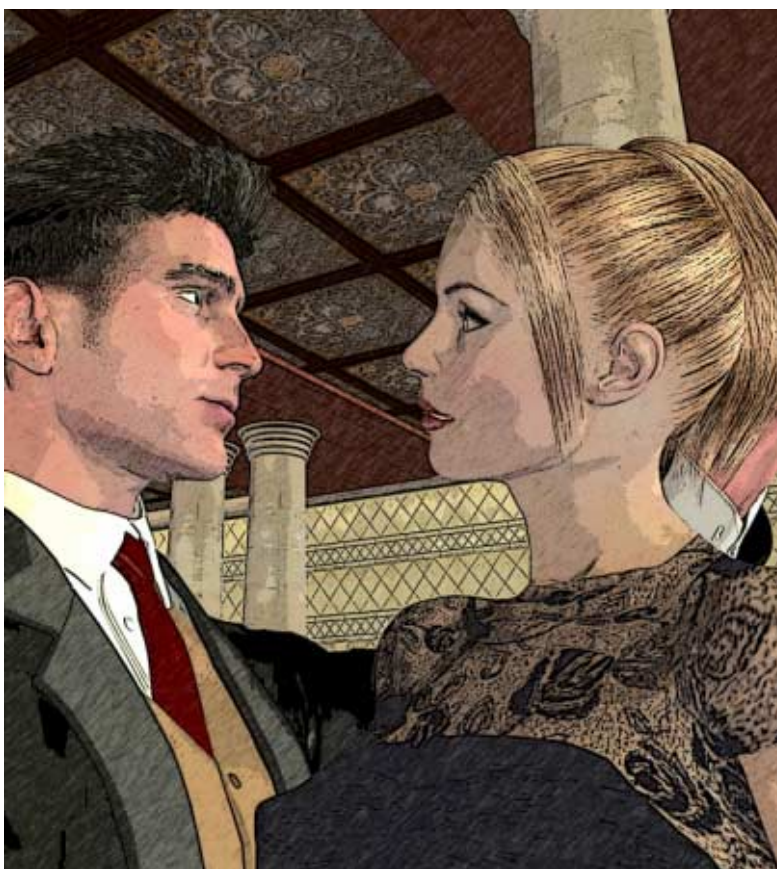




Reluctant Press

An Eye For Hannah

Joni Hyde



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2004, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

An Eye for Hannah

by Joni Hyde

Reeve opened the door and set the slim bottle of Galliano on the table. “Here, Rachel; your favorite.”

“Didn’t hear you come in,” she answered. “How was work?”

“The important thing is that it’s over and we have the entire weekend to ourselves.”

She shook her head. “No mints and flowers?” she asked with a note of disdain.

He put his arm around her waist and pulled her against him. “Must you always accuse me of an ulterior motive?”

She spun away from him. “It’s because you always have one, I suppose.”

He could feel the familiar tightness of anger flush his face. “And what, sweet muff, is my motive this evening; since you’re so all-fired intent on picking a fight?”

“Same as always. Bottle of favorite liqueur, hugs and kisses; oral sex.”

He sighed. “So the answer is the same as always, right?”

“Right. I’m not going to do it.”

“Look,” he started with a sigh of exasperation. “It was your idea for us to move in together because we’d save enough money to get you out of that crappy job at the resort.”

She put her hand on her hip and her eyes thinned to angry lines. “So we’re onto that again. OK, I wanted out of that job and, like, I promised to make an honest effort to go down for you. Just that I wasn’t very good at it, right?”

He moved to her again. “You were sure quick to give up the struggle.”

“How was I to know it would be a frequent thing with you?”

He kissed her cheek. “Cheer up, Rachel. I’m trying to make it right, aren’t I?”

“Yes, *very* trying.” She turned on her heel and started to dish up their supper.

As they ate in strained silence, Reeve was considering the dilemma.

“Not working,” he thought. “She was all set to have this living arrangement when it meant she didn’t have to go to the resort and clean rooms anymore. Can’t fault her for that. She surely has more talent than a cleaning lady. Yet, even though it now appears to be a standoff, I’m not ready to give this up. Something in her sensual nature is a fascination. A challenge even.”

“Maybe,” he said to her in a soft tone, “we’re being too uptight about all this. What say we call a truce? I’ll quit trying to invade your mouth, you start coming around to your old self. Just remember the really good fun we had, sexual and otherwise. That sound OK?”

She thought it over. “Perhaps I’m too much on the defensive. What do you suggest?”

He smiled and pressed her hand. “How about going out? Just the two of us, like old times. We’ve been cooped up here, both with odd agendas, making our lives miserable. We can go to a show, dancing, bar-hopping, whatever you say.”

She measured her words. “Good to go,” she answered. “and you promise to keep your pants zippered and to not play with my lips?”

“Oh, that’s tough, but I can try.”

She stood to clear the dinner dishes and stack them in the sink. “What is it with you, anyhow? Do you ever think of anything other than getting sucked?”

He sighed again. “I told you, Rachel. It’s a need, not a luxury or passing fancy. I really need it.”

She giggled. “Oh, yes, you told me. It’s OK by me if you get someone else to do it. Just as long as I don’t have to go back to work.”

“There are other jobs, you know.”

“Few and far off, lover. No, I’ll be your loving, stay-at-home wife. Just don’t hassle the cook.”

He waited for her to slip into her short skirt accented by the bare midriff and seamed stockings. He whistled when she came out to the car. As he held the door open for her, he could see her elegant legs when she settled in.

She laughed at him. “OK, let’s go; I feel better already.”

Reeve was encouraged by Rachel’s change of mood. They took a side table and watched the dancers display their talents as the Boom-Room DJ urged them on.

One girl kept Rachel’s attention.

“Oh, I knew that girl looked familiar. How could I ever...?”

Reeve leaned forward. “Which one?”

“The plaid skirt and green blouse; there, she’s turning toward us. That’s Hannah, don’t you remember?”

Reeve’s eye for beauty flicked over the svelte girl approaching them. “I’ll never forget her,” he said simply.

In a moment Rachel, jumped to her feet, and the girls were embracing each other and squealing with delight.

Rachel, Reeve observed, was her old self as she enthusiastically conversed with Hannah. They were so engrossed in each other that he opted to go to the bar and take his time refilling the drinks.

“Darling,” Hannah gushed as she grasped Rachel’s hand across the table. “How are you getting along, being so settled down and all?”

“Listen! It’s all a big mistake and I can’t see my way clear to get out of it. Also, we are financially linked to each other, just getting by, like that.”

“It distresses me to see you unhappy. Remember the really neat fun we had while I was growing up and you were already mature?”

Rachel laughed. “We grew up together, silly. You were way ahead of me. But, are you here alone?”

Hannah giggled. “I’m with Cherry, the red dress beauty over there.” She pointed at a girl engrossed in conversation with a guy at a table toward the dance floor. “We come here to dance and mess around. Nobody hassles us because we bring in the guys when they look for someone to dance with, try to make out, like that.”

Rachel’s eyes narrowed. “Suspicious me. And, *do* they make out?”

Hannah giggled again. “Remember, when we were in school, how you always had the dates and I took what was left? Well, it never stopped. Not often but once or twice I’ve deceived myself on some jock, but it just never worked out. I’m not as fortunate in that department as you are.”

“So, just like old times, you’re in it for the fun and laughs? You are amazing! And how, please tell, did you learn the art of separating the patrons from their money?”

“Have a super instructor. Her name is Janet Jensen but we all call her Jenn. What a fab gal. Anyhow; she has this all planned. If ever you need that kind of friend, I’d be happy to introduce you. But, it isn’t all sex. I don’t get nearly as much sex as you do.”

They both laughed. “There was a time when Reeve was intense but he seems to have lost interest.”

“Maybe it’s you who has lost interest. Or, perhaps changed interests.”

Rachel grinned and squeezed Hannah’s hand. “Who can say? Reeve is up for a promotion in field supervision and, if he gets that, he’ll travel quite a bit. Then it’s back to being lonely again.”

Hannah held her hand in place. "My offer still stands. Jenn is as mysterious as she is charming and, with a little help, you can join us; Cherry is one neat gal."

"I've made a note of it. Oh, here comes Reeve."

Reeve slid the glasses onto the table and sat down. "Good to see you two together again; just like high school, isn't it?" he asked; a wry smile belied his feelings. When Hannah crossed her legs, Reeve went on alert. But, he considered, even with that great body, Hannah still had that one asset above all others: a sensual mouth. He shrugged off an attack of goose bumps and relaxed back.

The DJ spun a slow, dreamy, tune and Hannah jumped up. "Let's dance. I love this one."

Rachel looked quickly at Reeve. "Do you mind?"

"Not at all. But don't be surprised if some swingin' chick kidnaps me for a night of sex and games."

Hannah slid her hand around Rachel's waist. "We'll take our chances on that but good luck in either event." They knew Reeve did not dance.

He grinned and waved them away.

Hannah, leading the willing girl through some basic steps, finally reached over and pushed Rachel's head onto her shoulder. They drifted with the music. "It's wonderful feeling you close to me," Hannah whispered as she looked down at Rachel.

"Do you and Cherry dance when this number comes up?"

Hannah clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "Umm, how nice. After just a few minutes, you're jealous. Might I be envious of your friend, Reeve?"

"Don't be silly," Rachel answered and snuggled closer in the musical embrace.

Hannah spun and stopped to introduce a new step. The maneuver crushed their breasts together and Rachel gasped. "Don't tease me," she said to Hannah.

"Had enough of the dance, then?"

Rachel sighed. "Yes, I guess so."

In the parking lot, the effect of the drinks daunting him, Reeve struggled with the keys and finally got the door open for Rachel. "Damn locks don't work right," he bemoaned. But, with the map light on when the door opened, he watched Rachel's trim figure as her hem climbed on her legs.

They were silent as the car sped down the familiar road, each entertaining their own thoughts. Then, "Hannah is as lovely as ever, don't you think?" Reeve said trying to hide a surge of emotion.

"Certainly, but she has grown up. Not like the old sport we knew in school."

"When you both hugged, it was like these few years just up and disappeared."

Rachel slid down until she could rest her head on the back of the seat. Reeve whistled at her exposed thighs with appreciation. "I've no doubt she still sees you as just as attractive as ever," he said tentatively.

“She didn’t say that but, then, we only had a few minutes.”

Reeve was quiet as he organized his thoughts. “In highschool it was sort of thought that you and Hannah were lovers. Did that ever happen?”

Shocked, Rachel sat up and looked at him. His jaw was set as if angry but he didn’t sound that way. “Did what ever happen? Lovers? No, we fooled around a lot just like girls do. I don’t know where you heard such crap.”

“Just a rumor,” he said.

“Then just drop it,” she answered firmly.

“Umm,” he thought, “methinks thou dost protest too strongly.”

Reeve harbored his own thoughts and fantasies for a few days. In midweek he stopped at the Boom Room Bar on his way from work. The early barflies were already gathering but he didn’t see Hannah.

“Help you, sir?” the barmaid said as she settled a cocktail napkin in front of him.

He seemed distracted. “Ah. Bar Scotch, up. Thanks.”

She served him the drink and a glass of water. “You looking for someone? You don’t act like you came here to drink.”

“There is a girl we know. Hannah.”

The barmaid smiled and winked at someone over Reeve’s shoulder.

“Hi, Reeve. Buy me a drink?” Hannah said.

They slid into a booth and sipped at their drinks. “What’s going on?” Hannah asked. “You don’t hang out in bars. You and Rachel OK?”

“Umm. Yes, I guess so but I have some questions in my mind. Perhaps later we can talk.” He looked around. “You seem to be well known here.”

She grinned. “We, Cherry and I, work here. We ask the guys to buy us drinks, talk a while, dance, whatever and get a percentage.”

Reeve was unimpressed. “B-drinking. That what it’s called?”

She positioned her chin in an upraised hand and smiled at him. “Everyone seems happy with the arrangement. Now, what is it you wanted to talk about?”

“You and Rachel. Were you lovers?”

Hannah burst out laughing. “Heavens no! Oh, we might have messed around a little, played boyfriend, like that.” Then she looked at him with a grave expression.

“I never went down on her. Is that what you’re asking?”

He squirmed in discomfort. “Yes. I have to know.”

“Well, now you do. So what?”

“Just this,” he hesitated, then began, “when you two were together the other evening, that short dance, well, Rachel came alive. More so than I’ve seen her in a long time. I’d heard in school, locker room rumor mostly, that you didn’t date guys, just girls, like that.”

Hannah took a deep breath. “I do not want to be evasive but I need to make it clear I don’t want to hurt Rachel in any way. If this line is leading to something nasty, then I’m not a part of it.”

“You love her?” The candid moment hung between them.

She looked at him, eye level, serious. Finally, “Yes, I’ve been in love with her since the fifth grade, probably. What about it?”

He looked around the bar, embarrassed. “Now it’s you and Cherry?”

“Reeve, you sure ask a lot of questions. I want to know where this is going.”

He moved slightly away from her and took her hand onto his lap. She did not object to him pushing her hand against his leg. She seemed unaffected. “I think it would be good for Rachel if you and she would get back together. Perhaps go out two or three times a month. Something. It could lead to the bedroom with Rachel.”

Hannah whistled. “You sure are up-front. She’s your chick and here you are, arranging for sex. You were looking down your nose at me just now because I made a few dollars B-drinking. How about you pandering?”

“Ah, the eternal pander, yes. I have something in mind. It’s a need Rachel doesn’t fill. I’m asking if you want her enough to negotiate with me.”

“Wow. This is wild. Pray tell; what need?”

Reeve drained his drink and motioned to the barmaid for two more. He watched with feigned interest as some customers came and went. She waited.

“Well,” she said finally. “Again. What can I do that Rachel can’t or won’t?”

“I want to have sex with you.” His eyes narrowed. He wet his lips “I want your mouth.”

In the moment, Hannah struggled for self-control. She knew she was angry and that flying at him with harsh words would solve nothing. “Just because I’m a lesbian, is that it? You want me for that reason? You are something else, Reeve. I say again, I never went down on Rachel. If I knew then what I know now, well, perhaps.”

“Want to tell me about it or are you too steamed up?”

“I shouldn’t be angry but I am. Let’s close this conversation for now. Catch me in a few days after I’ve had a chance to think it over. But, one thing, the going out to a movie or concert or something once in a while. Would that be part of your deal or is it just the bedroom?”

He felt relieved. “Just the bedroom. You can get back to your friendship with Rachel, do things together and decide for yourself if she is worth the price.”

“You’re a first class prick, Reeve Rayne,” Hannah said standing up. She walked away without looking back.

“Rachel?” Hannah said screeching into the cell phone. “I have two tickets to Elton John’s concert Saturday. Want to go?”

She was stunned. “Oh, yes, sure. But, what about Cherry?”

“She is not interested. Would rather play bar girl.”

“Hannah. I haven’t heard a word from you in, what, three years? and now all of a sudden we’re back on track.”

“If that’s a solid NO, OK, then,” Hannah answered. “But, ask Reeve if it’s OK and call me back.”

“I want to go, Hannah; honest. But…”

“Call me,” Hannah said and signed off.

After the concert, both girls relaxed in Hannah’s sport coupe. “Let’s wait until the traffic clears, OK?” Hannah asked.

Rachel nodded. “It was swell of you to invite me; thanks. I really enjoyed it.”

Hannah let her head rest against the seat and turned to face Rachel. “There is something I want to talk about. Now is as good a time as any, I suppose.”

Rachel raised both hands in mock defense. “Now, if you’re going to preach about me and Reeve, I object to being a captive audience.” They both laughed.

“Nothing like that.” Hannah took a deep breath. “Reeve stopped in to see me at the bar last week. We had a, well, up-front talk. “

“Oh? That’s interesting. He drink much?”

“Just some Scotch. He said it was cool with him for me to date with you; go out once in a while, like we used to do.”

Rachel was deep in thought. Then, “Umm. Yes, makes sense. I think he wants, needs, some freedom from me and this is his way of doing it.”

“You mean he’s looking for someone else?”

“I told him he could go out to get what he needs as long as I don’t have to do it.”

“You won’t go down on him, that it?”

Rachel bit her lip and fought back a tear. “Yes. I only agreed to move in with him, have missionary sex, if I could quit that crummy job at the resort.”

Hannah was quiet then, seeing the parking area clear, started the car and pulled out onto the street. “I know a very intimate bar we can stop at without being attacked. You cool with that?”

“Oh, sure. Why not? Put a top on the evening and all.”

The lounge was dark but Hannah led the way to a spot in a cozy corner. They ordered and sat back. Rachel looked around. “You a regular here?”

“Just once in a while. The gal who owns it is Janet Jensen. I told you about her, remember? She is the mystery gal who taught me what I know about making a living with barflies.”

“I hate it when Reeve drinks too much.”

“He push you around?”

“Tries to get in my mouth if that’s pushing around.”

“Do you get him to perform cunnilingus on you? Do you like that?”

“Yes; a lot but his attitude is to do it to me so I’ll do it for him. Then it’s not fun. Tension, you know?”

“Is what he asks so unreasonable?”

“I don’t like it.”

Hannah sighed, emptied her drink and motioned for another for both of them. She reached to cover Rachel’s hand and pressed with her fingers. “Reeve wants me to give him head,” she began slowly. “In return for doing that he has allowed you and I to see more of each other.”

Rachel was stunned. “What crap. I’m calling a foul. Did anyone think of consulting me in this little tryst?”

“Don’t be angry, Rach,” she said softly. “I’m only telling you what’s going on. It’s something for you to think about seriously. Can you see him forcing you, rape is the word, if you continue to keep him away? Or, will he just dump you and get someone else? After all, he’s successful, up for promotion, and all that. Without him you’d be back at the resort or pushing drinks like me. Think about it.”

Rachel started to cry and buried her face in Hannah’s shoulder. She stroked Rachel’s hair and fondled the smooth skin of her neck. “It’s a good thing we can talk it over,” Hannah said quietly. “What is your feeling?”

“Right now I’m pissed. Why would he, my supposed loving better half, make such a proposal? And, while we’re at it; how do you fit in to all this?”

Hannah let her hand drop to the top of Rachel’s blouse so her thumb could caress the firm breast. “I’m agreeable, darling, if you are. I’m not one to force myself on you or anyone else; not my style.”

“Gosh, Hannah. Are you saying you are a lesbian, that you and Cherry are lovers and you....”

“Something like that. Let’s not talk about it any more. You need to think it all out. We’ll do a girl outing next weekend and see how you feel. That cool?”

Rachel was silent, withdrawn, in the car. Hannah did not involve her in small talk. “I don’t want to go back to that resort. I don’t want to wash dishes or flip burgers. I don’t want to hustle bar drinks,” Rachel blurted out.

“The answer is simple enough. You have to keep Reeve happy, sexually and otherwise.”

“And you, Hannah? Do you find Reeve attractive enough to...to...”

“Yes and no. No, he doesn’t turn me on. Yes, I really like the idea of us two getting to know each other. With Reeve blocking us, we don’t have even that. Simple, isn’t it? In a way, Rach, though you might see yourself as a victim, you are in control.”

“Jeez,” Rachel said and ran her fingers through her hair. “What a night this has been.”

Hannah wheeled the car to a stop in their driveway. Reeve’s car was not there but Rachel lost no time in getting out. She hesitated. “Thanks for an interesting date,” she said, wondering if she should shake hands.

“Just one last thought, honey, “ Hannah said firmly. “When you consider all this, just remember my mouth and what it is willing to do for you.”

“And Reeve, or so I’m told.” She slammed the door and went into the house.

Reeve came through the front door slightly tipsy. “Hello,” he called out.

“Had enough to drink?” Rachel asked, her arms folded.

“Nearly enough,” he answered and weaved into the kitchen for a glass of ice water.

“The ice won’t cool it,” Rachel said firmly.

“So you and Hannah were out on the town,” he said, assuming. “She tell you about our little deal?”

“Yes,” Rachel answered. She tapped her foot impatiently. “You better get yourself off to bed. Not good to be late as well as hung over.”

He waved in good nature as if dismissing a taxi cab. “Right, I’ll dahlin’ “

Alone, Rachel pondered her dilemma. Any amount of dealing with her thoughts and emotions led to the same conclusion. She had to keep Reeve in her life and, sad as it was, she called on her self-discipline to perform for him. “But, Hannah? What a sweet person she is,” Rachel thought to herself. “We had so much fun tonight, the concert and all. And, she couldn’t have been nicer in telling me about Reeve, and warning me. Too, was she testing me when she told me about pleasure with her mouth? How far might we go? If I am forced to a choice, what do I do?” She let out a long sigh, kicked off her shoes, and climbed the stairs to their bedroom.

In the darkness, as she readied for bed, she was still immersed in her thoughts. Then she turned to face him when he spoke, “I think Hannah will go for it.”

“Yes,” she answered simply. “and, what’s more, she said if I wanted to keep our living arrangement, I’d have to be more cooperative.”

“Aha. Now you’re talking sense. But, negotiations are past, babe. The deal is closed.”

Rachel lifted herself on one arm off the pillow. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I’ve been thinking about you and Hannah. How do you feel about her? I mean, are you ready to make love with her?”

“That what you want? Is Hannah going to take to this bed between us?”

“Couldn’t have said it better myself.”

“I do have some say-so, you know,” she said, suddenly defensive.

“I’ve been looking at the situation from your point of view. You have not a word to say about it. I’ll call the shots. It is a fortunate man, indeed, who can get two beautiful girls to give him head. Sounds great.”

Rachel shuddered. “You may be right; I’ve not decided yet what I’ll do.”

He laughed. “Yes, you have. And you can start right now.”

He moved toward her, lurched slightly, and reached to catch her by the shoulder.

“Uh, I don’t think so,” she said. When he continued to grope for her, she rolled forward and pushed him backwards onto the bed. He collapsed and hit his head on the bed post with a sickening thud. Just that quickly he was unconscious and the threat was removed.

She considered it. “That’s it for now,” she mumbled and knelt to remove his shoes, then loosen his belt. He seemed to be resting peacefully. “But it solves nothing. When he wakes up with a colossal hangover, he’ll be on a roll, for sure.”

She bathed, put on her nightie and decided on a cup of coffee to help think things over. Settled in on the screened porch, watching the moon play patterns on the lake, it seemed to her quite impossible that anything in her narrow world could be so disturbing. Yet the facts were unaltered. And, with Hannah in the picture, Reeve was more excited than ever. “What a perv,” she mumbled and shook her head.

Three in the morning came and she dozed fitfully. Then she heard him step onto the porch. He was immediately behind her as she sat on the sofa. He grabbed both her shoulders before she could react.

In a moment he had both her hands behind her back and was busily taping them together high enough to make her shoulders strain. There was a brief flash of terror when he gathered a chock of hair in his fist and jerked her around.

“Just sit there and behave, slut.” He deftly opened the front of her negligee and unhooked her halter. Then he stood in front of her, cradled her head in his hands and forced her face against his stomach.

She was suddenly unafraid. “Actually,” she considered, “we’ve known each other a long time, too long to expect violence. Then too, that hit on the head just might have taken him to the edge.”

“Reeve, you can let go now. You don’t scare me.”

Saying nothing, he moved one hand forward so he could push his knuckle against her lips. When she primly kept her lips closed, he pressured her even more.

Next, he dropped his boxer trunks to the floor, kicked them away, and was naked in front of her. She couldn't take her eyes off his erect shaft. The bulbous head looked more than lethal, even in the moonlight.

He ran his thumb across her lips. "It's time. I've waited long enough."

"The answer is still no, Reeve. Now, just cool it, will you?" She suppressed a moment of panic when he put his hand behind her neck and pulled until her nose jammed his navel.

"Open up, now," he said harshly.

She shook her head. But she should have known there was a limit to his patience. The damsel in distress, as she saw herself, was in a bad spot indeed. She could only hope.

He slapped her with the flat of his hand across her face. The stinging almost took her breath away. "Reeve, I can't believe you did that, you..."

For an answer he grabbed both of her nipples and squeezed until she screamed for him to stop.

"No more deals, bitch. Do as you're told or you'll be out on your ass with a full tummy of cum and a sore throat. Now, get with it."

She shook her head "no" again. This time she braced herself and his arm swooped full swing coming down hard on her breast. Then he pushed her; she was off-balance because her hands were bound behind her, and she half-fell to one side on the sofa. Then he was gone.

She blinked in the semi-darkness and worked at the tape to free herself. When he came back, he had his belt wrapped around one fist and raised his arm. This time the blow fell across her thighs leaving a red welt she was sure would take days to heal. Again she screamed. Again he moved against her. His firm rod seemed to her even more engorged than before. She knew it was lust and excitement.

With both hands covering her ears, he guided her upright and forward. She looked up at him, tears streaming down her face. "You're raping me," she sobbed.

"Call it whatever you like. Just get busy. I want to watch my cock disappear into that pretty mouth." His raised arm, with the snapping belt, was a silent threat.

She nodded and her lips parted. "Don't hit me again; I'll suck you."

With eyes wide open, she concentrated, eyebrows knit, on the erection approaching her lips. There was a faint scent of masculine musk, his pre-cum excitement. Her lips pursed in an enticing oval, she gradually closed on the corona of his cock, licked with a firm tongue tip and let it gradually into her mouth.

She was taking instruction. “Ummmm, yes; lips suck. No teeth or you get the belt again.”

He pulled her head toward him, then back and kept a constant pressure. She gagged several times but did not retch. The fellatio settled into a rhythm and she kept looking up at him.

“If I undo your wrists, you can use your hands. I don’t want any trouble from you. OK?”

She let the big cock swing away from her face for a moment. “OK, sure; I know when I’m well off.”

He quickly freed her from the tape and moved her hands onto his firm tool. “Take it and work it, you know how, and it will soon explode in your sexy mouth.”

Still sobbing, she resumed working his penis against her throat, all the while crying softly. When he screamed at her to suck harder, she closed her cheeks until they made a wet sheath for him. Her fingers worked busily at the base of his cock and occasionally fingered his full balls. Tears coursed her cheeks but he didn’t care.

“Great! It’s now, baby,” he said and slammed into her throat. The sperm surged out in a pumping, salty, stream as he shook and moaned. Her mouth kept it all and he smiled in satisfaction as he watched her throat muscles swallow. Then it was over.

She ran from him, still afraid, but of what, she wasn’t sure. He had apparently gone back to bed so she took the opportunity to grab her robe, car keys and cell phone before letting herself out.

Standing dumbly on the doorstep in her bare feet, she decided she should return for her shoes. That was when he slammed the door behind her and threw the bolt lock into place. “Get lost,” he hollered and then all was quiet. Even with the key which would open the bolt, she did not dare to enter. Then she



heard the heavy foyer chair slam against the door. Panic set in but she kept a presence of mind.

“Hannah, help,” she said into her cell phone. “I’m on my way to your place, please let me in.”

“Rachel. It’s four o’clock in the morning. Can’t you come later?”

“He raped me and threw me out. Barricaded the door. Told me to get lost.”

“Poor darling. Yes, come on. You can tell me all about it.”

The porch light was on and the house lighted when she arrived. Seeing Hannah watching from the living room window was like a safety beacon. She parked the car and ran, still barefoot, to the open doorway.

Half-laughing with hysteria, Rachel fell into Hannah’s arms. They went inside and Rachel slumped onto the sofa. She was aware of her bare legs and messed-up hair. The salty stick in her throat was still very real. Accepting a glass of white wine from Hannah, she gulped and then started to cry again. Hannah put her arm around her and rocked her gently.

“What’s going on?” Cherry called from her room.

“It’s Rachel,” Hannah answered. “She’s been raped and her loving home companion threw her out.”

“Charming,” Cherry answered and went back to bed.

Rachel dropped onto the living room sofa and the sobs began again. Her body was wracked with the grievous aftermath.

“Relax, darling,” Hannah said softly. “You’re safe here.”

Rachel snuggled into Hannah’s arms and they settled there for a long moment.

“Here, honey, drink this. It’ll help you sleep.”

Rachel jiggled the ice cubes enjoying the tinkling sound. The gin and tonic was soon gone and she passed out from exhaustion in Hannah’s arms.

In the morning she awoke when the door slammed. “Oh,” she said in alarm.

Hannah came from the kitchen with a mug of steaming coffee. “Cherry just left for another day at the club. We take turns going in early so we catch the thirsty lunch bunch.”

“Guess you think I’m pretty foolish, huh?”

Hannah set the hot coffee on the end table and took her hand. “You did the right thing by calling me. It could have been really nasty; I mean, more so. Do you want to make up with him?”

Rachel began to cry again. “No. I’ve had enough but... Oh, Hannah, what shall I do? I am so dependent on him.”

“First order of the day is a hot bath, then we’ll talk it over. That interest you?”

She nodded and stood up. Hannah filled the tub and added the salts and suds.

“Marvelous. You are so good to me.” She stepped in and sank gratefully until the water lapped her chin. Hannah stood over her.

“Rachel; you are as beautiful as ever. I think Reeve is crazy to throw you away.”

“And you, Hannah; will *you* throw me away as well?” The thought was out and she immediately regretted it. She was hurting Hannah for no reason. Self-esteem was at an all time low. Yet she still had the Rachel spirit everyone admired.

She laughed. “Silly. Your world has not ended because some jock filled your mouth with his lust. You have to figure out what to do from here. You can stay on our sofa for a while but you won’t like sponging off an old friend, I shouldn’t think.”

“Guess I’m just feeling my lowly status.”

After breakfast, Rachel picked up the kitchen while Hannah got ready for work.

“Just relax, Rach. And don’t answer the door. Your erstwhile lover might come for another blow job. If you did anywhere as well as you described, he’ll be around.”

Rachel shuddered. “Enough of that. No more men for me.”

Hannah wiggled her hips to get her dress on and fussed with the sequin-lined top. “Well, we can talk about that, if you like. But one bad experience shouldn’t turn you away from all men. There are some decent guys out there. I don’t prefer a guy, myself, but then, that’s where I’m coming from. It’s your attitude we need to focus on.”

“Am I intruding on you and Cherry?”

“No, Cherry really prefers a different kind of woman than I do. But we’re compatible. That counts for a lot.”

Rachel was more than just curious. “I’m interested. I’ve sometimes thought of having sex with a woman but it never happened. Wrong place, right time or something.”

Hannah leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. “One of these days some gal will come along and turn you on. Then it will be right place, right time.”

Rachel looked up at her. “You, Hannah? Is this the right place, with you?”

She grinned and stepped away. Rachel’s innocence was strained. “Take your time. Think it over. You have the right equipment. And, as we’ve discussed before, it takes a woman to bring on that special response from another woman.”

“Do you want me, Hannah? Am I your fantasy?”

She picked up her purse and headed for the door. “More than you know, sweet girl. But you need more than just what any woman can give you. Time will tell.”

In a moment she was gone and the four walls closed in on Rachel’s loneliness.

After a week on the living room sofa, Rachel was restless. “I need to find a job,” she said.

“You can work at the club with Cherry and me,” Hannah said casually. “Maybe just three nights a week; there are busy times.”

“Maybe but, really, I’m afraid to go there. So public and all.”

“Umm, all right.”

“What can I do? The resort job is always open; they like me. It’s for freaks.”

“No need to take something you dislike so much. How about something new?”

“See a counselor? Do you know anyone that might help?” Rachel asked.

“I have one in mind. I’m sending you to see Janet Jensen. She helped me, Cherry as well, back in the wandering days.”

“That’s a reference. You know her well?”

“Quite. She runs that cozy spot we went to after the concert. I told you about her, remember? It’s the Little Lounge. Her life is a page out of a mystery novel. She is really cool; she has a very strong personality; enchanting. You’ll see. But, there is something exciting you will pick up on. Often discussed, never solved. She has a secret. It’s something that’s reflected in her life style.” Hannah hesitated before taking her thoughts any further. Then, “You can at least talk to her. She knows a lot of people, the ins and outs, so to speak.”

“If she is so charming, will she, uh, she try to?”

“Seduce you? When you get to know her, you will understand when I answer with an ‘I don’t know’. A lot depends on her mood. She can be absolutely captivating; mesmerizing even. Other times she comes off quite distant. Beneath it all, you get the feeling there is this secret hidden someplace there. It isn’t sinister, she’s really a decent sort. Maybe she can help you get your latent issues about the girl-girl thing resolved in your own mind. She did it for Cherry and for me; helped me find my own space, so to speak. If you slip into her wide-awake trance, you will be under her spell. It’s a great experience.”

Rachel collected her thoughts. “Hannah; why this Janet Jensen? Why haven’t you, I mean, why?”

The willowy girl stood up, making her appear even taller. Her face was fixed, stern. “I told you, Rach. What I need is something altogether different in that, uh, what we might have together will be lasting, deep and satisfying. Our Ms. Jensen has no corner to turn on that.”

“You confuse me, Hannah.”

“Guess I’m the one confused. Come on, walk me out. I have to get going.”

The two girls hesitated at the doorway. Hannah took Rachel's hand and turned toward her. "Darling, think it over. OK? And, remember, this might be the right thing. I sincerely hope so. And I love you."

"Oh, Hannah, please say it again. Sounds so good."

She put both arms around Rachel and kissed her fully on the mouth. Rachel melted into her, their bodies melding into one."

"I love you. Now, let me get to work or I'll be the next one to rape you."

Rachel laughed. "That couldn't happen."

"Don't be too sure. Your sexy mouth is in demand, know it or not."

Rachel smiled. "Ready or not. Right, Hannah?"

Without answering, Hannah turned away and was out the door. The lock clicked behind her.

Rachel stepped into the Little Lounge. The barroom had a feeling of comfort, an ambiance, and she felt drawn into the spell Hannah had described. Though it was mid-afternoon, the lighting inside was dull with nuances of shadow.

She shivered in mild fright, wondering what to expect. Hannah had advised her to be up-front, honest and sincere. The mysterious Ms. Jensen was already an obsession. A random impulse encouraged her to turn and run. She took a deep breath and stepped forward.

The barmaid looked up, yawned and motioned to a door off to one side.

Rachel mentally checked her skirt, blouse, high-heeled shoes, lip rouge and eye shadow. Satisfied, she knocked gently.

"Oh, come in." It was a lady's voice, impatient.

Janet Jensen looked up from her desk to see Rachel standing in the doorway. The soft light behind the shapely girl emphasized her slight figure.

"You're Rachel?" she asked. When the girl nodded, she stood up. "I'm Janet Jensen; call me Jenn, please. Hannah said you were coming over. She told me about your, uh, mishap with your 'home companion'." She chuckled in a friendly cackle, like it was a private joke. She stood up and came around the desk.

Rachel took a step forward. Janet Jensen, difficult to see as the room was shaded, appeared in her early thirties, though Rachel thought she was probably older. Her bearing, the firm step, sultry and sexy voice, her flaming eyes, all struck Rachel in one physical rush. "Uh, yes," she said awkwardly, struggling. "Hannah told me to..."

"I know, dear. Please, come in; close the door. Sit over here with me."

Janet Jensen waited next to the wide sofa and turned to meet Rachel. She extended her hand, palm down. Rachel took it and had presence of mind enough to press with her fingers.

Rachel was captivated by the svelte girl's eyes. It was like they could see right into her sex. Her nervousness made her wonder at how well her antiperspirant was working.

Rachel observed that Jenn had a flowing figure, curves in expected places but an athletic stance with broad shoulders and slim hips. The rounded breasts were enticing for some reason she didn't immediately understand. The ghost of some phantom secret was apparent. A lady with a shrouded past. She mused on that for a moment and dismissed it.

The older girl was pleased. She could see Rachel was in firm control of herself, both dignified and proud. Her smile was warm, outgoing. Ms. Jensen motioned and they both sat down.

"I don't know how to begin," Rachel stammered, "but Hannah..."

Ms Jensen laughed. "Stop right there. You don't have to tell me anything. It was my idea to meet you when Hannah told me of such trauma. I think we, Hannah and I, can help you."

Rachel sighed. "That's a relief," she said, smiling. "And, well, Jenn, what did you two have in mind?"

Janet laughed. "Hannah explained your reluctance to get into the bar and entertainment business. I can see right away that you might do very well. But, this is it. I have a friend who is always in need of fresh new faces in his modeling enterprise. From what I can see, you qualify, very well. Are you interested?"

"Modeling? Me? Oh, I don't know."

Jenn laughed again. "You already have the qualifications. You just smile and do as you're told. Nobody is going to take advantage of you and you don't have to clean rooms at the resort."

Rachel laughed. It was apparent Hannah and Janet Jensen had discussed her in detail. "I'm interested."

The two women faced each other. Rachel waited. An awkward moment between them registered to Rachel that the charming Ms Jensen was thinking over the circumstances. Rachel then recalled what Hannah had told her. "She has a secret. Perhaps it's the kind that lots of people know about and I'm the last to learn?"

"OK, good. One, you should soon have enough income to get you off Hannah's sofa and out of her refrigerator. Onset Modeling Enterprises pays on a daily basis for whatever you earn. I can let you have the studio apartment next door which is vacant at the moment. You can pay me the rent when you get it. Hannah has told me about you, don't you see?"

"When can I start?"

She laughed again, a good-natured, throaty laugh. "Ten in the morning. You get to go in, have some test shots made and they take it from there. Plenty of opportunity for a girl as smart as you."

Rachel didn't know why but she felt defensive. "I'm not smart. If I was, I wouldn't be in such a relationship mess."

"Well, then, let's just say experienced."

The cell phone buzzed. Rachel leaned back on the sofa and listened to the conversation. As Janet Jensen spoke on the telephone, Rachel watched the older girl's eyes sweep her from head-to-toe. She moved forward on the sofa so her hem inched up, and primly forced her knees together. The need to be found attractive by the mysterious Janet Jensen was nagging at her. The doubts assailed her. 'Do I look OK? Does she like slender legs? Does she want me to do things? What things? What if...'

"She's very, oh, fetching is a word that comes to mind. Not only attractive, certainly that, but has a surly, sensual manner. Yes and no. Yes, the personality should come through in the photo shoots. No, you can't mess with her nice body; she has had one bad experience already."

Rachel smiled and was at ease when Jenn sat down next to her. She took Rachel's hand. "You heard what I said. Any comment?"

"No, but you might have set him up for a disappointment."

"Ummm, not likely. Not from what I am seeing. You OK with all this?"

"All what? You just offered me an opportunity to become independent. You've no idea how much I need just exactly that."

She was quiet, then again took the young girl's hand. "Yes, we all have needs. Did Hannah mention anything like that about me?"

Rachel smiled. Being gracious to the lady about to deliver her from bondage was easy enough. "Hannah told me you helped her get started; trained her for what she does, like that."

She pressed Rachel's arm with long firm fingers. "Hannah needed what I could provide, just like you do. She knew she had to be, well, cooperative in order to get it."

Rachel felt a flutter of nervousness in her stomach. She tried to be calm in the explosive situation. To her, at that moment, Jenn offered an escape and she wasn't going to say or do anything to alter that. "You say I can rent the studio apartment?"

Ms. Jensen sighed but kept her hand on Rachel's arm. "Yes, Hannah stayed there for a while until she and Cherry had enough to set up housekeeping. You can do the same if you want it."

"Hannah didn't tell me very much but I'm willing to do anything she did. Somehow, I can't go wrong on that."

"For sure. You are very smart, indeed. And, Rachel, nobody is going to slap you around or rape your mouth. It can be a new world for you. Only gentleness, caring and love. Like the offer?"

"Yes, can I see the apartment?"

Jenn did not answer. Rachel watched wide-eyed as the older girl moved lithe fingers on her arm, up onto her naked neck and higher until soft fingertips rested on her cheek. Jenn pressed slightly and Rachel turned her face up.

A thrill coursed through Rachel's sexual response. "What is happening here? I barely know this attractive woman." Yet those lustrous eyes bore into her, the errant fingers drew fire lines on her skin. The trim lips were coming closer and she reached until her other hand was on Jenn's shoulder. Her breath came in a gasp. "Oh," Rachel exclaimed as Jenn's lips found her mouth and closed off any comment. The kiss was gentle and, like Jenn had said, caring and loving.

"Jenn," Rachel began as Jenn relaxed the kiss.

"Don't." she said, touching Rachel's lips with her finger.

The next kiss was packed with passion. Rachel returned it and fell into the mystery of the moment. ' My gosh; is this lady going to have sex with me? Am I right with this? How can I?'

"So, pretty Rachel. You don't object to me admiring you?"

Rachel gulped. "If anything, I'm totally flattered. What is a girl to do?"

Jenn rested against Rachel's shoulder and cradled the young girl in her arms. Rachel relaxed in the dreamy support. "What a feeling!" she thought.

Jenn laughed. "Hannah told me you were a beguiling creature. Now I see what she meant."

Rachel felt overwhelmed. She just sighed and let her head lay on Jenn's shoulder. "You are way ahead of me. Can you wait a minute until I catch up?"

Jenn chuckled again, that partly deep enigmatic sob. "Sorry. Yes, of course. Just get yourself together."

With Rachel snuggled against her, Jenn could look down at the slight rise in her breasts shown by the angle of the blouse. "Very pretty," she whispered and moved her hand to Rachel's breast line. Her fingers drummed on the skin, pulled and fondled the flesh there.

"Please, Jenn. Can you cool it?"

"No, guess I can't." Her skilled fingers unbuttoned Rachel's blouse and she tugged at the material to free it from the skirt held snug by her narrow belt. The lace bra was exposed and Rachel closed her eyes and turned her head away. It was a gesture of resignation, of humility, but she was pleased with the pulse of excitement coursing inside her. With her arm still firmly around her shoulders, she pulled Rachel's body forward to slide her hand over the naked shoulder and unhook the brassiere.

"Oh, Ms. Jensen, please." Rachel started but Jenn closed her mouth with another flaming kiss. Rachel fell helplessly into the sensual spell. The older girl's lips moved to her cheek, then to her neck and the slight hollow of her throat. Rachel was ecstatic in the moment. Strong fingers lifted the bra cups away, gently as one would open the lid of an egg box. Rachel almost swooned as Janet Jensen's lips

caught first one breast then the other, licking the nipples, sucking the flowing fatty mounds until Rachel caught Jenn's head in her hands to urge her on.

"That's wonderful," Rachel said finally. "I don't know what to say."

"Say nothing, darling. Or, perhaps, just let me hear a whisper."

"What? Whisper what?"

"A simple yes will do when you feel what is next."

Rachel, out of breath and tortured by desire, moved forward and kissed Jenn's cheek. She touched the older girl's pretty face with her tongue tip; first her chin, then her nose and eyes.

To free one hand, Jenn moved away from Rachel's breast, felt lower, to her hips and stopped to fondle her knees. The moment was a motion in seduction as Rachel felt Jenn's hand slide beneath her hem and onto her thigh.

"I'm ready for that whisper now," Jenn said.

"Yes," Rachel said firmly. She felt Jenn's busy hand moved higher under her skirt. "Yes, Jenn. Yes!"

She pulled at the tight skirt until the hem was up to Rachel's pussy. "Lovely, Rachel," she said. "Just perfect."

"I've never felt like this before. Not had sex with a woman."

Ms. Jensen interrupted. "But you've thought about it? Maybe a fantasy or two?"

"Yes, I know it happens between girls sometimes. It has been on my mind a lot lately."

"And, tell me, pretty girl with the sexy mouth, do you really prefer to have your smooth skin scratched by a day-old beard? Do you like the sound of a beer can being opened just when you need something more, oh, sophisticated?"

"Yes, more sexual."

"All you're telling me is that you like being treated like a woman. Only a woman knows how to do that."

"But."

"Yes, there is a taboo, n'est pas?" She asked and slid one finger beneath Rachel's panty. They kissed again and this time Rachel let her lips part.

Their tongues met. They tasted each other for the first time. The older girl took over.

"You are on stage, Rachel. The lights play back and forth over your nakedness. The audience appreciates your beauty, your poise and presence. There is applause from one called Lust, another called Need, Sex, Fulfillment, Danger, Adventure. They are all there."

Rachel accepted the next kiss and their tongues intermingled.

"Darling girl, look at me. Something is about to happen that I want you to feel."

Rachel opened her eyes.

“Look at my mouth, sexy girl. Watch it while you feel me do this to you.”

Rachel felt the firm fingers work beneath her panties and onto her muff. The soft tips gently kneaded the rim and the clit before delving between the folds. The time was fleeting as she watched Ms. Jensen’s mouth, the teasing tongue wetting her lips.

“Lift up,” she said to the hapless girl.

Rachel moved to allow her panties to slide off. She kicked them away from her ankles. Next she let Ms. Jensen slide off her blouse and bra. Naked, except for a ribbon in her hair, Rachel sighed in resignation as the older girl took her breast in a gentle fondling with her lips and tongue.

Ms. Jensen whispered. “I want you to feel my naked breasts when I kneel between your elegant legs. Take this off.”

Rachel, with trembling fingers, unbuttoned the silk blouse and opened it. The breasts which she had assumed were firm from an uplift bra, were in a light halter. It was soon away and Ms. Jensen cupped her chin to guide it to the waiting breast.

“Take this. Yes. Now the other. Yes.” Rachel lapped and kissed in abandon.

It was time. Rachel was wet with lust. Jenn’s busy mouth nipped at her flesh. The navel, then the mons. A firm tongue tip worked into Rachel’s waiting vagina. The tongue worked, brushed, rimmed and next, Jenn sucked gently on the budding clit.

Rachel raised her hips and threw her hands down to capture the head giving her so much pleasure. Guiding her by holding the tousled mop of hair with her fingers, she sighed, pulled and hunched down, then stretched her splayed legs to the limit.

It began at her toes, a tingling, ethereal sense, and spread upward. Then she felt a thrill across her breasts that exploded between her hips. “Oh, I’m... oh!”

Ms. Jensen rode her with expertise, aware of each wave of pleasure and busily sucking up all that was offered. It was over. “Jenn, that was, what can I say?, wonderful.”

“I love you, too,” was the answer. “Now, let’s clean up. There is more to be done. Think you can come again?”

“Whew. I can try,” She whispered but seemed momentarily distant.

“But what?”

“Can I make you come as well?”

The older girl laughed. “Perhaps someday when I’m in that mood, I’ll ask you to return the favor. Not today. Now, get dressed and I’ll see you to the little love nest next door. You haven’t tired me out yet. Maybe I’ll take you again. How do you feel?”

Rachel considered the answer. “Like I’ve just had an hour of sunshine after ten years of rain.”

Rachel walked into OME —Onset Modeling Enterprises— promptly at ten. There were several girls already there, each holding a bag or basket full of makeup supplies and, Rachel noted, all very pretty.

“Yes? Hello, I’m Shirley.”

Receptionist; red hair, green eyes; receptive. Intelligent. Rachel ticked off her attributes like an inventory.

“Rachel Rawson; my appointment is at ten.”

“Um, yes,” Shirley murmured consulting her book of names. “Hal Horning wants to chat with you before the photo shoot.”

“OK,” Rachel said and gulped nervously.

The reception room, furnishings, busy people coming and going, lent an air of business credibility. Rachel was pleased. Any fears she had about a sleazy operation with horny rapists lurking in the alley were resolved. Hal Horning introduced himself and, after turning to say hello to the other girls, motioned Rachel into his office.

“Well,” he began, “our Ms. Jensen didn’t exaggerate. You are very, what did she say?, oh yes, fetching.”

Rachel lowered her eyes. “Thanks.”

“You understand, Rachel, we have to take some photos today, evaluate them and then inform you of the available orders we have to fill with the pert, fresh faces such as those you’ve seen here.”

“Fine with me. When do I start?”

“You already have,” he said laughing at her nervousness. “I’d like to explain what I meant by filling customer orders.” He waited until she nodded. “OK, most often we get an order for a situation photo shoot. Like, just yesterday we had a scene of two lovers splashing the surf on a desert island. Theme was getting away from it all for a travel agency; that sort of thing.” He watched her nod again.

“Any and all kinds, huh?” she blustered and was immediately embarrassed for being so crude.

“That’s the idea. I bring it up because we are going to get a variety of photos of you to present to our clients. Sales product, if you will.”

She stood up. “Lead on, then.”

He grinned. “OK, come on; I’ll introduce you.” He slid one hand around her waist to rest on the small of her back and moved her, like a dance step, toward the studio door. “You are certainly pretty, Rachel. I’m told you also have very direct experience where men are concerned.”

“Direct?” she questioned and moved to get away from the hand lowering onto her buns.

“Yes; the matter of being passive for a man.”

“Mr. Horning, what are you talking about?”

“It pays very well. Just let us take a series of photos of you.”

At the door he hesitated. She was getting impatient. “Just what do you want a picture of, Mr. Horning? I’m not naive.”

“Like I said, it pays well and Jenn said you need money to get out of a difficult situation you are in.”

“What am I expected to do?”

“You are very pretty. Sultry even. Sexy for sure. We want photos of you using your mouth.”

“Oh, crap,” she thought; “another one. Janet Jensen specifically told this perv - jerk that oral sex was o-u-t out. Uh-oh. Here comes the pitch. Go along, suck some local jock and get paid. Object and you’re back on Hannah’s sofa.”

“Are you asking me or telling me?”

He grinned trying to be boyishly charming. She was unimpressed. “Would you like to meet our young man before you decide?”

“No. I don’t want to meet anyone.” She turned to go back into his office. “Get away from me. I’m out of here.” She scooped up her satchel and reached for the doorknob but stopped. The anger was making veins stand out on her neck. In a heroic effort at self-control, she turned to face him.

“You sure hold the winning ticket, Hal,” she managed. “If I walk out of here, I’m crossing a broken bridge back to the very people who might help me. You included, I suppose.”

He did not move. “Right —Hannah, Jenn and now, me. Walk out that door, you’re totally right of course, and you won’t get a job through this office or in this business. What Jensen wants to do is her concern. You’ll probably end up a lesbian whore unless I miss my bet. In fact, this might all be some plan of hers. She’s certainly crafty enough.”

“Since I’ve disappointed you, I’ve likely put Jenn in a bad light in your eyes as well. This is getting too complicated. Did Hannah come here?”

“We all have an eye for Hannah, bless her good looks. You already know about what happened with her, I’m told.”

“No, what about her?” Rachel asked, suspicious.

“She wouldn’t go for a guy, like I explained, and wouldn’t satisfy Jenn’s occasional woman client. I’m told she is in love. I’m not knocking it. She simply does not want any other person, sexually or otherwise.”

“Rot. She’s with Cherry.”

“Perhaps; who can explain the basic needs we all have? Do you know who Hannah is in love with?”

“No. She’s never confided in me.”

He moved closer and touched her arm. “Jenn figured it out along the tragic road to understanding the depression Hannah was going through.”

“Then maybe she will tell me.”

“Maybe. But, setting Hannah aside for now, what do you think about trying some photo shoots? I promise you there will be no horny guys pushing you around. We can always use situation shoots for girl-girl expressions.”

She was pensive. “Yes, OK, I’ll do that but the girl has to be clean. And pretty.”

“You saw them in the waiting room,” he said. “It’s settled then. Shall we go?”

“Not yet. Since you know about Hannah’s lost love, please tell me who Ms. Jensen thinks it is.”

There was a delicate silence between them. She had just met the man and they had traded not only intimate secret desires, but jostled with sexual identity. Rachel seized on her love for Hannah as they discussed this new concern, Hannah’s unrequited love.

He sighed and reached for the door. “I am far from expert in the subject of love gone astray. This might be a case of wanting the one person, so very attractive, that Hannah can’t have. Or, perhaps, *believes* she can’t.”

“May I know?”

“The name is Rachel Rawson; it’s you, Rachel. That’s the story Jenn tells. Has Hannah even talked to you?”

“No, not about that. We were pubescent girls together; we played with each other like all little girls do. We played ‘boyfriend’. We kissed a few times, seldom on the mouth. I took a job at the resort after graduation. Hannah knocked around a little; we lost track of each other. Then we met and this is how it worked out. But, to admit she is in love with me is just so weird. You’ve taken my breath away, Mr. Horning.”

“So it appears. And, relationships being what they are, did you perhaps stumble across any idea of what Janet Jensen’s secret is? It’s the talk of the town, you could say.”

Rachel was thoughtful. For a moment she was sorry for Hal Horning and her own clumsy start with his company. “No, can’t help you there. Is her enigma somehow threatening you?”

“I’ve never been told to mind my own business with more tact, Rachel. I hope we can become good friends, especially after the mess I made of our meeting.”

“Let’s leave well enough alone. A secret revealed is one no longer.”

“To be sure,” he answered with a sigh.

Reeve wheeled into the parking lot. His car covered two marked spaces and he lurched out of his car. He stood a moment to get his bearings and then, straightened up, made a pretense of walking sober into the Boom Room Bar.

Hannah saw him coming and headed to the other side of the room. She didn't make it. He was right behind her in an amazing burst of energy.

"Cool it, Reeve," she said. "Or I'll call the cops."

"Relax, I just want to talk to you. And to collect what is mine."

"I don't have anything that belongs to you. I know what you are thinking right now."

"We had a deal. I found out today that Rachel left her comfy life with you and Cherry to take an apartment across town. That means you and Rachel made it together and now I want my share of the spoils."

"You're drunk, Reeve. Chill out, guy. Go home and sleep it off. You're in no shape to make demands on me or anyone else. Rachel is on her own and we did not, repeat not, do anything you said you would arrange. You did nothing, and nothing happened between us. Not your concern either way, I might add."

"You expect me to believe that? After how Rachel reacted the last time she saw you? Camel crap, I say. I'll bet she went straight between your bed sheets so you could love her back to sanity. If I caused it, then it was the satisfaction of our deal."

"No deal, Reeve. Just go home and leave well enough alone."

He burped and slumped into the booth. "I'll just stay here for a while, then I'll go."

She watched him turn semi-comatose before she went back to her bar friends. The next time she looked over at the booth expecting to see him, he was gone. She shrugged her shoulders, thanked her lucky stars and consciously wondered what in the world Rachel saw in the sadistic bastard.

At closing time, Cherry handed a wad of bills, hundreds of dollars in tips, to Hannah to keep. She was going out with a guy for an evening's intimacy and didn't want to carry all her week's earnings. Hannah went back to the bar and picked up her own pay in cash, stuffed it all in her purse and headed out to the parking lot.

She got in her car, took a deep breath of relief and pulled out onto the road.

"Hello, Hannah." It was Reeve. He had been dozing in the back seat as he waited for her.

A wave of panic clutched her as real as fingers on her throat. "Reeve, what the hell? You don't ever learn, do you? Far out! I'll take you back to the bar. No hard feelings, OK?"

"Not cool, babe. Just keep driving. Take us to your place. Nobody there waiting for you, I take it."

She regained some of her composure. "No way, el jerko."

It was then she felt the cold steel tip of his knife pressing against her neck. "Don't be dumb, Hannah. Just do as you're told."

She drove, a bit slower than usual, and tried to think out her situation. She cursed her poor judgment in not keeping her car locked. She knew better but knowing was no comfort.

“Watch for a cop,” she told herself, “then do something to get pulled over. Yes, that would work.”

“Get moving, Hannah; I am getting hornier by the minute.”

“Already speeding, Reeve. A lot of cops along here.”

He reached to the side of the passenger seat, tipped the lever and pulled the seat to the reclining position. Then he hopped over and sat next to her. She watched for her opportunity to stop and jump running and screaming out of the car. The almost thousand dollars in her and Cherry’s earnings she had stuffed under the seat also crossed her mind.

She drove, making a conscious effort not to let him know about the panic in her chest. “If he raped Rachel,” she considered, “what would he do to anyone who was not as close to him? Ouch.”

“Let’s just quit this game, Reeve. What do you hope to gain?”

“Just closing our deal. Appears we won’t be shaking hands, though.”

He kept moving the knife around in front of him. Aimed it in her direction, then back. “Put that thing away, please.”

“Umm, yes. Sure. You agree to cooperate. That a good idea?”

She felt defeated. “I have an idea you’re going to want more than our original deal, am I right, Reeve?”

He smiled. Sly, cunning. “I’m thinking exactly that. You must read minds, Hannah.”

She turned into the driveway and clicked the garage door switch. Once inside she turned off the engine and the lights. She started to get out when he stopped her.

“Stay here a minute or two, OK? I want to talk about some stuff.”

“What stuff?”

“Sex. I’m curious about what you do with other girls. I want to know.”

“I’m not your therapist. Go rent a lesbo porn video and watch. The girls might start in awkwardly because the director is feeding them position and lighting effects. When they get into it, the video cameraman has to be a gymnast.”

“That’s it,” she thought. “Keep him talking. He’s sobering up, little at a time.”

“From what I’ve seen, the girls are best if accomplished contortionists.”

She forced a laugh. “Well said. I was offered a part doing that but turned it down. I like drunks better.”

“Girl drunks, right Hannah?”

“Either, as long as they pay well enough to keep me from getting fired.”

His hand wandered to her knee and onto her leg. “Nice, real nice.”

She moved to get out of the car. “Let’s go in,” she said.

She noted that he moved with more self-assurance than earlier. “Feeling better, aye, Reeve?”

“What do you have to drink? Some whiskey?”

“No; white wine. A little Vermouth. Some vodka”

Inside, she clicked on the light over the sink in the kitchen and searched him over carefully for the knife. It was in a sheath tucked in his belt. “Not good,” she thought. “Too accessible.”

The butcher knife was in the drawer almost at her fingertips. “No, he’s stronger. Could end in disaster. After all, he only wants a blow job; not a capital offense.”

Reeve wandered into the living area and to the bedroom. He returned with a narrow belt he’d found in the top drawer.

“Turn around, Hannah. I’m going to enjoy this as much as you dislike it.”

She turned her back to him. He took her wrists, forced her arms behind her and wrapped them with the belt.

“Reeve, be reasonable. I’m only a girl.”

He didn’t answer. In a quick motion, he pulled her dress top from her shoulders and unhooked her bra. “Ussssm,” he whistled in appreciation as her breasts tumbled free. He tweaked the nipples with his fingers. He smiled in indulgence as she looked away to hide her disgust.

“Step out of that dress,” he said firmly and released the large button holding the dress folds together.

She kicked off her shoes and pushed the clump of cotton to one side. She looked up at him with defiance.

Standing there in just her pantyhose, she wanted to cover her nakedness but the belt holding her arms behind her was firm and fast. When he unbuttoned his shirt and added it to the dress on the floor, she knew he had made up his mind.

Finally, “Look at me!” he said. He grabbed her chin, cupping it in one hand and then traced her mouth with his finger. “When did you go down on Rachel? Tell me.”

“I already told you, Reeve. I didn’t. Rachel was a little upset, as I hope you can understand, and I did what I could to make her comfortable. Seducing her would hardly have helped. Or, so I thought at the time.”

“Who was the last girl you had? She pay you or was it just for fun?”

She watched him stroking his crotch, urging an erection. She did not fail to make the connection. The sexual intimacy of his questions was exciting him. It was no secret that the more aroused he was, the more quickly he would get off.

“Her name is Aline. Comes into the bar, usually, once or twice a week. We became quite friendly. Danced a little, like that.”

“Is there a place there where you can bring a paying customer?”

She kept watching his hand stroking his penis. “Yes, just around behind the bar. By the rest rooms. Quite comfortable.”

“So, what happened?”

“We danced and she told me she admired me, wanted to be intimate; neat. She moved one leg between mine and held me close so our breasts mashed together.”

“Kneel down, slut. Here’s a pillow. You might be there a while. I’ve not messed with a whore before. Not exactly a turn-on. But, I remember you from school; how you did show off that hot body. Drove all of us, the locker room set, wild.”

She knelt on the pillow. “If you will free my hands, I can do better for you.”

“Maybe later. Now open your mouth. Show me your tongue. Wet your lips. Yes, nice. Do it again. Hmmm. You are as attractive now as you were then. The big difference is that you are willing.”

She half-closed her eyes not wanting to see his erect cock swinging so close to her mouth. “You can hardly call this willing,” she said.

“Whatever. Get to work.” He pushed the bulbous head against her lips.

She held her mouth taut, his cock slid off to one side. That was a mistake.

His arm came down in a wide swing so the flat of his hand slapped her face so hard that she nearly lost consciousness. “Want more?” He raised his arm again.

“No. Take it easy, will you? I’ll suck you.”

He unhooked the belt holding her arms so she could concentrate on her task. He watched as she shook her hands then rubbed her wrists where the belt had cut a groove into her skin. She took his extended tool gingerly in her hands and positioned it.

“Great, girl, do it.”

First the purple head disappeared between her lips, then she angled her head to take it deeper. Her cheeks sank in as her moist mouth gave him a pulling pocket to excite him.

In the last push, receiving him against her throat, she looked up at him. The look of ecstasy on his face was briefly compelling. He had gathered a chock of her hair in his hand and was moving her head back and forth. She had only to adjust, breathe when she could, and keep a steady pressure. Abruptly, he moved away from her.

“Let’s go. Get on the bed. Lay on your back with your neck on the edge of the mattress. Yes, that’s right. Now, try this.”

He knelt only slightly, enjoyed the full view of her elegant body stretched out in front of him and forced his cock into her mouth again.

“Now, Hannah. I want you to swallow up.”

She was able to breathe by gulping air when he moved away from her. When he shoved again and again into her throat, she had to anticipate the thrusts to keep conscious. She knew fully well that, if she passed out, he would suffocate her with that big tool. “Jeez, what a mess,” she thought. “I’ve heard of being fucked in the throat like this, but now I know why I never did it.”

“Yes, go, girl. Keep that tongue busy. Use your hands. Oh.” He reached down and ran his thumb over her clit, pushed his fingers toward her vagina and then began to unravel her panty as the helpless girl sucked, pushed and pulled, trying to make him come.

“Now, listen. Grab a good breath. Let the head fill your throat, then try to swallow it. The throat muscles will do the job.”

She braced herself and took the plunge. She felt him shudder.

“That’s it, Hannah. Swallow now.” He filled her throat and her mouth with a steady stream of salty sperm. It went into her throat and was swallowed to the last drop. She felt an immense relief when he moved away from her. His deflated member hung limply, only a few drops left, and she pushed with her hands to get all the way onto the bed.

“Wow, Reeve. That rivaled Niagara Falls. Horny, huh?”

“Shut up, Hannah. It’s a man thing. You can’t understand. Where is the wine?”

He watched her dress as they sipped their wine. Then a car door slammed and he was immediately alert and on guard. He fingered the knife.

“It’s probably Cherry,” she said. “Don’t get excited.”

At that moment, Cherry came bustling into the kitchen. “Oh! Oops, sorry. Didn’t know we had company.”

“Cherry, this is Reeve.”

“Reeve, Cherry. She knows something is up because we agreed not to bring johns into the house.” By this time, Cherry was eyeing the knife and, in particular, the way Reeve was fingering it and looking at her. He said nothing but Hannah could tell he was thinking some unwholesome thoughts.

“Let me bring you to your car,” Hannah said, trying to defuse the situation.

Reeve, still very much in charge, finished his wine and pulled the knife out into the open. “Let’s have a little show, one for the road, you might say.”

“Leave her alone. Cherry has no concern in what is between you and me.”

He turned to face her. “Cherry. While Rachel was staying here, did you try to seduce her?”

Cherry looked at Hannah, then back. “No. I don’t interfere. Not ladylike.”

He guffawed. “Two putas and they are being ladylike. That’s a laugh.”

Hannah moved toward the kitchen door. “Come on, Reeve. Let’s get you to your car. You’ve had enough for one night.”

He ignored her. Walking over to Cherry he caressed her breasts, held them a long moment and pushed her toward the door to the bedroom. "You two get in there. Right now."

Cherry looked quickly at Hannah. There could be no doubt, from the look on Hannah's face that it was best to comply.

"Good. Strip. Both of you. Hannah, show me what you did to Aline."

Cherry looked at her friend with a question and a raised eyebrow. "Aline? You mean the Aline at the club? The girl who works in media production?"

Hannah nodded and shrugged her shoulders. "I'll explain it later, honey. That is, what I know of it. This horny lunatic knew me and Rachel in high school. He just unloaded a heavy blowjob here and is somewhat spent."

She smiled. "Spirit willing; flesh weak."

"Get with it. Chill." He watched as the two girls kissed and, piece by piece, undressed each other.. Hannah cradled Cherry in her arms, kissed her shoulders and breasts and stretched out beside her on the bed. "No, talking," he said. "Just sex."

He was rubbing his flaccid penis with one hand and waving the knife with the other. Hannah finally moved her mouth from Cherry's breasts to her flat tummy and between the spread legs. He smiled when he heard Hannah's murmurs and Cherry's squeals of delight.

Afterward, Cherry rolled over and fluffed up the pillow. "Nice meeting you, Reeve. Leave a donation on the kitchen table. The rent is almost due."

Reeve stroked his penis several times and turned to go. Then he heard the girls whispering.

"Where's the money?" It was Cherry.

Hannah turned her face away from Reeve and, thinking he was not in hearing distance said, "Under the seat. Passenger side."

"Money?!" He headed for the garage.

They both jumped out of bed and hurriedly dressed. They were too late. Reeve was in the garage, crawling around the floor of the car searching for the money with his hands.

After some startling soul-searching, Rachel decided to meet with Hannah and try to learn, for herself, what she apparently had been too selfish to find out. At the club, she saw Reeve's car parked in the back next to Cherry's. Hannah's car was missing.

It was instant insight. Reeve was with Hannah and, logic told her, they were at Hannah's for the promised sexual interlude. Somehow, Rachel was of steel nerve even knowing what Reeve had in mind. "Well," she thought, "Hannah can take care of Reeve even in the extreme." Yet, there was a nagging uneasy thought that the episode was not going well.

She parked a half-block away and walked to the house. Lights were on and the garage door was closed. Finding the side door to the garage that led to the kitchen was open, she slipped in to be sure the car was there. Satisfied that her hunch was correct, she turned to go in. At that moment, the screened door slammed and Reeve came charging into the garage.

She barely had time enough to hide in the shadows. Reeve, drunk as usual, was rummaging on the floor of the car and mumbling to himself. "Damn bitch cunts. Where is that cash?"

Rachel connected events again. Hannah and Cherry pooled their earnings once a week for a trip to the savings bank. It was obvious Reeve was going to steal it to finance his own orgies. It was unthinkable that he could steal from them with no conscience. Anger snapped across her brain and she stepped out of the shadows.

He was laying across the width of the seat with his head and shoulders in the passenger side doorway. She jumped quickly, grabbed the door and slammed it against him. It hit him below his right shoulder. He screamed and instinctively pushed the door open again. Turned to protect himself, he made an easy target. There was a moment of clarity in Rachel's mind. All the hurt, the disappointments, the fights and tension, the rape and foul aftermath, built quickly in her. With a gathering strength, Rachel swiftly forced the door until she heard a sickening thud. His head was crunched against the door panel.

With no thought of remorse, she gathered her thoughts together and ran into the house just as Cherry and Hannah were running out. Her only words were, "He won't bother anyone for a while. Probably will have a terrible headache. I slammed the door on his head."

"Oh, my," Cherry said.
"Please. Get him to one side so I can drive. I'll take him to emergency and drop him off. You two go to Rachel's apartment; nobody around to ask questions we can't answer."



In a moment, Cherry and Reeve were gone.

Hannah and Rachel embraced for a long moment. It was the platonic hug they so often used to comfort one another or to just say hello.

“Want to stay the night?” Hannah asked.

Rachel shook her head. “No, but thanks. I do want very much for us to have a talk. I’ve learned some things, experience and otherwise, since I nearly wore out your couch.”

Hannah laughed. She held Rachel slightly away, hands on Rachel’s hips. “And what, pray tell, is so serious all of a sudden? Are you upset about losing Reeve?”

“Ouch, no. Thanks to you, I had a place to go when Reeve, uh, well, raped me. I was really afraid. Not any longer.”

Hannah let go and headed for the kitchen. “Who wouldn’t be? He waves that knife around like a fly rod and gets such an eerie wild look in his eyes. Wow. Want a drink?”

“Uh, whatever you’re having. Guess the evening’s events unnerved me. Hope I killed the asshole.”

“Unnerved you? I’m a wreck. Cherry is the only one with her wits left. Do you think Reeve is badly hurt?”

“I don’t care. Not at all. Question, though. Are you and Cherry upset about Reeve and whatever things you had to do?”

“Oh, Cherry is cool. For true. I’m only wondering what in the devil’s name ever influenced you to take up with him?”

“As the saying goes, ‘it seemed like a good idea at the time’. I’d no idea he would nearly drink himself to death over a gal, me, who wouldn’t do what he wanted.”

Hannah slid a vodka/OJ across the counter. She watched in fascination as Rachel sipped it and ran her tongue tip on the ice. “I think the word is needed, not wanted. He has a sort of perverse fetish. I’m not knocking his need; only his out-of-control fixation. Scary.”

Rachel’s eyes had a special light. “Do you have a perverse fetish?”

Hannah laughed. “Sure do, but you don’t see me going around like a crack head without a fix. How about you?”

“That’s what I wanted to talk about. I know you have experience beyond my own.”

“Since you are in Janet Jensen’s apartment, I assume she seduced you. Like it?” There was an edge to Hannah’s voice. Rachel, already informed but still trying to confirm Hannah’s feelings, caught the jealous bent.

Rachel took a deep breath. Hannah’s accurate insight always amazed her. “Yes and, this I hope you believe, it was my first time. I guess I was easy — being

alone, being afraid, needing security, attracted to her calm control; like that. Are you OK with it?”

“Yes. I’m glad it happened between you two. Had you resisted and gone screaming out into the night, well, things would be much rougher now.”

Rachel twirled the ice cubes in her empty glass and handed it to Hannah for a refill. “Guess that means she had you as well. And Cherry. Is there an end to it?”

“Yes, but not soon, darling; not soon.”

“Let’s pool our experience, here.” Rachel said. “Did you or Cherry, or both, go down on Janet Jensen? Did either of you complete the sex act? I did not though for a skinny minute I was willing.”

“Umm,” Hannah answered. “No, not me, for sure. Cherry? I don’t think so. Why?”

“Just a piece in the puzzle, the enigma of the bewitching Janet Jensen. I’m prying, I know, but her secret, her seclusion if that’s what it is, is obsessing me.”

Hannah thought it over. “So you think her behavior, the secret we talk about, has something to do with her sexual expression?”

Hannah just shrugged her shoulders. “Hal Horning didn’t get me to go down on his lusty boyfriends at the studio. He said you responded to him likewise.”

“True. I really don’t like a big cock rammed in my mouth. Just not for me. I know it’s OK for many other women. What else did he tell you?”

Rachel decided it was now-or-never. “This is a secret I think you can’t keep. Hal told me he and Jenn discussed you in detail, and finally concluded with what was depressing you.”

“Me? Depression? Don’t be silly. The only thing bothering me was those two entrepreneurs getting me into the porno business. Just didn’t fit right with me.”

Rachel smiled. “Same old Hannah. Making up stories to avoid it. And to think I bought into it all these years.”

Hannah looked shocked. “Bought into what, Rachel?”

“Hal Horning told me that Jenn figured out your problem. Not only would you not cooperate, you are in love.”

“And you accuse me of making up stories, to avoid what?”

“Me, Hannah. You can confess. Now I know it is true.”

Hannah’s shoulders drooped. “Rachel, I..”

Rachel rushed to her and they embraced. “How long, Hannah? High School?”

Hannah was fighting back tears. “Grade school. I’ve always admired girls. Gym class was heaven. But you, Rach, you are the one so much more than all the others put together.”

“And, please, one good reason you kept me in the dark?”

Hannah started to sob and reached for a tissue. “Yes, like a mushroom. Kept in the dark and fed bullshit.”

“Did it not occur to you that maybe I’d like some say in this matter?”

“How could you possibly? You and Reeve were the topic. Boys, boys, boys; all you could talk about.” Hannah’s voice was strained with emotion.

“I can see where you’re coming from. But, now I’ve added up all these happenings and come to one conclusion. Hope you like it.”

Hannah sniffed. “What is it? Oh, Rach, I’m so afraid of losing you. I’d rather hope for one glance or one hug or kiss than nothing. It’s why I ran away to try to build a life without you. It didn’t work.”

Rachel stepped forward and put her arms around Hannah’s shoulders. She drew the grief-stricken girl into her embrace and kissed her cheek. “Darling, it is me. I love you, as well. Can’t you see that, see it now?”

Hannah looked startled. “I am so afraid. See what now?”

“We belong together. When Janet Jensen was making love to me, and later, playing with a foxy little chick at the studio, it was you, Hannah. I was thinking how neat it would be if it could be you instead.”

Hannah started to cry again. Tears of joy coursed her cheeks. “Rach, this is so important. Did you like it? Did you like Jenn going down on you? Did you go with Hal Horning’s girl photographer? Was it OK? Rachel, have you ever gone down on a girl? Do you know what a sublime feeling it is?”

Rachel was quiet, then, “The answer is ‘no’ right now. I feel it will only be a matter of time until my adventure comes full term. I’ve completely lost any interest in men.”

“For true? Is it because you had your pretty mouth filled with Reeve’s cock? You think now you don’t want to expose yourself to that ever again? What about next month or next year?”

“Want to take a chance, Hannah?”

Hannah didn’t hesitate. “Yes. I’d risk my serenity to believe we are truly lovers.”

“And prove it?”

Hannah had had enough. She put one hand on each side of Rachel’s head and brought a lusty kiss down on those once unavailable lips. “We can go to your apartment now if the offer is still on.”

“Good,” Rachel answered softly. “It’s about time, don’t you think?”

The large red sign was visible from a mile down the street. “Urgent Care. Emergency Entrance.”

Cherry drove the car under the overhang and honked the horn. Two burly attendants came running with a gurney. A nurse with clipboard followed them.

Reeve was quickly transferred from the car and she watched as he disappeared into the clinic. The nurse approached her.

“What can you tell me?” she asked.

“Oh, not much. He got very drunk and was loitering outside my house. He has done that before. This time I think he wandered into the street and was hit by a car. Don’t know for sure. When I came in from work, he was laying there so I brought him here. He was almost too heavy for me but, really, we do know him in a way.”

The nurse scribbled comments on her form. “We can get the ID from his wallet. May I have your driver’s license, please? I’ll just copy it. It’s for the police in case there is a question. I’ll bring it right out to you. You can park over there. We’re busy tonight.”

Cherry pulled into the parking area and turned off the lights. In a few moments, the nurse came out and handed her the license and a questionnaire. “If you know any next of kin, perhaps you can help by notifying them and asking them to contact the number on the form there.”

Cherry gulped and considered what the nurse had said. “Next of kin. Dead on arrival. Oh, my lord among us. Murder.” She thanked the nurse and left.

She punched Hannah’s cell phone and was switched to voice mail.

“Hannah. Me, Cherry. Reeve was dead on arrival at the emergency clinic. I thought you should know and, in view of this evening’s events, perhaps you might not want to mention it to Rachel. Love you.”

Next voice mail was for Janet Jensen. “Jenn, it’s Cherry. The happy couple, Hannah and Rachel, are en route to the apartment. Any fireworks that erupt there will mark the occasion. There has been an accident. Reeve, Rachel’s lover boy, is DOA at the clinic. Later. Love you.”

The next morning, the newspapers had a brief article with, essentially, what she had told the nurse. Reeve’s blood alcohol level had confirmed his condition and there was no query except that someone might have seen a hit-and-run driver. She briefly considered going to the police but knew that would involve Hannah, Rachel and herself. Messy. She decided to leave well enough alone. “Just another drunk,” she said to herself. “Think of it. He ended up living as a bad example for someone else. All the way to his death. Yet,’ she considered, ‘it’s still murder or manslaughter or something. Rachel has to live with it, right or wrong, justified or not.”

Rachel waited in the car. Hannah came out, walked down the street, her overnight bag swinging gaily. She looked at the pretty girl who had captured her emotions so skillfully. “Up from grade school friend to lover,” she thought. “Quite a promotion. What does it all mean? One thing, I’ve a hunch this night is long over-

due. But, can it last? Is the first time really the greatest moment? If it is, does the greatest moment go down hill from there? Oh!”

Hannah dropped her ditty bag on the back seat and relaxed back. She sighed and looked over at Rachel who was driving very carefully.

“You OK? Not much traffic at this hour.”

“You in a hurry about something?” Rachel teased.

“Wouldn’t think so after all these years, would you?”

“No comment; might implicate me.”

They both laughed. “How can she be so sexy just driving her car?” Hannah thought. “Luscious body; slender legs, firm tone, lovely arms and neck; a body to kill for.” Then the night’s trauma struck her.

“Rachel,” she asked slowly. “Should we call the hospital? Reeve might be hurt bad.”

“No, he has insurance through his company; it’ll be all right.”

She was thoughtful. “Does his company insurance include a life benefit? Are you the beneficiary?”

“Life? I don’t know. Anyhow, I can’t see a little knock in the head giving him more than a splitting hangover. Something he’s used to.”

“Perhaps. Hope you’re right. After all we’ve been through, don’t need any more complications.”

Rachel laughed as she turned onto the side street approaching the Little Lounge. “You’re the complicated one, not me.”

“Touche,” Hannah answered and groped for her cell phone. “I just buzzed. It’s Cherry. Here, I’ll put it on speaker.”

Cherry’s frantic voice chilled the air inside the car as they both listened. “Reeve was dead on arrival.”

Rachel parked in the lean-to shelter next to the studio apartment. They were both silent. Stunned. It was unbelievable.

Finally, “Murder? How could I?”

Hannah found her voice. “Don’t blame yourself, honey. It was an accident.”

“Not quite. He was drunk, entered by threat of bodily harm, raped and terrorized two women and was in the act of stealing the week’s cash receipts when he got hit.”

“No jury will convict any of us.”

“Even so; shouldn’t we report this to the police?”

“And have it spread all over the tabloids? Headlines: Jilted lover attacks live-in wife; Love goes astray at the Boom-Room bar; Man killed by frantic lover. And on and on. Let’s not get involved.”

Like two tired athletes, the two girls moved their bodies with great effort. Inside the apartment they were met with a welcome surprise.

“Wow. Look at this,” Hannah shrieked.

The small center table had been moved to the dining area. Candles sputtered as if the occasion was a solemn one. A magnum-size bottle of Moët Champagne was snuggled into a bucket of ice.

Rachel recovered first and scooped up the note on the table. She read:

“Congratulations you lucky people,” Jenn had written. “Munchies are in the fridge. I’ve fantasized of you both but one at a time. Couldn’t handle so much beauty in an even dose. Love. Jenn.”

“Isn’t she a sweetheart? To do all this for us but, how did she know?”

“Ouch,” Hannah replied. “Obvious is always elusive. Cherry called her as well as me. It’s on the surface and starting to spread. Have to deal with it, or it will rear up and envelop us all.”

Rachel started to cry. “This is a night that was, for sure.”

“But, oh what it was meant to be.”

Hannah took Rachel in her arms. “Darling, don’t. I can understand the shock but, really, the world has one less devil. Don’t be too hard on yourself.”

Rachel sniffled. “I’m sorry; you’re right. Let’s get the food out and do some justice to this bottle of wine.”

Hannah went to the kitchen and started putting the trays in order. At that moment there was a gentle rap-rap on the door.

Rachel was startled at first, thinking surely the police had found her. Then she realized how impossible her thoughts were.

“Hi,” Jenn said as she stood in the doorway looking somewhat bewildered.

Rachel hugged her and pulled her inside. When their bodies met, the old mystery took over. Jenn smiled and held the distraught girl firmly. “Cherry called. I want you to know it’s going to be OK, that you have lots of support now.”

“Jenn, thank you. It’s such a good feeling.”

Hannah was standing next to the table smiling. “Hello, Jenn. Nice to see you. Do you still work your little miracles? We need one tonight, I think.”

“Miracles. What miracles?” Rachel asked.

Hannah laughed as Jenn feigned being shy. “Careful, Rachel. Hannah likes to tell stories,” Jenn said in a whisper.

Yet, there could be no doubt. As the three ate the hors d’oeuvres and sipped champagne, Janet Jensen had brought a serene calm to the room. Whatever happened any time before, all seemed so far away, so out of touch. But, too, as they sparred with words and coquettish glances, they all knew the only reality was in the room; the past could not be changed, nor forgotten. Safety from trauma and trouble was inside those walls.

Later, as Hannah lay sleeping, Rachel slipped quietly out of bed and put on her nightgown. She tugged at the belt and stepped outside into the night air. She stood next to her car in the lean-to. The night sky was dropping to a slight haze. It was first light of dawn.

“Hello, Rachel; how did it go?”

“Oh, Jenn. You startled me.”

Jenn put her arm around Rachel and held her for a long moment. “Ain’t love grand? That’s the saying, isn’t it? She is not only beautiful people but beautiful physically, as well. But, you know that.”

“Hal Holding likes to say, ‘We all have an eye for Hannah’.”

Rachel let Jenn draw her close. “Oh, Jenn. You and Hannah have made me so happy.”

“Thoughts of Reeve?”

“No. It’s a brutal sort of justice, isn’t it?”

“He paid as we all must do, sooner or later, for our lustful designs. It’s a puzzle we probably won’t ever put together. Why, when he had you every day, did he opt to throw it all away?”

“I don’t know if it’s rational. There is the alcohol. Maybe that made him crazy.”

“Anyhow, darling, it’s over and you can be secure with the people who love you.”

Rachel waited until she formed her thoughts. “Jenn. It was nice when we, well, when we were together. And, it was captivating with Hannah tonight. Seems all my troubles went into my sensual nature and disappeared.”

“You are fortunate to be able to feel so deeply.” She slipped one hand from Rachel’s neck into the fold of her gown. The sensitive fingers cupped Rachel’s naked breast and rocked it gently.

“Jenn, thank you but, please, don’t confuse me. Not tonight.”

Janet Jensen withdrew her hand. “Of course, I understand.”

“You’re offended. I’m so sorry.”

Jenn elected not to answer. “Hal Holding told me you wouldn’t pose with a man; that you did seem to enjoy the girl, though. Is that the way it is now? Does your sexual nature turn on to pretty girls?”

“I’m not sure. You and Hannah, Cherry too, are such good people, as well as attractive, it seems easy to be one of the crowd.”

“I saw the pictures of you that Hal is marketing. You took a dominant role with her. Was that because she led that way or, perhaps, you are more butch than femme?”

Rachel smiled. “Could it be true we become who we somehow feel, moment to moment? I enjoyed fondling that pretty girl but, curious I know, I did not want her to embrace me. Maybe that’s why I took the lead. What else did Hal say?”

“Oh, the usual. He raved at how beautiful you are, and your poise. Then he had to bring up that feature you have that most lovers want. It drove Reeve to drink and, as it would be, Hal brought it up.”

Rachel felt a nervous stomach coming on. “Jenn. Will I be successful in keeping him away from me? Sexually speaking, I mean. He seems a nice person but, well, I’m not into cocks.”

Jenn smiled. “At least not his, or Reeve’s. Right?”

Rachel nodded. “It’s chilly out here. Can we go in?”

“Ah, silly of me. Of course; just leave the door ajar in case Hannah wakes and misses you.”

They went into the Little Lounge and Rachel accepted a sugary liqueur. They sat down in one of the love seats arranged around the stage.

“Jenn. Can I ask? What does Hal want that most lovers want?”

Jenn touched Rachel’s lips with her finger as if to hush her but then moved it in a sensual caress. “Your mouth, Rachel. He wants your mouth. So do I.”

“Will he force me to suck him? Why? He certainly has enough girls in very difficult situations who would.”

Jenn interrupted. “True. You are observant. It’s human nature, I guess. You go into a pastry shop and select the most delightful offering there. You can have any of them, but you want that one. It’s not so different.”

“When you went down on me that night —it seems such a long time ago— I was completely at your mercy. It was the most lustful I’d ever felt up to that time. When you moved away from me, after I regained some sense of place, I wanted to take you the same way. But?”

Jenn moved her hand onto Rachel’s lap and pressed her flat stomach. “Have you forgotten? I opened my blouse and fed you my breast. You did do it justice, I must say.”

“Will Hal Holding get me by threatening to take away the good photo ops?”

“Would you take him into your throat even if you had no feeling for him? We are human creatures, you know. If it would benefit all four of us, would you do it?”

“I guess so. Yes. But, thinking about it; well, all I can bring to mind is Reeve being so violent. Would he do that? Would he beat me until I begged him to let me suck him? That’s ugly.”

“Obscene, for sure. Really, he has more humanity than that.”

“That’s the way I see it right now,” Rachel answered slowly. “Later, who knows?”

“Darling. Maybe if we talk this out, it will help. Suppose —do you like to play what-if?— the cock you’re so set on avoiding is not attached to a man? Would you be inclined to accept that?”

Rachel laughed. "How could that be?"

"Wait here. I'll be right back." Jenn went to a drawer behind the bar and returned with a dildo. Sitting down she waited until Rachel finished sipping her drink, then laid the lifelike penis onto her hand.

Rachel jumped. "Oh, a dildo. You certainly get a girl's attention."

"Do this for me, Rachel, please; pretty please. Let this slide between your lips, let your tongue linger and lick, let me see your cheeks sink in as you draw this prick deeper in your mouth. Let me."

Rachel couldn't miss Jenn's serious tone. "OK, if it will make you happy. But, tell me, is this part of your secret? The mystery about you. This it? This what you like to do to girls?"

"It's part of it. A time will come when there will be no secret; the mystery, as you call it, will be revealed to you. When and where or how long, I can't say. But, for now, just humor me."

Rachel relaxed back against the seat and nodded her assent. She brought her tongue out and licked the side of it. She accepted whatever Jenn did as it was, after all, Jenn's fetish, not her's. "Ullp, smack, ummm..."

"What did Hannah say? Ah, yes. Beguiling. Rachel, that's beautiful, you're beautiful. Go deeper?"

"I'll try." She stretched her neck and squared her shoulders to make room for the invading plastic. Then she looked at Jenn and nodded. Jenn pressed and brought back, in and out, tongue licking and disappearing, until Rachel received it against the hollow of her throat.

"Marvelous, darling. Thank you."

Rachel relaxed when Jenn set the dildo aside. "Did I pass? Do I get a good grade?"

Jenn laughed. "Top of the class, love. Did you think of a man when you were working so hard on the dildo?"

"No, strangely enough, I didn't. I thought of you. You were doing it. Not a man."

Tears escaped from Janet Jensen's eyes. "You may learn my secret sooner than you think."

"All to order," the judge said sternly. "This is a coroner's inquest into the demise of Reeve Rayne, DOA on the night of..."

Rachel sat nervously and watched as the judge droned on describing the facts of Reeve's death. Finally:

"Is Ms. Rachel Rawson present?"

"She is, your honor," the district attorney answered.

"Good. Most of the facts are well known here but this procedure has been requested by Universal Life Insurance Company, that holds a policy through Mr. Rayne's employment with a death benefit of \$90,000. This is payable, according to

the policy, if death was accidental or of natural causes. It will not pay for suicide, war, armed conflict, etc. The company wants a ruling of suicide in this case. Frankly, the facts indicate otherwise. It appears Reeve Rayne wandered out into the street and was killed by a hit-and-run driver. This would make his death accidental even considering the alcohol level of his blood.”

Rachel listened intently as the judge went through the legal hurdles. She had been called to attend but knew nothing of the death benefit. “How fitting,” she thought, “if I get paid for his sins”.

“Miss Rawson,” the judge began. “We understand from your earlier statement that you and Mr. Rayne lived together for some time.” He watched as Rachel nodded assent. “Have you anything to add?”

Rachel stood up. “We talked about marriage but had not set a date, your honor.”

“And, on the night in question, you were, uh, where?”

“At the Boom-Room bar with some friends. Girls night out, like that.”

The district attorney spoke up. “No question, sir. It checks out.”

“Miss Rawson,” the judge asked, “were you aware of the insurance benefit on his life?”

“No, your honor.”

“Then you had no motive or interest to see him dead?”

“No, your honor.” She wanted to scream at them, all so solemn and official, “Yes, I killed the bastard because he raped me and was trying to steal money from my friends.” But she remained respectfully quiet.

“With no further comment, this proceeding is closed. Death is ruled accidental.”

“Jenn, it’s me, Rachel. Hannah is in the Great State of Arizona. She is caring for her mom.”

Janet Jensen smiled. Opportunity lurked and she rec-



ognized it. "So, it's the first time you and Hannah have been separated in, how long?, six months. "

"Yes, I miss her terribly. And you, Jenn. Did you rent the apartment yet?"

She laughed. "No, love. I sometimes go in there just to check it out. It still has yours and Hannah's spirit in it. Like a shrine."

Rachel grinned. "If not a shrine, a grotto."

"Quite. I wondered how you two would feel about it now that you are in that fancy condo. Us poor folks just have to endure."

Rachel broke in. "Poor? You're one of the richest people I know."

"Ah, flattery. Had dinner? I'm putting together some chicken Alfredo if you want to help demolish it."

"Sounds luscious. Do you have any of that purple stuff left? The sugar liqueur?"

"It will be ready when you get here."

Rachel wheeled into the lean-to next to the apartment that held such vivid memories. She closed the car door gently so as not to disturb Jenn, and went inside. Standing in the bedroom doorway, the magic of that night so long ago came back to her. The passion that hid the shock of Reeve's death, the purpose and commitment, and the sexual response. It was all there. "The stories these walls could tell," she thought.

She heard the screen door rap and, in one swift moment, Janet Jensen had her arms around her and was pulling their bodies together.

"Rachel, how neat. Having a memory flashback?"

She twirled away from the other girl. "Yes. If we could only bottle all that happiness."

"Something no one can ever take away from you. Reeve's death etched it all in your very being that night. Do you remember?"

"Yes, and there was an excited girl with a dildo. I recall that also."

Jenn laughed. "OK, then." She took Rachel's hand and led her out into the darkness. They took the few steps with arms around each other.

"Thanks for the invitation to dinner. I'm famished."

"As in all things you do, I'm fascinated just watching you."

"That was a delicacy," Rachel said as Jenn cleared the table. "Thank you."

"Is good food the way to the girl's heart?"

"What could be better?" Jenn laughed. "The promise of sex, I suppose."

Rachel stood and stretched. “Maybe sex with a lover and sex with the cook are the same. No more interest when you are no longer hungry.”

There was a round of laughter, a jovial atmosphere Rachel found enticing. Jenn put a guitar CD on and turned for approval. “Like acoustic guitar?”

“Nice. It’s quiet here even with the club open.”

Janet Jensen tugged Rachel to the sofa and they sat down. Jenn was confident, controlling. She was elegant in her white pants suit with the black piping. The bodice was caught tight outlining her breasts.

Rachel shot a glance of admiration. She felt somehow inadequate, perhaps intimidated, in her modest miniskirt and starched white blouse. Yet, to Janet Jensen, the girl had a wholesomeness born of simplicity. Utterly appealing.

Relaxation seemed beyond them both but they tried. “Still curious about the secret you and Hannah talk about?”

“More than that. It’s an obsession. How can something not remotely my concern, hold such interest?”

Jenn looked at her seriously, stern in tone and manner. “If we can discuss my past, honestly and completely, do you promise to hear me out?”

Rachel perked up. “Oh, Jenn. This can’t be painful, can it?”

“Bless you, no. But you are in for a surprise or two. And, when you finally get the entire picture and the obsession is gone, what pray tell will you agree to then?”

Rachel was withdrawn for a quick moment. “Guess I asked for that, didn’t I? Do I have anything of interest to negotiate?”

“You do, and you already know what it is.”

Certainly she knew. Janet Jensen had confessed it herself that one night a long time ago. “I’m blushing,” Rachel said in a whisper.

“But you want to know, don’t you? Have you been drawn into such games in the past because of your obsession with someone else’s secret?”

Rachel nodded. “Yes,” she answered. “Do you think less of me?”

“Not at all. But there is one more very important topic, here. You must promise me, for the sake of our love and our sex, that what you learn tonight will not be revealed.”

By this time, Rachel was getting nervous. “Jenn, maybe we better leave well enough alone. Now I’m expecting you to be a mermaid, a monster from Mars or some horny alien.”

“Umm, smart girl. Not far wrong, especially the horny part.” The levity broke the tension and Rachel relaxed.

“Well, while you find that purple sugar liqueur,” Rachel said, getting up from the sofa, “I’ll freshen up a bit. “

Jenn went into the kitchen. Ice cubes tinkled and cracked. Rachel turned on the light and slid the latch on the bathroom door.

Looking in the medicine cabinet for aspirin, she was drawn to the vast array of bottles. 'Wow, her own drug store,' she thought.

Handling each vial, she read the names. The hormones she recognized but there were others: Estradiol Valerate, Spironolactone and Progesterone. On the side shelf she noticed another: Finasteride.

"What in the world?" she considered. "Terminal illness? That's why she won't talk; doesn't want us to know." She checked the dates the prescriptions were issued and they overlapped. "She's on this stuff now. No doubt about it."

Janet Jensen handed her the iced liqueur when she came back. She couldn't miss the look of distress on Rachel's face. She knew when Rachel was in there that a discovery would be made. It was part of the plan and her stomach jumped in anticipation.

"You can tell me now," Rachel said softly. "I'm ready. And I agree to all your terms. In fact, I'm so impressed that you will confide in me that I promise to care for you if that becomes necessary."

Jenn feigned innocence. "Oh, you saw the drug collection. That's part and parcel of the story which concerns you."

Rachel bit her lip. "Is it terminal? What should I know?"

Jenn smiled. "Nothing like that. Do you still want to hear the story?"

"More than ever. Oh, Jenn. I've a feeling of foreboding."

"I went to a different school than you, Reeve and Hannah. It was run by the church and there were strict rules."

Rachel nodded. "Go on."

"I was a sickly kid and, children not being kind, I took a lot of abuse. Teachers tried to help but by the time I was out of grade school, I was a basket case. I knew early on that I was different from the other kids."

"All kids feel that way, to some extent."

"True but all kids don't sneak into their sister's bedroom and try on all those nice frilly clothes. I especially liked the feeling of silk and satin against my skin."

"If your sister had those things, why not you?"

"Wait, there is more. I began to realize that, considering my limitations, I really wanted to be a modern woman and make my way in the world. But, there was this one physical condition holding me back from doing any of the things I wanted to do."

Rachel was fascinated. "Oh, Jenn. It sounds awful."

"It was and it took all the courage I could manage to get free."

"From what? From those stupid kids?" she asked dumbly.

“Only partly, darling,” Jenn answered. “I hated school and being the shy guy, I always dreamed of escape.”

“Oh, you don’t mean ‘shy guy’, Jenn, you mean shy gal.”

There was a long suspenseful moment between them. Then, “There you have it, Rachel. If you want to check my school yearbook, there is no Janet Jensen. Only a James Jensen.”

Goose bumps creased her skull and tingled on her neck. “Jenn, you mean —you are telling me — Oh.”

“Calm down, darling. I’m glad it’s out between us. I now at least have a willing confidant.”

“But all the drugs. What are they for? I thought you were terminally ill.”

“It takes a long time, and expensive procedures, to get me to where I’m going but I’m determined to get there even if I have to mortgage my soul.”

Rachel gulped. “This is moving too fast for me. Get where?”

Janet Jensen smiled. “What you see now is a full-bosom on a very feminine woman. Right?”

Rachel nodded. “So?”

“I’ve not had the final operation; not ready for it.”

The naked facts finally dawned on her. The beautiful, poised, intellectual woman, so in control of herself and everything around her, still had a functioning penis to go along with her womanly wiles.

Janet Jensen chuckled at Rachel’s discomfort. “Relax, dear. I know you must be in shock. Not something you can handle about someone you admire; not easily anyhow.”

“And I do admire you. Even more so, now, knowing what you’ve been through.”

“Not that so much, honey. Surviving by keeping it all together is the trick.”

“Wow!” Rachel said and did not resist when Jenn slid one arm across her shoulders and brought her close.

“Being a woman trapped in a man’s body is a form of bondage. You know relief is needed but, at the same time, the idea is overwhelming.”

“It is difficult to imagine. Please, go on. I want to know all about it.”

Jenn hugged her. “I’m so glad you are a grown-up girl. Guess I didn’t realize how much I needed you for a friend.”

“I think I’m going to cry,” Rachel sniffled. “Jenn, why am I so frightened?”

“Maybe some trauma left over from Reeve. But it isn’t the dildo this time. You were more than cooperative when I brought out the dildo. You said it yourself, it’s the person, not the tool.”

“Yes, I know. You’re right, no doubt.” She risked a glance down at the bulge in Jenn’s pant suit. “Why haven’t any of us noticed it before?” She asked.

“I wear a device that tucks it all between my legs so I can wear the proper clothes and so on. It’s called a pussy-gaff panty. When you were in the bathroom checking my drug supply, I removed it.”

“I wasn’t spying on you. Just curious. Are you offended?”

Jenn chanced a light brushing kiss on Rachel’s cheek. “Not at all. It was likely to happen one day. I’m just glad it was you.”

Rachel, her mind still numb from the disclosure, began to put her thoughts together. “But, Jenn, if you took off the —uh, well, the— gaff thingy when I went into the bathroom, how did you know? Oh, it was a plan, wasn’t it?”

“Do you feel relieved or deceived?”

“Both, I guess. You were willing to gamble I would live up to the terms I’d agreed to. You didn’t know for sure. I might have just run screaming out into the club.”

“I knew when you came in that door you were here because you needed me. I merely took that need one step further.”

“Guess you think I’m pretty dumb.”

Jenn laughed again, a high tinkle like a far off bell. “Not so. Even people as smart as you; do what they think might be dumb things. It’s because there is another need.”

“And Hannah. Did you include her in your plan?”

“Yes. Maybe I even get a vicarious pleasure knowing you two are lovers. It’s wonderful to see you both happy. If Hannah knew, how do you think she would react?”

Rachel smiled and moved closer into Jenn’s embrace. “Run screaming into the club.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Yes; she is better able to cope with life than I am. Too complicated for me.”

Jenn asked Rachel to stretch out on the sofa. Then she gingerly sat down next to her. “Shove over. You can’t have all the room.” As Rachel moved her hips, she raised her arms to embrace the older girl. The kiss was warm, gentle and caring.

Rachel smiled. “I’m comfortable with you, now. Sorry if acted weird.”

“Hush,” Jenn answered and moved to run her hand beneath Rachel’s skirt and under her V-panty. The pliant flesh felt like velvet. “Lovely.”

“So, tell me. When did this response to femininity begin? There has to be a beginning.”

Jenn moved one hand down the side of her leg as if molding the flesh. “This won’t surprise you. Even having luxuriated in the feel of girl’s underclothes in the past, it didn’t get really complete until the senior play. It was a comedy and I tried out for the part of the character in drag. Everyone laughed and I had some funny lines. All of a sudden I was accepted. It was a new freedom. We had two perform-

ances and after each one, I didn't want to change back into guy's clothing. It was a revelation to me."

"Umm. I understand. Isn't there always something in our experience like that? Reeve had such a low opinion of himself that he thought he had to dominate women by watching, and feeling, them give him head."

"He didn't get the message. He gave up control to whoever was doing it."

"Yes, I think. I'll have to pass on that. Too deep."

"Well, you then, Rachel. What was your budding experience with girls?"

"The girl-girl affair was secondary. It would most likely have not happened without the abuse I endured from Reeve. Actually, he forced me out and into an experience I had only briefly considered. I began feeling something special, sensual perhaps, for Hannah but I knew I had been really traumatized. I couldn't trust my feelings. From there I needed warmth and caring. You gave me that. I'm grateful."

"And Hannah? I would say her unrequited love set up a never-ending conflict. What do you think?"

"It's more serious than that. Hannah needs to be the eternal free spirit. Anything that held her down, bondage she calls it, was by definition, bad. She was a rebel not only in her lifestyle but her affections, her interests and her needs. It was a natural that she would live in a demimonde that would shock her straight friends."

Jenn brushed a stray strand of hair from Rachel's forehead. "And, I hear Aline and Cherry have taken up the domestic life. You know anything about that?"

"Nothing except that Aline set out to get established in a lesbian lifestyle. She has a high tension job; does television setups, that sort of thing. I've not met her but I respect Cherry's judgment."

All during the frank sharing of views, Jenn fondled and caressed Rachel's body. She felt her legs lovingly and unbuttoned the blouse. Rachel closed her eyes, enjoying each touch. When her breasts fell free, Rachel felt Jenn's agile fingers tweaking the nipples to life.

"That feels so good, " Rachel whispered.

"Here, let me unzip my tops." Jenn caught the zipper of her pant suit at the throat and drew it down to her navel. Her breasts peeked out from the sheer lace uplift bra and she captured Rachel's hands to move them to her bulging torso.

They engaged in a gentle mutual fondling of each other's breasts. Finally, Jenn leaned down and took one nipple into her mouth. Next, she raised up so Rachel could return the favor.

"You have the sexiest mouth I've ever seen or felt," Jenn said softly. She watched, fascinated, as Rachel deftly stimulated the firm mounds, the wandering tongue tip sent shivers of pleasure to her sexual center.

Wide-eyed, Rachel looked up at her and smiled. “So glad you think so. Is this our after-dinner treat?”

“Yes, pretty girl. I hope you enjoy what I have for you to eat.”

Rachel felt a twinge of regret in the pit of her stomach. “Jenn, let’s wait a while. Seems I can’t get used to the idea.”

Janet Jensen stood up and with both hands pulled Rachel to her feet. They embraced each other and kissed long and deep. Rachel let her lips part and Jenn invaded the starving mouth with an errant tongue. She led Rachel into the bedroom and settled her on the wide queen-size bed.

Rachel watched as if hypnotized as Jenn stepped out of the pant suit. The modest panties hid almost nothing. Jenn had a raging hard-on, an erection that both thrilled and frightened the reclining Rachel.

From that moment on, Jenn took control. Rachel raised her shapely hips to allow the other girl to remove her skirt and panties. Blouse and bra were next to go. In a vigorous move, Jenn forced Rachel’s legs apart and began licking a wet line along her thigh to the waiting sex. Rachel gasped and squirmed as Jenn expertly prodded and sucked. As she moved the aroused girl to orgasm, Rachel began to moan her acceptance and rushed to bury her fingers in Jenn’s hair. With her legs pushed further apart, Rachel began to reach the edge. Then Jenn rammed two fingers in Rachel’s vagina and expertly took the clit between her lips.

“Ung,” Rachel moaned as she climaxed in a rush of emotion. “Jenn, please, you’re wonderful, do it more.”

“As much as you like, darling. But, do you remember the last time I did that to you? You said you wanted to please me in return.”

Rachel, mouth parted, tongue licking her own lips in anticipation, raised herself on her elbows. “I remember. And I won’t disappoint you. Not now or ever again.”

Jenn stifled a sob and moved up so the firm erection headed for Rachel’s waiting mounds. Rachel took it in hand and stroked it from tip to the small, slight, scrotum as Jenn settled against Rachel’s chest. The sensitive glans cruised between Rachel’s breasts.

To Rachel, it appeared that Jenn had lost self-control. She watched as Jenn began to shake and moan, sobbing uncontrollably, crying out in staccato nonsense and riding between the elegant breasts, each stroke aimed at Rachel’s mouth.

She leaned down and kissed Rachel with inspired passion. She grabbed at Rachel’s face and held her chin so her firm hand was forcing the reclining girl to part her lips. Next, both hands were holding Rachel’s head up off the pillow.

Rachel blinked and looked askance at the advancing bulbous tip. For a moment she wanted out, didn’t find the position to her liking, her comfort zone as well as her dignity was at risk. “Jenn, please. Not so rough.”

“Take it, Rach. Now, those perfect lips, in and catch it with your tongue. Rachel, suck it dry.” She put more weight against her and Rachel yawned to accept the firm penis as deep as she could. “You’re goodness, you are. Oh, yes,” Jenn shouted.

The cum stream exploded in Rachel’s mouth and she struggled to swallow it all. As she fought to breathe, Rachel looked up in horror as Jenn fell to one side. She had reached a new height of lust and passion before she swooned dead away.

Next day, around noon, Rachel woke to the aroma of fresh-brewed coffee. Jenn came in with a tray and set it next to the bed. She kissed Rachel gently.

“Hi, beautiful. Hannah called late this morning. She was concerned when you didn’t answer your phone.”

“Oh, my fault. I totally forgot to update the answering machine.”

Jenn laughed. “It’s OK. I told her you were here and sound asleep.”

“She had no comment?”

“No, but I suspect she will have some questions when you talk to her.”

Rachel squirmed and reached for the coffee. “It’ll be OK. At least I’m not calling her at 4 AM. screaming about being raped.”

Jenn sat down on the side of the bed next to the sleepy girl. “You weren’t raped this time. If anything, considering your beauty and talent, you raped me.”

“And you loved it,” Rachel said in a quick gibe. She grinned her pleasure in having both kept her bargain, such as it was, and done it well.

“You, darling. Are you all right with what happened here? Did you like it? Was it as good for you as going down on a pretty girl? A gal as pretty as Hannah, I should think, would be awesome.”

“Oh, I like both apples and oranges. Don’t like comparing them.”

Jenn drew the beautiful Rachel next to her and kissed her fully on the mouth. Their tongues mingled in a raw satisfaction finding secret places to savor. “If you stay between those sheets much longer, you’ll be getting company.”

“Then you better let me up.”

Jenn sighed and moved away. “As you wish. Shower? Towels are in the linen hamper behind the door.” She watched sadly as Rachel pulled herself out of bed and headed for the bath. The trim legs flashed flesh next to her shorty pajama tops.

Just ready to turn off the stream of warm water, Rachel watched in amusement as Jenn pulled the curtain aside and stepped into the shower next to her. They cuddled, naked in the warm jet streams, their bodies rubbing to get as much touchy-feely flesh as possible. Rachel gasped when she felt the firm erection jab her stomach.

“Hal Horning called. He has a new catalog to do. Wants you and Hannah to model for it.”

Rachel grinned. Her full lovely face framed by a riot of wet hair which gave her an irresistible aura. “Did you remind him Hannah is out of town?”

“Yes and he remarked that Hannah shouldn’t let you out of her sight for this long.”

“Why would he call for me here?”

“Seems he was at the Little Lounge last night. Saw your car in the lean-to and put it together.”

Rachel laughed and reached down to Jenn’s sex. “Good thing he didn’t break in and catch you with this big cock as it was getting an oral massage.”

“Beautiful and bad, that’s what you are.”

Rachel looked quickly outside the shower. “Sport, hand me that beach towel to kneel on.”

Jenn nearly fell over herself rushing for the towel. “This is more than I hoped for,” she said with a throaty whisper. She watched in rapt fascination as the girl with the gorgeous mouth knelt on the towel and rested her buttocks on her heels. She took the hard tool in her hand then looked up at Jenn. “Talk to me.”

Jenn gulped. “Gosh, Rachel. Like, I don’t think I can.”

“You weren’t shy when you were seducing me.”

“Wow. Well, OK. Take it in between your lips and let me see your cheeks cave in when you suck and draw on it. Ow, that’s great. Do you want me to move your head?”

Rachel released the throbbing cock and looked up again. “Yes, do as you wish with me. Make me your slave for this minute. Force it into my throat. Push my head to the side. Let me fill my cheeks from the inside of my mouth. Beg me to stop because the ecstasy is too great.”

Jenn nearly fainted but caught Rachel’s head in her hands and skillfully moved her head about, in and out, as Rachel, eyes closed and eyebrow’s knit in concentration, worked to complete her lover’s desire.

They were caught in a void of ecstasy and passion. Lust was their master and mistress. Time and again, in and out, sucking and licking, Rachel stroked and pumped with her lush lips. Her tongue escaped to jab at the swollen bulb when Jenn moved her away just to watch the incredibly beautiful face give wanton pleasure to the impassioned penis. It was a world of sensation, sensual and senseless. Finally, Jenn went up on tiptoes and gushed deep into Rachel’s throat. The ejaculations continued until Rachel held the cock against her face to feel even the weakest pulse. It was over and Jenn was left with a memory of sexual completion so deep it would be etched on her mind from that moment on.

“Rachel, come in,” Hal Horning said. “Sorry Hannah isn’t with you, but maybe we can get started. It’s sort of a rush job. When is Hannah expected?”

“Can’t say. Her mom is recovering. She’ll be back when she is comfortable with leaving her alone.”

Hal Horning was devious; the look on his face was, in contrast, both jovial and serious. “Saw your car at the Little Lounge the other night. You and Janet Jensen having an affair?”

There was something in Hal Horning’s manner that brought out a new anger in Rachel every time she saw him. She snapped back, “If we are or are not, it’s no concern of yours.”

He smiled, happy to have that special response from her he considered most revealing. “You are even more gorgeous when angry.”

“You bait me and I fall for it every time. What is it you want, anyhow?”

“Some help, please. I sold you and Hannah to do this catalog and now I have to go back and tell them I can’t do it. They’re really anxious to get it out to their customer list.”

Rachel was thoughtful. “Well, if they are so anxious to fill their time frame, how about asking if Janet Jensen can pose? What I’m thinking is that the entire scenario could be the typical girl —me— being dominated by the beautiful older girl.”

“Think you could talk her into it? Great idea. Would make a cool catalog.”

“Ask her yourself. You’re the one paying.”

Rachel wandered out of his office into the studio. Introducing herself to some of the girls waiting for their exposures, she found herself quite comfortable there; at home with the travesty of it all. “Can this be me?” she asked herself. “This was once so obscene. Now it seems right; must be me.” She went back to the photo lab to chat with the girl photographer.

Later, in Hal Horning’s office, Rachel sat down, adjusted the hem of her mini-skirt and pressed her knees together. “Any news about Janet Jensen?” she asked.

“It clicked,” he answered. “Maybe Jenn agreed because it was you but she is on her way over to discuss what has to be done.”

“Well, that surprises me. Maybe she will want to wear a wig and half mask.”

He first admired her poise and the aura of unspoiled beauty she projected. Then the question came to him. “Why do you think that? Wig and mask, I mean.”

“Just that she has a lot of friends and, being basically a shy person, she’s not one to pose in a public catalog.”

“Hmm. Maybe that’s why she hesitated before answering.”

“Could be. Hannah is due back in a week or so but nothing firm, I guess.”

“You miss her? I know I would, given the same circumstances.”

She flashed her best enigmatic smile. “Wouldn’t you be, for sure.”

“Rachel, I swear. Sometimes you drive me up the wall. You have all these secret ideas spinning around in your skull. Astonishing.”

She laughed. “If you only knew the half of it.” She decided she’d had enough of Hal’s ogling her so she excused herself and waited in the lobby for Janet Jensen.

Rachel stood up when Jenn came in. They hugged “hello” and both headed for Hal’s office. “Are you angry?” Rachel asked.

“What you see is not anger. It’s determination. I told you I needed money for my special fund. Well, this is as good as any other way.”

Rachel was nervous. “How are we going to pull this off without exposing you?”

“My cock?” Jenn answered quickly. “What you remember is a very excited male member. Tucked away, it isn’t so large.”

She shrugged her shoulders. “Anyhow. We’ll persevere.”

“I just wish Hannah was here,” Jenn said softly. “But, at least we have Hal as an ally. This may work out.”

“Call it our money connection.” Rachel added.

Jenn turned to face the younger girl. “Honey. My brain is percolating Do you think Hal is content here? Is this his life dream?”

“Why not? He has hot-and-cold running chicks, all ready and willing. He gets more sex than a 42nd Street whore and all clean, all free, to a degree.”

“Sometimes, talking to him, usually getting fresh-faced models for his projects, I get the feeling he is restless.”

Rachel was thoughtful. “So what? He’s probably putting away a fortune from this.”

“Ah! That ‘s my point. He has been at it long enough. He might be holding on waiting for a buyer. What do you think?”

Rachel was interested but confused. “Buy? You are going to make him an offer?”

“Well, I thought we might pursue it.”

“What’s this ‘we’ stuff? Who do you have in mind?”

“Five of us. Ready? You, me, Hannah, Cherry, Aline.”

“So? If he wants a million dollars, we play ‘shoot the moon’.”

“Shall we try? I think he has the hots for Hannah; —who doesn’t?— and you yourself said you would accept him if it meant something to all of us.”

“Jenn, you better tell me what this percolating is all about. I have a feeling we’re going to get more than coffee grounds here.”

Janet Jensen laughed. “We’ll let him discuss terms after I put the idea in his head. Of course, I might be entirely wrong. He might just take us all for a sexual ride, then dump us.”

Rachel tucked the bag of groceries in her arm and struggled with the latchkey.

As the door swung open, she came into the kitchen and, with the grace of an earthbound duck, caught the door with her ankle and it closed with a bang.

“Hello, love,” Hannah said.

Rachel yelped in surprise then hurried to dump the groceries on the kitchen table. “Oh, Hannah,” she said nearly out of breath, “you scared me.”

Hannah laughed. “I was going to get behind you and capture you. You are too quick for me.”

“You’ve already captured me. As of right now, I’m into bondage; with you.”

The two girls sank gratefully into each other’s arms.

“You take my breath away, as always,” Hannah whispered. She caught Rachel’s chin with her hand and held the pretty face immobile. “I came a long way to give you this.” She held Rachel and settled a gentle, longing, kiss on lips she had yearned for. They both leaned into one another and, after a breather, Hannah took Rachel’s hand and led her into the living room.

There was another kiss and Hannah sat back on the sofa. “Guess you better tell me about you and Janet Jensen.” There was distance between them.

Rachel was quiet at first, “I never stopped loving you, Hannah. One evening Jenn invited me over for dinner at her place. She seduced me.”

Hannah sighed. “More than likely, you seduced her.”

“Well, we spent the evening talking, mostly.”

“Rachel, listen. Remember when we first saw each other after so long apart? You and Reeve came to the Boom-Room Bar. I was so happy to just look at you again, to measure how I felt. Then we danced and that was divine. When I pointed out Cherry to you, do you remember?, you made some remark that I took as jealous. Was it? Even back then, were you jealous of Cherry? Logic missing here. I was terribly offended by Reeve just being there. Now this between you and Jenn. Why?”

Hannah took Rachel in her arms and held her, rocking as if for comfort. “I want to know what went on. I want to know why you did that when for all those months you endured Reeve’s advances you thought were improper. And that was after you and he had a commitment.”

Rachel’s eyes welled with tears. “Oh, Hannah, it just happened. You know how she is. So charming, foxy.” She started to sob.

“Calm down. Realize I’m hurt, afraid actually, of losing you after we’ve gained so much. Are you going to go running to Janet Jensen every time there is stress between us? I know life isn’t fair but we can at least keep some justice here in this house.”

Rachel reached for a tissue and dabbed at her eyes. “I learned her secret, the mystery you told me about.”

Hannah’s eyes narrowed. “Cherry and I are not the only girls who picked up on her charisma. Others have questioned the depth of it. You are the first person I’ve ever heard of who has cracked the shell. I’m waiting.”

“Jenn made me promise never to reveal it to anyone and named you specially. Oh, Hannah, she in no way threatens what we have between us. When I went over there for the evening, driving, I had an uneasy feeling but dismissed it. I was lonely, tired, stressed out maybe. I needed what Jenn could give me. I knew you would understand that.”

“Probably will after you explain. Rach. Listen. You owe me this. My heart is in a weird place right now.”

Rachel was crying again. She exclaimed, “How can anything so beautiful hurt so much?”

“So, tell me. Is the pain worth it?”

“I promised,” Rachel sniffed and took another tissue.

“I can understand you standing by your word. But, I can’t understand you not including me. Is there no trust here?”

That did it. Rachel broke down and started to wail.

Hannah walked away from her. In the kitchen she rustled around, broke out some ice cubes and poured herself a wine cooler. It was a waiting game until Rachel was standing, teary-eyed and shaking, in the kitchen door.

“She isn’t like us,” Rachel screamed. “She didn’t start out as a, oh!”

Hannah sipped her drink and looked at Rachel over the rim of the glass. “Go on.”

“She isn’t a girl.” She sobbed again. “There,” Rachel thought, “it’s out, over with.”

Hannah laughed. “Don’t put me on. With that neat figure and beautiful skin, pray tell, what she is if not a girl.”

“Her high school yearbook doesn’t have a Janet Jensen; only a James Jensen.”

Hannah carefully set her drink on the breakfast bar and sank to the floor. She sat cross-legged then held her knees. “Wow! I knew she had class but, uh, Rachel, is Jenn a she-male?”

Rachel hurriedly sat on the floor facing Hannah. “Yes. She made me promise not to tell. Please, Hannah.”

They both sat in silence. Hannah reached for Rachel and held her close. She brushed Rachel's cheek with her lips.

"Darling. I've known and admired Jenn for a very long time. Now, from what you've told me, I hold her in even higher esteem. We both know from experience that she can love a woman with more skill and affection than most women. Even girls like us who are in love. It was all part of her mystique. It all makes sense now. But, why all the secrecy?"

Rachel was eager. "You told me she was mysterious but an OK gal. Remember? I got obsessed trying to solve her secret. It's like Reeve with alcohol. It became really important. When she offered to confess her, uh, transient condition, her plans to alter her gender, her hopes and dreams, well, I absolutely adored her from that moment on. Until then, she was a game. All of a sudden, I found myself agreeing to the silly terms, impulsive I know, and it was part of the trust you talk about."

"Terms? What did you do in return for her confession?"

"She wanted sex. I agreed."

Hannah raised an eyebrow. "That can only mean, what?"

"I was putty in her arms. There was a hard erection. I was willing and filled with enthusiasm. It was beautiful. Not like you and me; another kind of attraction. It was what Reeve wanted and didn't get. Yet they both said they wanted my mouth in that way."

Hannah looked dejected then gazed seriously at Rachel. "How many times?"

"Twice, both times on my knees."

"You swallow?"

"Yes; no problem."

"You sorry now about Reeve?"

"No, well, maybe, in a way I could have been more accepting. But that's the past. Hannah, it was all so intensely beautiful. I expressed my love for you many times with our sexcapades but the few times with Jenn were singular events. I don't think anything like that will ever happen to me again. At least, that's how I feel now."

Hannah was again thoughtful. "OK, maybe I was wrong to badger you but I was scared. Jenn is not only beautiful, physically and as a person, she is very intelligent. I don't think we will be able to keep secret that you've broken the trust."

Rachel stood up and began putting the groceries away. "That secret is very important to her. Maybe it's like keeping everyone at arm's length if you have AIDS. But she isn't contagious. If I was a guy, she would be awesome."

"Agreed. There is a certain taboo in society but, well, one day it will be more accepted. Sort of a natural logic, I would say."

"She is saving for her final operation. In explaining, she said it takes time and money. "

“And, afterwards, no ghosts to come up to slow down her destiny.”

“She wants to be a woman who can make a difference.”

Hannah was again deep in thought. “We have to be certain we don’t mess up her scene. Right?”

“Well, yes. But, how?”

“I have a plan.”

“Well, here’s Janet Jensen. Couldn’t believe it when Shirley said you were on the way in.”

“Very smart-looking receptionist, Hal.”

“Thanks, and to what do I owe the honor of a visit?” “We need to have a chat.”

Hal Horning laughed. “Every time I have a chat with you it costs me money.”

“You just might have a surprise coming, then.”

He flipped the intercom. “Hold my calls, Shirley. We have an important guest in our midst.”

Jenn was serious. “Hannah is back. Rachel called me this morning.”

“That solves some problems though my client was very pleased with you and Rachel in the catalog.”

“Good, and thanks for the check. It didn’t go to waste. I do want to talk to you about money, just as you said.”

He slapped the desk top. “I knew it. Well, what have you to say?”

She crossed her legs and waited until he was through admiring her. “Hal, we think you might be getting ready to retire. Could that be?”

He chuckled. “I confess; it has crossed my mind. But who, pray tell, is the ‘WE’ you are referring to?”

“Umm, Hal, you old rascal. I thought you had an idea about the fishing camp in Florida. Is it not the one you keep threatening about every time you’re backed into a corner?”

“So you are heading up a consortium. Did you come here to make an offer?”

“Interested?”

“Maybe. Let’s negotiate. Try me.”

Jenn took a deep breath and said, rather grandiloquently, “We propose a down payment of \$100,000 plus 10% of the first year’s net.”

Hal laughed and slapped his desk again. “Since you are including me, with that net take the first year, what are your plans? Who is going to see to the shop?”

She swallowed and began to unravel her proposal basics. “I have chosen the office of Director. Hannah and Rachel are Personnel and Office, respectively. Cherry and Aline are production.”

Hal started as if struck with an idea. “Is that Aline Bren from the TV studio? I’ve been trying to get her for a long time. She’s good.”

“You don’t have a good reputation among the girls who work for you. It’s called people skills, Hal. But, then, you may not feel you need them.”

He was thoughtful. “At the rate I’m going, I could save a hundred-thou in about six years. Guess that means you have to up the ante. I’ll accept \$125,000 and 20%.”

“That’s higher than we can handle. I might be able to get you \$110,000 and 10%.” She looked at him hopefully.

He shook his head. “Maybe I don’t want to retire. But, you’re right about that fishing camp. With a bit of cash, since you suggest it, I might be able to meet the guy’s price. He wants to sell. Says he’s getting old.”

“Tax position will be good if you roll it over. You can keep the cash you already have. Good move.”

He watched her with renewed interest. “Not only are you endowed with a great body but, from what I can see, you picked up some business sense along the way. What say you buy in as a partner, 60/40 split, and we’ll hire the rest of your consortium. If all goes well, we can negotiate again later. You are right, I am getting old enough to consider retirement.”

She stood up. “Consider that we’re taking it under advisement. But, Hal, you are operating on the premise that we can be trusted. That’s not entirely true. You have two felonies going here that we know of. One, the triplets from up north that you imported for your ‘Lolita’ sequence. The other is that underage girl in the beer and wine ads that suggest she can be a libation as well.” She wagged her finger at him.

“Naughty, wouldn’t you say? Can you see it in court? You’d be lucky to get out of town with your socks.”

He stood up also as he did not like being intimidated by Janet Jensen standing over him. Anger flushed his face. “Don’t play rough with me, little girl. I don’t accept threats. Best you get your ass out of my office. We can talk at another time.”

Janet Jensen turned and walked primly out. She closed the door behind her and sat down to read a magazine.

Hal Holding looked out the window at the traffic in the street. “Damn!” he said to himself. “That chick knows enough to hang me. What else does she know? How can I turn this into an opportunity?” He fidgeted and went back to his desk. He poured a stiff drink from a decanter. “Scotch to the rescue,” he thought. Finally, after several minutes he flipped on the intercom.

“Shirley, see if you can get Janet Jensen on the telephone.”

There was a pause. “She is here reading a magazine, sir.”

“Send her in and, Shirley, no calls, no interruptions.”

“You wanted to see me, sir?” Jenn asked, feigning wide-eyed innocence.

“OK, I apologize but you really punch my buttons. Now, sit or stand, I don’t care. Where were we?”

“Oh, you were about to offer me a drink just like the one you’re having.”

He took a wide mouth glass and filled it. “Ice is over there if you want some,” he said pointing to the wet bar. “I don’t like what you just did and I don’t like your tactics.”

“But you are agreeable to listen to reason.”

He sighed and tapped the desk with a pencil. “You turn me on, Jenn, you really do. Beauty and brains are an unbeatable team with me.” He came around to the front of the desk and stood in front of her. He watched her sip the drink, neat, and flushed when she provocatively rimmed the glass with her tongue.

“I know you like girls, Jenn. I respect your preferences. Of that sexy team you told me about, how many have you seduced? Would they enter into this little project if you hadn’t?”

She smiled. “My, you ask a lot of questions for a man about to sell his business and retire to Key West. Cherry. Hannah. Rachel. Aline and Cherry are lovers. Rachel and Hannah are lovers. I don’t want to break up happy families. Why?”

He moved closer to her. She remained seated with her face almost touching his stomach. “Get closer,” he said and cupped the back of her head. The flowing hair excited him. “We can close this deal with a kiss.”

“You flatter me, Hal. I never thought you had an interest in little ol’ me.”

He pulled her closer. She moved one hand to the back of his leg.

“Well, I do. Have for a long time but never thought I’d get you into position.”

“Not arguable. Nor am I untrustworthy. I would rather we close this deal amicably, as you are now suggesting, by releasing some pent-up sex. Much better than fighting, courts, jails, attorney fees. N’est pas?”

His face, crimson with excitement, came down and they kissed, warm and soft at first, then in full passion.

“Raise your skirt, let me see those great legs,” he whispered and reached for the hem of her skirt.

She squirmed in discomfort. “Ah, flattery,” she said and moved the hem a few inches. “But, Hal, I sort of got the message you wanted my mouth?”

“I do but, not one to miss an opportunity, I’d like to take my turn at making you pregnant.”

That was too much. She burst out laughing. “You can’t make me pregnant, Hal. I’m not female.”

A long terrible moment stretched between them. “You sure put on a good show, Mr. Jensen. I’d never guess and, as you know, I’m somewhat of an expert due to wide experience. What a deal you’ve cut for yourself, tranny bitch.”

“You are so kind.”

“Just don’t know *what* kind, right? Well, Jenn. You have it all. Looks, poise, education, talent, money. No losers around you, either.”

“You forgot one thing I have that you want, speaking of the pregnant business.”

“I said ‘pregnant’ to be understood. Now what are you talking about?”

“Hannah.”

It was like a slap in the face. “I’ve often said I had an eye for Hannah. You know that and, I’ve no doubt, many others see her in the same way. What class!”

“\$50,000 and a night with Hannah. No strings.”

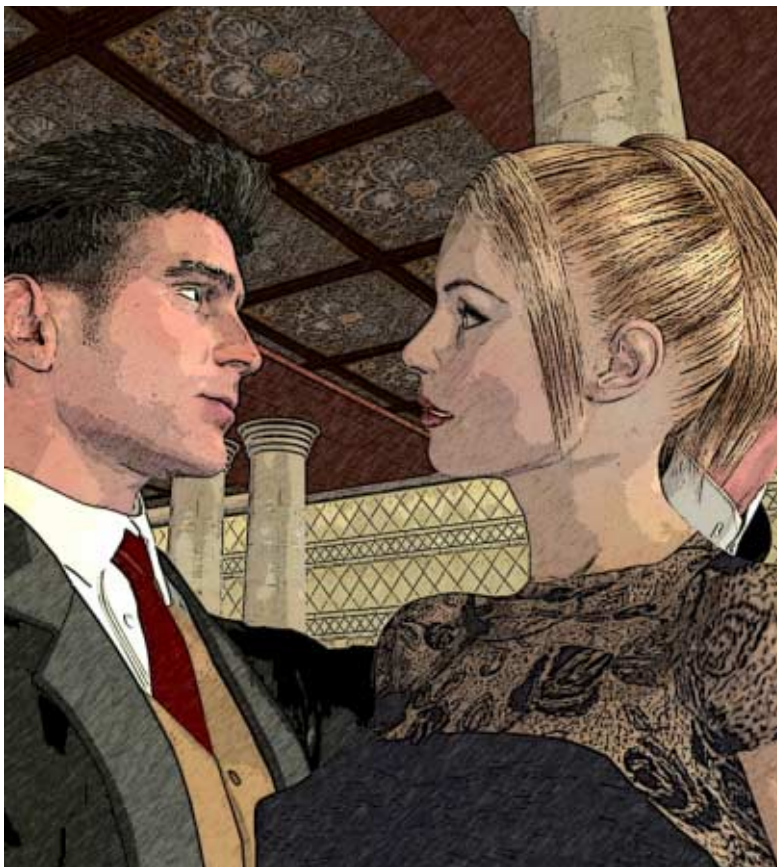
“You’re pushing buttons again.” He pulled her head against him. “Now, get busy with that neat mouth, boy-girl, whatever you are.”

“Umm, my pleasure. I’ll have a \$50,000 cashiers check in your warm hand in the morning. It comes attached to a wide-open contract which I have to discuss with my partners.”

“And Hannah?”

“It will be up to her in the final run, will it not?” She tentatively pressed the bulge in his trousers and reached to undo his belt.

He watched her busy fingers with a terse satisfaction. Not only was he going to get a nest egg for his retirement in Key West, he was turning over his business problems to a team he felt could prosper. Getting a percentage suddenly seemed



important. Also, the warm mouth coming close to his crotch was an end in itself after many months of yearning. And, the icing on the cake, Hannah. “Ah,” he said. “Yes.”

“Jenn? This is Hannah. I’m back from Arizona and mom is in recovery.”

“Delighted that you called. Rachel OK? Did you two have a talk about her adventures while you were gone?”

“Rachel is well, thanks. Yes, we had a long talk.”

“And?” Jenn asked tentatively, waiting for what she knew to be the answer.

Hannah paused to rethink her plan. “Uh, Jenn. Rachel is

out doing some shopping. We should have a chat, don't you think?"

"You coming over?"

"If you want me. I'd like chicken Alfredo for dinner with some of that purple liqueur. And, oh, put on the acoustic guitar CD."

Jenn paused. "I see Rachel informed you about our meeting. Just what did you have in mind?"

"She did not betray you easily. I had to practically beat and badger the story from her.

"Hannah, please. Are you angry? Jealous? We've known each other a long time. Don't forget I've had that delicious pussy of yours."

"I know and I am OK with it. We need a truce, of sorts; my head is in a weird place."

Jenn chortled. "I have something in mind if it's your weird head you're worried about."

"We need to come to an agreement, Jenn. I want you and Rachel to back off from each other."

"No tailgating, right, Hannah?"

"How about it?"

"We need to talk it over," Jenn answered.

Janet Jensen couldn't believe her good fortune. "The girl on the drive over thinks she is going to talk. No way," she thought to herself, "the gorgeous Hannah, after all this time, is going to give me some head. I'm coming just thinking about it."

Jenn met Hannah at the door. "Hi, glad to see you. Your mom OK?"

"As well as can be expected. She had a rough operation, was touch and go for a while. You have my purple liqueur ready?"

Hannah closed the door behind her and followed Jenn into the kitchen. "Here, sexpot. One sugar liqueur for a pretty girl."

"Did you think over what I said on the phone?"

"Yes and I'm very agreeable."

"Oh?"

"On my terms, of course."

Hannah sipped her drink. "I should have known."

"Do you want to see my high school yearbook?"

"No. Rachel told me you haven't had the operation yet. I admire you, Jenn; you are one in a million."

"Amazing that we see each other so favorably. Did you think I was trying to steal your girl from you?"

“Perhaps. Can’t fault you if you tried. It appears you just wanted her pretty mouth for a blow job.”

Hannah sat on the sofa and set her drink on the side table. “What’s this I hear about you and Hal Horning?”

Jenn grinned. “Hannah, it’s exciting. Horning has decided to retire. He wants to go to Key West. He has agreed, in principal anyhow, to sell the business to us. Have you any idea what that can mean?”

“Umm, wow. But, you said ‘us’. How do we figure in the grand scheme of things?”

“His terms are a little steep but I think between the five of us we can satisfy him.”

“Five? Jenn, what are you up to?”

Jenn explained the structure as she had put it together. “All we have to do is come up with \$50,000 tomorrow morning. Also, we have to all be in agreement. Hal is ready to sell and get out of town.”

“OK, Rachel and I are in. Do I talk to Cherry or do you?”

“I can, if you wish. First Cherry, then Aline.”

“Good. Cherry and I can put in an equal amount. Rachel has some left over from the funeral and down payment on the condo. Probably can equal ours. Are we in?”

Jenn leaned over and clicked the light on low. “Just a sec until I start the acoustic guitar you asked for. Hope you like it.” She sat down next to Hannah and slid her arm around Hannah’s waist. “Very nice. And you’re so nice and firm. Let me see this again,” she asked touching Hannah’s lips. “Yes, perfect for what I need tonight.”

Hannah started to get up. “Not me, Jenn. Enough now. Let me up.”

“I’ll just open your blouse and bare those nice breasts. I have something to put between them.”

Hannah again tried to get up. She was getting concerned. Jenn’s greater strength held her in place with one hand while the other unhooked her bra clasp.

“Cool it, Jenn. The answer is no. I didn’t come here for sex.”

“Yes, you did. What you didn’t expect was your involvement in the future of our company. It starts here, now. Umm, open up that blouse. No, I’ll do it. Bra in the way? This does it.”

Hannah, naked to the waist, again tried to get up. “No, I said.”

Jenn pushed her aside. “Shut up. Listen. I want you naked on my bed. I want you to fill your mouth with my hard cock. I want it.”

“People in hell want ice water. I said NO.” She raised one knee and tried to fight Jenn’s firm embrace. “My mouth is not your domain.”

“It is tonight. And, darling, you will do as you are told from now on. If I want you to give me head, I’ll let you know. You have no choice in the matter. “You can’t keep me forever. What happens when I don’t obey you?”

“Oh, you will. Do you have any idea all the trouble I can cause you?”

“What kind of trouble?”

”Grief. To begin with, the first thousand on your mom’s nursing home is paid. By me. Second, one phone call will start an investigation into Rachel’s involvement in Reeve’s death. Next, the IRS will happily give me a reward for tipping them off to the money you and Cherry hoarded at the Boom-Room Bar. Ten will get me a hundred you two didn’t claim it as income. Next.”

Hannah waved her hand. “No more. But I’m devastated when I remember how many times I thought of you as a loyal friend.”

“But I am. All this is for your own good. You just had to be convinced. Now, come on. Into the bedroom, please.”

“Is there an end?”

Jenn didn’t let her finish. She closed Hannah’s mouth with a passionate kiss.

While she worked one hand under Hannah’s dress, onto the waiting thigh, she murmured softly in her ear. “Darling. Time you realized who is in charge from now on.”

Agreeable at first, Hannah began to feel revulsion, a mild resistance that, to her, was entirely irrational. “Jenn, stop it. Something is happening here. I’m not moving with it.”

Jenn ignored her. She skillfully reached to Hannah’s waist, unbuttoned the skirt and unhooked the belt. A strength Hannah had not considered over took her as Janet Jensen half-pulled and half-carried the resisting girl to the bedroom. “This is where your Rachel got her first taste of tranny cock. She accepted quite well.”

“So? Let me up. This isn’t going well. I told you I felt weird. Stop it.”

For answer, Jenn slammed her on the bed. Her head , jammed against the bedstead, came to rest on a fluffy pillow. The violent action dizzied her briefly. She became lucid very quickly when Jenn cuffed both her hands to the bed rail. She was tethered, half naked, on her back on the bed of a madwoman crazed with lust.

As Hannah raised her knees to a fetal position, Jenn stepped back to admire her handiwork. “Gorgeous, beautiful Hannah. This is a moment longed for on many a lonely night in this same bed.”

“You had plenty of opportunity, Jenn. You didn’t need to hide yourself from me. You know how much I admire you; she-male doesn’t bother me. What you are doing now does, though.”

“No more talk, love. This is my night. I’ll enjoy all of your pert body I can handle.”

“I’ll scream,” Hannah threatened. “We are close enough. Someone at the club will hear.”

Jenn interrupted. “All that will get you is a gag. Just shut up.”

Hannah turned her head to watch when Jenn got up off the mattress. Her astonishment was complete when Janet Jensen slipped off her gown to reveal a beefy bulge beneath the silk panties. Hannah scanned the well-kept body and watched the growing genitals warily. Attraction and past notions aside, Hannah did not feel up to coping with a horny adversary. She began to cry.

“Don’t get all stuffed up in the nose, Hannah. You’re going to need to breathe soon.”

Hannah sniffled. “Let me go, please. I don’t want sex right now. You or anyone else.”

Jenn grinned. “Hardly a calamity. I know of very few women, none lovelier than you, who welcome sex all the time. It is tragic, I suppose, that this role falls to the female of the species. Nature has its ways, no?”

Hannah blinked and forced a smile. “You know how attractive you are and how to use that sensuality on the rest of us. You think it’s a tool; now it’s become a weapon. Don’t do this, Jenn. For all our sake.” She turned so her back was flat and raised one knee as if that might protect her. It only made her more visible.

“A stunning show, Hannah. You are both vivid and vulnerable.” She slid off Hannah’s shorts and panties. The little tuft at her mons seemed to bristle. It made the moment more sensual. “Stretch your legs now. I’m going to straddle your tummy so you can watch it come closer.”

“Yikes, take it easy, will you? This is the most awkward position...”

“Umm, so it is. But it also is a ravishing display of one sex dominating another.”

“OK, undo my hands. It doesn’t have to take forever.”

Jenn leaned forward and unhooked the brackets holding Hannah’s hands. “There is more than just a ‘bareback’ ride here,” she thought while looking at the expanse of beauty and brains at her mercy. “In the near future, each of the five of us is going to be struggling, like an open chess board, for position. The only one who is competitive is this one; the great, lusty, sexy, brainy Hannah. She has to know who is boss. This should do it.”

Jenn, now fully naked, threw one leg over Hannah and sat down on her stomach. Hannah reached for Jenn’s legs folded against her. She held them with the palms of her hands ready to move between when Jenn climbed higher. The firm erection, aimed high, snuggled between Hannah’s breasts. Jenn used both hands to hold the breasts tight while her thumbs clamped the sides of her throbbing penis.

Jenn moved forward, still straddling Hannah's torso, and watched as Hannah pursed her lips to stop the invading bulbous penis. "Great, darling," she whispered, her voice choked with emotion. "Take it now. Get used to it. This is the first of many."

"Time will tell," Hannah replied, "I'm really not into this."

"I am. You take orders from me. Now, open up. Let me see that busy tongue."

Hannah first blinked, frowned and then slowly opened her mouth. The firm cock jammed against her teeth until she opened further. "Ung," she said as Jenn brought enough weight forward to impale the lovely girl.

"Great, go for it," Jenn cried out and grabbed each side of Hannah's head to control the grand motion; deeper, up and back, down and back, slurping, cheeks caved in, mouth yawning, open to the throat.

As Jenn felt the stirring of orgasm coming on, she withdrew and lay down next to the distraught girl. She felt no remorse when Hannah began to cry.

"Stop blubbering," she said. "There is more to come, if you'll pardon the expression." She leaned over and took one nipple between her lips and played at it with her tongue tip.

Hannah, fully aware of the firm erection jabbing her thigh, was more nervous. "What are you going to do?"

"Whatever, darling. Don't fret." She moved one knee between her legs and pushed gently. "Open up, Hannah. There are more adventures ahead."

"Uh oh. Jenn, please be reasonable. Unless you are sterile, don't even think about ramming that thing in me. I'll get pregnant. Try explaining that to the world: Girl makes girl pregnant. Just cool it."

For answer, Jenn moved on top and snuggled her hips between Hannah's thighs. "Open. Pregnancy is not likely, as you know."

"What you don't know is how my luck runs. Not in our favor."

Jenn positioned at the delicate folds and pushed. She was delighted when Hannah bit her lip. And even more so when Hannah wrapped her arms around her, hunkered down, spread wider and waited until the firm shaft entered. In a moment Jenn was in all the way and beginning the erotic stroke expected. "Marvelous, dear," she whispered, "take it all the way now."

Hannah dug her heels into the mattress and pushed. Testicles slapped against her slight interval. "Don't stay, Jenn. Don't. We don't need trouble."

Jenn pushed deeper, then back, then in again. "Umm, great. Shall I take it out?"

"Oh, yes; do, please. I'll do anything you want."

"Precisely what I wanted to hear. You promise?"

"Yes. Don't come in me, I'm begging."

“Umm. OK, from now on, who is the leader here? Me or you.?” She moved her hips again until the sticky cock, so coated with Hannah’s juices, slapped against the reclining girl’s thigh.

Hannah sat up. “You, Jenn. I surrender. But, why did you do this? I never expected you, of all people, to be so kinky .”

“Two good reasons. One, I really want you sexually. You have to understand that. You meet all kinds of people every day who want you. Rachel is the lucky one. Two, we all will soon be taking over Hal Holding’s business. The five of us will have to knuckle down and keep the dollars coming in. You and Rachel will take care of personnel and office. Cherry and Aline get the production end. I’ll see to the rest. Any questions?”

Hannah looked down at the straining meat still poking her leg. “OK, sounds good to me, the work, the company and so on. Will be good to get out of that bar scene. Guess you knew that.”

“It was an easy strategy.”

“Were you afraid I would buck your authority? Try to take over?”

“Afraid? No. I need your cooperation. No highfalutin’ arguments. Now, to business. The deal is set. We have a contract at the solicitor as we speak. All ready to go. There remains one important detail involving you, Hannah.”

“Only one?” she asked, still looking at the throbbing penis.

“Well, after you take care of my persistent friend here—your mouth will be just fine— then our agreement with Hal Holding involves you.”

“Whose idea is this? Certainly not yours.”

Jenn smiled. “Your beauty is in demand, far and wide. She propped herself up on her elbows. Hal Holding wants you to suck his cock.”

Even knowing the answer, it took her breath away. “That’s gross, Jenn. Obscene. You agreed to this?”

“Yup. I gave him enough head. Rachel agreed but didn’t. Hal wants you. That’s the roster of lovelies as it now stands.”

Hannah shook her head. “There is no end to it. One thing I can insist on. Leave Rachel out of your sexual intrigues. She’s had enough.”

Jenn smiled. “Agreed. We can keep it clean and straight from now on. All you have to do is perform.”

“Like a circus monkey. But, I suppose, thinking it all over, it’s worth it.”

Jenn turned over onto her back and let one hand rest on Hannah’s shoulder. She pulled gently. “Now, sexy beauty, it’s time for you to perform. Show time.”

Hannah, on hands and knees, crawled into position and lowered her head onto Jenn’s stomach and began licking. The tuft of hair tickled her chin but she kept on. The path had become a super road to completion. But the next turn in the road was a promised freedom and exciting problems needing attention.

Sex, identity and lifestyle had all merged into one. Ms Janet Jensen's final gender assignment operation was assured.

###