

Desperate Housewife



Genre: PWP

Rated: R

Disclaimer: No disclaimers are required. The characters and this story are mine. And I wished the apartment in this story was as well...

Sexual Content/Violence: Sex? Hell, yes, absolutely and lots of it. What did you think pwp means? This story contains explicit sex between two consenting adult women, and I would strongly suggest that you don't read this at work.

Standing outside the upscale bar, Sylvana groaned and rubbed her temples where a headache threatened to turn into a full blown migraine. She could kick her own ass for having put herself in this situation. However, she felt the need to honour her gambling debt, which meant there was no way to avoid what was likely to be a blind date from hell. Sylvana wasn't averse to blind dates, not at all; the suspense of a blind date could be rather stimulating, the thrill before meeting the date sometimes even better than the sex that followed afterwards. But she had gotten a bit tired of one night stands and ever changing sex partners over the past months, and felt like tonight was doomed anyhow no matter what. There was no promise of something hot, someone worthy of her time and attention. Nope, a complete waste of time and boring sex was all the night promised, and she had no interest in that at all.

Sylvana grimaced, recalling her own stupidity. Her friend Janet won their bet, the result of a way too much alcohol on Sylvana's part. The heartless bitch had nearly pissed herself laughing after seeing Sylvana's expression when she read the personals ad from the local newspaper Janet chose for her to answer.

“Lonely housewife looking for relief from boring, humdrum life. All offers considered.”

Sylvana remained convinced that Janet's sole reason for existence was tormenting her. Janet knew that she had a preference for submissive bed partners and the occasional femme; however, she had absolutely no interest in lesbian virgins—bi-curious or inexperienced—or in plain vanilla sex or some kind of Harlequin-type hearts and flowers romance. All she wanted was no-strings fun with women who had similar tastes and were looking for the same. She

was always upfront to her respective partner of the moment, and never led any of her women to believe differently or hope for more. Sex was sex and sex was fun. Period!

Carefully looking left and right, she honestly hoped that none of her acquaintances were around to see her enter the fancy singles bar. It was a real “meet” market where yuppies and metrosexuals and preppies of the Starbucks generation flocked to flaunt their designer style and pretend to be cool. God, how embarrassing if she got caught!

Letting out a deep sigh and feeling sorry for herself, Sylvana opened the door and walked into a loud blast of music and tobacco-tainted air. Annie Lennox's smooth voice was interpreting *Something So Right* over the sound system. At least the music in this overpriced bar was decent, Sylvana thought, remembering the last time she had listened to this song. A memory, both sweet and hot, made her smile. Now, that had been a night to remember.

Taking a few steps forward, she took in her surroundings, suppressing a shudder. There were quite a few people hanging around, all of them young and clad in Brooks Brothers, Vineyard Vines, Hilfiger and other expensive brands. She stuck out like a sore thumb in her worn blue jeans and motorcycle jacket, dark blue button-down shirt and black Doc Martens. She was sure she was not only the only lesbian in this place, but most likely one of the few with an income that just paid her bills. Everyone else looked as if they were members of a more privileged class, and with a crowd like this, appearance was everything.

Damn it, she could just imagine what kind of housewife would want to meet her in a place like this: rich, spoiled rotten, dedicated to superficial pursuits, obsessed with Botox, plastic surgery and diets to maintain an artificial youth. Ugh! Maybe she should just leave right now, get out before it was too late, and live with Janet's sarcastic comments for the next twenty years or so. Would Janet even know she had welshed on the bet?

Letting out another sigh, Sylvana decided that Janet was not above planting a spy in the bar. It seemed there would be no easy escape for her tonight.

Inwardly grumbling Sylvana made her way over to the bar and sat down, ordering a beer. If her luck was good, the desperate housewife wouldn't show up, too intimidated to leap into a sexual adventure with the big, bad dyke. Sylvana chuckled, remembering the first time she had been jumped by a woman, right after high school. God, she really was getting old. Back then, she had been so wet behind the ears, and later on she had gotten wet in a different part of her anatomy... a very pleasant memory that took her away from the noisy bar for a second.

She was roused from her thoughts by the bartender, who set a glass of beer down on the bar in front of her. After taking a sip, Sylvana stared grimly at the smiling bartender, then down at the glass. Could the evening get any worse? They didn't have proper beer, just that microbrewery foo-foo crap with chocolate, raspberries and other stuff that didn't belong anywhere near beer, damn it! And then... who drank beer out of a glass? What kind of a joke was this? She toyed with the thought of making a fuss, but decided the hassle would probably

draw more attention than she wanted. Besides, if her luck held, she would be able to leave this hell-hole soon and enjoy a real beer in a real bar with real people.

Sylvana took a gulp from her glass anyway—at least the beer was cold, and anyway, it cost too much to waste—and glanced around the bar, watching couples swaying to the music. It was ten minutes past the agreed time, and still no sign of the ‘lonely housewife.’ She was tempted to leave when out of the corner of her eye, she saw someone sit down on the bar stool beside her. Turning her head, Sylvana was instantly mesmerized by a pair of intense green eyes. The sexy woman seated next to her was stunningly beautiful, with shoulder-length blond hair and clear skin that reminded Sylvana of porcelain, pale and perfect.

The woman oozed grace and the kind of self-confidence that one was born possessing. She absolutely fit into the bar's crowd. Her black dress was the epitome of tailored understatement and probably cost more than Sylvana's monthly pay check. As much as Sylvana hated to admit it, she found herself impressed by the stranger. The woman might well be worth getting to know, she thought, only stopped from making a bold proposition by the notion that classy females like this didn't go for overtly butch women like her, especially not in a singles' bar like this. Above all, there was still her date from hell to consider, if the housewife bothered to show up. Nevertheless, Sylvana couldn't help but flash the newcomer a wolfish smile out of reflex before turning back to her half-empty glass of beer, seething with frustration.

Rather than accept the rebuff, the woman leaned closer and asked smoothly, “Hi, are you Sylvana?”

Startled, Sylvana nearly snorted beer out of her nose, forced to cough and swallow hard to keep from humiliating herself. When the fit passed, she glowered at the woman beside her, who did not seem at all intimidated if the impish glee in her expression was anything to go by.

“I am Gillian,” the woman said, stretching out her hand.

Sylvana could hardly refrain from blurting her surprise out loud. This was the bored housewife? This was her date from hell? Holy shit!

She took the offered hand, the touch making the hair on the nape of her neck prickle. Surprised by her automatic reaction, and attributing it to shock, Sylvana let the soft hand go—no calluses from physical labour, she noted, and the manicure was perfect. Regaining her composure, she cleared her throat and asked in her most seductive voice, “Gillian, what a pleasure to meet you! Would you like something to drink?”

Gillian grinned and deliberately rubbed her knee against Sylvana's. She leaned over a bit, as if closing the distance between to a comfortable intimacy, while at the same time giving Sylvana a throat-clenching view down the front of her dress. Great tits, Sylvana thought, admiring the sight of Gillian's firm breasts, cupped by a lacy bra.

“Well,” Gillian said quietly, “to be honest, my time tonight is limited. Why don't we skip the 'dancing around each other' part and take this party somewhere more private?”

Sylvana was stricken speechless by Gillian's proposition. Weren't upper class femmes supposed to be shy and feminine instead of putting it out there like a butch stereotype? Wasn't Sylvana supposed to take the lead? But really, she thought, did it really matter when the evening suddenly looked a lot brighter? Sylvana downed her beer in three long gulps and paid the tab hastily before following Gillian, who walked ahead of her out of the bar. Sylvana's mouth watered as she watched the hypnotic swaying of Gillian's hips, slithering under shiny black satin. This was no simple housewife, she thought, but neither did she seem to be an untouchable snob. Sylvana was curious about how the evening would progress. Dizzied by the possibilities that passed in rapid succession through her imagination, Sylvana let Gillian wave a taxi over, happy to let the other woman be in charge at the moment.

As soon as Sylvana was seated beside her, Gillian laid a hand on Sylvana's leg, drawing lazy circles with her fingertips, a touch that slowly but steadily moved closer to Sylvana's inner thigh. Sylvana held herself rigid, caught between excitements and disbelief. Did Gillian want to make out in the backseat and give the cabbie a free show? Sylvana's breathing hitched when suddenly, Gillian's hand found its way between her legs and squeezed Sylvana's pussy through her jeans. Sylvana forced her body not to rut against that delicious pressure. Looking at Gillian, she recognized a challenge in the woman's eyes. Sylvana frowned. What did Gillian expect from her, God damn it! Her head was spinning. The fresh scent of Gillian's perfume, the whispering sound of satin sliding across the woman's stockings when she shifted on the seat, the glimpses of Gillian's beautiful face in the flashes from street lights, and the tormenting hand between her legs... enough was enough!

Just as Sylvana decided to forget her reservations about PDAs and return Gillian's play in kind, the taxi halted and Gillian's hand withdrew. Sylvana bit back a curse. She hadn't even had a chance to touch Gillian, and there was already a painful throbbing between her legs. When she got Gillian alone, it was payback time.

Stumbling out of the taxi and feeling like a fool, Sylvana followed Gillian through the building's lobby, Gillian's high heels clicking loudly on the marble floor. Sylvana knew this was the kind of apartment block usually occupied by high earning professionals with jobs that demanded they stay overnight in the city while their shiny happy families lived their shiny happy lives shiny happy houses in the suburbs. Simply put: boring jobs, boring neighbourhoods and boring lives. Ugh!

The uniformed doorman gave Sylvana a jaundiced look, which she ignored. She didn't care what he thought. The main part of her mind was otherwise occupied. She had to take control before the situation got totally out of hand.

Stepping inside the elevator with new determination, Sylvana watched Gillian punch a button marked 'P' for penthouse. Once the doors closed, Sylvana was done waiting. Reaching out,

she grabbed Gillian's arm, swinging the woman around to face her. Gillian's eyes went wide, and Sylvana wasn't sure if from surprise, fear or anticipation. Any one of those would do, she thought. Gillian had wanted a break from her bored life and Sylvana would fulfil her wish.

She yanked Gillian closer and crushed her mouth against the woman's lips. Gillian melted against her without resistance, whimpering. Sylvana, encouraged by the reaction, deepened the kiss, licking along the seam of Gillian's lips until they parted, allowing her tongue inside. Gillian tasted like fruit and white wine, sweet and delicious and very posh, but in a good way.. She grabbed Gillian's satin-clad buttocks, squeezing hard, while Gillian continued to moan and squirm. This kind of scene was more to Sylvana's liking.

Sylvana broke the kiss to murmur, "Jesus, you taste so good," before sucking on Gillian's tongue. Her hands wandered over Gillian's back, enjoying the womanly curves. When Sylvana pulled back a bit, Gillian's lips were red and a little swollen, her eyes heavy-lidded and she was breathing heavily.

Satisfied, Sylvana let Gillian go just as the elevator dinged and the doors opened, not hiding her smirk when she took in Gillian's dishevelled state.

Gillian gaze was still hazy, but she was able to run a trembling hand over her hair and twitch her skirt straight before she led Sylvana out of the elevator. There was no one in the short hallway. Gillian fumbled with the key to the apartment. The woman was obviously shaken by their short encounter in the elevator. Sylvana's instincts were telling her that she was in for a really good time. The way Gillian responded to her kiss, and the way she was obviously affected, wow, tonight was shaping up to be a wild ride if Sylvana played her cards right.

Finally, Gillian opened the door. Sylvana stepped into the most spacious and state-of-the-art apartment she had ever seen. For a moment, Sylvana felt as out of place in this apartment as she had in the bar. She stuffed her hands into her pockets and stood straighter, sneering and squaring her shoulders in defiance. Gillian's voice, low and rough, asking if she wanted something to drink, boosted Sylvana's confidence once more.

"Yes, please, a beer would be great," Sylvana answered, granting Gillian another wolfish smile now that she was back on safer, more familiar ground.

Gillian gave Sylvana a heated glance, then kicked off her shoes, slid out of her coat and waved Sylvana to follow her into the stainless steel kitchen. Sylvana felt like a guest in a showroom; everything was top-of-the-line, all the latest gadgets. Gillian went straight to the Sub-zero refrigerator, opening its glass door and removing a bottle of beer. After twisting off the cap, she handed the opened bottle to Sylvana, who mentally gave her a big point: the beer was a pricy brand but acceptable, a nice surprise. She raised the bottle with a thankful smile and drank deeply, enjoying how the smooth, cold drink went down, before focusing her attention again on Gillian who had poured herself a glass of white wine.

For a long moment, Sylvana stared into Gillian's eyes,, neither of them speaking nor moving. Sylvana felt something deep inside of her stir, a feeling that she couldn't identify. Gillian's eyes, her face... it felt like déjà-vu, only Sylvana was sure they had never met before tonight.

Disconcerted, Sylvana took another deep swallow of beer before setting the bottle aside and stepping closer to Gillian, growling, "I can't wait to taste you, Gillian."

Gillian looked suddenly doubtful, but Sylvana was not going to give her a chance to back out. She bent her head slightly, brushing her lips over the other woman's once, twice, enjoying their softness before breaking the contact. Gillian seemed confused by the gentle caress after their torrid embrace in the elevator. That was good. Sylvana wanted to keep Gillian off-balance. It was all part of her game.

Sylvana smiled. "I love the way you feel, the way you taste," she said, touching Gillian's face and brushing a stray lock of blonde hair out of the woman's eyes with a tenderness that surprised Sylvana herself.

"I love the way you kiss, it's nice," Gillian replied after a moment's hesitation. She nuzzled Sylvana's palm, pressing a tickling kiss to the centre.

"Oh, the rest of the evening is going to be more than nice, I promise you," Sylvana answered. She kissed Gillian again, this time no gentle brush of lips but letting the strength of her hunger show. Gillian opened her mouth at once, her tongue touching Sylvana's. The sensation was wet and soft, sending shivers down Sylvana's spine, spiralling her desire higher with each second their tongues touched. Never had a kiss felt more intimate. Sylvana had a hard time to not let herself get carried away by the emotions surging within her..

Sylvana sucked on Gillian's tongue with abandon until the woman let out a muffled moan, her body flexing and arching against Sylvana's. When Gillian grabbed her hand and brought it to her breast, Sylvana was pleased by the sign of Gillian's need.

She cupped the heavy weight of Gillian's breast, letting her thumbnail scratch at the prominent bud of the nipple through the light texture of the woman's dress. Gillian's jerk and sharp intake of breath encouraged her to take the sensitive nipple between her thumb and forefinger, rolling it gently while she bit down on the lush perfection of Gillian's lower lip. It was maddening; the way playing with Gillian's breasts increased her own need and desire. There was something about this woman that was exciting but also a little frightening, brand new territory for Sylvana. Confused, she broke the kiss, but the desperation in Gillian's eyes made clear who was in control, which calmed Sylvana down.

Gillian moaned a protest when Sylvana stopped pinching her nipple, but Sylvana whispered in Gillian's ear, "You're going to be a good fuck, aren't you, Gillian?"

Gillian gulped and stared, not speaking even when Sylvana took hold of her nipple and gave it a twist that had her squeaking, but not pulling away. Good, Sylvana thought. Very good.

“Want to play with me, Gillian?” Sylvana asked, releasing the abused nipple. “I play pretty rough, but I think you like it like that, don’t you?”

Gillian flushed. She was obviously fighting some inner turmoil as she regarded Sylvana with a mixture of curiosity and caution. To Sylvana’s satisfaction, there was not a shred of regret or genuine fear in the woman’s expression. It seemed that so far, she had done and said the right things. Encouraged, she crowded closer to Gillian until their bodies were touching, and asked, pitching her voice low, “Tell me, Gillian, how do you want to come tonight?”

Gillian blinked, no doubt shocked by Sylvana’s forthrightness “What?” she blurted.

“I want you to tell me how you want to come,” Sylvana repeated. “What do you like? What do you want and how? Do you want me to take my time, or would you like to come hard and fast? Would you like my mouth on you, or do you want me to watch while you take care of yourself? Do you like anal stimulation? Are there toys you want me to use? Tell me. I want us to make the best use of our time.”

The surprise on Gillian's face was clear. Sylvana chuckled inwardly. Gillian was really cute, and she would bet a whole pay check that this kind of encounter wasn't something she did regularly despite the near-predatory way she had behaved earlier. There was an aura of naïveté around her that Sylvana found absolutely endearing. The ultra confident woman Sylvana had met in the bar was gone, a façade apparently unable to withstand the reality of Sylvana’s dominant nature, which suited her absolutely fine. She preferred to experience the real Gillian rather than some make-believe role.

Sylvana waited, trying to ignore her own rising hunger while Gillian nibbled on her bottom lip, clearly unsure about how to continue. But Sylvana remained silent until Gillian finally asked, almost shyly, “You really want to know what I like?”

Sylvana nodded. “Yes. I want us both to have a good time, Gillian, and hearing what my partners like to do really turns me on. Talking can be foreplay, too.”

Gillian just continued looking at her, nonplussed as if she wasn’t sure what to make of this unexpected development.

“Look, we don't know each other, and so I don't know what you like,” Sylvana continued, wondering if the becoming shyness was real or assumed, “but I’d really love to hear what you need to make you come.” She tilted her head to show that she was listening closely to whatever Gillian chose to say. At the same time, she begun to massage the crotch of her jeans, where the seam rubbed against her pussy, stimulating pleasure, a hint of pain, and a whole lot

of arousal. “Like I said,” she went on, her voice getting rough, “I absolutely think it’s hot to hear you, to watch you telling me how you want to be pleased.”

Gillian's gaze flickered down to Sylvana’s busy hand and remained fixed there. Her breath hitched. The colour rose in her cheeks. Sylvana made a little show of stimulating herself, spreading her legs wider, thrusting her hips a bit, really getting into it. Gillian’s pupils dilated as she watched Sylvana’s play, mesmerized.

The blush on Gillian’s cheeks turned redder when she finally found her voice again and replied, “I want you to take me right here.” She glanced up at Sylvana, then away as if the admission only heightened her embarrassment.

What Sylvana read in the brief glimpse of those green eyes took her breath away. Hunger and raw lust, mixed with shyness and vulnerability—the most endearing emotional mix, guaranteed to cement Sylvana’s interest. God, she was almost ready to come herself, and thinking about getting Gillian off right here and now was a definite turn-on the cherry on the cake. If Gillian was only half as wet as Sylvana had become just by thinking about it... well, she would find out soon.

Sylvana stopped stroking her denim-clad crotch and pulled off her jacket, never breaking eye contact with Gillian as she draped the garment over the back of a chair. She slowly rolled up her shirt sleeves, showing off her muscular forearms. Sylvana kept herself in shape, and physical labour had given her a sturdy musculature that she knew most femmes found attractive. Gillian was not different there. She enjoyed the woman’s admiring gaze, and playfully flexed her biceps before she reached out to unbutton Gillian's dress.

“Really thoughtful of you to wear a dress with buttons in the front, Gillian. This way I don't have to rip it off,” Sylvana said, deliberately deepening her voice.

Gillian shivered and swallowed. Sylvana flicked open the buttons one by one. Delightfully pale flesh was gradually exposed until Sylvana was able to slide the dress off Gillian’s shoulders and let it fall to the floor in a puddle of black satin. Gillian was left wearing a black lacy bra and matching panties. Sylvana let her gaze travel over Gillian's body—the full breasts almost spilling from the bra’s lace cups, the small waist and flat belly, the curve of hips that flowed into sculpted thighs. It was clear to her that Gillian worked out, probably with a private trainer or in one of those fancy studios. But wherever and however... the woman’s body was perfect and Sylvana couldn’t believe her luck.

Gillian blushed brightly under Sylvana’s scrutiny but remained where she was, watching Sylvana as if hypnotised.

Sylvana whispered to reassure her, “You are beautiful Gillian. Absolutely stunning.” Perhaps the shyness was not fake at all, in which case she would have to handle Gillian with a bit more care than she usually took with casual sex partners.

Her statement brought a pleased smile to Gillian's face. She breathed a short, "Thank you," and relaxed a trifle, although she continued to fidget under Sylvana's steady stare.

"I'm going to touch you now, Gillian, and I won't stop until you come at least once," Sylvana said. She waited a moment to let her words sink in and to gauge Gillian's reaction before closing the space between them in a single step.

Sylvana cupped Gillian's sex, registering the fact that the woman's panties were already soaked. Gillian whimpered, the sound causing Sylvana to increase the pressure and purr, "I promise to make you come right now if you promise I can take my time with you later. Deal?"

Gillian nodded, the muscles in her thighs trembling.

"Then take off your bra," Sylvana commanded, expecting obedience.

Gillian hesitated, but after glancing at Sylvana, who carefully did not smile, she undid her bra with shaking hands and let it fall next to her dress on the floor. Sylvana licked her lips. Gillian's breasts were firm and round, the nipples pert and seemingly begging to be touched.

"Good girl," Sylvana praised, unable to shake the feeling that Gillian was an uncut diamond, the find of a lifetime. She restrained herself, sticking to her decision to go slower than usual and said, "Now your panties. Get them off."

This time Gillian added her underwear to the pile on the floor without hesitation. Sylvana took a step back, the better to admire the view without hindrance.

Gillian stood naked and slightly shivering in the cool air while Sylvana's gaze lingered on the short, damp, darker blonde curls between Gillian's legs. Definitely a natural blonde, Sylvana thought, a goddess the way she stood there in the light. An unfamiliar ache of hunger settled in her belly. Sylvana couldn't remember when she had last felt that needy herself, if ever—desperate for relief, on fire with expectation, hardly able to control her own breathing. Desire flared strongly, and she clenched her fists, fighting for control. The way her body reacted so powerfully to Gillian threw her for a loop. Sex was all that she wanted; nothing more, nothing less. That was her mantra, but at the moment, she had a hard time convincing herself. What she felt when she looked at Gillian was more... much more than casual and consensual sex. She wanted to get to know her and understand why Gillian was here, ready to give that perfect body to a perfect stranger.

Sylvana fought hard against her betraying emotions, and after regaining some of her composure, took a step towards Gillian and pushed a knee between her legs. She needed to focus on both their physical needs instead of this emotional garbage, and everything would fall into its proper place. Shoving her knee firmly against Gillian's wetness, she heard Gillian gasp, and felt the woman grasping at her wrists to keep her balance. Moisture seeping through

her jeans where Gillian's pussy was pressed against her thigh. Sylvana's arousal heightened, an itch that she longed to scratch.

Sylvana stifled a moan, not wanting Gillian to know how much she was being affected, and said in a short, clipped tone, "Put your hands on the wall behind you and leave them there."

Gillian had to release Sylvana's wrists, but Sylvana took hold of her hips, steadying her until the woman complied. Her body formed a graceful curve, skin and muscle tightened beautifully. Gillian's eyes drifted shut.

Sylvana said, "Look into my eyes, Gillian. Look at me. I want to see your beautiful green eyes when I fuck you."

Gillian's eyes popped open, and she focused on Sylvana as ordered.

Sylvana put more pressure on Gillian's pussy, knowing the denim fabric would feel harsh to the ultra-sensitized flesh. "Spread your legs for me," she said. "I'm going to fuck you now."

Gillian shifted, making it easy for Sylvana to replace her thigh with her hand.

Sylvana eagerly slipped her fingers through the wetness she found, regretting she had left her dildo behind at home. *Next time*, she thought, and was startled by the unexpected idea. She had always preferred one-night stands in the past. Why should now be any different? Again, Sylvana decided not to think about these irritating emotions right now. There were more important things to do.

"You're so ready," Sylvana murmured. "I like that."

"Please," Gillian hissed, pressing harder against Sylvana's hand.

Sylvana didn't need any more encouragement. The pulse of her blood pounded in her ears as her excitement surged. She rubbed her thumb around Gillian's clitoris, spreading slippery moisture, and leaned forward to take Gillian's mouth in a kiss. Her other hand found Gillian's breast. The nipple hardened instantly in her palm. She rubbed Gillian's clit more firmly. God, she loved a woman as responsive as this 'bored housewife' who was panting into Sylvana's open mouth, moaning around her tongue.

Riding the power wave that dominance always gave her, Sylvana broke the kiss and growled, "Want me to make you scream when you come?"

Gillian whimpered in reply. Sylvana took that as a yes. She pushed a finger into the hot wet channel of Gillian's pussy, adding a second after a few thrusts. Gillian cried out sharply in pleasure, closing her eyes. Her head slammed back against the wall when Sylvana added a

third finger. The muscles in her forearm began to burn as Sylvana pumped her fingers in and out, finding a rhythm that had Gillian's hips rising to meet her.

Sylvana had a hard time concentrating. The smoothness of the inner walls that gripped her fingers drove her own arousal higher. She began to thrust harder, increasing the pace until Gillian was close to hyperventilating, mindlessly grinding her pussy against Sylvana's hand.

The aroma of feminine arousal was heady, mingling with the fragrance of Gillian's perfume to produce a scent that Sylvana found irresistible. Withdrawing her fingers and ignoring Gillian's wordless cry of protest, Sylvana went down on her knees, scooting forward until she was positioned between Gillian's spread thighs.

Thinking about her favourite toy and the way she could have taken Gillian with it made Sylvana want to howl in frustration, but her fingers and her tongue would have to do.

"You make me so hot, Gillian. God! I'm going to make you come now," Sylvana muttered.

She had to crane her neck and the position was awkward, but she pulled one of Gillian's legs over her shoulder before she licked and teased around Gillian's clit, enjoying the taste of Gillian's desire. Settling her mouth over the nub of flesh, she flicked her tongue mercilessly. At the same time, Sylvana shoved her fingers into Gillian's pussy, pushing them in as far as they would go before drawing out, until her fingertips were poised at the opening. She felt the muscles fluttering, like a greedy little mouth trying to suck her fingers inside.

Sylvana stopped licking and pushed her fingers into Gillian several times, the movements smooth and powerful. "That's me fucking you," she said somewhat breathlessly. A sense of triumph was growing, fuelled by Gillian's groans and the slickness that oozed from her. Sylvana repeated in a stronger voice, "I'm fucking you, I'm going to make you come, just me, only me!" and fastened her mouth over Gillian's pussy, lapping at her clit.

Gillian's hands fell on the back of Sylvana's head, clutching her short hair, holding her in place. She was trembling all over. "That feels so good!" Gillian choked out.

Sylvana curled her fingers slightly, seeking that special spot inside all women. She knew she found it when Gillian bucked wildly, almost spraining Sylvana's wrist. Sylvana increased her tongue's pressure against Gillian's clit, and was rewarded when Gillian let out a scream. Sylvana felt inner muscles spasming hard around her fingers, and tasted a gush of bitter fluid—sure signs that Gillian had climaxed. But Sylvana wasn't finished. She did not stop but only gentled her licking at first, to soothe the heated flesh, then suddenly lapped the flat of her tongue over Gillian's clit. Gillian stiffened and shuddered through a second orgasm, her hands still fisted in Sylvana's hair.

Sylvana carefully removed her fingers, pressing a light kiss against Gillian's pubic curls. Gillian buckled, and Sylvana hastily caught her, allowing her to slide down the wall. Cradling

Gillian in her arms, Sylvana placed a kiss on the woman's slightly parted lips, surprised at the feeling of protectiveness that bubbled inside of her. The sensation was new, and Sylvana was content to put closer examination aside while she held Gillian and they both had a chance to calm. She sat with Gillian in her lap for some minutes, the quietness of the apartment only interrupted by the sound of their breathing.

"Wow," was all the woman muttered after a while.

Sylvana smiled. Despite the ache of unfulfillment, she experienced a sense of completion that was new to her. It wasn't so much about her power to get Gillian to climax that hard twice, but about being happy that Gillian was satisfied. To her amazement, she wanted more than just a quick tumble from Gillian—she wanted more intimacy, more feelings, a connection of some sort. Sylvana could not explain it. Sighing inwardly, confused about her feelings she knew that she needed some time alone to think without the distraction of Gillian's warm flesh against hers.

Trying to act cool, as if she was unaffected by their encounter, Sylvana said, "Wow, right, how articulate of you," before kissing Gillian tenderly, lingering on the soft lips that parted for her. Sylvana resisted the temptation and went on, "You're a very responsive woman, Gillian, very sensual, very arousing. I love that."

For the first time, Gillian's smile seemed genuine when she answered, "Thank you for asking me what I wanted. I... I really liked that, as you can tell." Her eyes twinkled.

Sylvana returned the smile. "What do you say we each take a shower, and afterwards I take you to bed? I take it we have some more time, right?"

Gillian nodded, looking pleased and slightly flushed. Sylvana couldn't help herself and pressed a kiss to Gillian's forehead before they got up from the floor.

At Sylvana's insistence, Gillian was the first to shower. Sylvana waited impatiently in the bedroom until Gillian finished, and she was finally free to disappear into the bathroom, which she did without exchanging a word with the other woman.

Setting down a bottle of beer she had retrieved from the refrigerator, Sylvana took note of the décor and amenities. The room was as amazingly upscale as the rest of the apartment, she thought. Gillian's family really had to have money! A free standing, oval shaped bathtub caught her eye. It was light grey on the outside and white on the inside, matching the cool understatement and good taste evident in the rest of the apartment. Sylvana smirked. A bathtub like that could easily accommodate two people, and the possibilities that came to mind... well, a bathroom could become an amazing playground with a little imagination. And when it came to sex and Gillian, she had a lot of new fantasies.

Feeling even more horny, she shed her clothes and stepped into the luxurious separate shower enclosure, smiling brightly. The teak under her feet felt wonderful, and she noticed with delight that the high-tech showerhead was adaptable. Within seconds, Sylvana was enjoying the hot water cascading down her body.

The best discovery was the showerhead adjustment that would make it easy to take care of her own need in a very nice way. Perhaps some sexual relief would help her to clear her head and her emotions as well. Slowly adjusting the water temperature, Sylvana guided the powerful pulsating jets over her body, circling her breasts before targeting her nipples with warmth and pressure. The powerful spray caused the most delightful sensations and Sylvana would have liked to build up her arousal and savour the moment, but she knew she had to hurry since Gillian was waiting for her. Wasting no more time, she positioned the showerhead between her legs, the pulses hitting her and causing a pleasure close to pain.

“Yes,” she hissed between her teeth. “God, yes...”

Sylvana closed her eyes, imagining Gillian kneeling on the shower floor, licking her pussy, tongue-fucking her while Sylvana rode that beautiful face. A low groan escaped her. Her orgasm built quickly, and it wasn't long before a climax ripped forcefully through her, forcing her to close her throat around a guttural shout.

Opening her eyes, Sylvana realized she had bitten into her hastily raised forearm to stifle the noise. Fortunately, the marks were superficial but that had been one hell of an orgasm! She leaned against the tiled wall, breathing heavily through her nose, and let the hot water run down her neck. She needed a moment to come down from such a high. Wow! Sylvana decided she would have to save money for a shower like this. No matter the cost—and it was bound to be expensive—the result was totally worth it.

With genuine regret, Sylvana got out of the shower, drying herself with one of the fluffiest, softest towels that she had ever held in her hand, a process which was nearly an erotic moment in itself. Sylvana found herself imagining drying Gillian with one of those towels later this evening. Man, had she misjudged the potential of this date! She would have to thank Janet, although the notion of showing gratitude to that bitch made her teeth grind together.

There remained one question, however: what was she to do with her feelings towards Gillian? Should she just push them aside and hope they would disappear in time? Or should she ask Gillian if they could meet again? But what about Gillian's husband? Sylvana wasn't stupid enough to hope for more, whatever more might be, with someone in a committed relationship. That way led to nothing but heartache, and she wasn't going to let herself get hurt.

Sighing, she pulled on a white bath robe that hung from a hook on the back of the door, and went looking for Gillian, ready to make at least some of her more carnal fantasies a reality in the time they had left tonight. Hoping for anything else was a pipe dream.

* * *

When Sylvana entered the bedroom, she found Gillian lying naked on top of the covers, her eyes closed, her face relaxed and soft, devoid of artifice. Sylvana remained standing in the doorway, arms crossed over her chest, and studied the woman, unfamiliar tenderness tugging at her heart. What was the real story behind the ad? She couldn't imagine Gillian changing bed partners like underwear. There was something going on here, a truth not visible but still capable of niggling at Sylvana. Why did this uptown girl had such an effect on her, making her want to throw her caution overboard?

As if sensing she was being watched, Gillian opened her eyes, her gaze seeking Sylvana and fixing on her. Once again, Sylvana found herself the focus of an intense green-eyed stare that seemed to go straight through her. For a long moment, she held Gillian's unblinking stare, then went closer to the bed.

“Hi, stranger,” Gillian finally said in a seductive voice that sent chills down Sylvana's spine. It was uncomfortable, but it was also kind of exhilarating and she found herself smiling in response.

“Hi there yourself,” Sylvana purred, crossing the distance between them, her momentary pique forgotten. “You look beautiful.” She crawled onto the mattress and reached out a hand, slowly caressing Gillian's cheek. Sylvana took her time stroking Gillian's brows, her eyelids, the lines of her lips and her nose before asking, “How are you doing?”

Gillian chuckled. “My throat is a bit hoarse but beside that... I think I never felt more alive.”

Sylvana gave her a kiss, unhurried and sweet. “You're a truly attractive woman, Gillian. I can't get enough of touching you,” she said, tracing the line of Gillian's jaw with the backs of her fingers. She was caught by the vulnerability and hastily concealed shock she glimpsed in Gillian's eyes. The moment didn't last long, and Gillian surprised Sylvana by grabbing the edges of her robe and drawing her closer. Sensing the mood could be too easily shattered by a wrong move, Sylvana complied, settling in the cradle of Gillian's thighs while supporting herself on her elbows. She waited to see what Gillian had in mind.

“You aren't so bad looking yourself,” Gillian murmured, her breath hot against Sylvana's face. She switched her grip to Sylvana's ears and hauled her head down with unexpected strength, their mouths meeting in a tooth-jarring kiss that Sylvana felt was more desperation than desire. She was not ready to inquire about the reason was behind Gillian's actions, so she got with the program, asserting careful control by taking two handfuls of Gillian's hair and holding her head in place, not allowing the woman to move. Gazing into Gillian's eyes, she waited until Gillian made a small pleading sound, sliding her hands under the sleeves of Sylvana's bathrobe.

“Please,” Gillian breathed. Her mouth was swollen, her lips glistening red.

Unable to remain aloof any longer, Sylvana sat up just long enough to throw off the bathrobe, then she pressed the full weight of her body against Gillian, biting back a grin when the woman relaxed beneath her. She rubbed her breasts against Gillian's, skin catching on skin for the first time tonight. Gillian was a study in contrasts, soft skin and toned muscle. Fire scorched Sylvana from the inside out, a heat that centred in her pussy as if she hadn't experienced a mind-shattering orgasm moments ago in the shower. God, the woman drove her crazy. She took Gillian's mouth in a kiss, nipping the bottom lip and drawing a whimper from her. Maybe she was having the same effect on Gillian. At least, she hoped so..

Desperately needing to feel more of Gillian, she freed a hand and begun to massage Gillian's breasts, finally bending her head to suck first one nipple, then the other into her mouth, alternating between the two. Gillian moaned, shifting her legs wider apart. After releasing a rosy nipple with a wet pop, Sylvana found herself fascinated by the goosebumps that followed every touch on Gillian's flawless skin.

She slid down Gillian's body, pausing to kiss the firm smooth belly, discovering a little scar there from a C-section. She had seen those before on sexual partners. So, she thought, the housewife has kids. That did not make Gillian any less desirable, but it was an information that Sylvana stored for later. They would have to talk... maybe, if she found the courage to start a dialogue she wasn't sure she wanted to have anyway.

Still, not wanting to think about Gillian in this same bed, writhing under a man, Sylvana pressed more kisses over Gillian's hips and the tops of her thighs. Whimpers and groans rose from Gillian's throat. These were sounds that Sylvana had longed to hear. She continued her slow torture, dipping her fingers into Gillian's wetness and swirling them around the moist folds. Gillian was staring down the length of her body at Sylvana, her face mottled red and white, her eyes glazed with lust, her lips parted. Sylvana slowly brought her fingers to her mouth and licked them clean of Gillian's delicious juices.

Gillian stopped breathing and licked her lips as if she could taste herself..

Sylvana whispered, "Turn over, beautiful."

Gillian gazed at her as if stunned. At last, she managed, "Don't you want me to return the favour? Maybe go down on you for a change?"

"Maybe later," Sylvana laughed, sitting back on her heels. "Right now, I want you to turn over for me."

Without further hesitation, Gillian flipped over onto her stomach and Sylvana's mouth went from wet to dry immediately. Gillian's ass was magnificent. The sight of those round, firm, creamy buttocks made every nerve ending in Sylvana's body sizzle. Her cunt twitched. Gillian shifted restlessly under Sylvana's scrutiny, and Sylvana sensed that she had to

reassure the woman who was in a vulnerable position. But God, she had a hard time controlling herself when all she really wanted was hot sex with no limitations.

“Relax, Gillian,” Sylvana said despite her inner turmoil, pitching her voice low. “I just want to take my time with you and get to know every inch of your body. I won’t hurt you or do anything you don’t want. As soon as you say ‘no’ I stop whatever I am doing; trust me.”

To affirm her promise, she laid her hands on Gillian's back, gently kneading the tense muscles she discovered. After a few minutes, even though she was not using any oil, Sylvana began to move lower to Gillian's thighs, continuing the careful massage until the knots under Gillian’s skin were worked out, and Gillian was lying almost limp on the bed, groaning with pleasure.

Schooling herself further to patience in a way that was foreign to her, Sylvana slowly moved her hands until she reached Gillian's ass, gliding her palms over the plump buttocks until she felt Gillian push back into the caresses, clearly seeking more stimulation.

“You like that, don't you?” Sylvana panted, feeling her own excitement growing by the second. Gillian was like a natural aphrodisiac, and Sylvana felt like she was gushing wet. “You love it when I play with that sweet ass of yours, don't you?”

“Yes,” Gillian moaned. “Touch me. Do what you want... anything... just touch me.”

Sylvana laughed softly, slipping a finger against Gillian’s asshole, a teasing touch that made Gillian’s breathe stutter. She did not penetrate her yet. Instead, she stuck her fingers in her mouth to wet them, then rubbed the moisture round and round. Given lube and the proper equipment, Sylvana would have liked to fuck that hot tight hole with her strap-on, too. Gillian’s eager response to anal play made that a distinct possibility that Sylvana wanted to explore another time. There would be another time, she determined, unwilling to let Gillian go as easily as her former lovers. This was different, so much better... the decision made, Sylvana kissed Gillian’s buttocks and the small of her back, mouthing endearments and obscenities against her skin.

It didn’t take long before both women were covered in sweat and breathing heavily. Sylvana crawled forward until the full length of her body was draped over Gillian’s back. She pressed a series of kisses against the nape of Gillian’s neck. The smell of her lover, musky and sweet, only increased Sylvana’s appetite. Gillian turned her head, gazing at Sylvana over her shoulder. Those green eyes were unguarded, allowing Sylvana to see that Gillian was willing to give her everything, to yield herself up completely to Sylvana’s whim. That amount of trust made the protective instinct inside Sylvana swell.

She took her time peppering Gillian's spine with kisses before she licked and sucked on one of Gillian's earlobe, using teeth and tongue, all the time grinding her pelvis against the naked flesh beneath her. Gillian had to be feeling the damp rasp of Sylvana’s public hair on her

buttocks, and that thought brought another level of excitement to Sylvana. This was not a simple act of sex anymore, it was pure adoration from her side.

She breathed into Gillian's ear, "I am so hot for you, Gillian. I have to hear you come again, and this time I want you to bring yourself off. Imagine me touching myself, playing with my pussy while you play with yours."

"Oh, God," Gillian moaned, clearly on the edge. After some delicious squirming and whimpering, she was able to get a hand between her legs.

Sylvana could feel the motions as Gillian began to fuck herself. She moved between Gillian's thighs, hauling the woman up on her knees so that she had access to those wonderful buttocks. Wetting her finger once again, she began playing with Gillian's asshole. It was a deeply intimate act that Sylvana loved performing.

Gillian all but shrieked when Sylvana dipped the tip of her finger inside the tight hole. There was momentary resistance, then the muscle relaxed, and Sylvana's finger slid inside past the knuckle. Gillian was making noises that drove Sylvana crazy. This time, Sylvana did not deny the groan that escaped her own throat. There was no point concealing how much she was aroused, how much her own body throbbed and begged for relief. The sight, the smell, the sound of Gillian was burned into Sylvana's mind. She could not control the passion that shook her to the core, nor did she want to.

Sylvana needed to relieve the ache that had grown to near unbearable proportions. She touched her own clit, rubbing it hard, while finger-fucking Gillian's ass. Coordination was not easy, but she had the greatest incentive in the world. "Come on, baby," she whispered. "I want to come with you. Let me hear you. Come with me."

Gillian climaxed, crying Sylvana's name out loud. Sylvana sobbed, driven over the edge right after Gillian. Light burst in her vision as pleasure hummed through her. Spent, she managed to withdraw her finger from Gillian's ass before crashing down on the bed, at the last moment shifting so she did not land atop Gillian but beside her. Gillian immediately came into Sylvana's embrace, her face slack with pleasure.

Sylvana wrapped her arms around Gillian, not wanting to let go. Skin against skin, sweat cooling on both their bodies... as far as she was concerned, intimacy had never felt as good. Sylvana stroked Gillian's damp hair, running her fingers through the tangled blond locks. This meeting had to be destiny, she thought.

"You know," Sylvana remarked with uncharacteristic softness, still basking in the afterglow of a powerful orgasm, "I really thought that our blind date would be boring as hell."

Gillian chuckled, slowly tracing patterns on Sylvana's arm with her fingernails, scratching lightly. "And I thought you would be... I don't know... just doing your thing with me."

Startled, Sylvana stared. “Doing my thing?” she asked, confused.

“Yeah,” Gillian said blushing, “doing your thing. Like when I saw you sitting in the bar... you really are what most would describe as butch. Right?”

Sylvana nodded, having no idea where the discussion was going.

Gillian brushed her lips over Sylvana's mouth before continuing, “Okay, please don't be offended. I just thought you'd be selfish and demanding, caring only for your own pleasure, taking instead of giving. You're not my first blind date, I've had a few these past weeks but... I made a wrong assumption about you. You're so attuned to what I want, what I need, and I felt so cherished, safe with you. Thank you.”

Sylvana kept quiet, struggling with her emotions. The truth was that she had not always cared about what her bed partners thought, or whether they left her satisfied, but Gillian was different in a way she could not define. She didn't know what to say. The fact that Gillian was not only married but had had other blind dates lately... God, what had she been thinking? Sylvana's stomach sank. There was no way Gillian would want to see her again. How could she have been so stupid!

Sensing that something was wrong, Gillian rolled on top of Sylvana, touching their foreheads together. Her hair hung like a curtain around them, blocking out the view of the bedroom, creating a private space that encompassed just the two of them. It was supposed to be intimate, but Sylvana felt trapped. Everything inside her screamed to run as far as she could. There was no way she could survive giving more of herself to Gillian. She felt as if someone had stabbed a dagger into her heart and twisted it several times. What a fool she was, dreaming that a woman like this would want anything more from a woman like her.

“Hey, what do you say... would you maybe like to meet again?” Gillian asked shyly. “Only this time, I would like to have dinner with you before... you know. Spend some time together and all this. Like a date.”

Surprised, Sylvana stared at Gillian, who looked as vulnerable as she felt. Making an effort, Sylvana swallowed hard and asked, . “So, what, exactly, are you are suggesting? Some kind of extra-marital casual affair with me while you see others as well?”

“No,” Gillian exclaimed, clearly aghast. Shaking her head, she tried to roll off Sylvana, who held Gillian in place.

Shit, Sylvana thought, this was not going the way she had hoped. Gathering all her courage, she said, ““Wait. Tell me what you want, Gillian. Please. I need to know.” She winced at how small and scratchy her voice sounded.

For a long moment, Gillian did not reply. Finally, she said, “My husband died three months ago. He owned this apartment but he wasn’t so much using it for his sleep as for his affairs.”

Sylvana felt her heart clench. She rolled them over and settled Gillian at her side.

Gillian put her head on Sylvana’s shoulder. Her voice sounded muffled when she continued: “I didn’t know... we were married for seven years and I thought that we were, well, maybe not happy but content with our life together. And then he died and I found out about his countless affairs with other women. It made me sick.” She paused a moment, struggling with her words. “Damn it! We have two children together and a stupid dog, and my husband slept with every woman he met. When I learned about it, I just wanted to get revenge.”

Sylvana needed a moment to digest what Gillian had just said. Hardly able to believe what she had heard, she asked, “You took revenge by sleeping with others after his death?”

“Women... with other women, just like him,” Gillian responded, pressing her face deeper into Sylvana’s shoulder as if trying to hide her shame.

Sylvana was speechless. She had sensed there was a story behind Gillian’s behaviour, but this sounded absolutely absurd to her. “And did it work? I mean, did it make you feel better?”

“No... I mean at first yes,” Gillian said. “I found out that I clearly prefer woman but then... no. I felt like an asshole. And you were supposed to be my last revenge date.”

Revenge date... now that was something different! Sylvana was torn between laughter and anger. “I don’t know what to say, Gillian,” she replied at last.

Gillian’s head came up, her gaze searching Sylvana’s. “But you turned my world around,” she said insistently. “This wasn’t only the best sex I ever had in my whole life, there’s something more. I didn’t want to like you, believing you were just a typical predators when I first saw you in the bar. But then...” She paused, and went on after a moment, “I don’t know how it happened, but I feel as if I know you. There’s a connection between us that goes beyond everything I could possibly imagine. It’s not just physical. Don’t you feel it, too?”

God, what was she supposed to do now? Sylvana thought, almost squirming under the weight of those green eyes. Should she admit her own insecure feelings, or just get up and leave now while escape was still possible, and try to forget what she had experienced?

“Please, Sylvana, I want to spend more time with you, get to know you. You are... you touched something deep inside of me,” Gillian said. She bent forward, softly brushing her lips over Sylvana’s as if trying to reaffirm the connection that Sylvana couldn’t deny.

She knew that nothing would be the same if she left, but she couldn't abandon Gillian, not when the woman had just put into words what Sylvana has felt since her first glimpse of the drop-dead gorgeous blond in the singles' bar.

Embarrassed by her need, Sylvana tried to cover it up by saying gruffly, "Maybe we could meet again. If I can make the time."

Gillian nodded, apparently unfazed by Sylvana's show of grumpiness. "Do you," Gillian had to clear her throat before continuing, "do you have time on Thursday. We could have dinner, just talk some?"

When Gillian looked at her like that, as if she was important and yes, cherished as she had never been, Sylvana could not refuse. Inwardly she was doing a little dance of joy when she said, "I do. I mean, Thursday's okay."

"Great," Gillian said, kissing Sylvana's collarbone. "And as a matter of act, I have another half hour before I have to leave." She gave Sylvana a shy glance. "Wanna share a shower? We've gotten dirty... now I guess we'd better get clean."

Sylvana swallowed hard. The world had gone crazy, she was crazy, and nothing was the same. Perhaps it was time she took the plunge and changed her love life for the better. A little romance was an excellent beginning. And as for the children and the stupid dog... well, they would have to see how that went. She grimaced. Her friend Janet would have a blast, teasing her about "reforming her character" and other crap.

"Yes, I agree," Sylvana said, rolling them both over until she was able to tumble out of bed, leaving Gillian flat on her back and breathless. "Race you to the bathroom and that obscenely big tub. First one chooses position," she continued.

Off she went, a giggling Gillian following close on her heels.

The End