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The Prize
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The Prize

By

Kira Chase

Micki kept her gaze firmly planted on the beautiful woman who'd just taken the microphone and was standing next to the lead singer of *Sky Down*, the all girl band who played once a month at *TM's*. She picked up her drink and took a sip, tuning out her three friends.

TM's was one of the most popular lesbian clubs in Pittsburgh. Seven years ago the building that housed *TM's* had been just an old abandoned warehouse until two enterprising women, Marti Waldon, a plump close-cropped salt and pepper haired woman, and her partner of twenty years, Tina Donovan, a slim attractive red-haired woman, bought the building. Three years later, they had turned the warehouse into a classy club boasting one of the largest dance floors in the city with a popular live band performing every Friday and Saturday nights. The club also offered special events, which were held in the back of the building. Tina and Marti turned the upper floor of the building into a large living area for themselves with two small apartments at the northern end of the structure, which they refused to rent out, but maintained for special guests of the club or their visiting relatives.

Two years ago, as business expanded, then exploded, mostly due to word of mouth of the popular club, the owners hired Starlyn Jackson, fresh out of The University of Pittsburgh, to manage the club. Starlyn was gorgeous with flawless skin, long flowing blonde hair and deep blue eyes. Her cheekbones were high and she had a perfectly shaped nose and full lips. She was curvy and petite with a model like figure that confirmed her physical attributes in the fashionable clothes she wore. Her office was located in a large comfortable room off to the right side of the circular bar where she would be found most nights working except for Saturday nights. Then she could be found mingling with the patrons. Her friendly outgoing personality only added to her already visible charm. Women threw themselves at her feet and she could easily have had her pick of any woman she wanted, but she graciously refused most of

their invitations. She never had a word to say to anyone and often found consoling those whose hearts had recently been broken or offering words of wisdom to those who felt hopeless where love was concerned.

But to Micki she offered nothing. Their brief encounters usually just consisted of a pithy acknowledgement. Micki thought she could charm her with her wit and Starlyn would be only too happy to go out with her, but Starlyn barely gave her the time of day. For the past couple of months, Micki had quit trying. When she saw Starlyn, she acknowledged her, but had quit asking her out. On the outside, she acted disinterested, but inside she was devastated. Micki suspected that there might be something going on between Taylor Stevens, the lead singer of *Sky Down*, and Starlyn.

She watched as Taylor turned and whispered something to Starlyn, which caused Starlyn to laugh and playfully punch Taylor's arm. Taylor was cute in a boyish sort of way and was always clad in tight black leather pants and boots. She was square jawed with dark penetrating eyes and when she picked up the mike and belted out her songs in her deep throaty voice, shivers would crawl down the toughest critics' spines. Micki often wondered why Taylor hadn't been discovered and signed to a major label.

"Wow! Starlyn looks hot tonight!" Micki's best friend, Liz said.

She looked at Liz and smiled. "She always does." Starlyn was wearing a short black dress with a plunging neckline that showed plenty of cleavage. She wished that she was the one on the stage next to her instead of Taylor. If Starlyn would only give her a chance.

Micki and her three closest friends rarely missed their weekly Saturday night out together, but when obligations kept the others away, Micki could still be found at *TM's* every Saturday night and often several times during the week.

"May I have everyone's attention?" Starlyn asked.

Micki's eyes turned backed to Starlyn.

"We're going to have a contest with all proceeds going to the building fund for the new shelter being constructed for the homeless gay and lesbian youth."

"How generous of Marti and Tina," Liz murmured.

Micki nodded, not wanting to miss anything Starlyn was about to say.

"The winner receives—" Starlyn turned to Taylor who in turn signaled to the drummer. After the drummer was finished with her rift, Starlyn continued.

"The winner wins a date with me!"

Loud whoops went up from the crowd.

"You going to enter?" Liz asked as she peered at Micki with a wide grin. "You've been lusting after her for the past two years. Now's your chance to finally get her alone."

Micki shrugged. "It depends on what I have to do and the rules. You know that I'm not much for competitive activities."

"I'd be concentrating more on the prize."

"I always am." Micki said with a sly grin.

"Oh, she's ready to give the details," Liz excitedly announced.

"There will be a one hundred dollar entry fee and ten dollars a ticket for those who'd rather watch," Starlyn said in her low sultry voice, a voice that made Micki's toes tingle. "And the only thing that you lovely ladies have to do is have a friendly little race...in the mud. The two who come in first and second will then have a mud wrestling competition. And don't forget, the winner receives a date with me." She once again flashed her winning smile.

"Why don't you enter?" Micki asked as she looked hard at Liz. "We've seen a few events. You could do it. After all, as I recall, in college you were one of the top runners on the women's track team."

Liz shrugged as she tossed her pretty blonde head. "What if I won?" she asked with an amused expression spreading across her face. "I would never do anything that would jeopardize our friendship. After all how could I go on a date with a woman you've wanted for so long?"

Her girlfriend, Stacey, a short, few pounds overweight, but attractive brunette, grabbed her arm. "What about how it would affect your partner? The only person you're dating is me."

Liz grabbed her hand. "And I wouldn't have it any other way. I'm blissfully happy in my committed state."

"Mess around, honey, and you'll wish you were committed," Stacey teased.

Micki propped her chin in her hands. "If you won you could always give the prize to your best friend."

"Come on, Mick," Stacey urged, her brown eyes mischievously challenging her. "Enter. Or are you afraid?"

Micki chuckled. "You know I can't back down from a dare." She picked up her drink and took a large swallow. "But this one I definitely have to think about. Mud race," she said with a toss of her head. "And mud wrestling. I don't know."

Liz laughed. "Well while you're deciding, it's my turn to get a round." She eyed Micki's drink. "How can you drink whatever the hell that's called?"

She held up her glass. "It's a Cherry Pussycat and it's delicious."

"I'll stick to my Sex On The Beach. I can't stand anything cherry," Liz emphatically stated.

Stacey cocked an eye. "And you'd better keep it that way if you know what's good for you."

"Such is blessed commitment," Micki said with a teasing smile.

"And I wouldn't trade it for the world," Liz replied and then planted a wet kiss on Stacey's puckered lips.

"To each her own," Micki said, raising her glass as in a toast. "I prefer my unbridled freedom."

Liz frowned at her. "I bet I know the woman you'd give it up for in a heartbeat." Her gaze drifted to Starlyn.

Micki didn't respond. Her friend knew her too well.

"You've screwed almost every woman in here," Jennie, a perky redhead who made up the rest of their foursome, said casting an eye around the crowded bar. "Don't you ever wish for that one special someone, Micki? I mean besides Starlyn."

"I've fucked maybe half of them," Micki answered, turning to face Jennie with a wide smile. "And no, I don't want to settle down. I'm having too much fun." Her eyes drifted back to Starlyn.

"But you would settle down if you had Starlyn," Liz stated. "I know you better than anyone, Mick."

Micki's jaw twitched. "It's hard to say you'd settle down with someone who won't even talk to you let alone fucking dance with you." She frowned. "She dances with every other woman in here, but me."

Liz sighed, then patted Micki's arm. "Maybe she doesn't like the way you dance, honey."

The others laughed.

Micki drained her glass.

"Are you going to enter then?" Jennie asked. "I dare you." She eyed Stacey and Liz. "We all dare you."

Micki's eyes stayed glued to the voluptuous body on the stage. "I might."

"I think you should go up there and get a contest form from Starlyn," Jennie said.

"Why don't you go get me one?" Micki jokingly asked as she eyed the women surrounding Starlyn who was handing out the forms and selling tickets.

"Okay, and I'll get the tickets for the rest of us," she said, then abruptly got to her feet and made her way through the crowd before Micki could stop her.

"Shit." Micki propped an elbow on the table, cast a sideways glance at Liz and Stacey who were lost in their own little world, then watched an attractive bouncy brunette hurrying toward her table.

"Hey, Mick, want to get together later?"

Micki shrugged, giving her the once over. "I don't know. I'm a little tired tonight." She ran a hand through her short jet-black hair. "Are you going to enter the contest, Jules?"

"No, are you?"

"Maybe." Her eyes swept over the woman's pretty face and then settled on her large chest. "You really should enter."

Jules blushed. "Nah, I'd rather be a spectator."

Micki cleared her throat. "I was just thinking of that striptease you did for me last night."

Jules's face reddened. "We were both drunk. I've never done anything like that for anyone before and I doubt I ever would again."

"Then I'm honored." She laid a hand on Jules's shoulder. "It would be so hot to watch you wrestling in the mud. Come on, do it."

She laughed. "No thanks. I doubt I'd even get through the race." She glanced at a table of women. "Well I'd better get back to my friends. If you want to get together later, let me know."

Micki nodded and watched Jules move away. Her slim hips and ass were perfectly proportioned in her tight fitting jeans and heels. Micki's pussy ached with desire, remembering the hot night they'd shared. She loved fucking Jules. Now there was a woman who fulfilled one's wildest fantasies and allowed her body to be subjected to whatever her partner's imagination could come up with. And Micki had quite an imagination when it came to sexual fantasies. She watched Jules make her way to her group of friends.

"She really cares for you, Mick. Why do you give her such a hard time?" Stacey asked.

"I never made her any promises. We have fun in bed and that's all there is to it. She knows that. And I doubt she cares that much for me."

Liz sighed loudly. "We've been friends for years, Mick," she began.

"And we will be till the day we die," Micki interrupted. "We've been together through thick and thin and that's never going to change. So don't go there."

"How do you know what I'm going to say?"

She grabbed Liz's hand. "Because you've said it over and over. I'm not obsessed with Starlyn. I admit I like her, but that's as far as it goes."

"If you say so," Liz responded. "I'm just worried about you bringing home a different girl almost every night."

"Don't be. I'm a big girl." She watched Starlyn moving to the dance floor with Taylor. Her jaw twitched again.

"You know, Mick, remember in college when we first met and every time you were nervous or upset about something you got this twitch in your jaw? Well, every time you watch Starlyn your jaw gets that twitch."

Micki frowned as she placed her hand over her jaw. "Okay. I wish she would go out with me, but she won't. End of story. I quit asking her out. You know that."

Liz shook her head as she turned her attention back to her girlfriend. "Let's dance, Stace."

Micki thought back to ten years ago when they'd all met in college as scared freshmen at a Gay Straight Alliance Group. She'd met Liz first. A few meetings later Liz and she befriended Stacey and Jennie. They'd all come from different areas of Pennsylvania and Western New York State and had happily settled into Carnegie Mellon, embracing their newfound freedom and independence. The four of them had found a bond that sealed them together. In their junior year in college, they rented a small apartment, moved in together and then after graduation, decided to stay in Pittsburgh. Liz worked as an assistant in a large design firm, Stacey as a legal secretary, Jennie as a computer specialist and Micki as a newspaper photographer.

They were only a short bus or cab ride away from one another and often popped into one another's homes unannounced, knowing they never needed an invitation where they were concerned. They were family.

She smiled at Liz and Stacey as they danced with their arms tightly wrapped around one another. Six months ago, they'd discovered that their feelings for each other ran much deeper than friendship. Stacey gave up her small studio apartment in Oakland and moved into Liz's spacious apartment in Squirrel Hill. Micki loved all of them, would give her own life for any of them and knew they would do the same for her.

Jennie came back to the table at the same time Liz and Stacey's dance ended. She handed the entry form to Micki. "Here you go."

Micki's friends moved their chairs closer as she read the rules aloud. When she finished, Liz grabbed her hand.

"Fill it out. It'll be fun. You'll have your own cheering section with us!"

She leaned back in her chair for a minute, holding the paper in front of her face. "Yeah, what the hell." A wide grin spread across her face. "Starlyn will have no choice, but to go out with me when I win."

Liz rolled her eyes. "Don't you mean *if* you win?"

"I'll win," she said confidently. She had to. Winning this competition would give her the chance to show Starlyn a night she'd never forget, a night neither of them would forget.

Micki flexed her arms. Her skimpy red bikini showed off her lean well-muscled body. She eyed the other eleven contestants. She knew most of them and smiled to herself, remembering the wrestling matches she'd had with several of them in bed. A few of the other contestants were couples and she wondered if they were planning to donate their prize to someone else if they won. The rules stated the winner could give the date with Starlyn to another woman if that was the winner's choice.

Starlyn stood at the edge of the makeshift judging platform in the large backroom of *TM's*. She was dressed in a tight short skirt and low-scooped shirt, which gave a tempting view of her voluptuous breasts. Standing confidently in her stilettos, she made Micki want to run her hands slowly up those long legs until she reached Starlyn's soft mound. She felt the burning heat between her legs and knew she'd better get her mind off of Starlyn and onto the race.

"You ladies know the rules. Is everyone ready?"

Micki watched as Starlyn's gaze moved down the line of contestants and when her eyes met Micki's, Starlyn quickly looked away. She hoped Starlyn liked what she saw. She'd bought the string bikini a couple of days ago, knowing that the color was a perfect match for her hair and complexion. The rest of her body wasn't so bad either. She'd be the first person to admit she had no problem where vanity was concerned, even though she had enough common sense to not flaunt it. She had a natural sex appeal and had often been told that her smile was one of her best assets. She was small boned and even though she wasn't as curvy as Starlyn, she had an eye-pleasing body. Her breasts were on the small side, but well in proportion to the rest of her body. She rarely wore skirts or dresses when she went to the club, instead preferring tight jeans and form fitting shirts, but no heels. She rationalized that she had to dress in heels all week long for her job so when the weekend came, it was time to kick off the heels. She was feminine in every sense of the word and even in jeans it definitely still showed through.

"Good luck, Mick," Liz called. "Kick ass!"

Micki got in position. She looked over her shoulder and saw Stacey and Jennie giving her the thumbs up. She grinned at them as she held her thumb up.

A huge foam mat had been spread out wall-to-wall the length of the room with the walls also heavily padded. A thick layer of mud had been spread on the mat. Bleachers were filled to capacity on either side of the mat. The rules were very basic. The contestants had to race down the mat and back twice. No pushing or tripping others was allowed. Anyone caught doing either would immediately be disqualified. If you fell, you could get right back up and keep going.

"All right, ladies, please line up at the edge of the mat," Starlyn announced. "On the count of three, go. Good luck, ladies." She smiled broadly.

Micki looked at Starlyn, waiting for her signal. She took a deep breath, then slowly let it out. She had to stay focused. Thank God she worked out three times a week at the gym and the past week had gone every night after work, but still that didn't mean she could beat the others. Maybe in the racing part of it, but she knew nothing about wrestling except for what she'd watched as a spectator.

"One...two...three!" Starlyn shouted. "Go!"

The mud was cool as it squished beneath Micki's feet. She started out slowly, then picked up her pace, skirting around those who had slipped, not wanting to end up like a few women piled on top of one another. A pretty, slim and agile woman named Bonnie had all ready made it down the mat and was heading back. Bonnie's partner, Nell, was lagging behind Micki.

Micki slipped, but quickly recovered, then sprinted to the end of the mat, touched the wall and turned. She picked up speed and was only a couple of feet behind Bonnie. She was worried about a tall, mousy brown haired, plain looking woman whom she didn't recognize now several feet in front of Bonnie. Like a flash, she had come up from somewhere behind and sprinted past Micki and Bonnie. The woman was all ready making her way down the mat for the second time. Micki slipped again and went down on her knees. She quickly pulled herself back up. Mud was plastered to her body, mixing with her perspiration. She propelled her body with everything she had. Bonnie was still in front of her, but not for long if she had her way. If she didn't get past her, then Bonnie and the plain woman would be the winners. With a burst of speed, Micki gritted her teeth, sailed past Bonnie, then slipped, rolled and sprawled out flat on her back. She heard Liz screaming for her to get up. Slipping and sliding, she got to her feet. She sucked some air into her lungs and took off again.

Bonnie was ahead of her in the final leg of the race. The tall plain woman was almost to the finish line. She had to win, this was her last chance. If she didn't win this, how would she get Starlyn to go out with her? She'd tried every trick in the book, but nothing seemed to work. She kept Starlyn's image in her mind and willed her body with everything she had. She was neck and neck with Bonnie now and the finish line was only a foot away. She bit her bottom lip. Bonnie inched ahead of her. Her heart sank. Suddenly Bonnie went into a slide and fell. Micki's legs ached, but she forced herself to run faster. She sprinted to the finish line before Bonnie had even gotten back up on her feet.

The crowd went wild. Micki waved to her friends, then placed her hands on her knees and bent over panting. When she looked up again, her friends were whooping and shouting. Her eyes shifted to Starlyn. She was running her tongue over those full lip glossed lips. Micki's eyes briefly locked with hers and, as she had earlier, Starlyn quickly looked away.

"Okay, ladies, we have our two winners...Micki Reynolds and Jane Marshall. Let's give them a big round of applause," Starlyn said into her microphone. "Will the winners please see Marti and Tina? I'd like to thank all the contestants. You can hit the showers. Let's give all the contestants a big hand!"

Micki followed Jane to where Marti and Tina stood as the spectators clapped and cheered.

"Congratulations," Marti said with a smile spreading over her broad face.

"You two did a spectacular job," Tina added.

Micki took the towel and bottle of water the women offered.

"Do you two know each other?" Marti asked.

"No," Micki replied, eying Jane as she opened her bottle of water. "I'm Micki." She nodded at Jane. "You're a good runner. It was a great race."

Jane nodded. "Thanks, I'm Jane. You're not so bad yourself."

Micki studied her as Jane wiped her face with her towel.

"I've only moved to the city a couple of months ago," Jane explained. "I decided to enter since the money's for a good cause."

"And the prize isn't so bad," Micki grinned.

Jane shrugged. "I told one of my friends if I won, then I would give her the prize." She looked at Marti. "I was told that it was okay. Otherwise I don't think my girlfriend would be too happy." She smiled.

Marti nodded her consent. "That's fine. The date is dinner for two. The winner and Starlyn can select a restaurant from a list of some of the finest eating establishments in the city."

"Well, if I win I intend to keep the prize all to myself. Good food...good company. Who could ask for anything more?"

Marti laughed and slapped Micki on the back. "Yeah, Star's quite a prize, Mick."

"Good luck," Tina whispered in her ear. "I'm rooting for you, sweetie."

Micki knew that it was no secret to Marti or Tina her efforts to woo the elusive Starlyn. If she'd given them a reason for snubbing Micki, they never told her what it was. She was friendly, popular and a loyal friend to those she cared about, but unfortunately that part of Micki, Starlyn refused to see. Starlyn just didn't appear interested in any facet of Micki's life and preferred avoiding her. Liz had hinted on one occasion that Starlyn had once referred to Micki as a player and when Liz had tried to defend her, Starlyn had sweetly smiled and said she wasn't interested in dating anyone who played around.

She'd seen Starlyn from time to time with a woman on her arm, but it sent a pang through Micki's heart the way Starlyn acted around Taylor Stevens. Micki had never felt this way before about any woman. Starlyn had captured her heart and wouldn't let it go. She had to win this match. She'd have an entire evening to show Starlyn her true character. Once Starlyn saw the real person Micki was, maybe then she'd see that Micki was looking for stability and the other women were only to fill her long lonely nights while she pined for the woman she truly wanted.

"Okay, ladies, are you ready to wrestle?" Marti asked.

"As ready as I'll ever be," Micki said uneasily as she cast a wary eye at her competition.

"I'm ready," Jane confidently said.

They followed Marti to the mat.

"Okay, ladies," Starlyn said. "Which of you two will win an evening with me?" She smiled brightly. "You know the rules, no biting, punching, pulling hair."

They nodded.

"Okay, then." She turned to the audience. "Are you ready to see some wild mud wrestling?"

A whoop went up from the spectators.

Micki slowly stepped onto one side of the mat and Jane on the other. She didn't know the first thing about wrestling and knew whatever she did tonight would only be winging it. She'd seen a few matches and it didn't look too complicated, but still she worried as she gazed at Jane's muscular shoulders. The woman might be thin, but it was obvious that she was in good shape. Micki inhaled deeply and then slowly let it out. Maybe Jane was as clueless as she was.

"Okay, ladies, the first one pinned and it's all over." She motioned to a big boned woman Micki didn't recognize. "We've been fortunate that Ally McGuire, manager for *LMW* Promotions, out of California has agreed to act as referee."

Ally carefully eyed both women, then gave the signal for them to begin.

Jane advanced toward her, grabbing her shoulder, but before Micki could get her bearings, she found herself slipping and falling face down in the mud. She rolled and slipped out of Jane's grasp and got to her knees. She swiped the mud from her mouth as Jane advanced like a wild bull bringing her down again. The audience went wild as the women rolled in the mud. Micki took the opportunity when Jane briefly paused to wipe mud from her eyes to scramble to her feet. As Jane jumped up and ambled toward her, Micki managed to stay on her feet and reach out for Jane's wiry body. Jane's too skinny body easily glided away, but her bikini top caught on Micki's thumb and, as Jane scampered away, her top was left dangling on Micki's thumb. The audience clapped and made catcalls. Jane didn't miss a beat and dove at Micki again and this time made sure her fingers were positioned so that if

Micki moved, her top would also come off.

Micki, unaware of Jane's intention, placed both hands on Jane's shoulders and twisted, bringing Jane crashing down as her own top came off. The room again echoed with catcalls. She didn't have time to be concerned about her tits being exposed for everyone to see. Her focus was on keeping Jane down on the mat as she struggled to keep Jane's shoulder pinned down. Just when she thought she had her pinned, with one sudden thrust, Jane forced Micki off her and scrambled to her feet, but was not quite steady on them when Micki brought her back down. The audience roared as the women rolled in the mud. In the melee, Jane's leg ended up dangling over Micki's shoulder with her crotch inches from Micki's face.

Without warning, Micki felt herself being turned on by the slippery mud and her competitor's cunt in her face. She rapidly blinked her eyes. She had to stay focused. It would take a miracle to win the competition. Jane was strong and didn't look like she was anywhere near to being brought down. She had to think of something and quick. All at once her mind cleared. There might be one thing that would take her down. Jane's hand kept slipping off Micki's shoulder as she tried to pin her and Micki was growing weak. She could barely keep her shoulders raised off the mat. She waited for just the right second, she'd only have one chance. With her last bit of strength, she grabbed Jane's thighs.

Jane's hands slipped from Micki's shoulders. She lost her balance as she tried to steady herself and her crotch came down on Micki's waiting mouth. Micki placed both hands palm down on the mat keeping her upper body raised. She had to act fast. She couldn't hold Jane's weight on her for long. She blew on the flimsy fabric. She felt the heat from Jane's pussy as she squirmed. As she had hoped, Jane was taken by surprise and momentarily lost her focus just long enough to give Micki the chance to roll, knocking Jane off her. She immediately grabbed Jane's shoulders, getting a firm grip as she flipped her onto her back and lay panting across her, pinning both shoulders to the mat. Micki panted, hoping Jane would finally give up. If she didn't, Micki knew that she had no more energy to continue. All of her reserve strength had been used up in this final move.

Jane struggled for almost a full minute, then her shoulders relaxed and she gave up the fight. The referee came over, squatted down and looked at the women and where their bodies were positioned on the mat.

"We have a winner!" Ally announced.

Micki proudly stood and gave a high five to her friends who were jumping up and down. She glanced at Starlyn who had a startled look on her face. She was staring at Micki's chest and, after a few seconds, raised her eyes level with Micki's. Micki smiled faintly as Starlyn quickly composed herself and took the microphone. Micki realized amidst the cheering and clapping that she was strutting around high fiving, forgetting that her bikini top was still lying on the mat. Sheepishly, she crossed her arms across her chest, covering her breasts.

"The winner of the contest is Micki Reynolds," Starlyn said in an even voice. "Micki, would you please see me for the details of your prize after you shower?"

Micki nodded and grabbed her top from the muddy mat and then headed to the showers. Her friends followed her, chatting excitedly about her win.

She threw her bikini top on the floor of the shower and then grabbed the body wash, shampoo and conditioner out of her bag, stepped into the shower and lathered up. She heard Jane in the other shower stall softly humming to herself.

"Hey, Mick, do you get to pick where you go and what you do on the date?" Liz called from the other side of the stall.

"I don't think so. They have a list of restaurants to choose from as far as I know." She watched the caked on mud slide off her body and flow like a muddy river down the drain. "Hey, Jane, thanks for the good match," she yelled over the spray of the two showerheads as she bent down and picked up her bikini top. She rubbed some soap into it and when she was satisfied that she'd gotten all of the mud off it, held it under the showerhead, rinsing it thoroughly.

"You're a tough competitor," Jane called back. "And congratulations."

"Thanks. Have you done this before?"

"Nope. It was my first time and it'll definitely be my last." She chuckled.

"It looked like you two were having a pretty good time rolling around out there," Stacey teased.

"It actually was more fun than I thought it would be," Jane agreed. "I only hope my girlfriend doesn't get pissed when she hears about my top coming off."

"Where is she?" Liz asked.

"She had to work." Jane came out of the stall, towel drying her hair. She pulled her clothes on and then sat on a bench and put her running shoes on. She gathered her things and threw them into her backpack. She stood and glanced toward Micki's still closed stall door. "It was nice meeting you, Micki," she shouted over the sound of water still coming from the showerhead.

"Same here, Jane. I'll see you around...and thanks."

"Anytime," Jane said as she slung her bag over her shoulder and walked out of the room.

Micki turned off the water and stepped out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her. "So how did I really look out there?" she asked with a wide grin.

"Hot!" Jennie exclaimed. "Especially when your bikini top came off. I thought Starlyn's eyes were going to pop out of her head."

Micki cocked an eye. "I hope she liked what she saw." She threw down the towel and pulled a shirt over her head.

"Why is this so damned important to you?" Liz asked. "What can you possibly do that will make her want to date you after the date she has to go on with you? You've been trying for two years and she hasn't given you the time of day. In the ten years we've known you, Mick, you haven't acted like this over any other woman. What is it about Starlyn?"

Micki sighed as she pulled on her panties. "I just want her to see the real me. She's never told me why she won't go out with me." She grabbed her jeans and quickly slipped into them, then slid her feet into her sandals.

"Did it ever occur to you that she's just not interested?" Liz gently answered. "Maybe she's just not attracted to you. We've all tried to convince her that you're a nice person, but she doesn't want to go out with you. You need to face that fact, Mick. You're popular and can date almost any woman you want, but Starlyn is the one you desire. Is it because she refuses you that makes her more attractive to you? Wanting the one woman you can't have?" Her lips grew taut. "I don't want to hurt you, sweetie, but you do need to face the fact that she might not be physically attracted to you no matter how perfect, we, your friends, think and know you are."

Micki was stunned. That thought had never occurred to her. She'd assumed that Starlyn probably thought she was a player and that would be a logical assessment since Micki usually brought a different woman home with her every Saturday night. But those were only meaningless flings. No one got hurt and no promises of commitment had ever been uttered by Micki or to her by any of them. But never had it occurred to her that Starlyn just wasn't physically attracted to her. Her heart sank. If that was true, then it meant that no matter what she said or did, she wouldn't be able to change her mind. Had she gone through this competition for nothing? Had she spent the last two years wanting and longing for someone who would never want her in return?

"Are you okay, Mick?" Liz asked.

"Yeah," Micki said, flashing her a weak smile. "I'd better get back out there and find out about my prize. I'll catch up with you guys later."

Micki walked back into the room where the competition had been held and, seeing no one there except for a couple of guys hosing down the mat, moved to the door leading into the club area. It was packed with many of the spectators who'd just witnessed the event. She glanced around, wondering where Starlyn was when Marti saw her and signaled for her to come to the bar. She slowly made her way through the crowd to where Marti and Tina stood, stopping every few steps to receive congratulations on her win.

"You did a good job out there, Micki, you should enter more events," Marti said, grabbing her hand and pumping her arm up and down when she finally managed to wind her way through the crowd. "Starlyn's in the office waiting for you."

"Thanks, Marti. As far as the events go I think in the future I'll just be a spectator."

Marti laughed. "Well, we're proud of you."

"Have fun on your date," Tina said, then winked.

"I will." She grinned.

"Hey, whatever happens between you two is up to you two, if you get my drift," Marti added with a twinkle in her eye.

She walked to Starlyn's office, wondering what Marti meant. The door was slightly ajar. She knocked and then entered. Starlyn was half sitting on the edge of her desk with her long legs dangling tantalizing over the side.

"Have a seat, Micki."

Micki's legs turned to jelly and she could barely make it across the small space to the chair Starlyn pointed at. She sat down and then looked expectantly at Starlyn. Usually so in control, almost to the point of being cocky, where her emotions were concerned, she was surprised with the effect Starlyn had on her and wondered if Starlyn was even aware of it.

"First I'd like to congratulate you again, Micki. We raised more money than we ever expected to. You have a lot of fans and we never dreamed we'd sell out, but we did."

Micki's face grew warm. *God, am I blushing?* She took a deep breath. "Thanks," she mumbled.

"So how about tonight for our date? We may as well get it over with."

Micki's throat dried out. To Starlyn their date was something she had to get through, but to Micki it was the dream of a lifetime. She numbly nodded as her heart slowly crumbled.

"So what do you have planned?" Starlyn stared into her eyes.

"I didn't plan anything since I didn't know I would win." She raised an eyebrow. "Besides, I was under the impression that we were supposed to have dinner at a restaurant." She looked into those beautiful eyes, willing herself to regain her usual self-control. Here was the perfect opportunity to have a conversation with Starlyn and she could barely put a complete sentence together. "I didn't know the rules had changed," she uneasily said. "But if it's up to me, then I'll make reservations for dinner and we can go to the theater if you'd like to." She swallowed the lump in her throat. She knew that Starlyn loved the theater. She'd managed to garner bits and pieces of Starlyn's likes and dislikes from her friends.

"I don't think you'd be able to get theater tickets unless you already have them. Do you?"

"No, you're right." She twisted her hands together. Why did this woman make her feel so helpless? She'd always been a smooth talker...until now. She suddenly realized that this was the longest conversation she'd ever had with the object of her affection. "Is there a restaurant you prefer?" She hoped Starlyn would give her a hint as to what cuisine she liked and didn't like. Her palms were moist and her heart was thumping so loudly she thought that Starlyn must surely hear it.

Starlyn was thoughtful for a minute. "You know what I'd really like, Micki? I'd like you to cook me dinner yourself. I've heard around the club that you're a pretty good cook." She grinned.

Micki cleared her throat. Had Starlyn asked about her? "I do okay, but it's nothing special. I thought we're supposed to go out to a public place. You know, for safety reasons."

She laughed. "Micki, you've been coming to this club since it opened its doors. Marti and Tina know you pretty well. And for the last two years, I've gotten to know you."

No, you haven't. Micki shifted in her seat.

She handed her a certificate for dinner for two redeemable at one of several upscale restaurants. "You can use this whenever you want to in the next three months."

Micki took the certificate.

"Anyway, that's what I'd like. As far as the condition of the prize, that clause was only put in to protect me. Since I know you, and Marti and Tina idolize you, they left it up to me what I want to do with our evening. Besides, it's always so crazy around here that all I usually have for dinner is something I pop into the microwave or take out. A home cooked meal would be a real treat to me." Her eyes locked with Micki's. "But I don't want it to cause you any trouble. I suppose it is too short of a notice." She shifted her weight on the desk. "We can go to a restaurant if you'd rather."

Micki's heart continued to beat furiously and she twisted her hands together and placed them behind her back so Starlyn wouldn't see how badly they were shaking. "No, if that's what you really want I'd love to cook you dinner."

"It is." She tossed her head. "After dinner we'll see where it goes. I promise not to make you spend an entire evening with me if you don't want to." She grinned.

Micki was confused. Now Starlyn was talking like Micki might not want to spend time with *her*. She cleared her throat. "Where do you want me to cook you dinner? My place or yours?"

Starlyn again shifted her body on the edge of the desk.

Micki's eyes traveled up the long legs longing to see the treasure hidden in the shadows of the skirt. Did Starlyn know what kind of an effect she had on her?

"Yours, of course, Micki." Her eyes clouded. "If you'd rather wait until next week or the week after, I'll check my schedule. This really is short notice and I'm putting you to an awful lot of trouble. I'm sorry." She picked up her appointment book and flipped through a couple of pages.

"No...no tonight will be fine," Micki quickly said. "If you give me your address I'll pick you up at...what time?"

"Give me yours and I'll be there about seven."

Micki wrote her address on the piece of paper Starlyn pointed to and then handed it to her.

"I'm looking forward to it," Starlyn said.

"I am, too," she softly replied as she made her way to the door.

"Micki, you did a great job out there today."

She nodded, then left the office and walked over to the bar and ordered a beer.

"It's on the house," Marti said, giving her a quick hug. "You deserve it after your performance."

"Thanks."

"So is everything arranged for your evening with Starlyn?"

"Yes," she answered, turning the bottle of beer in her hands, staring at it in deep concentration as though the words on the label were fascinating.

"Is something wrong, Mick?"

She raised her eyes. "No, just thinking about tonight."

"Good. Have fun."

"I will. Thanks again for the beer, Marti."

"Well, I've got to check a few things in the storeroom."

Micki sat for a few minutes, pondering how to make the evening special. This was her one and only chance. What worried her more though, was how

being alone with Starlyn made her feel like someone she didn't even know. Maybe she was trying too hard. She had to relax and just be herself. She desperately wanted Starlyn to like her, but Starlyn had said the date was something to get over with. So why did she want to spend the evening alone with Micki at her apartment instead of going to a restaurant? It didn't make sense and Micki was getting a headache trying to figure it all out.

"Hey, Mick, what's up?" Liz slid onto the barstool next to hers.

"Nothing much. Where's Stacey and Jennie?"

"Shopping. I wanted to wait for you and see how you made out. I'm going to meet them at the mall later."

"Starlyn wants to get together tonight."

"You don't seem very happy about it." Liz peered at her.

"Oh, I am. I'm just hoping I don't blow it."

Liz squeezed her shoulder. "Sweetie, I'm not used to seeing this side of you. My God, you're scared to death about your date." She peered into her eyes. "Aren't you?"

She shrugged. "I've wanted to go out with her for so long and now that I am, I suppose I am just a little nervous."

"A little nervous? You look like you used to back in college the night before finals. You'll do great just like you used to do on the tests. Once you pour on that charm, she won't be able to resist you. Just don't try to get her into bed."

"That's the last thing I intend to do." She took a swallow of beer. "I was thinking about what you said earlier. Maybe she's not attracted to me. I mean she has to go out with me since I won the contest. If it weren't for that, then I know she wouldn't."

"I shouldn't have said that. I had no right and I don't want you to ruin your date by thinking about it."

"No, I have to face that possibility. If she's not interested in me, then I'll have to accept that fact and get on with my life." She chewed her bottom lip.

"You know that Stacey, Jennie and, of course, I only want you to be happy."

"I know."

"That's why we worry so much about you." She peered into Micki's eyes. "I hope she sees the real Micki underneath."

"Me, too."

Liz slid off the barstool. "Well, we won't count on you tonight then. Hey, did Jennie tell you that Barb finally asked her out? She's on cloud nine."

"No, that's great! I hope it works out. Tell her I'll give her a call tomorrow for details." Micki finished her beer. "Well, I've got a lot to do to get ready for tonight. I'll call you, too, tomorrow unless it's an early evening and then you'll see me here later."

"This is the first time that I'm going to be praying that I don't see you tonight."

Micki nervously waited for the knock at her apartment door. After she'd left *TM's*, she'd rushed to the market and picked up the ingredients for lasagna, salad and garlic bread. She hoped Starlyn liked pasta. She should have asked her. Well, it was too late now.

She'd run around in a cleaning frenzy, making sure everything was shiny and clean, then jumped into the shower. She took her time deciding what to wear and then finally settled on a short black dress and pumps. She attached a string of pearls, the only worthwhile thing her alcoholic mother had ever given her, and matching pearl earrings. She lightly dabbed her favorite perfume behind her ears, then ran a brush through her short hair, fluffing it up a bit. She applied lip gloss and then looked at her reflection. Since she rarely dressed this way when she went out with her friends, it dawned on her that Starlyn had never seen her in anything but shorts or jeans.

All afternoon she'd been bewildered by the strange meeting with Starlyn, but mostly by her own reaction to the beautiful woman, wondering why Starlyn had such a reaction on her. Usually where women were concerned, she took control of the situation and never ran out of things to say. But with Starlyn, she couldn't use her usual tactics even if she wanted to. Starlyn was special.

She walked into the kitchen and checked on the lasagna. She planned to eat a little while after Starlyn arrived in case Starlyn didn't want to stay. Micki knew that *she'd* never want to end the date, but if Starlyn gave her any indication that she wasn't enjoying herself, she'd reluctantly allow the evening to be cut short. She'd splurged for an expensive bottle of wine and hoped Starlyn liked it.

She tried to calm her nerves. When the doorbell rang a few minutes later, her heart thudded loudly in her chest. She took a few deep breaths, then opened the door. When she saw Starlyn standing there in a beautiful short low-cut red dress with matching stilettos, she had to muster all of her self-control not to take her into her arms. God, how she wanted her, but she wouldn't do anything rash to blow the opportunity. Besides, Starlyn meant more to her than just a quick fuck. No, Starlyn was a woman who could make her give up her wild life style and settle down, but trying to show that side of herself to the woman was taking its toll on Micki.

Then it suddenly occurred to her that the reason Starlyn tongue-tied her was because she was different from all the other women Micki had been with. They hadn't counted and it didn't matter what she'd said to them, but everything mattered as far as Starlyn was concerned. She carefully picked her words, which made conversing extremely difficult. Starlyn's assessment of her mattered, Starlyn brought out her vulnerabilities. None of her rambling thoughts made her feel any better, but seeing this beautiful woman standing in her doorway did. "Come in," she said with a bright smile pasted on her face as she held the door with a trembling hand.

Starlyn walked into the small apartment and gazed around appreciatively. "This is nice, Micki. Not what I expected." She walked to the main wall in the living room.

Micki had enlarged and framed some of her best free lance photographs and grouped them behind the black leather sofa. Micki loved leather furniture and had a matching easy chair. Most of the other furnishings consisted of mixed-matched pieces with no theme. A floor to ceiling bookcase contained mostly books on photography. The walls were a cream color and plush cream-colored carpeting covered the floor.

She turned on her heel and looked at Micki. "You look beautiful," she said in a soft low voice. "I'm not used to seeing you dressed like this."

Micki blushed. "Thank you. You do, too." She led Starlyn to the sofa. "I've made lasagna. I hope you like it."

"It's one of my favorites."

"Good." Relief flooded through Micki. "Would you like some wine?" She didn't know how she'd get through this dinner with the way Starlyn looked. She gathered all of her self-control.

"That would be nice."

"Please sit down and I'll be right back." She walked to the kitchen relieved for a few moments to bring her emotions under control. So far, everything was going well and Starlyn acted as if she wanted to be here. God, how she desired her. She still found it hard to believe that Starlyn was actually here in her apartment. She couldn't put the moves on her though. As much as she wanted her, she had to keep her emotions in check no matter how hard that would be and it *would* be difficult.

Maybe Starlyn was testing her. If she was, she had to be even more on guard. One slip and Starlyn would be out the door and never give her another chance. She couldn't blow it now. She didn't want Starlyn to think that she only brought women home to fuck them and leave them.

She opened the wine, poured two glasses and set them on a tray along with some cheese and crackers. She turned down the temperature on the lasagna, then picked up the tray and carried it into the living room, setting it down on the modern style coffee table.

Starlyn had settled herself on the sofa and was looking at a watercolor hanging over the entertainment center. She turned her head and silently watched Micki as she re entered the room. Micki felt like she was moving on wooden legs as she awkwardly handed her a glass of wine, then took hers and sat on

the easy chair facing the sofa. Starlyn slowly crossed her long stocking-covered legs, giving Micki an ample view of her crotch. She wasn't wearing panties and her blonde mound was only a short distance from Micki.

Micki's eyes stayed longer than they should have on Starlyn's pussy. If it bothered Starlyn, she didn't say anything, but smiled seductively at Micki. She *is* testing me, Micki determined and resolved to try even harder not to let Starlyn know how badly she wanted to fuck her. No, Starlyn was going to find out that she was more than just a romp between the sheets to her. She wished she could tell Starlyn how many nights she'd tossed and turned and how many women she'd fucked pretending it was her. But she couldn't. Now with Starlyn's cunt staring her in the face it would take all of her will power not to walk over there and ravage her. She wondered if Starlyn played this game with every woman she met or was this performance reserved only for Micki? Micki wouldn't give in. She swallowed hard.

"So, Micki, I see that you also take photos outside of work."

"Sometimes." She wondered how Starlyn knew what she did for a living. She must have asked about her. That fact made Micki feel better. She brought her eyes back up level with Starlyn's. "If something captures my attention, then I do."

She turned her body and looked up at the wall behind the sofa. "You took those?"

Micki nodded. Most of the groupings were of old buildings. Micki had always been fascinated with the architecture of times gone by. Her favorite grouping was of Liz, Stacey, Jennie and her. She had one from when they were in their senior year in college and the latest was taken only a few months ago.

"That's beautiful how you've captured the true essence of your friends. I know how close the four of you are."

"Thank you. We've been friends for over ten years." Micki liked the way Starlyn's eyes twinkled when she looked into her own.

"They're very protective of you."

Micki raised an eyebrow. "I'm just as protective of them."

"I can see that. I do notice how the four of you interact with one another at the club." She sipped at her glass of wine.

"Don't you have close friends like that, Starlyn?"

She shrugged her slender shoulders. "No, I don't and I envy you that. I suppose Marti and Tina are the closest friends I have."

"Well, *TM's* *is* practically your home and you couldn't ask for two better friends in Marti and Tina."

"But they have each other." She sighed. "Even though I've always been somewhat of a loner, it's still hard to build relationships with my odd working hours. I try to get together with friends, but months go by and we don't see one another. Once in awhile it hits me when I go home and no one is there waiting for me."

"Are you sorry you stayed in Pittsburgh?" Micki softly asked.

"Not on your life." Her bright smile returned. "I came from a small homophobic community and believe me, being with *TM's* is something I will never regret. I'll probably stay there until I'm old and gray," she said with a laugh in her voice.

Micki loved listening to Starlyn and hated interrupting their pleasant conversation, but knew if she didn't their dinner would burn. "I need to take the lasagna out of the oven. I'll be right back." She stood and quickly hurried to the kitchen.

"Can I help?"

The soft breath on the back of her neck almost made Micki drop the pan of lasagna. She hadn't been aware that Starlyn had followed her. "Everything's ready," she said, quickly composing herself. She turned to face Starlyn. "You can sit down and I'll get the salads." She motioned to the table.

Starlyn sat down, keeping her gaze focused on Micki, which in turn made Micki's usual cool demeanor seem like she was a bumbling idiot. Micki set the salads and bread on the table and poured two more glasses of wine. She smiled at Micki as she daintily brought her fork to her lips.

Micki stared down at her own plate and tried to avoid those hauntingly beautiful eyes. She felt something brush against her leg and almost dropped her fork. Starlyn had removed one of her heels and her stocking clad foot had brushed against Micki's leg.

"I'm sorry," Starlyn said.

"That's okay," Micki quietly answered, wondering if it really was an accident. The heat from Starlyn's foot lingered long after she removed it.

"Is something wrong, Micki? Maybe tonight wasn't good for you?" Starlyn said as she buttered a piece of bread while keeping her gaze fixed on Micki.

"No, tonight was fine," Micki quickly replied. She racked her brain, trying to think of something witty to say.

"You don't seem very talkative. Am I making you uncomfortable?" Starlyn softly asked.

Micki looked at her evenly as she cleared her throat. "Do you want to be here, Starlyn?"

Her eyes widened. "Of course I do. After all, you won the prize."

Micki winced. That was definitely not what she hoped Starlyn would say. She wanted Starlyn to say she wanted to be here regardless of the damned prize. But then Starlyn hadn't wanted to go to a restaurant. Micki was confused. Starlyn definitely was testing her. "I'll get the lasagna." She stiffly got up, cut the lasagna, placed two generous servings on plates and carried them to the table. As she set down Starlyn's plate, the woman grabbed her hand.

"Micki, you're so different here than when you're at *TM's*. I've watched you, you know."

Micki's heart thudded. "Why? I mean why were you watching me?"

She shrugged. "I suppose I was trying to figure you out. You have quite a reputation with the ladies, but yet not one of them has ever said anything negative about you."

Micki didn't know whether Starlyn's soft warm hand on her own was good or bad. Her hand trembled, causing Starlyn to hold it tighter. Her throat dried out, but she had to know once and for all if Starlyn was interested in her at all. Her jaw twitched. "I assume you have figured me out and that's why you've refused to go out with me for the past two years. Not everyone is attracted to someone, no matter how much you wish she was." She pulled her hand free. "I have to accept that."

Starlyn was instantly on her feet. "You think I'm not attracted to you?" Her eyes widened. "You're not serious, are you?"

Micki stood dumbfounded, just staring at her, unable to find her voice. Was she saying what Micki's heart hoped she was?

She grabbed Micki's hands. "God, how could you ever think that? You're the hottest woman I've ever seen."

Micki finally found her voice. "Then why won't you go out with me?"

"And compete with all the others?"

She slowly shook her head back and forth. "Please tell me you're kidding."

"I'm serious."

"You didn't seem too happy when I won the competition."

She lowered her eyes. "Because I was afraid to be alone with you."

"This isn't making any sense. What did you think I would do?"

She bit her bottom lip. "It's not you I'm afraid of. It's me."

Micki's eyes clouded. "Okay, now I'm totally confused." She placed her shaking hands on Starlyn's shoulders. "Tell me."

"I was attracted to you the first second I saw you. But I also knew how popular you were and there's no way I want to be just another one of Micki's girls."

"I don't use people, Starlyn. If you know me at all, then you know that. The women I dated knew up front that I wasn't looking for anything permanent. I'm

still friends with them."

"That's what I'm talking about. I want to be in an exclusive relationship. I want to date only one person. I'm looking for what I hope will turn into a permanent relationship."

"What about Taylor Stevens? You two seem pretty tight every time her band plays at *TM's*."

"I was for awhile, but it was more out of loneliness. There was no spark." She searched Micki's eyes. "God, Micki, do you know the pain of wanting someone who is out of your reach?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I've felt that way since the first time I saw you."

"I don't know what to do. I want so much more from you than you can give me."

"How do you know what I can or cannot give you? You've never given me a chance. I had to enter that stupid contest and pray to God I'd win just to get a date with you." She frowned. "If I'm not very talkative it's because I want you to see the real me. I'm not a player."

"I'm giving you that chance now," she answered in a seductive voice.

Micki's hands trembled on her shoulders. Her eyes stayed glued to Starlyn's as she tenderly kissed her inviting lips. Starlyn's arms went around her and Micki moved her hands to the small of Starlyn's back holding her close for a second before ending the kiss.

"Is something wrong?" Starlyn whispered.

"No," Micki hoarsely said. "Nothing could be better." Her heart was racing. Her cunt was on fire, but she knew she wasn't going to have sex with Starlyn ...not tonight anyway. She was going to prove to this beautiful woman how much she meant to her and they'd have a real date, not one that Micki had won in a contest. "Let's finish dinner."

"I'm only hungry for one thing." Starlyn slowly slid her dress up over her thighs, exposing her luscious blonde mound. "Tell me you want it, Micki. It's yours."

Micki inhaled sharply. Her knees grew weak. "No, Starlyn. I can't." She longed to run her hands up those curvy legs.

Starlyn's eyes clouded. "I don't understand. I thought you just said that you were attracted to me."

Micki put a hand to her brow, then dropped both hands weakly to her sides. "Not like this, Starlyn. Never like this. I won this night in a contest. If I were dating you, it would be because we both wanted to be together. You had no choice, but to come here."

"But I told you how I feel about you. I see the real you and I like what I see."

"What if I wouldn't have won? Would you have gone out with me the next time I asked you?"

"You haven't asked me in months."

"I got tired of rejection."

"I'm sorry, Micki. I wanted to mean something special to you. When you quit asking me out I was afraid that you'd lost interest."

"You have meant something special to me for two years." She took Starlyn's hand and kissed it, watching her dress fall back into place. "I fantasized for months about how our perfect first date would be."

Starlyn smiled. "Let's forget about the contest. Marti told me I should come right out and tell you how I feel about you. That's why when you won I changed the details of the prize. If anyone else would have won, then it would have only been dinner at a restaurant."

"That's why she made the comment about *whatever happening* to me?"

She nodded. "I told her that if you won, I wouldn't sleep with you if you put the moves on me, but if you didn't, then I was going to try to seduce you before the night was over."

"But the night is young. You didn't wait long."

"From the minute I walked in the door, you've not been yourself. I saw how nervous you were and how you were fighting your feelings. I had expected you to try to get me into bed the minute I got here, but you didn't. That means a lot to me."

"So does that mean you'll go out with me?" She grinned. "And keep going out with me exclusively?"

She touched Micki's cheek. "I'll be the envy of every woman at *TM's*."

"You'll be the only woman who has ever been able to capture my heart. My friends have known how I felt about you from the moment I first set eyes on you."

"I know. They've told me all about your fine qualities, but I was afraid."

"My best friend, Liz, said something to me recently that I'd never even considered." She looked into Starlyn's warm eyes. "She asked me if I had even considered the fact that you weren't attracted to me and maybe that was the reason you wouldn't go out with me."

"If you only knew the dreams I've had about you."

Micki placed a fingertip on Starlyn's full sensual lips, gently trailing her finger over them. "I feel like I'm dreaming now," she whispered.

"Make love to me, Micki."

"Are you sure? I don't want you to think that's all I want from you." Her eyes searched Starlyn's.

"I'm sure, Micki," she whispered. "Please make love to me."

"I've planned in my mind so many times how special I was going to make our first time."

"Tell me," she whispered.

"I'll show you," she softly said as she led her to the living room. "Stay here while I get things ready." She walked into the bathroom and drew a bubble bath. While the water was running, she lit several candles, then popped a disk of romantic tunes into the CD player. She wished she had flowers, but there would be a next time for that. She smiled, knowing that her dreams were finally coming true. She set out some fresh towels, then turned off the water. She walked back into the living room, took Starlyn's hand and led her to the bathroom. She turned on the CD player.

"This is beautiful, Micki. I never dreamed you were so romantic."

"I've never done this for any other woman before. After your bath, I'm going to give you the best massage you've ever had." She held her for a moment, then undid the back of her dress, slowly sliding it down her curvaceous body. Starlyn stepped out of it and Micki carefully hung it over a rack and then unclasped Starlyn's bra. She cupped the heaving breasts in her hands, gently fondling them, then got on her knees and buried her face between Starlyn's legs, nuzzling her soft hot cunt.

Starlyn gasped. "Make love to me, Micki." She placed her hands on either side of Micki's head and spread her legs, thrusting her pelvis forward.

Micki got to her feet. "Not yet, baby. I want this to be a night you'll never forget. A night neither of us will forget." She slowly removed the garter belt and stockings, sliding her hands down Starlyn's legs and then took Starlyn's hand and led her to the bathtub.

Starlyn stepped into the tub and held her hand out to Micki. "Aren't you going to join me?"

Micki gazed down on her as the flickering candlelight cast a soft glow on her angelic looking face. She carefully removed her clothes, watching Starlyn's eyes move from her breasts to her black bush. She trembled with anticipation. She would take Starlyn tonight, but not yet. This was much too special to be rushed. She wanted to enjoy every moment to the fullest. This would be a night Starlyn would never forget. She smiled. This would be a night that she'd never forget either.

She took Starlyn's hand, got into the bathtub and sat down facing her. "You're beautiful," she said softly. She saw the need in the woman's eyes. There was something else there, too. She saw the love in them at the way they looked at her. She'd never seen a woman look at her quite that way before.

"Do you think it's possible that someone can fall in love so quickly?" Starlyn asked.

She smiled. "I know that I fell in love with you the minute I saw you. And I had two years of falling deeper in love with you every time I saw you. Yes, I think it's possible."

"That's how I feel about you, Micki."

Micki thought her heart would burst with love. She took a bath sponge and gently ran it over Starlyn's chest, caressing her hardened nipples. Starlyn drew in a sharp breath and dreamily closed her eyes as Micki moved the sponge down to her vagina, teasing her with it as she gently washed her. Starlyn opened her eyes and leaned forward, her lips eagerly seeking Micki's.

"Turn around," Micki whispered.

Starlyn positioned her body with her back facing Micki. Micki put her arms on Starlyn's waist and tenderly moved her close, then wrapped her legs around the outside of Starlyn's legs. She kissed Starlyn's neck as her fingers moved to her pussy, her fingertips just barely touching her. Starlyn gasped and tried to push Micki's fingers inside of her.

"Not yet, baby," she whispered in her ear. "I want to explore every inch of you." She could hold her like this forever. She leaned back against the bathtub, listening to the soft music and watching the flickering candlelight, savoring the feel of Starlyn's flesh against hers. She planted tender kisses on the back of her neck and nibbled on her earlobes.

"God, Micki, I don't think I can wait. I need you."

"Okay." Micki gently helped her out of the bathtub and then took a towel and patted her dry. She quickly dried herself, then grabbed a bottle of baby oil from the counter and poured a small amount into the palm of her hand. Slowly she massaged the oil over Starlyn's smooth shoulders and back. She felt Starlyn's body tremble as she massaged the oil over her heaving breasts and then over her smooth flat stomach. She knelt down and ran her oiled hands up and down Starlyn's long legs, stopping at her crotch. She kept her hands firmly on Starlyn's legs as she nuzzled the still damp pubic hair and teased the lips of her cunt with her tongue.

"Micki, that feels so good," Starlyn weakly said. "Please, don't stop."

Micki took her time, sliding her hands up Starlyn's body as she stood back up. She enclosed her in her arms, cupping her perfect ass in her hands as she pressed her body close to hers. She playfully pecked at the full luscious lips and then kissed her deeply.

Starlyn's arms went around her and she placed her hands on Micki's ass as she urgently moved her hips, grinding herself into Micki's pussy. Her kiss grew more intense and soft moans escaped from her lips.

Micki broke the kiss and whispered in her ear, "Let's go to my bed."

Hand in hand, they silently walked the short distance to Micki's bedroom. She turned on a lamp and stood staring at Starlyn's body. She was in awe with her beauty. She took her hand again and led her to the queen sized bed.

She watched Starlyn climb onto the bed. She wasted no time following her. She stretched out next to Starlyn, then wrapped Starlyn in her strong arms, caressing her and passionately kissing her. As she lay on her back, Starlyn positioned herself on top of her, sitting so that their pussies were touching. Micki spread herself apart, feeling Starlyn's clit touching hers. An electric shock tore through her and she grabbed Starlyn's hips as she thrust her own upward. Starlyn's long blonde hair brushed against her hardened nipples. Starlyn's moans matched her own. She was close to climaxing and knew that Starlyn was close to the edge, too.

Her hands slid on Starlyn's body. "I want to eat you, honey," she hoarsely said. Starlyn slid off her and Micki threw some pillows against the headboard. "Lean your back against the pillows," she whispered as she placed one under the beauty's ass. She spread Starlyn's legs and hungrily licked her lover's clit as Starlyn screamed and moaned with pleasure. Micki devoured the sweet hot juices as her lover came.

"Oh my God, I've never been screwed like that before," Starlyn panted.

"I'm not through yet, honey. The night is young." She rested a hand between Starlyn's breasts.

"Your energy is contagious."

Micki smiled.

"Would you have ever tired of pursuing me?"

"No." She ran her fingertips over Starlyn's flushed cheek. "One thing you should know about me is that I never give up."

"I'm glad you didn't."

"I knew that once I won the prize it would be mine forever."

"You won the prize a long time ago. And now I am going to thoroughly devour you," she said as she slid her small hands over Micki's breasts. "I've got to make up for all the time I've lost."

"We have all the time in the world now, baby."

About the Author

Kira Chase was born and raised in western New York State and moved to New Jersey several years ago. When she is not writing, Kira enjoys reading, hiking, gardening, cooking and traveling.

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