

~ Desperately Seeking Clark ~

by Mavis Applewater

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A special thank you goes out to my beta reader Mary.

As always this is for Heather.

The Present

"Clark Kent was a woman," Kristi proclaimed while smirking over at Belinda.

"I beg your pardon?" Belinda sputtered.

"You asked about the first woman I was intimate with and that is my story," Kristi shrugged knowing that she was infuriating the redhead. Kristi couldn't help teasing her friend; it was just too much fun.

"I'd hate to burst your bubble Blondie, but in every incarnation Clark Kent is always a man," Belinda snarled her dark brown eyes narrowing.

"Not when I met her," came Kristi's saucy reply.

"You had sex with Clark Kent?" Belinda urged her to continue. "Details?"

"I don't know it is kind of personal," she hedged.

"Are you going to elaborate or am I going to have to resort to violence?" Belinda threatened.

"Good heavens," Kristi gasped as she clutched her chest mocking her scowling friend.

"Kristi I just finished telling you every detail of my first sexual experience with a woman, because you promised to do the same," Belinda hissed. "Clark Kent was a woman ain't going to cut it."

"You boinked your bi-curious college roomie," Kristi snickered. "Please, everyone does that. My story is far more interesting."

"If you shared your little ditty I might actually agree with you," Belinda encouraged her.

"Fine," Kristi sighed. "It all started after I had a terrible fight with my boyfriend Brendan."

"Oh so we are talking ancient history then," Belinda cut in.

"It was Halloween night 1997 and it was the most amazing and probably the most stupid thing I have ever done," Kristi began her saga. "Brendan and I had broken up and I said screw it and him. You know that's the funny part, we broke up because I wasn't screwing him often enough. Anyhoo, I decided to go up to Salem for Halloween for a little fun. I dressed like a paperboy. I was wearing knickers, argyle sox, a sweater vest, my hair was tucked up under one of those caps the paperboys always wear in those old movies, and I was carrying my old sack from when I had a paper route as a kid. In my sack I had a bunch of bundled up newspapers and a fifth of rum. My friend Penny and I took the train up there, and I kept running up to strangers thrusting a paper in their faces and saying, '*Paper Mister?*' And I kept drinking."

"That must have been a riot," Belinda laughed.

"I thought so and the fact that I looked like a twelve year old really helped with my cute factor," Kristi chuckled. "It was crazy that night. You used to live up there so you know how insane it is on Halloween night. Thousands of people dressed up in crazy costumes roaming the streets. I was completely loaded by eleven o'clock but that didn't deter me from going into that bar with Penny after we polished off the rum. For the life of me I have no idea the name of the bar or where in Salem it was located. I was completely gonzo at that point, something I never do. But I was so pissed off at Brendan I needed to let off some steam and just maybe get a little revenge. So, when I spotted Clark Kent sitting at a crowded table, I just went for it."

"And Clark Kent was a woman," Belinda gleefully surmised.

"I didn't know," Kristi said with a sad look in her eyes. "Like I said I was drunk and at that time I was still taking an extended cruise down a certain river in Egypt. If I had thought about things I would have realized why I didn't enjoy sex with Brendan or any other guy, but I was just a clueless twenty-two year old. Okay so here is the rest of the story."

Halloween Night, 1997 Salem, Massachusetts

Kristi stumbled as she tried to get closer to the bar. The small bar was packed far beyond capacity. Kristi was too drunk to care about the way people kept bumping into her. "We are never going to get to the bar," Penny grouched.

"Just keep pushing your way through," the blonde suggested as she scanned the room in a futile

effort to find a vacant seat. Her hazel eyes lit up when she spied him, just sitting while staring into his drink. He was wearing a short black wig, dark framed glasses, and a gray suit with the white dress shirt unbuttoned to his belt and beneath the dress shirt was a dark blue shirt with the red and gold Superman logo. "I get it," she giggled as she drank in the tall dark stranger. "Penny what is the name of the newspaper Superman worked for?" She shouted above the din of the noisy barroom while tugging on Penny's sleeve.

"What?" Penny barked out.

"Superman, what was the name of the newspaper he worked for?" She repeated not understanding why Penny wasn't following her train of thought.

"The Daily Planet, I think," Penny stammered before gasping. "Oh I get it now," Penny snickered as she spied Clark Kent for the first time. "Uhm but Kristi he's a . . . never mind."

"I saw him first," Kristi gloated as she nudged Penny. "You just keep trying to get us some more alcohol."

"Go for it," Penny laughed. "That would certainly get Brendan back for being such a jackass."

"Oh yes," Kristi purred as she nudged her way through the crowd until she was standing right beside Clark Kent. She pulled out one of her newspapers and handed it to the startled stranger. "Here's your copy of the Daily Planet, Mr. Kent," she innocently chimed as more than one passer by shoved her.

"Well if it isn't little Jimmy Olsen," Clark played along as Kristi smiled back at the mysterious stranger. "Thanks for the paper," the stranger nodded with a brilliant smile as Kristi was once again bumped into. Between the harsh nudging and the alcohol she had consumed she almost toppled into Clark's lap. Kristi blushed as she pondered just plopping herself into the unsuspecting stranger's lap.

"Why don't you take my seat before you get hurt?" Clark graciously offered as he started to stand.

"Oh no, I couldn't let you do that Mr. Kent," Kristi protested as she placed her hand on the stranger's shoulder and guided him back into his seat. "You've been fighting crime all day long," Kristi further explained as she climbed onto the stranger's lap. She panicked for a brief moment as she straddled the stranger. Then she smiled as she felt a pair of hands grabbing a hold of her backside while pulling her closer.

She balanced her body by clinging to the stranger's shoulders. As she squirmed against Clark's body she noticed how really good the stranger smelled. "Hmm," she sighed contently as she indulged herself with another whiff by nuzzling the Clark's neck.

"You like?" Clark murmured softly in her ear while caressing her ass.

"Yes," Kristi moaned with delight. "So what cha' drinking Superman?"

"Ssh," Clark playfully cautioned her as he handed her his drink. "No revealing my secret identity. Now if you're good I'll get you a soda pop of your very own."

"I'm always good," she proclaimed as she pressed her breasts into Clark's body before taking a healthy swig of the super hero's cocktail. "Captain and coke."

"Only the best for you Jimmy," Clark smirked as his hands began to caress Kristi's body when the blonde finished off his drink. "After all you work hard too, and that Lois Lane is always pestering you."

"Oh that bitch," Kristi played along as she placed the glass back down onto the table while Clark waved towards the barmaid for another round. "I don't know how you put up with her."

"I'll let you in on a little secret, she's not really my type," Clark huskily supplied while one of his hands brushed lightly against the swell of Kristi's breasts. "I'd much rather spend time with you."

Kristi groaned with disappointment as Clark's hand moved away from her chest so he could pay for the drinks that were delivered to the table. Kristi ignored the fresh round of cocktails as Clark's hands came to rest on her waist. The slightly unfocused blue eyes twinkling up at her from behind the stranger's glasses drew her in. Before she could fully focus on her new companion they began kissing.

Kristi melted into the stranger's touch and soft lips. She wriggled seductively against Clark's warm inviting body as their tongues battled for control. She clasped the nape of Clark's neck as her tongue explored the warmth of his mouth. Kristi felt dizzy as the kiss ended. "Damn you are amazing," she whispered as her eyes slowly blinked open.

"I'm Superman," Clark teased as he brushed his thumb along her swollen lips.

"Tell me Superman do you do everything that good?" She challenged the stranger who was making her body tingle with desire. Kristi tried to convince herself that it was the rum that made her feel more passionate than she had ever felt before. Somewhere in the back of her muddled mind she reminded herself that this was a very bad idea. "Promise me that you aren't really faster than a speeding bullet," she added in a husky tone.

"Not with you," Superman promised. "With you I'd be slow and tender."

She brushed troublesome thoughts aside as she began kissing the stranger once again. She released a moan from deep inside of her as they became lost in the fiery kisses. She could feel Clark's hand slipping between their bodies. She ground against him hard as his hand drifted down the front of her body until he was caressing her thigh. She parted her thighs and invited the stranger to touch her.

Kristi could feel her lower anatomy aching as Clark cupped her mound. She shamelessly rocked

her hips against his touch. "I'm not usually this slutty," she panted into his ear. "God you feel good," she growled.

"Maybe we should slow this down?" Clark suggested the timber of his voice sent a shiver up and down the small blonde's spine. "I'm really drunk."

Kristi felt a wave of disappointment wash over her as Clark's hand stilled. She could feel her clit throbbing, as his unmoving hand remained nestled between her thighs. "A gentleman as well as a Super hero, I'm impressed," she sighed. "I'm drunk too," she hiccupped.

"Why do I get the feeling your drinking has nothing to do with the festivities," Clark sighed while Kristi nuzzled his neck.

"I just got dumped by the biggest asshole on the planet," Kristi confided as she took a sip from her drink.

"Me too," Clark laughed before claiming his own cocktail. "In fact that is why I'm here, she showed up at my best friend's party down the street with the infant she dumped me for."

"You're making that up," Kristi challenged Clark.

"I swear it is the truth," Clark vowed. "I took off not long after they showed up and started groping each other right in front of me. After watching them playing tonsil hockey I decided I needed a drink."

"That bitch," Kristi huffed as Penny approached the table with a fresh round of drinks. "She must pay," Kristi reasoned as she climbed off of Clark's lap and grabbed his hand.

"Huh?" Clark stammered as he stumbled to his feet.

"Penny, feel like crashing a party?" Kristi slurred as Penny blinked with surprise.

"I just hooked up with Bat Man," Penny protested.

"Well carry on then," Kristi offered. "I'm taking my very own superhero to a party so we can teach Lois Lane a lesson."

"Uh Kristi," Penny nervously began.

"I'm fine," Kristi reassured her friend. "It is just down the street and I'm with Superman how safe can a girl get?"

"Okay," Penny shrugged. "It isn't like you taking off with a strange guy."

Kristi shook her head in bewilderment before dragging Clark out of the noisy barroom. "Come on Superman, we have a party to crash."

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Clark stammered as he gently guided Kristi down the cobblestone street.

"Hell yes," Kristi fumed. "I hate women who pull mind games and I get to make out with Superman. Frankly this is a win, win situation for me."

"All right Jimmy lets go piss off Lois," Clark laughed as they staggered down the street.

Kristi felt light headed as the noise from the party assaulted her eardrums. "Just one thing, her name is Vera," Clark explained in soft tone that made Kristi look up.

Something was decidedly different about Clark, yet Kristi just couldn't put her finger on it as they stepped into the first floor apartment. "Thank God you're back," someone dressed like a Klingon addressed her companion. "We were worried about you Jack."

"I'm fine," Clark argued as Kristi wrapped her arms around the stranger's body.

"I can see that," the Klingon teased as she glanced down at Kristi. "And who is your little friend?"

"Jimmy Olsen," Clark quipped before guiding Kristi over to the sofa.

Kristi didn't waste a moment climbing into Clark's lap. The blonde raised his black-framed glasses in order to have an unobstructed view of his eyes. "The man of steel with the steely blue eyes," she said in wonderment before assaulting Clark's lips.

Kristi felt light headed as they kissed deeply and their hands began to roam along one another's bodies. "Where is the bitch?" Kristi asked as she rubbed her nose against Clark's.

"Who?" Clark absently questioned as he caressed her buttocks.

"Vera, the slut," she clarified while leaning into Superman's touch.

"I forgot about her," Clark answered in a dreamy voice while glancing over Kristi's shoulder. "She's in the corner watching us. She looks pissed."

"Good," Kristi beamed with an evil chuckle. "Now let's show her what she gave up."

"Remind me never to get you mad at me," Clark lightly laughed.

"Don't worry, if you do I'll just break out the Kryptonite," Kristi asserted before drawing her mystery lover in for another savage kiss. She felt Clark's hands tugging her shirt out of her knickers as the kiss deepened even further. Kristi's mouth began to drift along Clark's jaw line while the man of steel hands danced across her stomach. The blonde's skin tingled from her lover's touch. "I need to be alone with you," she murmured playfully as she brushed the black

wig slightly aside and began to suckle Clark's neck.

Kristi chuckled gleefully knowing that she had reduced the man of steel to a quivering mass of Jell-O. "Maybe I am Kryptonite?" She pondered out loud while she unbuckled Clark's belt. "Superman," she whispered hotly in his ear while rocking her hips against his body. "I want to fuck you."

She felt the air rushing from her lungs as Clark scooped her up and tossed her over his broad shoulders. Her head swayed as he carried her through the party into some darkened room in the back of the apartment. The room spun when she was placed back down onto her unsteady feet. "Whoa," she gasped as Clark reached out and steadied her weaving body. "My hero," she sighed deeply as she yanked the cap from her head allowing her long blonde hair to cascade down to her shoulders.

She couldn't stop smiling as she reached up and removed Clark's glasses and tossed them across the darkened room. "Maybe we shouldn't," Clark whimpered as Kristi's hands busied themselves with the zipper on his pants. She silenced his protests with another searing kiss. Kristi stumbled backward as Clark began to remove the argyle sweater vest she was wearing.

Kristi was giggling when she landed on what she could only assume was a futon behind her. She leaned back and allowed Clark to remove her vest and blouse. "Fuck me," she repeated as Clark began to kiss her shoulders and her neck. "Oh yes," she sighed when she felt Clark's tongue drift along the swell of her breasts. She moaned deeply as she felt her bra being released and the straps drifting down her arms.

She clung to Clark's shoulders as he skillfully removed her bra and began circling her nipples with his tongue. Clark took a moment to tease the tiny birthmark on her left breast. She pressed closer to her mystery lover in a need to feel him consume her. She watched as his wig shifted revealing wisps of auburn hair. She cried out once again when she felt his tongue flickering against her nipple. The bud puckered in response while she wrapped her legs around his body. She ground urgently against his firm body as he suckled her greedily.

Kristi knew that she was out of control and unable to stop what was happening between them. What shocked the tiny blonde the most was that she didn't want to stop. This stranger was making her body soar with the gentlest touches. She was panting heavily as Clark began to suckle her harder. She begged for release as she felt her desire flowing from her loins. "I promised you slow," Clark vowed something about the softness of his voice niggled at her clouded mind.

Kristi couldn't focus on what it was as he teased her nipple with his teeth while rolling the other bud between his long slender fingers. Her body convulsed against Clark as he feasted upon her, bringing her to the brink of ecstasy before lavishing her other breast with the same attention.

There was something about the smoothness of his face and touch that called out to her as Clark licked his way down her torso. She arched her body as he skillfully removed her pants and shoes.

Clark's hands caressed the firm flesh of her ass while he knelt before her. Willingly she allowed Clark to pull her to his soft supple lips and drink from her.

Kristi was lost in a sweet agony as Clark's flat tongue swept along her swollen sex. She could hear him murmuring with pleasure as he drank from her. She looked down into a pair of mesmerizing blue eyes smiling up at her. Clark suckled her throbbing clit while Kristi thrust her hips against his eager touch.

She couldn't tear her gaze from the warmth of his eyes or his delicate features as his fingers slipped inside of her. She cried out as he guided her into ecstasy. Her eyes fluttered shut as he slowly pleased her. Kristi's entire being was on fire as Clark took her higher. Clark's mouth and fingers moved in unison until he drove Kristi into a complete frenzy.

Kristi clawed at the furniture, as her lover's rhythm grew wild. Her body matched the wildness of Clark's touch as she cried out. She ground against his touch as he continued to take her. Clark's fingers wriggled inside of her as he kissed his way back up her body.

Clark's mouth was once again teasing her aching nipples as his fingers plunged in and out of her wetness. Her body shattered as the fire consumed her, still Clark's touch failed to ebb. She was certain that she had blacked out when she climaxed again. Her next cognitive thought was how she liked tasting herself on Clark's lips as they kissed.

Her body was demanding more as she groped his body. She was thrilled that her lover seemed eager to continue the tawdry encounter. Kristi guided her lover to his feet, and began to lower his trousers, "It's a bird, it's a plane," she murmured with delight as she revealed his lower body to her eager gaze. Her smile grew brighter when she discovered the dark blue thong with the familiar red and gold logo on the crotch. "It's . . . oh my," she stammered when the realization struck her. *'It's a woman!'* She mentally screamed as the musky aroma of her lover's passion greeted her.

Kristi's heart was pounding as her tiny fingers traced the Superman logo on the crotch of her lover's thong. She could feel the other woman's desire greeting her inquisitive touch. Knowing that she was touching another woman sobered the small blonde. She licked her parched lips knowing that she was about to indulge in a fantasy she had locked away long ago after the first girl she kissed had called her a sick queer. Tonight she could play with fire and no one would ever know.

Her lover released a deep sigh as Kristi nuzzled her passion while caressing Clark's thighs. Kristi ran her tongue along Clark's navel and the dark mole nestled beneath her belly button. She cupped the firm flesh of Clark's behind as she kissed her thighs. Kristi hooked her thumbs in the thin straps of Clark's thong. Kristi felt alive as she tore the garment from her lover's body.

Kristi parted her lover before dipping the tip of her tongue in the other woman's wetness. She trembled, as she tasted her lover for the first time. Clark parted her thighs and guided Kristi to drink from her. The small blonde quickly gave in to the temptation and began to feast upon the taller woman. The feel of Clark's body and the sounds of pleasure escaping her lips were driving

Kristi insane. She captured her lover's clit between her lips and became lost in the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Fueled on by her lover's pleas she slipped her fingers inside of the stranger. She felt her fingers being trapped while she urgently licked her lover. Soon her hand and mouth fell into a demanding pace as Clark rocked against her touch. Kristi's thighs trembled as she felt her lover's body tensing against her. She pleased her lover hard until she felt Clark's body exploding against her.

Kristi buried herself deeper inside of Clark needing to feel more of her. The taller woman gave her everything she asked for.

Clark cried out as she fell backward clutching a table. Kristi refused to yield her hold on the taller woman whose pants were pooled around her ankles. Kristi could barely breathe as she watched her fingers gliding in and out of the stranger's wetness. It wasn't until Clark pulled away and guided the blonde back to her feet that Kristi stopped.

They became locked in a fiery kiss; Kristi wrapped herself around Clark's body while the taller woman guided her back over to the futon. They stumbled still weak from sex and alcohol as Clark guided them back down onto the futon. Kristi willingly straddled Clark's hips. "Yes," Kristi groaned when she felt Clark's fingers parting her. She thrust her hips forward in a need to feel her lover inside of her again.

"This is the craziest thing I've ever done," Clark gasped as she filled her. Kristi could only groan in response as she rocked her body against Clark's long slender fingers. She clutched the other woman's shoulders tightly fervently riding against Clark. Kristi was lost in the passion, her body was humming as her mind became devoid of all reason. The only clear thoughts she possessed were how good Clark's touch felt and how much she wanted to keep touching this woman.

Her body arched as she exploded against Clark's body. She collapsed against her gasping for air as Clark cradled her in her arms. Kristi moaned softly unable to believe that the sex had made her feel complete. She found it odd that she had experienced the most incredible encounter with a complete stranger, who was a woman. Her face was flushed as she lifted her head, she reached up to remove Clark's wig needing to see the true identity of the woman who had opened a brand new world to her.

Just as her fingers reached the dark wig the door behind them burst open and a woman started screeching at the top of her lungs. Her tirade was directed towards the mysterious Clark. Kristi felt sick as she scrambled off of her mystery lover's body and gathered up her clothing. She didn't listen as the couple argued. She didn't need to listen to know that the other woman was Vera who now wanted Clark back. Kristi wasted no time as she tugged her clothing back on and bolted out of the party.

She was disoriented when she found herself standing on the sidewalk. It was probably well after midnight and she had no idea where she was. Kristi wandered the streets for hours trying to find

her way to the train station. She was thankful that the police were still roaming the streets as she milled about with a few other stragglers. Finally just after dawn she found her way to the station. She shivered in the cold for another few hours before the first morning train to the city arrived.

Back To The Present

Belinda was doing an incredible imitation of a guppy as Kristi wrapped up her little story. "Cat got your tongue?" Kristi taunted her.

"Uhm no," Belinda stammered her face turning ashen as she diverted her gaze.

"Hey?" Kristi said suddenly feeling very dirty. "I know it isn't a very romantic story and it was a very stupid thing to do. Honestly despite everything it was one of the most amazing sexual experiences of my life."

"No," Belinda blurted out quickly. "I'm not judging you," she quickly clarified. "Kristi did you ever find out who Clark Kent was?"

"No," Kristi sighed sadly as she watched her friend nervously fidgeting.

"A few years ago when I lived up in Salem I threw a Halloween party," Belinda carefully began. "I was dressed like a Klingon."

"Oh come on, now you're yanking my chain," Kristi laughed dismissing her friend's attempt to tease her.

"No, I'm not," Belinda continued in a serious tone. "I know who Clark Kent is."

Kristi stared at her friend completely mystified by what she had just said. Belinda had to be pulling her leg. There was no way she could know who her mystery lover had been, could she? "That's not funny," she finally fumed.

"As much as I enjoy teasing you, I'm not joking this time," Belinda reassured her. "I know who Clark Kent is and so do you. About six years ago I threw a party at my little apartment on Beckett Street. I invited this couple that split up before the party. I never expected the both of them to show. I certainly didn't expect Vera to arrive with her new girlfriend and start pawing each other right in front of her ex. The other girl bolted and came back a couple of hours later, drunk with a little blonde. They got busy in the den until Vera broke up the party."

"I swear if you are making this up," Kristi threatened as she shook her fist at Belinda. "Never mind it is just a coincidence."

"Really?" Belinda snickered. "Okay, it was 1997, I was dressed like a Klingon, my friend was dressed like Clark Kent, the blonde she picked up in a bar down the street from my apartment was dressed like a paperboy, and they had sex in a backroom of my apartment. Sounds like the story you just told me. Oh and I found a newspaper sack in the den the following morning, you didn't lose yours did you?"

"I thought I dropped that in the bar," Kristi mumbled as she buried her face in her hands. Once she felt as if she had regained some semblance of her composure she looked up. "Out with it! Who was Clark Kent?"

Belinda opened her mouth to speak when a familiar figure stepped into the small coffee shop. "Sorry I'm late," Jacqueline greeted them.

"Speak of the devil," Belinda whispered as the tall brunette sat down next to them. Kristi felt sick, her jaw dropped, as she looked Jacqueline up and down looking for some small clue that would prove that the woman she had a major crush on for the past year and a half wasn't her mystery lover.

"I'm just going to grab some coffee," Jacqueline cheerfully supplied as she set her bag down before sauntering over to the service counter.

"You should tell her," Belinda suggested hopefully.

"Are you insane?" Kristi squeaked out in a hushed tone. "If she knew that was me, she'd never go out with me." The blonde reasoned. Over the past year and a half Kristi had been trying to work up the courage to ask the tall leggy brunette out to dinner only to have her nerve fail her at the last moment.

"So what did I miss?" Jacqueline chimed in as she rejoined them.

"Nothing," Kristi muttered as she began to shred a poor unsuspecting napkin.

"Halloween parties," Belinda brightly tossed out.

"Oh did you go to a good one last week?" Jacqueline directed towards Kristi who was still massacring the napkin.

"Nope," Kristi muttered while keeping her gaze down at the growing pile of paper on the table.

"Me either," Jacqueline shrugged. "I stayed home and handed out candy. It sucks that a lot of kids don't go door to door anymore. I can understand it but it really sucks the fun out of the night. When I was a kid getting that sack full of candy was one of the high points of the year."

"Yeah," Kristi softly mumbled in agreement.

"Speaking of Halloween parties," Belinda carried on undaunted by Kristi's hostile glare. "Jacqueline do you remember that party Sarah and I threw about six years ago?"

"No," Jacqueline snapped.

Kristi couldn't bare it, as Belinda seemed determined to jog the brunette's memory. She stole a shy glance over at Jacqueline noting the soft auburn highlights in her hair. She took a hard swallow wondering if it was true. She couldn't be positive it was really she. The only thing that would convince her completely would be if Jacqueline had a tiny mole just below her navel. Then again her chances of finding out were slim to none, and just perhaps it was best to leave it as a mystery.

"Oh sure you do," Belinda prattled on. "You were dressed like Superman."

"Right," Jacqueline curtly confirmed. "Can't say that I enjoyed that little gathering a whole lot."

"You seemed to enjoy part of it," Belinda encouraged.

"Belinda, drop it," Jacqueline curtly retorted.

"Did anyone see last week's episode of Will & Grace?" Kristi threw out in an effort to change the subject.

Soon they moved on to other subjects. Things grew tense as Belinda kept trying to bring up the events of the ill-fated party. Kristi was reduced to simple one-word answers and avoiding eye contact with either of her companions. Thankfully the afternoon finally came to an end. The three of them stepped out onto the street to find the unseasonable warm spell still in force. "I can't believe it is November," Jacqueline commented after Belinda said her goodbyes and left the two of them standing there.

"Huh?" Kristi absently said as they began to walk down the street.

"Nothing," Jacqueline threw out with disappointment. "I'm on the way, why don't we walk together?"

"Sure," Kristi mumbled still lost in her thoughts as they began their trek down the street.

"Uhm Kristi I was wondering if maybe sometime we could," the brunette stammered as Kristi stumbled along focusing more on the sidewalk than her companion. "Never mind."

"I'm sorry what?" Kristi asked stopping dead in her tracks once she realized she was ignoring the other woman.

"Are you okay?" Jacqueline asked with concern. "You seem a little out of it today."

"It's nothing," she lied. "Just something Belinda and I were talking about before you arrived."

"Just what were the two of you talking about?" Jacqueline demanded. "I was ready to kick her arse. That Halloween party she kept bringing up wasn't one of my finest moments."

"Oh I don't know about that," Kristi absently responded as her eyes drifted up and down the leggy brunette's body.

"She told you?" Jacqueline squeaked in horror.

"No," Kristi tried to reassure the taller woman as they began walking. "We were talking about sex more precisely our first sexual experience with a woman."

"Now I am really confused," Jacqueline admitted as they stopped at the stoop in front of her building. "How did that lead to the story about that horrible party?"

"It didn't," Kristi lied. "Was it really horrible?"

"Yes, no, ugh, why don't you come up and I'll tell you the whole sordid story?" Jacqueline offered.

"Or I could tell you," Kristi muttered under her breath as she followed the taller woman up to her apartment.

Kristi was sitting on Jacqueline's sofa squirming like a condemned man while the brunette was in the kitchen grabbing a couple of cans of Dr. Pepper. "Here you go," Jacqueline beamed as she handed the shaky blonde a can of soda and plopped down beside her. "I hope you don't think less of me after hearing this story?" Jacqueline quietly offered.

"I was just thinking the very same thing," Kristi released with a halfhearted chuckle. "Before you start, let me tell you a little story."

"Okay." Jacqueline agreed seemingly relieved for the reprieve.

"The first time I was with a woman was Halloween night, six years ago," she began slowly. "My boyfriend and I had just broken up, so I went up to Salem with a friend and got very drunk. I met a woman in a bar."

"Oh so you gave it up for some smooth talking stranger," Jacqueline teased her.

"Not just any stranger," Kristi continued while her heart pounded violently against her chest. "It was Superman."

She ducked as Jacqueline spewed her Dr. Pepper all over the coffee table. "Superman?" Jacqueline squeaked.

"To be precise she was dressed like Clark Kent," Kristi muttered.

"What were you wearing?" Jacqueline heaved as she tried to catch her breath.

Kristi avoided responding by dashing into the kitchen and grabbing some paper towels. She knew that Jacqueline was watching her very carefully as she cleaned up the mess. She continued to avoid answering Jacqueline's inquiry by scurrying back to the kitchen and throwing out the sticky paper towels.

She was well aware that Jacqueline had followed her into the kitchen. The hair on the back of her neck prickled as she screwed up her courage to turn around and face her past. "Please tell me that you were dressed like a Smurf or even Tigger?" Jacqueline pleaded.

"I was a paper boy," Kristi sheepishly supplied.

"Oh my God," Jacqueline stammered as her eyes widened to the size of saucers. "Did Belinda put you up to this?"

"No, I swear it is the truth," Kristi vowed. "Still it could just be a crazy coincidence."

"There is only one way I could know for sure," Jacqueline sighed heavily. "She had a mole in a very unique area."

"So did Superman," Kristi played along her mouth feeling suddenly parched. "I'll show you mine if you show me yours?"

"Deal," Jacqueline blew out in a shaky manner as her hands flew down to her zipper.

Kristi nodded in agreement as she began to unbutton her blouse. They couldn't take their eyes off of one another's hands as they slowly revealed the truth. Kristi brushed back the lace of her bra just enough to reveal the mole on her left breast while Jacqueline lowered her jeans just below her navel. "It was you," Kristi whispered as she stared at the brunette's birthmark.

"I looked for you that night," Jacqueline softly explained as her crystal blue eyes remained locked on Kristi's breast.

"You did?" Kristi squealed with surprise as each of them met the other's gaze.

Suddenly the situation seemed silly and they broke into laughter. "Well this is new," Jacqueline laughed. "All I was hoping for was to finally ask you out to dinner and we end up in my kitchen showing each other our birthmarks."

"We have to talk," Kristi smiled as she pushed her bra back in place. She didn't re-button her shirt as she followed Jacqueline back into the living room. She noted delightfully that the brunette had failed to zip up her jeans.

They relaxed onto the sofa. Kristi was pleased by how the tension from earlier had vanished.

"First I really did look for you," Jacqueline began to explain. "After Vera finished ripping me a new one I noticed you were gone. I pulled my pants up and ran after you. I looked everywhere but I never found you."

"Just what was Vera's damage anyways?" Kristi interrupted. "Didn't she show up with a date?"

"Let me think of the best way to describe Vera," Jacqueline started. "She used me, she would hit on my friends whenever I wasn't looking, and although she no longer wanted me she really enjoyed knowing that I was pinning away for her."

"She sounds positively charming," Kristi quipped.

"She was a piece of work all right," Jacqueline snorted.

Kristi was only half listening to the taller woman as her gaze drifted down to the brunette's still unzipped jeans. "Are you listening to me?" Jacqueline rakishly inquired.

"No," Kristi honestly answered as she met Jacqueline's gaze. "The woman of steel with the steely blue gaze. How could I have not known it was you?"

"Neither of us was in very good shape that night," Jacqueline sighed deeply.

"Oh I don't know about that," Kristi teased blushing slightly as the events of that night came flooding back to her. "You did a good job of living up to your alter ego, Superman."

"Super drunk is more like it," Jacqueline corrected the blonde whose heart sank. "You must think I am a total tramp."

"Huh?" Kristi snorted in disbelief. "Correct me if I'm wrong here, but didn't I throw myself at you?"

"Uhm, yeah," Jacqueline blushed. "Which was just what I needed that night. I felt like a loser when I stormed out of the party and then a cute blonde falls into my lap."

"Literally," Kristi chimed gleefully.

Her broad smile diminished as Jacqueline's face turned sullen. That night had been an awakening for Kristi that finally guided her to who she really was. Apparently the tall brunette didn't view it in the same light. Kristi's earlier fears resurfaced, as she realized that because of the anonymous encounter she would never have a chance with Jacqueline. The realization was a complete let down after playing, I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

"You're not going to ask me to dinner are you?" She grunted bitterly.

"Honestly?" Jacqueline thoughtfully began. "I was trying to think of a polite way of suggesting that we skip dinner for now."

"I see," Kristi grumbled as she started to rise.

"I don't think you do," Jacqueline offered in a husky tone as she reached out for the blonde. The brunette's touch warmed her body, as Jacqueline guided her back down to the sofa. Kristi's lips quivered as Jacqueline cupped her face in her hands. She could still remember the brunette's long slender fingers and how they had pleased her so many years ago. "I'm torn," Jacqueline breathlessly confessed while closing the distance between them. "I want to be with you, but I don't want to ruin the chance to *be* with you. This isn't about sex, and it is."

"Oh?" Kristi gulped just before Jacqueline's soft supple lips greeted her own. Kristi's world spun out of control as Jacqueline's mouth worshiped her. She laced her fingers in Jacqueline's long silky hair and drew her closer. She moaned as she felt the soft flicker of Jacqueline's tongue. Instinctively she parted her lips and greeted the brunette's touch.

Kristi fought to control the rapid beating of her heart as she was reacquainted with the taste of Jacqueline's lips. The brunette still tasted the same only better without the rum lingering on her lips. Jacqueline's fingers caressed her face as the kiss deepened. Kristi's body tingled as she pressed tightly against the taller woman.

Kristi was struggling to catch her breath as the kiss ended and she nuzzled Jacqueline's neck. "You still smell good," she absently murmured.

"You see my problem," Jacqueline hotly whispered in her ear. "I want to date you, romance you, but right now all I can focus on is the way you ripped that silly thong off of my body."

"I loved that thong," Kristi asserted as she met the brunette's gaze.

"Really?" Jacqueline's face crinkled playfully. "I hated it. But I don't usually wear underwear."

Kristi broke their intense gaze as her hazel eyes zeroed in on the brunette's crotch. She licked her lips as she pondered this new piece of information. "Sometimes I get the feeling that you aren't listening to me," Jacqueline teased as she tucked her fingers under the blonde's chin and redirected her gaze.

"Trust me I am listening to you," Kristi purred in response. "You are worried that if we rush things again, we could blow a chance at having a real relationship, but you are really turned on knowing that it was me that night and you're not wearing underwear," she triumphantly recapped the situation.

Jacqueline's smile melted Kristi's heart. "Kiss me," the brunette whispered. Kristi happily complied with Jacqueline's request. The kisses began slowly, soft promises while Jacqueline tenderly cradled Kristi's face. Kristi's being was filled with a warmth she had never experienced before. Jacqueline's tongue felt like velvet as she parted the blonde's lips. Kristi filled her hands with Jacqueline's soft tresses as their bodies melted together.

Everything about being held by this woman felt right to the small blonde. The connection was far more intense than the first time they had touched as they slowly caressed one another. When Jacqueline stood and offered her hand to Kristi, the blonde accepted knowing that this wasn't rushing things; rather she was finally finding her way to where she belonged.

Neither of them spoke, words were unnecessary as Jacqueline guided her into her bedroom. Once again Jacqueline captured the smaller woman's face in her hands and kissed her tenderly. The shy offering warmed the blonde's heart. Kristi's heart was racing as they stood beside the bed and Jacqueline slowly began to undress her.

Jacqueline worshiped her neck, shoulders and collarbone while Kristi trembled before her. Kristi felt at peace as she gave into the feel of Jacqueline lips as her tongue teased her shoulders and neck. Her lover's touch moved lower until her face was nestled between Kristi's breasts. Kristi released a contented sigh as Jacqueline's breath and soft hair tickled her skin. She clung to the taller woman pressing her deeper against her flesh.

Her eyes fluttered shut when she felt the tip of Jacqueline's tongue flickering along the swell of her breasts. Her hands never released her hold on the brunette's hair as she felt her clothing slip from her body. Reluctantly she released the soft tresses from her grasp when Jacqueline's body and touch moved lower.

Jacqueline used her hands and mouth to map out every plane of the smaller woman's body. The blissful feeling encompassed Kristi as her lover revealed her completely. Jacqueline's touch was slow and tender as she touched the blonde's trembling skin everywhere except the one place her body was screaming out to be touched. The wry chuckle Jacqueline released while her mouth caressed Kristi's thighs informed the blonde that her lover was in no hurry.

Nothing could have pleased Kristi more than basking in the sweet torture of Jacqueline's tenderness as she lowered the naked blonde down onto her bed. Kristi rested on her elbow and watched the tall brunette slowly remove her own clothing. Kristi released a growl as she watched Jacqueline's beautiful form slowly coming into view. Once Jacqueline was finally standing before her in her glorious nakedness Kristi reached out to her and guided her to lie down beside her.

The softness of their breasts meeting sent a delightful shiver through the blonde's body. She kissed her lover deeply while her fingertips grazed along the supple curve of Jacqueline's body. She felt alive and complete as her lover mirrored her tender stroking. The hurried lustful groping from their first encounter was vacant as they simply explored the softness of the other's quivering body.

They held one another captive in a fiery gaze as their hands drifted lower brushing against the dampness of the other's passion. Kristi felt that they were a part of one another as their hands mirrored the other's movements. Jacqueline's desire coated her fingers as she parted her while the brunette's gentle touch explored her own softness.

Never once did they break their gaze from the other while their hardened nipples teased the

other's skin and their fingers explored their lover's passion. Kristi inhaled sharply when she felt Jacqueline's fingers glide inside of her. Slowly they rocked against each other while tenderly stroking each other. The room was filled with the musky aroma of the sounds of their desire. They drew their bodies closer as they became one lost in the feel of their passion.

Kristi could feel Jacqueline's breath on her face as each of them neared the edge. The intensity of Jacqueline's gaze and the feel of their bodies trembling against one another sent Kristi's senses into a whirlwind. Jacqueline's look and touch proved to be too much as Kristi's body exploded. The feel of her lover shuddering against her as she climaxed was incredible.

They clung to one another until the rapid beating of their hearts ebbed. Kristi relaxed into the warmth of Jacqueline's embrace knowing that this was just the beginning. Jacqueline brushed the errant strands of blonde hair from Kristi's brow and kissed her.

"Hey Superman," Kristi whispered into the brunette's neck releasing a blissful sigh.

"Hey yourself," Jacqueline murmured while her hands caressed Kristi's back. "Kristi?"

"Hmm," Kristi sighed as she tilted her head up and gazed deeply into her lover's eyes.

"Will you stay tonight?" Jacqueline shyly asked.

"Yes," Kristi smiled brightly. "I plan on exploring all of your super powers, tonight, tomorrow and for a long time afterward. If that is what you want?"

"Oh I want," Jacqueline brightly reassured her as she drew her in for another lingering kiss. "You're not running off on me again."

"Not a chance," Kristi promised.

The End.

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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