

~ Something Different ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

"I'm bored," Gillian complained as she plopped down onto the couch next to her roommate, Kyra. The taller woman just looked at her.

"What would you like me to do about it?" Kyra inquired. Her wicked little mind had instantly conjured up a sexy scenario that would certainly alleviate any sense of boredom from the blonde's day. For a multitude of reasons Kyra quickly brushed these thoughts aside. "Well?" Kyra grumbled as she rolled her eyes.

"Entertain me," Gillian whined as she batted her emerald eyes at her roommate.

"What am I, your own personal amusement park?" Kyra griped as Gillian pouted.

"Yes," Gillian responded enthusiastically. "Come on," she encouraged. "Certainly someone as intelligent as you are can think of something different we can do."

"Suck up," Kyra scoffed. "Why don't you give Lauren a call?" Kyra offered reluctantly. She hated suggesting this since she secretly disliked her roommate's girlfriend. She understood that her dislike stemmed from the fact that she had a crush on Gillian. Even though she was mature enough to admit she was jealous, she still called Lauren *'the beast'* whenever Gillian wasn't around. At times she wanted to kick herself for never doing anything about her attraction. In truth, when she had the opportunity she simply whimpered out. She told herself that she was reluctant because she didn't want to create an uncomfortable atmosphere between the two of them. Yup, she was just a big dumb wimp. Lost in her self-castigation she missed something Gillian said. Realizing that she had allowed her mind to wander, she turned attention back to the source of her distraction.

"What was that?" she inquired, feeling a little silly that she had allowed her thoughts to drift so

far off track.

"You're not even paying attention to me," Gillian complained loudly.

"Must you always be the center of attention?" Kyra questioned her friend whose personality could be overwhelming at times.

"Are you implying that I'm not?" Gillian teased as she plopped her bare feet into her roommate's lap. Gillian then wiggled her toes, which was her not-so-subtle way of informing Kyra that she wanted her feet rubbed. Kyra knew that it wasn't a request; with Gillian it was more of an out and out demand.

"Okay, Princess," Kyra scoffed as she began to massage her friend's tender tootsies. "Now what were you saying?"

"I'm not certain," Gillian admitted as her eyes fluttered shut. Kyra sighed, missing the sight of Gillian's mesmerizing gaze. "Aah," Gillian moaned in delight as Kyra's strong fingers worked their magic. ". . . right there . . .," Gillian encouraged.

Kyra trembled slightly from the husky tones Gillian was using. She allowed herself to drink in the sight of her blonde roommate's body lying beside her with her head tilted back and her chest heaving slightly. "Oh yeah, now I remember," Gillian blurted out suddenly as her eyes snapped open. Kyra turned away, embarrassed that she had been ogling her roommate.

"Lauren and I split up," Gillian offered, seemingly unaware of Kyra's discomfort.

"When?" Kyra blurted out, turning to Gillian as her jaw dropped. She quickly snapped her mouth closed, hoping that Gillian was too wrapped up in the foot massage to notice her reaction.

"A couple of months ago," Gillian said with a shrug.

"But . . . but . . .," Kyra found herself stammering. *'How could I have missed this? She's still been going out. Why didn't she tell me?'* she asked herself as she shook her head, hoping to clear her befuddled mind. Kyra cleared her throat and tried to look serious. "Are you okay?" she asked. Gillian simply shrugged once again. "So I guess its time for a transition woman then?" Kyra added in an attempt to sound like the concerned friend while internally she was doing a happy dance.

"Please," Gillian scoffed. "I've already run through a couple of them," she added with a lilting tone and a suggestive smirk. "So what about you?"

"What about me?" Kyra choked out.

"Still leading a nun's life?"

"That's none of your business," Kyra snapped.

"That would be a *yes*." Gillian laughed. "Come to think of it . . . why am I asking you to think of something for us to do? You haven't been outside of this apartment for anything other than work and the gym for months. When's the last time you went out on a date?"

"Why do you care?" Kyra snarled as she shoved Gillian's feet off of her lap.

"That long, huh?" Gillian noted in a superior tone as she tried to return her feet to their comfortable perch. "No wonder we needed a new shower massage."

"You know, you're right," Kyra responded bitterly as she once again shoved Gillian's feet aside. "Why would you want to hang out with dull old me? I'm certain you can find a playmate." Kyra tried to keep the hurt from showing but, knowing she had failed, she started to stand.

Gillian sprung into action so adeptly that it wasn't until Kyra found herself pinned against the couch that she realized that the blonde had moved. Kyra was stunned as her smaller friend held her down tightly. She found herself captured in a haze of brilliant green. "I want to spend time with you," Gillian asserted in a suddenly serious tone. "Don't put yourself down around me, Kyra. I won't allow it. I'm sorry I teased you. You're not dull; in fact, you are one of the most interesting people I know."

Kyra was breathless as she felt the heat from Gillian's body caressing her own. *'Don't read anything into this,'* she cautioned herself. "Are you okay?" Gillian asked her quietly. Unable to find her voice, Kyra simply nodded in response. "Good." Gillian smiled at her, still not releasing her hold on the tall brunette. "Now, let's do something. We can do anything you want," Gillian offered earnestly.

"*Anything?*" Kyra repeated in a sultry tone.

"Anything," Gillian reassured her as she pressed her body slightly into Kyra's.

Kyra's heart raced as she trembled slightly from the intimate contact of their bodies. Her head was spinning as her thoughts instantly jumped to a delightful possibility. *'Perhaps it's time to show Gillian that I'm not the boring old stick in the mud she thinks I am.'* There was something they could do. Something that she was quite certain Gillian would never expect her to do. The shock value alone would be worth the trip. "Okay," Kyra said slowly as an evil glint filled her crystal blue eyes.

A wry smile emerged as she noticed her friend swallow hard. "Now, get off me." Kyra nudged Gillian slightly only to feel her push back. "If you want me to," Gillian taunted. Kyra's face dropped into a bored expression as she stood up and dropped her rambunctious roommate on the floor. Gillian yelped as her backside made contact with the carpeting. "When you're ready, I'll be downstairs in the car," Kyra said as she stepped over the stunned blonde.

PART TWO

Kyra sat in her jeep, tapping her fingers nervously as she waited for Gillian to join her. She couldn't believe that the blonde had been flirting with her earlier. She nervously reminded herself that it was just Gillian's nature even though she had never done that with Kyra before. In fact Gillian often distanced herself physically from Kyra. Then there was this idea of hers. The moment it popped into her head, it had seemed like a good idea. But now that she had time to think about it . . . perhaps it wasn't such a hot idea. But then again it was innocent enough, just something to do on a lark. It wasn't as if she was going to invite Gillian into the back room. Not that she didn't want to .

Finally Gillian came bouncing over to the jeep and got in. The hour and a half drive out of the state was filled with constant chatter. Granted it was mostly Gillian but that wasn't unusual.

"Are you taking me to the mall?" she inquired.

"No."

"That ice cream place?"

"No."

"To look at the foliage?"

"No."

"Pizza?"

"No."

"Dancing?"

"No."

"Dinner?"

"No."

"A movie?"

"No."

"Coffee?"

"No."

"A drug raid?"

"No."

"A tattoo parlor?"

"No."

"Nipple piercing?"

"No."

"You're not going to tell me are you?" Gillian sighed unhappily.

"No," Kyra responded in the flat tone she had maintained throughout the entire inquisition.

"How about a hint?" Gillian pleaded.

"No."

"Please," Gillian whined and pouted.

"Let's just say it's something *different*," Kyra answered in a coy tone.

"Well, that was a big help," Gillian snarled sarcastically as her hand found its way onto Kyra's thigh.

Kyra's eyes widened in surprise as Gillian began to absently run her fingers along the denim-clad thigh. She tightened her grip on the steering wheel as she became slightly aroused. She knew she should say something, or at least remove Gillian's hand. But her mind and body were at odds, finding herself caught between pleasure and torment. Once again she found herself wondering if this trip was such a good idea.

"So what happened with Lauren?" Kyra found herself asking, uncertain as to why.

"She was nice enough," Gillian explained. "But she just wasn't the one. You know?"

"Yeah," Kyra agreed. "You'll find the right one," Kyra reassured her.

"I thought I did once," Gillian admitted as she looked out the window. "But she never seemed to notice me that way and, well, she's a good friend . . ."

"And you don't want to screw that up," Kyra finished for her.

"No, I don't," Gillian answered solemnly.

They fell into a comfortable silence as Kyra continued to drive, fully alert to the fact that

Gillian's hand was still tracing a pattern on her thigh. She tried to focus on the road as she reminded herself that someone else had already captured Gillian's heart. '*Lucky woman. Too bad she doesn't know. Gillian is truly special,*' she thought, wanting the best for her friend and yet fighting with her feelings of jealousy.

"The circus?" Gillian said, finally breaking the silence.

"No."

"It's coming to town you know," Gillian offered knowingly.

"I know," Kyra responded.

"We should go," Gillian suggested in flat tone.

"Okay," Kyra agreed, feeling slightly confused.

Kyra put on the turn signal and exited the highway. Gillian looked around hopefully in an attempt to figure out their destination.

"You should tell her," Kyra informed her in a worried voice.

"Tell who what?" Gillian asked in confusion.

"This girl," Kyra tried to explain. "The one you have feelings for; you should tell her."

Gillian pulled her hand away suddenly; Kyra instantly missed her touch. "You think?" Gillian asked as her voice drifted off.

"Yeah," Kyra said sadly. "Who knows, maybe she feels the same way." Kyra shrugged, trying to seem disinterested as she parked the jeep. Gillian just remained silent as she stared at the dashboard. She seemed so far away.

"Gillian?" Kyra said softly as she placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. She pulled it back when the smaller woman jumped in surprise. Startled green eyes stared up at her. She seemed so sad but there was something else there as well.

"Kyra . . . ," Gillian began with a slight tremble in her voice.

"We're here," Kyra said quickly, trying to explain why she had touched her roommate.

"Oh," Gillian squealed in delight as she looked around in expectation. The building was small and nondescript. "Belle's Treasure Chest?" Gillian read the sign in confusion. "You brought me to a store for pirates?" she quipped.

Kyra laughed loudly while Gillian stared at her in bewilderment. "Well, I think they might have

some pirate costumes," Kyra choked out as her laughter continued. "Come on." Kyra nudged her confused friend as she got out of the Jeep. Reluctantly Gillian followed.

PART THREE

Kyra held open the door to the unassuming boutique allowing Gillian to enter first. She kept a careful eye on the blonde, waiting to see her reaction. She held back the giggles that were threatening to overwhelm her. It was more than apparent, based on Gillian's confused look, that she had no idea what type of establishment Belle's really was.

Gillian stepped into the elegant shop and looked around, seemingly unaffected. "Oh, it's a clothing store?" Gillian said, slightly confused as she pointed to the leather jackets that were hanging on the wall to right. She investigated a little further, noticing some leather mini-skirts as well. She wandered farther into the shop and her eyes widened in shock.

Kyra bit the inside of her mouth to keep from laughing as Gillian found herself standing beneath a large leather harness. "Is that what I think it is?" Gillian stammered as a full-blown blush emerged across her cherubic features. Her eyes quickly scanned the shop as her jaw dropped. Kyra began to worry that perhaps she had made a serious mistake. Gillian buried her face in her hands. Her body began to shake as a wave of laughter overcame her.

Kyra let out a sigh of relief as the blonde turned to her holding a hand over her mouth. Her features were now a deep shade of crimson. She placed her hand gently on Kyra's chest as she stepped closer to her. Gillian inhaled deeply as she leaned into Kyra. "You brought me to a *sex* shop?" she whispered happily to Kyra.

"Surprise," Kyra offered with a slight shrug, still feeling a little nervous.

"This is too cool." Gillian giggled slightly. "I've always wanted to know what one of these place was like."

"So you're not offended?" Kyra inquired.

"No." Gillian smiled. "You know, it looks like every other boutique. Well, except for the wall of whips and riding crops. I can't believe you know about this place. What other secrets are you keeping from me, buddy?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Kyra teased her.

"Show me around," Gillian requested. "Tell me, do they have one of those back rooms where you can try things out?" Gillian inquired with a genuine interest.

"No," Kyra lied as she blushed slightly.

"Uh huh," Gillian replied with a look of suspicion.

Gillian took Kyra by the hand and pulled her over to one of the display cases. They wandered around as Gillian asked endless questions. Kyra tried her best to answer the inquiries while trying to maintain her composure. It didn't help that Gillian didn't release her hand during the entire exploration. But Kyra had to smile as she saw how happy Gillian seemed to be.

Gillian gripped Kyra's hand tightly as they approached the glass case at the back of the shop. "I didn't know they came in so many *varieties*," she commented thoughtfully as she peered into the case filled with phallus' and vibrators.

"You mean you never . . .," Kyra paused for a moment while she tried to think of the proper way to phrase her question. ". . . Uhm, used a prop?"

"A few times," Gillian confessed matter-of-factly. "But certainly nothing like that," she said as she pointed.

"I don't want to meet the woman that can handle that," Kyra confirmed. "Does that say Black and Decker on the side?" Kyra joked.

"Stop it." Gillian laughed as she swatted Kyra playfully.

"Can I show you something?" the saleswoman purred, successfully interrupting their merriment.

Kyra glared at the tall bleached blonde who she unfortunately knew a little too well. She didn't like the way the tall blonde was eyeing Gillian. The little blonde looked her up and down then, with a little shake of her head, she wrapped her arm around Kyra's waist. "I think I have *everything* I need," Gillian responded brightly.

"Oh," the saleswoman responded as she sneered slightly in Kyra's direction. "Long time no see, Kyra," she droned.

"Jenica," Kyra responded grimly.

"I take the two of you have *met*?" Gillian whispered into the taller woman's ear. Kyra simply emitted a low growl in response. "So Judy . . ."

"Jenica," the tedious blonde corrected her in a terse tone.

"Whatever," Gillian responded in a bored tone. "Now, if I was interested in, let's say, testing one of these items . . ." Kyra felt her blood rush in a southern direction as Gillian pulled her a little closer. ". . . would that be possible?"

"Of course," Jenica responded in a bewildered tone. "I'm surprised that Kyra didn't mention our trial rooms to you."

"I see," Gillian smirked as she turned towards Kyra with a glare.

"Fancy that," Kyra feigned innocence.

"Show me," Gillian requested in a husky tone.

Kyra just stared at her in disbelief. Certainly she hadn't heard her correctly? She swallowed hard as she drank in the smoky gaze Gillian aimed her way. "Show me," Gillian repeated in a firm voice. Kyra was only capable of blinking. "Kyra." Gillian spoke her name with such intensity that Kyra knew that she couldn't refuse her anything. She nodded in agreement as she draped her arm around the shapely blonde.

"The last room on the left is open," Jenica huffed as they walked away. "Don't forget to use the condoms and to put all the toys you use in the bin," she called after the retreating pair.

PART FOUR

Kyra found herself standing in a test room at the back of the shop. She had only been there a few times, just enough to know the rules. What she couldn't understand was how she ended up there with Gillian? She just stood there with her hands buried in the back pockets of her faded blue jeans as she watched Gillian. Here was the woman who she secretly carried a torch for, eyeing a table of sex toys.

Now this one I'm familiar with." Gillian smiled as she held up the tiny button-shaped vibrator that you could slip on one finger. "Although they do tend to wear out quickly." Kyra continued to stand there in silence, feeling the intensity that was looming over them. Gillian continued her exploration of the unique items laid out before her. "You're awfully quiet," Gillian said as she kept her back to Kyra.

Kyra suddenly realized that she had been waiting for this moment ever since she first laid eyes on this beautiful young woman. '*It's now or never,*' she encouraged herself silently. "Earlier you had said that we could do anything I wanted to do. Did you mean that?"

"Yes," came the husky response. "Would this one be alright?" she asked as she turned and held out a phallus complete with a leather strap.

There was no mistaking the fiery look in her eyes. Kyra's body ignited with desire. "That requires two to dance," she said finally.

"Will you lead?" Gillian requested as Kyra's gaze drifted to her cleavage. She could see that Gillian's nipples were erect as they pressed against her teal T-shirt.

"When I lead, *I lead,*" Kyra asserted as she stepped closer to Gillian.

"I've already told you that I would do anything you want," Gillian reassured her. "For today at least," she added wryly.

"Why now?" Kyra asked as Gillian closed the gap between them.

"I'm just following your advice," Gillian explained. "You said that I should tell her . . . that I should tell *you* . I doubt that I will ever be in this position again. If I'm wrong then I apologize and we can leave right now."

"You're not wrong," Kyra responded with a smile as she leaned down to brush her lips against Gillian's.

Gillian wrapped her arms around the taller woman and ran her tongue along Kyra's bottom lip. Kyra eagerly parted her lips and invited her in for exploration. Her mind cast aside all doubts and worries as she moaned into the passionate kiss. Her hands roamed down Gillian's back, feeling as much of the woman's firm body as she could. Soon their tongues were dancing together as their bodies melted into each other.

Finally the need to breathe overtook them. They found themselves gasping as they ended the kiss. Kyra's chest heaved as she ran her fingers through Gillian's short blonde locks. "Shall we dance?" Kyra whispered hotly in Gillian's ear as her fingers teased already erect nipples.

"Yes," Gillian growled.

"Take off your shirt. I want to see you," Kyra requested as she stepped back slightly. Gillian smiled seductively before she pulled her shirt over her head. Reaching behind her, she unsnapped her black satin bra and allowed it to drop onto the white tiled floor.

Kyra inhaled sharply as she drank in the sight of Gillian's half naked body. She stepped closer to the petite woman. She cupped one of Gillian's breasts gently with one hand as she took the phallus from her with the other. "So beautiful," she said softly as she lowered her head. Her tongue circled one nipple playfully before suckling it gently. She teased it slightly with her teeth and tongue before casting her attention on the other nipple.

Her clit throbbed as Gillian's body arched into hers. As she continued to tease Gillian's breasts, her hand slid down a firm abdomen. She played with the waistband of Gillian's blue jeans before she unbuttoned them and slowly lowered the zipper. She thrived on Gillian's passionate gasps as small hands cupped Kyra's backside. She began to kiss her way down Gillian's body leaving a trail of goose bumps.

Kyra was greeted by a whimper as she ceased her movements and stood before Gillian. She kissed Gillian sweetly. Smiling gently, she carefully backed Gillian against the wall. With her free hand she clasped one of Gillian's smaller hands and removed it from her ass. They found themselves locked in an intense stare as Kyra guided Gillian's hand into her own pants.

They both gasped as Gillian's wetness greeted their fingers. Kyra's hand still covered Gillian's as she guided her fingers between swollen lips. Together they began to stroke Gillian's clit. Kyra's senses were filled with Gillian's arousal as Gillian's hips began to sway rhythmically. "Don't

stop," Kyra said as she removed her hand and stepped away. She watched as Gillian continued to pleasure herself; neither broke eye contact.

Kyra walked over to the table in the center of the room and retrieved a condom from the bowl on the table. "Take off the rest of your clothes. I want to see all of you," she informed Gillian, smiling as she followed her lead. Gillian's chest was heaving as she leaned back against the wall and continued to touch herself.

Kyra approached Gillian and clasped her wrist gently. Bringing Gillian's fingers up, she inhaled the musky scent that was Gillian. She took the glistening digits into her mouth and slowly licked them clean. Gillian trembled, mesmerized by Kyra's actions.

When she finished, Kyra found herself trembling as she handed Gillian the phallus and the condom packet. Slowly she undid her own jeans and lowered them to her ankles. Then she repeated her actions with her white cotton Ralph Lauren panties. She could see the effect the slow torture was having on the blonde. She leaned in and kissed Gillian again. Meaning only to offer a gentle reassuring kiss, she found herself locked in a passionate embrace as small hands ran up under her T-shirt. The garment was soon lifted off her body as she struggled to hold on to the phallus.

Gillian eagerly captured one of Kyra's nipples in her mouth. Kyra pulled away and was greeted by another pleading whimper. "You don't follow very well," Kyra teased as she strapped on the phallus.

"Are you trying to kill me?" Gillian pled.

"No," Kyra answered with a throaty laugh. "Put it on," Kyra instructed her as she tapped the condom packet.

"I'm not very familiar with these," Gillian confessed shyly as she opened the packet.

Gillian fumbled slightly but somehow managed to get the condom snugly on the phallus. Kyra grasped the toy firmly as she parted Gillian's thighs with her knee. She held Gillian's fiery gaze as she teasingly slipped the phallus between Gillian's legs, coating it with her wetness.

They clung to one another as their bodies pressed together; eager kisses fueled them on. Kyra continued to tease Gillian's clit with the shaft of the phallus. "Please," Gillian begged as her hips thrust, her hands roughly pressing into Kyra's backside. Kyra knew that neither could hold back much longer. She needed to love this woman now.

Kyra teased Gillian's opening with the tip of the phallus. A sheen of sweat covered their bodies as Gillian wrapped her legs around Kyra's waist. Kyra couldn't hold back any longer as she pressed Gillian's body against the wall to help maintain her hold on the woman.

She entered Gillian with the phallus; all thoughts of taking things slowly quickly flew out of her mind. Their passion was overwhelming. Their hips ground together wildly as Kyra rocked the

phallus in and out of Gillian; both women were groaning whispered words of passion.

Kyra held on as she felt Gillian's thighs tremble. Knowing that they were both near the edge, she increased her pace. Gillian gripped her tighter; her head fell back as she screamed Kyra's name. Kyra continued in her wild thrusts until she too fell over the edge. She stilled her movements and the two women remained in place as they tried to steady their breathing.

They trembled from the after shocks until their breathing and heart rates returned to a normal pace. Slowly Kyra removed the phallus but continued to hold Gillian in her arms. "I adore you," she said honestly as she kissed Gillian on the cheek.

There was a sharp knock on the outer door. "Time's up ladies," Jenica's voice bellowed from the other side.

"I don't like her," Gillian groaned.

Kyra chuckled lightly as she lowered Gillian to the floor. Then she removed the phallus, threw the condom in the trash, and deposited the sex toy in the appropriate bin. The two women dressed in an awkward silence. As they stepped back into the main shop area, Kyra took Gillian's hand. Gillian stopped walking and placed her hand gently on Kyra's chest. "I'll meet you outside," she said quietly.

Kyra simply nodded and left Gillian in the shop. For the second time that day she found herself waiting nervously for Gillian. Once again she was tapping her fingers on the steering wheel, wondering if she had made a mistake. ' *Was it too much? The encounter was definitely hot but that's not all I want from her,*' she found herself reasoning.

Her thoughts were broken as Gillian climbed into the Jeep. "Sorry about that. I needed to take care of something," Gillian explained. Kyra simply nodded. Neither woman could look at the other.

"Gillian . . .," Kyra began slowly as she finally turned to her companion. ". . . that was . . . really incredible . . . but . . . I don't know how to say this . . . I don't want just that."

"Good," Gillian let out a relieved breath. "Kyra, I've had feelings for you for so long. Don't get me wrong. The dance was certainly hot but I don't just want your body. I want to go to dinner with you. I want hang out with you on Sunday mornings stealing the newspaper from you like we do now, but I want to steal kisses too."

"I want that too." Kyra found herself smiling like an idiot. "That and more, so much more. I want to make love to you slowly, gently."

Gillian leaned over and wrapped her arms around Kyra. "I love you. I've been in love with you probably since we met."

"I love you too," Kyra responded sincerely as she kissed the top of Gillian's head.

They pulled apart and just sat there smiling at each other.

"So, what did you need to do while I was sitting out here having a panic attack?" Kyra asked finally.

"Oh well, let's just say I got a surprise for you," Gillian explained with lustful smirk. "That and I needed to have a word with our friendly salesgirl. Let's just say I don't like to share."

"Good, neither do I." Kyra smiled brightly. "Let's go home."

"I like the sound of that," Gillian agreed. "You were right you know."

"What about?" Kyra asked as she started the Jeep.

"This little trip was certainly something different." Gillian laughed.

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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