

~ Rule Forty-Seven ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

Part One

Renee twirled a lock of her long blonde hair absently between her fingers as she waited for her boss, Roger Marlin, in his office. She was grinding her teeth, knowing that she was in for yet another lecture concerning her attitude. *'Just relax and don't go ballistic,'* she cautioned herself as he entered the room. "Renee," he began in a slow patronizing tone. This elicited a throaty growl from the small woman. "You know that you're a valuable employee," he continued as she clenched her fists. "But you can't go around threatening to set your co-workers on fire. It's bad for morale."

"But . . .," she began to protest as he held up his hand, silencing her vain attempt to explain her actions.

"And kicking him in the shin was way out of line," he added sternly.

"Oh please! I can't believe that big baby is whining about that," Renee argued in her defense.

"Look at the size of him and look at me." She pointed to her deceptively small stature.

"You forget that I know you so don't hand me that line of horse pucky." Roger snorted at her attempt to deceive him. "I've seen you take on teamsters and not bat an eye."

"Did he tell you why the system crashed again?" Renee demanded, feeling her resolve to behave quickly melting.

"Yes," Roger groaned. "That's no excuse to react in a violent nature."

"Why not?" Renee grunted.

"Renee," he cautioned her, "look, you're so stressed and overworked I'm worried that you might be heading for some kind of meltdown if you don't relax. That and your fellow employees are terrified of you. This can't go on."

"Are you firing me?" Renee challenged him.

"God no," Roger snorted as he rolled his dark eyes in exasperation. "But you're no good to the company or yourself unless you learn to control your anger. " He reached over his desk and handed her a large packet of papers. "So I've come up with a solution."

Renee's emerald eyes scanned the brochures he'd handed her. "You can't be serious," she bellowed as she slammed the brochures down on his desk and jumped to her feet.

"I think it's in the best interests of everyone," Roger explained calmly.

"You're sending me to touchy-feely camp?" she raged as she fought against the urge to leap over his desk and slap some sense into him.

"It's not as bad as it sounds. It has a program designed for executives such as yourself that helps with anger management and stress reduction," he explained in a quiet voice, his eyes watching her every movement.

"No," Renee protested.

"This is not open for debate," Roger retorted flatly.

"Fine. After we get the system back up and finish with the McMillan account, I'll go," Renee conceded, already thinking ahead to future projects that would keep her away from the retreat.

"You're scheduled to arrive the day after tomorrow," Roger cut her off.

"Nope. No way, no how," Renee responded vehemently.

Part Two

Renee muttered a stream of curses as she tossed her bag onto the cot of the cabin she'd be sharing with a complete stranger for the next two weeks at *Progressive Serenity*, a retreat for overstressed executives. She snatched up the welcome package that had been thrust upon her by an overly happy woman. *'It's not natural for a person to be that freaking happy without medication,'* she reasoned. She began to scan the list of prohibited activities. Her eyes widened at the vast list that included smoking, alcohol, caffeine, sugar, use of profanity, acts of aggression, etc. "What is this? Rehab?" she grumbled.

"No, they let you smoke on occasion in rehab," came a deep voice from behind her.

The woman's voice was so rich it sent a shiver down Renee's spine. The blonde turned to find the most incredible looking woman standing before her. The brunette stood almost six feet tall and had long flowing hair; a lit cigarette dangled between her lips. She couldn't see the woman's eyes because of her dark sunglasses but she could feel them scanning her body. "So what are you in for?" the tall dark stranger asked as she ripped the cigarette from her lips and tossed it out the door.

"I don't play well with others," Renee responded as the woman tossed her bag onto the other bed.

"Who does?" the woman said with a shrug.

"Miss Samuels, welcome back." The perky employee Renee had encountered when she checked in bounced into their cabin.

"Repeat offender?" Renee quipped to her tall cabin mate.

"I was framed," the brunette responded with a snarl that brought an amused smile to Renee's cherubic features.

"Miss Samuels, I found this outside your cabin door," the perky gal continued as she held up the now extinguished cigarette butt. "Now you know we don't allow smoking on the premises."

"Must have been a chipmunk," the brunette retorted dryly.

"Miss Samuels," the spunky woman chastised her by wagging her finger and smiling at her. Then, much to Renee's disappointment, she turned her attention to her. "Miss Cafferty, I'd like to welcome you once again. I'm Sunshine; I'll be coordinating your group's activities."

"Excuse me; did you say that your name is Sunshine?" Renee blinked in disbelief.

"Watch out for her; she's a hugger," the brunette grumbled as she flopped down on her bed.

"I'm in Hell." Renee cringed at the thought of Captain Spunk touching her in any way, shape, or form.

"Miss Cafferty, there's no profanity permitted here. Please refrain from using '*H. E. Double-hockey-sticks.*'" Sunshine felt a need to emphasize her comment by making little quotation marks with her fingers. Renee hated that. "You and I are going to be the best of friends, I can just feel it."

"Hah! You said the same thing to me the first time I got sent here," the brunette cackled. "Funny, you never call. Is that because I threatened to set you on fire?"

"Hey, that's what I'm in here for." Renee beamed. Her smile quickly vanished as Sunshine gave her a big hug.

"I warned you," the brunette snorted.

"Don't do that," Renee growled as she shrugged out of the woman's grasp.

"Now tonight is just a simple meet and greet and then dinner and a movie," Sunshine explained in her annoyingly exuberant tone.

"No," the brunette grumbled. "Not that freaking pig movie again."

"It's my favorite," Sunshine gushed. "Babe Pig in The City."

"I'll pass," Renee countered.

"All activities are mandatory," Sunshine explained with bright smile.

"Listen, Moonbeam," Renee began as her blood pressure began to rise, "the only way I want to see that little porker is as a side order of bacon." Sunshine gasped in horror and her roommate laughed hysterically. "Speaking of which, what's for dinner?"

Sunshine took a moment to collect herself from Renee's cruel comments about the beloved pig. "Well, tonight you have a choice between tofu burgers or sushi," Sunshine offered, her smile slowly returning.

"So it's bean curd or bait?" Renee grumbled as Sunshine took a shy step away from her. "I don't think so. What else have you got?" Sunshine simply gave her a blank stare. "What? No meat? Come on, I'm from the south. I want Moo Cow and something deep-fried. Hell, if you're out, I'll go kill it myself; just give me a gun. I'd settle for one of those Bambis I saw running around. In fact, killing something would really make me feel a lot better." The brunette was consumed by laughter at Renee's joke about hunting down her own dinner; Sunshine on the other hand looked horrified.

"The meet and greet will be in one hour in the main serenity room," Sunshine mumbled as she slunk out of the cabin.

"No one gets my sense of humor," Renee noted dryly as her roommate finally removed her sunglasses so she could wipe her tear-stained face. "So I'm Renee, and you are?"

"A kindred spirit," the woman responded with a brilliant smile. Renee's breathing hitched slightly as she found herself staring into the bluest eyes she'd ever seen. "Samantha Samuels" she offered as she held out her hand. "Bet you can't guess what my nickname is?" the woman teased as Renee accepted her hand.

"Uhm . . . Sam?" Renee responded as she relaxed into the warmth of Samantha's touch.

"No; Bertha," Sam responded with mock confusion before giving Renee a playful wink as she released the blonde's smaller hand from her grasp.

"So Bertha," Renee played along, enjoying her roommate's somewhat twisted sense of humor. "What did they get you for?"

"You'll find out," Sam responded softly. "The simple meet and greet closely resembles the Spanish Inquisition. They gather all of us in circle in this room that looks like it could be a kindergarten and one by one we get tell everyone what we did to get sent here. Then they ask you why you did it."

"Excuse me?" Renee quipped in disbelief.

"It's true," Sam confirmed. "It's a real hoot since some folks have been sent here by a court order. Then after we share our inner demons, we end the session with a group hug."

"That's it. I'm going over the wall," Renee snapped in a serious tone.

"Well, it's not all that bad." Sam chuckled. "Okay, it is, but some of the stuff does help. We are here for a reason." Renee gave her a suspicious glare. "Okay, let me ask you. When you checked in and they took away your pager, cell phone, laptop and Palm Pilot, did you have an anxiety attack?" Renee's eyes drifted to her shoes as she began to chew on her bottom lip nervously. "It's okay. Everybody does. That's why they keep all those paper bags handy. I understand you not wanting to be here. I don't want to be here either. The drive down was hell. All I could think of was that the office was going to fall apart with me being gone."

"Me too," Renee confessed. "Since when did being dedicated to our jobs become a bad thing?" Renee challenged her tall companion.

"It's not, but somewhere along the line it took over," Sam rationalized. "The thing that sucks about this place is we already know that we're overstressed. And why shouldn't we be with the way the economy is? If we fail, it's not just our jobs on the line, we take a lot of other folks down with us. No amount of breathing exercises or squeezing the life out of those aromatherapy stress balls is going to change that."

"So why are you back?" Renee inquired, thinking how everything Sam had just said struck a little too close to home.

"My Mama didn't breastfeed me," Sam responded flatly as Renee released a howling laugh. "I don't know. I'm hoping the third time's a charm," Sam added sincerely.

Part Three

Renee was staring around the circle of people; they looked completely normal. There was one woman in particular that caught Renee's attention. The older woman closely resembled June Cleaver. Her name was Clara. She'd been ordered by a judge to attend the seminar after she attacked a mailroom clerk with her electric stapler. The woman was neatly dressed in a Perry

Ellis suit; she was endearing as she spoke in a clear calming voice. But when Sunshine kept persisting that she open up to her inner feelings, the older woman snapped and told Sunshine to fold her sunny disposition in three corners and stuff it somewhere where her name wouldn't see it.

Renee, along with her fellow captives, silently cheered the woman on. Then it was Sam's turn and Renee was very eager to hear all about her roommate. "Miss Samuels?" Sunshine began fearfully. "It seems that you're back with us for one more try."

It really irked Renee that Sunshine kept bringing up Sam's repeat appearance. "I missed you," Sam responded in the same flat sarcastic tone she'd been using all day.

"It says here that you verbally assaulted a fellow employee and then tried to strangle him." Sunshine gulped as she read from Sam's file. "Would you care to talk about it?"

"No," Sam snapped.

"Miss Samuels?" Sunshine pressed.

"Fine," Sam grumbled. "That asshole pissed me off. I told him those contracts had to be delivered by noon. That's all he had to do. Noon, it's simple enough. Twelve o'clock, when both hands are on the twelve. To me that means you go straight over and deliver the contract. You do not stop and have a two hour lunch. You don't sneak off to your girlfriend's apartment so you can screw around on your wife. You deliver the motherfu . . ."

"Miss Samuels?" Sunshine gasped in horror as she turned a brilliant shade of red.

Renee noted that her roommate had a real knack for making the annoying spiky-haired earthy twit really uncomfortable. Renee liked it. She looked over to see the veins in Sam's neck bulging. "Fine," Sam hissed through clenched teeth. "I chastised him in unfriendly language for single handedly losing an account worth a million five after he called me a f-ing dyke."

"Miss Samuels," Sunshine choked once again.

"Excuse me." Sam snickered. "When he made a derogatory reference to my sexual orientation. I responded by implying that he had an unnatural relationship with his mother."

"And how did this escalate into a violent confrontation?" Sunshine unwisely pressed.

"Weren't you paying attention?" Sam inquired in a bewildered tone.

"Moving on." Sunshine cleared her throat as she quickly scanned her files. "Miss Cafferty?" Renee tensed as the perky gal directed her attention towards her. She relaxed when she felt Sam's hand gently come to rest on her knee. "It seems that you also engaged in a verbal and physical altercation with a member of your staff. In fact, this seems to be a habit."

"Yes?" Renee responded in a slow even tone. Sunshine gave her a sweet endearing smile that she wanted to wipe off her face. "Fine," she conceded, thanking back to the conversation she'd had with Sam earlier. "I'm under a lot of pressure and I snapped. Look around you, Moonbeam; that's why we're all here."

Her retort received her a heartfelt round of applause from her fellow captives. Sunshine looked stunned and Sam looked proud of her. "Yes, your positions can be stressful," Sunshine interrupted their first moment of joy. "And we're here to help." The crowd turned sullen. "Now what about your private life?" Sunshine pried. "Do you have a special someone who can help you with the stress?"

"Excuse me?" Renee stammered. "I'm not going to discuss that with you."

"Miss Cafferty, self-exploration can be a valuable asset in resolving your issues," Sunshine encouraged her.

"Unless of course self-exploration is the problem," Sam whispered to her with a knowing smirk.

Renee felt her breathing become labored as Sam's breath tickled her ear. "Let's just say I'm single and leave it at that, Moonbeam," Renee snapped. She didn't miss the appreciative glance she received from an older man named Bob who was there because he sent his malfunctioning PC crashing through his office window.

"Looks like you have a fan," Sam whispered hotly in her ear.

Renee chuckled as she waved at Bob. "Peachy," she whispered back to her roomie. "Just what I need - a guy who likes to beat on his computer. Be still my beating heart." She felt Sam stiffen slightly from her comment and her long fingers moved off her thigh. Renee's body immediately missed Sam's touch.

"Well, don't get your hopes up," Sam whispered, her hot breath once again caressing Renee's sensitive earlobe. "You did read Rule Forty-seven, didn't you?"

"I didn't get that far," Renee whispered in response. "What pray tell is Rule Forty-seven?"

"Let's just say that self-exploration is your only option while you're locked up here," Sam softly explained with a slight chuckle.

"What?" Renee shouted unexpectedly and every eye in the room turned towards her. "What a wonderful and fulfilling experience this is going to be," she quickly explained with a false smile plastered across her face.

Everyone in the room, with the exception of Sam, gave her once last curious glance before turning their attention back to Sunshine's latest victim. "Nice save." Sam chuckled.

Part Four

At dinner Renee opted for a salad, which was covered with far too many sprouts for her liking. "I'm going to feel like a gerbil by the time I get out of here," Renee grumbled as she picked the sprouts from her salad.

"Look, here comes Bob. Make yourself look pretty," Sam teased her as she picked apart her sushi.

"You suck," Renee sneered in response as she tossed a fork full of sprouts at her new companion.

"Just remember Rule Forty-seven," Sam teased her as Bob took a seat at their table.

"Good evening, ladies," Bob greeted them.

"Yo, Bob," Sam greeted him in a friendly manner as Renee continued to play with her salad. "So, Bob, are you familiar with Rule Forty-seven?"

"I'm afraid not," Bob confessed shyly. "I didn't get past the coffee thing. Does this rule prevent me from enjoying the company of two lovely ladies?" he asked as he poured on the charm and Renee rolled her emerald eyes in disgust at his attempt to be suave.

"In a manner of speaking," Sam quipped as Renee blushed. "No nookie."

"You're kidding?" He laughed. "I thought this place was suppose to help ease our tensions? But I bet there are ways to get around these rules," he added slyly.

Renee groaned as he leered at her. "Bob, are you gay?" she asked the man who was ogling her.

"No," he shot back indignantly.

"Too bad, because I am," Renee informed directly.

He laughed thinking that she was joking. She simply smiled back and nodded her head up and down. "Oh?" He suddenly choked. Then his shocked expression changed into one of interest. "Really?" He salivated.

"Ugh," both women groaned in unison.

Telling Bob the truth turned out to be a huge mistake. He followed Sam and her around for the rest of the evening, hoping to catch them doing something that would be a direct violation of Rule Forty-seven. Truth be told, Renee would have gladly broken the rule with her attractive roommate but she had no desire to invite Bob along.

In the lounge she sat next to Sam; the ever-present Bob was seated directly behind them, watching them share a bowl of organic popcorn. His eyes lingered each time they took a bite of

the tasteless unbuttered snack. "I'm going to kill him," Renee whispered to Sam who seemed to be getting edgier by the moment. "Are you okay?"

"I need a cigarette," Sam muttered. "I know we can ditch Sunshine; she's completely lost in the movie. I'm just trying to figure out how we're going to get rid of hormone boy?"

"We could set him on fire," Renee suggested hopefully.

"Tsk, is that your answer to everything?" Sam chastised her as she began to tap her foot nervously.

"It's gotten me this far," Renee reasoned. "Besides I wasn't the one who brought up sex in front of Mr. Pervert."

"I was just . . .," Sam began to mutter.

"Testing the waters," Renee concluded for her. "If you wanted to know if your gaydar was broken, you could have just asked."

"Hey, I just wanted to make sure I wasn't bunking with a 'phobe," Sam argued as the tapping increased.

"Oh?" Renee responded with a hint of disappointment. "Jesus, Sam, you're going to explode," she whispered as she placed her hand on Sam's firm thigh to cease her tapping. "Why don't you just go and pollute your lungs?"

"Are you sure?" Sam inquired eagerly. She glanced back at Bob who was grinning at the sight of Renee's hand resting on Sam's thigh.

"Go already before you spontaneously combust," Renee reassured her.

Before Renee could say anything further, Sam was gone and Bob climbed quickly into her vacant seat. "Go away," Renee growled under her breath.

"I just wanted to . . .," he began to offer in a condescending tone. Renee held up her hand in a dismissive manner.

"Go before I have to remove a vital body part," she cut him off coldly.

She turned away from Bob who was still seated next to her. She heard a squeak and smelled the distinctive aroma of cigarette smoke. She turned to find Sam with her hand wrapped firmly around Bob's throat. "Sam, let him go," she whispered calmly.

"Don't want to," Sam responded dryly.

"Sam," she cautioned her new friend, "he's turning blue." Her voice remained calm; she didn't

really care if the annoying man was in pain. But somehow she thought it might be detrimental to their therapy if she actually allowed Sam to hurt Bob.

"He's in my seat," Sam reasoned.

"True," Renee conceded. "But somehow I don't think the tree huggers that run the place will like it if you kill him. Did you ask him to move?"

"No," Sam admitted.

"Bob, would you be so kind as to give Sam her seat back?" she inquired innocently. The man nodded emphatically. "See? All you had to do was ask."

"Oh. Okay," Sam responded with a shrug as she released her hold; Bob immediately scurried away.

Sam sighed pleasantly as she reclaimed her seat on the sofa they'd been sharing. "See? That wasn't so hard," Renee offered casually.

"Still I did resort to violence," Sam added thoughtfully. "That was wrong."

"See we're learning already," Renee congratulated her.

Part Five

The movie ended not long after Sam threatened Bob. After a pep talk from Sunshine that gave Renee a pounding headache, they were all dismissed to return to their cabins for lights out. Renee and Sam walked back to their cabin; the stillness of the peaceful night was setting Renee's nerves on edge. "I know that this place is designed to help us relax, but almost everything about it is driving me up the wall," Renee finally blurted out as Sam snickered. "I mean the healthy food, the cheerful staff, and the no chocolate, caffeine, or sex. Not that I was planning on using this place as an excuse to pick someone up. In fact, the idea never occurred to me."

"I know." Sam sighed. "It's one thing not to have a sex life; it's quite another to be told that you can't have a sex life. It suddenly makes you horny. Not that I'm implying that you don't have a sex life," Sam quickly amended.

"I don't," Renee sighed in disgust. "All I do is work. But the company is just beginning to go somewhere. I've been with them since Day One."

"Trust me; I understand," Sam reassured her as she stepped off the tree-lined path and fished a pack of Merits out of her bra.

Renee watched her roommate's movements intently as she lit a cigarette and exhaled a puff of smoke. Sam neatly tucked the pack back into the confines of her bra. Renee suppressed a moan

when she caught a glimpse of Sam's ample cleavage. "I was wondering where you were hiding those." Renee sighed in appreciation.

"Not a smoker?" Sam inquired as she leaned against a tree savoring each puff.

"Not for the past three years," Renee confessed.

"Quitter," Sam chastised her. "About what I said this afternoon . . ."

"About no nookie?" Renee jested.

"You certainly are focused on that," Sam quipped as she carefully extinguished her cigarette.

"Imagine that." Renee sighed as she allowed her gaze to travel up and down her roommate's body.

"No. I was talking about how some of the programs here can help," Sam explained, effectively directing the conversation back in a safer direction.

"Again I have to ask why it hasn't worked for you?" Renee asked seriously.

"Me?" Sam shrugged. "I need to get laid."

Renee released a hearty laugh as a thought occurred to her. "You know, it's true," she commented thoughtfully.

"That I need to get laid?" Sam responded. "Trust me, I know."

"Not that," Renee sighed. "If I had more of a personal life then maybe I wouldn't be so attached to my job. I mean, I used to have a personal life. When did that change?"

"This place is helping already," Sam encouraged her.

"That or I need to get laid," Renee reasoned.

"I'm glad we're going to be bunking together," Sam said with a brilliant smile that made Renee's pulse race. "My last two times I was stuck with an uptight homophobic Narc and a hummer."

"A hummer?" Renee questioned.

"Morning, noon, and night, this gal hummed show tunes," Sam explained as she led them back to the path. "I wouldn't have minded except she was off key."

"How can you hum off key?" Renee asked as they approached their cabin.

"I don't know how it was possible but she did," Sam responded.

Part Six

Renee was waiting for her turn in the shower as she relaxed on the small bed. She was amazed at how easy it was to get along with Sam. That and how difficult it was going to be locked up in such a small space with the attractive woman. Renee felt her nipples hardening as the image of Sam's body flashed through her overactive mind. "This is bad," she muttered to herself as she heard the shower turn off.

When she heard the bathroom door open, she kept her eyes closed and began to hum the score from West Side Story. "At least you're on key." Sam laughed as Renee opened her eyes and rolled over onto her side. Her sharp retort died on her lips as she found herself captivated by the sight of Sam standing by her bed clad in nothing but a towel.

Her emerald eyes traced a slow lingering gaze up Sam's endless legs, slowly moving further up to the curve of her hips that the skimpy towel did little to hide. Then ever so slowly Renee's smoky gaze drifted up to the swell of Sam's firm full breasts. As Renee drank in Sam's chiseled features and long wet raven tresses, she could feel her lower anatomy pulsating in a steady rhythm. *'I wonder what they would do to me if I broke Rule Forty-seven?'* she contemplated as her eyes rested on Sam's soft full lips.

She knew that she was staring; she just couldn't tear her eyes away from the beautiful half naked woman standing a mere few feet away from her. "The shower is free," Sam said in a husky tone. Renee's eyes darted up and were instantly captured in a fiery blue gaze. Sam turned away from her and the spell was broken. Renee took a cleansing breath, gathered up her toiletries, and dashed off to the safe confines of the bathroom.

Once safely locked away in bathroom Renee felt her knees buckle. "Holy Mother of . . .," she stammered. "How is it that woman doesn't have a sex life?" Renee shook her head clear of her lustful thoughts; her roommate was clearly not interested. "Or maybe she is interested?" Renee thought aloud as she turned on the shower and began to disrobe. "So how do I find out?" she asked herself as she tested the temperature of the water before stepping under it.

As Renee washed her petite body, she felt herself becoming aroused. Every movement she made seemed to further fuel her already overheated body. Finally she rinsed the soap from her body and allowed her hands to begin to wander. *'A little self-exploration might be just what I need,'* she reasoned, knowing that over the past few years it wasn't exactly a foreign concept. She leaned up against the cool tile wall of the shower, noting the absence of a shower massage. "They really don't understand the concept of helping us relax, do they?" she muttered as one of her hands drifted to her breasts.

Her eyes fluttered shut as she began to roll her erect nipple between her fingers while her other hand drifted down across her firm abdomen. Images of Sam's brilliant blue eyes filled her head as her fingers began to caress the golden curls of her triangle. She moaned as the evidence of her arousal greeted her inquisitive fingers.

Her other hand abandoned her aching nipple and ran down her body. She parted herself and ran one finger along her sex. She licked her lips as she pictured Sam kneeling before her, running her tongue along her aching desire. Her breathing became shallow as she began to tease her throbbing clit. Images of Sam pleasuring her continued to play out in her imagination as she slowly stroked herself. Her thighs began to tremble as she dipped further into her own wetness.

She choked back a throaty moan as she plunged her fingers inside her center. She could feel the walls tightening around her inquisitive touch. The water temperature dropped as her fingers plunged in and out in a steady rhythm. "Just a little while longer," she pleaded with the dropping water temperature. Renee's body shuddered slightly as the small explosion trickled through her. She released a heavy breath as she steadied herself. She washed quickly before getting out from under the cold water.

"Well, that helped a little," she confessed as she dried her body. "What is it about that woman?" Sam's smiling face quickly flashed through her mind. "Oh yeah, that's it," she admitted with a wry chuckle. Renee wrapped a towel around her body and stepped out of the bathroom. Her jaw dropped at the sight she found waiting for her.

Sam was reclined on her bed dressed in a skimpy tank top and a pair of boxer shorts. Her eyes were tightly shut and one of her hands was buried below the waistband of her boxer shorts while the other was tucked up under her shirt, caressing her breasts. The brunette didn't notice Renee's entrance, seemingly lost in her entertainment. "This is not helping me relax," the blonde muttered tensely as Sam's eyes flew open.

Renee's bottom lip began to quiver as she watched Sam's hands make a hasty retreat. "Please don't stop," Renee whimpered as she stepped closer to Sam's blushing body. The brunette rolled over and drank in Renee's half naked body. "I . . . Uhm . . . ," Sam stammered as she continued to gaze at Renee lustfully.

"Sam?" Renee said in a small voice as she sat down on the bed next to her. "I'm really attracted to you," Renee confessed as she watched the taller woman shifting nervously. "I haven't felt this way in a very long time. Am I out of line here?" Renee asked as she placed her hand gently on Sam's bare thigh.

"No," Sam responded in a breathy tone. "Its just Rule Forty-seven," Sam tried to explain as her voice began to tremble and her breathing became labored.

"Wait," Renee said in confusion as her fingers absently began to caress the brunette's thigh. "I don't understand. You don't seem to have a problem breaking any of the other rules. Miss there-must-be-chain-smoking-chipmunks-circling-our-cabin. If you're not interested, just say so."

Sam's fingers halted Renee's caressing. The blonde's heart beat rapidly as Sam entwined their fingers. "Oh, I'm interested," Sam responded in a husky tone as she raised Renee's trembling hand to her lips. Renee whimpered as Sam's lips brushed across her knuckles. "It's just that this is my last chance. If I get caught smoking all they'll do is take away my cigarettes. If we get caught

... " Sam hesitated as both women's minds drifted to the possibilities. "Sorry." Sam laughed lightly. "My mind sort of wandered there for a moment."

"Mine too," Renee confessed with a sensual purr as her fingers drifted to Sam's inviting lips.

She traced Sam's soft lips with the tips of her fingers, her own body tingling from the sensation of Sam's hot breath caressing her skin. Renee leaned slightly closer to Sam. She could feel her excitement growing as Sam's crystal blue eyes drifted down to her cleavage. Sam's lips parted. Renee released a moan as Sam sucked her fingers into the warmth of her mouth. "Ah." Renee panted heavily as Sam's tongue traced the tips of her fingers. She just about jumped off the bed as Sam's teeth grazed her sensitive fingers.

The sounds of approaching footsteps caused both women to suddenly retreat from one another's touch. "That's Sunshine doing her bed check," Sam explained as Renee jumped off her bed, quickly tossed off her towel, and threw on a T-shirt. "You have got to be freaking kidding me," Renee groused as she climbed into the safe confines of her own bed.

There was a light rapping on the cabin door. "My God, she even has a perky knock," Renee grunted. "Come in," she spat out in a contemptuous tone. The door flew open and Sunshine came bouncing into their cabin. "Good evening, ladies," Sunshine exclaimed as she bounced merrily on the balls of her feet. "Just popping in to let you know that it's time for lights out. I just wanted to make sure that you were tucked away safe and sound in your *own* little beds."

'Not as dim witted as I thought,' Renee contemplated as she did her best to smile at the bothersome young woman. "You should be proud of yourself for completing your first day," Sunshine gushed as she approached Renee's bed with her arms opened wide.

"Please don't," Renee pleaded as Sunshine hugged her. She looked over Sunshine's shoulder to spy Sam sporting an amused expression. Renee sneered at the dark-haired beauty. "Okay, that's enough, Moonbeam," Renee grumbled as she extracted her body from Sunshine's exuberant grasp.

'You are so not the person I want touching me right now!' her mind screamed as Sunshine turned her attention towards the woman she did want to touch her. "And you," Sunshine gushed as Sam flashed a condescending smile at the clueless twit, "are off to a fine start." Sunshine's annoying singsong voice grated on Renee's nerves. Sunshine opened her arms open. "Ah ah," Sam scolded her as she wagged her finger vehemently at the little hippy. "Personal space," Sam cautioned her.

"Right," Sunshine sighed in understanding. "We discussed the issue during your last stay with us. Well, give yourself a great big hug."

"I'll do just that," Sam retorted in an icy tone.

"Okey dokey, nightie nightie time for lights out," Sunshine added with a flourish. Both women flashed her anguished smiles as she bounced out of their cabin. Sam reached over to the nightstand and clicked off the light. "She's waiting to make certain we turn off the lights," Sam

explained with a grumble.

"Pray tell why do we have to go to bed at nine thirty at night?" Renee inquired tersely.

"Because Sunshine is going to be bouncing back in here at the crack of dawn," Sam explained distantly.

Uncomfortable silence filled the darkened room as Renee rolled onto her side and peered over at her roommate's bed. She grimaced, noting that Sam's delicate features were hidden in the darkness. Renee's body was still trembling slightly from the brief sexually-charged contact they'd shared earlier. From the heated energy that filled the room she knew that Sam was feeling the same way.

"So, Bertha, want to talk about it?" Renee finally offered in an attempt to ease the tension that was steadily building between them.

"Well, Rae," Sam began slowly. Renee smiled at the way the brunette shortened her name. "I have a slight problem."

"Do tell," Renee encouraged her as she fought against the lustful urges that were still pulsating through her body.

"You see, I find myself attracted to this incredibly beautiful blonde," Sam said seriously. "But if I act on my feelings, we both will be running the risk of being booted out of Club Paradise. Now on the surface that doesn't sound like a bad thing, but since my boss has informed me that this little retreat is my last chance, I can't take the risk."

"You'll lose your job." Renee sighed regrettably. "I understand. And it's only thirteen more days." Sam whimpered slightly. "Plus I don't think my getting tossed out of here will fare to well with my boss either. You know, when you first mentioned Rule Forty-seven my little outburst wasn't because I ever thought I'd want to or have the opportunity to sate my frustrations. I was just surprised that they would feel the need to make a rule against close personal contact."

"I can understand it to a certain degree," Sam added thoughtfully. "You know guys like Bob. He was hitting on you, not even caring about the fact that he's wearing a wedding band."

"Trust me; I didn't miss that." Renee smirked.

Silence once again filled the tiny cabin as Renee fought to against her still growing desire. She was a mass of confusion. Normally she would simply accept the cruel twist of fate. This time all she could focus on was the scent of Sam's perfume and the feel of her desire painting the inside of her thighs. "Sam?" she began shyly. "Rule Forty-seven doesn't prevent us from self-exploration," she explained as a delightful idea started to form.

"No?" Sam responded, her curiosity peaking.

"Does it say anything about watching?" Renee asked as the timber of her voice dropped slightly.

"Not that I can recall," Sam responded excitedly.

Part Seven

The cabin was now cloaked in a thick layer of sexual frustration, as both women's breathing grew heavy. Renee's pulse quickened as a creaking sound emanated from Sam's bed. She strained to see if Sam was going through with her suggestion. She licked her lips as the creaks persisted. Her nipples strained against the material of her faded Devil Rays T-shirt as she tried in vain to observe her roommate's movements.

Renee caressed her own thigh as she listened carefully to the sounds of Sam's labored breathing. She felt her frustration growing as her mind tried to fill in the details of what was happening in the tiny bed across from hers. "This isn't going to work," she grumbled.

"I know," Sam sighed in defeat.

"I need to see you," Renee pleaded.

"Come here," Sam commanded in a deep voice.

Renee flew out of her bed and knelt beside Sam's. She reached down and brushed Sam's hair from her brow. Renee smiled as Sam looked up at her with pure desire. She swallowed hard as Sam lowered the blanket that was covering her body. Renee sighed in pleasure as Sam removed her tank top.

Renee's hand drifted to her own thighs as she watched Sam's hands cup her breasts. "So beautiful," she whispered as she watched Sam's long fingers drift slowly over her erect nipples. Renee was mesmerized as she watched Sam pinching and teasing her own nipples. The blonde's hand drifted between her own thighs. She groaned as her own desire coated her fingers. Renee parted her swollen lips as Sam continued to play with her breasts.

Renee began to stroke her throbbing clit, her emerald eyes fixed firmly on Sam's fingers. She saw Sam's gaze drift down so she could watch Renee touching herself. Knowing that Sam was watching her only served to further fuel her excitement. She needed more. Her wish was granted as Sam's hands drifted down from her breasts to the waistband of her shorts.

Renee ceased her own self-exploration as one of Sam's hands dipped into her boxer shorts. She leaned closer to Sam's body as she watched the steady movement of the brunette's hand. She reached over and lowered Sam's shorts down her body. Sam parted herself as Renee removed the shorts completely from her body. Then the small blonde resumed her position by the brunette's bedside so she could enjoy the show.

The passionate heat was escalating between them as Renee watched Sam stroking her sex. Then

she made the mistake of allowing her eyes to drift back up Sam's body. The fire in Sam's eyes consumed her. The resolve melted between them as Sam lifted her hand to her breasts and painted her nipples with her wetness. Renee leaned over and ran her tongue along Sam's nipples, accepting the gift she'd been offered.

She captured one of her nipples in her mouth, tasting Sam's passion as her other hand ran down the length of Sam's trembling body. She suckled Sam's nipple greedily as her fingers dipped into her lover's wetness. Sam released a deep moan as she parted her thighs. Renee teased Sam's nipple with her teeth and her tongue while she teased her throbbing clit with her fingers.

Sam's body arched as Renee's rhythm steadily increased. She felt Sam's fingers running through her hair as she kissed her way over to her other breast. Her nipples brushed across Sam's quivering form as she captured her other nipple with her mouth. Renee's thighs trembled and her knees felt weak from kneeling on the floor. Renee was panting heavily as she released Sam's breast from the warmth of her mouth.

"This is so dangerous," Sam choked out as Renee's fingers dipped further into her wetness.

"I know," Renee whispered as she began to kiss her way down Sam's body.

Sam's body arched from Renee's touch as they both stifled a moan. "We have to be quiet," Sam cautioned her as Renee blew a warm breath across Sam's dark curls.

"We will," Renee promised as she shifted her position so she could lean over and bury herself in her lover's desire. Renee tasted her lover for the first time as she reached around Sam's hips and cupped her firm backside. She raised her lover slightly so she could fully drink in her wetness.

Renee suckled her lover's clit in her mouth as she felt Sam's hands running along her naked backside. She licked and teased the nub furiously as Sam's hands caressed her. Renee parted her thighs as Sam's touch became more insistent. The blonde drank in Sam's passion as her lover's hand slipped between her quivering thighs. Renee's hips bucked in response as her lover's fingers pressed against her center. Renee suckled Sam's clit harder as her hips swayed, silently pleading for Sam's touch.

Renee's cries of pleasure were drowned in Sam's wetness as the brunette's finger filled her center. Sam's fingers plunged in and out of her wetness while she stroked her throbbing nub with her thumb. "Rae," Sam whimpered as they wildly pleased one another. Renee thrust her hips urgently as she suckled her lover harder. The blonde's body began to shudder as Sam took her higher. The blonde held her lover steady as Sam's body lifted off the bed and her thighs trembled against Renee's skin.

Sam's movements became erratic as Renee felt her lover nearing the edge. Soon Sam was releasing a muffled scream into her pillow. Renee continued to feast upon Sam's wetness as the brunette exploded against her. "Need you," Sam choked out. Renee clumsily climbed up onto the bed, the awkwardness of their position causing a few problems. Yet neither woman seemed willing to stop touching the other.

Renee's body arched as Sam's drew her passion down to her mouth. Sam's mouth and fingers quickly began moving in unison as Renee's body swayed. The blonde's body was covered in a sheen of sweat as she once again lowered her mouth to Sam's wetness. The blonde murmured with delight as she shifted her body so they could feast upon one another. Renee nudged Sam's thighs further apart as her need to be inside her lover consumed her.

Their bodies melted together as their mouths and fingers matched one another's frantic pace. Each fought the need to pleasure their lover as they were being pleased. Renee felt her climax building as she drove Sam closer to the edge of sheer ecstasy. They screamed into the warm wetness of the other's sex as they climaxed in unison. They rode out the waves of pleasure until they collapsed against each other.

They trembled as the aftershocks of their passion drifted delightfully through their bodies. "There's something wrong with us," Renee whispered softly once her breathing calmed slightly.

"Definitely," Sam agreed with a contented sigh as Renee began to kiss her way back up the brunette's body. Sam wrapped Renee up in a warm embrace.

Renee captured Sam's lips in a lingering kiss. She moaned, as she tasted their mingled wetness on her lips. Slowly they explored the warmth of one another's mouths, as the fire re-ignited. Renee became lost in the kiss as their clits brushed against one another. They thrust their hips urgently as they ground furiously against the other's throbbing desire. Once again they screamed out their cries of ecstasy, consumed by the other's kiss.

Renee snuggled against Sam's sated body. She listened to the beating of her lover's heart as they held onto one another. "I don't know about you but I'm feeling much more relaxed," Renee offered with a sigh of contentment.

"So am I," Sam agreed with a sigh of her own.

"As much as I hate to do this I really should get back into my own bed," Renee said reluctantly as Sam pouted. "Wouldn't want Moonbeam catch us actually enjoying ourselves." They exchanged a promising kiss before Renee regrettably returned to her own bed.

The following morning the two women stole shy glances over their breakfast. As they happily choked down their granola, Sunshine thankfully seemed clueless to their infraction as she happily announced that the day's activities would include basket weaving, group therapy, yoga and more group therapy. Sunshine seemed stunned that both women readily agreed to the assigned activities. Then she hugged them both for their renewed attitude.

"Thirteen more days," Sam offered with a hint of a promise.

"And then?" Renee inquired hopefully.

"Well, then we can make our own rules," Sam promised.

"I do like the sound of that, Bertha." Renee smiled in response.

The End

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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