

~ The Checkered Flag ~

by Mavis Applewater

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

As always this is for Heather.

It was hot in Texas, which only added to Jorja's excitement as she pleased the young blonde. The only concern she possessed when the young woman with the skintight t-shirt approached her after the race was the buxom blonde's age. Once she had confirmed that Tandy was over twenty-one Jorja more than willingly invited the busty youngster to help her celebrate her win.

At that moment in time the brunette didn't have a care in the world. Tandy's top was hiked up to reveal her large breasts and her cut off shorts were pooled around her ankles. Tandy was clinging to the wall of Jorja's tiny room begging for more. The brunette gave her what she enjoyed referring to as a ride on the rocket. Jorja's crew often gave her a hard time about the name she gave to the strap on, but she liked to think of the toy as her very own good luck charm. Up until that moment it had been lucky for her on and off the track.

She had taken the checkered flag and was almost half way through the circuit for the year, racking up enough points to hopefully secure a prime spot at Daytona next February. She had assumed her good fortune was on the rise when Tandy threw herself at her allowing Jorja to partially strip off her clothing. Now the blonde was bent over begging Jorja to fuck her long and hard.

The overly cocky driver was doing her level best to grant Tandy's request. "Daddy," Tandy yelped confusing the driver.

"Okay we can play that game," Jorja grimly accepted pumping her hips harder her body reeling from the feel of Tandy's passion spilling over her.

"No," Tandy suddenly barked pulling away and hurriedly dressing.

"Huh?" Jorja sputtered before spying the small, graying man standing in the doorway. "Mr. Spencer," she gulped quickly pulling up her jumpsuit and hiding the toy. "Uhm, just give me a moment Sir," she stammered not understanding the murderous gaze in her sponsor's dark, brown

eyes.

"Daddy," Tandy meekly whimpered as the veins in Tyron Spencer's neck bulged.

Jorja watched in horror as the man whose money supported her and her crew dragged his daughter from the room. By the time Jorja Jones had collected her thoughts and belongings Tyron Spencer had dropped his support and managed to poison her name.

Reluctantly she arrived back at the garage, which was locked, and her crew glaring at her from the parking lot. "What happened?" George her crew chief demanded.

"We're screwed," Jorja timidly supplied knowing that it was all gone. All the years she had endured as a grease monkey and working the lower circuits meant nothing. The pay was gone, the sponsors gone, the cars and supplies all gone, and no one seemed interested in picking up her contract.

"I don't understand," George gasped kicking the door to the garage. "We won. What did you do insult him or screw his wife?"

"Daughter," she muttered under her breath.

"Jorja?" Randy a member of the crew bellowed.

"I didn't know," Jorja tried defending her wayward actions. "Guys, we've come this far I promise I will find us another sponsor."

"You have a week before the next race," George threatened his body trembling as he spoke. "If you don't get us a new contract by then we have to hit the bricks."

"George," Jorja fought back. "We've been together for years."

"Jojo we all love you, but unlike you we have families to support," George explained with dread. "We'll stand by you, but damn it we can't work for free and we can't race without a car. No team means no car. I warned you about thinking with your dick. One week kid that is all we can afford."

Jorja watched in horror as her team drove off leaving her standing in the vacant parking lot. She couldn't blame the guys. In less than one hour she had ruined all of them. Chances were high that none of them would be back on the circuit by the summer. She had no choice left but to drive back to her dingy hotel room and pick up a bottle of Jack Daniels and pray for a miracle.

The following day no miracle had appeared. With only a screaming hangover to remind her that she was alive she flew home and hid in her tiny apartment which was even more dismal than the hotel room she had just left. She ignored the mess that was her home and set about calling every corporation and racing enthusiast she could think of.

A few days later her voice was shot from all the begging she had been doing and her spirits were crushed. Tyron Spencer was very big in the world of auto racing and he made damn sure that Jorja was going to pay for touching his daughter. She was ruined. The only thing she was looking forward to was spending the rest of her night commiserating with another bottle of Jack Daniels.

She listened to the sound of the seal breaking on the bottle as she unscrewed the cap grumbling when someone had the bad manners to knock on her door. "Probably George," she sighed with regret knowing that Phoenix was only a couple of days away and unless hell froze over she and her entire crew were sidelined for the race. A very attractive redhead with sparkling green eyes startled her brushing past her without even bothering to offer an introduction. *'Geez please don't be another one of my one nights stands coming here to give me crap about not calling,'* she silently bemoaned watching the redhead looked about her apartment with disgust.

"You live here?" The stranger questioned with dismay.

"More or less," Jorja groaned. "Who are you?"

"Nicolette Freedman," the woman dryly offered still glancing about the debris that cluttered Jorja's living room.

"You know most people offer to shake hands when they introduce themselves," Jorja sneered while carefully studying the woman who had so rudely disrupted her misery.

"I know," Nicolette sighed finally meeting Jorja's gaze. The brunette felt uneasy by the mysterious Nicolette Freedman studied her.

"Wait don't you work for Spencer?" Jorja groaned folding her arms against her chest. "Look I'm sorry I got up close and personal with his daughter, but she is a consenting adult. I understand why he sacked me, but my crew didn't do anything wrong. Technically neither did I. So if you are here to cause more trouble just walk back out that door so I can continue wallowing in self pity."

"Interesting," the redhead noted. "It is true I did work for Tyser Enterprises as an engineer and for the R&D division until the end of last year."

"Oh?" Jorja questioned thrown more than a little off balance by the quirky woman.

"I opened my own shop," Nicolette continued ignoring Jorja's obvious discomfort and confusion. "I designed a new car that he had no interest in so I found my own backers and left. All I need now is a driver. Interested? You crew would have to fly to Phoenix tonight and I have a list of conditions."

"Wait you're offering me a contract?" Jorja sputtered with delight.

"Yes," Nicolette sighed. "I want you to drive my car in Daytona next February."

"No, you want Dale Earnhardt, Jr. but he's spoken for," Jorja quipped finally grasping the situation. "Fine I'll do it. What are your conditions?"

"First no drinking," Nicolette sternly explained patting Jorja's slightly round belly. "This place reeks of booze I don't want to worry that my driver is going to crash my life's work into a wall. My second request is that your pants stay on. I've heard more than I ever needed to about the rocket and have no desire to have my name associated with scandal."

"Excuse me?" Jorja barked. "Are you telling me I can't have sex?"

"I'm telling you that if you capture the checker flag you can play all you want," Nicolette slowly explained. "For every checkered flag you can go off and enjoy yourself providing your shenanigans don't make the papers or land you in jail. Now before you fly off the handle remember; one, I'm your last chance. Two, as you know there are only about fifteen women on the circuit trying to make a name or a living in this macho business. I don't have to tell you that for a woman to make it in this business it is damn near impossible my concerns are valid. I don't have Tyron's millions to fall back on. If you screw up I'm screwed."

Jorja stood there in a stunned silence. What could she say it was all true? "If it makes you feel better," Nicolette calmly continued. "You win and I'll do you myself. Your crew, the trucks and cars are already in Phoenix. All I need is for you to make your flight tonight and check into the Ramada and follow this itinerary," she concluded shoving a thick envelope into Jorja's body. "So are you interested?"

"What time is my flight?" Jorja agreed while pondering if Nicolette was serious about her demands.

During the short flight to Phoenix Jorja reviewed the contract that Ms. Freedman had included with the abundance of schedules that included personal appearances, parties and training. Jorja rubbed her round stomach thinking that swimming on a daily basis and staying away from whiskey might not be a bad idea since it was becoming increasingly harder to fit into her jumpsuit. The sex part, although it was phrased politely in the contract, troubled her.

Jorja Jones was a sexual person by nature. She had been ever since she had lost her virginity and discovered how much fun it was. Now she was about to sign a contract that required that she had a curfew, worked out, maintained a proper image and basically had to answer to Nicolette Freedman for everything she said and did. "Teenagers have more freedom," she grumbled sipping the cup of stale coffee the perky flight attendant had just delivered. She glanced over at the flight attendant and for a brief moment considered renewing her membership in the mile high club.

She growled under her breath knowing that she couldn't risk it. Nicolette Freedman was her last

hope of making it to the pivotal twenty-sixth race. After yesterday's win she soared in the standings from the high thirties to the high twenties. It was all about the standings finish the year in the top ten and you get to do KFC commercials, and corporations throw money at you just so their logo will be on your helmet.

NASCAR awarded drivers, owners, and manufacturers one hundred seventy five points per win. The points were lowered in five point increments for placing below first until you hit eleventh place then they are lowered in three point increments. Drivers are also awarded extra points for leading races.

The twenty-sixth race is pivotal because if you don't have enough points to reach the top ten by the end of the year or you are four hundred points behind the leader you are eliminated. Just like that your season is over. All the hard work, money and time away from family and friends mean nothing. Jorja had never made the cut. Now she was ranked number twenty-three, but it was still early in the circuit. The win in Texas was only the eighth race of the season.

Now all she had to do to keep the momentum going was to sign the contract she had read over a thousand times. If she signed she was promising to drive Nicolette Freedman's cars, of which she was the sole owner and designer. Plus she had to act like a model citizen, not a strong point for her, and agree to allow the pesky Ms. Freedman to act as her business manager. She scrawled her signature praying that by making this deal she was saving her soul and not making a deal with the devil. She tucked the contract in her bag knowing that she had just signed over her life and libido to a perfect stranger. "I wonder if she was serious about," she began to muse smiling as she pondered the possibility of bedding the attractive redhead if she won a race. "Nah," she shook off the thought thinking that her new boss was just yanking her chain because she was just as desperate as Jorja.

"Sweet," she purred stepping into the makeshift garage and spied the line of shiny new engines and purple cars.

"I know," George concurred as she inspected the engines.

Jorja was drooling as her attention turned towards the sleek racing car. She cringed when she spotted the Tampax logo imprinted on the back spoiler. "Well now we know it is a chick car," she laughed running her fingers along the slick paint job. "If she moves half as good as she looks we could take Indianapolis," she noted turning her attention back towards the line of engines. Every bolt, each spring, screw and part were like the designer sleek and confident. "Everything up to code?" She questioned George. "We're in for the prelim right?"

"Passed with flying colors," George gloated. "They inspected every inch and everything is up to code. You should have seen them tripping over themselves trying to find something."

"Wait until the other crews see her tomorrow," Jorja beamed eager to slip inside and get familiar with her new car. "How did she get this team in so fast? Speaking of which are we part of

another team?" Many crews were all part of corporate teams for Budweiser, Nextel, and Viagra with each competing to earn the money people more points.

"This is it," Nicolette announced joining the crew dressed in a pair of greasy coveralls. "I tried to get us signed on with Home Depot but they passed. So we are Team Freedom."

"Nice ring to it," Max, one of the crew, chimed in.

"I couldn't help noticing that very old abandoned track just outside," Jorja piped in drooling at the mere thought of testing her new baby. "The boys and I need to learn how to handle her."

"I've been going over the specs with George and the boys, but no one has fired her up yet," Nicolette beamed like a proud parent.

"Roll her outside guys," Jorja ordered while running her fingers along the hood. "We need to find out how my new girlfriend likes to be handled. Maxwell House?" She grimaced spying another logo.

"Best I could do," Nicolette sighed. "And just make certain that she is your only girlfriend," she added while pointing to the car.

"A deal is a deal," Jorja groaned retrieving the contract from her bag and slapping it into Nicolette's trembling hands. "You own my ass. Speaking of my ass I can't wait to take my first checkered flag," she added with a cocky grin before departing so she could suit up.

"Coffee, good," Nicolette sighed happily checking the beverage Jorja was drinking at the meet and greet which was nothing more than a chance for the money people to preen for the cameras and make deals.

"Don't worry," Jorja sneered. "I keep my word. Honestly staying away from Jack is going to be good, but for the record I don't over indulge very often. The last couple of days were crap."

"How could you not have known that Tandy was his daughter?" Nicolette asked in bewilderment. "She has a worse reputation than you do. She's always pulling stunts like that just to upset dear old Daddy and her Stepmother."

"She set me up?" Jorja growled.

"Yes," Nicolette gaped at the brunette. "So does my baby handle as good as she looks?"

"Better," Jorja swooned. "She is sweet. What I can't understand is why Spenser would pass on the design?"

"I couldn't understand it either," Nicolette muttered bitterly. "That is why I left."

"He doesn't own any part of the design or concept right?" Jorja stressed suddenly fearful that her former employer would step in and screw with her life.

"No," Nicolette asserted. "I made him sign a stack of papers swearing that I am the sole owner and he has no claim. He actually had the bad manners to laugh at me when I told him I was going solo."

"Dumb ass," Jorja gloated. "Speaking of which there is the second Mrs. Spenser. I can't stand that woman. His first wife Loretta was sweet woman. Candice is a bitch on wheels."

"Uhm," Nicolette began with a hard swallow. "I never met the first Mrs. Spenser just Candy."

"Candy?" Jorja countered interested by Nicolette's odd reaction. "Anyhoo, if we're done preening for the press I have a curfew. I'm heading up to my room see you in the morning."

"Yeah," Nicolette quietly responded.

"Hey Jojo," one her competitors called out.

"Ryan," she greeted the scrawny man who had tried to run her off the track more times than she could count.

"I'm surprised to see you here after Ty gave you the boot," he snickered before draining his bottle of beer. "Heard you were banging Tandy."

"Whatever," she grumbled while trying to step past him.

"Hey Jojo," Mark another driver cut in. "Why are you surprised Ryan? Jojo won last week. She's riding high why wouldn't she be picked up? Heard your new boss has designed a dream machine. Is it true or just hype?"

"I guess you'll find out tomorrow," Jorja beamed confidently.

"Nice rack, but I bet the car is a piece of shit. No way a girl can put together a machine worth anything," Ryan snorted with disgust as he adjusted himself. "Don't worry I'll console her after you get smoked tomorrow."

"Just worry about getting your scrawny ass around the track," Jorja growled before slipping past him. She was tired and thankful that she had a curfew. All through the party she had to listen to snide comments about how badly she had screwed up. She was used to the snickers and jeers still she wished that someone had remembered that she won last week. Until Mark said something not a single person had mentioned her recent victory. "Of course he was just being nice so he could find out about my new wheels," she sighed punching the button in the elevator eager to climb into bed.

"Jorja?" Nicolette called out just as the elevator was approaching the lobby.

"Ms. Freeman," Jorja responded with a halfhearted smile. "Not to worry, I'm on my way to my room alone."

"I wasn't," Nicolette sputtered apologetically. "I just wanted to thank you. I know I came across like a bitch when we first met. My fault entirely," she profusely apologized. "I just have a lot riding on this and I let my fear over ride my manners. I know that the schedule and appearances at schools, and forcing you to maintain a squeaky clean image is way out of line, but as I said I have a lot riding on you. I wanted to thank you for not only agreeing to my terms but also complying with them. You could have told me to drop dead."

"Thought about it," Jorja quipped as the elevator doors opened. "Honestly, you're not only one who has a lot riding on this deal. You bailed me out of a very bad spot. I should be thanking you. As for behaving myself, well, I know sometimes I act like one of the guys. Most times I act like one of the guys I forget that I had to start doing that to survive in this business. You have designed an amazing," her arm shot out quickly preventing the elevator from leaving with out her. "As I was saying you've designed an amazing car and I'm planning on enjoying winning in it. Good night."

"Good night Jorja," Nicolette beamed in response.

"Fourth place for her first run is not bad," Jorja gloated watching the gear being stowed. She shifted uncomfortably missing the feel of the rocket resting snugly inside her uniform. She put it on before every race and sought out some attractive groupie to give it a rub or more for luck. Then after a good race more women eager to play with her favorite toy surround her. "Just not the same," she grumbled fighting against the all too familiar stirrings that were making her body hum. It had been a long week of working with the new car and turning down women. Now that she had done well and earned another one hundred sixty points holding her spot in the top twenty she felt good. She was also possessed with a burning desire to share how good she felt.

"You'll get used to it," Nicolette chastised her while Jorja continued to squirm. "We did good."

"I know," Jorja purred. "I couldn't help noticing all of those car manufacturers vying for your attention. It is a good start and next week we get to do this all over again."

"Then why do you look so unhappy?" Nicolette questioned with concern. "You were great. The only thing that slowed you down was a few marbles and when Team Viagra created a wind tunnel," she prattled on referring to the shreds of rubber left behind when a tire unravels. Jorja just grunted folding her hands over her hips. "My God you couldn't possibly be that attached to your toy."

"You have no idea," Jorja fussed.

"You can still wear it," Nicolette tried to encourage.

"It is not the same unless I know I can play with it," Jorja fumed.

"My God you're serious," Nicolette sputtered. "It is just sex."

"Have you ever had sex?" Jorja barked indignantly. "Look, I'm not a total pervert I just get a little keyed up after a good race."

"A little keyed up?" Nicolette laughed. "Right and the Bush family are just a little conservative. Look you know the deal, grab the checkered flag and you can have any bimbo you want. I have to go," she waved spinning on her heels. "Oh and for the record," she called out as she was leaving the pit. "Yes I have had sex and if you win I'll show you how good it can really be."

The crew erupted in laughter while Jorja just stood there with her jaw hanging open. "Oh now you're just being mean," she finally managed to shout in response encouraging her crew to laugh even harder.

"What?" She barked at George who shrank back hoping to avoid Jorja's wrath. It had been one month since she had signed on with Nicolette and she was doing well. Every week it was a new town, a new race, and in the past that meant new women. Alas the checkered flag eluded her grasp and Jorja was ready to explode. It didn't help that Nicolette kept egging her on with her promise to bed her if she won. Adding more grist to the mill was the crew and most of the guys on the circuit had found out about her unusual agreement. Now everyone seemed to take immense pleasure in teasing her.

"God you better win soon or I'm going to set you on fire," George snapped before storming off.

"You can't possibly be that much of a pig?" Nicolette sputtered storming into the room.

"I never thought I was," Jorja grumbled thoughtfully. "But apparently I am. Maybe it is the way I lost my virginity."

"Let me guess you weren't in love at the time," Nicolette groaned.

"No I wasn't," Jorja offered in her defense.

"Fine let me buy you dinner and you can tell me the whole sorted story," Nicolette offered. "Then maybe you can explain why you live in a dump."

"Whatever," Jorja grouched. "Fine I need to eat and shocking you would make me happy."

"Shocking me?" Nicolette laughed. "Oh darling you have no idea. It would take a lot more than your little plaything to shock me."

It all started about twelve years ago. Jorja was under age to drink but old enough to vote when she stumbled into her first gay bar. She wanted to know what all the fuss was about and had already come to the conclusion that a man wasn't her cup of tea. She was jittery and very nervous and she was a woman with a mission. After nursing her first alcoholic beverage until it was reduced to nothing but water she was ready to settle for a dance or maybe a kiss.

She had been seated on the same barstool for over two hours and although women looked at her nary a soul stopped to talk to her. The only exception was the bartender whose only inquiry was limited to her drink. Still Jorja got the distinct feeling that the curly headed blonde was interested in more than a tip. Alas Jorja was clueless as to what to do or say so she sat there staring at her glass feeling foolish until a petite blonde approached her and asked if she wanted to dance.

The gangly teenager almost fell off her stool when she accepted the offer. She had no idea that the invitation would set her down a path that was probably best left to imagination or torrid story telling. The woman's name was Frances and the way she danced was nothing short of breath taking.

They stumbled from the dance floor finding a booth in a dark corner. Frances was all over Jorja from the moment they sat down. She caressed Jorja's body her hands teasing and taunting the brunette's breasts slipping between Jorja's thighs. Jorja gasped feeling Frances' hand grinding against her mound. She squirmed fumbling trying to touch her lover in the same provocative manner. Her inexperience was showing. She could feel her body tingling with desire.

She was flustered and well aware that the bartender had been watching the groping session. She managed to extract her body from Frances' fondling under the ruse of needing to use the restroom. She felt light headed as she stumbled towards the ladies room. The air escaped her lungs as her body was spun around and pinned up against the wall in a dark corner. "Hi," the bartender greeted her pressing her hips against Jorja's body.

Jorja's mind went blank upon feeling the firm package hidden beneath the bartender's jeans. "I've been watching you," the stranger whispered hotly in her ear grinding her body harder against Jorja's. She panicked for a moment as she felt the stranger's tongue gliding along the nape of her neck.

"Trust me Frances won't mind," came the sultry reassurance.

"Huh?" Jorja sputtered unable to think clearly mostly due to the feel of the blonde's hands roaming her body while her tongue teased Jorja's bottom lip.

"Trust me," the stranger cooed stepping back slightly while grasping Jorja's wrist. "Frances will

want the two you to stay after closing for a little fun with me and Sandy," she causally continued while guiding Jorja's hand to her mound.

"Sandy?" Jorja squeaked out her emerald eyes riveted to the sight of her hand cupping the stranger's mound.

"The bouncer. The one who let you in despite the fact your ID looked iffy," the bartender coyly explained while guiding Jorja's touch. "I'm Marilyn by the way," she chuckled and pressed Jorja's hand harder against the phallus that was hidden beneath her faded jeans. "Interested in a little after hours party? Just the four of us, you naked on the bar while we do shots?"

"Shots?" Jorja stammered still not quite deciphering what was happening. The only thing that held the brunette's focus was the feel of the phallus she was groping.

"I know the girls will enjoy licking kamikazes off of your body," Marilyn teased while her free hand slipped up Jorja's body and began teasing the brunette's nipple through the thin material of her blouse. "Hmm that feels so good," Marilyn moaned swaying her hips against Jorja's curious touch. "Do you want to see it?"

"Now?" Jorja squeaked with horror her hand still grinding against the smaller woman's center. "Here?" She gulped. Marilyn began to suckle her neck.

"Why not?" Marilyn encouraged with a throaty chuckle pressing Jorja up against the wall. "No one can see us and so what if they do?" She added boldly stepping slightly away from the trembling brunette. Jorja's heart was pounding against her chest Marilyn placed her hands against the wall trapping the shy teenager. "It is up to you," she encouraged rolling her hips harder against the palm of Jorja's hand. "You can see it, touch it, play with it and, if you are really good, ride it."

Jorja was speechless and frightened still her trembling hands gave into what her body was craving. There in the dimly lit hall next to the bathroom she began to undo the stranger's pants. She trembled uncontrollably. She fought to lower Marilyn's jeans down to her hips. *I have no idea what I am doing.* Her mind screamed while her lower anatomy pulsated with an aching need she had never experienced before.

She was lost when she slipped her hand inside of the stranger's pants and felt the smooth surface of the phallus greet her touch. Her heart was racing and her mouth suddenly dry She watched Marilyn lowering her pants even further down her hips. Without a word Marilyn guided Jorja's quivering hand to the shaft slowly guiding her teaching the younger woman how to stroke her.

Jorja was mesmerized. She stood there allowing Marilyn to teach her until she was slowly stroking the long shaft freely loving the sounds escaping her lover's lips. Marilyn's hands were gliding up the front of her body unbuttoning her blouse while Jorja teased the phallus in a slow tantalizing motion. Jorja's knees threatened to buckle; Marilyn pushed her bra up revealing the brunette's breasts.

Jorja struggled to breathe her senses reeling from the feel of her lover's fingers teasing and taunting her nipples until they hardened. She licked her lips her fingers glistening with Marilyn's wetness encouraging her to stroke her lover harder. She gasped when Marilyn captured one of the erect buds between her lips. Marilyn's passion filled her hand while the blonde suckled her greedily.

She could feel the cold brick wall pressing against her back the sounds of their strangled breath echoing in the tiny hallway. Jorja tried to fight against her own urgent need for release. Marilyn blew a warm breath against Jorja's damp flesh before abandoning the brunette's breasts. Marilyn released a throaty growl her hand slipping between their bodies.

Jorja swallowed hard. Her lover guided her hand deeper between her thighs. Tenderly she spread Jorja's fingers gliding them along the leather straps. She ran her tongue along Jorja lips while leading the brunette's glistening fingers to the tip of the phallus. Once again Jorja was rapt with fascination watching as Marilyn painted the tip of the phallus with wetness guiding Jorja to gather more until the tip was glistening in the darkness.

Gently Marilyn encouraged the confused teenager to lower her body until she was kneeling before her. Jorja gazed upon the toy hungry and eager. "Taste what you do to me," Marilyn purred guiding the younger woman closer. Jorja clenched her thighs tighter fighting against the storm brewing inside of her. She was confused uncertain of how she should pleasure this stranger.

Marilyn's voice was warm and tender. She explained to Jorja how to pleasure her. Jorja glided her tongue along the tip her body exploding when she tasted the blonde's passion for the first time. She slowly drank in every last drop before slipping her fingers between Marilyn's thighs once again painting the toy with the blonde's wetness.

She clasped the shafted tightly stroking her lover as she tasted her passion. She suckled harder taking the toy into her mouth. She felt Marilyn's fingers digging into her shoulders. She licked and stroked her wildly loving the feel of the blonde's body thrusting against her touch.

She was caught up in the fury of pleasuring her lover and stunned when Marilyn suddenly pulled away. Everything was a blur; she felt her body being guided back up against the wall. By the time she realized she was standing Marilyn had captured her in a savage kiss. She eagerly returned the blonde's kiss her hands groping the stranger's body.

Jorja cried out when she felt Marilyn's teeth nipping at her neck. "Oh Baby," Marilyn moaned while their bodies swayed. "I need you," she demanded while she began undoing the brunette's pants. Jorja didn't hesitate instead she helped her lover yank her jeans down to her thighs. She stood there without a care her body exposed and burning with desire. She felt the shaft slipping between her thighs. Jorja didn't stop to think about how she was giving away her virtue so easily. The only thing she was concerned with was how good the toy felt sliding against her throbbing clit.

The curious fumbling she had experienced prior to this moment paled in comparison to the

desperate aching she felt at that moment. She flinched only slightly when she felt the tip of the phallus pressing against the opening of her warm, wet center. Instead of resisting she clasped the blonde's hips drawing her closer silently begging to feel the phallus inside of her.

She bit down on her lip when the pain struck her. Marilyn seemed not to notice as she pumped her hips harder. Jorja's body was torn between discomfort and pleasure as she matched her lover's urgent rhythm. Marilyn kissed her deeply; people passed by in a need to reach the restroom. Some of the women stopped and watched the blonde continue pleasuring Jorja. Finally she felt Marilyn's body shuddering against her and the encounter was over.

Still confused and excited they adjusted their clothing. Jorja made a hasty excuse before ducking into the ladies room. She freshened up as best she could before stepping back into the barroom. Marilyn was behind the bar grinning at her. Jorja smiled in response before returning to her date. She was filled with a sudden sense of dread when she crossed the room to rejoin Frances. Her fears were quickly quieted when she noticed Sandy lean over and kiss Frances.

"Hi," Frances greeted her with a wry smile. Jorja slipped into the booth. "Have fun?"

"Yes," Jorja blew out in amazement watching Sandy caressing Frances' shoulders. "So, I take it we are staying?"

"If you want?" Frances encouraged.

"I want," Jorja moaned before leaning in and capturing Frances in a fiery kiss. "I've never done anything like this before," she confessed eagerly parting her thighs allowing Frances' hand slipped between them. She was tempted to expand and explain that she had never done anything before but was afraid to admit to the others that she was inexperienced.

By the time Sandy started clearing out the crowd Jorja was seething with desire. She and Frances had moved to the bar. They kissed and groped one another while the bartender watched and on occasion joined in by kissing Jorja who was pressed up against the bar.

The door was locked, the lights dimmed before Sandy and Marilyn went about closing up for the night. While the staff went about their duties Frances seemed determined to rid Jorja of her clothing. Jorja was gasping for air. She felt Frances' mouth covering her now bare breasts.

Her body was on fire; Marilyn reached for her from behind the bar and pulled her in for a searing kiss. Marilyn's tongue plunged into her mouth while Frances' teased and taunted her nipples. Her eyes were glazed over as she spied Sandy caressing Frances from behind.

"Climb onto the bar," Marilyn whispered savagely in her ear.

Jorja squeaked in response allowing the other women to help her up onto the bar. Marilyn guided her onto her back while the others stripped off the last of her clothing. Jorja was shivering watching she watched Marilyn pouring alcohol into a large steel shaker. Frances and Sandy had joined her on the bar and quickly became occupied with undressing one another. Jorja gaped

over at them her desire growing watching the two women fondling one another.

"Who wants to do a shot?" Marilyn suggested with a growl capping the shaker with a strainer before guiding Jorja to lean back. "Ah," the brunette choked out; the cold liquid splashed over her body. Suddenly three mouths were warming her flesh eagerly lapping up the cold clear liquid. "Oh my God," Jorja cried out when more liquid spilled over her and she felt hands and tongues all over her.

She kissed Marilyn who was still lurking behind the bar. Someone nudged her thighs apart. Marilyn deepened the kiss while pouring more liquor between the brunette's thighs. Jorja's body clenched; the cold alcohol spilled over her throbbing clit. She was lost in a haze her body reeling from the intense pleasure. She was oblivious as to who was licking the liquor from her wetness. The only clarity was watching Marilyn removing her shirt and pouring tequila over her breast.

The blonde pressed her nipple against Jorja's lips inviting her to join in. Jorja licked every last drop of the cheap tequila from Marilyn's breast before suckling her nipple into the warmth of her mouth. The wild party escalated when Marilyn climbed up and joined in. Jorja gave her body freely allowing all three women to pleasure her often by more than one at a time. She also joined in by giving pleasure fumbling on occasion until it was time to end the party. Sandy and Frances decided to leave together. Marilyn graciously offered Jorja a ride back to her apartment where she further educated the younger woman.

"You made that up," Nicolette scoffed laughing at the story.

"I swear it really happened," Jorja asserted proudly.

"You're first time was an all girl orgy? I don't think so," Nicolette challenged crinkling her nose in disgust.

"Well to be completely honest," Jorja hedged. "It wasn't my first time. My actual first time was a sleep over with Ginny Summers. But in my defense Ginny and I really didn't know what we were doing so I don't count that."

"I bet Ginny does," Nicolette countered with an accusing glare.

"Yeah she did," Jorja confessed. "Fine I'm a pig. I can't help myself."

"Haven't you ever been in love?" Nicolette inquired with a hint of sadness.

"A couple of times," Jorja shrugged. "But they didn't feel the same way. In fact they didn't believe me when I told them."

"No small wonder," Nicolette responded tenderly.

"I don't want to talk about it," Jorja bristled suddenly. "So what do you have against my apartment?"

"It is a pig sty," Nicolette gaped. "How do you live there? Dirty laundry, dust, old pizza boxes and God knows what else."

"To be completely honest," Jorja grimly began. "I don't really live there. I just need a place to crash between races, and a mailing address. I keep meaning to look for something better, but I'm on the road most of the time."

"Not good," Nicolette noted thoughtfully. "Now that I've sold the engine design to Audi I think my pet project is going to be finding you suitable living quarters. Since you're never there you're just throwing money away."

"It does add up," Jorja conceded. "But I never have the time to clean it out or find a new place."

"Since we are skipping Tennessee why don't you let me help you?" Nicolette volunteered. "We can clean out your old place, cancel your lease, and until you find something more fit for humans, you can crash in my guestroom. I have a small condo in Maryland. Unless you like sharing space with whatever I saw scurrying into your kitchen?"

"You are that offended by my apartment?" Jorja laughed. "Wait something scurried?"

"Yes," Nicolette practically shrieked. "Just when I walked in. Why do you think I was so tense? I was afraid something was going to jump out and bite me."

"Enough about me and my wayward past," Jorja sighed studying her companion carefully. "Tell me about your first time?"

"I still think you made that story up," Nicolette challenged with a wry smirk.

"Perhaps," Jorja playfully hedged. "So were you in love. Was he or she your soul mate?"

"It was summer camp," Nicolette began stirring her coffee slowly smiling at the memory. "Her name was Maggie and we were junior counselors together. We had known one another for years, and every summer we seemed to be assigned to the same cabin. And late at night she liked to climb into my bunk. The first several summers it was innocent enough just a little touching and kissing. That summer the touching turned into more. Her hands began drifting to some very interesting places. One night she encouraged me to touch myself so she could watch."

"Go on," Jorja encouraged with a strangled groan.

"It was very nice," Nicolette sighed contently. "She began helping me by removing my nightie and playing with my breasts. We began kissing and I started touching her. It felt so right and I was already convinced that I was in love with her. I gladly gave her my innocence and assumed she was offering the same. That summer I was walking on air spending my nights making love to

the woman of my dreams, until I found out mine wasn't the only bunk she crawling into."

"I'm sorry," Jorja tenderly offered clasping her hand over Nicolette's.

"Me too," Nicolette retorted with a halfhearted laugh. "I was devastated. Then I met another girl in high school and, once again, fell head over heels."

"And what happened to her?" Jorja questioned confused by the odd twinge of jealousy stirring inside of her.

"We grew apart," Nicolette explained. "Turns out women weren't her cup of tea. I met the next love of my life a few years later when I was about to finish my undergrad. I was certain that the sun rose and set because she commanded it to do so. We decided to attend the same graduate schools, get a tiny apartment together and were, or so I thought, destined to spend the rest of our lives together. I thought she felt the same. Sadly she defined the words forever and monogamy differently than I did."

"That's not right," Jorja barked. "I know I'm not entitled to cast stones, as it were, but I never led a woman on or lied to them. Even I understand that living together and planning a future together should mean something."

"You would think," Nicolette sneered. "It all started, or so I thought, because money was really tight. We had school and the apartment just trying to keep ahead at times was a struggle. She found a way for us to make more than enough money to solve our financial woes. When she first suggested it I thought she was joking."

"Drugs?" Jorja gasped.

"No," Nicolette quickly reassured her.

"Oh good," Jorja sighed with relief before taking a sip of her coffee.

"Making videos for a friend of hers," Nicolette dryly answered causing Jorja to almost spew her coffee all over her companion.

"Videos?" Jorja sputtered while trying to wipe the coffee from her face. "You made porn?"

"Yeah," Nicolette sadly confessed. "Only a few times, and only if my girlfriend was one of the other women involved, and no men. Her friend Freda had quite the imagination and marketing skills so we made enough to get by. I wanted out once the bills were paid. My lover, who as it turns out was dating Freda, didn't want to stop. We fought constantly and by the time she agreed to stop and dump Freda, she had also decided to marry a very rich man. They are very happy together. And no I won't tell you any of the titles of the movies I made."

"So she coerced you into making dirty movies, was seeing the director on the side, and then dumped the both of you for some rich guy?" Jorja gaped.

"Told you it would take a lot to shock me," Nicolette shrugged her eyes dimming slightly. "Ever since then I've been a little gun shy when it comes to relationships, but I still believe in love."

"Wow," Jorja choked uncertain as to what she could or should say. "That takes a great deal of courage."

"I don't know if it is courageous," Nicolette countered. "I just have faith in love. You should try it some time."

"I'm not adverse to the concept," Jorja argued with a shy smile realizing that her hand was still covering Nicolette's. She politely moved it away shaking her head in confusion. "I guess I'm just uneducated when it comes to women."

"Well you could try actually going on a date?" Nicolette laughed. "You know dinner, movie, or even snuggling by the fire. I highly recommend any and/or all of these activities."

"Someday," Jorja conceded as Nicolette paid the bill.

"It is amazing how little I own," Jorja noted as she settled her few meager belongings into the guest room of Nicolette's home. Cleaning out her old apartment was a major undertaking. Over the years Jorja had managed to never throw anything out. Now most of her belongings were nothing more than odd tattered remains that needed to be thrown away. Nicolette did convince her to sign some of her old souvenirs and put them on EBay. Jorja was ready to toss a bunch of old stuff when Nicolette asked what her favorite charity was. Now there was a collection of old programs, hats and other odd items raising money for breast cancer research. "I still can't believe my old crap is raising so much money."

"You are one of the few successful female drivers in the world," Nicolette chastised her while changing the sheets on the bed. "The money is going to a good cause. Your mother would be proud."

"I hope so," Jorja stammered feeling her throat constricting. She had been only eleven when her mother died from breast cancer. After that she went on the road with her father who was a crew chief. She traveled year round going from one race track to another, falling in love with the sport and learning everything she could until the day she finally entered her first race. Her father passed on three years ago having never seen his only child succeed in the sport they both loved. Now it was just her and the track.

"I was going to make dinner," Nicolette interrupted her thoughts. "We head back out on the road day after tomorrow. Up for a quiet night doing nothing?"

"Sounds perfect," Jorja eagerly accepted.

That evening they shared a casual meal and relaxed by the fire chatting away like old friends. Jorja found it strange and intriguing since she had never had any close friends. At one point the conversation faded and they simply relaxed on the sofa watching the fire. Jorja was stunned when Nicolette drifted off to sleep and nestled against her. Shocked at first she was uncertain what to do. She pondered waking the smaller woman, but there was something about the feel of Nicolette's warm body nestled against her own that just felt right. She wrapped her arms around the redhead and watched her sleep. '*Strange,*' she thought confused by how good she felt simply holding this woman. Finally her body began to ache from the uncomfortable position and she was forced to wake Nicolette. The redhead looked positively adorable when she realized that she was sleeping in Jorja's arms.

"I'm sorry," she blurted out her face turning a deep shade of crimson.

"No worries," Jorja laughed her body feeling slightly odd from the loss of contact. Jorja felt light headed when she climbed into bed. She tried to shake the odd feelings that were coursing through her body. "Come on I have a race to focus on," she chastised herself trying to will her body to calm.

About a month later the checkered flag still eluded Jorja. "Hey Jojo," George greeted her. "Why the sour look? This is your best season yet, you're going to make the cut I can feel it."

"Yeah," she blew out tersely. "I think that this is the year. Nicolette's car is amazing. I'm just a little out of sorts."

"Why? Just because of the, you know, sex thing?" He curiously inquired. "Come on I mean the season won't last forever then you can go back to being a pig."

"I don't know if I want to," she muttered before clenching her jaw. It was true she missed the passion, but since spending time with Nicolette, staying in her home, even cuddling together and sharing long talks filled her with an unfamiliar sense of belonging. Now she was a little afraid of what might happen if she snared the flag. "What if she was serious?" She confessed out loud for the first time.

"I'd say great," George shrugged. "I don't want to pry, but I thought you were attracted to her, and not in the slovenly way you usually chase women, but really into her. You could always say no if you're not into the girl."

"I'm into her," she reluctantly confessed. "Never mind she's probably just clowning around. She isn't the type to just," her words trailed off recalling that her employer, the strong confident woman who had somehow managed to organized Jorja's life, had at one time performed in soft-core porn movies. "You know what? Forget I said anything. We have a race to focus on. I'll worry about getting laid later."

"If that is all you wanted," George cautiously began.

"Hey! I said forget it," Jorja snapped instantly regretting her tone.

The first day of the race was stressful for all of the drivers. The first few seconds into the race the warning flag went up because of an accident. One of the drivers had been injured and rushed to the hospital. Most of the participants looked upon the accident as a bad omen. The second day went much better still the news that Larsen, who had been the injured driver, wasn't doing well loomed over the event.

Jorja had placed well both days and was trying to stay focused. When she returned to the hotel after the third day holding onto fourth place she felt mildly better. She was surprised when a package was delivered to her room. It was in plain wrapping with no return address. "Strange," she noted fearfully wondering if she should call security. She decided to call Nicolette instead.

"When was it delivered?" Nicolette inquired as they stared at the small package.

"When I got back," Jorja supplied. "It doesn't look dangerous," she tried to reason while picking it up. "Hell I've touched it, you've touched it, and nothing happened. Maybe I should just open it." Nicolette nodded in agreement. She stood closely behind Jorja who unwrapped the mysterious package. "A video?" She almost laughed.

"What is so funny?" Nicolette questioned.

"It has to be blackmail," Jorja reasoned sliding the tape into the VCR. "Come on boss; let's watch what asinine stunt I pulled that somehow managed being captured on tape. Relax Nicolette, I'm certain some spurned ex-lover is pissed off by my new squeaky clean image," she reasoned as she cued up the tape. Her eyes widened when the scene began to unfold. "That's you," she stuttered watching the image of her employer dressed in a schoolgirl outfit sitting on a bed with two other women in similar attire.

Jorja's face was flushed with anger. She shut off the tape and ripped it from the VCR. Nicolette's face was beet red the veins in her neck bulging. Jorja unraveled the tape. "Someone is fucking with us," Jorja hissed taking immense pleasure in destroying the tape.

"I keep forgetting that those are out there," Nicolette choked out. "Anyone can rent or buy them. You recognized her didn't you?"

"Yeah," Jorja groaned tossing the remains of the tape into the trash. "Candice Spenser, she was your girlfriend the one who got you involved in all of this wasn't she?"

"My consolation prize was my job," Nicolette wearily began. "I only took it because I foolishly believed that she still cared and would come back to me. She did every once in a while yanking my chain making me believe that she'd cared. It took me a long time to realize that Candy is a self-centered bitch. I know I'm an idiot, but I was in love with her."

"You're not an idiot," Jorja argued. "Does he know?"

"Yes," Nicolette sneered. "He knows she was gay and did porn. He even knows about me. He doesn't care. I honestly think it is some sort of twisted turn on for him."

"A couple of freaks if you ask me," Jorja fumed. "One of which probably sent that tape so they could stir up trouble and maybe derail me in the finals. Not going to happen."

"Thank you for throwing it out," Nicolette sighed with relief. "You could have watched it."

"I don't want to see you," Jorja stammered surprised by her anger. "Look, I'd like to think that we are friends, and watching you have sex for the camera isn't something I want to see."

"People don't give you enough credit," the redhead complimented Jorja.

"Maybe you've been a good influence on me," Jorja countered playfully.

"Me?" Nicolette sadly retorted. "You just watched me in a porn movie and you think I'm a good influence?"

"You made a mistake because someone you trusted used you," Jorja argued clasping Nicolette's shoulders firmly. "You know what? I'm hungry. I think you should take me to dinner and we should forget all about that stupid movie."

Over the next couple of days Jorja did her best to forget about seeing Nicolette being fondled by two women. Normally seeing any video of that nature would have pleased her, but there was something about seeing Nicolette that angered her to no end. It was the last day of the race and she knew that whoever sent that tape wanted to rattle her. Instead it made her angry and very determined.

Her determination made her one with her car taking every turn and passing every other car with blinding speed until she swooped by the checkered flag. She emerged from her car with a cocky grin. Her crew and the press swarmed around her. She spoke elegantly for the press all the while thinking how sweet it was to win knowing that whoever had tried to derail her must be furious.

The rest of the day was spent posing with the trophy and smiling for the cameras. Finally it was over and she was ready to leave the track. She turned to enter the pit and join the crew she catching a glimpse of Candice Spenser scowling over at her from the crowd. "Bitch," she whispered flashing the woman a sly smirk.

"You know what this means don't you?" Nicolette shouted over the noise of the party she had catered for the team.

"We're in for the rest of the season," Jorja gloated as they ducked out in the hallway to get away from the noise.

"And?" Nicolette prompted.

"And?" Jorja repeated in bewilderment.

"You get to you know," Nicolette blushed shyly. "You can let your hair down and have fun."

"I forgot," Jorja squeaked feeling suddenly nervous.

"You?" Nicolette laughed. "You forgot about sex?"

"Well it has been a long time," Jorja quipped in an effort to hide her awkwardness. "Tell me again who gets tied up?"

"If you want I can help you remember," Nicolette timidly offered. "Unless there is someone else?"

"That isn't," Jorja gasped struggling to catch her breath. "Trust me I want to but," words suddenly failed her. She wanted Nicolette so much it hurt being around the younger woman at times, but she wanted it to be more than a pay off. "Hey you're paying for one hell of a party why don't we join it?"

"Nice save," Nicolette nodded with a wry smile. "I get it."

"I don't think you do," Jorja blew out. "Weren't you the one who told me that I should try dating?"

"Did I say that?" Nicolette teased gently resting her hand on Jorja's arm.

"Yes you did," Jorja smiled in response. "Tonight I want to celebrate with our crew and focus on the rest of the season."

"So you don't miss the rocket?" Nicolette taunted her further.

"Hell yes," Jorja laughed covering Nicolette's hand with her own. She stood there staring into the redhead's eyes completely captivated by the warmth that was spreading throughout her body. She dipped her head slightly the scent of Nicolette's perfume filling her senses. "There are a lot of things I miss," she whispered her body trembling. She felt Nicolette's arms wrapping around her waist.

Her heart soared; she brushed her lips against Nicolette's. The shy kiss quickly deepened when the redhead's tongue brushed against her lips pleading for more. She parted her lips her senses reeling from the feel of Nicolette shyly exploring the warmth of her mouth. Jorja's hands drifted to the curve of the redhead's hips caressing her body tenderly while they became caught up in the fiery kiss. "Damn," Jorja blew out her hands drifting up along the supple curve of Nicolette's body. "I just knew you'd be a good kisser."

"I was just about to say the same thing," Nicolette laughed. "What is it about you that makes me say and do things so out of character for me?"

"My charm, my wit," Jorja jested. "It must be something since you offered to do me the first time we met. You never meant to say that did you?"

"No it just slipped out," Nicolette exclaimed. "That happens to me when I'm around you. Like offering to let you live in my house. I'm not spontaneous or brazen. I'm very controlled and careful except for the time I was with Candy. I'm probably worse now because of my time with Candy, but with you I just lose my focus."

"You have no idea how funny it is that at this moment I'm the one acting like an adult," Jorja teased finally forcing her hands away from Nicolette's body. "I'm beginning to think that we bring out the best in one another."

"Or the worst," Nicolette smiled. "Jorja you are a remarkable woman."

The driver gaped over at her companion stunned by Nicolette's words. "You are," Nicolette asserted brushing an errant lock of hair from Jorja's brow. "Don't tell me that no one has said that to you before?"

"No they haven't," Jorja shyly confessed. "We should get back to the party. Then we have to start getting ready for our next race, as for the rest I can wait."

"And if you don't have to wait?" Nicolette challenged as the couple made their way back towards the party.

"Even better," Jorja smirked. "I just think that we should be discreet. I'm still worried about that video that was delivered. Some one is up to something."

"Probably just Candy being pissy," Nicolette theorized. "She does that from time to time just to screw with me."

"Charming," Jorja sneered. "Well her stepdaughter isn't much fun either."

"Right," Nicolette coughed. "Then why did you do it?"

"If you had asked me a couple months ago I would have said because she was hot and I had just won a race," Jorja reasoned. "Now I'd have to go with stupidity."

"I have to hand it to you boss," Jorja sighed happily as she escorted Nicolette up to her hotel room after the party had finally ended. "You know how to throw a party. The bonus was a nice touch."

"Well earned by everyone," Nicolette reasoned leaning against the door to her room. "My first freelance design, starting late in my first season, and we made the top ten that takes more than a fast car."

"True," Jorja agreed leaning up against the wall studying her employer carefully. "I should go."

"Why?" Nicolette entreated the driver.

"Hmm," Jorja smiled wryly. "I forget," she hummed softly leaning closer until their breath mingled and she could feel Nicolette's hair brushing against her face. Jorja's body tingled. They exchanged soft promising kisses. "Now I remember," she whispered her hands wandering along the soft curves of Nicolette's body. "I should go because I want to treat you right."

"You do," Nicolette cooed in response. "During the past few months we've hung out, gone to dinner, practically lived together, curled up on my sofa, talked all night long and not once did you behave inappropriately. A few months ago the drunken woman I had heard horrible stories about wouldn't have behaved in such a manner. I really do care for you and I don't want to screw this up either. But,"

"But," Jorja encouraged before stealing another lingering kiss.

"But I can't stop touching you," Nicolette whimpered her hands slipping between them brushing lightly against Jorja breast. The brunette released a flustered groan her body reacting to Nicolette's touch.

Jorja's body took control leaning closer capturing her lover in a searing kiss. "Stay?" Nicolette pleaded in a husky tone that sent shivers up and down Jorja's spine.

"If I do you won't be able to get rid of me," she confessed shocked by the depth of her feelings.

"I don't want to get rid of you," Nicolette gasped; Jorja's body pressed closer trapping the smaller woman against the wall. "God you feel so good."

Jorja murmured with pleasure. She drank in Nicolette's intoxicating scent and nibbling her neck while her hands began to explore the redhead's body. She began kissing her lover passionately her knee slipping between Nicolette's trembling thighs. Her senses were reeling. She gave into the feeling of Nicolette's body responding to her touch. She was dimly aware of people traveling past them. Suddenly she broke away from the heated embrace. "Either I need to go or we need to go inside your room before we get arrested," she breathlessly suggested.

Nicolette eagerly nodded in agreement while frantically searching for the key to her room. Jorja smiled amused at the sight of the normally confident woman fumbling like a schoolgirl. "Come here," Nicolette purred once she finally managed to open the door. She clasped Jorja firmly tugging her inside the room.

Jorja smiled brightly kicking the door shut behind them. "Ready to celebrate?" Nicolette panted clasping the back of Jorja's head and guiding her closer.

"Winning?" Jorja questioned wrapping her arms around Nicolette's waist.

"Everything," Nicolette choked out before reclaiming Jorja's lips.

Jorja's body was pulsating with desire not only had it been a long time since she had been kissed but Nicolette was kissing her with a passion she had never understood before. She began to tear at Nicolette's beaded dress guiding the redhead towards the king sized bed. "Wait," she gulped tearing her mouth from the sweet delightful touch of Nicolette's lips. "I want; I need to take this slowly. You're not some groupie whose name I'm going to forget in a couple of hours. Hell, I've sat up all night watching old movies with you and let you see me cry when Ingrid got on that plane. You've changed something in me, calmed me down when the team from Mountain Dew kicked my butt last week, listened to my horror stories, and so much more."

"Slow is good," Nicolette reassured her while unbuttoning the buttons on Jorja's cream-colored blouse. "I want to make love to you," she whispered slipping the open blouse down Jorja's broad shoulders. "I'm so drawn to you that I was willing to settle for less just to be with you."

"Never settle for less," Jorja chastised tucking her fingers beneath the redhead's chin guiding Nicolette's angelic face closer. "I think we've both been doing that for far too long." Jorja kissed her lover softly allowing Nicolette to slip her blouse even further down until it was dangling from her arms. There was something about kissing Nicolette that filled her with a sense of belonging she had never experience before. She pushed aside her fears of what the morning would bring when life and the immense baggage the both of them carried reared its ugly head. Instead she melted in Nicolette's embrace, kissing the redhead deeply, taking time to explore the warmth of her lover's mouth.

Absent was the hurried need to strip her lover from her clothing as quickly as possible and receive gratification. Instead she wanted to touch every inch of Nicolette's body and memorize the feel and taste keeping it locked safely in her heart. Her hands began caressing Nicolette's back slowly lowering the zipper on her dress.

Nicolette responded by nuzzling Jorja's breasts slowly tracing her cleavage with the tip of her tongue. Jorja murmured with pleasure lowering her lover's dress while Nicolette's hands caressed her stomach. She nibbled on Nicolette's earlobe while guiding the smaller woman closer to the bed. The redhead gasped with pleasure when Jorja gently lowered her down onto the bed. "So beautiful," Nicolette whispered against Jorja's trembling flesh.

Jorja was stunned by the sincere look in the redhead's eyes as she hovered above her. She fought against the rush of desire allowing Nicolette to undress her laughing when she lost her balance and fell onto the soft bedding. For the first time in her life she felt nervous at being exposed to another. Her fears ebbed from the delightful sensation of Nicolette slowly kissing and caressing her naked body.

Jorja's body was literally tingling with excitement from the feel of Nicolette's hands, mouth and hair teasing her naked flesh. She reached over wrapping her lover in her arms and began kissing her. Then she took her time removing the redhead's clothing gasping when Nicolette's body was finally revealed to her.

She blew a warm breath against one of Nicolette's rose-colored nipples pleased by the sight of it puckering in response. She released a feral groan before capturing the bud between her lips. She slowly suckled the erect bud allowing her hands to enjoy the feel of Nicolette's flesh responding to her touch.

Encouraged by the sounds of Nicolette's desire and the feel of her lover's body arching against her own Jorja slipped her hand between the redhead's thighs. She moaned with delight; Nicolette's overflowing passion greeted her touch. She parted Nicolette's slick folds dipping inside of her wetness slowly teasing her lover. "Jorja," Nicolette helplessly squeaked out pressing her mound harder against Jorja's touch.

Nicolette's blunt nails dug into her flesh encouraging Jorja to pleasure her. The driver was helpless to resist and slipped deeper inside of her lover. She feasted upon her lover's breasts while her long fingers glided in and out of Nicolette's warm, wet center. She slowed her touch when she felt the walls tightening against her fingers.

Her touch remained idle despite Nicolette's passionate pleas. Jorja licked and tasted her way down the smaller woman's body. She smiled up at her lover before blowing a warm breath against her damp curls. She drew Nicolette closer intoxicated by the musky aroma of her lover's aching need.

Jorja murmured with pleasure parting her lover with her tongue and tasting her for the first time. She nestled her body between Nicolette's thighs and gave into her desires. She licked her lover's sex slowly before sucking her throbbing clit urgently. Her mouth and fingers began moving in a frantic rhythm driving her lover to thrust urgently against her.

Jorja was amazed that in just a few short months she had made a giant leap from being the queen of self-gratification to only caring about her lover's needs. She guided Nicolette higher craving the feel of her lover's passion spilling over her. She clenched her thighs in an effort to quell her own aching need; she suckled Nicolette harder. She was stunned when her lover's body exploded, and her own trembled. She refused to yield needing to feel more until her lover was guiding her to her.

Nicolette quickly turned the tables trapping Jorja beneath her. Jorja's body was on fire giving into the feel of Nicolette mouth worshiping her breasts while her hands explored her quivering flesh. She clung to the smaller woman wrapping her legs around Nicolette's body. "Yes," she cried out feeling her lover slipping inside of her.

Nicolette's teased her nipples with her teeth and tongue while her nimble fingers plunged deeper inside of her. The room was spinning. The only thing Jorja was aware of was the feel of

Nicolette's mouth gliding down her body. Her hips arched feeling Nicolette caressing her backside. She pressed her wetness against her lover's eager mouth amazed by the slow tenderness of Nicolette's touch.

She rocked her hips silently encouraging her lover to take her harder. Nicolette gleefully complied with her request. Jorja was lost in the feel of Nicolette's mouth and fingers stroking her harder and harder until the world went dark her body exploding as the climax ripped through her.

When her vision finally cleared she realized that Nicolette was still nestled between her thighs licking away every last drop of her passion. "You're trying to kill me," she murmured happily guiding her lover closer. That night Jorja experienced something she had never known before holding her lover while she slept. The feeling was amazing making every tawdry encounter she had experienced before pale in comparison.

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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