually picked up a new client from playing around."

"Oh? What new client?" Drew inquired. She figured that Jolene might be the new client.

"Yeah, some skinny guy that wants to get bigger...muscle-wise," Remy remarked with a smile, teasingly doing a pose to show off her muscles.

"And you go there and play with him?" the smaller woman gently pressed, still making sure not to sound like she was giving a cross-examination. Remy did not seem to notice.

There was a confirming nod. "Only for an hour. Then I sometimes hang out with Jolene. She kicks my butt in swimming all the time and we cruise around other machines and stuff."

Drew nodded; okay, that sounded innocent enough. Hell, it might not even be the Jolene she was thinking about. "Is Jolene a client?"

"No. I thought she was going to be, but she says that she can't afford a personal trainer. She used me twice on the three free sessions, so I guess she would've hired me if she could've, but it doesn't matter now. We're pretty good friends. Most Saturdays I hang out with her, working out, swimming, and stuff like that."

Drew absorbed that information, not sure what to do with it. Remy did not lie to her, so she decided to believe Remy and take her words for what they were. Remy went to the gym and hung out with Jolene...as a friend. It did not make sense, but she was going to believe Remy.

--8--8--8--8--8--8--

Drew flopped down at her desk, watching everyone as they began filtering in. Her brown eyes clocked Jolene the second she came into sight, watching for some sign that Jolene was scheming on her girlfriend, desiring her lover, or even already trying to move in on Remy. But, nothing about the redhead seemed different. She walked in as if her feet did not touch the ground as always with everything about her looking quite perfect.

Still, everyday Drew watched for some sign. For a while, she thought that she was wasting her time and just being paranoid, but then Remy started muttering in her sleep again. The thought of Jolene's name on her lover's lips made her look again. Nothing seemed to come up, though. She was not sure how to explain what was going on, but it was becoming clear to her that she was looking at whatever it was the wrong way.

Unfortunately, her mind would not settle. She was not sure why. She came up with plenty of reasons to just let it go. She trusted Remy. Remy would never hurt her. Remy *loved* her. Jolene had never shown any signs of liking women. Remy's Jolene might not be the same Jolene from her job.

"Whoa, Drew, you're still here?" Renee commented as she wandered by Drew's desk.

"Uh...yeah," Drew answered the obvious.

"I thought you went to lunch."

A thick ebony eyebrow arched. "Why'd you think that?"

"I could've sworn I saw Remy when I was at the front. It's been a while since she surprised you, so I figured this was one of those times. Guess I was wrong, though. Although I might need my eyes checked if I mistake someone for Remy again," Renee remarked, laughing as she walked away.

Drew scratched her head, wondering what that was all about. She was going to just go about her business, but she was curious if Renee had seen Remy. After all, it was hard to get confused about seeing Remy; she stood out a lot. So, she got up and marched to the front of *Blush* and stopped as if she had been shot in the chest.

Remy was there. Standing. Talking to Jolene. Smiling at Jolene. The redhead was laughing. Her hand clutching Remy's bare bicep. Really, it felt like Drew had been shot in the chest and all of her reassurances was bleeding out on the office floor.

"Hey, Noodle!" the personal trainer waved as she noticed the shocked woman.

Drew swallowed down her hurt feelings. "Uh...hey, baby, what're you doing here?" she asked, voice trembling a bit. Usually, the question was said from habit. It was very common for Remy to pop up and surprise Drew, but right now, Drew really wanted to know what her lover was doing there. Obviously, Remy was not surprising her.

"I came to get you for lunch. You know, my usual surprise, only to be surprised myself. I didn't know Jolene worked here!" Remy declared, motioning to Jolene, as if Drew could miss the temptress.

"Yeah," Drew said weakly, doing her best to sound normal and failing quite masterfully.

"So, this the infamous Noodle?" Jolene inquired, sounding shocked. Her emerald eyes were haughty, though.

"Yup, that's my Noodle!" Remy proclaimed proudly, stepping over to Drew. She handed the shorter woman the single rose that she was carrying.

"Remy..." Drew grumbled. She did not want everyone, especially Jolene, to know that nickname.

The giantess grinned and chuckled sheepishly. "Sorry, Noodle," she apologized. "Are you ready to go to lunch?" she inquired.

Drew checked her watch. "We don't have that much time..." she mumbled. If Remy had come on time that meant that she wasted much of their lunchtime to speak with Jolene.

"No?" The hazel-eyed woman checked her own watch. "Oh, man! Jolene, I'll talk to you later. I owe my lady here a quick lunch."

"All right. Goodbye, Remy...and Noodle," Jolene giggled.

Drew snorted through her nose as she and Remy left the building. Remy was oblivious of the tension in her girlfriend and opened the door to the jeep for Drew. She then jumped into the driver's seat.

"I guess we can get some fast food, huh? Sorry for screwing up like that. I was just so shocked to see Jolene there," Remy explained.

"Is she the Jolene you hang out with on Saturdays?" Drew inquired, keeping her tone even. There was some tension in her neck, which went missed since her lover was focusing ahead of them.

"Yup! That's why I was so surprised to see her here. How is she at work? Is she fun?" Remy asked.

Drew shrugged. She did not want to talk about Jolene. She did not want to think about Jolene. She did not want to consider that Jolene might be after Remy...or might have already gotten to her. She did not want to think about Remy doing anything to or with Jolene ever.

"So, you just spend time with her at the gym?" Drew asked...even though she was so certain that she did not want to know.

"Mostly. We've walked around the block and gone to lunch a couple of times. I'm trying to hook her up with a friend. Can you believe she's single?" Remy said, face scrunched up incredulously.

Drew shook her head. "No, I had no idea..."

"I know! She's picky as hell, though. I figured she'd make a good match with Nora, but after I described Nora to her, she didn't think that Nora would work out. She said Nora sounded too immature. Do you think Nora is immature?"

Drew shrugged, barely following what Remy was rambling on about. It took her a moment to realize which friend Remy just mentioned. Nora, a woman. Apparently, Jolene was interested in women. And if Remy thought that Nora would be a good match, then that meant that Jolene was possibly interested in women like Remy. Nora was tall, a gym-nut, and sometimes way too playful for her own good. In fact, Remy and Nora were so much alike that they sometimes called each other sisters.

"I mean, saying Nora's immature is like saying I'm immature. Sure, we goof off, but we take care of our responsibilities, right?" Remy continued on.

"You do," the computer expert concurred dully.

Remy gave her a sidelong glance. "You said that kinda sarcastically. Is it because I messed up lunch? I'm really sorry about this, Noodle! I messed up the surprise, yeah, but that doesn't make me irresponsible or immature, right?" she begged to know.

"Of course not, baby. You were just a little absent-minded. I'm just not used to it from you, that's all," Drew assured her. While Remy was somewhat immature because she did play too much, she was usually very good when it came to romancing Drew. The fact that she messed up on a romantic gesture was more than a little disconcerting.

Remy pouted. "Sorry I disappointed you, baby. I'll do better!" she vowed with a sweet enthusiasm that Drew was used to. The sincerity in her voice and shine in her eyes got a small smile out of the skateboarder.

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"Hey, Jolene, I didn't know you knew Remy so well," Maureen commented, sitting at her desk. The redhead was standing close to her.

"Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with her now," Jolene replied with a smile.

"How? You haven't been stalking her, have you?" Maureen teased.

Emerald eyes rolled. "No, nothing like that. I went to check out the gym, which is fantastic, and ended up meeting her."

Maureen nodded. "Just by accident, huh?" she asked with a suspicious smirk.

Jolene smiled back and turned to go back to her desk. "But, of course," she purred, practically sashaying back to her desk.

Dancing green eyes scanned the office and noticed when Drew came back. Brown eyes locked with the green ones. The almond-shaped amber eyes narrowed and glared. Jolene only smiled back. Even from several yards away, she could tell that Drew growled at her.

Rolling her eyes, she waved it off. So, Drew was suspicious and upset? Whatever. For now, there was nothing to be suspicious of. Yes, Remy ogled her whenever the giantess thought it was safe, but nothing had gone beyond that. Remy was adorably thick in that manner. But, she was chipping away at the taller woman and she knew that eventually, she would get her way.

"I suppose the next thing would be try to get her out of the gym and some place more private than a little café down the street from the gym," Jolene figured.

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It was not too hard to get Remy to do much as far as hanging out went. The next time that she saw Remy at the gym, she said that she was leaving early because there was a movie that she wanted to see. She then bemoaned about having to go alone.

"Movies just aren't as good when you see them by yourself," Jolene complained.

"That's true. I've tried it once. I was drunk and it still sucked," Remy replied. Of course, being drunk might have had something to do with it since she was not a fan of alcohol. And, as Drew once put it, alcohol was not a fan of hers either, so she made it a point not to drink much.

"You want to come with me?" Jolene suggested with an angelic smile.

"Depends on what you want to see. I've also got to check with Noodle and see if she's still killing trolls or whatever the hell she kills on the computer nowadays," the personal trainer answered.

"Do you really need to check in? If we leave here early to catch the movie, we'd get out at just about the same time as we usually leave her."

Remy scratched the end of her nose and shrugged. That made sense to her. So, she left with Jolene and went to a movie, which was close enough to the gym for them to walk. It turned out to be a horror movie, which she just loved. Jolene was a bit more jumpy about the film, though, and Remy could see why the redhead did not want to see it alone. She was pretty sure that Jolene was cutting off the circulation in her arm with how tightly the redhead was clutching it.

"Are you sure you wanted to see this movie?" Remy inquired as Jolene hid from a particularly gruesome scene, using Remy's shoulder as the hiding place.

"I didn't know it was going to be this bad," Jolene answered, almost sharing a seat with Remy at that point.

The giantess chuckled. "Noodle loves these kinda movies. But, then again, Noodle also likes killing trolls." In fact, she figured that she would bring Drew to see the movie sometime. She was sure that Drew would enjoy it and it probably would not result in her having bruise marks in the shape of fingers on her arm.

"Do you like these sort of movies?" Jolene asked, still hiding and clinging onto Remy as tightly as humanly possible.

"Somewhat. Depends on the movie," Remy answered, putting her free hand around Jolene to offer the scared woman some protection.

The redhead burrowed into Remy as deeply as possible. The giantess swallowed hard as she felt Jolene's hands wrap around her. Most of the movie escaped her attention at that point. Her senses were more interested in the warmth pressed against her, the unfamiliar, but large and soft breasts pushed into her body.



This was clearly not her Noodle, but it was still quite pleasant. Unaware of it, her fingers started caressing Jolene's elbow. A few seconds later, she realized what she was doing and rationalized it by telling herself that she was just offering her friend some comfort. That was all it was. It was nothing more than her comforting a friend. Nothing more.

By the time the movie was over, Remy realized it was about the same time they would have left the gym. Now, she just needed to get home and everything would be fine. Her Noodle was probably hungry too since it was so late, she figured.

"Remy," Jolene's voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Yes?" Remy answered.

"Do you think you could give me a ride home? My car's been in the shop for a couple of days. I got to the gym by bus," the redhead explained, pouting a bit and her eyes imploring her friend for help.

"A ride?" Remy echoed. "Sure. No problem." That response caused the redhead to perk right up.

"Thanks. I owe you. Actually, I owe you a lot for holding me during all of the scary parts in the movie," Jolene remarked.

"Think nothing of it. I like playing the knight in shining armor," Remy quipped with a grin.

"Then maybe I should reward you for being such a good knight," Jolene stated and quickly planted a kiss to Remy's cheek.

The heat that spread through Remy let her know that she was blushing. She could not believe a simple peck on the cheek was making her blush. She decided it was time to get back to the jeep and get home before she did anything else silly.

"Come on, let's get going," the hazel-eyed woman said.

Jolene nodded and allowed Remy to lead her back to the gym parking lot. They got into the car and were off. Remy talked the whole way through the ride; Jolene barely got to add in a word outside of the directions that she was giving. Remy was nervous and it was obvious because of how quickly she was speaking and she was going on and on about nothing in general. Remy was quite aware that she was rambling, but she could not think of anything better to do to stave off her anxiety.

Despite her nervousness, Remy was able to get to Jolene's house without much problem. She opened the car door for Jolene, earning a smile from the redhead that brought another blush to her face. Thankfully, Jolene only waved goodbye to her and she rushed back to her seat before it turned into something else. She watched Jolene go inside and waited a few seconds just to make sure everything was all right. Once it was clear Jolene was safe in the house, Remy was gone.

The giantess did not pay too much attention on the ride home. Entering the condo, she immediately searched for Drew. Finding Drew at the computer, as expected, she scooped the shorter woman up into a tight hug. Not sure why she felt this way, she held onto Drew as if she was scared that Drew would disappear.

"I love you so much," Remy whispered, but it sounded more like she was saying the words to herself than to Drew. "I love you," she repeated like a prayer. Oh, god, how she loved Drew.

"I love you too, baby, but you're wrecking my game," Drew remarked with a laugh, all the while wondering why Remy was embracing her with such a fierceness and declaring her love out of the blue with such fervor.

"Oh, sorry," Remy apologized and let her lover go. Drew eased back into her seat while Remy stood behind her. "You're usually done playing by the time I get back," Remy pointed out.

"You're a bit late, so I started again," Drew answered.

"Late?" Remy checked the time. "Oh, yeah, that is later than I usually get back. I dropped Jolene off at home."

"Jolene?" She now had Drew's undivided attention. Game be damned. "Why'd you have to drop Jolene off at home?" she inquired, doing her best to not sound upset over the information. Remy loved her, she reminded herself, so there was no reason to be upset, but she could tell that Jolene wanted her lover.

"She said her car's in the shop. She took the bus to the gym. I gave her a ride home," Remy explained as if it was nothing. To her, it was not a big deal as a whole. All she did was give someone a ride that needed one. Nothing to be bothered by, she assured herself.

Drew paused, trying to think if Jolene drove to work yesterday. Growling, she remembered that she came in first, so she never saw Jolene arrive. And, of course, she left after Jolene, so she did not see if she had a car then either. So, it was plausible that Jolene's car was in the shop. Something just did not feel right to her, though.

Honestly, she did not care if Jolene's car was in the shop. She wished that Remy would just stay away from the redhead. She did not say that because then it would look like she was paranoid and trying to control who Remy befriended, which she would never think to do. Still, she felt like she needed to say something.

"Baby, I'm not too sure I'm comfortable with you giving another woman a ride home," the ebony-haired skateboarder admitted.

"What? I give women rides home all the time!" Remy pointed out. Sometimes, she was a virtual taxi cab for friends and acquaintances.

"I know..." Drew said. It was nothing new for Remy to give someone a ride home. What was new was that the person she gave a ride to was Jolene.

"Noodle, nothing happened. Jolene's just my friend. Like Nora or Taliya," Remy argued.

"Just like them?" Drew arched an eyebrow. She wanted to point out that Remy did not whisper Nora or Taliya's name in her sleep. She also did not return home as horny as a rabbit after spending time with them.

"Sure, just like them! We workout, play games, go to movies. Junk like that." The taller woman shrugged, hoping to drive home her point that it was nothing because it was nothing.

"Go to movies?" Drew echoed and she did not sound pleased.

"Uh..." Remy fumbled a bit. "Yeah, we went to a movie today. It was a scary movie, just like I'd do with Nora and Taliya," she pointed out. She and her friends saw scary movies all the time. Sometimes, they got together at each other's houses and made a marathon of it.

"Baby..." Drew was not sure what to say. Getting up from her seat, she stood before Remy, eyes pleading a message that she was sure would not get through. Remy was thick like that sometimes.

The tall woman did look a bit remorseful, mostly because she disliked that she had done something that seemed to bother her girlfriend. She did not understand why it bothered Drew so much, though. After all, she went out with friends all the time and Drew never seemed distressed over it. But, then again, she was not so cool with it herself for a reason she could not figure out.

"Noodle, it was just a movie. We were bored. It was nothing. Just friends going to a movie," the taller woman insisted.

A frown marred Drew's face. "Remy, you're not friends with people like Jolene. Think about it."

"I have a variety of friends, Noodle. She's just a friend. We're not doing anything."

"I didn't say you were," Drew argued.

"No, but you're implying that we are. You getting all bent out of shape over a ride home and going to a movie makes it seem like you don't trust me and you think I'm doing something with Jolene," Remy pointed out. She was not and would not do anything with Jolene. They were just friends, so Drew did not have any reason to be upset. They were just friends and she was deeply in love with her Noodle.

"I don't think that!" the skateboarder shouted, throwing her hands out in aggravation.

"Then why are we even talking about this? Jolene's my friend, you're playing your game, and I'm going to make some dinner," Remy said, dismissing the whole thing.

Leaning down, Remy kissed Drew's forehead and then walked out of the office. Drew fell back into her chair, game forgotten. She wondered if she was blowing things out of proportion.

Remy was not the type to have an affair, Drew tried to assure herself. Through out their years together, she had learned Remy was a shameless flirt, yes. It came along with her very amiable personality. Drew had learned to deal with that. It had taken time, but she learned. This thing with Jolene seemed different, though. It was not so much that it seemed totally different with Remy, but something was certainly off.

She could not figure out what it was that was off. Did Jolene want Remy? Did Remy want Jolene? Did Jolene like Remy? Did Remy like Jolene? Did Remy really think Jolene was just a friend? Was Jolene just a friend? Was she overreacting? Did she really trust Remy? Or maybe it was just that she did not trust Jolene? What was going on?

"I don't know..." Drew said, answering her questions. She did not know anything.

"Noodle, food!" Remy called.

The ebony-haired computer expert was snapped out of her daze and left the office. Marching out into the living room, she saw that Remy set up their lunch in the living room...on a blanket. Remy grinned when she saw Drew staring.

"I figured we could have a nice picnic," Remy said with a smile.

Drew forced out a smile. Remy loved her and Remy was loyal. Nothing was wrong, she assured herself. Nothing was off. Nothing was going on. So, why was that uneasy feeling continuing to gnaw at her insides?

And the pain only grew later that night. Again, in her sleep Remy whispered that accursed name. It almost sounded like purring, which might as well have been a dagger in Drew's gut. If Remy spoke the truth, why was she calling out for her friend in her sleep? Why did it sound like she was pleased with the name that fell from her traitorous lips?

Tears rolled down Drew's face as she held Remy tight. Even if Jolene and Remy were just friends, how long would that last? If Jolene wanted Remy...she would probably get her. Worse yet, if Remy wanted Jolene, Drew was certain that she would not be able to hold together after the breakup.

"I love you. I love you so much," Drew said, holding her girlfriend and letting her tears fall.

Remy was first love and she planned for Remy to be her only partner in life. All her life she had bordered on painfully shy and had trouble interacting with people. Being gay had not helped because she certainly could not talk to women in order to get a date. Remy changed all of that. Remy changed her.

Remy had taught and was still teaching her to love life and approach it with a smile rather than trepidation. There was nothing to fear with Remy by her side because Remy would protect her and Remy would help her get through anything. From the moment she let Remy into her life, the taller woman had done nothing but support her and treat her as if she was precious. She would not know what to do without that.

Also, she could not picture herself with anyone aside from Remy. She did not want to. She loved the woman in her arms with all of her heart. She would do anything for Remy, including fight for her.

"Yes, I love you," Drew stated, her voice stronger than before. She loved Remy.

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At work, Drew watched her-the redheaded temptress. Jolene knew and smiled at her whenever their eyes met. Drew glared in return, but it always made that smile grow just a little wider. Drew took that as Jolene was being deliberate in her chase after Remy...or had already gotten Remy and Drew was just in the dark about it. The thought that her girlfriend and Jolene were having a secret affair right under her nose made her feel miserable.

A huge part of Drew believed that Remy would never do that to her, would never destroy what they had, would never cheat on her. It was something she used to fear when they first started going out, when she did not understand Remy's friendliness, and when she did not have as much confidence in herself. It had been years since she ever thought that Remy did more than harmless flirting. In that thinking, she realized that it was not so much Remy that was troubling her, although Remy was, but it was Jolene that made her think there might be more to things than Remy was telling her.

Looking at Jolene, Drew could practically see horns coming from her head. Jolene was the one chasing at her beloved, she was sure of it. She just was not sure what she was going to do about it.

"Hey, Drew," a familiar voice called, taking Drew's attention away from her moping and suspicions.

"Huh?" Drew looked up. "Oh, hey, Kim," she greeted the boss.

Kim Truman smiled, making her grey eyes appear like a light silver. "Sorry to bother you, but can you do me a small favor?" she begged.

Drew sighed. "A small favor always means a huge favor with you."

"Well, we're a small company, so everything is major with us," Kim pointed out with a laugh.

"That's true."

"I'll make this up to you, Drew. I know how hard you always work, especially with Renee and her weird Midas touch. So, are you in?" Kim pressed her hands together, pleading with Drew to be in.

"You asked the other guys and they turned you down, didn't they?" Drew inquired with a deadpan expression.

"I would never try someone else before you!" Kim declared and then she leaned down. "I also would never trust those clowns in here after hours. I'm still finding those stupid cards that they play in the weirdest places. Really, grown men still playing with kiddie cards?" she snorted through her nose.

"Hey, don't knock it. It's pretty fun," Drew argued.

Kim chuckled. "Right. So fun that you get into a fist fight over it?"

"Some people are very attached to their cards... Other times money is involved," Drew informed the boss with a slight smile.

"Oh, well, money tends to be the leading cause of fist fights. It all makes sense now," Kim muttered thoughtfully and then she shook that off. "Anyway, I don't want to go through that. So, will you do me the favor? If you need the guys, I'll get them too. I trust you to keep them in line."

The ebony-haired woman sighed and rubbed her forehead. "This is about the upgrade, isn't it?"

Kim nodded. Drew agreed, knowing it was going to have to get done anyway. She would need the guys' help and they did not mind. Kim made it clear that Drew was in charge and if she found a single card in the office the next day, they were going to have a problem.

When Kim left, Drew reached for her phone. She dialed Remy and got her voicemail. "Hey, sweetheart. I have to work late tonight, so don't worry about picking me up from here or at our usual spot. I'll just take the bus home. Love you. Bye."

Drew got to work with the rest of the IT team, but was called away from it for a moment. Her cell phone rang and she saw that it was Remy. "Hi, baby," she answered the phone after finding a quiet corner. The workday was still going on.

"Hey, Noodle!" Remy's grin could be heard through the phone.

"You got my message?"

"Indeed I did and I will not just go home! I don't like the idea of you taking the bus, especially if it's at night and by yourself."

"Baby, I'm a grown woman. I can handle a night on the bus by myself. It's not that serious," Drew argued. Of course, she was touched by Remy's concern and she knew that she should have expected it.

"Yes, it is. It's serious to me. I'm going to come get you. In fact, I'm going to come there after work. I'll keep you company," Remy proclaimed.

"The guys are here, though."

"The same guys that ask if you'd taste their girlfriends for them?"

"Uh..." Yes, her weird coworkers had asked that question on a couple of different occasions. And also informed her that they did not like going down on their girls; of course, they were always begging their girlfriends to go down on them. She was still trying to "un-hear" that conversation. But, then again, there were a lot of conversations she would like to "un-hear" from them.

"So, I'm going to come over as soon as I get off. Maybe I can scare them into shutting up and doing the work. I'm way bigger than they, right?"

Drew laughed. "Yeah, baby, you are."

"See you then. Love you."

"Love you too."

The phone call ended and Drew got back to work. For a brief moment, she felt good. Remy cared enough about her to make sure that she was safe and to keep the guys from asking her weird things. Glancing up, her momentary good vibes were banished as green eyes bore into her and she was consumed once again by misery.

She tried to shake off the feeling by telling herself that Remy was coming up there for her because Remy loved her. Of course, last time Remy came up there to show her love, she ended up talking to Jolene for almost an hour. The memory caused her heart to clench tightly in her chest. Misery had definitely settled in and was going to stay awhile.

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Jolene yawned as the clock ticked away. She knew that Drew had to work late and she was wondering how she could use that to her advantage. She considered that she could call Remy; they had exchanged numbers since friends did things like that. Maybe they could go to dinner, she mused.

"Hmm... It has to be something cozy..." Jolene said aloud. By the end of the day, she had a few thoughts and decided to make the call.

"Hello?" Remy answered her phone.

"Hey, Remy. I was wondering if you're doing anything tonight? I'm so bored and I was hoping that I could hang out with you," Jolene explained, exaggerating a distressed tone.

"I can't do that today, Jolene. Sorry."

"Oh? Why not?" the redhead asked, making sure how pout came through in her voice. She was certain that if Remy thought she was heartbroken over being turned down, she figured that she would be able to get what she wanted.

"I'm coming to keep Drew company while she works late."

Jolene arched an interested eyebrow. "She's working late? And you'll be coming here?"

"Yes."

"Oh, do you think you'll be able to give me a lift home? My car's still in the shop."

"I dunno. I'll have to check with Noodle."

"Oh, okay," Jolene said, sounding very disappointed.

"I'll be there in a few minutes. So, we can see how things work out. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Bye."

Jolene closed her phone and scanned the office. Almost everyone was gone. She did not even see the geeks. Sighing, she walked to the front of the building. The sun was setting and clouds were gathering.

"I don't have an umbrella," Jolene muttered with a scowl.

"You're gonna need one," the personal trainer remarked as she marched into the building. She was dripping wet.

"Is it already raining?" Jolene asked, even though it was obvious. It was either raining or Remy had walked through a car wash.

"Indeed it is. Give me a second and I'll go tell Noodle I'm taking you home."

Emerald eyes blinked hard. "You are?"

"I can't let you go out in the rain. That's just not right."



Jolene smiled as Remy rushed off. Green eyes looked up to the sky and thanked whatever was helping her out. Remy was back a few minutes later. She did not look too pleased, but since she made her way to the door it seemed that she was still driving Jolene home.

"Thank you so much, Remy," Jolene said, following behind the giantess.

"No problem. No reason for you to get wet and have to be wet on a bus with a bunch of other wet people. That just sounds miserable," Remy remarked, forcing out one of her usual bright smiles.

"Yeah," Jolene agreed. Although, being wet did not sound too bad, she thought.

They piled into the jeep and were off for Jolene's house. They made small talk on the way, even though Jolene could tell that something was bothering Remy. She suspected it had something to do with telling Drew about the ride.

"I really appreciate this, Remy," Jolene said. "Good to know you're still my knight in shining armor."

Remy grinned at that. "Well, here we are, milady," she remarked as they pulled up to Jolene's house.

"Thanks again. You are such a sweetheart," the redhead declared.

Remy smiled again. Jolene opened the door and made the motion as if she was going to get out. She suddenly turned around and placed a gentle kiss to Remy's cheek. Remy smiled a bit more as Jolene pulled away. Seeing the smile, Jolene went in for another, but she kissed Remy's neck that time. Remy gasped and froze. Jolene pulled back again and smiled impishly.

"Thank you so much, Remy. You're great," Jolene said before exiting the car. She did not even bother to glance back into the vehicle, knowing that she had left Remy with something to think about.

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Remy did not even realize the door shut. She just sat there for a few minutes, not too sure what happened. Nothing came to mind and she decided to chalk it up as a weird "thank you" kiss. Her skin was not sure if it agreed with that and she kept her mind off of the feel by concentrating on driving in the rain. When she got back to the office, she sat in the car for a while. She was feeling very confused and she was not sure why.

"She was just being friendly. She's always friendly. It was nothing more than that. I mean, hell, I sometimes act like that and I don't mean anything by it. Well, I don't kiss people, but still, I do play around and everything. She was probably just playing around. She was just being friendly and that's all," Remy assured herself. "But, what was that hot look in her eyes? Hell, what is this hot feeling on my skin?"

Shaking her head, she did her best to rid herself of those thoughts. She got out of the car and figured that seeing her Noodle would be the best way to make her forget about it. It took her a while to find Drew in the building, but she did and she sighed in relief. She quickly grabbed Drew into a tight hug. And she was certain that she would have held Drew for all eternity if only the shorter woman had not pushed away.

"You smell like her..." Drew grumbled, frowning and looking at the ground.

"Her?" Remy echoed and then she realized who her girlfriend was referring to. "Well, we were in the car together," she pointed out.

"Uh-huh. Is that why you have her lip marks on you too?"

"Lip marks?" Remy parroted as if she had no clue what her lover meant.

Drew grabbed at Remy's shirt. "That's her lipstick on your shirt. So, what's the story now? What're you going to try to sell me now?" she demanded in a low growl.

"Wha...?" Remy looked down at herself and noticed the pink smear near her collarbone. "It was just a 'thank you' kiss!"

"Oh, that's bullshit, Remy! I'm not a fucking idiot, you know!" Drew huffed.

"Baby..."

"I can't even look at you right now! Just go home!" Drew ordered and she turned her back to her girlfriend.

"Noodle-" Remy reached out for Drew, who spun around. Remy was surprised by the rage and hurt in the shorter woman's eyes.

"Go home!" She screamed so loudly that it popped her lover's ears. Her face was bright red from anger and raising her voice.

Remy decided against arguing for the moment. Retreating seemed like the best idea because Drew was obviously just going to get more upset. So, she went back to the car, wondering what just happened.

"Why does she think something's going on between me and Jolene? We're just friends," Remy insisted...but it sounded hollow to her. She was not sure why.

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Drew sniffled as she stared at the condo door. She wanted to blame the cold rain for the sniffles, but she knew that was not the case. The rain also was not the reason her face was wet, but she swore it was.

"I should've gone somewhere else," Drew grumbled, but she had already put the key in the door. Plus, she was tired. She just wanted to fall into bed.

"Noodle, is that you?" Remy called as the door opened. Drew did not answer, but the giantess came to front and greeted her. "Hey, Noodle," Remy said, moving as if she was going to hug the soaked skateboarder.

"Don't touch me," Drew ordered, ignoring the pained and shocked expression in her lover's eyes and stepping around her.

"Noodle..."

"And stop calling me that!" the ebony-haired skateboarder snapped, marching toward the bathroom.

"Look, I know you're mad at me, but I didn't do anything wrong, baby! It was a simple kiss from a friend as a thanks for giving her a ride!" Remy insisted.

Drew whipped around, glaring at Remy so hard the giantess had to take a step back. She gulped while tears slid down Drew's eyes. There was a moment of silence in the room that seemed deafening before Drew seemed to fill all of the air with her presence.

"Friend?! Friend?! Do you honestly think I buy that for one minute?! All of your fucking friends are people that you like to measure biceps against! You and your friends crush fucking beer cans on your heads! You have fucking belching contests with! Your friends know what Halo is! Can you honestly tell me that Jolene falls into any of those categories?!" Drew demanded.

"Uh..." Remy thought about it and came up surprisingly short.

"Oh, and let's not forget you never go to the gym to play with a friend! You and your friends play in the park with a football, soccer ball, basketball, or some other sport that let's you get good and dirty! Does Jolene go to these things? Does she get dirty with you?" Drew huffed, glaring dagger at her lover.

"Uh..." Remy had a feeling that she better not answer that one.

"Tell me, how many friends do you see and come back home so horny that we can't even make it to the fucking bed? What? She doesn't do it enough for you? You need me to finish you off?"

"It's not like that, baby!" Remy declared. She held her hands out, as if she wanted to take Drew into a hug, but she dared not move to do so.

"Then what the fuck is it like?! Have you not fucked her yet, so you come home and imagine I'm her?!"

"NO! I would never!"

"Never what? Imagine her? Dream of being with her? Want her?!" Drew screamed, throwing her hand out and flinging water droplets around the room.

"I don't!" There was a pleading in Remy's tone, imploring her beloved to just believe her.

"You do! You do all the time! You come in from the gym and you try to fuck my brains out, what am I supposed to think? When was the last time that you ever initiated sex before you started 'hanging out' with Jolene?" Drew snarled.

Remy was silent, thinking, recalling. She was never...sexual. Drew always started their encounters. It was not that Remy disliked sex or had a problem with Drew. It was just that it was not her personality to start sessions...except when she came home on Saturdays.

"She's just my friend..." the taller woman insisted, having nothing else to fall back on. "I don't want to have sex with her. I love you."

The declaration caused Drew to snarl. "You love me?! Ha! Is that why you whisper Jolene's name in your sleep?! You call out to her! You want her and she wants you. She's not interested in being your friend. She wants to be your lover and it's working. So, don't go on about how you love me when it's blatantly obvious you're either with her already or going to be with her eventually."

"Don't tell me what's going to happen in the future. It's not fair of you to be upset over something that hasn't happened and isn't going to happen," the taller woman mumbled, looking away as if she had been scolded.

A loud scoff escaped Drew. "Isn't it? Tell me right now that it hasn't crossed your mind to have sex with Jolene. Tell me right now you've never thought about it or dreamed about it."

"So, I'm being condemned for what goes on in my head?" Remy huffed.

Drew sighed and shook her head. She wiped her eyes, but tears continued to fall. "You might think it's wrong, but you're not the one that has to go through it. You're not the one up at night, listening to her love moan another woman's name. You're not the one sitting up on Saturdays wondering when her love is going to come in and what part of the story you won't be getting. You're not the one listening on how your love went to the movies with some other woman and knowing that you're not getting the whole story. It's never the whole story."

"Drew..." Everything about the way Remy said that name spoke of her pain, suffering, and hurt, but her girlfriend did not care. She was exhausted and Remy was the cause.

"I'm tired of not getting the whole story," the shorter woman said, turning around and retreating to the bathroom.

Remy watched Drew's back, but did not chase her. It was not that she did not want to go after her Noodle, but she knew that she did not have anything to argue with. All she would be doing was hurting Drew if she tried to keep her in the room. It was not worth it. Drew was upset enough.

Flopping down on the sofa, Remy had a feeling that was where she would be sleeping that night and she was right. Drew never came back out and the bedroom door was closed. Remembering Drew's tears, Remy stayed away, not wanting to trouble her lover anymore.

"She didn't even eat..." Remy muttered. She had cooked, hoping that good food would somehow quell Drew's mood. Obviously, that did not work.

Going to the linen closet, Remy pulled out a few blankets and made herself a pallet on the floor. She used a pillow from the couch, even though she figured that might get her into more trouble. Staring at the dark ceiling, she wondered what she should do. She hated fighting with Drew.

"And what're we fighting about? Just a friend. God, I have plenty of friends! And we do a bunch of junk together. Jolene's no different," Remy grumbled, flopping around on the floor for a moment. And then her mind clicked in. "Jolene's no different?" she wondered aloud.

She hung out with Jolene, just like all of her other friends...on the surface anyway. But, there was something lurking just underneath it that she could not put her finger on. Drew was right that she never came home in need of sex after hanging out with her other friends. Watching Jolene move put her in that mood. She knew that, but she had done her best to deny it.

"I'm always watching her, getting all hot, and then I come home how and use Drew's body..." Remy mumbled and her chest felt like it was going to cave in. Her heart pounded so heavy that she thought it would implode. "I used my Noodle... How fucking disgusting am I? How disgusting did that make Noodle feel?"

Holding up her hands, Remy looked up at them as best she could in the dark. These were hands that touched Drew, but were drawn to that because other parts of her wanted Jolene. It was disgusting.

"I lust for Jolene. Damn it," Remy growled as hot, angry tears gathered in her eyes. "But, I love Noodle. Then, why did I only tell her half of the story if that much whenever I went out with Jolene? Hell, I didn't even tell her how Jolene clung to me in the damn movies! I was hiding things, like I was having an affair and then I kept lying saying she was just a friend. No wonder Noodle is so hurt. How could I be so blind and callous? And how the hell do I fix this? I don't want to lose Noodle. I love her so much," she muttered, tears glided down her cheeks. She did not know how to prove that, though. She was so sure that she had blown things with Drew.

Drew was the love of her life, Remy was certain of that. She would never love someone else like she loved Drew. She wanted to give Drew the world and instead she had crushed her. If she lost her precious Noodle, she would be crushed in return.

"If Noodle leaves me, I deserve it for what I've done to her, but I can't just give up. I have to try to make things right," Remy decided, wiping her eyes.

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Drew marched into work and chucked her bag down at her desk, not caring if her skateboard was damaged or if the desk was damaged. And then she marched back to the front of the building, waiting. Everyone that came in noticed her, noticed the glint in her eyes, and hurried past her.

And then Jolene entered, green eyes sparkling as she laughed about something with her friend. Drew pushed off the wall against her back and made a beeline right for Jolene. She grabbed the redhead by the arm and dragged her back outside.

"Hey! What do you think you're doing?" Jolene demanded.

"We need to talk," Drew stated simply, pulling Jolene to the end of the building.

"You're going to make me late," Jolene huffed, yanking her arm back from the skateboarder.

"So what? You're trying to steal my girlfriend, so do you really think I care if you're a few minutes late for work?" Drew huffed.

"Steal your girlfriend?" Jolene echoed, oh-so-innocently. The way those emerald eyes danced as she spoke, though, belied her intentions.

"I know you're after Remy. I'm not an idiot. Leave her alone. You probably just think she's hot or she's some big teddy bear that you can use, but I love her, okay? This is the woman I'm going to spend the rest of my life with," Drew insisted, putting her finger in Jolene's face. The determined, tense expression on her face would have probably frightened most, but not the redhead.

Jolene laughed and brushed aside the digit pointed at her nose. "If that was the case, you wouldn't be talking to me about it, would you?" she asked smugly.

Drew snarled and glared harder. "What do you want with Remy? She's not some toy, you know? And I sincerely doubt that you're in love with her, so why don't you just leave her alone? There are plenty of other women out there."

"Yes, there are, but they're not as sweet as Remy, like you said. Nor are they as attractive as Remy, soft and hard in all the right places. And how do you know I'm not in love with her? I could be. And if not, what business is it of yours? Do you really think you can talk me out of anything?" Jolene inquired in a challenging voice with a matching glint in her eyes.

"I thought you might have a decent bone in your body. You might respect the fact that Remy is with me, my partner, my love. But, you knew that already and you chased her anyway. You're

not going to get her," Drew declared with grit in her tone. Everyone would have be surprised by the power in her voice, but Jolene did not seem fazed by it.

The redhead smiled and arrogance flashed in her eyes. "If I wasn't, you wouldn't be here begging me not to steal your girlfriend. You might as well move on, Drew. Whether I get her tomorrow or a month from now, I will get her," she replied and then she leaned in close to the shorter woman. She reached out and ran a gentle finger down Drew's cheek. "And it won't matter what I want from her because she's going to be mine anyway," Jolene proclaimed in a low, haughty tone.

Drew gasped, like she had been punched in the gut. Jolene smirked and walked away, swaying her hips as she moved. Drew leaned against the building, unable to support herself. She knew that she could not compete with Jolene. Jolene was all-woman with her beauty and charm...not to mention bitchiness.

"But, I love Remy and I won't just give up," Drew stated, pushing off the wall and went back into work. Ignoring the fact that the office was abuzz, wondering why she had spoken to Jolene outside, Drew did her best to focus on keeping everyone's computers up and running. Outside of that, she tried to plan out how she would keep Remy.

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"Hey, Remy," Maureen smiled as the giantess entered the building.

"Hey, gorgeous," Remy replied with a smile that did not reach her eyes.

"Want me to call that cute girlfriend of yours?" Maureen offered.

"Actually, I want you to call Jolene out here for me, please," the tall woman requested.

"Jolene?" Maureen echoed in a puzzled tone. "Uh... is there a reason for it?"

"Aside from the fact that I need to talk to her? No," Remy answered plainly.

"Um...okay," Maureen muttered, eyeing Remy for a moment before picking up the phone. She called Jolene, letting the redhead know that Remy was waiting at the front for her. "She'll be with you in a minute," Maureen informed the giantess.

Remy only nodded and waited. Jolene was out in a couple of minutes, smiling until she saw Remy's grim expression. Remy motioned for her to follow her outside.

"What's wrong, Remy?" Jolene asked, reaching out to put her hand on Remy's shoulder. Remy stepped out of range, though.

"Jolene, I'm sorry, but I don't think it's a good idea for us to see each other anymore," Remy said.

Emerald eyes went wide. "What? Why?" she asked, sounding shocked and lost.

"Because our friendship is messing with my family. And you're way too tempting. I love Drew and I can't do anything to put what we have at risk."

"What? That's crazy! We're just friends," Jolene insisted.

"No, we're not. I kept saying that before, but it's not true. Do you know what type of people are my friends? We play beer pong and have slap fights. The last time I got together with my friends, we had a contest to see who could break a beer bottle over their head first. I don't do the same things with you as I do with my friends and I don't feel the same to you as I do with my friends. I'm sorry," Remy apologized again.

"Remy...we can be that."

"No, we can't. You're not that type of person. Jolene, you don't get it. I can't be your friend because this isn't a friendship. I don't know what it is, but I'm not going to see it through. I can't lose Drew. I've been through a lot with her and I love her with all my heart. I understand that through out life we're going to have problems and sometimes have to make difficult decisions. This is one of those decisions. I'm at a crossroads and I have to keep walking the path with Drew. I love her. I love her," Remy stated soundly.

Jolene swallowed hard and nodded. "Don't you think...you could love me?"

The question shocked Remy. "Maybe, but not like I love Drew. That's my Noodle, my partner. I've been with her since junior year in college. I've helped her open up and she's helped me open up. We're growing together and I want to continue that. So, for that to happen, I have to step away from temptation and stop whatever this is between us," the muscular woman said, motioning between the two of them.

"Remy..." Jolene reached out again.

"No." Remy stepped away, making sure to stay out of reach. "I love Drew. I don't think you know or understand how much I love her. I hope you find it one day and then you'll understand why I have to do this." Remy then stepped back over and leaned down, kissing Jolene's cheek. "Goodbye."

Jolene was speechless and Remy walked away. The redhead could only watch as Remy exited her life. It took her a few long seconds to realize that her cheeks were wet and then she touched her skin where Remy had kissed, only to find out that she was crying.

"Why am I crying?" Jolene asked the sky. She hated to think that she actually liked Remy. It had not been about a conquest, or some fun. She had actually liked Remy and Remy picked Drew.

The redhead did not realize that she turned and headed back into the building. As she passed by Maureen's desk, the receptionist opened her mouth to say something, but Jolene continued on her



way before Maureen could say anything. Drew noticed Jolene return and wondered why the redhead looked so distraught. After all, she left the office looking like she had won the lottery, smirking at Drew as if to declare her victory.

"Whatever. Serves her right," Drew snorted.

Jolene did not look at Drew for the rest of the day and rushed out of the building as soon as the workday was through. Drew sighed, feeling tired and worn down, but happy to not have to deal with a gloating Jolene. Slowly packing up her things, she left with her skateboard tucked under her arm. Going out the door, she stopped dead in her tracks.

"Going my way?" Remy asked with a smile, holding the door open to the jeep with one hand and holding half-dozen roses in the other. "I hope so, so I can get this apology underway and do it properly," she added, still smiling.

"Remy..." Drew breathed out the name, staring in disbelief at the roses.

"Your chariot awaits," Remy pointed out with a hopeful. Her eyes begged for Drew to get in.

Drew laughed, but it sounded like a sob. She could tell that Remy was totally sincere and she hoped that it meant Remy took her words into consideration and came to the right conclusion. Remy rushed over to Drew and grabbed her into a tight embrace. Drew could feel the hold that Remy had on her was desperate, imploring.

Drew dropped her skateboard and returned the embrace. That action caused Remy to smile brightly. She leaned down to kiss Drew with as much love and affection that she could muster. The sweet kiss was returned; she had a feeling it would be. Drew was the type who was not angry for long, which she knew was lucky for her considering the fact that she could be an idiot at times.

"I'm so sorry for everything, Noodle. I love you and I'll always love you. You were right. Jolene wasn't just a friend and I was being a fool for insisting otherwise. It doesn't matter. I'm never going to see her again, I swear. I don't want to be with her. I want to be with you. I always want to be with you, Noodle. Please, forgive me," Remy begged, pressing her forehead to Drew's. Tears slid down Remy's cheeks.

"Remy..." Drew reached up and wiped away the tears.

The taller woman sniffled. "I wasn't having an affair. I promise."

"Remy, can we talk about this at home?" Drew requested. There was a lot to discuss, after all.

"Oh, yes! Of course! Come on, get in the car."

Drew nodded while Remy went to retrieve the discarded skateboard. On the ride home, Remy grinned as Drew held her hand. They did not let go of each other when they entered the condo

and sat down on the couch. Drew tried to put a little space between them, but Remy had to be close. Remy had to hold Drew to know that she had not lost the smaller woman.

"I'm so sorry," Remy started, apologizing again, clutching onto Drew's hand as she spoke. "Like I said, I wasn't having an affair. But, I wasn't being honest with you or even myself when I said Jolene was a friend. You're right, my friends are nothing like her. Underneath it all, I realized that I wasn't thinking of her that."

Drew nodded. "Oh..." Her eyes drifted until Remy held her tighter, getting her attention again.

"Baby, I love you. Remember that?" Remy squeezed her lover's hands and Drew nodded again. The taller woman smiled. "I love you with all my heart and that's why I'm not going to see Jolene anymore. No more hanging out with her, no more going places with her. Nothing. I love you and I want us to be together forever, Noodle. You're my Noodle, after all," she said, pulling Drew close to her.

"Nothing happened, right?" Drew asked, curling into Remy's hard body.

"No, nothing happened. But, when I went to movies with her, she held my arm and I hugged her because she was scared. I never did anything other than that. In the car, that night I took her home in the rain, she kissed me, but I didn't kiss her. I never kissed her or touched her inappropriately. I swear to you. Forgive me?" Remy begged.

"I do. Thank you so much," Drew said, wrapping her arms around Remy.

The giantess' face wrinkled in confusion. "Why are you thanking me?"

"For being honest with me and with yourself. And for showing me that our love can overcome something like this. Thank you for being here."

Remy smiled. "There's no other place I'd rather be, Noodle. I love you and I will always love you. I'm so sorry for all of this. I will never ever put you through something like this again, I promise you that. I never want to put us in any sort of jeopardy. I want to grow old with you, Noodle."

Drew smiled and then leaned in for a kiss to show that all was forgiven. Remy had come back to her. They had learned from this hard lesson in life and they were going to continue toward their future together.

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Drew smiled as she entered work and she did not notice emerald eyes that tracked her. Jolene scowled, thinking about how she had lost to Drew. Remy loved Drew. Despite the fact that Jolene was more attractive, more outgoing, and as far as she was concerned the better choice.

"It shouldn't bother me, but it does. Is it because no one's ever done that to me before? Was it because I loved Remy?" Jolene wondered. "No... Maybe I want someone like Remy. I want someone to love me like Remy loves Drew."

Maybe that was it. She wanted someone that would want to walk with her no matter what. Someone that would always pick her. Remy obviously was not that person. Remy would walk with Drew. Always.

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The end.

I hope you guys enjoyed the story. Thanks for reading. Check you later. Once again, contact the lunatic at [starving.lunatic@gmail.com](mailto:starving.lunatic@gmail.com) and lemme know what you think. Again, find more of my insanity here for fanfics: <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/932292/> and for more original work here: <http://www.fictionpress.com/u/576301/>

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