

~ Double Dating ~

by Mavis Applewater

June 2004

Disclaimers, the story and characters are the sole possession of the author and may not be reproduced, posted or sold without the author's permission. So there! If for any reason real or imagined you are uncomfortable with graphic descriptions of consenting adult women in a loving and sexual relationship do not read this story or anything else I have ever written. If for any reason it is illegal for you to view this material go away and do not return until it is no longer a crime.

A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mountain Girl.

As always this is for Heather.

I am standing in my new bedroom staring at the stack of cardboard boxes willing them to unpack themselves. "This sucks," I sigh heavily a twinge of panic niggling at my soul. I am single again, for the first time in five years I am on my own. What is so disconcerting is how my relationship, which although wasn't perfect, came to such a bizarre ending. I am still standing looking at the boxes feeling like a failure. "I still can't believe what happened," I mutter as I finally bend over and open one of the boxes. "How does a five year relationship unravel in just a few months?" Maybe I was just blind and only saw in Tracy what I wanted to see.

I begin to unpack trying to find the right place for my belongings as I ponder whether or not I left anything behind. Four months ago I thought I had a good relationship, not perfect but solid. Tracy and I had been talking about making it legal now that the laws had finally caught up with reality. Still, to be completely honest, I felt the ennui settling in long before the beginning of the end reared its ugly head. Silly me I just assumed that was natural and somehow we'd get through it. Now, I realize that although I care about Tracy deeply, she isn't the person I am meant to spend the rest of my life with.

It all started with a vacation, silly way for your life to change when you think about it. We went off to Cancun for a week of fun and sun with Marissa and her girlfriend, Brittany. Marissa and Tracy work together and became fast friends and soon the four of us were spending a great deal of time together. I actually enjoyed double dating with the other couple it was nice to have friends who had been together as long we had. Plus Brittany, who worked for Verizon as an installer, and I hit it off immediately. At times I felt I got along with Brittany better than I did with Tracy. Again that should have been a wake up call.

When the vacation started I noticed something that I had picked up on prior to the trip, Tracy and Marissa seemed to enjoy spending time together more than they did with their spouses. It was a nagging thought that would creep up from time to time; I just brushed it off when I realized how much I enjoyed Brittany's company. I have to laugh at her name every time I hear her name I picture that skinny, teenaged singer who is trying to be the next Madonna. Brit, as I call her,

looks nothing like her name, she's tall a tad on the butch side but not overly so. Anyhoo getting back to our fateful trip the four of us were having dinner by the pool on the second night of our trip and I could feel Brit bristling. I looked over across the table and my hackles rose. Our loving spouses were sitting very close together which wasn't unusual, but the way they were becoming overly touchy feely was a bit much.

In retrospect it wasn't the first time Brit and I sat across the table glaring at our lovers. I tried to reason that just maybe we all had a bit much to drink. Marissa and Tracy kept ordering more alcohol and insisting that Brit and I join the party. Brit turned to me her gray eyes darkening with anger. I just sat there watching in disbelief as Marissa ran the tip of her forefinger along my lover's collarbone. Jealousy isn't a pretty emotion, but at that moment in time I wasn't feeling pretty. "What the fuck?" I offered dryly as the duo giggled.

"What honey?" My lover smiled over at me with an intriguing gaze.

"Maybe Joan is wondering if the two of you would like to be alone," Brit explained slowly her eyes dimming as the two of them nestled closer together.

"Oh come on Brittany," Marissa laughed. "Tell me you don't find this interesting?"

"What watching my girlfriend fondling another woman?" Brit sputtered as she and I exchanged a dubious glance.

"Tell me you don't find Joan attractive," Marissa encouraged as Brit and I exchanged another curious glance.

"I know Joan thinks you're hot," Tracy volunteered as my eyes widened in horror. I couldn't believe what she had just said; it was true and I had confessed to her in confidence that I thought Marissa was a lucky woman. I was filled with sudden sense of panic as I began to realize just what was happening. I fought to control my breathing before downing my daiquiri. "We're just having a little fun," my lover continued to explain as Brit and I ordered another round of drinks as we watched our lovers flirtatious touches turn into full blown caresses. I had to admit there was something exciting about the scene.

"What the hell is happening?" Brit asked me as she swept her long, auburn hair from her brow a gesture that I secretly found adorable and as tempting as the scene unfolding before me was I just didn't know if I wanted to cross that line.

"Kiss her," Marissa gently suggested as Brit and I choked on our cocktails. "Kiss her," she repeated. "Just try it and if you don't like it we'll stop and order dessert."

She was so calm about the suggestion, it felt like she was offering me an after dinner mint instead of her girlfriend. Maybe it was her casual tone or maybe Brit and I were just buzzed enough or curious enough, but it happened. I silently told myself it would just be a peck on the lips and then we could hose off our drunken spouses and get on with our vacation. One touch of Brit's soft warm lips and I was lost. Our lips quickly parted and our tongues greeted one another

soon our hands began searching drawing the other closer as we became locked in the heated kiss.

That one kiss sent my senses into overdrive, we were gasping for air as the kiss came to an end. I glanced over and watched as my lover kissed and fondled another woman, slipping her hand into Marissa's top. The brunette arched her back as she pressed her breast deeper into Tracy's touch. I was mesmerized by the way my body was tingling from Brit's kiss and watching the amorous couple across from us. I forgot that one of the women I was watching was my lover. I was completely enthralled by what was happening; I began caressing Brit's thigh.

I almost jerked my hand away when I realized what I was doing, and then I felt Brit's warm breath on my neck as she began to slowly kiss it. My fears and inhibitions vanished and my fingers slipped under the hem of the redhead's shorts. I released a sharp gasp as Brit's teeth nipped at the nape of my neck. It all happened so quickly, Brit's skin trembling beneath my touch as Marissa and Tracy groped one another passionately. If the waiter hadn't interrupted suggesting we call it a night I think the amorous duo would have made love right at the table.

I was adrift completely unaware as to how we ended up in Brit and Marissa's room without anyone suggesting it. Yet, there we were not only in the couple's room but making out on their bed. As my lover kissed and began to undress me the others watched. I could feel my desire pooling between my legs as I gazed up and saw Brit watching my lover's hands as her lover began to undress her. Soon they were on the bed with us, as my clothing was cast aside and Tracy captured my nipple between her lips.

It was surreal as I looked up to see Brit's glorious naked form being caressed by her lover. I felt a twinge of jealousy as I watched Marissa's hands teasing her lover's body. Tracy suckled me harder as Brit leaned forward and cupped one of my lover's breasts. Brit's smoldering gaze held me captive as she teased Tracy's nipple with her fingers.

My hips ground against the mattress as my clit pulsed with an aching need. I reached up and drew Brit down to me plunging my tongue into the warmth of her mouth my excitement fueled by the thought that as we kissed she was touching Tracy. I was gasping for air as the kiss ended and I felt my lover kissing her way down my body. I watched as Marissa knelt behind Brit slipping her hand between the redhead's thighs stroking her slowly as my lover began run her tongue along my slick folds.

I moaned deeply as I watched Marissa's glistening fingers painting Brit's hardened nipples. I licked my lips eagerly as I felt Tracy's tongue slipping inside of me. "Let her taste you," Marissa murmured softly. It was the first words any of us had spoken since the kissing began. My heart was hammering against my chest as I drew Brit to me pressing her nipples against my eager lips.

I licked the wetness from her erect buds earnestly before suckling her breast into my mouth. I was dimly aware that Tracy had moved and I pulled Brit's naked body down on top of my own groaning against her flesh as our bodies meddled together. I teased her nipples with my teeth and my tongue as she ground her wetness into my flesh.

We began kissing again as our bodies shifted and each straddled the other's thigh. As my hands

caressed her back I knew at that moment how right it felt to be with this woman and my life was never going to be the same. I wish I had been stronger at that moment and ended things then and there. I was weak and holding Brit in my arms was far too tempting to resist.

Tracy was nestled beside me guiding me to her as Marissa drew Brit away. I watched as the brunette guided Brit onto her back and slipped her fingers deep inside the redhead's wetness. Tracy moaned with pleasure as she climbed up to the headboard parting herself for me. I crawled up and nestled my body between my lover's thighs drinking in her passion I listened to the sounds of Marissa pleasuring her lover. The louder Brit cried out the harder I drank from my lover wishing that Brit was the one I was pleasuring.

I felt hands on my body caressing my back drifting lower until they were massaging my backside. I thrust my hips backward knowing it was she behind me. I felt Brit's wetness brushing against my ass rocking urgently against me as my lover encouraged her to take me. I captured Tracy's throbbing nub in my mouth I felt long fingers slipping inside of my wetness. I lifted my head and watched as Brit plunged in and out of my center. "Oh yes, fuck her," Tracy cried out as she guided me back to her passion.

I cupped the firm flesh of my lover's backside drawing her to me as Brit took me harder. I licked Tracy's overflowing desire urgently as my body rode against Brit's hand the sounds of Marissa commanding her to taste me ringing in my ears as I moaned into my lover's wetness. I groaned with disappointment as I felt Brit's touch leaving my body.

Soon I was crying out as I felt her tongue slipping inside of me. I rocked my hips wildly pressing harder against Brit as she feasted upon me. I tried to fight against the climax that was tearing through my body. Brit took me harder as my body erupted. I tried to focus on pleasuring my lover as the redhead drove me into oblivion. Tracy cried out as she fell over the edge.

All I wanted was to wrap Brit up in my arms and make love to her, driving her into the abyss as she had so skillfully done for me. Instead I found myself in Marissa's arms trapped beneath her as she slipped inside of me. I mirrored her actions as I watched Tracy feasting upon Brit. The redhead gazed over at me our eyes locked and soon we were kissing as we made love to the other women.

Our voices screamed out as the passion turned frenzied. I tried to take Brit into my arms and once again my efforts were cut off. Tracy guided me to Marissa who was lying in wait. "Lick her baby," she instructed me as I watched Marissa stroking her clit. "Do you want me to fuck you while you lick her?" Tracy purred hotly in my ear as I nestled my body between the brunette's thighs.

"Yes," I whimpered helplessly giving into to a foreign primal urge. I took Marissa into my mouth as my lover's fingers thrust deep inside of me. My body was on fire as I drank from one woman while another took me from behind. I screamed into Marissa's wetness as I felt a second set of hands touching me. I suckled Marissa harder as both Tracy and Brit plunged in and out of my center.

"Harder," Marissa encouraged all of us and we eagerly complied until none of us had anymore to give. The room reeked of forbidden sex as Tracy and I caressed one another watching as Marissa feasted upon Brit's long, lean body. I watched with a strange fascination my pulse racing as I teased Tracy's nipples with my fingers. Once again Brit and I exchanged a knowing look. It was at that moment I realized that Marissa wasn't willing to share everything and I wasn't allowed to touch Brit. Something I still find odd.

The unorthodox union continued throughout the night ending at dawn with Tracy and me sneaking into our own hotel room. I was filled with confusion, as my lover beamed at what a truly incredible event had just occurred. My body was aching from the passion and I felt a strange sense of loss that I had not been allowed to touch Brit. As I finally drifted off to sleep, I promised that what had happened that night would be tucked away as a pleasant adventure and nothing more.

When Tracy and I finally climbed out of bed the following afternoon I was filled with dread as she boasted about the night before. I prayed that we wouldn't run into the other couple, my prayers, as usual, went unanswered and we ended up having lunch with them. During the meal Brit and I remained silent unable to look at one another. Our lover's on the other hand were animated beyond belief determined to recap everything from the night before. I felt sick.

It wasn't what had happened the night before; it truly was an interesting experience. It was something I wish I had done when I was younger and single. Sharing another woman in bed wasn't something I wanted in my marriage. I know that for some people it is a good thing, it just isn't my cup of tea. Also nagging at my insides was how much I enjoyed Brit's touch. Tearing at my soul was that the way Tracy and Marissa were talking it appeared that the two of them expected this to become a common event.

I finally found my voice and quietly suggested to my lover that we go back to our room. Tracy and I really needed to talk. Much to my surprise Marissa jumped in suggesting that she and Brit join us. "Excuse me," Brit grimly interjected as she stood. I still couldn't bring myself to look at her. "I'm going for a walk alone."

I remember thinking I wish I had thought of that when my lover decided to add her thoughts. "I guess it is just the three of us," she offered in a blasé manner.

"No," I spat out horrified at the suggestion. "I'm sorry but no."

"What?" Tracy asked shocking me with her surprise.

My heart sank at was suddenly painfully clear, the impromptu vacation wasn't that impromptu. "I think Brit has the right idea," I fumed as I stood storming off. I walked for what seemed like hours. I pondered going back to my room and packing my bags, yet I feared I'd walk in on Tracy and Marissa. Feeling as if I had nowhere to turn I stepped into a little cantina. The bar was almost deserted with the exception of a particularly attractive redhead hiding in a booth in the corner.

"Is this seat taken?" I wearily inquired as she laughed waving for me to join her.

"They set us up," she muttered as she waved for the bartender to bring me a drink.

"Oh yeah," I quickly agreed as a margarita was placed before me. I reached into my pocket to retrieve some money.

"I'm running a tab," Brit softly informed me. "So how long do you think they've been plotting this? I thought this sudden vacation sounded a little too spontaneous."

"I think a better question is how long have they been sleeping together?" I grimly inquired.

"Based on how well they connected last night, I'd say they've been together for awhile," Brit scowled.

"I don't want to pry," I began slowly. "Is this normal for the two of you?"

"I was just going to ask you that," she laughed her gray eyes finally brightening. "No, although Marissa has suggested it over the past few years. I don't believe in open relationships; I thought I had made that perfectly clear when we decided to live together."

"Neither do I," I explained. "Up until dinner last night I was under the delusion I was in a monogamous relationship. Silly me."

"You know what really sucks," Brit began as we ordered another round.

"Your girlfriend was willing to share except that I couldn't touch you?" I quipped as we continued to drink.

"Yeah what was up with that?" Brit sputtered. "Tracy could do whatever she wanted, but you were off limits. Anyhoo, that wasn't what I was going to say. What really sucks is I really like hanging around with you. After last night I don't know what is going to happen. Hell, I don't think I'm staying for the rest of the week. What about you?"

"I like spending time with you," I started suddenly feeling as if I had lost my best friend. "But like you said last night changes everything. First thing I need to do is sit Tracy down and have a long talk. The two of them seem to think this is going to be an on going party. I never should have kissed you last night."

"I kissed you too," Brit smiled as we polished off our drinks and then against all sense of reason ordered another round.

"What Tracy said was true," I confessed against my better judgment as the tequila began to take control. "I did say that you are hot. I guess I let that cloud my judgment. You're a good kisser."

"So are you," she responded in a husky tone that sent a shiver down my spine. "I really wanted to

kiss you. I just don't think after you settle down you should keep dating."

"I agree," I laughed. "I know open relationships work for some people but for me it is an oxymoron. You're leaving her aren't you?"

"Yes," Brit sighed heavily, suddenly I felt like a villain. "It wasn't just last night, although that was the last straw. It's been coming for a long time. We moved in together too quickly, and I spent too many years looking the other way and lying to myself. I think I need to get out now while I still have a sense of myself."

Her words rang true not just for her life, but also for my own as well. If I had been smart I would have followed her lead. Instead I let what happened next guilt me into staying where I didn't belong. It was dark by the time we stumbled out of the bar and her body was so warm as we helped one another stay on our feet. The faint ocean breeze caressed us as we ended up holding one another tighter. The scent of her shampoo invaded my senses as we somehow ended up in the alley behind the cantina.

Then it happened; the same mistake we had made the night before, we kissed. Our bodies meddled together as my back was pressed up against the stone wall. Her hands roamed my body lifting my shirt up as I fought to lower her shorts in a desperate need to have what had been denied me the night before. I groaned deeply as she pushed my bra up and I somehow managed to lower her shorts to her hips. I laced my fingers through her long soft hair her lips captured my nipple.

My body arched as her teeth tugged on the erect bud. I was on fire as I began to lower my own shorts. "You're so beautiful," she whispered hotly against my skin as I felt her fingers parting my slick folds. She was inside of me taking me long and hard as I begged her to let me touch her. My body exploded against her touch and then she offered herself to me. I kissed her with a savage desire before sinking to my knees dragging her shorts and underwear along with my descent.

My body reeled my fingers slipped inside of her. "So wet," I moaned before burying my face in her passion. I feasted upon her like a starving animal as my fingers filled her completely. It felt so good touching and tasting her I wanted to drown inside of her as she climaxed. The current of our passion was too great and I couldn't stop touching driving her over the edge again and again until she finally pleaded with me to stop.

There in that darkened alley the reality of what had happened loomed over us as we adjusted our clothing and began to head back towards the hotel. "If only I had met you first," she whispered faintly as we parted ways. I knew her words weren't meant for me to hear and I certainly wasn't supposed to feel my heart breaking as I wondered the same thing.

When I stepped into my hotel room it was dark and Tracy was fast asleep. From the disarray our room was in and the musky aroma of passion clinging in the air I didn't harbor any doubt that my lover, who had vowed to love me and only me for the rest of our days, hadn't sat up worrying about my whereabouts instead she and her little friend had a party. I wanted to be angry to wake

her up screaming, but what could I say I just had a tawdry encounter in some dark alley. Instead of confronting Tracy I took the longest shower in my life hoping to wash away the memory of Brit's touch.

The following day I sat my lover down for a long talk. Tracy denied that she and Marissa had been carrying on. I knew it was a lie, again what could I say since less than twenty-four hours earlier I cheated on her. She tried her best to convince me to at least continue enjoying Marissa and Brit's company for the rest of our vacation. I vehemently declined. It became a moot point when a very frazzled Marissa showed up announcing that Brit had an attitude problem and they were leaving. I wanted to knock both Marissa and Tracy's heads together instead I let it slide.

Tracy and I spent the rest of our so-called vacation hashing out the problems in our relationship including the bizarre tryst. By the time we flew home each of us had vowed to make things work and that monogamy meant monogamy. Which to me meant spending alone time with Marissa was absolutely positively out of the question. I must be a new kind of stupid.

When we got home we worked on rekindling our relationship and working towards our future. The only bump was when Tracy spewed out a litany of unflattering words about Brit, not understanding why she would leave Marissa. To my credit I told her to drop the subject because she was skating on very thin ice. Tracy is a smart woman and agreed to let it go and whatever problems existed between Marissa and Brit was none of our business.

On the surface things seemed great as we stepped back into our role as a poster couple. But there in lies the problem, it was only on the surface. What Brit had said about her relationship was a direct reflection of my own. Infidelity aside there was something missing between Tracy and me. Slowly I began to realize that what was missing was me. I cared for her but I was beginning to doubt that I was ever in love with her.

Just as I was trying to work up the courage to ask Tracy to call it a day before we ended up hating one another the inevitable happened. Deep down I think when I left work early that day I already knew what was going to happen. I didn't yell I didn't throw a fit, why should I; Tracy gave me an out. I did almost lose it when she had the gall to suggest I join her and Marissa. I declined and left after explaining I'd be back in the morning to pack my things. Tracy begged me to stay, but I stood firm.

As it turned out it took me a month to find a new place. During the interim I moved into the guestroom. Tracy spent the entire month begging and pleading for me to stay. For the life of me I just couldn't understand why she wanted to stay together. "Tracy, despite everything that happened I do care for you," I finally explained to her the night before I moved into my new apartment. "We want different things."

"No we don't," she tried to reason with me.

"Tell me that you don't want me to agree to an open relationship?" I almost laughed as I asked the question. She frowned confirming my suspicions. "So, what we get married and start dating

other couples? That isn't me."

"I know you enjoyed it," she countered, as I suddenly understood why she was still clinging to her false hope. I had enjoyed what happened in Mexico, how could I not? It was good sex, but what she failed to see was it wasn't the sex life I wanted for the rest of my life.

"Yes, the sex was good," I responded honestly. "But when I get married, the only person I want in my bed is the woman I love, and who loves me just as much."

"Oh," she said finally understanding what I had been telling her for months. "I thought you got into it as much as I did."

"I got into it, I just don't see it as a lifestyle I want to pursue," I sighed. "I wish you the best, but I have to leave. Oh and I think you should know that you are a horrible liar. I know that you and Marissa were seeing each before and after Mexico." She just gave me a sullen look. I had wanted to add that I knew she was lying when she swore up and down that Marissa wasn't moving in after I left. But I was tired of the games, so instead I finished packing the last of my belongings.

Funny how knowing that leaving was the right thing to do it still hurt. Despite how civil I was at the end splitting up five years of belongings and memories was like a knife through my heart.

Now I am standing in my home covered with dust as my stomach growls. I grimace knowing there isn't anything in my new refrigerator. I wash as best I can and head out hoping to find something edible at the corner store. I smirk as I spy the Verizon van. I can't help myself; I do it every time I see one. Despite everything, Mexico did leave me with some interesting memories.

My breathing hitched as she stepped out from behind the van. I have to admit she looks amazing with those dark sunglasses, faded jeans and leather tool belt. "You look like you just went ten rounds with a dust bunny," Brit teased me as she leaned up against her van.

"I did and the bunny won," I coyly respond.

"You know I got the strangest telephone call last night," she prattles on. "For some bizarre reason Marissa wanted me to have her new phone number. As she was giving me the digits, which I was only pretended to write down, I realized it was your phone number."

"Used to be," I sigh as I roll my eyes. "I swear Tracy is a pathological liar. I told her to just be honest with me. Why is that so hard?"

"I think the both of them are nuts and will be very happy together," Brit snickered with disdain. "So, you moved out?"

"Yes, I'm living just up the street," I explain as I point to my new apartment building. "I let Tracy buy me out on the house."

"Smart," Brit noted thoughtfully. "And who is your new phone carrier?"

"I thinking Comcast," I tease her.

"Uh huh," she snickers. "No really you aren't going to do that to me are you?"

"No, I'm going with Verizon," I concede. "I haven't set anything up yet. For now I'm still using my mobile."

"Which is?" She pries.

"T-Mobile," I gloat.

"You suck you know that don't you?" She gasps. "Where are you heading?"

"Hungry, brand new squeaky clean fridge which is completely empty," I explain.

"I was just going on break," she begins. "There is a great deli across the street, let me buy you lunch."

"Okay," I happily agree.

An hour later I am stuffed and pleased by the conversation we've shared. "I forgot how easy it is to talk to you," I sigh contently. "Maybe that is why I didn't realize what was going on with them. Every time the four of us got together you and I would wander off and have fun."

"Apparently so were they," Brit theorized with a shake of her head. "You know I thought when the two of you were still together after Mexico that you were in it for the long haul. I thought good for them."

"That was the plan," I try to explain. "After the two of you left we talked and did a lot of soul searching. I thought we were worth saving, she cheated on me, I cheated on her when we got back I fooled myself into thinking okay it is in the past now we can move on. Hard to believe we were happy once upon a time. The last month I was staying at the house I really began to realize just how much she had deceived me. Before that, every time I questioned things like am I really happy? Is she lying to me? I'd remember that dark alley behind the cantina and felt guilty."

"I'm sorry about that it shouldn't have happened," Brit apologized sincerely. "I was drunk and I really wanted to be with you. I knew it was wrong."

"And that's why I felt so guilty, I wanted you too," I confess with a heavy sigh.

"So, now you're single," she teases me.

"Yuck," I scowl. "I'm looking forward to being on my own; still it is scaring me just a little. Why what did you have in mind?" I tease as my body tingles slightly. I brush aside the pleasurable sensation knowing I'm not ready for anything more than friendship with anyone.

"I meant what I said in Mexico," she states. "I like hanging out with you. I thought we were good friends. Now that we don't have to worry about our girlfriends trying to coerce us into an orgy I'd like to be friends again."

"I'd really like that," I sigh with relief. "In fact, since I just moved, as my friend I could use a helping hand."

"Asking me to do heavy lifting already," she laughs as she brushes her hair from her brow. My heart skips a beat from her action. "What am I slave labor?"

"Absolutely," I laugh in response. "Honestly I could use the help; Tracy got most of the friends in the break up. I think she was spinning a few tales before I announced I was leaving."

"I wouldn't doubt it," Brit grumbles. "I'm on duty all week and this weekend. How is Monday night?"

"Perfect," I eagerly accept knowing that most of my furniture will be arriving that afternoon.

It is one year later and life has been good with one minor or not so minor problem. My problem is crawling on my floor in ripped jeans and that leather tool belt that for some reason I find amazing. "So, what is wrong with your phone?" Brit inquires oblivious to the fact that I'm ogling. In the past year I've managed to move on with my life and rebuild my friendship with Brit. I've even dated several women but have yet to really connect with anyone. Well that isn't entirely true, I have and she is playing with my phone completely unaware that somehow and somewhere along the line she's stolen my heart.

"Joanie?" She beckons me. "What is wrong with your phone?"

"How the hell should I know," I mutter as I mentally kick myself for falling for the one woman on the planet that will never think of me as anything more than a friend. Brit has been such a close friend that when she found out I was having a problem with my phone she volunteered to come over tonight after working double shifts all week and bring her tools so I wouldn't have to pay for a service call. And how do I repay her generosity by leering at her ass every time she bends over. "It just stopped working. Are you sure you want to do this, you've had a long week?"

"No worries," she shrugs. "I think the problem is outside, I'll have to climb the pole."

"Is that safe?" I gasp with concern.

"I hope so," she laughs the sound of her laugh warms my body. "I spend about eighty hours a week on top of the damn things. Then again maybe I'm just part monkey. I'll be right back."

"Be careful," I call out as she exits my apartment. "She's a friend," I remind myself once I am certain Brit is out of earshot. I sit down on my bed trying to will my body to calm. It is useless just being near her makes my pulse race. "Friend, friend, friend, friend," I chant repeatedly as I clench my thighs hoping to cool my jets. I yelp and jump off the bed when the sound of my telephone ringing echoes throughout my humble abode. I stare at it in disbelief before answering it. "Hello?"

"Look out your window," Brit's sultry tone beckons me. My heart leaps as I look out my bedroom window and see the tall redhead perched on the telephone pole just outside. She looks completely at ease as she waves to me.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph use both hands for God's sake," I demand fearful that she is going to fall.

"I'm fine," she laughs again my body trembles from the sound. "And so is your phone, found the problem. I believe you promised me some good wine for my efforts."

"Anything, just take your time climbing off that damn thing," I gulp as she starts to swing her legs just to annoy me.

"I didn't know you cared," she teases me her deep voice reverberating through my body.

"More than I should," I absently whisper.

"Huh?" She asks catching me off guard.

"I said hurry up or I'll drink the whole bottle without you," I lie before quickly hanging up the phone. "Idiot," I berate myself as I watch her slipping down the pole. "She just has to have a great phone voice too," I utter painfully knowing that the moment she leaves my vibrator is going to get a workout. "Do I have any batteries left?" I question aloud a habit that I have fallen into since I began to live alone. Forgetting that Brit is on her way up to my apartment I check the drawer on my nightstand. I pull out my green vibrator and test it. Nothing happens so naturally I forget that the object of my affection is entering my home as I search the draw for more batteries. I sigh with relief as I discover a fresh pack. I unscrew the base of the vibrator and reload it and like the idiot that I am test it.

"And here all I thought I was getting was some wine?" I hear her voice taunting me.

"Oh my God," I exclaim as I spy her leaning against the doorway of my bedroom while I'm holding my buzzing vibrator. I am certain that my entire body has turned seven shades of red as she just stands there smiling at me.

"So are you planning a private party or can anyone join in?" She taunts me in a sultry voice that makes my knees buckle.

"Stop it," I bark as I turn the toy off and shove it back into its hiding place. *'I want her so much and she is teasing me, I want to die,'* I mentally cry as I rub my hands furiously against my face thinking that somehow the action will erase the deep blush I am sporting.

"I'm sorry Joanie," the serious tone of her apology forces me to snap my head up. I am not prepared for the frightened expression on her face. "I didn't mean to offend you."

"I greet you at the door with a sex toy and you're worried about offending me?" I try to laugh it off in an effort to relax her. "If it will make you feel better next time I stop by your place feel free to open the door wearing a strap on," I continue as her expression grows more sullen causing the fear inside of me to reach a full fledged panic attack. "Brit?"

"I should go," she mumbles as my eyes widen in horror.

"What did I do?" I ask helplessly.

"You?" She chokes out still lurking in the doorway. "You haven't done anything," she sputters. "It is Mexico and before that. Every time Marissa wanted to, as she put it, expand the boundaries of our relationship I flat out refused. I didn't that night because I wanted you. I think I started falling for you long before that night. God, I'm such an asshole; we had girlfriends and I still couldn't resist you."

"What are you talking about?" I ask feeling completely lost. "Did you know they were going to try to get us in bed together?"

"God no," Brit reassures me. "I just shouldn't have given into my attraction to you. Look what happened. And now we are friends and I can't stop thinking about you. I've wanted to ask you out the minute I found out you and Tracy broke up. Now I'm flirting with you and I can't even work up the courage to ask you on a date. Some friend huh?"

I am stunned by her admission. I quickly bolster my courage before she can run off. "Yes, you are my friend and so much more," I offer as I slowly cross the room closing the distance between us. "Would it help if I asked you out?" Her eyes widen with surprise as I cup her face in my hands. "You weren't the only one who gave into her hidden feelings that night. Do you want to know why I was checking the batteries in my vibrator?" I smile finding it positively endearing that this self-assured woman can only offer a strangled squeak in response to my question. "I was planning to have a little party after you left, one where fanaticizing about you would be the main attraction."

I quiver as I feel her hands on my hips. "Joanie, I want you in my life, by my side and in my bed," she implores me before capturing me in a searing kiss. I am thankful that I am barefoot as my toes curl from the intensity of her kiss.

"Tonight let's start with my bed," I pant as the fiery kiss slowly comes to an end. "I have to tell you something," I whisper as I run my hands along her tool belt. "I think this is sexy as hell."

"You're kidding?" She snickers as she nuzzles my neck sending delightful tremors down my spine.

"Oh I'm serious," I gasp as I grasp the belt and tug her towards my bed. We laugh as I flop down on the bed pulling her on top of me. I wince slightly as I feel a screwdriver digging into my side.

"Still think it is sexy?" She whispers hotly in my ear as she slips her hand underneath my t-shirt.

"Everything about you is sexy," I whimper in response as she cups my breast teasing my nipple through my bra as I slowly unbuckle the leather belt. I am moaning with pleasure as she pinches and teases my nipple while I cast the belt onto the floor. I lift my arms allowing her to remove my shirt. My skin prickles with excitement as my bra quickly follows and her mouth begins to worship the valley between my breasts. "Every time you bent over tonight I wanted to come up behind you and," my words are cut off as I feel her tongue flickering against my nipple.

I tug her blouse out of her jeans as she suckles my nipple. My body arches beneath her as I tear open her blouse sending the buttons scattering across the room. "Show me," she murmurs against my breast. "Show me what you wanted to do."

I guide her to her knees and kiss her deeply as I remove the tattered remains of her blouse and then her bra. I lick and suckle her nipples until they pucker in my mouth. She is whimpering her body trembling from my touch. "Bend over," I pant my eyes darkened with desire. She returns my smoldering gaze before balancing her body on her hands and knees. I pinch one of her nipples before reaching over and retrieving my vibrator.

I moan deeply as I snuggle up behind her setting the vibrator on the bed. For the moment I am content by running my hands along her denim clad ass. I am fueled on by her soft moans I press my mound against her firm backside. I lean forward my nipples brushing against her back as I begin kissing her shoulders and neck. My hips slowly grind against her ass as I brush her long, auburn hair aside needing to taste more of her flesh.

She cries out as I suckle her neck and our hips slowly begin to sway in unison. Soon our bodies are slapping together. It is too much I can feel my wetness pool between my thighs as the seam of my jeans rubs against my pulsating clit. She is moaning my name our bodies thrust wildly. "This is what I wanted," I choke out as I reach around her body and undo her jeans. I feel possessed as I yank her jeans and panties all the way down to her ankles. I run my tongue along her thighs as I clasp the vibrator.

I pause for a moment cupping my mound grinding the heel of my hand against my passion as I nudge her legs further apart. I can see her desire glistening on her skin as I turn on the vibrator. I press the heel of my hand harder against my sex as she peers over her shoulder her eyes sparkling with shades of gray and sliver as she licks her lips.

I groan as I finally stop touching myself and begin kissing the firm flesh of her ass as I slip the toy between her slick folds. She thrusts backward encouraging me I glide the buzzing toy against her clit. My pulse races as I continue to act out the fantasy that had been plaguing me each time I

watched her bend over. "That's it ride it," I demand as I straddle her hips while pressing the toy harder against her engorged nub. My hips slap against her naked flesh as she chants my name. Hearing my name on her lips makes my heart swell.

I need to hear her saying it again and again. I press the toy against the opening of her center as I slip my free arm around her waist. "God yes, Joanie!" She screams as I slip inside of her while stroking her clit with my fingers. The feel of her hips pumping against my body as I glide the toy in and out of her is making my body cry out for release. I take her harder as my fingers slip from her clit. I am riding her furiously as I paint the puckered opening with her passion.

My ears are ringing as I feel my body nearing the edge. She is begging me for release as I tease the puckered opening with my thumb. "Cum for me," I plead as I slip inside of her filling her completely. I feel her body shuddering as the passion consumes both of us. I can't stop as we continue to climax in unison.

I slip my touch from her body and discard the toy as her body collapses. Still lost in a euphoric haze I guide her onto her back and nestle my body between her thighs. I drape her trembling legs over my shoulders and begin to drink from her. She cries out my name once again as her body arches and she presses her wetness harder against my touch. I suckle her clit harder teasing it with my teeth until I feel her passion painting my flesh.

Once again my body follows hers and I feel myself exploding. I am gasping my body still trembling I roll over and watch her frantically tearing off her work boots and pants. My eyes rake up and down her glorious naked flesh as she finishes undressing me. "Make love to me," I plead as she hovers above me her fingers dancing lightly against my clit.

She smiles down at me; my eyes wander as I watch her breasts swaying dangerously close to my lips. My tongue snakes out and teases the erect buds her fingers slip inside of my wetness. My hips jerk up as I feel her inside of me. She holds me in a fiery gaze as she plunges in and out of me my body moving in perfect rhythm with her touch.

"Tell me what you want?" She purrs I feel my body falling.

"I want," I gasp as I feel her thumb stroking my clit. "I want," I repeat my voice trembling. "I want your tongue inside of me," I finally scream out. I moan as I feel her fingers slipping from my body. Every fiber of my being is ready to ignite as she licks and kisses her way down my body. I am helpless and ecstatic as I feel her tongue flicker against my clit. "Brit," I whisper her name as she teases me.

My world explodes I feel her tongue slipping lower curling before slipping inside of me. I clutch the bedding she glides deeper inside taking me with long strokes until my mind is blank and I am screaming out her name.

I release a joyful sigh as my vision clears and I glance over and find Brit nestled beside me her fingers caressing my still quivering stomach. "All this for fixing your phone?" She quips with a bright smile.

"All this because you mean the world to me," I respond with a bright smile.

"I love you," she timidly confesses. "No games, I promise."

"It's not who you are," I murmur happily as I snuggle into her arms. "I love you too; I have for a long time."

"Hmm," she yawns. "I can't move."

"Neither can I," I laugh as I press my ear against her chest happy to listen to the steady beating of her heart as I drift off to sleep. Happier still because I know that when I wake up in the morning I will still be in her arms.

The End.

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

For updates, previews & the Wednesday Afternoon Series join my egroup, yomavis-subscribe@yahogroups.com
