

~ The Promise ~

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May 2002

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

Amsterdam 1939

Glenna looked over at her companion with an amused grin. The tall slender redhead with the brilliant blue eyes sipped her tea thoughtfully. Helga was the portrait of elegance. She had a slender body, long legs, and a swan-like neck. Back home in the states she would have been easily mistaken for a movie star or royalty. If you passed Helga on the street you would never suspect that the statuesque beauty was a madam. Not just any madam. Helga was a brilliant businesswoman who ran a very discreet operation for those with enough class and money.

"What is it that you are smiling at, my friend?" Helga inquired curiously, her rich accent rolling off her full lips.

"You, my friend," Glenna responded happily.

"I delight you?" Helga inquired with a slight purr.

"You know that you do," Glenna agreed. "I was just thinking what a strange friendship we share."

"You mean because we . . . how do you Americans say, fucked?" Helga inquired playfully.

"Such a vulgar term."

"True," Glenna agreed. "But somehow the way you say it brings a certain elegance to the term."

Helga flashed a sly grin at the tall American and Glenna was just about to expand on her thoughts when a petite strawberry blonde entered Helga's luxurious apartment. Emerald eyes stared curiously at Glenna who smiled in response. The small girl blushed before shyly

scampering out of the room. Glenna turned to see the warning glare Helga flashed at her. The small blonde's name was Dodi. Other than that and the fact that Helga kept her way from her business and clients, Glenna knew nothing about the girl.

"If you will excuse me?" Helga offered politely as she stood. "I need to see to Dodi."

"Of course," Glenna said with a slight nod. "I'll just enjoy my tea and reminisce about how we met."

"You mean when you entered my theatre for the first time. Such a pleasant memory," Helga added before she left the room.

"Hmm," Glenna sighed as her thoughts drifted once again to the mysterious Dodi. "Who is she?" Glenna pondered thoughtfully. Although she had known Helga for six years, she hadn't a clue as to who the young girl was.

PART TWO

Six years ago Glenna was on her honeymoon. She was a blushing young bride and her husband, Horace, was bordering on senility. Not surprising since her groom was nearly a half century her senior. It was a good match in many ways. Glenna's family needed her to maintain her station in high society and Horace needed a wife. Since he was a rich old codger it seemed like an ideal match for the young woman. After all, Glenna reasoned that Horace really wasn't going to be on this earth much longer. She truly liked the older gentleman who was far too busy amassing a fortune to wed and he was only cognizant of their marriage on rare occasions. She of course would perform her duties. She was stunned that at those times Horace would display uncharacteristic stamina. Her only fear was that she would send her elderly husband to his grave before she had the chance to give him an heir.

It wasn't the money that she sought; she truly wanted to have a child. Of course Horace's millions didn't hurt. But underneath it all she was simply a socialite that needed to hide her true sexuality. They honeymooned in Europe and delighted in the grand old architecture and arts. When they arrived in Amsterdam Horace was weary and Glenna was thankful.

After some discreet inquiries, a chambermaid informed her of a little known place that would appeal to Glenna. Chez Elle was described to her by the chambermaid as the spot she should go. The name explained it all to the eager Glenna. The brunette didn't doubt the information the maid had passed along to her since she had already bedded the woman.

Chez Elle was hidden away on a dark side street. It was, for all intents and purposes, a theatre. Certainly not the kind her old schoolmates from Vassar would have approved of since the main attraction was the live sex shows consisting mostly of a female entourage. Glenna felt like a gangster when she knocked on the dark doorway and gave the password. The tall burly man examined her closely to ensure she was dressed appropriately, and then allowed her to pay the hefty entrance fee when he was assured that her pedigree was appropriate.

Glenna walked into the bright theatre and was amazed by the wealthy women and men floating about. She surveyed the plush booths and elegant décor. If it weren't for the three naked beauties pleasuring each other on stage, she would have thought she was at one of New York's finer establishments. A young woman dressed in a long flowing gown approached her. The woman began to speak and Glenna held up her hand. "English, please," Glenna implored her, feeling far too weary to translate.

"An American," the woman said excitedly. "We have so few visiting us these days with all the troubles. Welcome! Are you alone?"

"Yes," Glenna responded with a shy smile as the woman removed her wrap.

"If you wish companionship you need only to tell your server," the woman explained as she led Glenna down the aisles past several booths where couples were engaged in some very interesting activities. "And if you wish your server, simply ask," she explained as she seated Glenna at a small private table. "If someone approaches you that doesn't interest you, a simple no will end the encounter. Enjoy your visit; everything will be added to your bill. Simply pay the cashier on the way out."

Glenna nodded, slightly stunned by the casual atmosphere. Her server was an attractive woman with an ample bosom that pressed against her tight dress. Glenna ordered a bottle of champagne and watched the show. She sipped the champagne as she delighted in the performances.

A slender redhead seated herself at Glenna's table without introduction. The woman's sparkling blue eyes captivated Glenna. "Are you enjoying your visit?" the woman inquired in a rich accent that Glenna instantly realized was German.

"Very much," Glenna responded as the woman slid closer to her.

"I'm Helga," the woman introduced herself. "I would like to enjoy your company, if it pleases you?"

"Glenna," the brunette responded eagerly. Helga captured her hand and ran her long fingers along the back of the brunette's hand. "Would you like some champagne?" Glenna offered. Helga simply nodded in response.

"And where is he this evening?" Helga inquired as she ran her finger along Glenna's large diamond wedding band.

"Sleeping," Glenna responded with a light laugh as Helga waved the serving girl over.

Glenna could feel her pulse racing as the girl placed another champagne flute on the table. Helga brushed the girl's lips lightly with her own as she ran her hand up the back of the girl's dress. Glenna purred with excitement as she watched the scene. Helga quickly dismissed the girl and sipped her champagne as Glenna drank in her body. The black silk pantsuit fitted Helga's slender

frame perfectly.

"Pity," Helga said as she placed her glass on the table.

"What is?" Glenna inquired, thoroughly intrigued by this beauty sitting next to her.

"That someone so young and beautiful has to sneak away from her husband," Helga explained as she ran her fingers along Glenna's firm jaw. "Are you simply curious?"

"No." Glenna laughed lightly as she leaned into Helga's touch. "He's not so young and I passed the stage of curiosity quite some time ago."

"Ah, he is rich," Helga said with a knowing smile.

"Very," Glenna confessed as she ran her fingers along her companion's thigh.

"Clever girl," Helga said with a saucy wink. Glenna's hand continued to enjoy the feel of silk while Helga's hands drifted down the front of Glenna's evening gown. They watched the show as Glenna's desire deepened. Her hand grew bolder and soon she was caressing the inside of Helga's firm thigh. Her blue eyes widened when she felt the hard bulge between her companion's thighs.

Helga sighed deeply as she captured Glenna's trembling hand. The redhead moved Glenna's hand deeper between her legs. Glenna moaned as she cupped the woman's mound and felt the hardness pressing against her palm. "Would you like to see?" Helga invited her in a husky tone.

"Yes," Glenna gasped.

Glenna licked her lips eagerly as Helga unbuttoned her slacks and pulled them down slightly to reveal her cream white hips and the phallus strapped to her mound. Helga's eyes glazed over as she guided Glenna's hand down to touch the phallus. Glenna lost herself in the feel of it while she stroked the phallus slowly. Never in her previous escapes had Glenna been treated to such a delightful encounter. Soon touching the phallus wasn't enough. She shifted in the velvet-covered booth and lowered her mouth.

Eagerly she took the phallus into her mouth; Helga moaned in pleasure while she ran her fingers through Glenna's long raven tresses. Their passion grew steadily until Helga pulled Glenna up to her and captured her lips in a fiery kiss. Soon Helga was leading Glenna away from her table. As she strolled through the theatre, she noticed the respect that was accorded Helga by each person she encountered.

Glenna understood many things as they made their way up to Helga's private booth. First, Helga was the driving force behind Chez Elle. Secondly, her attractive companion's desires weren't limited to women. Helga, she would learn later, found pleasure in beautiful people regardless of their gender. Helga led her to her private booth; it contained a large bed that could provide comfort while giving the guests an unobstructed view of the stage without the patrons being able to observe Helga's activities.

Glenna and Helga undressed one another while exchanging passionate kisses and soon Glenna found herself lying beneath the beautiful redhead. Glenna wrapped her long legs around Helga's body and allowed her to fill her completely. Helga took her to new heights that evening. After their encounter ended and before Glenna was in the taxi heading back to the hotel room she shared with her husband, Helga offered to assist Glenna in finding companionship whenever she was in the area.

Glenna knew that Helga wasn't offering herself but was more than willing to broker any recreation that Glenna might seek. That was the way it had begun. Glenna became one of Helga's clients and once a year visited Amsterdam whether or not Horace could accompany her. Somehow the two women struck up a mostly unlikely friendship. She knew that Helga was closer to her than her other clients. She also knew that, despite their closeness, neither of them wanted a romantic relationship with the other.

She even corresponded with Helga and learned a great deal about her foreign friend. Helga was a cunning businesswoman and very well educated. She had left Germany when the politics changed. She built her business up quietly and, since her clients were very well connected throughout the continent and she was discreet, she was allowed to keep her business thriving.

The only thing Glenna didn't know about was Dodi. She remembered the first time she saw the shy young woman. At first Glenna thought she was a child but when she looked closer she knew that Dodi was probably only a few years her junior. Helga made it clear the first time she saw Glenna admiring Dodi that the petite blonde was not on the menu. Dodi was kept away from anyone that had anything to do with Helga's business. Glenna respected her privacy regarding the matter and never questioned her.

At first she thought that perhaps Dodi was Helga's child but quickly realized that the girl was far too old. It was strange that Glenna knew Helga's favorite sexual position and her dreams for the future but hadn't a clue as to who the young girl was. She would have asked Dodi but the blonde wasn't allowed to speak to her and all they shared were a few smiles and curious looks.

PART THREE

"Such an interesting look on that beautiful face," Helga commented merrily. Glenna blinked before noticing her friend grinning at her.

"I was just reminiscing about how you seduced me," Glenna teased her friend.

"I seduced you?" Helga responded with a hearty laugh. "It was a nice evening. Your body wrapped around my own while we made love watching those two young women performing the same act on stage."

"It was so very kind of you to invite them to join us after their performance," Glenna added with a wry smile.

"I am always a gracious hostess," Helga commented softly. "Plus I was granted the pleasure of watching those two beautiful creatures fulfill your every desire." Glenna blushed deeply at the memory. "That evening I knew that you would be a wonderful client. Then you took me by complete surprise and invited me for tea the following afternoon. At first I was worried that you might have, how do you say, a crush? Such harsh words in your language for such beautiful sentiments." Glenna listened carefully as her friend spoke. She always found Helga's voice captivating. "But that afternoon we talked about everything from art to the state of the world. None of my other clients would even speak to me on the street, but you invited me to your home and offered your friendship. You didn't offer your bed, knowing that it wasn't what either of us sought from the other, and for that, my friend, I am in your debt."

"Helga, I treasure our friendship," Glenna quickly explained. "It is so nice to have another woman to speak to about life. Unlike so many women I know, you don't hide your intelligence nor do you ask me to hide mine. I love your letters. And I will always hold the memory of sharing my passion with you very close to my heart. We both know that our feelings for one another are not romantic."

"You have been visiting Amsterdam for a few months now. Are you enjoying your stay?" Helga inquired casually.

"Yes, very much so," Glenna responded, slightly bewildered by the sudden change in the conversation.

"How much longer will you be staying in my adopted country?" Helga continued as her eyes drifted to the door where Dodi had exited a short while ago.

"Not very much longer I'm afraid," Glenna responded with regret. "The climate is changing and Horace is insistent that I return to America."

"I trust it is not the weather that you are referring to," Helga said thoughtfully.

"No," Glenna responded sadly. "The world is changing, my friend, and I fear that my husband is correct. I should return to my home, and to my husband of course," she added with a smile as she spoke of her husband.

"If he only knew how you spend your leisure time, you would certainly send that old man to his grave." Helga laughed. "But he is correct. The world is changing and this will not be a safe place for very much longer. You should go as soon as you can."

"I will be leaving in a few days," Glenna responded, seeing the worry in her friend's eyes. "I will miss you."

"And I shall miss you as well," Helga said with sincerity. "You are the only client I've brought to my home and the only one that has ever seen Dodi. You are curious about her?"

"Yes," Glenna answered honestly. "But I respect your privacy."

Helga looked at Glenna sadly. "She is my sister," she explained proudly.

"I thought I saw a resemblance," Glenna added. "At first I thought she might be your child."

"I am far too young to have a child her age," Helga scoffed indignantly. "She is twenty-seven."

"I had figured that much out," Glenna reassured her. "What happened to your parents?" she inquired carefully.

"You've heard about what is happening in Germany?" Helga began slowly.

"I've heard rumors," Glenna shuddered as she thought of the unbelievable stories she had heard.

"They are true," Helga said in a heavy tone. "Our parents died helping us flee our home. I brought Dodi here thinking that we would be safe, but I was mistaken."

"Then perhaps the two of you could accompany me back to my home?" Glenna suggested earnestly, not fully understanding just why these two young women would be in danger.

"You mean that?" Helga asked cautiously.

"Yes," Glenna said firmly as she reached over and squeezed Helga's trembling hand.

"Thank you," Helga responded as she squeezed Glenna's hand in return. "Dodi has finished the university. I've set up money for her in New York. I am planning on following her as soon as I can, but I need to get her there first."

"Why is that a problem?" Glenna asked, clearly confused as to why the two women couldn't just leave Amsterdam.

"We are Jewish," Helga explained flatly. Glenna stared at her blankly, still not understanding why that would be a problem. "This makes us targets. Not so long ago we could have simply moved on. Now, because we are Jewish, we are no longer free to leave. I need to ask you a favor, my friend."

"Anything," Glenna asserted earnestly.

"It could be dangerous," Helga warned her.

"Anything," Glenna repeated more firmly.

"Take my sister with you," Helga said in a pleading tone.

"You should come with us," Glenna insisted urgently.

"I can't," Helga responded heavily. "I wish I could. I will get there as soon as I can," she added with a promise. "You will take her there?"

"Yes," Glenna agreed, regretting that Helga was going to remain behind.

"I am trusting you with the dearest person in the world," Helga cautioned her. "Promise me that you will get my little sister to safety."

"I promise," Glenna vowed.

PART FOUR

A few days later Glenna checked out of her hotel. She had both her bags and Dodi's, which Helga had delivered, sent to the train station. Nervously she sat at the café awaiting Helga and Dodi's arrival. Helga's long black car pulled up in front and Glenna quickly dashed inside the moment the driver opened the door.

Inside the car, she found a nervous Helga and a very agitated Dodi. "I was beginning to worry," Glenna said, hoping to ease the tension in the car.

"Someone was being difficult," Helga explained as she glared at her younger sibling.

"I'm not a child," Dodi responded firmly as she rolled her eyes in exasperation.

"Here are her papers. " Helga handed a large bundle to Glenna.

"An American passport," Glenna said thoughtfully. "I'm impressed." Helga simply shrugged. "Dorothy Grayson," Glenna read aloud.

"Grayson?" Dodi said in confusion.

"Would you prefer Frankel and get arrested at the train depot?" Helga fumed.

"It's my last name," Glenna quickly explained. "According to this you are my niece."

"Yes, and you behave for your Auntie Glenna," Helga ordered her younger sibling. "And try not to speak, but when you do remember . . ."

"Sound like an American," Dodi finished for her. Glenna smiled at the bland tone that rolled off the blonde's lips. Helga looked at Glenna in question.

"That was very good," Glenna reassured her. "No one will question her. Besides I'll be the typical obnoxious rich American and no one will even notice her."

"I wish the two of you would stop pretending that I am not here," Dodi groused while still maintaining her Yankee accent.

"I'm sorry, Dorothy," Glenna apologized, recalling what it was like to be left out of conversations whenever her parents bothered to be around.

"Thank you," Dorothy accepted. "It's nice to know that someone realizes that I have an adult name."

"Dodi," Helga teased her.

"No," the blonde protested as the car came to a stop. "Dodi is a name for a little Jewish girl. It's not safe," she explained as tears welled up in her emerald eyes. "Why can't you come now? Or I could wait until we can travel together."

"I am sorry. It is safer for you to go now," Helga choked out as she hugged her sister tightly. "I will be joining you in America before you know it," she promised. Glenna's heart sank, as both she and Dorothy feared that Helga might not be able to keep her promise. "Glenna will take care of you," Helga said as Glenna stepped from the automobile. Dorothy joined her as Helga wiped the tears from her eyes.

"I promise," Glenna reassured her friend. "She will be eating hot dogs and watching baseball when you arrive."

Helga pulled her into a tight hug. "Thank you," the redhead whispered into Glenna's ear. "Just one more thing," Helga began firmly as she released her hold on Glenna. "Just remember that she is my baby sister. Auntie Glenna, do not do anything that I would be forced to hunt you down and torture you for." Glenna swallowed hard as her friend captured her in a murderous gaze. "Do you understand?" Helga said slowly. "Do not touch her."

"Helga!" Dorothy shouted out in embarrassment.

"Ssh," Helga hushed her sister. "Glenna, do you understand?" she repeated venomously.

"Yes," the tall brunette squeaked out.

Later, Glenna sat nervously on the sofa in the sleeper car that she and Dorothy would be sharing for the next three days. She was surprised by the way their papers were checked over and over again. That was until Glenna started acting like the grand dame. She played the spoiled rich American heiress to the hilt, shouting at everyone and throwing her weight around. The guards simply shoved their passports at them and allowed them to board the train.

"Your act was very convincing," Dorothy said as the train left the station.

"I've had a lot of practice," Glenna explained. "I was born a spoiled brat and have managed to remain so well into my adulthood."

The attractive blonde sat down next to Glenna. The brunette pulled away slightly and Dorothy laughed lightly. "I cannot believe that she threatened you like that."

"Oh well, you know she is just worried about your welfare," Glenna explained. She had no intention of revealing to this sweet girl that her older sister used to hire female companions to sleep with Glenna.

"She trusts you with my life but not my virtue," Dorothy said in an amused tone. "Now why is that?" Glenna's mouth went dry as she tried to think of some reasonable explanation. She was at a complete loss. "Should I inquire as to how well you are acquainted with my sister?" Dorothy said as her accent slipped slightly.

"I Uhm . . . we . . . err," Glenna stammered like an idiot.

"I see," Dorothy said in a knowing tone as the smile slipped from her cherubic features. "Chez Elle." Glenna looked with a stunned expression at the naïve-looking girl. Dorothy held up her hands, stopping Glenna from responding. "I know. Helga doesn't think I know but I know all about the club and what happens there. My sister thinks that I am a little girl who would never question how we arrived in Amsterdam with nothing but the clothes on our backs and ended up living in a luxurious apartment with more money than our parents made in a lifetime, all with in a very short period of time."

"I see," Glenna said as she released a sigh of relief. "Does it bother you?"

"Yes," Dorothy answered honestly. "But I understand that she did what she had to do to keep us both alive. What I don't understand is why you would go to a place like that."

"It served a purpose," Glenna answered with a shrug.

"You paid my sister for sex?" Dorothy asked in confusion.

"I never paid your sister to sleep with her," Glenna explained quickly. It was the truth since Helga never charged her for the first night at the club.

"But you did pay her to arrange for others to sleep with you?" Dorothy asked in bewilderment.

"Yes," Glenna confessed, suddenly feeling very dirty.

"I do not understand," Dorothy continued.

"I really don't wish to discuss this any further," Glenna snapped as shame washed over her.

"I am sorry," Dorothy apologized. "I never understood why someone would need to pay for intimacy. Certainly not someone as attractive as yourself."

"Can we please change the subject?" Glenna begged.

"I am sorry," Dorothy repeated. "You are risking your life for me all because of your friendship with my sister, and I repay you by trying to pry into the details of your sex life. Forgive me."

Glenna nodded her head in agreement. She was thankful that the questions had ended but suspected that Dorothy had a very inquisitive mind; the subject would come up again. She studied the young woman carefully. Her soft features and firm body were certainly appealing to Glenna's baser instincts. "Yes?" Dorothy challenged her in a sultry tone.

"Why do I think that you are not as innocent as Helga thinks you are?" Glenna said with suspicion.

"Helga thinks I am a virgin." Dorothy chuckled. "I have tried to tell her the truth but for someone as, shall we say, worldly as my sister, she can be amazingly naïve when it comes to me. Before you ask, the answer is no. My tastes are not as varied as my sister's."

"Meaning?" Glenna pried before she could stop herself.

"Helga loves freely," Dorothy responded honestly. "She finds beauty in the person. Although I do appreciate beauty, my vision is limited to only one gender and I am far more selective in my choices. I also need more than a pretty face to win my favors."

Glenna contemplated what her traveling companion had just told her. Dorothy was by no means a loose woman but she was human. The only question left in Glenna's overwrought mind was which gender the young blonde favored. Glenna shook her head clear of any further exploration as she recalled the murderous gaze Helga had cast upon her.

"Here are your papers," Glenna said as she handed the packet over to Dorothy. "Your bank account in New York is all set up. You should be able to settle anywhere." She watched as Dorothy's eyes widened at seeing the figures. The large amount had surprised Glenna as well before she realized that it was everything the two women had.

"Chez Elle is not a seedy brothel," Glenna explained. "Helga ensured that everything was very high class. You not only had to have the right amount of money to enter but the manners as well. And so you know your sister never sold herself. She only sought enjoyment with people who interested her."

"You make it all sound almost respectable," Dorothy said grimly.

"In some ways it was," Glenna continued. "Helga provided a safe environment for consenting adults whose passions are illegal. Yes, she arranged for people to meet but sex was never a guaranteed part of the arrangement. Sometimes it was simply a date. A nice dinner with someone who shared similar interests."

"On your dates, did any of them end with a simple handshake?" Dorothy pried suspiciously.

"Yes," Glenna answered honestly.

"But most of them ended in the bedroom, didn't they?" Dorothy pushed.

"Yes," Glenna once again answered honestly.

"I am not judging you, but it is a brothel," Dorothy asserted. "A very expensive one from what I can see," she emphasized as she held up the papers from the bank.

"And where am I to go to find companionship?" Glenna argued. "I am a homosexual. No where on this planet is that legal. I could be jailed or worse for simply loving a woman."

"Trust me; I do understand," Dorothy said softly. "Or did you not understand our earlier conversation? What is it that *we* are called in your country? Queer?"

Glenna cringed at the term. "There are some words in English that you do not need to learn," Glenna chastised her. "Lesbian," she corrected her.

"Of course. Sappho and her island," Dorothy concurred.

"Yes, but I wouldn't say it very loudly," Glenna cautioned her. "At least you don't have to lie about being Jewish after you get settled in New York."

"Really?" Dorothy choked out as her eyes filled with tears. "I barely remember what that is like."

"I have friends back home who are Jewish. They can show you around and take you to temple," Glenna offered.

"You make it sound so simple," Dorothy said in wonderment.

"It is that simple," Glenna reassured her. "Trust me. There are still some blockheads there but since you have more than enough money," Glenna emphasized her point by tapping the bank statement, "no one is going to give a hoot. That is the American way. Well, that and always remember to root for the home team."

"Yes, baseball!" Dorothy shouted excitedly. "You must teach me about baseball." Dorothy tugged on Glenna's arm eagerly. "I want to be a real American by the time Helga arrives."

"All right." Glenna laughed at the younger woman's excitement. "We have three days on the train and then an ocean voyage ahead of us. I think I can fill you in on all the basics of the game by the time we dock."

"We are not flying?" Dorothy asked curiously, her accent growing thicker with each passing moment.

"No. With everything going on, my husband said that he felt better if I sailed home," Glenna explained.

"You are married?" Dorothy said in confusion. "I think that I am going to understand baseball more quickly than I will understand what goes on in there," she said as she poked her finger against Glenna's forehead.

"Oh, you don't want to go there." Glenna laughed as she captured Dorothy's finger. "Okay, let's start. There are nine men on the field at one time . . ."

"No women?" Dorothy challenged her.

"No," Glenna answered.

"Why?" Dorothy pressed.

"Why what?" Glenna asked in bewilderment.

"Why are there no women?" Dorothy asked in dismay.

"Because there aren't," Glenna said.

"Why?" Dorothy pushed.

"I don't know," Glenna conceded in frustration. "Now where was I? Right. Nine *men* are on the diamond at the same time . . ."

"They play on a diamond?" Dorothy asked, seeming to enjoy the frustration she was causing Glenna. "I like diamonds."

"Well, that's one thing you and Helga have in common," Glenna teased.

After an exhausting attempt to explain the rules of baseball to her energetic companion, Glenna finally decided to give up for the night. "Dinner." She groaned in exhaustion as she rang for the porter who arrived quickly. Glenna smiled, knowing that her wealth did provide privilege no matter where she traveled. "Could you set up the beds while my *niece* and I are in the dining car?" Glenna instructed the older man.

"Yes, Madame," he responded in broken English.

"Come along, Dorothy." She beckoned her companion as if she was a small child. She was amused by the harsh glare she received from the younger woman.

"Yes, of course, Auntie Glenna," Dorothy chimed in response, sounding like a teenaged

American girl as she skipped out of the car. Glenna bit back her laughter as she watched the girl walk down the aisle of the crowded train. Her smile vanished as she found herself captivated by the gentle sway of the young woman's hips. "Why do you have to be so beautiful?" She muttered as she followed her companion.

Over dinner they fell into easy banter despite the fact that Dorothy was careful not to speak very often, fearful that her accent would slip. Dorothy reached for Glenna's wine glass and took a sip. Glenna had teased the younger woman by not allowing her to order any wine with dinner. "Naughty girl." she taunted the blonde as she retrieved the wine glass from her grasp.

Dorothy was glaring at her once again when Glenna noticed a young man smiling suggestively at Dorothy. The brunette cast an icy blue stare at the man as her jaw clenched. "Jealous?" Dorothy questioned her in an annoying tone.

"Whatever do you mean?" Glenna scoffed in return. "After all, you are my niece and I value my life," she added the last part of her statement softly so only Dorothy could hear her.

"Then why were you staring at my ass earlier?" Dorothy whispered hotly in her ear as Glenna choked.

"My, you have learned some very interesting vocabulary," Glenna managed to choke out as she felt the blush creeping up to the tips of her ears.

Dorothy released a throaty laugh as her head fell back, causing her long strawberry blonde hair to cascade down across her face. The younger woman quickly snatched away the wine glass. "Never play with fire, young lady," Glenna warned her as the blonde sipped her wine.

"Why? Are you going to spank me?" Dorothy said in husky tone.

"Have you no shame?" Glenna laughed lightly, knowing that she was being played. "Or do you hold my well-being with such little regard? Helga will hunt me down and rip my heart out of my chest if she even knew we talked in such a manner."

"She will make it out, won't she?" Dorothy asked fearfully as she leaned back in the booth, brushing her hair out of her face.

"Yes," Glenna reassured her as she leaned over to brush the few remaining strands of hair off Dorothy's brow. Glenna's fingertips traced the soft outline of the blonde's face before coming to rest under her chin. She tilted Dorothy's face up gently and found herself lost in her emerald eyes. "She will be joining us before you know it. And who knows? Maybe the Germans will stay out of Amsterdam. Now finish your wine; it's late," she added as she reluctantly released Dorothy's face.

Glenna noticed how the tips of her fingers were tingling from the brief contact. Sitting back in confusion, she watched the blonde slowly sipping her wine until her eyes caught the same young man still ogling Dorothy. This time a fierce growl accompanied her icy stare. "Come along,

Auntie. It is past your bedtime," Dorothy mocked her as she rose from her seat and offered her hand to the tall brunette.

Glenna shot the young man one last glare before taking Dorothy's hand and walking back to their car. As they entered, Glenna noticed that both sleeping berths had been opened and turned down. She grimaced as she looked at her companion and realized the drastic differences in their height. Normally she took the lower berth since she almost always traveled alone.

"I could give you a boost," she suggested to her companion who was busy gathering up her sleeping attire.

"I am not climbing up there. I will never be able to get back down." Dorothy laughed as she padded off towards the bathroom.

Later that evening Glenna was sound asleep in the upper berth while Dorothy slept in the lower. The sound of whimpering woke the brunette. Confused by the darkness and the movement of the train, she rubbed her head searching for some answers. Then she heard a stifled sob coming from below her. She stumbled out of the bed, crashing to floor. "Damn it to Hell!" Glenna cried out as she rubbed her injured backside. She saw the startled blonde head shoot up, tears streaming down her cheeks. "I'm sorry. You were crying and I misjudged the distance."

"Bad dream," Dorothy sniffed. "I didn't know . . . sorry I woke you."

"Ssh," Glenna hushed her as she crawled over to the blonde's bed. "Do you want to talk about it?" she offered tenderly as she brushed away the tears with her thumb.

"Sometimes I dream about my parents," Dorothy explained. "We were there when they were . . ."

"It's all right," Glenna reassured her as she gathered the smaller woman in her arms. She rubbed Dorothy's back as the blonde clung to her.

"Hold me," Dorothy pleaded.

Against her better judgment, Glenna crawled into the tiny bed and wrapped the smaller woman up in a warm embrace. Dorothy snuggled against Glenna's chest and clung to her tightly. Something about holding this woman in her arms felt right. The scent of Dorothy's shampoo invaded her senses as she felt the blonde's heart beat against her chest. The strange sense of comfort she had felt quickly vanished as Glenna felt herself becoming aroused.

Sleep eluded Glenna that evening as she enjoyed the feel of her companion's body pressed against her. She was only aware of the passing of time when the sunlight peeked through the tiny windows of their room. She felt Dorothy running her fingers across the lace along the collar of her nightgown. "Thank you," Dorothy whispered. Glenna kissed the top of her head in response.

Dorothy shifted and lifted her head slightly. Once again Glenna found that she lost in a sea of green. The look in Dorothy's eyes mirrored her own desires. Both women turned away quickly,

breaking the spell that seemed to be binding them. Dorothy climbed off Glenna's body and made her way into the bathroom.

They spent the rest of the day in their car, talking about baseball and America. They ignored the events of the previous evening and the early morning. They left their quarters only for meals. All too soon it was once again time for bed. Glenna was nervous about how Dorothy would sleep. "Will you be all right?" She inquired carefully. Dorothy simply nodded in response as she climbed into the lower bunk.

"You don't seem very sure," Glenna pushed despite her need to distance herself from the intoxicating blonde. Dorothy opened her mouth to speak and then just as quickly snapped it shut.

Glenna rolled her brilliant blue eyes as she knelt down beside the lower bunk. "Move over," Glenna said in a calm voice. Dorothy quickly moved to the back of the bunk as she held the blankets up for Glenna to crawl under. Glenna snuggled under the blankets as Dorothy wrapped her arms around her. "I'll just hold you until you fall asleep," she whispered in the darkness as her body once again responded to the small blonde's closeness.

As she tightened her hold on Dorothy, Glenna knew that she had been fooling herself. She hadn't climbed into the tiny bunk solely to comfort her companion; something deep inside of her needed to hold this woman. She stopped fighting with herself and allowed herself to simply enjoy the feel of Dorothy wrapped up in her arms. She sighed contently as Dorothy nuzzled closer.

She was beginning to drift off to sleep when she felt soft lips run along her neck. Her eyes flew open as her heart began to race. "We can't," Glenna moaned as Dorothy's tongue traced her chiseled jaw line. Despite her words, her hands slid slowly down Dorothy's back. "We shouldn't," she protested weakly as Dorothy's kisses grew more insistent.

She could see Dorothy's eyes twinkling at her in the darkness as her breath caressed Glenna's face. The brunette parted her lips in an effort to offer one last protest when Dorothy's soft lips brushed against her own. The warmth spread throughout her entire being as she deepened the kiss. As Dorothy parted her lips with her tongue, Glenna was helpless to stop her.

She wrapped her fingers in Dorothy's long silken locks and pulled her closer as their tongues engaged in a sensual duel. She felt a small hand cup her breast as she explored the warmth of Dorothy's mouth. Glenna moaned, trying to convince herself that kissing this woman would be enough for her. Glenna's body arched as Dorothy massaged her breast in a slow torturous motion.

Glenna was gasping for air as the kiss ended. Her mind spun as Dorothy suckled her neck. She tried to tell the blonde to stop but she couldn't bring herself to say the words. Instead she found herself lifting Dorothy's nightgown up her body. The blonde raised her body and she removed her nightgown and underwear. She tossed the garments across the room as her eyes looked down upon Glenna's quivering form.

Glenna was so lost in the vision of beauty lying on top of her that she was barely aware that Dorothy was now undressing her. Somehow in her lustful fog, she managed to assist in the removal of her clothing. Dorothy pulled the blankets down and lay down beside Glenna. The blonde cupped Glenna's face in her hands and reclaimed her lips.

The slow sensual kiss ignited an unfamiliar fire deep inside Glenna as she slowly ran the tips of her fingers along Dorothy's milky white shoulders. As Dorothy continued to kiss her slowly, almost worshiping her mouth with her tongue, Glenna's fingers gently explored the younger woman's skin. Her fingertips tingled as she felt her lover's skin respond to her touch.

Glenna had never before made love so slowly. In some strange fashion she seemed to have a burning need to make each touch last for an eternity. Perhaps the truth was simply that Glenna had never made love before. She didn't allow her mind to contemplate this new discovery; she simply allowed herself to get lost in touching the beautiful woman beside her. She moaned as Dorothy's lips left her own. She shivered as Dorothy began to slowly trace every inch of her body as well.

Neither woman spoke as they continued to trace the outline of the other's body. Glenna's heart pounded in her chest as her arousal grew with each passing moment. Her breathing became ragged as Dorothy cupped her firm full breasts. Emerald orbs held her in a steady gaze as Dorothy brushed her nipples with her thumbs.

Glenna felt almost virginal as her fingertips moved over the curve of Dorothy's hips. There was a strange shyness that accompanied her movements as her fingers glided along her young lover's body. Her wetness caressed her thighs and still she had no desire to rush the moment. She felt the heat radiating from Dorothy's body as she moved closer to her.

Dorothy slowly traced the swell of her breast with her tongue. Glenna gasped loudly as her body trembled. She didn't rush her lover as she circled her nipple with an agonizing slowness. Instead Glenna slid her hands along the soft silky skin of the blonde's body. She bit down on her bottom lip as Dorothy captured her nipple in the warmth of her mouth.

Glenna pulled her lover closer as her body arched with a burning desire. "Dorothy," she whimpered softly as the blonde suckled her breast eagerly. Glenna felt her lover's desire caressing her skin as their bodies melted together. She clung to her lover tightly as Dorothy teased her nipple with her teeth and her tongue. "Dorothy," she moaned once again as she pressed her thigh into the blonde's wetness.

Dorothy's head fell back as she captured Glenna's thigh between her quivering legs. Glenna felt her lover's thigh slip between her own trembling legs. They stared deeply into one another's eyes as they began to sway their hips in a sensual rhythm. Glenna clasped Dorothy's hips as the blonde wrapped arms tightly around the brunette's body.

They ground slowly against each other as their eyes remained locked in an intense gaze. Their nipples pressed together and they began to thrust harder. They rocked wildly as they clung to each other. "Perfect," Glenna said with a soft sincerity as she felt the climax building inside of

her. All she was aware of was the feel of her lover's body meeting her own as they swayed in unison. The moment was truly perfect as they screamed out in unison, the waves of passion crashing down upon their exhausted bodies.

They were covered in a sheen of sweat as they held one another tightly. Glenna reached down and pulled the blanket up over their sated bodies. They snuggled closer, each lost in the simple pleasure of holding the other woman. Glenna could feel sleep creeping up on her. She fought off her weariness as best she could. She never wanted the moment to end. The brunette felt as if her heart had burst open as she lost herself in the pleasure of Dorothy's body.

Finally the need for rest overwhelmed her and she held onto Dorothy even tighter, knowing that she might never be able feel this moment of bliss again. She had broken her promise and was unable to regret the transgression. She prayed that Helga would forgive her, knowing that there was a far more important promise that she would give her life to keep. She vowed silently to keep Dorothy safe.

THE END

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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