

# ~ Home Improvement ~

by Mavis Applewater

March 2002

---

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 or do not wish to read a story containing graphic descriptions of two consenting adult women in a loving and sexual relationship then do not read this story or anything else I have ever written. If for any reason it illegal for you to view this material go away and do not return until it is no longer a crime.

Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

---

## PART ONE

Joy surveyed the house once again. When she'd first made an offer on the rundown farmhouse, it seemed like a dream come true. Now, eighteen months later, she felt as if she was nearing the end of a nightmare. Who knew that so much work was needed to get the old place back in shape? Her dream house had turned into a money pit. One contractor actually suggested that she should just level the place and start from scratch.

Now all of the repairs were completed with the exception of the plumbing. The one bright spot in the problems with the antiquated plumbing was the plumber. Joy found herself looking forward to Cora's arrival every other day. At first she'd tried to convince herself that it was the thought of being able to shower and have the hot water last long enough for her to not only wash her long black hair, but to shave her legs as well. There was just one small problem. Cora acted like the tall dark-haired woman didn't exist. Well, that wasn't entirely true. Cora did acknowledge her existence; she just didn't seem to like her very much.

Despite Cora's unexpected coldness, Joy was pleased with the work that Cora had completed so far. It was a large project to replace all the old pipes. Now Joy could turn on the tap and not hear a god-awful rumbling or have water come out in a disgusting brown color.

When Joy first met Cora, she was not what Joy had expected. Cora had been recommended by one of the contractors. When the petite blonde with the amazing body first showed up on her doorstep, Joy thought she had died and gone to heaven. Her delight was short lived. Cora only seemed to be interested in business.

At first Joy decided she was up to the challenge. For the first few weeks, she followed the little blonde plumber around like a lost puppy. Cora simply toiled away with the plumbing and didn't give Joy a second glance. That wasn't an unheard of experience for the tall brunette. But since

she stood almost six feet tall with long raven hair, blue eyes, and chiseled features, it wasn't a common experience for Joy either.

It really bugged her that Cora seemed oblivious to her charms. Her friends told her to just give it up. She had found an honest plumber who was doing what she had promised to do. Finally, after she answered the door in only a towel and still received a rather cold reaction from Cora, Joy decided to give up. She suddenly felt like she was harassing the poor woman. Joy decided to leave the plumber alone and just concentrate on doing her own work. She had a deadline to meet. But it still bothered her that Cora was so cold and unfriendly.

She put on a pot of coffee. Looking out into the darkness she awaited Cora's arrival. She watched the falling snow, wondering if the plumber was going to cancel. *'Why is she so hostile?'* Joy pondered. *'That is what's bothering me. She's polite and professional but underneath it all she seems to dislike me intensely.'* Joy continued to mull it over. She knew that she'd come on strong and she'd apologized for that. She had backed off and allowed the plumber her space.

Cora arrived each morning before dawn and slaved away until well after dusk. Then she'd pack up and be on her way. Joy saw the lights of Cora's truck pulling up her long dirt driveway. She watched as the blonde unloaded materials and tools from her truck and stored them on the porch. "Why do you have to be so darn attractive?" Joy sighed opening the door before Cora had a chance to knock.

Joy shivered from the cold since she was only dressed in a pair of jeans and a light t-shirt. She'd ensured that she was always properly dressed since the towel incident. "Hi," Joy greeted the blonde who was bundled up like an Eskimo.

"Ms. Carson," Cora responded with a nod.

"I was afraid that you might cancel with the weather being so bad," Joy said in a friendly manner.

"Four wheel drive," Cora explained removing her boots before entering Joy's home.

Joy was use to the blonde's shortness in answering. She simply nodded. "There's some coffee in the kitchen if you would like to warm up," Joy offered, keeping her tone light.

"I should get started," Cora said crisply. "I don't know how long I can stay with the weather and all."

"Fine." Joy sighed with regret. "I'll be in my office if you need anything."

Joy settled down in front of her computer and tried to get some work done. She stared blankly at her computer screen. She just couldn't understand Cora. Joy had tried to bury the hatchet several times. Cora only seemed interested in burying it in her skull. Granted, the petite plumber never said anything. It was the way she spoke to Joy that was so unsettling. Joy could feel the waves of hostility getting stronger each day.

It had been about a month since she'd stopped flirting with the blonde. The nicer Joy tried to be, the more hostile Cora seemed to become. Joy was trying to let the whole thing go. Cora would be finished soon enough and then they would never need to see one another again. From her office, she could hear Cora fighting with the new hot water heater in the basement.

Joy had to smile as the woman chatted away. Cora might not talk much to Joy but once she was alone the little blonde was a chatterbox. Joy couldn't help but smile. It was a habit she had developed herself. She worked at home and she was alone most of the time. It seemed natural to have debates with her computer. *'Nothing wrong with talking to yourself, so long as nobody starts answering,'* Joy mused to herself.

Joy settled down to get some work done on her latest book. She had published four moderately successful children's books. The money had allowed her to leave the corporate jungle just in the nick of time and buy her own home. She needed to get number five out there since the house was sucking her dry. She worked on the graphics for the further adventures of Marvin the misguided monkey and his friend, Percy the polka-dotted penguin, a string of obscenities escaped from the basement.

"Well, it seems the new water heater is giving Cora a hard time." Joy chuckled. "Who knew such a cute thing could have such a foul mouth?" Joy continued to laugh as she heard Cora string together some very interesting vocabulary.

As the banging and cursing died down, Joy refocused on her work. Hours later her stomach growled loudly. "Okay, I'll feed you, you beast," Joy conceded as she patted her stomach. She saved her work and shut down her computer. Then she made her way into the kitchen and began to search the cabinets. She was hungry but was clueless as to what she wanted to eat.

The basement door swung open and a weary looking Cora emerged. Her short blonde hair was ruffled, her shirt was mussed and she had a smear of what appeared to be dirt on her cheek. "Who won?" Joy said in attempt to lighten the plumber's mood.

She was surprised when Cora actually smiled. It was for the briefest of moments but the blonde had smiled. It quickly vanished and Cora's face returned to it's normally bored expression. *'Oops, for a moment you forgot you don't like me. Can't have that happening now can we?'*

"The water heater is in," Cora explained dryly. "You can take a shower in a few hours."

"Thank you," Joy said brightly, hoping that the smile would return. It didn't.

"I'm going to start on replacing the fixtures and take care of that leak here in the kitchen," Cora explained in her normally dry tone. "If I have time before the roads get bad, I'll snake out the tub in the master bath. That should solve the slow drainage problem."

"Why does that happen?" Joy inquired. "I mean, since the pipes are new?"

"Your hair," Cora said flatly.

"Oh," Joy responded in a deflated voice.

"I can recommend some preventative measures before I go," Cora continued in the same droll tone.

"Thank you," Joy responded, trying to keep her voice light despite Cora's clipped tone.

"I'm going to shut the water off up here," Cora continued in the same irritating manner.

"Oh, I was just going to make some lunch," Joy explained.

"I can start upstairs," Cora clipped.

"Would you like to join me?" Joy offered hopefully.

"No, thank you," Cora snapped. "I'll start upstairs so I won't be in your way."

"Fine," Joy said with a heavy sigh.

She watched the blonde plumber leave the kitchen. "You think you could use that snake to get the bug out of your ass?" She said once she was certain Cora was out of earshot. Joy went about making herself a sandwich and a cup of soup. She could hear Cora moving about upstairs. Once again the blonde was chatting away. "Maybe she's just her own best friend," Joy reasoned as she ate her lunch.

## PART TWO

Joy settled down after lunch and started working again. She was lost in her new project and didn't realize how much time had passed until she noticed that it was getting dark. She turned on some lights and went to do the same in the other rooms. The temperature had dropped so she lit a fire in the living room. She then worked her way upstairs and decided to light a fire in her bedroom as well. The up side to the old farmhouse was all the fireplaces. The down side was she needed to light them if she wanted the old place to heat up when it was cold.

As she entered her bedroom she saw Cora kneeling by the bathtub. She sighed contently noticing the woman's firm backside. There was something about the khaki's and matching work shirt that gave Joy a little shiver of delight. She turned away from her ogling. Joy stacked the wood in the fireplace and began to light the fire. "You suck." Cora was talking to herself again. Joy fought against the urge to go and sneak another peek at the blonde. Once the fire was going full blast, Joy gave in to temptation and peeked into the bathroom.

In disbelief, Joy's crystal blue eyes took in the black mess in her big round bathtub. "Did all of that come off me?" she asked in a disgusted tone.

Cora jumped slightly. "I should put a bell on you," the blonde muttered. Joy's eyebrows shot up in amusement. "Yes, Ms. Carson," Cora responded as she turned slightly towards Joy. The blonde's hands and arms were covered with black gunk. "I'll have this cleaned up before I leave," Cora finished turning back to her work.

"You always do," Joy noted cheerfully. It was the truth. Cora, unlike so many other workers, always left her house cleaner than when she started. Most of them didn't care if they soiled the carpet or left a big mess. "You do good work," Joy added thoughtfully as Cora's back stiffened. *'Too bad your personality sucks wind,'* she thought sadly as she watched Cora grow more uncomfortable with her presence. "Well, I'll get out of your hair," Joy teased. Cora chuckled lightly at her poor attempt at a pun.

"Twice in one day," Joy said thoughtfully as she descended the staircase. When she reached her living room she noticed the weather had turned foul. Cora's truck was completely buried. "This isn't good," she said slowly.

Joy flipped on the outside lights to see if things were as bad as she thought. "I'm going to have one unhappy plumber on my hands." She groaned as she looked for her now nonexistent driveway. "Four wheel drive or not, she isn't going anywhere tonight."

At moments like this Joy really wished she lived with someone. She flipped off the outside lights, she dreaded the thought of telling the hostile plumber that they were snowed in. For a moment the brunette wondered if she could just hide in her office and feign innocence. "Ugh," she groaned as she climbed the staircase once again.

"All clean up here," Cora stated with her normal flat tone as she emerged from the bedroom.

"You work fast." Joy stalled, noticing that Cora's arms and hands were now clean as well. Cora simply nodded in response and tried to move past Joy. "Uhm, I have some bad news," the writer began hesitantly. Green eyes blinked in confusion as Cora once again tried to move past her. The brunette reached out to halt Cora's movement. The blonde pulled away from her; the movement reeked of anger. "I'm not making a pass," Joy snapped.

"I know," Cora grunted. "You've taken 'no' for answer and I appreciate that."

"Fine," Joy responded with some bitterness. "Look, I just wanted to tell you that you're snowed in."

"What?" Cora gasped in horror. "But I have . . ."

"Four wheel drive," Joy finished for her. "That will get you out of my driveway. But unless you've got a plow hooked up to that old truck of yours, you'll never make it down the back road."

Cora grunted as the veins in her neck bulged. The smaller woman brushed past Joy and made her way down the staircase. Their bodies touched lightly in passing and Joy's body tingled from the

contact. Joy held her hand to her chest. For some unexplainable reason her heart was beating wildly.

When she had finally gathered her composure, Joy returned downstairs to find Cora standing out on the porch muttering like an idiot. She retreated to the kitchen and began to prepare dinner. She'd thrown a chicken in the oven by the time she heard Cora enter the kitchen. "Satisfied?" Joy inquired as she washed a couple of potatoes. She didn't look up; she couldn't bear to see the anger she knew was in Cora's eyes.

"I'll just keep working and leave first thing in the morning," Cora said flatly.

"Okay, that's it," Joy said tossing the spuds into the oven next to the chicken. She slammed the oven door shut and spun around to face Cora who seemed completely flustered. "I don't know what you have against me. I know I was way out of line the first couple of weeks, but I've apologized for that."

"It's not that," Cora said quietly.

"Would you mind telling me what it is about me that you dislike so intensely?" Joy quipped as she stared down at the smaller woman. Cora simply folded her arms across her chest and glared at Joy. "Fine. Have it your way. But you are not working anymore tonight," Joy stated firmly. "It's my home and I will not have you banging around all night. Now go take a shower and test the new water heater. I'll find some sweats for you to wear. Then you can join me for dinner. You can sleep in the guest room."

Cora opened her mouth to protest. "No arguments," Joy asserted. "You haven't eaten all day. If it will make you feel better, you can take your dinner up to your room and lock the door." Joy felt like a jerk ordering Cora around but she wouldn't let the woman drive in a blizzard or starve.

Joy waited for some kind of response from the adorable plumber. Finally Cora's shoulders slumped. "Dawn Russell," she said.

"Gross," Joy sneered. Simply hearing Dawn's name made her stomach turn. "Look, I'm sorry if that freak is a friend of yours but that is one name I had hoped that I would never hear again." Joy watched as Cora's face darkened with sadness. "I only dated her for a couple of months. She was nice enough but she was too interested in my financial standing. Not to mention she forgot to tell me that she already had a girlfriend."

"You didn't know?" Cora said quietly.

"No," Joy snapped. "And believe me, I didn't fall for the old 'my wife doesn't understand me' line of bull."

Joy was fuming at the memory of how Dawn had tried to justify her infidelity once Joy had found out. It was almost a year ago when she'd overheard one of Dawn's friends in the ladies' room at the nightclub they had gone out to. She raced upstairs and confronted Dawn. The

irritating woman spat out the usual excuses. None of which Joy bought for a single moment. The lengths people would go to in order to justify having an affair always amazed her. She had stared at Dawn and realized that this was not the woman for her. "Goodbye," was all she'd said before walking out of Dawn's life. Dawn did call a few days later but Joy refused to answer the telephone.

Dawn left endless messages on her answering machine, swearing up and down how she'd left her lover. Joy never returned the calls. After a few months Dawn finally stopped calling. Now she had to relive the nightmare. She stared down at Cora who was chewing her bottom lip nervously.

### PART THREE

"So how do you know Dawn?" Joy finally inquired in a wry tone, unable to stand the silence any longer.

"I'm her ex," Cora said softly.

"What?" Joy stammered, finally understanding just why Cora disliked her. "You were the girlfriend?"

"Yeah," Cora said so softly that Joy almost didn't hear her.

"I swear I walked away the moment I found out," Joy asserted.

"I believe you," Cora responded with sincerity.

"Well, no wonder you've been treating me like a red-headed stepchild," Joy said. "Why would you take a job for the woman who thought broke up your relationship?"

"Dawn cleaned me out," Cora groaned. "I needed the money. As much as I wanted to tell you to shove it, I have loans due. This job will put me back in the black. I hated working for you but I couldn't not take the job."

"Wait. She was the one running around," Joy said in a puzzled tone. "How did she clean you out?"

"She kicked me out so the two of you could be together," Cora explained. "Next thing I knew she got a lawyer. After months of making my life a living hell, I finally gave in and gave her whatever she wanted just to get rid of her. Unfortunately what she wanted was everything. I built my business up from nothing; it was thriving. I had a full staff and a fleet of trucks. In the end I had to let my employees go and sell all but one of the trucks. That old bucket of bolts outside is all that's left. She even took my dog just for spite."

"Well, that confirms something that I have long suspected; she really is Satan," Joy quipped.

Cora laughed at the comment. "I'm sorry I've been so hostile towards you," Cora apologized.

"Well, I'm certain that my flirting with you didn't help," Joy admitted.

"That was confusing," Cora said absently.

"Uh huh," Joy noted with interest. "So are you ready to test out that hot water heater?"

Cora nodded in response. Joy led her back upstairs and dug out a clean towel and a fresh pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt. Cora thanked her and smiled shyly. Joy smiled in return and left the blonde alone with her thoughts. She checked on dinner and then settled in the living room, flipping on the television to check the weather report.

"It doesn't look good," Cora commented from behind her.

"Feeling better?" Joy inquired as she turned her attention towards the blonde. The sight of the smaller woman lost in her large clothing brought a smile to her lips.

"In a lot of ways." Cora sighed contentedly. "Thanks for not letting me leave," she added, nodding towards the television.

"My pleasure," Joy said with a shy smile. "Dinner should be about ready. Are you hungry?"

"Yes," Cora responded eagerly.

The two women enjoyed the meal while chatting away. Joy felt completely at ease with Cora. After dinner Cora helped her clean up. Joy was hoping to extend the evening but Cora's yawn derailed that plan. She showed Cora to the guest room and then went to take her own shower. As she enjoyed the endless stream of hot water, she couldn't help thinking about the small plumber sleeping in the next room.

Thoughts of what Cora had said about being confused kept the brunette awake for most of the evening. Joy overslept the next morning and missed Cora's departure. She felt a strange sense of emptiness when she discovered her clothing and the note. In the note Cora thanked her for the previous night and apologized for leaving so early. She would be returning in a couple of days to finish her work.

## PART FOUR

A few days later, knocking at the front door awoke Joy. She jumped out of bed, knowing it was Cora. She quickly wrapped a robe around her naked body and raced downstairs. She paused for a moment before opening the door. She panicked momentarily; despite the revelations that had been made, Cora might maintain her professional attitude. Joy braced herself before opening the door slowly.

"Good morning," Cora said cheerfully, "Sorry to wake you. "Nice outfit," she teased. Joy was a little taken aback as she allowed Cora to enter. The plumber handed her a cup of coffee. "I thought you might need this."

"Thank you," Joy said as she happily accepted the cup.

"Sorry about rushing off the other morning," Cora continued as she removed her boots. "The roads were clear, and with the cold weather a lot of folks had pipes burst and a lot of other problems."

"Your job must keep you hopping," Joy commented as she admired Cora's work uniform. *'What is it about a woman in uniform?'* she pondered once again.

"That it does." Cora smiled as she picked up her toolbox. "I'm going to shut off the water to the kitchen sink. Would you like me to put on a pot of coffee before I do that?"

"Thank you," Joy said as she stared at the smaller woman.

Cora nodded and made her way into the kitchen. "I think I'm going to really enjoy the way things have changed," Joy noted as she followed Cora. Joy watched Cora fill her coffee maker with water. Joy couldn't believe the change in the small plumber. She smiled at how relaxed the blonde appeared. Joy sipped her coffee noting that it was black - just the way she liked it.

Joy tightened the robe around her body. She was just about to go back upstairs and change into more appropriate attire when Cora turned around. "I've noticed that you go through about a pot a day," Cora said brightly as she rolled up her sleeves.

"When I'm working I do drink a lot of coffee," Joy explained as Cora knelt in front of the kitchen sink. Joy didn't know if it was Cora's change in attitude, but the blonde seemed even more attractive. *'I thought I was lusting after her before! I'm already wet and I just standing here looking at her!'*

"Right, Marvin the Monkey and Percy the Penguin," Cora commented as she stuck her head into the cabinet below the sink. "I never got that," Cora said as she emerged.

"Got what?" Joy questioned with curiosity.

"Why are a monkey and a penguin hanging out together?" Cora teased, her emerald eyes twinkling up at her.

"That's the point," Joy explained. "Even though they come from different worlds, they're still friends." Cora just shot her a curious glance before turning her attention to her toolbox. "Wait! You've read my books?"

"I bought them for my brother's kids," Cora defended herself. "They love them. Still, I just don't get how Percy and Marvin hooked up in the first place. I mean, one is a monkey and the other is

a penguin. One couldn't exist in the other's climate."

"Everyone's critic," Joy responded in a droll tone.

Cora chuckled merrily. "One other thing," Cora continued. Joy rolled her eyes in exasperation. "Aren't Marvin and Percy just a little too close?"

"What are you saying?" Joy shot back, knowing full well what Cora was implying. She had heard it before and she liked knowing that just as many adults enjoyed her books as children.

"They act like a pair of old married queens," Cora responded in a lighthearted tone.

"There is no subtext in those stories," Joy responded with an exaggerated gasp.

"Right," Cora snorted. "Let me guess; you based the characters on a couple you know that have been together forever. Both are men and are probably fastidious dressers."

"Perish the thought." Joy played along. "That reminds me. I'm having dinner with Marv and Perc tomorrow night," she added in a thoughtful tone.

"I knew it," Cora cheered.

Joy drained the last of the coffee that Cora had brought for her and tossed out the paper cup. "Well, as much as I would like to, I can't stand here all morning in my bathrobe," Joy announced.

"Pity," Cora said softly. *Interesting,* Joy noted thoughtfully.

"Is the water upstairs okay?" Joy inquired.

"Yes, I've only shut off the water flow to this sink," Cora explained. "How's the hot water upstairs?"

"Great," Joy responded eagerly. "Now I can shower, wash my hair, and shave my legs in one fell swoop."

"It doesn't take much to make you happy," Cora teased.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Joy purred.

"How's the drain?" Cora responded casually. Joy noticed that the plumber was blushing slightly.

"Great," Joy confirmed. "It's really nice not to find myself standing in a couple inches of water. So my hair does that?"

"Yes," Cora confirmed as she continued to sort through her tools. "As beautiful as it is, I'm certain that you've noticed that it tends to end up all over your bathroom."

"Tell me about it," Joy grumbled. "It gets everywhere. Sometimes I'm tempted to cut it all off."

"No," Cora protested with a whimper.

Joy was so tempted to just cross the kitchen, drop to her knees, and kiss the smaller woman senseless. She took a cleansing breath and steadied herself. Finally feeling strong enough to walk away, she turned to leave the kitchen.

"Joy?" Cora's soft gentle voice halted her movements.

Joy felt lightheaded from hearing Cora use her first name. She turned slowly, hoping that the plumber couldn't see how flushed her features had become. "I just wanted to thank you again for the other night," Cora explained with a tender sincerity.

"There's no need to thank me," Joy reassured her.

"You could have fired me because of my crappy attitude," Cora pointed out.

"No way," Joy scoffed. "Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a good plumber?"

Cora's smile brightened the room. Joy couldn't help but smile in return before dragging herself away from the smaller woman who caused her pulse to race. As Joy stepped into the shower, she wondered if she should give the new hot water heater a break and cool her jets with a nice cold shower.

After she had showered and dressed in a pair of jeans and an old t-shirt, she blew dry her hair. The process of drying the locks seemed to take an eternity. Finally she found herself reentering the kitchen. The sight that greeted her was too much for her libido to withstand. Her mouth went dry; Cora was lying on her back on the kitchen floor. The blonde's head was tucked under the sink. Her knees were bent and her thighs spread slightly.

Joy could see the muscles of Cora's body twitch each time she moved. She whimpered before she could stop herself. Joy clamped her hand over her mouth and watched to see if Cora had noticed. Much to Joy's relief, Cora continued to work.

The brunette stepped carefully around Cora's prone figure to get to the coffee pot. She reached for a mug on the counter. Instead of filling it, she just stood there looking down at Cora's inviting body. With each twitch and squirm, Cora sent a jolt of desire through Joy's entire being. Joy could feel her breathing grow heavy as she stood there, mesmerized by Cora's movements.

"Come on and tighten, you son of a . . .," Cora grumbled from beneath the sink as Joy fought against the desire to drop to her knees and touch the plumber. A loud thud followed by a loud "Ouch!" emanated from under the sink. Joy placed her empty coffee mug on the counter and she dropped to her knees. "Are you all right?" Joy called out as she crouched beside Cora, her hand accidentally resting on Cora's firm thigh.

"Damn it!" Cora called out as another loud thud was heard. Joy's eyes widened fearfully as Cora extracted her body from underneath the sink. Joy hovered over her as she leaned against a cabinet rubbing her temple. "Cora?" Joy squeaked out, worried that the blonde had injured herself. Without thinking she reached out to touch the red mark on the plumber's forehead. Cora captured her inquisitive fingers in her hand.

"I'm all right," Cora reassured her in a gentle voice.

"Are you sure?" Joy asked fearfully leaning closer to get a better look.

As Joy leaned in, their nipples accidentally brushed, sending a shiver down Joy's spine. She fought back the moan that welled up inside of her. She inspected the bruise that was forming on Cora's forehead, blissfully aware that the plumber was still holding her hand. "I'm fine," Cora said softly, her breath caressing Joy's neck.

Joy trembled as she felt Cora's breath on her skin. She was breathing heavily as she looked down at Cora, watching the rapid rise and fall of her chest. Joy swallowed hard her mouth suddenly went dry. Joy's blue eyes drifted up and the writer found herself trapped by a fiery green gaze. "Are you certain that you're not hurt?" Joy managed to inquire.

"Never felt better," Cora confessed softly. "If it would make you feel better, you can kiss it to make it better."

Joy's eyes fluttered shut as she tilted her head. Her lips burned as she brushed them gently across Cora's injury. The taste of sweat caressed her lips and she licked them, savoring the taste of the blonde. She opened her eyes and looked down at the smaller woman. The look of pure desire she was greeted with further fueled her own unyielding hunger.

Joy tilted her head once again, this time leaning towards the blonde's full lips. She felt Cora's body lean into her as their lips met. Joy lost herself in the sweet softness of Cora's lips. She felt the blonde releasing her hand and clasping her hips. Cora lifted the taller woman up so she could straddle her body as the kiss deepened.

Joy felt the plumber's tongue gently caress her lips, silently begging for entrance. Joy moaned as she parted them, granting her lover entrance. As their tongues engaged in a passionate duel, Cora's hands slipped up under Joy's T-shirt. Joy's body trembled as Cora's fingers weaved a tantalizing trail up her torso.

Joy pressed closer to Cora silently thanking herself for not wearing a bra that morning. The blonde cupped Joy's firm full breasts gently. Joy's body arched into Cora's as small hands teased her breasts. She moaned into Cora's mouth her nipples were rolled between the blonde's fingers. Joy's hips rocked against Cora's body she broke away from the kiss, gasping for air.

"So beautiful," Cora whispered pulling Joy's shirt up just high enough to reveal a breast. Joy was panting heavily as Cora captured her nipple in her mouth. The brunette continued to thrust

against her lover grabbing the small counter edge in front of the sink. With her other hand Joy clasped the back of Cora's head, encouraging her to take more of her.

With one hand Cora held Joy's breast so she could suckle it greedily, while her other hand gently massaged Joy's backside. Joy could feel the material of her jeans pressing against her throbbing clit as her lover began to tease her nipple with her teeth and her tongue.

Joy felt alive for the first time in years as her lover's hand moved from her backside and nudged between her thighs. She knew that Cora could feel her wetness through her jeans when the blonde cupped her mound. With the palm of her hand Cora drove Joy insane, moving it in a circular motion. Joy found herself riding against the movement of Cora's hand as Cora suckled her nipple harder. Joy's thighs began to tremble; she clutched the counter tighter begging her lover for release. Joy could feel the sweat rolling down her back as her senses exploded.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she could hear the wood of the cabinet doors rattling as they rocked wildly against each other. "Yes," Joy hissed as her lover's mouth and hand increased their sensual rhythm. Her head fell back as the release she had been begging for raged through her body. She knew she cried out in pleasure as her thighs closed tightly, capturing Cora's hand.

Joy's body continued to tremble as the waves of pleasure flowed through her. The brunette fought to steady her breathing as a pair of emerald eyes twinkled up at her. She was still panting heavily as Cora's tongue began to circle her aching nipple again. "Is this what you meant when you said that you were confused?" Joy managed to inquire in a shaky tone.

Cora leaned her head back against the cabinet and smiled up at her. "Yes," she confessed in a rich tone. "I hated you, and still you were so damn attractive that I felt myself being drawn to you. I was confused because I found myself fantasizing about someone I thought was evil."

Joy leaned in and reclaimed Cora's lips; she pressed the full length of her body against the woman beneath her while her tongue explored the sweet warmth of her mouth. She felt Cora's body arch against her own as she deepened the kiss. They broke away, gasping for air. Cora's hands were running up and down Joy's back. "Still think I'm evil?" she purred as Cora blushed.

"No," Cora choked out.

"Good," Joy responded in a lascivious tone. She pulled away from Cora slightly. The blonde whimpered as she reached out for Joy's breasts.

"I wasn't done with those," Cora teased her.

Joy leaned further back and pulled her shirt over her head and tossed it across the kitchen. Cora smiled eagerly as she tried to lean in. Joy placed a gentle but firm hand on the blonde's shoulder, halting her movement. Cora stared up at her curiously as Joy simply smiled at her.

Gently Joy pulled her lover slightly away from the cabinet and then laid her down on the floor. Joy supported herself above her lover and leaned in and began kissing Cora's face gently. She

worked her way across Cora's cherubic features, leaving butterfly kisses in her wake.

Joy then worked her way down Cora's neck, using her tongue to taste her lover's skin thoroughly. Cora moaned with desire. Joy's mouth continued to feast upon Cora's skin as she worked her way lower. She slowly unbuttoned Cora's shirt and kissed every inch of skin that was revealed to her.

Cora shifted and allowed Joy to remove her shirt and then her sports bra. "I'm in heaven," Joy whispered running her fingers along the swell of Cora's breasts.

"I'm right there with you," Cora groaned as Joy's palms began to tease the blonde's nipples. Joy's excitement grew as she continued to tease the blonde's breasts.

Joy's mouth was watering and she couldn't hold back any longer. She lowered herself, pausing for a moment as their bare skin touched for the first time. She kissed Cora gently on her lips before moving to her breasts. Joy's tongue circled one nipple, her fingers teasing the other. Cora's body was moving sensually beneath her. Joy suckled upon Cora's nipple greedily as her lover arched beneath her. Cora's moans further fanned the flames of desire as Joy pleased one breast before lavishing the same attention on the other and then back again.

Cora's fingers wove through Joy's raven tresses, pulling her lover closer. Joy knew she was driving her lover to the brink as the smaller woman wrapped her legs around Joy's body. Joy's body was pulsating with earth-shattering desire as she kissed her way down Cora's body. The blonde reluctantly unwrapped her legs from around Joy's waist. The brunette kissed and tasted Cora's taut abdomen, feeling her lover tremble from her touch.

Joy dipped her tongue into Cora's navel before rising slightly. She unbuttoned Cora's work pants and then slowly lowered the zipper. Cora whimpered in anticipation as Joy removed her pants and underwear. Joy could see the evidence of her lover's arousal as she kissed her way up Cora's legs. With each brush of her lips and tongue, Joy felt her lover quiver from her touch.

Joy settled herself between her lover's trembling thighs. Cora draped her legs over Joy's shoulders as the brunette lifted her to her mouth. She blew a gentle breath across Cora's damp golden curls. Cora moaned as her body arched once again. Joy tasted her lover slowly, allowing her tongue to gently caress Cora's slick folds.

Joy was lost in the taste of her lover's passion as she began to feast upon the blonde eagerly. Cora was begging for release as Joy pressed her tongue against the opening of the blonde's center. She entered her quickly and began to thrust her tongue in and out of her lover as her thumb teased the blonde's clit. She felt Cora rising against her and she took her deeper.

She held her lover tightly, her fingers replaced her tongue and her mouth began to taste her once again. Joy captured Cora's throbbing clit in her mouth. As her fingers plunged in and out of Cora's warmth, she suckled her clit. Joy's own wetness grew while Cora's body shook in ecstasy. Joy's rhythm grew wild driving her lover closer to the edge; she was lost in the taste and sounds of Cora. The only thing that mattered to Joy at that moment was satisfying the blonde who was offering everything she had to the brunette.

Cora cried out clutching Joy's body. Joy took her even deeper as her lover exploded against her face. Joy couldn't cease pleasuring her lover; she continued feasting upon the blonde, Cora's thighs tightened against her. Cora cried out until she was begging Joy to stop. The brunette stopped and rested her head on her lover's stomach. "Can't breath," Cora choked. "My God, woman. Are you trying to kill me?" the blonde gasped as Joy chuckled.

Joy moved up her lover's body and pulled her into a warm embrace. She leaned against the cabinets with the blonde nestled safely in her arms. Cora rested her head on Joy's chest while her breathing steadied and then kissed the valley between Joy's breasts tenderly. "I don't think I'm going to get any work done today," the blonde plumber murmured in contentment.

"What would you like to do today?" Joy inquired coyly before placing a loving kiss on the top of Cora's head.

"I want to go upstairs to your bedroom and get to know you better," Cora suggested as she snuggled closer.

"I'll light a fire in the fireplace," Joy added as they finally released one another to stand on shaking limbs.

"You have a fireplace in your bedroom?" Cora said in surprise. "I was freezing the other night."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know." Joy laughed lightly. "Trust me. If I thought that I had a chance, I would have invited you into my bed."

"Hmm," Cora sighed contently. "That would have been a little too quick," she confessed.

"I want you in my bed tonight and I want to wake up with you in the morning," Joy said confidently. Cora smiled in response.

Joy led the naked woman to her bedroom. "I'll get the fire," Cora offered as Joy began to turn down the bed. Once she finished, Joy joined her lover by the fire, which was just beginning to burn. She stood above the blonde woman as Cora turned to her. Joy swallowed hard at the sight of Cora's naked body illuminated by the fire as she knelt before her.

Joy was certain that her heart had stopped beating as Cora reached up and began to remove her jeans and underwear. She braced herself on Cora's shoulder when the garments were fully removed from her body. She stood naked before her lover as Cora began to kiss her stomach. She ran her fingers through Cora's short blonde locks as her lover's hands roamed her body.

Cora's mouth moved lower, her eyes never breaking contact with Joy's. The brunette gasped when her lover took her in her mouth. Cora held her steady as Joy swayed against Cora's mouth and tongue. The sight of those emerald eyes staring up at her as Cora feasted upon her wetness drove Joy quickly over the edge. Cora remained kneeling before her, holding her tightly, the last waves of passion filtered through her body.

Cora stood and they held one another tightly for a moment before walking over to the bed. They lay down side-by-side and wrapped themselves up in each other's arms. They seemed to melt together as their mouths sought out one another. Locked in a passionate kiss, their hands roamed, fingers teased and taunted one another's clits as their bodies swayed in a sensual rhythm.

Joy groaned into her lover's mouth as Cora entered her. She needed to fill Cora in the same manner. Their fingers slowly plunged in and out, feeling the other's desire coating their fingers. They pleased each other slowly, not wanting the moment to end. Joy didn't know where her body ended and Cora's began as they screamed out in pleasure.

They clung to one another as their hearts beat in unison. The slightest touch re-ignited their passion, driving both insane with desire. They continued to fulfill their desires throughout the night, only stopping to keep the fire in the fireplace going. At one point they both rushed downstairs when Joy remembered that they had left the coffeemaker on. Cora took a moment to turn the water in the sink back on. Once they accomplished those tasks, they chased one another back upstairs. They fell back on the bed and into each other's arms.

The following morning Joy woke up to find her lover shaking her shoulder. Cora was showered and dressed. "Good morning," Cora greeted her brightly.

"Don't tell me you're one of those annoyingly cheerful people in the morning?" Joy groaned.

Cora chuckled in response wiggling her eyebrows suggestively. "I have to go," Cora finally said as she rubbed Joy's back.

"No," Joy whined.

"I have to work," Cora explained. "I'll be back in a couple of days to finish the work."

"Oh," Joy said sadly as she sat up and wrapped the blankets around her naked body. "I didn't realize you were so close to finishing."

"The fixtures are all that's left," Cora explained. "Unless you have another project for me?"

"Put in a hot tub," Joy suggested in desperation. Cora laughed in response. "I'm kidding. I can't really afford a hot tub at the moment."

Cora kissed her gently. "I'm coming back," she reassured Joy. "And not just to fix the plumbing."

"So you're not just running out?" Joy inquired hopefully.

"No," Cora replied with a smile. "I do need to take things a little slow. I've survived the mother of all bad breakups and I'm still a little wary."

"How slow?" Joy purred.

"Not that slow," Cora responded with a wink.

"So no hot tub?" Joy pouted as Cora laughed.

Cora leaned over and kissed her with such passion that Joy felt lightheaded. She was panting when they broke apart. "Tell you what, sweetheart. If things go well, you could have a hot tub by Memorial Day weekend and a blonde to share it with," Cora offered as she looked down at Joy with a loving glance.

Joy finally let her lover leave but not before she told her to drive safely. She leaned back on the bed and sighed contently. "Boy, am I going to have a story to tell the boys at dinner tonight." She chuckled, hoping that she and Cora were only just beginning.

THE END

Cora and Joy are back in [Cora's Gift](#).

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

For updates, previews & the Wednesday Afternoon Series join my egroup, [yomavis-subscribe@yahogroups.com](mailto:yomavis-subscribe@yahogroups.com)

---