

~ Film At Eleven ~

by Mavis Applewater

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

Happy Birthday Allison!

Becca brushed an errant strand of dirty blonde hair from her emerald eyes; she tapped her note pad anxiously as she scanned the ever-growing crowd. It was in the late hours of Sunday May 16th, 2004 and she was standing there with Paul one of her best friends and cameraman. She sighed as once again she looked at the tall slender blonde man and thought *'Damn he is just too pretty to be hidden behind the camera!'* Becca shook her head as she tried to access the crowd. At midnight the courthouse doors would open and history would be made. For the first time in the history of the United States, same sex marriage, not civil unions but legal marriage a right that if the bone head in the oval office had his way would remain a privilege for only a man and a woman.

Becca kept a watchful eye out for protesters. She knew that she had to allot them equal airtime, she just hated interviewing the uptight holier than thou idiots who claimed that just because two people in love were allowed to legally wed that civilization as we know it would be coming to an end. "And why do most of them look like closet cases?" She pondered aloud as she sought out people to interview.

She took a cleansing breath filling her lungs with the sweet scent of the cool night air. *'Is it possible that the throngs of people in love have somehow managed to erase the stale taste from the city's air?'* She pondered as she felt the excitement filling her being.

"What?" She heard Paul snicker from behind her.

"It's just so amazing," she began thoughtfully. "It almost makes me wish that I had someone special in my life, so I could get hitched." Paul simply laughed at her comment. "I do have to wonder if this means the end of the U-Haul coupling and serial monogamists."

"Whatever will your ex-lovers do now?" Paul teased her.

"Let's just leave that parade of freaks out of this," Becca grumbled. "Tonight is filled with hope and love. I'm not about to allow it to dampen my good mood. I'll save that for the first God Fearing Closet case I have to interview."

"Calling the President?" He quipped.

"Hold that thought," she laughed as she played with her earpiece. "No shit, what an ass."

"What?" Paul eagerly inquired.

"The Governor has announced that licenses can't be issued to out of state couples," she grumbled her explanation. "This should be interesting. Where is that couple from Connecticut? I want to get their reactions."

They quickly maneuvered through the crowd and found the elderly male couple waiting patiently. "Hey guys," she greeted the two men both of whom were well past seventy. "I just heard that our beloved Governor has issued an order not to grant licenses to out of state couples. Would you mind offering your comments for the camera?"

"Try and stop us," Mitchell boasted as he held his lover of fifty years hand tightly.

Becca smiled as the two men spoke eloquently that no matter what they had their place in line and weren't turning back now since it had taken them half a century to get this far. The feeling of exuberance in the crowd was only slightly marred by the protestors the police quickly and quietly disbanded. Becca knew that they would be returning stronger and more vocal in the morning once the ceremonies began.

She managed to skirt past a barge of her colleagues and corner the city clerk for an interview. She couldn't help smiling as he explained for the camera that he was very well versed when it came to the law and no one from out of state would be denied a license.

When morning arrived and things began Becca was fighting a mix of exhaustion and exhilaration. "I can't believe that woman," Paul sneered after one protestor commented that she couldn't believe that the anchorman from their station wasn't out there fighting to stop what was happening.

"If she only knew that our beloved anchor man has been with his partner for almost thirty years," Becca shook her head to clear away the cobwebs. She didn't have the heart to inform the woman that the respectable gray haired anchor was a big gay boy and proud of it. Then again she lost count of how many times people assumed just because she looked like the girl next door that she was straight. "Oh well," she sighed as she prepared for the noon broadcast.

"They have the clips we fed them, you have five to get ready," Paul instructed her as she sidestepped the crowd. She quickly fixed her face and waited for her cue. "Thank you, Ryan," she responded to the anchor's voice introducing her. "As you can see hundreds of people are

emerging from the doors of city hall legally married for the first time in this country's history," she couldn't help smiling knowing that Ryan had been bouncing around the station all night proud as a peacock. She continued her narration knowing that the station was now running clips of ceremonies and proud couples displaying their marriage licenses. "Gay and Lesbian couples have traveled from all over to join in this historic event," she continued rolling her shoulders knowing that she wasn't on camera. Paul cued her and she returned to form. "Despite the Governor's order not to issue licenses to couples from out of state no one is being denied," she asserted for the camera knowing as the station cut to her interview with the city clerk. She smirked hoping that the fact that not a single clerk at any city hall had respected the Governor's order it would really put a bug up good old Mitt's ass.

She straightened her body once again as Paul cued her that the camera was back on her. "Not everyone here today is embracing this historic moment," she explained knowing that her bias was showing and not caring one wit. "Religious groups from all over have come here to protest, thus far most of them have behaved respectfully," she blew out a sigh as the station cut to her interviews with folks claiming that it was an abomination and was going to destroy the sanctity of marriage.

"They're running the President's statement," Paul informed her as she rolled her eyes knowing she wasn't going to like what was being broadcast from the oval office. "Back to you."

"Coming on the heels of today's events, the governor's of Rhode Island and New York have promised to honor marriages from out of state," Becca explained. "While six other states are preparing amendments that would bar such unions. Thirty-Eight states have already adopted laws barring same sex marriages. But for today as hundreds of couples gather and are granted a waiver on the three day waiting period they are finally becoming a married couple. The question these couples face is for how long? That question will be put to the voters here in Massachusetts in 2006. Today also marks the fifty anniversary of Brown vs. the board of education. Time will tell if today's protest will later be viewed in the same light as those. Reporting live from the Cambridge Courthouse, I'm Rebecca Berman, back to you Ryan."

"We're clear," Paul blew out as the crowd cheered another couple exiting the courthouse.

"I need coffee," Becca wearily confessed.

"There is a Dunkies just down the street," Paul offered with a twinkle in his eye.

"Alright," she snickered. "You keep filming the crowd and I'll get us some caffeine. You guys want anything?" She asked knowing that the crew in the van was listening. "You bastards," she sneered as she received a response in her earpiece. "They went already, got donuts too," she grumbled as she pulled out the earpiece and handed Paul her microphone. "Don't think about us poor slobs in the trenches, no," she continued her tirade as Paul placed his hand on her shoulder.

"Do you think it will?" He asked his voice suddenly serious.

"Will what?" She blinked in confusion.

"Fifty years from now people will look back on these protests the way they looked at the protests fifty years ago," he began to explain. "Now we view the clan and all of those people screaming hatred and throwing stones at one little black girl as an abomination. Do you think that in fifty years time our grandchildren will wonder what was wrong with people?"

"I don't know," Becca sighed. "I keep thinking about those hearings, when that one politician said that his hope was when his son grew up he would look at him and ask, '*you spent two days arguing about what?*' It was the way he said that he hoped that his son would find it absurd that politicians wasted so much time trying to deny two people in love a basic civil right. Maybe there is hope." As she looked over at the signs claiming that sodomy was evil she felt her hopes waning. "For now we need coffee."

The Dunkin Donuts was bustling with a melee of people from both sides. Becca furrowed her brow as more than one patron engaged in a shouting match. "I just want some coffee," she muttered under her breath. She understood as a reporter she had to remain objective, but that didn't mean that deep down inside she wasn't tempted to join in and explain a few things to the Christians.

"Maybe if a riot breaks out we can sneak to the front of the line?" Someone whispered in her ear. Becca's face broke out in a wicked grin as she turned to address the soft voice. Her lungs seized as she was face to face with a tall brunette with electrifying eyes. '*Wow, she is gorgeous please don't be looking for an autograph,*' her mind raced as her emerald eyes spied the large button on the brunette's denim jacket claiming that she was a gay second class citizen.

"The line is moving," the brunette offered in a deep rich voice that sent a tremor up and down the small blonde's spine.

Becca was suddenly flustered as she realized that she had been staring at the stranger. "Sorry," she choked out as she fought against the heat rising to her cheeks. She spun quickly in an effort to conceal the blush. She blew out a terse breath as she tried to calm the rapid beating of her heart.

"No worries," the brunette graciously offered from behind the flustered reporter. "You must be exhausted after being out there all night."

"How did you?" Becca began as she shyly glanced over her shoulder at the woman who stood a good half-foot taller than her.

"I've been working the trenches all night myself," the brunette yawned.

"Oh are you and your partner getting married today?" Becca fished trying to sound casual with her inquiry as she inched closer to the counter.

"No," the brunette chuckled. "I'm not involved."

'Really?' Becca merrily processed.

"I'm Bettie Caswell," the brunette offered as she held out her hand. Becca eagerly accepted the invitation. Her body tingled as Bettie clasped her hand firmly. "I'm a fundraiser for the Freedom to Marry Coalition."

"You must be very proud," Becca sighed in appreciation as she kept her hand clasped in the taller woman's. She felt a sense of regret as she finally freed Bettie's hand from her own. "I'm,"

"Rebecca Berman," Bettie sheepishly supplied.

"I keep forgetting I'm on television," Becca quipped as she neared the bustling counter and placed her order. "But it is Becca," she added with a wink.

"That is adorable," Bettie smiled brightly before catching herself. "I mean, Uhm. So I couldn't help hearing you and your cameraman talking. Thanks for the support."

"It's my fight too," Becca asserted as she paid for her order. "Of course I can't say that on camera as much as I would love to. Speaking of being on camera," she began as she collected the coffee she had purchased. "Why don't you catch up with me when you get back, I'd love to interview you."

"Me?" Bettie choked out in a raspy voice. "Now why would you want to talk to me?"

"You're kidding right?" Becca slipped as her mind screamed *'you look like a swim suit model!'* Her jaw hung open for a moment as Bettie placed a large coffee order. "I mean you've been in the trenches raising money, I think you'd make a great interview," she explained as a voice deep inside of her whispered that what Becca really wanted was to spend more time with the attractive woman.

"Well I'll think about it," Bettie hedged. "My voice is about to give out from all the cheering and chanting I've been doing all night."

"I'll be filming until the courthouse shuts down at five," Becca urged feeling slightly awkward as she stood there holding two cups of coffee while Bettie waited for her order. "If you change your mind," she added hopefully.

"I don't think I will, but thank you," Bettie quietly refused.

"Nice meeting you," Becca sighed before forcing her feet to start moving towards the door.

"You too," Bettie brightly responded causing Becca to quiver ever so slightly.

"What took you so long?" Paul groused upon her return. "I'm about to pass out from exhaustion."

"Hey," she snarled. "There was a long line. Oh, and I met this woman."

"I can't believe you," he huffed as he sipped his coffee. "Here we are covering an historic event and while I'm lugging this monstrosity on my shoulder," he continued while pointing to the large camera he had been carrying all night. "You're out trolling for a date. What'd she look like?" He eagerly concluded.

"Drop dead gorgeous," Becca sighed as she clutched her chest. "I invited her to do an interview," she explained as Paul choked on his coffee.

"You what?" He coughed. "I can't believe you, using your position to snare some poor unsuspecting lesbian."

"Oh so when you kept filming that fireman's butt last week instead of focusing on me that was professional?" Becca sneered. "I swear I never saw so much footage of a man's ass during a little brush fire."

"Ryan liked it," Paul boldly proclaimed.

"I'm sure he did," Becca chuckled. "For your information, I did not invite Bettie to do the interview because she has an amazing smile and mesmerizing violet eyes. She's a fund raiser for the Freedom to Marry Coalition."

"I see," he nodded as he furrowed his brow. "A fund raiser who would be more insightful than the head of the coalition who we filmed two hours ago."

"What's your point?" Becca snapped before waving him off. "Doesn't matter she shot me down."

"Ah," he whined with false concern. "We have about twenty minutes before we're on again. Want to try filming someone you're not trying to date?"

"Shut up," she pouted as he snorted in amusement.

"Ah, there is that rapier wit that earned your spot in front of the camera," he taunted as she scowled in response.

Throughout the day Paul took delight in taunting and teasing the weary reporter several times she managed to flip him off without it being caught on tape. While she was pretending not to hear Paul's witty repartee she scanned the crowd hoping for a glimpse of Bettie. A few times she delighted in capturing the tall brunette's gaze. Each time she would sigh deeply as their gazes lingered longer and longer.

Finally the hoopla began to die down once the courthouse closed their doors for the day. It had truly been a landmark event that made Becca's small participation pale in comparison. The sidewalks began to clear as newlyweds, protestors and the police drifted away. She was left alone with the other news teams and her crew. "One last shoot for the six and we can call it day

boys," she informed the weary lot.

"Pity wonder woman never showed up," Paul teased her as she heard the crew snickering in her earpiece.

"You guys suck," she growled as she once again fixed her makeup and hair. "She did look at me."

"Be still my beating heart," Paul blew out as he lifted his camera. "Almost time. Holy shit," he stammered as he lowered the camera and his eyes bugged out.

"What?" Becca gasped. "Do I have lipstick on my teeth?" She urgently inquired as she held up her compact. She almost dropped it when she spied the image standing directly behind her. She snapped it shut and spun around quickly. "Hi." She greeted Bettie as her mind suddenly became devoid of thought.

"I hope I'm not interrupting," Bettie shyly apologized.

"No, no, not at all," Becca blurted out much too quickly. She paused and cleared her throat in an effort to regain some modicum of dignity. "We were just about to do our last broadcast. Have you changed your mind?"

"Oh no," Bettie responded with a lilting laugh. "I'm not suitable to be seen by the public."

"She's kidding right?" Paul gasped.

"Bettie, this is Paul my cameraman," Becca smiled as she introduced her friend. "Paul this is Bettie, the woman I told you about who worked for the coalition and who apparently has never looked in a mirror."

"What?" Bettie curiously responded. "I, Uhm, just wanted to say it was nice meeting you."

"It was nice meeting you as well," Becca gushed slightly. "So, where to now? There must be some party demanding your presence."

"Several," Bettie responded with an adorable quirk of her lips. "Most of them are wedding receptions. I don't know I'm just not really up for more after the past couple of days. It is strange. I'm completely wiped out and exhilarated at the same time."

"I know what you mean," Becca agreed as she allowed her gaze to shyly glimpse the taller woman's well-defined body.

"What about you?" Bettie timidly asked. "You don't have to stay out here all night again do you?"

"No," Becca groaned. "Twenty hours fulfills my requirement. One last broadcast and I'm out of

here. Thankfully it will be quick. I stand here and say the streets may be empty now, yada, yada, yada."

"Oh?" Bettie responded as she began to rock nervously on her heels.

Becca shook her head as she listened to the crude comments coming from the van. "Are you all right?" Bettie asked with concern as the blonde kept jerking her neck.

"My crew is being rambunctious," Becca explained as she tapped her earpiece and tried to ignore the comments being made regarding Bettie's attributes and that Becca should just pounce on the woman.

"Stop jerking around," Paul cautioned the reporter as he motioned for Bettie to move out of the shot. "Bettie, did you know that our lovely reporter is going to spend her night celebrating by throwing on a disgusting pair of old sweats and eating her way through Ben and Jerry's entire line?"

"Paul!" Becca squeaked in horror as he held up his hand.

"Five," he began to verbally count down as his fingers held up the appropriate number. "Four," he continued the following numbers were silently signaled as Becca tried to regain her composure.

"The streets may be empty now, but earlier today they were overflowing with newlyweds and protestors alike," she began somehow managing not to fumble during her report. "You suck," she spat out when she knew that the studio had cut to a clip.

"Is that being taped?" Bettie gasped.

"No, the studio is running stuff we filmed earlier," she quickly explained before she held up her finger cautioning the brunette that she was about to be on the air. "Coming on the heels of this landmark event, the governors of Rhode Island and New York have announced that their states will recognize these marriages," she continued her body humming as she watched Bettie step behind Paul.

Becca was amazed that she didn't fumble once as Bettie's eyes held her captive. "This is Rebecca Berman reporting live from Cambridge city hall."

"And we're clear," Paul announced as he wearily lowered his heavy equipment.

"Thank Christ," Becca grumbled as she slapped her microphone into his body. "You're a jerk," she muttered so only he could hear.

"Someone has to help you," he snidely whispered in response. "Don't make me ask her out for you," he softly threatened.

"That was amazing," Bettie complimented them oblivious to the bantering that had just transpired. "I never knew there was so much involved," she continued as Becca unleashed her earpiece tossing the equipment at Paul.

"Oh that was nothing," Becca shrugged it off. "What you've done is amazing. Makes me feel like a slug for just writing checks and taking pictures."

"I take the pictures, you just look pretty," Paul corrected her as he gathered up the equipment. "Speaking of pretty,"

"Drop dead," Becca hissed as she pushed him aside.

"Okay?" Bettie began as her brow wrinkled. "I know he's gay but what was that all about?" She inquired as Paul trudged towards the van with the network logo plastered on the side.

"Oh that?" Becca stammered. "He's just a dufus."

"Okay," Bettie nodded. "Cause for half a moment I thought he was trying to get me to dissuade you from going home to an empty apartment and eating yourself into a sugar coma."

"Well that too," Becca confessed muttering her embarrassment.

"That isn't really what you had planned for tonight is it?" Bettie inquired her voice squeaking slightly as she spoke.

"Glamorous isn't it?" Becca laughed. "Truth is that with the hours I work that's pretty much what I do most nights except the menu does vary slightly. You never said what you were planning to celebrate this auspicious occasion."

"Bubbles," Bettie coyly retorted. "Champagne and a bubble bath. As much as I'd love to celebrate with my friends and how proud I am of this day, being single on a day that celebrates love is kind of a bummer. But at least now when I meet the right woman hopefully we can get married and spend the rest of our days arguing over whose turn it is to take out the trash."

They lingered for a moment, as each of them seemed unable of speaking. "So?" Becca finally stammered.

"So?" Bettie nervously retorted before they were, once again, encompassed in a stilted silence. Becca shivered as Paul approached standing between them with his hands on his hips.

"Pathetic," he grumbled. "Fine before the two of you take root in the sidewalk, allow me. Becca would you like to join Bettie for an impromptu, albeit intimate, celebration? Bettie would you like Becca to come play with your bubbles?"

"Paul?" Becca barked as her face turned a deep shade of crimson. Adding to her discomfort was the way Bettie was laughing hysterically at his antics. "Don't encourage him," she cautioned the

brunette.

"He's right," Bettie sniffed as she wiped a tear from her cheek. "Becca I live a couple of blocks away would you like to celebrate with me?"

Becca's jaw hung open at the brunette's sudden assurgency of bravado. "Say thank you, yes and go," Paul scolded her.

"Yes, thank you, we're going," she added as she cuffed him on the back of his head before following after the leggy brunette. She stuffed her hands in the pockets of her trench coat as she took a moment to appreciate the gentle sway of Bettie's hips before she quickened her stride and walked beside the attractive brunette. "I can't believe he did that." She offered in apology.

"I'm glad he did," Bettie chuckled lightly the sound of her light laughter reverberating throughout Becca's body. "I was to shy too invite you, as for my bubbles I am more than happy to offer you some champagne and a comfortable chair to sit in. You must be exhausted after standing all night long."

"You as well," Becca offered as they entered the brick faced apartment building. "You sure you don't mind. I feel terrible for delaying you from your bubble bath."

"Well," Bettie muttered shyly as a deep shade of crimson crept across her chiseled features. "Maybe you won't."

Becca swallowed hard at the implication as Bettie fumbled with her keys and unlocked the door to her apartment. Her skin erupted with goose bumps as Bettie closed the door behind them. When the brunette shed her jacket and stretched out her body, Becca followed suit. "Have a seat?" Bettie graciously offered her voice still raw from the day's events.

"Ah," Becca moaned with pleasure as she collapsed into the comfortable sofa. "Bliss," she sighed as her eyes fluttered shut.

"I'll be right back," Bettie murmured softly in her ear evoking Becca's skin to prickle once again.

Becca could hear Bettie rumbling about her kitchen, which was located a few steps from the tiny living room. The blonde opened her eyes and drank in the comfortable surroundings of the one bedroom apartment, which was typical of the area. *'No roommates,'* she deduced with a sense of delight as she heard Bettie's footsteps approaching her. She kicked off her heels and curled her aching feet beneath her body as Bettie placed a platter and glasses on the coffee table.

"I really don't have much in the way of food," Bettie apologized as she popped open the bottle of Moet blush.

"Strawberries, chocolate and a very nice bottle of champagne," Becca complimented her selection. "I like the way you take a bath."

"It was my treat for me," Bettie explained as she poured each of them a glass. "Tomorrow it is back to the trenches so everyone who was married today, stays married."

"Thank you," Becca offered as she accepted the flute of champagne. "You make me feel like a slug. I haven't protested since before I was on camera."

"It is understandable that you at least have to maintain some appearance of nonbiased behavior," Bettie corrected her. "Although you did seem more than a little biased with your commentary today. It wasn't anything you said, it was just that there was a light in your eyes or is there always a light in your eyes?" Bettie curiously added as she sipped her champagne.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Becca played along as they clinked their glasses together. "To gay marriage one step closer."

"Gay marriage," Bettie concurred with a brilliant smile as she slipped off her shoes and mirrored Becca's position. "Ah, that feels good. I thought all the phone calls, stamp licking and envelope stuffing were hard."

Becca's lips curled into a smile as she studied the taller woman relaxing. She had brushed aside all thoughts that Paul had bullied Bettie into this and she was intruding. Everything about Bettie's demeanor screamed that Becca was more than welcome to share in her intimate celebration. She unbuttoned her blouse slightly in an effort to relax as intense violet eyes studied her.

"Do you like what you do?" Bettie huskily inquired.

"Yes," Becca confirmed with a blissful smile as her mind pondered the possibility of more champagne and just maybe a bubble bath. "I like doing the investigative work and being in the field."

"So you're not trying to sit at the anchor desk?" Bettie inquired as her eyes continued to drink in every curve of Becca's body.

"I doubt Ryan's willing to step aside," Becca quipped. "Honestly I'd rather be on the street talking to people instead of reading from a teleprompter."

"Speaking of Ryan is he?" Bettie curiously began.

"Oh yeah," Becca laughed. "He's not in the closet either. He's even been spokesperson at several gay pride events. The station just prefers to keep it quiet. He and his partner have been together forever. I wouldn't be surprised if they sneak off to city hall tomorrow and get married. You know that's what I'd do."

"Keep it a secret?" Bettie inquired thoughtfully.

"No, not that," Becca smiled as her heart fluttered from the intensity brewing in the brunette's eyes. "As much as I enjoyed sharing this joyous occasion with the hundreds of couples today, I'd

like my wedding to be a private affair. I would like it to be an event that my lover and I would only wish to share with our friends and family without it being part of a media event. I know how upsetting it is when I shove a camera in someone's face. On a day that special the only cameras I'd want to see are those disposable ones you put on the guests tables. And you?"

"I have to agree," Bettie smiled as she traced the rim of her glass with the tip of her finger. Becca's eyes instantly gravitated to the sight. "Only I'd add it should be somewhere outside maybe by the ocean."

"That would be nice," Becca sighed as she watched Bettie's nimble finger caressing her glass as a bead of sweat trickled down along the crystal. "Nicer still that for the first time we can talk about this and it is, for the moment, a reality. Of course it might be a reality if I ever got time off and went on an actual date."

"I hear that," Bettie laughed heartily as she set her glass down and plucked up a strawberry dipping it lightly in the chocolate sauce before capturing it between her teeth.

Becca squeaked softly as her eyes watched the tantalizing vision as an errant drop of chocolate dribbled from Bettie's soft full lips. "Oops," Bettie mumbled as she chewed the berry and went to wipe her mouth.

"Let me," Becca offered as she reached out and collected the dribble with her fingers. Bettie watched as the blonde licked the wayward chocolate from her fingertip. This time it was Bettie who emitted a tiny squeak.

"You're killing me," the brunette blew out as she licked her lips.

"I was just thinking the same about you," Becca confessed.

"I don't normally just invite someone home with me," Bettie confessed. "Maybe it is the excitement of today or spending hours watching your hair glimmering in the sunlight, but I really am glad Paul sent us home together. So, what I'm about to suggest is completely out of character for me."

"What is it you want?" Becca softly encouraged as she brushed the back of her fingers along Bettie's cheek. "You want to take that bubble bath?" She murmured as her fingers drifted down to the nape of the brunette's neck. "You want me to stay? Feed each other berries?"

"Yes," Bettie responded in a hushed whisper as she leaned in brushing her soft lips lightly against the stunned reporter's. Becca's body was reeling from the shy meeting of their lips. The taste of Bettie's lips blending with strawberry and chocolate ignited her senses. She clasped the brunette's head and guided her back in stealing a second kiss.

The second kiss quickly ignited as lips parted and tongues greeted one another taunting and teasing as their bodies melted together. Becca couldn't believe what was happening as she became lost in the taste of Bettie's mouth. "I don't normally do this," she panted out as their lips

parted when the need for air overwhelmed them. "In fact it has been a long time since I've been with anyone."

"Same for me," Bettie murmured as she nuzzled the blonde's neck and began nibbling on her sensitive flesh. "Trust me inviting a stranger home to share my bath is something I've never done before."

Becca released a soft whimper as she laced her fingers through Bettie's long dark hair as she enjoyed the feel of the brunette's body pressing against her own. Becca could feel her lower anatomy pulsating with desire as Bettie's mouth caressed her neck. It was too much for the blonde as she shifted so she could reclaim her lover's lips. Their bodies became entwined as the kiss deepened.

Becca pulled Bettie closer as she felt the brunette's knee parting her thigh. She moaned into the warmth of Bettie's mouth as she straddled the firm thigh that was now pressing against her throbbing center. They swayed against one another as Becca felt a pair of hands slipping down to her firm backside. She could feel her body being lowered onto the sofa as her skirt was lifted to her waist.

She tugged on the brunette's t-shirt as she suckled Bettie's neck knowing that she was leaving her mark on the taller woman. Bettie groaned deeply as Becca suckled her harder while the blonde's tiny hands slipped up and under the brunette's t-shirt.

Becca could feel her desire clinging to her thighs as her hands were busy with freeing the brunette from her bra. Her hips arched as she rubbed her throbbing clit urgently against Bettie's jean clad thigh as her lover fumbled with the blonde's pantyhose. Becca didn't care if it was the history making day or Bettie's irresistible charm fueling her on as she snapped open the brunette's bra and allowed her nimble fingers to caress the newly exposed flesh.

She pushed the brunette's shirt up exposing her firm, round breasts. Becca eagerly reached out cupping them with both hands as she felt her pantyhose and underwear being rolled down to her hips. "If we keep this up we won't make it to the bubble bath," Bettie gasped as Becca's fingers captured her dark nipples between her fingers and began teasing them.

"You're right," Becca panted in response as she felt Bettie's fingers brushing against the damp curls of her mound. Just as the words escaped her she guided her lover back down capturing the beautiful brunette in a searing kiss. Her hands never strayed from her lover's breasts. She deepened the kiss as she felt twin buds hardening from her touch.

Bettie's fingers slipped between her slick folds tracing her wetness slowly. Becca tore her mouth from Bettie's lips and quickly slid down so that her lover's breast was pressing against her lips. Becca flickered her tongue against one of the buds as her lover caressed her swollen nether lips. She suckled Bettie greedily as her hips ground against the brunette's gentle touch.

She growled with disappointment as Bettie's breast slipped from her mouth and the brunette lifted her body while yanking her t-shirt and bra off. "You are such a good kisser," Bettie gasped

keeping her trembling form just out of the blonde's reach. Becca was struggling to breathe as Bettie's focus turned to completely removing the blonde's nylons and panties. Becca could feel her passion pouring from her body as Bettie quickly removed her skirt. "Bath time?" Bettie eagerly squeaked as she stood casting the skirt to the floor.

"You get the berries and I'll get the bubbly," Becca panted in response as she raised her quivering body up. She could feel her knees buckling as she followed after her half naked lover. She set the food and drink down on the vanity, Becca's eager eyes followed her lover's movements as she began to fill the tub. As Bettie poured in a generous amount of vanilla scented bath oil Becca stepped behind her and ran her tongue up along the brunette's spine. Bettie released a throaty moan as she clung to the side of the tub.

The taste of Bettie's sweat covered body fueled on her desires encouraging her reaching around the brunette's waist and lowering the zipper on her jeans. She kissed Bettie's broad shoulders as she tugged the taller woman's jeans and panties down to her hips. "Bubbles," she noted gleefully as she spied the soon to be overflowing tub filling with bubbles.

"Shit," Bettie laughed as she set aside the bottle of bubbles and shut off the tap. The sight of her lover still bending over filled Becca with an aching need. She fell to her knees lowering her lover's clothing and kissing her flesh as she made her descent.

Bettie was still clinging to the tub trembling as she stepped out of her pants and underwear. Becca clasped Bettie's hips running her tongue along the back of her knees before she began licking and kissing her way up the taller woman's legs. Becca only paused briefly so she could shed the remainder of her clothing, tearing her blouse in her urgency. She cast aside the tattered garment and filled her hands with the firm flesh of Bettie's ass. She nudged her lover's thighs apart with her shoulders pressing her erect nipples against the brunette's quivering flesh as she traced her backside with her tongue. "You taste so good," she whispered as her tongue drifted lower.

"Oh God," Bettie cried out as Becca's tongue dipped into her wetness. Becca murmured with pleasure, as she tasted her lover's desire for the first time. She caressed Bettie's bottom as her tongue slipped deeper until she was tickling the brunette's clit with the tip of her tongue. She glided her tongue along her lover's sex while her arm snaked around the brunette's waist. As she drank in Bettie's nectar her eager fingers captured her throbbing nub.

Bettie's wetness filled her fingers and her mouth as the brunette's body swayed against her touch. She continued to feast upon Bettie's succulent juices as she captured her passion with her fingers. Bettie's body began to rock wildly as Becca painted the puckered opening with her wetness. "Do it," Bettie pleaded as Becca teased the opening with her thumb. Bettie cried out as Becca filled her and her mouth tried to capture every drop of passion flowing from her.

Becca's knees ached from the cold tile floor while her lover fought to hold onto the edge of the tub without tumbling into the water. "Becca," Bettie choked out as the blonde's tongue slipped from her warmth. Becca struggled to rise as her lover struggled to hang on. She clasped Bettie's hips drawing her closer. She pressed her wetness inside of her lover grinding urgently against the

taller woman. "Becca, please," Bettie begged as they gyrated against one another. "Fuck me," the brunette whispered her voice rasping with an aching need.

Becca brushed Bettie's hair from her neck and began kissing her while she slipped one of her hands between their bodies. Bettie's wetness filled her hand as the brunette's body thrust backward grinding urgently against the blonde's pulsating clit. Becca curled her fingers and pressed them against the brunette's warm wet center.

Becca's body threatened to explode as Bettie thrust harder trying to impale herself on the blonde's fingers. Becca slipped inside of her lover holding her tightly as she filled her. She felt Becca's body tightening against her fingers as she slipped deeper inside. "You feel so good," she moaned as she wiggled her fingers inside of their cocoon.

Her fingers began to glide slowly as the urgent need brewing inside both of them took over. She teased Becca's clit with her thumb as they rocked together in a frenzied rhythm. Becca thrust harder and deeper inside her lover as she fought to keep the taller woman from falling. The feel of Bettie's ass grinding against her nub threatened to be her undoing as she became adrift and their bodies became one.

Bettie's cries of pleasure echoed through the tiny bathroom as her body exploded. Becca continued pleasuring her lover as Bettie begged her for mercy. "Oh my God," Bettie chanted over and over again as her body convulsed. Becca finally stilled her movements as her lover was sent spiraling into the abyss. Becca slipped from her lover's warmth and held her tenderly.

"Oh my God," Bettie whispered once again as she turned in Becca's embrace while the last waves of passion ebbed from her body.

"And all of those pious assholes out there today said we had no religion," Becca quipped as she held her lover tightly. "I think you've called out for God at least a dozen times since we came in here."

"Shows them," Bettie laughed as she gazed down at her lover with a glowing smile.

"I love your smile," Becca absently confessed as she felt the brunette's hands wandering along the curves of her body. Her reward was another lingering kiss that made her toes curl as their bodies melded together.

"And I love the way you kiss," Bettie confessed while her fingers slipped between the supple valley of Becca's breasts. Becca moaned as her skin prickled from her lover's touch. She placed her hands on Bettie's broad shoulders as the brunette's fingers continued to trace the swell of her breasts.

Becca dug her blunt nails into Bettie's shoulders as she felt the brunette's knee parting her thighs. She clung tighter as Bettie's knuckles brushed against her rose colored nipple. She could feel Bettie holding her steady as she cupped her breast with one hand while slipping the other between their bodies. Becca's emerald orbs fluttered shut as Bettie's fingers slipped between her

slick folds and she began kissing the blonde's neck. As long fingers danced gently against her pulsating nub she could feel Bettie's mouth descending lower until her tongue was flickering against her nipple.

"This bathroom is too damn small," Bettie grumbled against the blonde's flesh as they stumbled slightly. Becca was about to respond when she felt her nipple being captured between the brunette's lips. She whimpered softly as her body arched pressing her breast deeper inside Bettie's mouth. Bettie suckled her greedily as her long fingers caressed her glistening sex.

Becca bit down on her bottom lip as she gave into the pleasure. Her eyes drifted open as her lover stumbled from the awkward position her much larger frame had been in. Bettie blew a warm breath against Becca's hardened nipple before abandoning it. "Bath time," Becca whispered her eyes glazed over with desire.

"Not just yet," Bettie's sultry voice promised as her fingers slipped inside the blonde's center.

"Oh God," Becca cried out as her body thrust against the brunette's hand and thigh.

"Come for me," Bettie urged plunging deeper inside of the reporter's passion. Becca gave into Bettie's request as she frantically rode against the brunette's touch until she was screaming out her lover's name.

Becca was plunged into a warm darkness falling into a lost gap in time as her body shuddered violently. Her bearings slowly returned as she clung tightly to her lover. "Now it is bath time," Bettie hotly promised in her ear. Unable to speak Becca simply nodded her head and allowed her lover to lower her into the warm soapy water.

Once the reporter's vision cleared they began washing one another soapy hands lingering in their favorite places. Reluctantly they decided that their bodies were clean. They relaxed sipping champagne while feeding one another strawberries. Becca couldn't resist dribbling chocolate down her lover's body and licking it clean.

The reporter released a contented sigh as they caressed. "You know," she began before stealing another kiss as she felt Bettie's hand cupping her mound. "Tonight is either going to be a very sweet memory of how I celebrated this memorable day," she smiled as she felt the heel of Bettie's hand grind against her clit.

"Or?" Bettie playfully asked as she continued to tease the blonde.

"Or," Becca choked out. "This is going to be the best first date I've ever experienced."

"I'm hoping for a first date," Bettie smiled as she kissed the blonde's cheek.

"So am I," Becca brightly agreed.

The End.

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