

Deseo

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The Story of Susan and Maya

By

P. Kristen Enos

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Prologue

The muffled melodic voice of Celine Dion suddenly coming from the kitchen caused Susan to look up from her book curiously. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was almost six-thirty and wondered who could be calling at this time on a Saturday evening. She jumped from the couch and rushed to see if she could fish the phone out of her purse before the call went to voice mail. By the time she reached the kitchen counter, the phone was silent, showing that she hadn't made it.

Still, she pulled out the phone and saw that the caller had been Tom. He was an old college friend who only called her when he was between serious girlfriends but needed a date for functions he had to attend for his law firm. She actually didn't mind since it meant an opportunity for dressing up, great food and maybe some dancing.

Instead of waiting for a voice mail that was probably in the process of being recorded, she immediately pressed the call button.

Tom responded right away. "Hey, Susie!" he greeted. "Did I catch you at a bad time?"

She smirked at his opening words that never changed over the years. "No, not at all. Just having a quiet evening with a good book. How are things?"

"Pretty good. Hey, I just found out that the firm bought a table at a fancy fundraising dinner downtown

next month. It's Saturday the 8th. But, well, it's a little different than the usual dinners. -- "

The hesitation in the otherwise self-assured, almost cocky man got her attention.

" – It's for some organization that does AIDS and Breast Cancer work. Apparently, we're doing it as a goodwill thing. And Max thinks there may be some very rich clients that we would attract if we showed that we supported the event. But he did say that if you can't handle seeing a fag in a dress, then you probably shouldn't go." He added with a chuckle, "I'm not thrilled about the idea myself, but I'll be fine as long as they keep their distance, which won't be a problem if you're there."

Susan thought about it for a moment. She really didn't know any gay people so the idea of going to an event full of them was an unusual proposition indeed. Her silence must have made him more nervous since he asked, "You still there?"

"Um, yes, I was just trying to determine how I'd feel about attending such an event. I mean, I'm for supporting good causes, but – you're right – it might be a little awkward to see something like that. I'm glad you warned me."

"Oh... so does that mean you don't want to go? Hey," he said in the spontaneous cheerfulness that added to his charisma as a lawyer, "I've been told they're serving some great food with an open bar. There's also supposed to be a live band but, well, I think that dancing would be too weird... And if you just can't take it anymore, we can arrange a signal to

leave early. I can always come up with an excuse, I'm a lawyer after all," he reassured her with a chuckle.

She smiled and said, "Well, I guess I have nothing to worry about then. I don't think I'll have problems with it, so you've got a deal."

"Great!"

Chapter 1

The live band managed to get a large crowd on the dance floor by its third song. Susan sighed inwardly as she watched couples in various gender combinations bounce around in fun in their tuxedos and fancy gowns. She wanted to dance herself, but she knew Tom was far more interested in commanding the attention of his coworkers and their dates with lively jokes.

Though still early in the evening, she had stopped paying attention half an hour ago to the chat, limiting herself to responding with a pleasant smile to the occasional look from someone around her. She was smart enough to keep up with the lawyers' conversations and jokes, but she just wasn't interested in the subject matter of political issues and scandals.

She realized other tables that still had people sitting down were filled with very lively conversations and laughter. She couldn't help but wonder what the other party attendees talked about.

Susan felt her smile falter as she once again felt his hand press against the back of her bare shoulder. But she immediately chastised herself for being a little hypocritical given why she was here in the first place.

She and Tom had first met when they both lived in the dorms in their first year of college. Even before she really got to know him, she was attracted to his energetic and smooth charm. She had finally gotten to know him when he started to date her roommate. But as expected of college romances, when he ended the romance, Susan was already dating a friend of his. And though there were periods where they had both been single at the same time, he never pursued her romantically, which affirmed her disappointment that he just wasn't attracted to her.

And as the years passed, even though they didn't see each other as much since he moved to the city for his job at the law firm, they remained casual friends. Then about five years ago, he called her out of the blue and mentioned that he needed a casual date for an event at his firm. At first, she was thrilled at what she hoped was a disguised attempt to start something romantic. But it was clear as the evening went on that he remained true to his voiced intention of keeping the event casual between them. Susan quickly chastised herself for being too hopeful and settled into her role of the pleasant date.

So when Tom called her up again about half a year later with a similar offer, she looked at the invites as an opportunity for a nice night out.

With that experienced mindset, Susan didn't think any further about the latest invite other than an opportunity to buy an outfit that was far fancier than her usual attire of simple dresses or skirts. However, as the night drew nearer, she did start to be concerned about her own comfort level regarding the event in question. The idea of being confronted with lecherous advances by manly women in tuxedos with cigars didn't appeal to her. But instead of backing out -- which she wouldn't have done anyway since she always kept her word -- her curiosity couldn't help but be piqued.

She figured that as long as she dressed as feminine as possible and Tom never left her side, she would be safe. At the least, she knew it would be an unforgettable night. She just had to remind herself not to stare too much if she came across a man who wore an evening gown.

However, the reality of the event was just as unforgettable. Ever since she had first entered the lobby of the elegant and grand hotel, her gaze darted everywhere, absorbing all the details of the reality of a black tie fundraiser for breast cancer and AIDS. Her breath was taken away when they entered the beautifully decorated and populated ballroom.

Yes, she saw butch women in tuxedos and men in evening gowns. But they were dressed to impress, not to be a parody of the opposite gender. And there were far more people who were dressed in very stylish attire for their own gender, even if they seemed to be in same sex pairings.

At first, Susan did feel a little nervous, not wanting to be out of Tom's proximity, occasionally clinging to his arm – something she usually never did on their previous dates. Yet, as the evening went on, her comfort level increased. She no longer felt the need to prove her heterosexuality to people who honestly didn't seem to care. And in fact, she realized that a majority of the event attendees were in heterosexual pairings. By the time they had sat down to eat, she was finally able to relax and enjoy the incredible food and wine as well as the aura of a crowd that clearly had a lot of money to contribute to a good cause.

Unfortunately, Tom didn't seem to relax at all as the evening progressed. When Susan had stopped clinging to him, he would start to reach for her as he spoke to everyone he knew related to his firm. He finally just draped his arm across the back of her shoulder as if it was his expected right to be there.

Even though they had only been there for about two hours, she was becoming a little tired of his constant presence. Once, in an attempt to get a little personal space, Susan walked out to the lobby, which had clusters of event attendees. But Tom was right behind her, apparently not willing to risk even a moment of appearing alone.

Resigned to spending the evening as a mere observer of the true fun to be had at this event, Susan resorted to watching the dancing crowd.

Her gaze occasionally lingered on a gorgeous woman with long black hair in a strapless, short red

dress that was wrapped tightly around her curves. Her skin was light brown, indicating that she was probably Latina. The dancing woman seemed to be having a great time as she laughed and gyrated playfully with a multitude of gorgeous dance partners of both genders.

Susan remembered noticing the woman several times earlier in the evening in various places around the ballroom and hallways, always surrounded by other gorgeous men and women vying for her attention. That woman responded to everyone with a playful smile and a little flirtation, yet never favoring a single person above anyone else, showing that she must have been without a date.

Susan would have thought that watching women interact with obvious sexual intentions would be creepy and gross, but she found it wasn't. After all, these were gorgeous people, and the attraction was genuine. It created an incredible atmosphere that was both sexy and fun.

Already feeling quite out of her league by attending such an event, Susan couldn't help but feel just a bit of jealousy at how someone like that easily commanded so much attention, even from total strangers like her. Being just an administrative assistant at an accounting office, Susan never dreamed she'd ever be at an event with such rich and powerful people. So it was probably for the best that she was just a quiet observer for the evening.

Knowing that she would never get her date on the dance floor at this event, Susan finished off her glass of wine in one long sip. Wanting to stretch her legs

and get some space, Susan leaned over to Tom and whispered, "Excuse me."

As she stood, his smile instantly faltered and his eyes widened slightly in panic. "Where are you going?"

She ignored the curious looks from the rest of the people at the table as she responded honestly with an assuring smile, "Just the little girl's room. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Clearly uncomfortable, he flashed her a nervous smile and said, "I'll be waiting."

She gave him her patented polite smile before walking away. Every step made her feel more energetic and at ease, as her smiles to passing people had become truly genuine.

In her first trip to the bathroom earlier in the evening, Susan was pleasantly surprised to see such a nice lounge area in the women's restroom. She wondered if this was standard for ritzy hotels to have an area with several large mirrors and mini-sofas with the actual bathroom facilities in the next room.

She planted herself down in an unoccupied corner, which was out of direct sight of the constant traffic of women passing by to enter or leave the restroom. A few occasionally stopped in the lounge area to fix their hair, makeup or check their wardrobe. Everyone gave her a courteous nod and smile, which she easily returned as she felt herself finally relax.

Susan wasn't much of a social bunny herself, finding it hard to start conversations with complete strangers. But she enjoyed watching people, and this

evening proved to be very worthwhile for that kind of entertainment. She mildly worried that if she might seem too obvious in staring at men and women who wore things that were not typical. But no one seemed to care, and that was just as fine.

She had been in the lounge for a few minutes when Judy, one of Tom's coworkers came into the restroom and looked around the lounge.

The two women's eyes instantly locked and Judy proclaimed, "Ah ha! I thought you were hiding out in here!"

"No, not really," Susan protested, despite the fact that her face was red with embarrassment. She lied feebly, "I just wanted a little break from those uncomfortable dining chairs."

"Oh tell me about it!" Judy proclaimed as she sat down on the sofa as well. "My ass is so sore. You think these hotels would invest in something comfortable if they know we're going to spend \$5,000 a plate."

Susan's eyes almost fell out of her head. "I didn't realize that's how much Tom paid to attend!"

"Oh please! Tom didn't pay – none of us did," she scoffed casually. "The table was paid for by the firm, at a discounted rate. But it gives listing rights in the program and good advertisement to this crowd."

Susan couldn't help but be aware of the occasional glances from women as they entered or left. "So the firm has a lot of, uh, this type of clientele?"

“Not yet, but they want to. Money always talks.” Then Judy leaned over conspiratorially, “Now ‘fess up. What’s the deal with you and Tom? Are you two becoming serious now? You’re the only date he keeps bringing back.”

“Things are going okay,” she answered vaguely. Not wanting to undermine whatever Tom might have said to them separately.

Perhaps sensing the lack of true commitment, Judy narrowed her eyes at her for a moment and then said, “Well, be warned, I know of two women who have their eyes on him – one who’s in his department no less.”

“Thank you for warning me,” Susan answered with projected sincerity. “That will give me something to think about.”

“Well, I really have to go tinkle,” Judy said, “so I’ll leave you alone. But I also want to warn you. You’re a lot better than the sluts he usually shows up with.”

“Oh. Thank you,” she said, her smile now very forced.

Once Judy had done her business and then left the restroom with a parting nod, Susan resolved to have a talk with Tom about these dates, and if they should continue.

She couldn’t deny Judy’s point that Tom was a good catch. He was a lawyer, good looking and nice. Yet, even though she had learned not to expect any real romance with him, she had to admit she would be delighted if he ever made a real advance towards her.

However, she wondered if her passive interest was due to her own lack of a man in her life. It had been almost 10 years, and she hadn't met a man who stirred her interest in the same bubbly way as the crazy emotional but fleeting college romances. Yet, perhaps that was the intoxication of youth, and shouldn't be the standard for measuring adult relationships, which should involve a lot more logic and planning for the future.

And thinking about it now, she would probably be very suspicious of a man who tried to charm her with the same boyish ways that made her heart flutter in the college dorms. But where does one find a man who was willing to be mature and reliable – who wasn't already spoken for by far more desirable women? Her youth was wasting away and nothing was going to change if she didn't do anything besides spend her weekends with a book.

She then frowned to herself for having such gloomy thoughts when she was all dressed up and hiding in a hotel restroom. True, she wasn't a party animal, but a girl's got to get something for shelling out so much money for a dress she may not wear again.

As she was about to stand and muster the strength it would take to return to the table, she froze at the sight of a familiar, shapely pair of legs poised on red spiked heels standing before her. She followed the curves up the red dress to find a mildly smiling woman she had noticed on the dance floor earlier.

Susan's eyes widened when she realized the other woman was even more gorgeous than she had thought.

"Hello," the newcomer said, motioning with the small purse in her hand, "Do you mind if I join you for a bit?"

Collapsing back onto the loveseat, she managed to blurt, "No-no, not at all."

"My name is Maya," she said with a mild Spanish accent underneath her words as she sat down next to her. She immediately sat back on the loveseat with a style and ease of someone who knew how to command attention. "And yours?"

"Susan," she answered, noticing the slight sheen of sweat on the woman's tanned, smooth skin. She didn't know if she should offer her hand for a shake, but since Maya didn't make a similar gesture, she kept her now fidgety fingers in her lap, tightly clutching her own purse. Why was she suddenly so nervous?

She took a calming breath and the gentle smell of perfume, which was a refreshing change from Tom's overpowering cologne.

With the bright green eyes of a cat, Maya gave her a studious look before saying, "I believe you're sitting at the table sponsored by the Todd and Grant Law Firm, correct? Are you a lawyer?"

"Oh, no, I'm not! That's my date," she explained. She was momentarily bewildered to feel her heart have the slight squeeze of disappointment. "Um, I can introduce you to him, if you want."

Clearly somehow pleased by her response, Maya's eyes sparkled slightly. "That's quite all right.

I'm not interested in legal advice. So he's your 'date'? Not 'boyfriend', 'husband' or 'significant other'?"

Susan suddenly felt the tightness of her heart disappear and replace by the flutter of mild panic. "We're old friends," she admitted. "He asked me to attend."

"Oh? And did he tell you about what kind of event this was?" Her tone remained passive but there seemed to be a dry tone of teasing underneath it.

"Well, I think that's why he wanted me to come along. To make sure he looked... taken," she said, suddenly mildly alarmed if she had said too much. But if you can't be honest in the bathroom, where else can you be honest? "Frankly, I have to admit I was a little nervous but this party turned out to be more interesting than I thought it would."

She noticed that having Maya there attracted curious and even jealous looks from some women as they passed through the lounge. Susan suddenly felt a bit of the ease of confidence gained from being the object of envy.

Maya seemed even more pleased as she tilted her head at her coquettishly, "So then it's not a coincidence that you've been watching me all evening?"

Susan's eyes widened as her question sunk in. "I-I didn't think I was that obvious. I mean, I didn't mean to stare or anything."

She chuckled a bit. "Oh, trust me, I didn't notice at first. It was brought to my attention."

Susan's face was now flushed with red in embarrassment. She dreaded the idea that anyone at her own table had noticed.

Maya winked and said, "When you're well connected at a party, you end up with more eyes than just the ones in your head. And I'm here to let you know that I'm flattered."

"Oh. Um, you're welcome?" she responded meekly.

"I would have approached you at your table, but I didn't think it would be appropriate... And am I being presumptuous in thinking that you're not really enjoying yourself? Given that you've been sitting here for a while now? You appeared a little bored outside."

Susan shrugged. "It's not that bad. I was just about to leave."

Maya pursed her lips thoughtfully as she continued to stare deep into the other woman's eyes, as if she was looking for something. She then said, "Well, I've made my appearances and caught up on the latest gossip. I'm done with the party, but unfortunately I'm not tired. If you are interested, you're welcome to come up to my suite, and we can create our own event, for as little or as long as you like."

"... I beg your pardon?"

Maya face turned a shade more serious as she lowered her tone for just the two of them even though she hadn't been talking that loudly to begin with, "If I have offended you, you have my sincerest apologies. However, my offer is just as sincere. You have a

sweet quality that I find very attractive. But if you wish, I will leave you alone right now and never acknowledge this conversation if we should ever cross paths again.”

As the words sunk in, Susan’s face flickered with conflicting emotions.

Seeing that confused silence was better than an articulated “no”, the woman gave her the sly, confident smile of someone who knew her words were clearly heard and understood. “We won’t do anything you don’t want to do. I’ll guarantee cab fare home, but I can’t take care of your date. That is something you’ll have to take care of. *If* truly you want to.”

Susan was still completely stunned and speechless as she watched Maya open her purse to produce the hotel key card and casually tossed it into her lap.

“Floor 50, Suite 201.” Maya then leaned so close to the other woman that her lips grazed the lobe of her ear. “Life is short, no?”

With a triumphant smile, she then stood and strolled out, leaving the stunned woman in her wake.

Several minutes later, Susan was still sitting on the loveseat, her face flushed with blood. The traffic and curious looks from women suddenly brought her back to reality.

She stared down at the room key and held it up. She then found herself repeating over and over again “Floor 50, suite 201. Floor 50, suite 201...” She reached for a paper towel and scribbled down the information with her lipstick.

This was a real proposition, wasn't it? She never realized such a feminine woman would do such a thing. And to her, of all people. Especially of all of the attractive people at this event.

Not knowing what else to think, she shoved everything into her purse and finally stood. She noticed that she was trembling slightly. Taking a strengthening, calming breath, she finally walked out.

Chapter 2

She barely took two steps into the hallway when she saw Tom come forward, showing that he had been waiting nearby.

“Are you all right?” he asked a little anxiously. “You were in there for a while.”

“Oh, I’m – “ She stopped for a moment and then said, “I’m actually not feeling that well. I think I want to call it a night.”

“Hey, that’s fine with me,” he said with a look of immense relief. “Let me say good-night to everyone and then we’ll get out of here.”

“Wa-wait! Actually, I’m just going to take a cab home. You can stay if you want.”

Tom was now genuinely confused. “I’m not going to stay if you aren’t. I’ll take you right home, no worries. You can wait here. Saying goodbye will only take about five minutes.”

Realizing that she had to sound firmer, she added, “Well, now I really want some alone time, so I want to take a cab.” She wasn’t about to tell him that she was

trying to ditch him for a rendezvous with another woman.

“But that’s a waste of money.”

“Yes, but it’s my money to waste, Tom,” she said, suddenly finding some firmness in her resolve. But she kept her tone low to avoid too much attention. “We’re not really a couple, remember?”

The clear look of surprise and hurt on his face made Susan suddenly feel even guiltier.

“Look, I’ll call you later. And thank you for inviting me, honest.”

“Yeah, right. I’ll see you later,” he muttered darkly, turning on his heels and walking back towards the ballroom.

Feeling regretful, Susan started to take a step after him, but stopped when she realized she couldn’t deny the deep sense of relief... and freedom.

Susan glanced over to make sure Tom wasn’t watching her before quickly walking over towards the elevators. Trying to look both calm and purposeful, she slipped into the first open elevator and was relieved that it was otherwise empty. To her surprise, the 50th floor was the top floor but the elevator button didn’t light up when she pressed it.

Then she noticed the key card slot. On a hunch, she pulled out the hotel key card and slipped it in, causing the little status light next to it to turn green. She pressed the 50th floor button again and was rewarded by it staying lit and having the express elevator shoot upwards.

Susan pressed her hand to her heart, noticing how furiously it was beating. She knew it wasn't just the elevator that caused her adrenaline rush.

A cheerful ding announced that she had reached the top floor, and the doors parted, revealing a long hallway that looked just as lavish as everything else she had seen on the lower floors.

With hesitant steps, she walked forward, checking the room numbers as she passed by, noticing long gaps between doors. When she came to the door in question, she paused and stared at the waiting key card slot. She held the card up to the slot but her trembling hand made it almost impossible to line it up for insertion. Gripping the card with both hands, she steadied the key and slid it in. The status light glowed green and the lock undid itself with a subtle click.

Susan reached for the handle but paused.

She froze long enough for the status light to darken and the lock to redo itself with another click.

Biting her lip, she then pulled out the card and spun on her heel to quickly walk back towards the elevator.

It wasn't too late to back out. Tom was probably still waiting at the valet. All it would take was a quick call and an apology.

And she could act like nothing ever happened.

That nothing was different.

Giving herself a final mental kick, Susan spun around again and walked towards the door. However, instead of using the key card, she gently knocked on the door.

Her nerves starting to get the better of her again, Susan fought the urge to walk away as she waited.

After a torturously long pause, she heard the door click and saw the handle turn.

Wrapped only in a white, Turkish robe and her hair pinned up, Maya opened the door, the corner of her mouth turned up in a smile.

“Welcome,” she said as she let Susan enter.

“I’m sorry, if I interrupted you from going to sleep.”

Putting the “Do not disturb” sign on the door, she smiled and said, “I was about to take a shower and a relaxing bath.”

Susan felt her jaw hang open as she walked into the lavish suite that had a living room that was bigger than her entire apartment, complete with a fully furnished dining room and bar area. The large windows had the curtain drawn back, revealing a breathtaking view of the city lights before them. Off to the side were opened double-doors, which led into the separate bedroom area.

“I didn’t realize such rooms existed in hotels,” Susan said as she stared at everything, trying to take in all of the details.

“A little extravagant but I was in the mood for an indulgence,” Maya said as she walked towards the fully stocked bar. “May I offer you a drink?”

Remembering why she was actually there, Susan started to become nervous again. “A little rum with ice would be nice, if you have any.”

“There are plenty of bottles here. I’m sure I’ll find some. Please sit... I must admit that when you didn’t come in the first time, I thought you had left for good.”

Susan carefully made her way over to one of the couches and sat down. “I-I admit, I don’t know why I came back. I mean, I don’t know what I want to happen. I...” She then stopped, not sure of what she wanted to think, much less say.

Maya paused in preparing the drinks and looked at her for a moment. She then carried them over and sat down on the adjoining couch.

After handing over one drink, she took a sip from hers and said, “If you only want to talk, I am fine with that. I would have been satisfied doing it downstairs, but I didn’t want other distractions to minimize the experience of getting to know you a little bit better.”

A little surprised at option of keeping things platonic, Susan looked at her directly and asked, “Do you do this kind of thing all of the time?”

“If you are asking if I make a habit of proposing women in the bathroom, no, I do not. But if the question is more general, then yes, I do like to take advantage of spending some quality time with a woman that I find attractive when the circumstances are right.”

Susan blushed with embarrassment. “I-I guess that’s the part that doesn’t sound right to me. I saw the people you were dancing with, both the women and the men. They were far more attractive than I am.”

Smirking a little, Maya said, "I have never been criticized for having poor taste."

Even though her blush deepened, Susan couldn't help but feel a little pleased as she took a sip of her own drink.

"... But I'm sensing something else is also bothering you. Do you wish to share it?"

She thought about the question for a few moments, with the other woman waiting patiently.

"I really meant it when I said I'm not sure what I want to happen," Susan finally answered carefully. "If you had been a man, I wouldn't be here. I don't think I would, anyway. But feeling that way is what makes me feel like a hypocrite."

Maya's eyebrows rose slightly at the word, but she remained quiet.

"I mean I've only had two boyfriends. Really short relationships that started great but fizzled out. And it always ended when the sex started to become... expected. I mean, not just the pressure of the first time. But that whole idea of being involved with someone meant expecting access to that part of them."

"So you never gave yourself willingly to someone?"

"No, that's not true. It was... okay. But my boyfriends liked it. So I just thought it was to be expected."

"Have you ever orgasmed?"

"Yes, I think so."

Instead of commenting, Maya took a careful sip from her glass that hid any expression she may have had.

Susan thought it was a cue to continue talking. “I broke up with my last boyfriend because he kind of cheated on me. I discovered that he used prostitutes when he went on business trips. But he didn’t think it was a big deal because he always came back home to me. In fact, he was very upset that I called the relationship off because the only thing that was wrong was that I found out. He claims if I hadn’t found out, we would still be together. And that may be true, but it doesn’t change the fact that I *know* that he considers satisfying a sexual impulse more important than respecting me or our relationship.... It baffles me that he felt he was the perfect boyfriend otherwise. And yet... I have to admit there was a tiny part of me that felt jealous. That he could be fully sexual without the emotional investment. I guess deep down inside I want to know what the secret is.”

Maya, who had been listening with focused attention, asked, “You think I might know that answer?”

She shrugged. “Maybe not the universal answer. But you propositioned me and we didn’t even... *kiss*. If a man had done that to me, I would kick him in the balls for assuming I was a whore. -- Not that it’s ever happened. I’m never the one the men swarm over.”

Maya giggled and said, “Well, thank you for not kicking me. But I didn’t get a sense that thought

crossed your mind when we were downstairs. So why didn't it?"

"I don't know," Susan said thoughtfully. "I guess... because you asked *me* and not any one of the gorgeous people you were with. I've never been attracted to a woman before, but you are the sexiest person I've ever met. Maybe because you made me feel like the real prize than just a cheap conquest?... And now I feel stupid saying all of this because I know we're not going to see each other after tomorrow. I'll probably contradict myself later but this is what I feel right now."

"So, then you *are* planning to spend the night?"

Susan blushed again when she realized what she had said. Not able to look the other woman in the eye, she admitted shyly, "I guess I want to try..."

"Hmmm. You're proving to be a bigger challenge than I had thought," Maya mused, "But that's hardly a bad thing... Is there anything else you wish to discuss right now?"

She thought about it for a moment and then said firmly, "About my cab fare, I'll take care of it. And... while I know there are no obligations, I want your promise that we're not having an affair. True, your wife – or husband – may never know about this, but *I* will. I couldn't be part of a betrayal to someone else."

Maya seemed genuinely surprised but then a pleased look settled in her eyes. "There is no one else. In fact, this trip was to celebrate my closure of my last relationship. Any other questions for now? I surely don't expect us to not talk for the rest of the evening,

but I am anxious to at least shower soon. I'm feeling the grime of dancing too much."

Susan shook her head even though she remained seated, with her hands clutching her drink.

"I'm going to go draw the bath. When you're ready, you can undress in the bedroom. The hotel provides another Turkish robe in the closet. I hope to see you shortly."

Maya winked and finished off her drink with a swig as she got up and strolled to the bedroom. She then paused and turned back to say, "However, if you should decide that you can't go through with this, then thank you for a very interesting few minutes of conversation. And I wish you well."

The woman then disappeared into the waiting bedroom.

Hearing the water start to pour into the unseen tub, Susan felt her heart start beating rapidly again as she stared at the ice in her glass. She still had a lot of rum left and contemplated finishing it off to fortify her nerves. But then she thought better of it and put it down on the coffee table.

She stood and walked into the waiting bedroom, which was just as big and lavish as the other room of the suite. The soft sound of violins and smell of lavender greeted her as she walked towards the open closet. As she carefully undressed and hung up her gown, she noticed that there was a set of stylish luggage that was opened but not unpacked.

She wrapped herself in the spare robe and walked over towards the bathroom, which once again made her jaw drop.

Testing the faucet's water, Maya was sitting on the edge of a raised tub that looked big enough to fit six people. In addition, there were two separate sink areas, a side room for a toilet, and a separate shower area.

"Wow!" Susan exclaimed. "It looks like that tub will take hours to fill!"

"Then we'll just have to find a way to make the wait seem unnoticeable, hmm?" Maya said with a teasing smile. She then stood and without a further pause, took off her robe and hung it on the nearby coat rack.

Oh. My. God.

Maya's bare body was just as incredible as promised, with smooth, firm curves in all of the right places. She was covered in a full body tan, showing that she had recently come from some place not only tropical but where she could sunbathe in the nude.

With a look that was now seductive, she walked forward and said, "Now, let me see what *I've* been waiting for."

Susan suddenly felt a twinge of panic as she clutched the front of the robe tightly. There was no way she could compare to this woman with her clothes on -- never mind *off*.

"Uh -- I'm -- I'm not so sure about this anymore! I don't want you to be disappointed."

Now standing right before her with the ever-patient smile, Maya stated simply, "That won't happen."

With only a foot between them, they locked gazes for a moment.

Susan couldn't help but become flushed due to her overwhelming nearness, those deep eyes and soft lips. It dawned on her that she desperately wanted the woman to kiss her, but her nerves and shyness kept her from acting.

And that was when Susan realized what the true tone of the evening was about from Maya's perspective, and perhaps the reason of why she was inexplicably drawn to her. Why there hadn't been a kiss yet, or even a touch. It was all about exploring and appreciating desire. That patience added to the power of seduction, and the intensity of the reward that would be coming.

Susan swallowed and forced her trembling hands to hang passively at her side.

Chapter 3

Her eyes now twinkling with triumph, Maya reached forward with both hands and clasped the nervous fingers, giving them a gentle squeeze. Then, as if to solidify the pending promise, she took a step forward so that they were pressed against each other. She lowered her head and pressed her lips against Susan's with such tenderness that was both calming and erotic.

Susan couldn't believe how aroused she was becoming by a kiss that didn't even involve any tongue. The heat and touch of the other woman's lips were more intoxicating that she could have ever imagined.

Celine Dion's melodic voice suddenly could be heard from the other room, barely noticeable above the noise of the water filling the tub.

The women lurched back in slight confusion.

"Oh," Susan said as her head started to clear, "That's my cell phone."

Looking a little amused, Maya asked, “Do you want to answer it?”

Thinking that it might be Tom, she shook her head. “Whoever it is can leave a message.”

“Good.”

Maya then took a full step back and freed one hand to undo the belt of Susan’s robe.

As the cloth fell open, Susan averted her eyes. She couldn’t bear to see any flicker of critical disapproval or forced appreciation, like so many times before in less well-lit conditions or circumstances.

Standing in a luxurious bathroom with all of the lights on was an extreme contrast to fumbling around in the back of a car or a twin-size dorm bed. Even when she and her last boyfriend had the luxury of a private bedroom, she never felt so exposed, even in the awkward glare of the morning after light.

Maya gently squeezed her hand, getting her attention again. “Let’s take a shower while we’re waiting for the bath.”

“O-Oh, all right,” she mumbled. She swallowed, forcing herself to focus on the warm and tender touch in an effort to physically relax yet again.

“Would you like to wash your hair or do you wish to pin it up?” Maya pointed to the travel make up case on the by the sink. “I have extra hair clips if you would like to use them.”

“Yes, I’d like to use them. Thank you.”

“Then while you’re doing that, I’ll bring us some drinks. Do you have any preferences?”

“Water or juice.” She blushed as she admitted sheepishly, “I think if I have any more alcohol, this evening will end too soon.”

Maya seemed amused by that comment as she gave her another pleased smile before walking out, completely at ease with her nudity.

As she tried to fix her hair, Susan noticed that her fingers were trembling madly. She briefly wondered if she could suggest to the other woman that it would be a much sexier experience if Maya pinned up her hair for her. While this was possibly true, she didn’t like that such a suggestion was motivated out of feeling helplessness rather than desire.

She clasped her fingers together and took a deep, calming breath. Then she realized that she looked like she was praying, so she quickly broke her hands apart.

Ironically, none of her anxiety and stress that evening was motivated by any religious concerns. She wasn’t particularly religious, but now that she thought about it, if it was a concern for her, it would have been a stronger source of apprehension rather than just an accidental coincidence.

Something about that realization actually helped her to relax. While she couldn’t completely articulate all of her issues and concerns so far into the evening, she was starting to be aware of some of the boundaries.

For the first time, Susan looked directly at her reflection and allowed herself a small smile of triumph.

“Did you think of something amusing?” Maya asked from the doorway with a tray of a water canter with two glasses.

“Not really!” she declared with mortification. With her face now the shade of a tomato but her nerves momentarily forgotten, Susan pinned up her hair with the speed and accuracy of a professional beautician.

Though her amused smile never faltered, Maya moved forward and placed the tray on the counter so that she stood right behind her. She gently placed her hands on Susan’s shoulders and met her reflection’s gaze, “Are you ready for the shower?”

Susan felt herself become slightly mesmerized by the other woman’s nearness, touch and subtle mixture of perfume and natural smell. She numbly nodded as she let herself be led to the door that waited patiently in the corner of the bathroom.

Maya held the door open for her, revealing a shower stall that was bigger than a king-size bed, with several nozzles of various heights on all four walls and the ceiling, which was also peppered with light and heat bulbs. As she walked across the tiles, Susan couldn’t help but wonder how much effort and time it took to clean such a bathroom after every use, this place being a hotel after all. She noticed a shelf built into the wall that held a few different bottles of spa quality shampoo and body washes.

Maya pulled a nozzle from the wall, revealing that it was a hand-held rod, and pushed a couple of buttons on the panel by the door. A soft white light

filled the space, making it seem a little more intimate. As water started to spray out of the nozzle from her hand, she held it up questioningly, “How is the temperature?”

Susan reached out and tested the gentle spray and nodded, “It’s fine.”

She felt herself brace in anticipation for suddenly being the center of a deluge of water from every direction. The warm water suddenly made her realize how much she was starting to feel cold, now that they were out of range of the mild humidity created by the running bath water. She felt a little embarrassed that her nipples were hard like pebbles, but perhaps that would be a good thing given the circumstances. She snuck a glance to notice that the other woman looked just as aroused.

Maya pressed another button in the panel and the ceiling suddenly lit up with the red glow of several heat bulbs. She then rinsed herself off and once done she looked at Susan and asked, “May I?”

She nodded, stiffly dropping her arms to her sides and closing her eyes in anticipation.

She lurched slightly as she felt the warm water on her stomach, the pressure slightly more powerful than she realized. The strength of the spray forced herself to relax as she felt the nozzle’s aim slowly move directly upward, inching its way between her breasts and pausing momentarily on her breastbone.

Maya took her time, gently tracing the body’s frame along the collarbone, down the full length of the arm, back up and moving to do the same on the other

limb. Then with methodical accuracy, she centered the spray again and moved downward, stopping at the top of the pelvis and then moving to trace the full length of the legs in the same method of the upper limbs.

With her eyes still closed, Susan frowned slightly to herself in confusion as she realized the aim of the water avoided direct contact with her sexual parts but felt no less erotic. Once her front was suitably rinsed, she felt the spray of water go from her breastbone, along her collarbone, around her shoulder to focus on the back of her torso and limbs. Having never had a shower with any other person before, she wondered if this was what it really meant for couples to shower together. If so, she could now understand why couples considered it a sexual possibility.

When the water suddenly stopped, she opened her eyes curiously and saw that Maya had put the nozzle back to grab a bottle of body wash from the shelf. She poured a generous amount on her hands and built up a very thick lather. Maya then stepped forward and around her. From behind, she gently placed the hands of foam on the shoulder blades.

Susan closed her eyes to fully appreciate the tantalizing fingertips that lathered her skin from neck to toe. She felt herself holding her breath as Maya's hands move to her buttocks. She jolted as she felt the fingers flex to gently massage her seat, an area of her body that she had never really thought of being sexy before. But the sensation was short as the fingers then pulled away, as if merely a tease of things to come.

Maya refreshed her supply of foam as she turned her attention to the front of the other woman, starting this time with the left hand. With the same lazy rhythms, she worked her way up the limb, showing that she was enjoying the sight of her fingers working the flesh.

With the other woman's gaze focused on her task, Susan took advantage of studying the face that was so close. She was surprised to notice the faint wrinkles at the corners of the now make-up free eyes. She felt better knowing that they were probably closer in age than she had assumed.

Maya then looked up at her, her hands now paused on Susan's hips and instructed, "Lift up your leg a bit."

Realizing what this meant, Susan braced herself and did as she was asked. She couldn't help but blush all over at the awareness that she was now fully exposed. And she was quite sure that the drenched feeling she had down the inside of her thighs wasn't just caused by water or suds.

The soapy fingers gently slid down through the pubic patch to clean the sensitive, swollen area.

Susan bit her lip to keep from crying out as she felt the fingertips wash her while avoiding touching her clitoris. When the fingers finally left, she couldn't help but feel both relieved and disappointed. She didn't think she could overcome the embarrassment of feeling so awkward and exposed in such a position.

Now standing, Maya focused on Susan's breasts, gently massaging and lathering the flesh while

expertly avoiding the hard, aching tips. She then paused, her hands still lingering on the flesh.

Susan froze in anticipation as the women locked gazes.

Then, with tantalizing slowness, Maya leaned forward and pressed her mouth to hers. As they gently kissed, fully pressing their lips and tongues together, Maya finally massaged the aching nipples with expert caresses.

Susan instinctively put her own hands on top of the teasing fingers and let out a soft groan. She lurched back slightly at embarrassment at the sound that she made.

Maya pulled back from the kiss, with a clearly amused smile. She finally pulled away to grab the hand nozzle.

As the hot water rinsed the soap away, Susan swallowed and tried to calm down her beating heart but not to the point of trying to smother the delicious throb of her sensitive parts. It was like keeping an alcoholic buzz that slowly built and lowered and built again. She realized how much she both looked forward to the more intense sexual touch but was happy to wait, knowing that it was definitely going to happen.

This was an ironic comparison of her previous sexual encounters that ended almost as soon as they began, with the focus being on the result rather than the process.

Done with the rinsing, Maya held out the nozzle and asked, "Do you feel up to washing me now?"

Susan swallowed and nodded, excited by the task before her in that she wanted to show that she could perform the task in the way it was done on her. Not needing to feel discreet, she openly watched the water cascade off of the smooth, tanned skin. She could feel her own excitement build again when she blatantly looked at the hardened dark nipples and patch of trimmed pubic hair. An occasional glance out of the corner of her eye confirmed that Maya was watching her in return with her lips still curled in her gentle smile. However, instead of being overwhelmed with intimidation, she started to feel the confidence from wanting to prove herself.

After putting the hand spray on its hook, she reached for the same bath soap and worked up hands full of thick foam. Her heart was pounding furiously, causing her to slightly tremble. When she was about to reach out to begin her task, her nerves returned again, causing her hands to shake in the cover of soap.

Susan looked at Maya directly, seeing an assuring calm in the other woman's eyes. Feeling encouraged, she swallowed and pushed her hands forward to touch the shoulder.

Realizing that her hands weren't strong or big enough for a deep massage, she smeared the lather over the smooth, wet skin with enough pressure that made the act of touching being pleasurable. At least she hoped it would be pleasurable. In the back of her mind, she couldn't help but think she was rubbing the woman was like petting a cat, but the technique

seemed to work on giving them both a level of enjoyment in the act.

As she continued to work her way around the torso and limbs, she marveled that even though Maya's flesh seemed soft and smooth, there was clearly the feel of firm muscle underneath. Susan had never touched another woman like this before, relishing the smoothness and softness that felt responsive to every stroke of her fingers and palms. It was such a difference from touching flesh covered with excessive hair and unyielding hardness of pure muscle.

When she was almost down at the thighs, Susan glanced up to see Maya had closed her eyes in pleasure. She felt her heart flutter in triumph as she focused on finishing the lathering, not needing any further reassurance if she was doing this right. She even slowed her pace, lingering on the softness and weight of the breasts and buttocks. Yet, she also enjoyed the feel of the arms and torso, taking the liberty of revisiting areas she had already soaped. She understood that any section of a woman could be very sexy, not just the standard parts of tits and ass. And the act of giving another woman sexual pleasure was incredibly arousing for herself. She learned the patience of avoiding contact of the obvious sexual areas with the assurance that there was no need to rush since the evening was still early.

A cheerful beep suddenly came from outside followed by the abrupt stop of water flow, signaling that the bath had now reached its target water level.

“Are you ready to sit down?” Maya asked as she reached for the hand nozzle.

Even though she wasn’t finished, she realized how her legs were starting to ache a bit. Susan nodded and admitted. “Some cold water to drink would be good too.”

As the women did a final rinse off, Susan made a note to herself to see if she could explore the other features of the gigantic shower in the morning. The idea of having a shower in a simulated tropical rainfall was a sensation that was too enticing to pass up.

Minutes later, the women were sitting next to each other in the bath tub with glasses of ice water for drinks. Susan slid down to into the water up to her chin. The faint smell of lavender was wonderful as she felt herself completely relax for the first time that night. If she hadn’t been so aroused, she could easily fall asleep.

“What are these holes for?” Susan asked curiously as she noticed that the openings that were evenly spaced all around the wall of the tub.

“This tub can be turned into a Jacuzzi,” Maya said. “Would you like me to turn it on?”

“Would it make too much noise?”

She thought about it for a moment. “These upper suites are supposed to be well insulated for noise. Plus, it’s only about nine o’clock. I think it’s reasonably early that no one should complain.”

Not completely convinced but willing to take a chance, Susan nodded.

Maya pushed some buttons in the control panel, triggering each hole to shoot out powerful jets of water and bubbles. The women exchanged a smile before settling into the luxurious bath that was surprisingly quiet.

The lull made Susan realize she knew almost absolutely nothing about the other woman. True, the evening was progressing with the idea that they would never see or talk to each other again. But still, it felt incredibly rude not to make some attempt to be more social and see how far before Maya would indicate that a line would be crossed.

Susan took a sip of the drink before asking, “So where will you be flying tomorrow?”

“Back to my summer home in Madrid,” she answered without hesitation. “I’ve been on constant business trips for five weeks, so I’m looking forward to being home for a while.”

“Oh, do you travel a lot?”

She nodded. “I have an agency where I represent many movie and television actors who work in the Spanish-speaking industry in the Americas and Europe. My company also produces several movies for my bigger clients. Even though I have several people who work for me, I like being personally involved when possible.”

Susan was genuinely impressed. “Wow, it sounds busy but exciting.”

“Yes, it is. Otherwise, I would leave everything to my employees. Part of the trick is to make sure that my trips are at least on the same hemisphere or

continent as much as possible. Since I just came from Mexico City, it made this fundraiser easier to fit into my schedule.”

“You must speak Spanish all of the time. But your English is excellent.”

Maya actually smirked and gave her a wink. “I was born and raised in Los Angeles. But my father is Mexican, so I grew up speaking Spanish at home. I only moved out of the country when my business required me to be closer to my clients, most of whom are unknown to English-only Americans.”

“I’ve never even left the state,” Susan admittedly sheepishly. “And I don’t think I could ever travel to another country if I wasn’t with someone who could speak the language. I’d be too scared of not being able to find directions to the bathroom, never mind anywhere else.”

Maya actually let out a nice gentle chortle. “I actually feel the same way when I have to go to a country where the main language isn’t English or Spanish. That’s the nice thing about having employees that can speak those languages or having the money to hire a translator.”

“Wow, you live a life that I’ve never been able to imagine. I mean, I never knew that rooms like this existed in hotels. This is such a big place for just one person.”

“Yes, it is,” Maya admitted. She looked thoughtful for a moment before she said genuinely, “And thank you for joining me this evening. Even if this is as far as we go, I’m glad for the company.”

Touched by the words, Susan smiled and said, "I'm just amazed that someone like you is actually alone. I guess you must be married to your work."

A slight shadow passed through the other woman's eyes, hinting at a deep sadness. She then turned her gaze forward and said softly, "This is the first time I've attended the fundraiser downstairs in three years. I had stopped because my... wife had lost her own fight against breast cancer... I almost didn't come this year because I felt it would be too painful. But I knew I would never heal if I didn't start to take steps. I suppose I also feel a little hypocritical because we hadn't been involved in events like this until she had been diagnosed. "

Feeling her own heart squeeze in sadness, Susan looked at the woman's profile, not sure of what to say. But her lack of words suddenly didn't matter as she leaned forward and kissed the woman's cheek as tenderly as possible.

Maya turned her head so they could kiss each other fully on the lips. It was a soft, assuring act of affection, far more emotional and rewarding than all of their contact had been up until then.

Suddenly feeling embarrassed, Susan pulled back. She realized she was in danger of wanting more out of this night and this woman than what was originally agreed to. Perhaps she couldn't just have sex for the sake of sex. But she was experienced in hiding that she was more emotionally invested in the other person.

She settled back against the tub and said, “I think I...” No clear sentence came to mind so she just stopped.

The silence was now obvious and awkward, almost as if they were at the beginning of their evening’s interactions.

“If you wish to leave, that is fine,” Maya said softly. “I didn’t mean to burden you by saying too much. Like I said before, I am happy enough for the small amount of company and genuine physical contact.”

“I don’t want to leave,” she blurted. “... At the least, I want to know what I’m sexually capable of. Even though you and I have not been anywhere near as intimate as I’ve been with men, I’ve never felt so much arousal and pleasure at someone else’s touch.”

Maya then looked at her, studying her now blushing face carefully. Her gentle smile returned. “Then perhaps we should stop talking and finish where we left off.”

Susan asked sheepishly, “Then, can we move to the bed? I think this bath is relaxing me too much. Plus, I don’t think I’m going to be very sexy if my entire body looks like a prune.”

“Of course.”

Chapter 4

The women took turns drying each other off, including finally pulling the pins from their hair.

Susan couldn't help but feel like the atmosphere was almost domestic as they made the final preparations for going to bed: brushing out their hair, taking turns using the toilet, and making sure that the bedroom's music and lighting were at the right level for their mood. Since she had never lived with a lover, she relished having someone there that made her feel comfortable.

She paused at the side of the large bed with the covers pulled back, realizing that this really was the point of no return. While she was still a little anxious, she was no longer trembling like she had before. Yet, she couldn't but help be a little concerned that her own lack of experience and knowledge of how to please another woman could be the literal anti-climatic ending to the evening.

Suddenly, warm and soft curves pressed up against her from behind as Maya wrapped her in an

embrace from behind. She whispered into her ear, "I'm happy enough that you're here. I don't expect you to do anything you're not comfortable doing."

Susan felt like she could melt in the arms. She took a deep breath and nodded.

"Lie down."

As she felt the arms release her, she slid into the bed and stretched out on her back. Her heartbeat was starting to pick up again in anticipation. She realized her level of arousal was still quite high by the aching hardness of her nipples and the distinct moisture between her own legs.

She looked up to see Maya still standing by the bed but staring down with hungry eyes. The women locked gazes as their breathing started to intensify.

With slow, panther-like movements, Maya crawled into the bed pausing only when she was poised on all fours over her very willing prey. Inch by inch, she lowered her body down so that their torsos and limbs were pressed together.

The kisses started soft and teasing. Time had no meaning as their lips and tongues explored each other as they lay entwined from head to toe.

As her hands crept up through the other woman's hair to hold her head, Susan felt her rapid heart beat shake her entire body while her breathing started to increase to pants. She couldn't think clearly, only having flashes of awareness in her mind as she was overwhelmed by the other woman's touch. And when she realized that Maya's heart beat and breathing were

becoming as escalated as hers, her own arousal increased, which she didn't think was possible.

Slowly, Maya's kisses started to leave her lips, covering the skin all over her face, from ear to ear and forehead to chin. As she indulged in the sensation of the lips, tongue and hair washing over her face, Susan realized that this was her time to just lay back and enjoy whatever was going to happen next.

The usual frigid tenseness she had experienced in past encounters wasn't there, as she felt confident that her current lover was truly as aroused as she was. She no longer felt embarrassed at whatever sounds or responses she might make, knowing that such reactions were what the other woman wanted for her own enjoyment.

When Maya started to gently nibble and lick her neck, Susan instinctively tilted her head backwards to expose more skin. She was barely aware of the soft gasps and groans she made at each kiss that was turning more and more hungry. All she could focus on was the rhythmic shudder of her body with each pound of her heart and the rapid swallows of air.

Maya licked and nibbled each collarbone, finally centering her focus on the path of the breastbone exposed to her. Though she was unstoppable in her intense quest, she paused as she felt the soft mounds of flesh cradle her chin. She was familiar with this body through her fingertips, but this was uncharted territory for kisses. She lifted herself up on her elbows so she could fully view the woman's body before her.

Susan waited anxiously as she panted and ached for more contact.

Maya then looked her in the eye with that slight curl of a pleased smile on her lips. Then she lowered herself to kiss her lips with such tenderness that it barely felt real.

Intoxicated with the heat of the other woman's skin and the softness of her hair, Susan responded hungrily, barely able to contain her desire. She never felt such hunger for another person's touch, to the point that it was maddening. She wanted to ask for more, but she couldn't force the words to form on her lips. She was never able to articulate her desire in the past, to the point that this handicap was embarrassing and frustrating even though she was nowhere near as aroused as now.

Once again, Maya worked soft and hungry kisses and nibbles all over the bared throat. She slid down to let herself on the soft flesh of the breasts before her, but expertly avoiding the aching, hard tips.

Susan fell back on the bed, her eyes closed in pleasure as her breaths came in gasps as she indulged in each nip of the succulent mouth. Then at last, she felt the mouth tug on her left nipple. She arched and cried out as the tongue and lips worked their wonders. Trembling and writhing helplessly, she gripped her pillow in an effort to keep her limbs from flailing about madly. And just when she thought it couldn't get any better, she felt the other woman move to devour her other nipple while expertly stimulating the other one with gentle finger-tip twists and pinches.

“Oh Go--!!” she gasped and she instinctively clutched the other woman’s head to her. She couldn’t formulate any clear thought as she felt that wonderful mouth and fingertips do their work. Though she couldn’t register true time or awareness, she was sure she made more noise and thrashed about in response to every intense tug or squeeze.

Pure sensation flooded through her as she began to shake and cry out in a climax. All the way through it, her lover never lost the touch or rhythm that brought her to the point of intense pleasure.

When Susan finally collapsed back on the bed to regain her breath, Maya slowly eased the intensity of her stimulation but not stopping her caresses completely. She lifted herself to gently kiss her on the lips. She whispered, “I believe that was an orgasm.”

Still gasping for air, Susan hugged her tightly and declared, “I didn’t think it was possible to do it that way!”

“Well, let me know when you’re ready to try it another way,” she said as reclined against the soft body and placed a kiss on the shoulder.

Knowing that there was more to come, Susan swallowed and struggled to regain control of her breathing. She finally relaxed in the embrace with the imploring look that she was ready.

Seeing that the other woman was up for the challenge, Maya started to sprinkle gentle kisses on the soft flesh before her. But this time there was a more intense purpose in her movements. She lifted

herself up and reached down to spread Susan's legs apart.

Her breathing once again pitched in anticipation. Susan couldn't believe how exposed she was. She knew she was completely swollen and drenched below, but that added to her arousal as she watched and felt the woman kiss her way down her torso.

It was wonderful to give herself to a lover that she completely trusted. In previous encounters, she always felt an undercurrent of tension and dread at the possibility of rough or even painful movements she could either feel coming, or worse, catch her off-guard. This time she felt she could completely relax, and even look forward to everything she was going to receive that night.

Maya's trail of kisses finally passed the belly button before her. When she finally reached the patch of pubic hair before her, she paused. She then gently rubbed her chin and cheeks against the curls as she took in a deep breath of the rich scent before her.

As she watched this, Susan's cheeks couldn't help but flush a bit in embarrassment as she clutched the bed sheets in anticipation of what was to come. Then, to her sheer surprise, she felt the firm tip of a tongue flick up and down across her exposed clitoris. She barely registered two or three passes before she was overwhelmed with cries and convulsions of pleasure. She knew her hips jerked upward, but the contact didn't cease as she felt Maya's arms clamp around her thighs to keep her somewhat under control.

Once the intense pleasure finally subsided, Susan again collapsed on the bed in pants, but then she felt soft kisses against her lower lips. She knew she wasn't going to be allowed to relax for long. With her eyes clamped shut, she reached down and clasped Maya's hand to signal that she was ready.

In response, a hot tongue and lips started to devour her with exploratory and stimulating licks and strokes. When the tongue darted inside, Susan felt herself start to buck in response. She was glad to feel Maya hold her hips down so she could react with complete abandon with her cries and thrashing. And just when she started to think it couldn't be better to have the tongue dart in and out, the tip rubbing against what must have been her g-spot, she then felt lips clamp around her clitoris in gentle massaging and sucking.

Susan was sure she must have started screaming as she started to flail on the bed uncontrollably, with the strength of the other woman being her only anchor. The pleasure was so overwhelming that it bordered on being unbearable, yet she didn't want it to stop.

When the first orgasm hit, the firm lips and tongue didn't relent at all, continuing with the steady stream of licks and nibbles. After the wave of spasms finally receded, the next orgasm hit again, with another one right after that until blackness finally overtook her...

The faint sound of the toilet flushing stirred Susan from her sleep. Her eyelids fluttered open furiously at the feeling of complete unfamiliarity in the sensation of the silk sheets against her bare skin. The confusion quickly subsided as the memories came flooding back, triggered by the buzzing of residual arousal in unexpected places. She wearily sat up in the bed and reached for the prepared glass of water on the nightstand.

Maya emerged from the bathroom, still gloriously naked, though her hair was a little tussled. She smiled at the sight of her frazzled companion and commented, "That was a quick nap. You were asleep for about twenty minutes."

Finishing off the glass in a long gulp, Susan admitted sheepishly, "I don't sleep well in unfamiliar places..." She really started to reflect on what happened before she had blacked out. "Oh my God. I've never experienced anything like that before."

Looking very pleased, Maya crawled into the bed and sat with her back against the excessive pillows piled against the headboard. "Well, now you know what to ask for in the future."

Susan felt a mild pang in her heart as she realized that there wasn't supposed to be any expectations of the two of them ever having sex again. "I could never tell a man to do that to me. I – I would be just too embarrassed," she admitted as she ran her hands through her own tussled hair.

Noticing the sudden silence, Susan looked up to see Maya quietly watching her from just a few inches

away. The women locked gazes, the undercurrent of desire making itself once again known.

Susan suddenly wanted to know how Maya would look in the throes of sexual ecstasy, and she knew she would never have another chance to find out. She took a fortifying breath and turned to fully face the woman, whose eyebrows were arching curiously.

"You don't have to do anything that would make you uncomfortable," she assured her.

"I would feel more uncomfortable by not trying," Susan responded softly. But she stopped when a thought hit her. "Unless you don't want me to?"

"I definitely want you to," was the answer that came with a wicked smile.

Feeling completely assured, Susan broke out into a very pleased grin. She leaned forward and kissed the lips, which still had the lingering smell and taste of her own arousal from minutes before.

The women continued to kiss as Susan's hand slid up along the other's shoulders and back of the neck to embrace her head. Her own arousal was coming back in full force, but she could tell that it was driven by the sensation and anticipation of giving pleasure.

She finally pulled back and said softly, "Lie down please."

Maya obediently did what she was told, sliding down the pillows and sheets until she was completely reclined.

Susan paused to indulge in the sight before her, knowing that she was the envy of many men and even some women. Her appreciation and arousal did a good

job at distracting her from the feelings of awkwardness that started to creep into the back of her mind. With the other woman patiently waiting for her to begin, she knew she couldn't turn back now. The point after all was "trying", and anything additional to that would be a bonus.

Swallowing nervously, Susan leaned down to kiss her again, feeling immediate assurance at the hungry responses and soft pants as Maya's own arousal was starting to be let loose. Testing her control, Susan slowed the paces of the kisses and eased the intensity, pleased to find that there didn't seem to be any sign of frustration or disappointment from the other woman.

Now feeling completely in charge, Susan started to trail soft kisses along the soft and smooth chin and neck. Even before she focused on them, she could feel the heat of the breasts against her own as she slid down to a more comfortable position. She indulged in the soft taste of the bare skin and the pleasurable sensations against her own lips and tongue.

With her eyes squeezed shut, Maya started to jerk slightly at each kiss as her breathing started to get stronger. When she felt the hot mouth finally tug on her rock-hard nipple, she let out a soft groan as she arched upward.

Susan was thrilled at how much power she had over this woman, how much the slightest touch – like the flick of the tip or her tongue of the slight squeeze of her lips – could cause such an intense reaction.

After a few minutes Maya managed to gasp, "Th – the other one!"

Happy to comply, Susan immediately moved to the other nipple and was rewarded with a sharp groan and slight spasm.

Realizing that the other woman had been very patient in ignoring her own pleasure, Susan didn't feel like delaying the gratification too much further.

She paused and looked up to ask, "What do you want me to do?"

"Use your fingers," she responded between pants as she parted her legs. "Just do what you think I would like."

Returning to sucking on the nipples before her, Susan gently started to slide her hand down the front of the woman's flat torso. She enjoyed the sensation of the soft pubic curls on her fingertips, quickly followed by the hot moisture of arousal. A moment of panic and uncertainty passed through her mind as realized what she was about to do with concerns if she could do it successfully. Determined to try, she closed her eyes and slid her fingers further down to rub over the clitoral nub.

Maya jerked in response and immediately reached down to grip the forearm.

At first Susan wasn't sure what was going on but then realized that the other woman was holding her hand in place as a signal to focus on where she was. With a pleased smile, she started to massage the nub with gentle swirls and strokes, mixing the patterns as she measured the responses of jerks and moans. Even the sound of her fingers rubbing through the moisture added to the thrill.

Slowly, Maya's responses became stronger and stronger, to the point that her hips arched up off the bed as she moved with the rhythms of the touch. Finally, with a sharp cry, she rocked from head to toe as she clutched her lover to her.

Susan couldn't help but wonder if this was what she looked like during her own orgasms. But the thought was fleeting as she focused back on the spasms slowly subsiding.

Instead of completely collapsing in the aftermath, Maya remained tense as she furiously worked on recapturing her breath. She certainly didn't seem finished for the night.

Taking that cue, Susan forced her hand downward, into drenched folds of flesh. She raised her head so that she could completely watch the woman's reaction to her touch. She loved that a teasing thrust of a fingertip resulted in a hungry buck of the other woman's hips.

As if she knew that her reactions were part of the thrill, Maya laid back on the bed and clutched her pillow with both hands to brace herself. She looked up at Susan, her expression reflecting complete pleasure as she groaned and gasped.

Now happily watching the show, Susan focused on rubbing the flesh between the other woman's legs without ever completely going inside. She understood the mutual thrill of taking small steps towards a literal climax. And her lover didn't seem to mind at all as she relished every touch and stroke, whether it be on the inside of her thigh or to tease her clitoris again.

But Susan began to be concerned that she was delaying too much. Without further hesitation, she positioned her fingers to tease the drenched opening.

Maya completely opened her legs in readiness.

With one thrust, Susan slid two fingers in and was rewarded with a sharp gasp. She was amazed at the heat and moisture as she felt the flesh grip her hungrily. Keeping her hand inside, she started to swirl her fingers around the walls, relishing in this new sensation as well as its effects.

No longer able to control herself, Maya clutched the woman to her again, including gripping that precious arm. "Fuck me!" she begged through gasps.

Susan moved the fingers furiously, thrusting and swirling to both of their delight. Her own arousal was back with full force, but she was determined to focus on giving the other woman as much pleasure as possible.

The bed started to rock as Maya jerked and bucked in response, barely held down by the other woman. She was beyond being able to articulate any words as the raw sounds of pure sexual delight came from deep within her throat through her frantic panting.

When she orgasmed, she let out a sharp cry as she jerked uncontrollably. But Susan allowed the woman a small pause to recover before causing her to start another round.

Maya hugged her lover with fierce intensity, her mind and body completely surrendered to focus on every touch. Every part of her responded hungrily,

whether in the building intensity of a climax or the gentle aftermath that preceded another arc.

Susan was so lost in the intoxication of the control of the other woman that she was oblivious to her own panting and heightened arousal. She was a little startled to see Maya looking up at her with sudden intensity and focus. When she felt the fingertips slide across the drenched and aching flesh between her legs, she let out a soft gasp as she instinctively parted her legs further, even though she was already straddling the other woman.

Suddenly, those fingers shoved inside her, causing Susan to cry out and arch in surprise. But she didn't remove her own hand from inside the other woman. Then as one, they began the mutual stroking with the same slow rhythmic beat. As they locked gazes and watched each other's gasping and panting responses, the rhythms started gradually changing to focus on the needs of each woman. But neither cared as she struggled to pleasure the other woman while being overwhelmed by her own sensations.

As their movements became faster and faster, Susan barely registered finding herself on her back with the other woman on top. She fought to focus her thoughts, determined not to succumb to her building orgasm until she was certain the other woman was reaching her own peak. Gasping and groaning, Maya looked down at her, the same struggle evident on her face.

Neither one knew who actually orgasmed first, but the other was so close behind that the convulsions

and cries felt as one. It felt like time froze as the climaxes went through their full peak and finally subsiding as the women collapsed on the bed in exhaustion and panting.

With her head nestled on a pillow, Susan closed her eyes in relaxation as finally she drifted off into a welcomed sleep.

Chapter 5

Susan's eyelids slowly fluttered open from what had been a deep and peaceful slumber. But the sensation of unfamiliarity quickly focused her attention as she wearily sat up in the bed. The faint light of the morning sun through the cracks of closed curtains gave her enough illumination to see where she was, quickly orientating herself with the mental and physical memories of the night before. The nightstand clock showed that it was almost 7:30, about a half hour short of her normal waking time for a Sunday.

She looked over at the deeply sleeping Maya, who was lazily stretched out on her side of the bed. Even though it was still too dark to see everything, Susan gazed over to her, at this woman who promised and delivered a night that she never knew could be possible. As she continued to stare at her, Susan felt the ache of wanting to curl up against her, to indulge in the warmth of affection of a lazy morning after.

But the agreement was for a one-night stand, and the night was now over.

Susan wanted to lie back on the bed to heed her body's signs of exhaustion. Yet, she was afraid that if she did, she would find herself cuddled against her. With that thought, she felt the awkwardness of the previous night start to return.

Looking over at her longingly, she became aware of the deep ache of a different desire than what had consumed her the night before. She really wanted to get to know her as a person, to find out more about her and to see if her heart was as calm and gentle as it seemed. She wanted to know her stories and memories, and to perhaps create more together.

Susan sighed, knowing that this was the reason why she could never do a one-night stand again. Not with someone that she could ever develop feelings for... Which was incredibly ironic in that she didn't think she could ever go to bed again with someone who hadn't touched her emotionally.

How did people who jumped from bed to bed do it? Was it the ability to just focus on the act and the moment with that person and nothing else? But then, as she looked at the sleeping woman, she decided it was an ability she didn't need to have in herself.

With a deep sigh, she began to sit up but the physical exhaustion from the previous night forced her to lie back down again. Perhaps she could risk a half an hour more of shuteye.

The sound of a shower stirred Susan from her sleep. She bolted upright in the bed and saw that it was now almost 9 am.

And the more she thought about it, the more she realized she needed to heed to a different call of nature. Remembering that the bathroom was more than large enough, with a separate toilet stall along with the shower, she decided she could take advantage of it.

Feeling extremely self-conscious, she tiptoed to the bathroom and gently opened the door. The humid heat and light greeted her as she spotted Maya's silhouette through the smoky glass of the shower door. She noted that both Turkish bathrobes were on the hooks on the nearby wall. Despite the past evening, she became very aware and uncomfortable with her nudity again. It was like last night had its own magic spells and rules that suddenly disappeared in the morning.

On tiptoes, she snatched a robe on the way past to the toilet room. She had just flushed when she heard the shower water cease.

She stepped out to find Maya casually drying herself off, still gloriously casual with her own lack of clothes.

"Good morning," Maya greeted with her a gentle smile. "Did you sleep well?"

She thought about it and answered in amazement, "Yes. I guess it shows how exhausted I was."

"I completely understand. I hadn't had that deep of a sleep in a while... Oh, I put out a toothbrush for

you on the counter. Unfortunately, it's one of the cheap hotel complimentarys. But I suppose you'd rather use that instead of mine."

"Oh, okay. Thank you."

"Would you like some breakfast?" Maya asked as she combed out her hair. "I haven't placed an order yet. I usually just do a continental spread. You can choose something from the menu on the nightstand, or order whatever you'd like the chef to prepare. My treat, of course."

Susan's heart skipped a bit as she struggled to hide the sudden rush of enthusiasm at the opportunity to extend her stay even if it was just to eat. "Um, sure. I'm not a picky eater. I'll have whatever you're having."

While brushing her teeth, she glanced over to see Maya staring her in the face, but she dropped her gaze self-consciously. She could feel her cheeks burn with a deep blush.

As if deeply amused by something, Maya's gentle smile deepened as she said, "Take your time with the shower. I'll tell them not to rush breakfast. I don't plan to check out until noon."

"Oh, okay. Thank you," she mumbled as she suddenly felt even more self-conscious with the robe on. Fortifying herself to appear as relaxed as the other woman, she smoothly slipped off the garment and placed it on the hook before stepping into the shower by herself.

Now that she had complete control of the water, she noticed the list of preprogrammed settings and

punched in the option for 'Rainfall'. As expected, the various nozzles from the ceiling proceeded to do a gentle downpour of warm droplets that soothed as much as cleansed.

As the water cascaded down her face, Susan couldn't help but wonder if she was making all of this harder than it needed to be. After all, she and Maya should be able to carry on light, casual conversation, but while she struggled for appropriate subjects the night before, she was even more at a loss of what could be discussed the morning after. What could she possibly say or ask that didn't sound completely shallow with their pending good-bye?

It then occurred to her that all of this could have been a hell of a lot worse if last night hadn't been anywhere as near as incredible as it had been.

With that final thought, she took a deep breath and decided to follow the path that seemed to work best: taking all of her cues from the other woman. If Maya was comfortable being nude now, so would she. If a casual, relaxing breakfast were offered, then she would enjoy it as much as she could. When Maya was ready to finally say good-bye, then she would work to prepare herself for that moment. No further regrets or expectations.

With her shower done, Susan emerged to find the bathroom empty, with Maya apparently out in the suite. In the freedom of privacy, she dried herself off and made herself presentable. Well, about as presentable as she could be without any clothes on and no make-up.

She entered the bedroom to find that the curtains were drawn but Maya was still nowhere to be seen. That was when she heard the gentle violin music coming from the opened bedroom doors out to the other part of the suite.

Maya suddenly appeared, dressed in casual white pants with a green blouse. She motioned to the open wardrobe and said, "I always over pack, so you're welcome to wear something a lot more comfortable when you go home. I think you should be able to wear any of them. — We don't seem too different in sizes." She paused at the glance of concern on the other woman's face. "You don't have to worry about returning them. I assure you, that I have far too many clothes so that anything you take won't be missed. And if you don't want to keep them, donate them to charity after you're done with them."

"Oh, okay. Thank you," Susan said, falling back on her standard numbed reaction to almost everything this morning. "If you really don't mind."

She was about to step towards the clothes when she paused and realized something was amiss.

"Your dress is in the process of being dry-cleaned. Your undergarments too. They should be delivering them by the time we're done."

"Oh, okay. Thank you."

Maya paused and gave her a curious look. "Is something wrong?"

Susan blinked in flustered embarrassment. "No, not at all. I—I'm not used to someone else taking care of... everything."

The other woman blinked in her own surprise. But then she said, "I'll leave you to get dressed. The food is here so coffee is available if you want some." She left the room with a smile.

A smile that almost seemed a little sad.

Susan tried not to think too much about it, knowing that it was probably her imagination. She looked at the offered selection of three blouses and two skirts. She wanted to choose what appeared to be the least expensive items, but she wasn't sure how well she could wear them since Maya seemed to prefer form-fitting clothes. Then again, while they were comparable in height, Maya's curves were more... generous than hers.

So maybe it wouldn't be an issue after all.

And sure enough, her concerns were unfounded as she slipped into clothes that turned out to be a little loose but not ridiculously so. Though she did feel very exposed in not having any undergarments, but she could wait until her clothes were cleaned for those without imposing on her hostess further.

She emerged from the bedroom to find Maya standing in front of the living room window, nursing a cup of coffee in her hands. A fully stocked breakfast for two was spread out on the dining table, untouched and waiting.

The two women exchanged a soft smile as they sat down to eat.

After a moment of awkward silence, Maya said, "I hope I have not disturbed your plans for today."

“Well, I didn’t have any,” Susan admitted. And then added with a mumble, “I normally don’t. -- So when you’re done relaxing in Madrid, what will you do?”

“I haven’t decided yet,” she answered thoughtfully between bites. “There are two films that are launching so I might focus on one of them.”

“Wow, I can’t imagine doing anything that glamorous. All I do is take messages and type on the computer all day.”

Maya smiled wistfully and said, “I could retire now, but I wouldn’t know what to do with myself... Especially when I don’t have anyone to share it with.”

“... So what was she like?”

At the silence, Susan looked up and saw that the other woman was studying her.

She gave a sheepish shrug. “I really want to know... But I honestly understand if you don’t want to talk about it.”

Maya pursed her lips for a moment and then said, “She was the most kind and genuine person I had ever met. My company was originally hers. I was hired to be one of her assistants. I think it was obvious that we were falling in love with each other before either one of us acknowledged it. Mainly because she had a wife at the time, and I had a long-time boyfriend. We couldn’t start our own relationship without hurting other people.”

“So did you break up with your boyfriend when you realized you were in love with her?” she asked,

fascinated in hearing that Maya hadn't always been a lesbian.

"No, our passion got in the way of making smart choices..." she answered softly. "We ended up hurting everyone... And though it eventually turned out well, it's not something I am proud of. There's always a part of me that regrets that it didn't have a more honorable beginning..."

Susan didn't know what to say as she munched on a croissant. She took a breath and said sincerely, "Well, thank you for last night... I really appreciate everything that happened."

"... And I thank you. You provided a welcomed distraction from my own loneliness."

"... Me too..." Susan stared down at her food for a moment as she felt something stir inside. After a nervous swallow, she said, "Is sex between women always that incredible?"

The lesbian actually laughed and said, "Hardly. I suppose the circumstances just happened to be right, and we had good chemistry."

Sensing a moment of opportunity, Susan looked at her shyly and said, "Then... if you ever come back here for a visit, I wouldn't mind it if you contacted me. To see if the circumstances would be right again... And we could get to know each other outside of bed too."

The other woman stopped eating and looked at her curiously. She stared at her for such a long time that Susan was afraid that she had gone too far.

Finally, Maya gave her that gentle smile. “I would like that. It would give me an excuse to visit the U.S. more often.”

Emboldened, Susan asked, “I—If I kiss you, would you be willing to schedule a trip sooner rather than later?”

“... Perhaps... Shall we find out?” With an eyebrow arched coyly, she leaned forward slightly and waited.

Susan didn’t bother to hide her relieved smile, which faltered slightly at the realization of the teasing challenge before her. She had gone this far; she was determined not to back down now. She swallowed and carefully closed the distance between them.

Once their lips had touched, she closed her eyes to concentrate giving her all into being as tender as possible. She was no longer just kissing someone without emotional investment. As their mouths gently moved together, she wanted to be sure that she conveyed as much as possible that this moment really mattered to her. It was a different type of pleasure but one that she treasured the most.

When she finally pulled back and looked, she felt pleased and triumphant to see Maya lost in the haze of pleasure. Both women were panting slightly and their faces were a little flushed.

Quickly regaining focus, Maya gave her an intensely sultry look. She stood and offered her hand, knowing there weren’t any words needed to explain where she wanted to lead her.

Susan grinned and let herself be led back to the bedroom that was filled with the day's light.

The two women didn't increase contact until they reached the bedside. They tenderly started to undress each other, careful to lay their clothes neatly on the nearby chairs.

Quickly noting that the clock now showed 10:10, Susan crawled into the bed and stretched out in anticipation.

Noticing what had distracted Susan's attention, Maya paused and then reached over to the nightstand and opened the drawer. She sat down on the edge of the bed as she pulled out a small purse and retrieved her cell phone. With a push of a button, she reached over with her free hand and started to tenderly stroke the other woman's thigh. When the other person finally answered, she started to speak in Spanish in a friendly and cheerful tone.

While she waited for the conversation that she didn't understand to finish, Susan felt herself tremble with her intense breathing and rapid heartbeat. The stroking fingers felt both comfortable and thrilling. She mildly noted how sexy the other woman sounded as she spoke the foreign language.

Maya ended the call and gave her a satisfied smile. "We now have a little time. My assistant is going to change my flight to tomorrow."

Thrilled, Susan responded with a goofy grin.

"I would have delayed it further but I have some appointments with friends that already took months to coordinate," Maya explained as she stretched out on

the bed, slowly letting her gaze slide up and down the enticing body. When she met the other woman's eyes again, she gently smiled and caressed her cheek.

There was a deeply reassuring and promising look in her eyes that felt more true and real than any expression she had shown before. It was as if the reserve and sadness that she had maintained through the previous night had started to lift at last.

Susan felt her heart skip upon realizing this.

They kissed again, pressing their bodies against each other. Their limbs became completely entwined, as they let their hands run along their skin and in and out of each other's hair.

Her desire now feeling free to run rampant again, Susan wanted to make the most of this experience, especially if there was a real possibility that it would be months before they could touch each other again. She gently pushed up with her entire body, maneuvering herself on top of the other woman.

Maya was clearly surprised that Susan wanted to be on top right away, but she gamely allowed herself to be positioned on her back. She swallowed and took a deep breath to relax as she relinquished control.

Despite trembling and panting herself, Susan kissed her again, letting each gentle brush of flesh be everything of the moment. The only sounds that mattered were the sounds they created together, whether it be a gasp of a pant or the crackle of moisture. As she felt the other woman hungrily clutch her head or back, her nerves moved away from the

distractions of insecurities to the pureness of physical arousal.

Learning from the shared techniques of the previous night, she started to kiss the smooth flesh of the face and the neck, happy now that there was an emotional foundation to build on. As she moved downward, she smiled to see Maya arch her back in response and anticipation. When she was ready to focus on those breasts, she used the fact that she was straddling the other woman to sit up slightly. She gently cupped the ample flesh with both hands, indulging in the opportunity to touch such a private part of another woman.

It occurred to her that she never considered that women might have different responses to their breasts being touched. Even though she orgasmed from having her own nipples sucked, maybe Maya wouldn't have that response... Well, there's always one way to find out.

Using her fingertips, she gently teased and squeezed the rock hard nipples. She delighted in the unguarded responses of the other woman, whose eyes were squeezed shut as she gasped and arched at the slightest change in contact and pressure. She then self-consciously realized that she was almost drooling at the sight, which was her own cue to take things further.

She leaned forward and immediately took a nipple into her mouth with a forceful tug. Maya bucked her whole body so strongly that Susan thought having most of her weight on the woman's pelvis was

the only thing that kept her from being thrown off. But the devoured woman clasped the back of her head with such strength that she knew she wasn't meant to go anywhere.

Susan couldn't tell how long they remained locked together like that, but she wasn't about to complain as she heard and felt the effects of her lips and tongue. She broke contact only to switch breasts, which caused another groan of appreciation.

While she felt the occasional soft shudders of pleasure in the body before her, her mind began reflecting on the acts of the previous night. As she contemplated on what she should do next, she realized that there was a much more important challenge ahead. She felt that it needed to be dealt with sooner rather than later if she was to prove herself to be a serious romantic and sexual partner for the other woman.

She eased up her contact on the breast into firm nips and kisses to show that she had something else in mind. As if understanding the change in strategy, Maya gently released the hold on her head, even though she was still panting furiously.

Slowly, carefully, Susan centered her kisses on the woman's breastbone and started to work her way down.

Even though she relished the kisses down her abdomen, Maya realized what this was leading to. She said softly, "You don't have to do this if you're not really comfortable with it."

Susan paused and looked up at her. “I want to try.”

That seemed to be enough to assure the other woman as she fully relaxed and spread her legs in anticipation.

Susan gave her a reassuring smile before returning to her trail of kisses down the abdomen. When she made her way down to the full, moist curls, she breathed in deeply the smell of arousal that was both so familiar and foreign. But she knew if she took her time and carefully read the responses of the other woman, she would be all right.

She carefully used her hands to part the drenched flesh, giving her a full view. She noticed the protruding nubbin and gently pressed the tip of her tongue against it. The taste flooded her tongue as she felt the sensation of the hot flesh. Maya gave such a sharp cry of pleasure that it was clear she wasn’t far from orgasming.

Taking that cue to lock her arms around the flexing thighs and pelvis in the way that had been done to her, Susan carefully swirled her tongue around it. She thrilled at every sign that the other woman’s building pleasure was threatening to go out of control. Finally, Maya sat up with a loud cry and full body shudders.

Susan waited patiently as she pressed her tongue against its target as the climax finally ebbed. When the other woman carefully collapsed back on the bed in pants, she started licking with a little more force and variation.

She didn't bother to count how many times she helped Maya through the cycles of frenzied intensity and recuperation. But she slowly became distracted by her own aching desire.

"Pl—Please, let's do something different," Maya managed to say after she collapsed on the bed again in ragged pants. "Sit up and put one leg over my hips, like this..."

Licking her lips of the other woman's taste, Susan carefully did what she was told, realizing that she was positioning herself to press her clitoris against the other woman's. She let out a gasp of her own at the initial contact.

Maya smiled and instructed, "Start moving slowly. You can hold yourself up with your arms."

Susan couldn't believe the sharp grunts that came out of her as they slowly started to move against each other. She felt like she was indulging in such a raw, physical, sexual act that she easily pushed away any distracting thoughts from her mind such as embarrassment or awkwardness. The only thing that mattered was the amount of pleasure she was receiving and giving.

The orgasm hit her with such intensity that she had no idea how she actually responded other than to be so overwhelmed by waves of ecstasy that she almost blacked out. When she refocused, she found she had ended up on her back, with Maya straddled over her, lost in her own spasms.

When they both started to relax, the panting women looked deeply into each other's eyes and

eventually melted into giggles that released any final layer of awkwardness that may have remained between them. Maya eased out of the position to be able to recline with her head resting on the soft bosom before her. Susan gladly embraced her and let out a deep sigh of contentment that was more emotional than physical.

“So...” she said softly, “when do you think you’ll come back to the U.S.?”

Maya lifted her head and looked at her with a teasing smile. “I’ll promise to schedule a trip as soon as I can if you promise you’ll apply for a passport.”

“You’ve got a deal,” Susan said with a laugh and a kiss.

Epilogue

“Susie?”

She stopped in her tracks at the familiar voice and looked around the airport terminal.

“So, it is you!” Tom declared as he walked forward, dressed in a suit and accompanied by a carry on bag. “Wow I almost didn’t recognize you. You look great!”

She blushed at the sheer genuineness of his comment since he caught her prior to her flight, when she hadn’t yet suffered from travel fatigue or time-zone changes. “Thank you! Going on a business trip?”

“Yeah, to Vancouver,” he said with a self-conscious tug of his tie, “Once I land, I’m supposed to go straight to a seminar and give a presentation. Where are you going?”

“Mexico City.” She answered simply. “For a vacation.”

“Oh, cool. Good for you.” A shadow then passed across his face before he swallowed and said, “Hey, I know we didn’t end that night on good terms. I really was worried that you’d get home okay... But it looks like you did.”

She gave him a genuine smile and said, “I know you did. And I’m sorry I never returned your call. Things just kind of... became crazy from that point.”

“But a good crazy?”

“Oh yes,” she assured him.

As he stared at her, a different look suddenly appeared in his eyes. "Hey um, I'll be back in town next week. When you come back, do you want to get together and do something?"

Reflexively, Susan's heart skipped a beat, and it showed on her face. But then seeing that he was completely serious, she smiled sincerely and said, "Thank you for the offer but I think I need to decline. For good. I'm in a relationship with someone right now."

"Oh!" He clearly tried to cover his surprise and disappointment as he said forcefully, "Good for you... Well, I've got to get to my gate. Take care, Susie."

"You too, Tom. Good-bye!"

As she watched him walk away, she knew she should have thanked him because she never would have met Maya if it hadn't been for the circumstances of that night. But she realized that she didn't need to rub salt in his wound.

With that final thought about him, she turned to her attention back to trying to locate her gate.

- The End -

Author's Comments

Like most key projects in my professional and free-lance (personal) careers, this started as a case of being “if you want something done, do it yourself.” In my quest of very rare good lesbian erotica in the Western and Eastern comic book worlds, I felt a certain amount of frustration that I realized I had to fill that need on my own. And since I don’t have comparable drawing skills, this story came in the form of a written novel rather than a graphic one.

Now, before you start listing a whole bunch of other sources of good material in text form, let me state that despite being the professed “writer”, I am not a reader of things that don’t have drawn pictures. I know there’s a plentiful world of lesbian erotica in text form out there – it’s just not something that’s within my normal realm of entertainment choices.

Plus, while I’ve been very comfortable writing about lesbian subject matter for the past twenty years, I’ve always stopped short of exploring the sex act(s) in written form. And as a literary snob, it just wasn’t something I felt compelled to do in my other projects. So this story also came as sort of a personal challenge to see if I really could pull it off.

So, the timing couldn’t have been more appropriate for such an attempt: I’m a half hour shy of my 40th birthday as I write the first draft of this, I’m struggling to keep my corporate life from completely

consuming my personal one, and I needed something new and controversial to sink my mental teeth into.

To start, I gave myself some rules:

1. It would be a self-contained story in that I have absolutely no interest or expectations of writing about the characters again.
2. It would still incorporate my lesbian feminist activist sensibilities.
3. And it would embrace the fact that I have several non-lesbians in my fan base, while being true to the intent that it's a story written by a lesbian for lesbians.

I knew I couldn't write completely vacuous fluff. There had to be a character development arc and some sort of plot progression. I wanted it to be about a woman who learns to develop self-esteem through the experience of interacting with someone who treated her with complete trust and respect. And I struggled with finding a title for it. I stumbled with the oh-so-cliché draft title "Shell" for the longest time, knowing that I would change it sooner or later.

As the story developed, I realized that it was really about the style of seduction, how Susan takes steps, but only when Maya leaves her a trail to follow. And so I happily embraced the title "Breadcrumbs." I honestly thought it would be the title I would publish the work under.

Due to conversation during an evening in a hotel room while attending the 2008 San Diego Comic Con

with my best friend, an equally gay Mexican-American man, I inspired to go for a more Latin title. And thus, “Deseo” was finally chosen, which was very appropriate given Maya’s ethnicity.

Plus, being a little personally disgusted by the anti-immigration sentiments in Bush-America, the subversive part of my mind enjoyed the idea that people would have to ask for my book by speaking Spanish.

Now that I’ve done it, I admit I had fun. I discovered that there’s truth in the saying that the difference between porn and erotica is the lighting – or in this case, the details. It also gave me interesting things to talk about with people at parties.

I enjoyed it enough that I’ve committed myself to two more (self-contained) stories to see if there’s an audience out there for this material. If there is, as proven by sold copies, I can see myself producing at least one or two books a year.

I honestly hope you’ve enjoyed this book. And I would love to hear feedback and can be reached at <http://pkristen.livejournal.com/>. This will also be where I post the status of my other writing projects.

Otherwise, take care!

About the Author

I was born in Bangkok, Thailand, and raised a U.S. military brat, or more precisely: an Air Force Officer's brat. I officially came out at the age of 20, though there were several earlier moments that could have been considered suspicious... like having a huge crush on my kindergarten teacher, Miss Price (sigh).

I spent my twenties being the self-proclaimed Lesbian Radical Activist by doing the volunteer thing, and then spent my thirties recovering from it. All the while, did the corporate thing to pay the bills – a curse that still happens at the point of this writing.

Formerly a columnist, having written the “Active Voice” column for The Orange County Blade Gay and Lesbian Magazine for a couple of years, which focused on my real-life adventures of being an out lesbian in the 90's. Was a journalist and photographer for the local gay and lesbian press. Volunteered with several non-profit LGBT organizations, most notably Laguna Outreach, of which I served on the Board of Directors. Speaker on several gay and lesbian panels, mostly at University of California, Irvine and Irvine Valley College. And a lot of other things that I've forgotten, either due to the passing time or on purpose or both.

I had volunteered several years with the Los Angeles Women's Shakespeare Company in non-acting capacity. I also made a tiny name for myself on

the Internet with writing an epic fanfic of the anime series “Bubblegum Crisis Tokyo 2040.” I wrote reviews and analysis of lesbian content on the now defunct website “This Lesbian’s Guide to Anime and Manga”. (You can blame AOL getting rid of their Hometown service and content for that.)

I still live in Orange County, leaving occasionally for work trips, Vegas, Broadway and Tokyo.

Oh, and special thanks to:

IshiYoshi – My creative muses!!!

Rachel – My first beta reader and whose feedback gave me the courage to take it to the next level.

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Upcoming in Winter 2009:

“The Sequel”

The Story of Rachel and Vicky

Despite the title, this will be another self-contained story where two women who had been lovers in college, but are now incredibly jaded friends in their early thirties.

In the period of both being single again at the same time in years, they discover that perhaps the sparks aren't completely gone from their relationship. But can they lower their guards to try again?

Would they even want to given that they're supposedly older and wiser, and know just too much about each other?

