

~ Purple Irises ~

by Ali Vali

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If the thought of two women being romantically involved is not for you, then this story is one you won't want to read. But seriously, if you are underage and live where that is not allowed, please find more appropriate material.

Sit back and enjoy the story, any comments can be sent to me at terrali20@yahoo.com.

I want to thank my betas for correcting this for me. Beth, Len, and Ken, you are all godsenders. I bow to your grammatical knowledge.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank all the wonderful people who take the time to read these stories. Thank you for all the great notes you have sent. I appreciate them all.

This is dedicated, as always, to the one woman who holds my heart. As in all things you've taught me to enjoy life and to live it so no day is ever wasted. To me every second with you is a treasure.

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"Can you come home?"

The question was posed instead of a greeting on Rane Vickers's private line. Her secretary stood in front of the large desk tapping her foot impatiently and holding a stack of letters all needing her boss' signature. With clients waiting in the conference room, the young woman acted perturbed that Rane had actually picked up the receiver.

"Did you hear me?"

"I heard you, darlin'." The starch of her summer blue shirt crackled when she sank back into the old leather chair. "What I'm thinking is you didn't hear me when I told you about my day over coffee this morning."

While she waited for what she was sure was going to be a sharp retort, all she could hear was the tapping pump on the wood floor in her office. In retaliation she held out her hand for the letters loving the grimace that formed on her assistant's face when she put the fountain pen down and picked up the red one. If there was something Rane's staff detested more than long hours it was her red pen.

"I'm not asking you about your day, Rane. I'm asking you if you can come home."

After glancing at the calendar and doing a quick inventory of dates, Rane figured she hadn't missed an important anniversary, birthday or other momentous occasion that would've required shopping or worse, a trip to the woodshed for forgetting, so this was something else.

"Well?"

"I have the Brady party in the conference room and they're ready to deal," said Rane.

"I see," a long silence followed, giving her the impression a dial tone was in her immediate future. "I'll expect you in ten minutes then." The dial tone followed the last directive, and with that, Rane dropped her pen.

"Don't even think about it," said the assistant as she watched her boss stand up and put on her jacket. "It took us a month to get all these people together."

"Just think then, now that they know where the office is, Wilma, it shouldn't take as long to reschedule." Rane left everything behind and walked out.

"My name is Tory, try and get that right."

The long row of purple irises planted along the driveway of their house were all in bloom, but Rane barely registered the line of color as she pulled in. Aside from work, the old Victorian the flowers led to was her only hobby. Most of the rooms had been meticulously refurbished by the consummate perfectionist.

She dropped the keys on the kitchen counter before heading to the refrigerator for a bottle of water. "Sasha?" The door to the Subzero closed quietly assuring an answer from her partner hadn't been missed. "Sasha, you wanted me home, darlin', and here I am. Where are you?"

The kitchen was spotless, all evidence of their breakfast dishes gone, testament that Sasha detested clutter as much as Rane. "Woman, I swear if you left I'm going to put you over my knee." The cold water was refreshing, cooling her off from the short walk from the car. August in New Orleans made most people fall to their knees and give thanks to the air conditioning gods, and she was no different.

She took a deep breath to yell out her partner's name again as she headed for the stairs when Rane's attention turned to the living room. Just as quickly she released it like a tire going flat. The space was seldom used since it was the most formal in the house, but Sasha had wanted one room of the house to reflect its history, so the antiques were admired on occasion but seldom sat on.

That's where Sasha was waiting for her, sitting with her legs crossed and her hands resting on the soft green material of the sofa.

"Wow." It was an inane thing to say but the sight before her knocked Rane's intelligence level down to a protozoan level.

"After you left this morning, something occurred to me." Sasha lifted a delicate hand and brushed a strand of light red hair behind her ear. "Squeeze, baby," she said pointing to the bottle in Rane's hand. "The maid just finished waxing the floor and I'm not in the mood to mop if you drop it since I gave everyone the day off."

She uncrossed her legs and sat forward a little, enjoying the lust that was starting to seep into the gray eyes fixed on her. "Want to know what occurred to me when you left?" Rane's head slowly nodded and she felt lucky to be able to produce any response at all.

The reason for her sudden stupidity was Sasha's choice of outfit. The green silk shirt completely unbuttoned belonged to Rane, and on Sasha, it looked more like a robe because of the difference in their heights. Under it she wore a darker green bra, which Rane knew from experience, was extremely soft to the touch. Knowing her audience, Sasha chose a pair of short, tight, silk boy shorts that sped up her partner's heart rate whenever she wore them. Thigh high stockings a shade darker than Sasha's skin, and a pair of heels completed the look.

Sasha had to smile at her partner's flummoxed appearance. They had been together for over ten years, and it was deeply satisfying to know she still had this kind of effect.

"Are you all right, darling?" asked Sasha.

"Fine," she had to stop and clear her throat when her voice cracked on the word. "Sorry, what occurred to you?"

"You left and I started to think about your hands, and it occurred to me how much I missed how they feel on my skin."

Rane put the water bottle down before she did drop it and shed her jacket, the air conditioner might have been on but she felt hot. She took a step forward, but Sasha put a hand up to halt any further forward motion.

"I'm not finished." With both her feet still on the floor Sasha placed her hand on her knees and leaned forward. The move pressed her breasts together making Rane's nostrils flare.

"You make me hot, baby," she said, as her right hand left her knee and slid up her torso, stopping at the underside of her breast. "And with life being so hectic lately, we haven't had the chance to see just how hot you can make me."

Ignoring the directive to stand still, Rane took a step forward when Sasha's nipple became visible through the bra. "Move closer again without asking me and you're going back to the office,

lover."

"Baby, you can't ask me to come home then expect me to just stand here not being able to touch."

"You're here because I asked you to be. See you got the first part right." The way Sasha's eyes softened was a sure sign she was teasing. "Don't worry, I'm not going to ask you to sit on your hands...all day." Sasha's hand moved and squeezed the other breast to see if Rane was going to behave.

"All day? What's that supposed to mean?" asked Rane, her eyes narrowing a bit. Not knowing what to do with her hands, she put them into the pockets of the blue linen pants.

"It means, for now, you'll be giving me lip service instead of the Brady party waiting in your conference room. Only," she stood and walked slowly toward Rane, "this will have nothing to do with contract mediation."

"No?" Rane laughed after asking enjoying the way the heels caused Sasha's hips to roll just a little more than her usual gait. "There's nothing in your contract you want renegotiated?"

"I didn't say that, did I?" The walk across the room ended when she was behind her partner. She put her hand on Rane's back and slowly moved up until she reached her shoulder, liking the feeling of tension she found when she stopped. "Only this time I'm going to be sitting in your favorite chair."

"We're moving into the den? It's been awhile since we've done it on the recliner."

Sasha laughed at the jibe and slapped Rane on the butt. "That would be the driver's seat, smartass." Her hands encircled Rane's waist until she reached her belt and tugged it from the metal loop. "Want to go over the rules?" Another tug made it come loose, making it easy for her to pull it from the pant loops and drop it on the floor when she moved in front of Rane. "First I want you to be good and keep your hands to yourself."

Not being able to help herself, Rane reached out and pinched an alert nipple making Sasha's breathing hitch in what she knew to be pleasure. "But, baby, you always comment on how good I am when I use my hands."

"That one's going to cost you," she said as she took hold of Rane's hand. "It's going to be a long day, baby, so you really don't want to start in the hole do you?"

"Considering it sounds like an incredibly ominous place, I'll have to go with no."

"Good." She moved back to the sofa and sat on the middle cushion. "I want you to take off the shirt first, and if you make it last long enough and do it well enough, I might just forgive your little indiscretion."

Rane pulled the shirt out without unbuttoning her pants. She never took her eyes off Sasha as she slowly unbuttoned it from the top. When it was hanging open she moved to the cuffs and unfastened the cufflinks Sasha had given her on their first anniversary and put them in her pocket. The platinum globes from Tiffany's were her favorites because of what her partner had written on the card when she had given them to her. *Because your love has given me the world, I thought these would be a good reminder of how incredibly lucky I am.*

The shirt dropped to the floor behind her, along with her bra and Rane just stood there waiting for further instructions. "Drop the pants, baby, but keep the underwear," Sasha supplied, standing once again and moving toward her. Just as quickly as the words left her mouth, the linen hit the floor and Rane stepped out of her loafers to kick them aside leaving her in a pair of very plain, white boxers.

"Remember, you have to keep your hands to yourself." The warning came right before Sasha put her hand behind Rane's neck and pulled her down for a long passionate kiss. Rane moaned long and deep when the cool silk of the shirt touched her skin, but she did as she was told and kept her hands at her sides.

"Take a seat on the sofa, baby," said Sasha. Before Rane could move away she reached up and pinched her left nipple just hard enough not to be painful. "Sorry I couldn't resist," she said when Rane gave her a murderous look, but the tall body sank back into the sofa as ordered without protest.

Moving just out of touching range, just in case, Sasha stood with her legs slightly spread apart and just admired her partner. The gray eyes she loved had turned smoky as they too roamed over what Rane often referred to as the "petite treat" waiting to be savored.

Slowly, and with movements that would have done an exotic dancer proud, Sasha started to strip off the sexy outfit. She stepped out of the shoes first before dropping the shirt to join Rane's on the floor. The bra came next exposing the rock hard nipples, and to whet Rane's appetite a bit more, she stopped and pinched both of them between her fingers, all the while keeping her eyes on Rane's. The last thing to go were the panties; the hose though stayed firmly in place.

"When you look at me like that," she again stood with her feet slightly apart and her hands on her hips, "it makes me feel like the sexiest woman alive."

"Baby, there's a reason more than one lesbian in this town prays for my imminent demise on a daily basis," said Rane, digging her toes into the Persian rug under her feet. "And it has nothing to do with this house or the business, and everything to do with my beautiful partner."

From the light in the room and from her stance, Rane could tell Sasha was wet, but she stayed put, wanting to be rewarded for her patience. Her lips turned up just slightly when Sasha took a step toward the sofa. The small distance between them was just enough for Rane to be able to smell wisps of her perfume.

"I don't know the praying rituals of New Orleans' gay women, love, but I hope for a lifetime of

days like today when I can enjoy you looking at me like that. It wouldn't be the same with someone else sitting in your spot."

"And you accuse me of being a sweet talker." Rane held up her hand in invitation and hoped Sasha would take it.

"I'm not even close to being in your league, love. Put your hand down and be a good girl."

"You're torturing me, baby." Rane tried to sound calm but Sasha could see her fingers pressing into the sofa. "And I think you're really enjoying it."

Sasha's laugh was infused with a great deal of humor making Rane smile. It had been her laugh that had attracted Rane's attention the first time they'd met. The ultimate negotiator had been entertaining clients over drinks when the most wonderful laugh stopped her in mid-sentence. Sasha had cast a spell over her that afternoon and Rane still felt the same warm ray of joy in hearing it.

"No, darling, the torturer in this family is you, so if you find yourself squirming this afternoon you can congratulate yourself for being such a good teacher," said Sasha.

She took a step closer and bent over, stopping mere inches before their mouths met, the sudden halt giving Rane a tantalizing view of her breasts and hard nipples. Less than two feet was all it would take for the instant gratification of squeezing until Sasha's moaned - if Rane lifted her hand off the cushion. But it was a test, one she apparently passed when her hand stayed put.

"Good girl," said Sasha before moving closer and kissing her partner. She straddled Rane's legs and waited for any misbehavior. "Do you remember the rules?"

Rane nodded and took a deep breath before answering. "No hands, right?"

The higher pitch of Rane's voice made her laugh again. She would bet the house that the Brady party in the conference room would never hear this loss of control. Gray eyes followed Sasha's hand as it moved down her chest toward the soft red triangle of hair. When her fingers slipped into her wet sex, her hips bucked forward ever so slightly.

It might have been her laugh that had attracted Rane, but it was those eyes -- now dark and alive that had made her want to spend her life never giving Rane reasons to look away.

She held two fingers up coated with her desire so Rane could see. "For you, baby," she whispered before painting her left nipple. Her hand went back between her legs so she could repeat the action on the right. "All for you."

Rane didn't hesitate when Sasha held her breasts in offering. Her hands clenched into fists when she heard the moan that started as soon as her lips closed around the hard peak.

It was a moment she could only describe as exquisite. The taste that was uniquely Sasha together

with the nipple in her mouth was the purest definition of the word Rane had ever found.

"Wait, baby," Sasha had to pull on Rane's hair to make her release. "Any more of that and you'll make me come sooner than I'd planned, and we can't have that."

"But you taste so good."

"Behave or that's the only taste you're getting today."

Sasha lifted a finger in warning just before she placed it on Rane's forehead. When it was at the correct distance, she took her time tracing the dark brows and down the strong jaw before moving her finger down to flick Rane's nipple. If there was anything to make Rane crack, this teasing was the beginning.

"Tell me something, baby," she said, moving to the other side and treating the other breast to the same rough caress.

"What?"

The short question came out with such tension that she was sure the body she was sitting on was about to rattle apart. This was the Rane she never tired of -- hungry, passionate and focused.

"Tell me what you want," said Sasha.

They locked eyes after she asked her the question, and as often happened in these situations, Rane surprised her by giving her an answer she wasn't expecting. In the state she was in, a state she had worked hard to bring Rane to, she had expected something along the line of sexy and a little crude. But when the gray eyes softened, it was a hint of what was about to come out of Rane's mouth.

"I want to give you whatever will make you happy. This moment isn't about what I want; it's about what you need. What do you need, love?"

"God you suck sometimes," said Sasha, her eyes a little wet from the emotion of her partner's words. "What choice do I have now except to let you use your hands after that declaration. Make love to me, baby."

Rane's fingers went in slowly so she could enjoy the feel of the wall of Sasha's sex pulse against them as they delved deeper. Her partner was wet and ready, and stole a little of Rane's pleasure when she tipped her hips forward and took in what Rane was offering in one quick self satisfying move. Their lips pressed together only until Rane's thumb caressed the hard point of Sasha's clit. Then Rane could feel the red hair as it brushed against her knees when her partner tilted her head back and let the orgasm wash through her.

She bucked her hips, knowing Rane would keep up the pace, and just relished in the feeling of Rane's love touching every part of her essence like standing in a warm summer shower. It was

over before she was ready, but there was no stopping the tide that had started to flow the minute Rane had stepped through the back door and fulfilled every one of her whims.

"Tell me that wasn't better than playing with the Brady party?" she asked as soon as her breathing returned to normal and the small tremors had stopped. She smiled when she felt the chuckle run through the long body holding her tenderly. "One more thing you have to do, studly, then I'll let you take off those shorts." She snuck her finger into the elastic at Rane's waist and snapped it against her skin to make her move faster.

Four hours later Rane was again standing in front of the refrigerator looking for something to drink wearing a thick white robe when the back door opened to the sound little running feet.

"Mommy, you're home." Four-year-old Cruise Vickers slammed into Rane's legs smiling like someone had handed him a happy meal.

"Sure am, buddy." She picked him up and threw him up making him laugh and Sasha's mother, Lara, cringe. "Your mama wanted to put in an order for another one just like you so I had no choice." She kissed his forehead before turning her attention to Lara. "Thanks for watching him, Mom."

"We had a good time at the aquarium so it was no bother. Where's my little girl? Or better yet, how's my little girl?"

Before Rane could answer, Sasha arrived in a matching robe and delivered a hard pinch to her butt. Their son went willingly into her arms and accepted a big kiss. "She's just fabulous, mama."

"I see it's all right to use our hands now," said Rane with a glint in her eyes.

"It's later that you should be worrying about, lover."

"Can you come home?"

The question was posed instead of a greeting on Rane Vickers's private line. Her secretary stood in front of the large desk tapping her foot impatiently and holding a stack of letters all needing her boss' signature. With clients waiting in the conference room, the young woman acted as if she was perturbed Rane had actually picked up the receiver.

"Did you hear me?"

"I heard you, darlin'." She loved the frown forming on her assistant's face as if the woman was experiencing some sort of bad dejavu. "But do you remember me saying the Brady party was coming back in today to finish up with the contracts on their new project? They're going to get the impression that I don't like them."

"Right at this second I'm not asking you about your day, Rane. I'm asking you if you can come home. And before you start looking at that infernal calendar of yours, I should warn you about the very thin ice under your feet as we speak."

"Did I leave the top off the toothpaste this morning?"

"No, you got me pregnant the last time we had this conversation and my water just broke. The thin ice comes from the contractions that have started and are all your fault, so I suggest you tell Wilma to reschedule the Bradys and come home."

Sasha just laughed when she heard the receiver drop to the floor and feet running for the door. It occurred to her as she rubbed her belly in an effort to quiet the life within that people looked for love in a multitude of places, but for her it was found at the end of a row of purple irises in a home she shared with a woman named Rane and the family their love had built.

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