# Rachel and Sara: A Rough Love Story

**By : Zero Gravity**

This novella revolves around Rachel, a part-time dominatrix who ends up falling for Sara, the submissive college girl downstairs. After a few torrid encounters dominating the girl, Rachel tries to fight the actual feelings she begins to have for her. Matters only get more complicated as the once compartmentalized pieces of Rachel's orderly, solitary life collide and she realizes just what Sara means to her. This story contains graphic descriptions of both rough and romantic sex between adults, primarily two women, although there is a smattering of other legal, consensual, sexual behavior.

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# Rachel and Sara: A Rough Love Story : Chapter 1

**Rachel and Sara: A Rough Love Story**

**Forward:**

This story focuses on a sexual relationship between two adult women. The sex in the first few chapters could be considered crass, offensive or even misogynistic. Sort of like an all female adult movie directed by a man. It also features themes of domination and submission. If, as a reader, you are bothered by this, I would urge you to at least get as far as the end of chapter four before you cast it aside. The evolution of the central character sort of requires the somewhat degrading introduction. Eventually, it turns into a love story so syrupy sweet, it could give diabetes to a Hallmark card (although there's some crazy sex in the later chapters too).

**Chapter One: Some Kind of Predatory Lesbian**

Rachel Vancourt arrived home around six o'clock, early for a Wednesday. She lived in a spacious, top floor, three bedroom apartment in the Westwood area of Los Angeles. The apartment was overpriced, but Rachel could afford it, and she enjoyed living in such close proximity to the UCLA campus. The lower floors of her building were packed with tanned, horny frat boys and bouncy co-eds experiencing life away from home for the first time. Rachel's surroundings offered her plenty of distractions, but she lived alone. Her solitude was by design; as an attractive woman a few months shy of thirty-nine, Rachel would have, no doubt, had many opportunities for lengthy relationships and even marriage had she ever desired either but she hadn't had a committed relationship since her long distance boyfriend from high school broke it off during their freshmen year in college. It had been a cliche situation, and even then she wasn't that upset by it.

In truth, Rachel found she just never really had any interest in sharing her life with another person. She found most people annoying; always going on endlessly about their needs and feelings, always expecting her to validate their egos and never wanting to hear the hard truths. "People are idiots" was one of Rachel's mantras. Despite her misanthropic nature, Rachel made a great effort not to be overly impatient or rude to her few casual friends and co-workers in the simple interest of not complicating her own life. She didn't always succeed, and by the end of work, her patience was usually taxed to it's limit. Sometimes her solitary nature and resentment of most people made her worry that she was a sociopath or something, but then she would always laugh darkly to herself,"Hey, so what, it's not like I'm murdering people and eating their faces."

That's not to say, Rachel had no use for other people in her personal life. In the years since graduating college, she discovered several things about her self. Most importantly, she was bi-sexual and more than a bit of a domme. Her innate disapproval for people wasn't bound in any way by gender. When she had sex, the behavior aroused her far more than the physical form of her partner. During grad school, one of her assistant professors had introduced her to a little private fetish club in Hollywood called Bastille. At the club, Rachel had earned a reputation as a favorite with newbies and part-timers because she was a great actress but in reality, very gentle, at least physically; "the most fantastically verbally abusive bitch in the joint" one submissive woman had called her.

Although Rachel would have denied it, on a subconscious level, she understood that the roles of submissive and dominant were, in fact, reversed on a deeper level. As the domme, Rachel felt it was her role to focus all her time and attention on even the most minute details of a submissive's torment, often spending hours attending to every inch of their bodies while paying little or no attention to her own sexual gratification. Domination was it's own form of servitude. Her job was to make it perfect, and the fact that that perfection required pain or humiliation to achieve the desired pleasure made it all better for Rachel. She never pushed too hard, she had the gift of transporting her playthings mentally without exceeding their tolerances

physically.

Rachel took out all the frustrations she'd earned dealing with all the idiots at work, on the freeways, at the store and everywhere else in the soulless wasteland of Southern California, while she was partying at Bastille. Most of her time their was spent dominating other women or men, especially in front of or in tandem with their spouses or dates. She had met Renee, probably the closest thing she had to a real friend, at the club where the two of them would routinely abuse her worthless worm of a husband, Milo. She did have a few single male slave buddies she liked to play with, and every once in a rare while she'd drop the domme act, find the biggest, hairiest bastard in the place and let him have his way with her. She felt that getting strapped down to a table and thoroughly bred like a sow by some inconsiderate pig once or twice a year kept things in perspective. Reminded her how the other half lived, as it were.

Wednesday, however was not a club night and Rachel planned on her usual evening at home; dinner, paperwork and a book before bed. She slipped off her charcoal colored suit jacket and laid it over a chair in kitchen. After clicking on the stereo, she glided over to the bar, unbuttoning the top buttons of her indigo silk blouse. She mixed herself a Manhattan and went over to sift through the pile of mail she brought up with her while humming softly along with Billie Holiday while the stereo crooned "My Funny Valentine". After determining that today's mail once again consisted of more people wanting money than offering money, Rachel headed into the master bathroom to change. She took off her blouse and stood in front of the mirror. She was tall and lean, nearly 5' 10" and was lightly complected, maybe even a little pale, and meticulously groomed. She wore very little make-up, just some deep red lip gloss. Her eyebrows were dark and striking, giving her a somewhat severe look. Along with a sharp nose, her facial structure looked more Eastern European than her immediate ancestry actually was. Rachel was also very fit. She spent forty five minutes each morning on the treadmill and took Krav Maga at a local gym on Tuesdays and Saturdays. She had long, straight, glossy black hair with just a few small streaks of gray that she was too proud to color. She undid this now from a tightly done braid and let her hair fall below her shoulders. She posed a little in front of the mirror in her bra and suit pants thinking about how she needed to head to the mall that weekend for some new clothes. She needed a few new outfits appropriate for work and at least one that was completely inappropriate for work. Suddenly she heard a loud banging on her apartment door. "What the fuck?" she muttered and tried to grab her blouse off the bathroom door handle where she had lazily hung it. The blouse sleeve caught, and as Rachel tried to free it, the banging came again, louder this time.

"Fuck it" she swore as she quickly grabbed a towel from the towel bar and covered her chest. Pissed off, she stormed the rest of the way to the door, holding the towel over her bra with her forearm. "What!" She barked and pulled open the door. Standing there, was a short,curvacious, buxom blonde girl, in her early twenties wearing pink shortie sweat shorts and white mini tank top with three Greek Deltas in pink plaid. Her hair was bleached and wavy, cut fairly short, not far below her earlobes and she had warm, green eyes. The sorority bimbo, as Rachel immediately thought of her, was standing in the hallway with her hands on her hips and her frosted pink lips pursed in a stern expression. "I'm Sara Lancing" she said brusquely, "I live downstairs on the 16th floor and we need to have a serious conversation."

Rachel had no idea who the girl was but she sincerely doubted this bitch could have a serious conversation if her life depended on it. Nevertheless, she didn't think having a shouting match with some rabid princess in the hallway would endear her to her neighbors. "Come in Sara," she said tersely, "My name is Rachel. As you can see I am in the middle of something so if we could make this quick.". She motioned the girl past her into the foyer and shut the door.

"I can see you're in the middle of something" The blonde began rudely, "Have you tricked some other poor college girl into your bedroom?"

Rachel's eyes snapped open wide, "Excuse me?". She was completely taken aback by this fiery little stranger yelling at her in her own home.

"I'm the pledge coordinator for Delta Delta Delta chapter at the University of California, Los Angeles" she began in what sounded like a well rehearsed phrase. "Last night," she continued, "one of our pledges was leaving my apartment and she told me you tried to, uh, hit on her, er, pick her up, on the elevator last night."

Rachel immediately remembered her elevator ride to the apartment last night after Krav Maga. It was about 10:30 and she was riding the elevator up to the 22nd floor when the elevator stopped on 3. One of the countless college-girl cuties that were always stumbling around her complex stumbled her way on to the same elevator. The girl had obviously been drinking, and she seemed to forget to press a button when she boarded the elevator car. Rachel sensed an opportunity an engaged the girl in conversation. They quickly got around to the point that the girl was rushing home because her boyfriend was just getting home from a long road trip with the UCLA rugby team and she was just dying to see him. As the elevator stopped on 22, Rachel made as if to get off but kept the conversation going, holding the elevator door open. "So, is your boyfriend a good kisser?" She asked the drunk girl. "Uh huh" the girl responded huskily.

"As good as this?" Rachel said and suddenly stepped into the elevator kissing the younger girl softly but firmly and wetly on the mouth. The girl responded submissively and without hesitation as she half melted into the other woman's kiss. After about ten seconds Rachel broke away and took the girl's limp hand in hers, shaking it gently. "I'm Rachel," she said calmly, "and this is my floor." She let go of the girl's hand, but the girl clasped onto Rachel's ring finger with her thumb and forefinger, seeming reluctant to completely break physical contact. "I'm in 2213 if you'd like to come over for a while" Rachel said seductively. The drunken girl looked at her hesitantly.

"Um," she murmured, "and started to step forward, "No, I'd better not" she finished and stepped back, still not releasing Rachel's finger.

"Better decide quick" Rachel said staring into the girl's slightly glazed eyes as the elevator doors began to close. Reluctantly, the girl let go of Rachel's ring finger just as the doors came to a close. Rachel watched as the elevator's display counted down through the remaining floors to the ground. Seeing that the elevator was not coming back up immediately, she guessed that the girl had decided to continue on home. "Damn" she thought, "Oh well." and simply went home, showered, frigged herself senseless with her magic egg vibrator and went to sleep.

Apparently the drunk girl had recounted the tale to her dumb, and probably homophobic friend who was now standing in her living room, yelling at her. "Alright" responded Rachel icily "If you are talking about who I think you're talking about, she certainly didn't mind what happened between us last night and I sure as hell don't see what business it is of yours".

"What happened between you...ewww" the sorority bimbo said "Gross, you make it sound all gay. You hit on her! Like some pervert pick up artist!"

"Did this girl tell you she had a problem with happened?" Rachel demanded, her voice rising.

"That's not the point" the blonde continued to yell, "As the pledge coordinator for the Delta Delta Delta chapter at the University of California Los Angeles, it's my responsibility to meet with all of our pledges as well as numerous other sisters here in my apartment. I can't have some predatory lesbian lurking around the hallways trying to pick up all my friends! It's creepy!".

Well, Rachel may have made a great effort to tolerate shit from all the wold's idiots when she was out in the world but she would be damned, no, she would be Goddamned, if she was going to tolerate this idiotic shit right here in her own living room. Rachel threw the towel to the floor and Sara's eyes opened wide as the half clad older woman advanced on her. "Listen bitch!" Rachel screamed, as she stepped into Sara, knocking the short girl off balance while simultaneously grabbing a handful of her hair. "What consenting adults do legally here, or anywhere else is none of your fucking business!". She marched the startled girl backward toward the wall. Sara stumbled as she was forced backward, still struggling to keep her balance as she grasped at the hand clutching her platinum locks. Rachel slammed her against the wall, not hard enough to injure but firm enough to make the younger girl think twice about struggling. Rachel stepped in close so that she was talking very close to the snotty bitch's perfect little ear. In the back of her mind, she admired the smooth, naturally suntanned skin and the wispy angel hairs that curled in front of the girl's ear. "My private life, and with whom or how I choose to spend it are not only none of your business," Rachel said shrilly in Sara's ear, "but the kind of shit that I do would scare the holy fucking hell out of some vapid, gum chewing sorority twat who couldn't tell you her last name without her smart fucking phone!"

"Lancing" the girl stammered.

"What?" Rachel said, jerking the girl around so that she faced the wall with Rachel's body pressed up against her.

"Lancing" the girl stammered again, "m-m-my last name is L-Lancing."

Rachel had to fight the strong urge to laugh. This had to be the dumbest bitch in the world, or at least the dumbest in captivity. "Well, sorority pledge princess Sara Lancing" Rachel began, before the scared girl interrupted her.

"I-I-I'm the pledge coordinator for the Delta..." Sara began.

"Shut up, stupid bitch!" Rachel barked the girl's ear."Don't ever fucking interrupt me!"She slapped the girl hard across the bottom of her left butt cheek. Her cotton short shorts offered little protection and the sorority girl squeaked and jumped forward three inches."S-S-Sorry" Sara stammered.

"As I was saying sorority princess" Rachel continued, "the question is, if I am some kind of crazy, perverted, what did you call me? Lesbian predator? If that's what I am, then why the hell did you come up here, alone, dressed in slut pajamas, to have this conversation?"

"What, I don't, uh what do you mean?" Sara said weakly, here composure destroyed by the older woman, who now had her pressed completely up against the wall and was pressing her small, firm breasts into the back of the younger woman's head. "It was warm today, and, uh, I wasn't expecting..."

Rachel slid her free hand down to Sara's hip and then up, just a bit to stop below the left side of her ribcage. Then she began to slowly move it forward forward toward the girl's tanned, flat, belly. "What?" Rachel asked "You weren't expecting what? To be put in you place? To be treated like the stuck up little bitch you are? You weren't expecting to find out you wanted a woman's hands all over your slutty little body?". She punctuated each question with another brisk smack across the girl's backside.

"No, that's not...I don't do that with girls...it's not, that's gross" Sara babbled weakly, almost nonsensically, as Rachel stopped slapping her ass and returned her free hand to the blonde's ribs, moving ever closer to her ample left tit.

"Gross?" Rachel asked, seductively now, right in the young girl's ear, "are you sure that's gross? You're little friend didn't seem to mind last night". She now was freely grasping the girl's plump, firm breast and squeezing with just the right amount of pressure. Just the right amount of pressure was, after all, Rachel's gift.

"Did you...did you touch her like this too?" Sara burbled, her cheek resting against the tastefully painted drywall, eyes closed. She began, maybe subconsciously, to grind her hips against Rachel's pelvis as it pinned her to the wall

"No, stupid bitch" Rachel whispered in a husky voice, "It was more like this!" She spun Sara around, so that her face was level with Rachel's small, firm, breasts and then she released the blonde girl's hair and clamped her hand firmly onto Sara's lower jaw, squeezing her mouth open. Rachel rammed her tongue straight into the other woman's mouth with no romance or ceremony. It wasn't so much a kiss as it was a tongue beating designed to stun and fatigue an already weakened opponent. Sara squealed breathlessly but made no attempt to pull away when suddenly, Rachel thrust her hand down the front of Sara's sweat-shorts and roughly squeezed the girl's labia together. She was surprised to find that the inside of the girl's panties were as wet and steamy as an August in New Orleans. Sara's knees buckled and she started to slide down the wall to the floor. "Oh no you don't, you horny bitch" Rachel hissed and grabbed both of the girl's wrists, pulling her up and spinning her, once again, to face the wall.

"Why do you keep talking to me like that?" Sara demanded weakly as Rachel reached around and groped at her crotch through her sweatpants

"It's obviously turning you on, isn't it bitch?" Rachel said, "Your positively gushing". To punctuate her point, she ran her index finger down the center of Sara's slit, and the girl gasped sharply.

"No, it isn't, it can't be...I'm not a...I'm not gay" Sara began to babble again.

"Goddamn" Rachel thought, "This idiotic bitch is almost too contemptible to fuck...almost." Still, this whole situation, while hot as hell had started out pretty weird. Despite Rachel's predilections and the fact that some interpretations of recent events might fall under a puritan's definition of sexual assault, Rachel had no interest in raping this girl or anyone else. She removed her hand from Sara's shorts and placed her palm against the center of the shorter girl's back, pining her into a corner. Her hands remained aloft from when Rachel had pulled her up by her wrists. It was almost as if the girl was frozen, like clay for Rachel to sculpt as she saw fit. "Alright you simpering twat" Rachel sneered, ramping up her performance "There's the front door. I'm going to get some...equipment. I'll just be about three minutes. If you are still here when I get back, I am going to make you my bitch. I am going to use you like the little slut you know you want to be. I am going to fuck the holy living shit out of your cute little ass until you can't even see!" She finished, her sexual intimidation reaching its crescendo.

She left the panting girl up against the wall in the corner, arms raised over her head, legs spread, like a hooker waiting for the cops to slap cuffs on her. Rachel chuckled darkly as she left the room, heading for the back of the apartment. She figured a ninety percent chance the girl would split for the door as soon as she left the room but only a ten percent chance that she called a cop or did something else rash. She smelled her finger, still sticky from the young girl's sopping pussy. Maybe only a five percent chance she called the cops.

Nevertheless, Rachel proceeded as though the girl would still be there when she returned. She hurried into the bedroom closet and opened her toy chest. She rooted around, looking for just the right thing. Before she found it, her eyes stopped briefly on the cattle prod. "Nah," She decided, "the obnoxious bitch deserves it, but that's a bit too heavy for this situation". Instead, she kept rooting around until she found what she wanted. It was a long, slender sex toy, barely bigger in circumference than her thumb. It was long though, close to nine inches and heavily ribbed down it's entire length. The twenty-something kid at the sex shop called it a "finglonger",

and then laughed hysterically at his own joke but Rachel failed to get the reference. She grinned evilly at what she had in mind, "This bitch is gonna feel every nook and cranny of this baby." Rachel then took the leather harness out of the toy box and slid the finglonger into the adjustable rings. Then she slipped off her heels and suit pants. She stepped into the harness and tightened it over her black, silk, french cut panties. She grabbed a pocket rocket vibrator as well and tucked it into the back strap of the harness. After fastening the straps that came up between her thighs, she grabbed a tub of a thick, cream-like lubricant tastefully labeled "Butt Butter" and headed back to the front room, fully expecting it to be empty.

Much to her surprise, She found Sara standing exactly as she had left her; facing the corner, her arms over her head, trembling. Rachel thanked her lucky stars as she crossed the room back to her prey. "Well, well,well, so you're still here are you, you horny little bitch?" Rachel said snidely, "I told you what was going to happen when to you when I got back ,didn't I?"

"Oh God" The girl half sobbed, "What are you going to do to me?"

"I told you, I'm going to make you my bitch" Rachel replied as she stepped behind Sara and hiked her sweat shorts up between her bubble butt cheeks wedgie style. She began to spank the girl hard across the exposed flesh. "You're already a dumb, snotty brat bitch (Smack!), I'm just going to use you and make you MY dumb (Smack!)snotty (Smack!) brat (Smack!) bitch!" (Smack!).

"Oh God," She sobbed again, "You're gonna make me gay! Don't make me gay!"

"Christ this is one ignorant bitch" Rachel thought, "I doubt she has two brain cells to rub together". She scooped out a handful of the lube and slathered it all over the strapped on finglonger and said "Don't worry bitch, you're not a lesbian for taking cock right UP YOUR ASS!" and she ripped the girls pink cotton panties down and immediately jabbed the lubed tool an inch into the squirming girl's tight little butthole.

"Argh!" Sara screamed, "Not there, ungh, I don't do it like that!"

"You do tonight bitch" Rachel growled and grabbed the younger girl by her succulent hips, pulling her back quickly as inch after inch of the finglonger disappeared into her clenched rectum. "Relax and take it like a brave bitch you sniveling cunt" Rachel ordered.

Sara held as still as she could as Rachel began to ream her. She sobbed quietly at first, but after a few minutes, she quieted down. At this point, Rachel had worked the entire length of the slender rubber dong into Sara's bowels and was working on a good rhythm. She began raking her fingernails slowly and lightly down the girls back, over her tank top, as she sodomized her. "What am I doing to you now bitch?" She asked loudly. Sara only grunted in reply. She was beginning to get into it now, working her hips back against the thrusting toy cock. "Answer me bitch!" Rachel yelled.

"Ugh, You're...you're fucking me" the girl grunted.

"Where am I fucking you bitch?" Rachel asked, picking up the pace

"Ungh, ugh, In my...ugh...asshole!" Sara wailed

"Do you like the way I'm buttfucking you slut?!" Rachel demanded

"Oh God" Sara moaned, "don't make me say it, God, please don't make me say it"

"Answer me bitch!" Rachel screamed again "Do you like the way I buttfuck you?!"

"Oh, God, ungh!!!"Sara groaned as Rachel rammed the finglonger as deep as it would go and grabbed a handful of the girl's sweaty blonde hair, pulling her head back. Rachel reached behind her and grabbed the pocket rocket, then she reached around Sara's waist with her free hand and ground the little vibrator into the sorority bitch's tiny pink clitoris. A thin strand of drool ran out of the corner of Sara's mouth as she moaned "Yes, yes, I love it when you buttfuck me! Take my fucking asshole! Fuck it hard! Use me, make me your bitch!". Rachel was shocked to hear the filth that poured out of the sorority girl's gaping mouth. The girl's eyes rolled back into her head as she was rocked by the first anal orgasm of her life. Rachel quickly pulled the finglonger out of the girl's butt, and Sara's knees gave way. She fell forward and slid, face first, down the wall, still grunting and shaking.

Rachel knew what she had to do next if she really wanted to teach this idiot girl a lesson. After letting her lay there for just a few seconds, Rachel grabbed the girl's wrists and pulled her to her feet. "Get you clothes on bitch!" She barked, "I'm done with you!"

"But...but" girl stammered dazedly

"Yeah, butt, butt, you just got yours fucked, now get out!" Rachel sneered

Sara pulled her panties up from around her ankle, then nearly stumbled as she put on her shorts. Rachel pulled her along as she staggered to the apartment door. Rachel opened the door and ushered the dazed sorority bimbo out into the hallway. "Remember this bitch!" Rachel hissed in the girl's face, "If you ever come knocking on my door again, you're going to get more of the same!" She slammed to door shut in Sara's face, but immediately looked out the peep hole. Sara took a few steps away from the door and then braced herself with one hand against the opposite wall of the hallway. She stood there, breathing deeply for a few moments, and then looked toward the door. Much to Rachel's surprise, Sara took a step toward the door and started to raise her hand, as if to knock. Then, as though she thought better of it, she hurried off in the direction of the elevator.

"Holy living fuck" Rachel gasped finally. She hurried into her bedroom and ripped off the harness and her panties as well. She flung herself on the bed and began immediately to massage her own aching clit with the pocket rocket. She thrust her hips into the air as she worked her pussy with the little toy. Finally, she took the finglonger and slid it's length down her throat, tasting the insides of the young girl she had just violated. With that, she came, hard. Her abdomen clenched and spasmed as she ground her teeth. Her juices sprayed from her like a fire sprinkler and soaked her satin bedspread. "Fuuuuckkk meeeeee!" she squealed through clenched teeth. She blacked out for just a second, but as she came to, she instantly thrust her hands back down to her soaked pussy and started rubbing it even more frantically. That girl had really gotten to her. She pleasured herself constantly for the next hour, pausing only to go back to the toy box for a bigger dildo. Finally, she ended up on her face, biting her silk pillowcase as she used both hands, working a large black vibrator into her salivating pussy with one while pushing the finglonger up her own ass with the other. After the last massive tremor ripped through her body, she passed out, still wearing her stockings and work jewelry, with the finglonger sticking out of her asshole like a perverse tail.

End Chapter One_____

# Chapter 2: Rachel and Sara Chapter Two: A Sweet Peice of Advice

**Chapter Two: A Sweet Piece of Advice**

Thursday morning, Rachel woke up feeling extremely satisfied. She headed for the shower and reflected fondly on the events of the previous evening. So fond, in fact, were her reflections that she had to pause her shower and rub herself to orgasm on the tile floor of the stall before she could collect herself and get ready for work. During the grueling L.A. commute to work her mind kept drifting back to the little blonde bimbo and her tight little butt. She continually had to berate herself for losing focus. Her commute was supposed to be the time she used to switch gears from personal time to work mode. It was unlike her to think about sex much during the work day. She was driven, and highly organized. Her focus propelled her into senior position as communications director, and a salary in the low seven figures at one of the state's largest commercial shipping conglomerates. Her solitary life made her laser-like focus possible since her own lifestyle was relatively spartan; she never had to spend time thinking about anyone else. She pushed the image of the diminutive blonde bent over, quaking, in front of her, out of her mind and rode the elevator up to her office. She strode down the glass lined hallway of TriGar shipping's central office and walked through the open doorway past the polished brass nameplate that read "Rachel Vancourt: Senior Vice President of Communications".

"Morning Mrs. H." she called as she walked through the outer office past her assistants desk. "Good morning to you Ms. V." Marcia Hart, Rachel's personal assistant replied from the counter in the corner that was home to the coffee maker. Mrs. Hart had been Rachel's assistant for going of four years now and was one of the very few people that Rachel didn't secretly think of as an idiot. She had been widowed young and still managed to put her only child, Justin, through private school. He was set to graduate this year and head off to college up in Davis. Marcia was as organized as Rachel herself, and always seemed to anticipate Rachel's needs. As proof, a prefect cup of coffee was steaming, freshly poured, in a mug on Rachel's desk. Their relationship was only business deep as Rachel didn't share what few details there were from her personal life with her co-workers but she still respected Mrs. Hart. It was true that Kyle, down in accounts payable, knew all about her rep at Bastille but he only knew because he had his own secrets to protect. Kyle was still in the closet but he and his boyfriend were regulars at the club. Before he started at TriGar, she had gone home with them once from the club and berated them both as sissies as they fucked each other with a double headed dildo. Good times.

Rachel got on with her day, taking meetings, completing reports and otherwise performing her senior management duties. She was able to remain focused on work without any distractions until about 3:00 when Mrs. H. buzzed her. "Ms. V." the intercom droned, "Just wanted to let you know that I've booked your arrangements for the management conference in Portland next month. You'll be flying on the 21st out of John Wayne on Delta."

"Delta, Delta, Delta," Rachel muttered

"What was that Ms. V.?" The intercom asked

Rachel shook her head and replied "Nothing Mrs. H., thank you" and clicked the mute button on the intercom. An image of the Greek letter Delta appeared in her mind, an image of three of them in pink plaid bouncing across the most adorable pair of tits, to be exact. She tried to banish the image but this time, it wasn't going anywhere. She realized that she never took off the tank top that Sara had been wearing. Now she wished she didn't have to rely on her imagination to know what those beautiful boobs looked like swinging free. "Damn,"

She thought, "that girl kind of got under my skin."

Rachel decided to knock off early and take some work home. She sent Mrs. H. home early as well and began the long commute back to Westwood, still thinking about the little sorority bimbo. She halfway hoped to run into Sara as she entered the apartment building, but realistically she knew that if she did, is was far more likely to be awkward rather than sexual. In any event, she didn't recall ever seeing the girl before, it was after all, a big building with multiple entrances. She rode the elevator up alone. Her heart almost skipped a beat when the car stopped on 16, but when the door opened, it was just a pair of Asian kids, a guy and a girl. "Up or down?" the guy asked.

"Up" Rachel replied, disappointed in spite of herself.

"Oh, OK, we'll wait" the girl said, smiling politely.

Rachel continued up to 22 uninterrupted. "What the hell is with me" she wondered. The sex with Sara had been, without a doubt, one of the hottest experiences of her life. It was so genuine, so spontaneous. Despite the salacious activities of Bastille, so much that she did there felt staged, like a performance. Last night, by the time Sara had orgasmed from the anal ravaging she was taking, Rachel felt nearly consumed with raw passion. As she entered her apartment, she tried to remember that last time she had felt that way during a sexual tryst. She gave up trying, and poured herself a glass of wine. Then she kicked off her shoes and plopped into the corner seat of her large leather sectional sofa to watch the news. The cable news Washington correspondent however, had wavy dyed-blonde hair, cut fairly short, just below her earlobes, and soon, Rachel's hand was sliding down the hem of her skirt. Her fingers quickly found her clit and it was off to the races again.

After climaxing on the couch, Rachel dragged herself up and got changed into a pair of silver satin pajamas. She managed to get some paperwork down on her laptop while drinking two more glasses of wine. Finally, with a good buzz on, she headed for bed. She stripped, and slid, nude, under the covers. She began again to masturbate. She took her time now, thinking still of Sara and the events that unfolded in her living room the night before. She spent a half an hour pleasuring herself with a medium sized purple vibrator and her magic egg. At the end, she came, arching her hips toward the ceiling, squirting girlcum a good foot and a half out of her pussy. She heard a voice from somewhere scream "Ungh! Take it Sara, you bitch!". As she drifted off to sleep, she knew the voice had been her own.

The next day, Rachel was able to her act together much more efficiently. She was able to get up, and out of the house without getting herself off, at least. She wondered if she might see Sara on the way down to the parking garage but figured there was no way spoiled sorority bitches got up as early as working people.

Rachel also managed to make it through a productive day at work without having to leave early and frig herself into a coma. She guessed her good sex hangover had finally passed. "Too bad" she thought.

That night was Friday night, a club night, and Rachel was eager as all hell by the time she got home at 8:00. She had some wicked frustration to work out tonight. She wasn't sure what she was in the mood for but she was pretty certain if their were any short, large breasted blondes in the club tonight, they were in for a rough time. She never went to the club before 11:00 and she always took a cab so she poured herself a Glenlivet over ice and went to her closet to select her wardrobe. "Dammit" she cursed, "I still haven't managed to get over to the mall for that new outfit. I could have done it yesterday if I hadn't been so busy thinking about whatshername". Even as she said it, a little voice in her head said "you know her name".

"Sara", Rachel whispered involuntarily. "Shit" she cursed out loud again, "don't start that shit again". Rachel chose one of her favorites, a black and red satin corset and black, glossy vinyl panties with matching garters.

She rolled on some sheer black stockings and elbow length satin gloves and admired herself in front of the full length mirror. Her toned upper arms, narrow waist and flat stomach were accentuated by her outfit. She decided to leave her hair in the tight braid she usually wore to work. Then she powdered her face and applied a layer of black cherry lip gloss. The effect was striking against her alabaster face. Satisfied, she went back to the closet and selected a high necked crimson sleeveless frock which was loose enough to conceal what she wore underneath. Thus dressed, she headed out to call for a cab when she heard a knock at the door. It was 10:45.

She went to the door and looked through the keyhole. It was Sara. She was standing outside, her arms folded across her chest. She was wearing baggy sweat pants and a faded UCLA t-shirt that clung to the ample curves of her bra-less upper body. Her face was flushed, her eye make-up streaked down her face. She looked as if she had been crying. Rachel opened the door but found that she wasn't sure what to say to the girl so she just stood there, looking at her expectantly. After several seconds, Sara burst into tears. "What did you do to me?!" She sobbed.

"Whoa, hey, hold on there," Rachel responded, "Let's talk about this inside". Rachel was certain that this wasn't any of the neighbors business either. Sara stomped past Rachel into the apartment. Rachel closed the door and followed Sara into the room. "First off" Rachel began, I told you to walk out the damn door if you didn't want what happened to happen didn't I?"

"It's not my fault" Sara cried, "You made me gay! You turned me into a lesbian, goddamn you!"

"Oh Jesus," Rachel said, "this again? What the hell are you talking about?"

Sara began to pace the room. "Yesterday, my boyfriend came over" She started, "and we had sex. We did it for a really long time, and I never even came close to...you know"

"Cumming" Rachel finished, a touch lewdly

"Yes, damn it, cumming" Sara agreed angrily, her face flushing even more "Every other time we've done it, I've come at least once, but after...after what you did to me I just couldn't get there!"

"Oh fuck, you stupid bitch, you're making a big deal about nothing." Rachel responded. "You're young yet" she continued, "you just learned the lesson that sex isn't always great, hell, sometimes it's not even good. It happens, no big fucking deal."

"I'm not finished" Sara yelled. She paused, trying to collect herself. "After Tab left" she began when Rachel interrupted her.

"Your boyfriend's name is Tab?" Rachel asked

"Yes," Sara mumbled, "so what?"

"Of course it is. What the hell else could it be?" Rachel muttered. She pictured a 21 year old version of Thurston Howell III from Giligan's Island and hated him instantly. "Go on."

"After Tab left, I needed so badly to..." Sara started again and paused

"Cum" Rachel finished for her again

"Yes", Sara said breathily, "I needed to cum. I tried, you know... playing with myself, but it still didn't work!"

"I just told you, sometimes a woman just can't! The same thing can happen to a guy. It's not the end of the world" Rachel replied.

"Let me finish" Sara said, exasperated, and continued, "I couldn't make myself cum by rubbing myself or putting my fingers, you know...inside. Finally, I was so desperate, I took the handle of my hairbrush and...and I put it in my butt!" The little blonde was sobbing now, "When I did, I came so hard...I came so hard I pee'd on my bed!"
Rachel couldn't believe what she had just heard. It seemed there was no limit to how dumb this girl could get. She began laughing loudly. "Stop laughing at me!" Sara cried, her face bright red and slick with tears.

"Oh you stupid, sad little bitch,"Rachel said soothingly, "That doesn't make you a lesbian."

"It doesn't?" Sara sniffed

"No silly, it makes you an anal whore" Rachel replied

"What" Sara asked skeptically

"An anal whore," Rachel said again, "It means you love having things shoved inside your ass. It doesn't mean that a woman has to be the one doing the shoving."

"Really?" Sara asked, "but what do I do now?"

"Oh, for fuck's sake you little idiot, just get (ugh) Tab, to fuck you up the butt!" Rachel explained. To Rachel, poor, dumb, Sara seemed to be taking the term "anal whore" as a kind of medical diagnosis.

"Oh he wouldn't want to do that" Sara said, her voice breaking, "He said once that he thought it was gross, that he wouldn't ever put his thing where a girl pooped from."

"Yeah, I'm sure he says that, but have you ever told him to do it to you?" Rachel asked

"No" Sara admitted, "until this week, I thought he was right."

Rachel chuckled, "Well, try asking him and if he says no, you look him right in the eye and you say to him 'Goddammit, you be a real man and fuck me up the asshole right now!' "

"You think that will work" Sara asked hopefully

"Honey," Rachel replied, "I don't think the man has been born who could resist that sweet ass of yours if you ask him that way."

"Thanks Rachel." Sara said, sniffling. That seemed to calm her down and she turned toward the door, "I'll try that tomorrow. I guess I should get going, sorry to bother you. It looks like you were on your way out. You look nice by the way"

Rachel was surprised by the compliment and thought to herself "To hell with the club."

"Not so fast young lady" Rachel said coldly before Sara could reach the door. Sara slowly turned around to face Rachel. She bit her lower lip, in anticipation or fear, Rachel wasn't sure, but it excited her."What did I say was going to happen to you if you knocked on my door again" Rachel asked suggestively.

"You said you would fuck me in my ass again Rachel" Sara said quietly, looking at the floor.

"That's right bitch" Rachel growled, "and here you are anyway. Am I to assume you are up here looking for that assfucking?"

"Um, you're sure that wouldn't make me gay right?" Sara asked hesitantly.

"No princess," Rachel said soothingly. She was changing her tone back and forth from sweet to savage, trying to keep the inexperienced girl on the edge. "Like I said, you're just an anal whore."

"Well," Sara said coyly, "As long as it's not gay." She turned around, and bent a little at the waist. She slowly began sliding her sweats down her perfect, fleshy ass cheeks. She wore a turquoise thong underneath and to Rachel, it made the young girl's ass look gift wrapped like Christmas morning. Rachel reached down the side of her dress and unzipped it, letting it fall to the floor. When Sara saw the outfit Rachel had prepared for the club, her body gave a little involuntary shudder. "Wow," she said, now you look even nicer."

"Well aren't you a sweet little bitch" Rachel purred as she crossed the room. She came up behind Sara as she finished removing her sweat pants. "It's still not going to stop me from fucking your cute little rosebud like a goddamn jackhammer" She purred into the girl's ear as she slid her hands once again across the soft, tanned, globes that had consumed her thoughts for the past two days.

"I hope not" Sara breathed, her eyes closed as she savored the feel of this woman's strong hands taking control of her young body. Rachel dropped to her knees behind the girl and began to worship her ass. She squeezed and massaged Sara's ample bottom. When she parted Sara's cheeks, she observed, with delight, that the girl had waxed herself from stem to stern. She must not have noticed in their first hurried encounter. "Since your being such a good little bitch, I'm going to give you a treat" Rachel said. She parted the girl's cheeks and darted her tongue across her sensitive pucker.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God" was Sara's reply, "I can't believe your doing that."

"What am I doing bitch" Rachel asked between licks

"Ohhhh God" Sara wailed, "You're eating my asshole! Oh my God, that's so dirty"

"Got that right bitch" Rachel affirmed and rammed her stiffened tongue as deep as she could work it into the sorority bimbo's butt. "Do you want me to stop?"

"No,no,no,no don't stop, please don't stop" Sara begged. After a few more minutes of rimming the gasping, squirming girl, Rachel stood up.

"Come on bitch" Rachel said firmly,"Time to see the bedroom" She grasped Sara's hand and led her down the hall. Sara followed, staring absently at Rachel, her lips parted and her breathing heavy. Rachel led Sara into the bedroom and bent her firmly over the bad, making her brace herself with her hands. "Alright horny bitch!" Rachel began "time to treat you like the worthless whore that you are"

"Oh God," Sara whined, "you don't know what it does when you talk to me like that Rachel"

"Sure I do you sexy whore!" Rachel said loudly, "It turns you into a craven anal slut whose only good for getting assfucked!"

"Ungh!" Sara grunted as she slipped her hand into the front of her thong and began rubbing furiously.

"It makes you want me to take your asshole doesn't it Sara?" Rachel taunted.

"Yes," Sara agreed as she played with her own pussy frantically, "I want you to take my asshole! I need you to fuck me like a dirty anal whore!"

Rachel was amazed at how naturally Sara slipped into the role of complete submissive. She couldn't have had any real experience but the craven way she now begged Rachel to defile her was driving the older woman insane with lust. She rushed over to the closet and drug out the entire toy chest as Sara continued to frig herself desperately. Rachel kicked open the box and Sara gasped when she saw it's collected contents. "I'm taking my time this time slut" Rachel said wickedly.

"Oh good," Sara breathed.

Over the next couple of hours Rachel introduced Sara to the life of an anal whore. She would alternate between a cruel, verbally abusive tone which Sara seemed to crave and a calm instructional tone when telling Sara things she thought she should know before taking God knows who or what up her young butthole. "When your doing this with a guy" she began while massaging lube into the girl's ass cleft, "You've got to make sure he gets you ready first. Both the toy I fucked you with last night and my tongue are a lot more slender than your boyfriend's cock. Well, at least I hope they are. Anyway, you should use lots of lubrication, and maybe have him start with just a finger." As she said this, she inserted her well greased pointer finger inside the young girl's quivering anus. Sara sighed and lay the front of her body on the bed with her ass in the air. Rachel slid her finger slowly in and out of Sara's asshole for a while and then inserted a second finger.

"Oooh, wait, wait" Sara said wiggling and moving away "that hurts a little"

"Well bitch, if you want to make an anal omelet you've got to break a couple of eggs" Rachel said dryly and pressed both fingers up to the second knuckle into Sara's asshole. Sara yelped but held still as Rachel picked up the pace.

After twenty minutes, Rachel had worked up to three fingers and Sara was sweating, squirming and swearing like a mad thing. "Alright bitch," Rachel said, standing up and rubbing her fatigued forearm "I think your ready for the big time". She got her harness out of the toy chest along with a medium sized, translucent rubber dildo. Sara's eyes got big; this thing was a lot thicker than the finglonger. As Rachel stepped into the harness and started tightening the straps she ordered the quivering girl to stick her own fingers in her ass. Sara didn't need to be told twice and she started pumping first one then very quickly two fingers in to her loosening anus. By the time Rachel was strapped in and lubed up, Sara was almost wild with passion. "I'm ready, please Rachel, I'm ready now" the girl pleaded, three fingers of her right hand buried in her own asshole, "I need it, please, fuck me, God, please fuck my horny ass Rachel!"

Sara's pleas were like electric shocks in the pleasure center of Rachel's brain. She growled like an animal and grabbed her young lover by the hips, pushing aside the blondes thrusting digits and replacing them with the pliable rubber head of her strapped dick. She drove in deeply, putting more than 4 inches into the squirming girl's spasming butthole. "Owwww" the girl moaned.

Rachel suddenly stopped her progress into the girl's bowels. "Too much?" she asked surprisingly gently.

"No,ungh, no" Sara replied urgently, "I want it, do it, it's OK, fuck me hard!"

Satisfied that she wasn't hurting Sara too badly, she went for broke, plowing the little blonde's jiggling butt doggie style, like a Texas Republican drilling for oil in a baby seal. Sara squealed and screamed and sobbed all the while still begging for more. After about fifteen minutes, Sara had her first orgasm of the evening with

Rachel's strap-on, rubber balls deep, in her rectum. She fell forward, the dildo slipping out of her asshole with an audible "Pop". She lay on the bed, her face mashed into the comforter and her ass still up in the air as she twitched. Her fingers clenched and unclenched as she rode wave after wave in intense pleasure mixed with the tiniest amount of pain and relief as her young pucker adjusted itself back to a more reasonable diameter.

Rachel was determined to make this last longer than their encounter the other night. This bitch had been parading around her thoughts for days now and she figured now was the time to get the blonde bimbo all the way out of her system. She flipped the coed, sweaty and still panting, over on to her back. The UCLA t-shirt was soaked with sweat, lube and probably some of Sara's juices which made the threadbare cotton cling to the girls large breasts, her nipples strained at the fabric. Sara's thong had long since been discarded to the floor, her bottom half completely nude and similarly soaked. Rachel moved to stand at the edge of the bed between Sara's spread legs. She grasped the girl's thighs firmly and stared at her marvelous breasts. "Take your top off" She commanded, "I want to see your tits."

"I don't know," Sara said shyly, "That would definitely be gay wouldn't it?"

"Are you fucking kidding me bitch?!" Rachel demanded, "I've made you cum your brains out twice now and you haven't done a damn thing for me, now take off your fucking shirt!"

"I was kidding," Sara giggled, "If it's that important to you, here." She smiled as she pulled her sweat soaked shirt over her head and her heavenly breasts tumbled free. She lay back down and put her arms over her head. "Are these what you wanted to see?" She asked sweetly. For once, Rachel was actually speechless. She stared unblinking at the smiling girl laying on her bed, he mouth half way open. Sara's breasts were round, natural 34 C's and perfect; her bikini tan was pronounced against the creamy white triangles at the center of each breast. She had small pink nipples that stood out, aroused. As magnificent as the little twit's tits were, when you looked at them as part of the whole picture, Sara took her breath away.

Rachel's vacant stare lasted perhaps a bit too long and Sara began to look at her questioningly. Rachel's shook her head clear, and then practically tackled the girl, burying her face between Sara's soft, ample, pillows. She licked and sucked and gently bit at them while Sara cooed. Rachel knew what she wanted to do, but she wasn't sure how the girl would react. She decided to go for it. She suddenly moved up and plunged the head of the strap on she still wore into the girls sopping pussy.

Sara's eyes shot open and her fingernails dug into Rachel's back. "Hey, wait," she gasped, "that's not my assho...unhh" Her voice trailed off into moans as Rachel stroked the phony phallus deep into her steaming cunt over and over again. Rachel grabbed Sara's throat gently but firmly with her left hand and began to squeeze lightly. Sara's eyes rolled back into her head. She closed them, and in less than three minutes of fucking, she came like a fire truck. Her juices sprayed out and around the rubber intruder and all over Rachel's hips, harness and belly. "Gnnnnnnh Fuuuuuuuucckkkk, cuuuuummmming" she screamed incoherently as her hips thrust into the air high enough to lift Rachel briefly off her feet as she mounted her.

Rachel gave the girl a minute to collect herself and lounged casually beside her on the bed. "Wow, that was intense. Oh, God," Sara said finally, "you made me pee myself. I'm so embarrassed."

"You didn't pee yourself," Rachel corrected, "It's called female ejaculation. It happens to lot's of women if they have a really good, hard cum."

"Really?" Sara inquired, "It never happened to me with Tab."

"Well" Rachel quipped dryly, "that's your problem."

"Um, so I guess you probably want me to get going now, huh?" Sara asked quietly

"I'm almost done with you bitch, but you have one more job to do" Rachel said menacingly as she got up and started removing her harness.

"Um, OK," Sara said, sounding a little bit frightened, "What do you want me to do?".

"Well horny bitch" Rachel said as Sara gave a timid little smile at what was apparently becoming her new pet name, "I've made you cum so many times, and you haven't gotten me off once. Does that seem fair to you?"

"No, I guess not." Sara answered hesitantly, "What do you want me to do. I mean, I don't think I could, you know, um, lick you or anything. It's not personal, it's just that, I don't, I mean..."

Rachel cut of her babbling, "relax little straight girl, you don't have to do anything like that. Just go over to the toy box and pull out a toy to use on me"

Sara started rummaging through the chest. There were plenty of dildos and vibrators and lot's of other things she couldn't identify. She held up one of them now. It looked like a tiny pitchfork, like for a kid's devil costume. "What's this?" She asked.

"No, put that back" Rachel said quickly, "that's called a hotshot and it is definitely not for you."

"How about this?" Sara asked holding a length of shiny stainless steel chain with a series of little alligator clamps dangling from it.

"Those are nipple clamps," Rachel answered, growing impatient, "Look bitch, if you want a sex ed. class, we'll have to do it later. Right now, just grab a plastic dick and get over here!"

Sara selected a large, smooth, gold vibrator and approached Rachel, who was laying spread eagle on the bed. "What should I do?"

"Sara," Rachel said, looking right into the girl's eyes, "just fuck me with it. I'm already so wet, just start slow and build up speed."

"Um, OK" Sara said, clearly a little startled by Rachel's use of her name instead of calling her "horny bitch". She moved down the bed and tried to get into a position where she could access Rachel's pussy without coming into body contact. It was one thing to get bent over and fucked; girl or not, Sara had done that plenty of times but this was all very new and intimidating to her. Finally, Rachel grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her down so she was resting on Rachel's flat stomach with easy access to her crotch. "Do it filthy bitch" Rachel growled. That seem to be what Sara needed to hear and she started pushing the dildo into Rachel's eager pussy. Sara kept pumping the toy into the older woman's body, gradually picking up the pace as she was told to do. For her part, Rachel couldn't get enough, she was thrashing and pumping her hips back against Sara's thrusts so hard that the girl eventually had to stand up and rapidly plunge the dildo into Rachel's pussy so hard and fast that the muscles in her upper arms were straining. "Yes, yes you horny fucking bitch! Do it! Fuck me Sara, Goddammit fuck me you bitch!" Rachel screamed as the orgasm leveled her. She grabbed Sara's wrists and pushed her back and then, squirting a mist of girlcum, she fell back to the bed twitching and shaking like an epileptic at a strobe light factory. After twenty seconds, she regained some of her composure. She was still panting and her abdomen was sore from the strength of her climax. "Wow" Sara giggled, "Looks like you really enjoyed that."

"Shut up, smart ass bitch" Rachel chuckled, "although, I've got to give you credit, that was really amazing."

"Really?" Sara said, beaming.

"Really" Rachel said and closed her eyes.

"Well," Sara said finally, "I should get going I guess, um, right?"

"Goddamn right slut" Rachel said, but not unkindly, if such a thing is possible.

Sara put her shirt back on, pulled on her sweat pants and stuffed her soiled thong into one of the pockets. "Rachel," she said as she was walking to the door, "Are you sure all that, that the stuff we did doesn't make me a lesbian?"

Rachel cracked her eyes open and said "come over here bitch". Sara walked back across the room and stood beside the bed where Rachel lay. "What did you do tonight, really? You got fucked in the ass, which we already knew you liked, and that just makes you an anal whore like I said before. You also got fucked the old fashioned way, and you liked that before too right?"

"Right" Sara admitted

"So as far as what got you off tonight, we're still basically talking about fucking right?" Rachel offered.

"Right" Sara agreed again.

"So you've got nothing to worry about, do you?" Rachel continued, "Tomorrow, you go find Tab and get him to fuck you, shouldn't be hard with that body, and then, when he is getting close to blowing his wad, look him right in the eye, tell him to man up and fuck you right up the ass!"

"OK!" Sara said smiling enthusiastically

"Now go out there and be an anal whore I can be proud of" Rachel said, and smacked Sara playfully on the rump. Sara jumped a little and gave a delighted squeak before prancing out the bedroom door. As she drifted off to sleep, Rachel heard the front door close. "What an idiot" she thought.

# Chapter 3: Rachel and Sara Chapter Three: Don't Be A Hero

**Chapter Three: Don't be a Hero**

The next morning was a Saturday and Rachel drank deeply from one of life's greatest vices; sleeping in. She awoke around 9:00 but didn't drag herself out of bed until quarter of 10. She hit the treadmill while watching the morning news. She felt great, relaxed and happy. "Now that I've got that bitch out of my system, I can get on with my life" she puffed to herself as she ran on the treadmill. "Yes indeed" she said out loud, "a wonderful diversion but now I can get my focus back".

(A tiny voice in her mind said "get your focus back from those amazing tits?")

"That's right" she affirmed aloud to herself, "back to paying attention to what is important."

("Like her soft, tanned ass?" The tiny voice asked)

"Nope," Rachel said a touch maniacally, "Who cares about whatshername."

("You know her name, liar" her mind argued with her will).

Rachel stopped the treadmill and whispered "Sara". "Goddammit!" She yelled at herself. "Right now, Sara is probably bent over in front of Tab, the frat boy dick bag, taking his tiny cock in her ass and loving it. Now that she's getting what she wanted, she probably won't even come back." she thought. If the thought was supposed to make her feel better, it didn't.

Frustrated, she went early to the MMA gym, planning on a double session of Krav Maga practice. She reasoned that what she needed was a non-sexual release, and spending a few hours kicking butt was just what the doctor ordered. Of course, things didn't work out that way. She was working out with Pete, a stocky Italian guy who had started classes just a few months after Rachel. Normally, they were an even match, her reach countering his slight weight advantage and her speed pitted against his strength. Today however, she kept getting distracted thinking about Sara and Tab. Pete was able to take her down repeatedly. He noticed, and asked what was up, but she brushed him off and decided to call it quits for the day.

Not wanting to return to her apartment just yet, she decided finally to make the trip to the mall she had been putting off. Rachel browsed the Mall in her workout clothes, selecting a few new work outfits at Nordstrom and then drifted over to Victoria's Secret. Most of her club attire was not the kind of thing you bought at V.S., for those things, she shopped a few fetish stores in Hollywood and the Valley, but the ubiquitous Victoria's Secret did occasionally have a few odds and ends that she liked. While ambling through the shop, her eyes were drawn to a mannequin wearing a midnight blue, satin camisole and matching high cut french briefs. It wasn't really her usual style, way too soft and girly, but she continued to eye it nonetheless. Without wanting it to, the question popped unbidden into her mind, "Do you think Sara would like me in this?". Rachel stood there in front of the mannequin and face-palmed herself. "I did NOT just think that" she said, too loudly. A woman in the next aisle looked at her strangely and Rachel decided that what she needed most was a drink. She rushed back to her car and drove back to her apartment.

Once inside, she pulled off her Purdue sweatshirt and, wearing only her Lycra work out pants and sports bra, she went to the fridge and pulled out and Amstel light. As she sipped at the ice cold beer, she debated going down to Bastille in the evening. Non-sexual release hadn't worked out so well so maybe it was time to give the old standby another try. Her musings were interrupted by a knock at the door. Rachel cursed her traitorous heart as it leaped into her throat. She walked quickly to the door and looked through the peephole. Sara was standing outside.

The little blonde was wearing jean shorts and a Hollister t-shirt. Once again, she seemed to have forgotten a bra and once again, she appeared to have been crying. Her eye make-up was streaked and her face was as red as it had been the previous night and she held both hands close up to her mouth. "Haven't I seen this movie already?" Rachel thought as she opened the door.

As soon as Sara saw Rachel, she started to sob. "Come on in" was all Rachel said. Sara walked past Rachel into the living room. She faced the wall, not far from where Rachel had fucked her for the first time four days ago. "What's wrong this time?" Rachel said, trying hard to sound annoyed.

"I did what you said," Sara said through her sobs, still refusing to turn around and face the older woman. "It didn't work."

"Tell me what happened Sara," Rachel said, trying to fight her rising concern.

"We were having sex," Sara sniffled, "and I had just, you know, sucked him. I told him that I wanted him to fuck me in the ass, and he said no, that it was gross, so I looked him in the eye and said 'be a real man and fuck my ass right now' but instead, of doing it, he just got really mad".

Rachel had a sickening feeling she knew where this was going. "Sara" she said gently, "turn around". Sara didn't move so Rachel stepped closer to her and gently placed her hands on the girl's shoulders, "turn around" she said again.

Sara turned around but kept her hands up to her mouth. "Let me see" Rachel coaxed and lightly pulled Sara's hands away from her mouth. She could see the swelling and a small trace of blood where the girl's lip had been split. Rachel's reaction was immediate and violent.

"He fucking HIT YOU!" Rachel yelled. Sara began to cry harder. "Oh NO he fucking DID NOT" Rachel spat. "Where is he?" She demanded.

"What?" Sara said through her tears

"I said where the fuck is he?!" Rachel repeated harshly.

"After he hit me, I just got my clothes and ran up here. He's probably still in my apartment, but what..." Sara began.

"You just wait here," Rachel said through clenched teeth, "I'll be back in a few minutes and we'll get some ice on that. Promise me that you'll wait here."

"OK" Sara said meekly

"Promise me" Rachel demanded again.

"I promise" Sara said, looking strangely at the older woman.

Rachel grabbed her sweatshirt, pulled it roughly over her head, grabbed her purse and rushed out the door. By the time she reached the elevator, her vision was clouded red, and little sparks were flashing behind her eyes. To be fair, she thought of herself as a bitter, angry person even on the best of days, but now she felt like she was on fire, some ancient pagan deity of bloody fucking rage. She rode the elevator down to 16 and marched to the girl's apartment. She took a deep breath and knocked gently on the door. After a few minutes, the door opened and a young man was standing there. In his hands was a cardboard box filled with mens clothing and a few odds and ends. "Hi," Rachel said as cheerfully as she could manage, "are you Tab?". "Yeah," the young man said, clearly a little confused. Tab was a pretty big guy, standing 6 foot and weighing around 190 pounds. Rachel seemed to recall that Sara had said he played lacrosse, or rugby or some other stupid college sport.

Whoever coined the phrase "The bigger they are, the harder they fall" must have had a taser like the one in Sara's purse because when she pulled it out and shot the micro darts right in the middle of the Greek S, A, and E on the front of his sweatshirt, that big fucker fell, *real* hard. Rachel clicked the taser off and she pounced on top of him, landing with all her weight on her knee, right in the frat boy's crotch. She quickly rammed her forearm up against his windpipe, then she balled up her other fist and fired a short, stinging blow to the meat head's upper lip, drawing blood; a little memento of the experience he was having. "Are you listening to me Tab" Rachel demanded, her teeth barred and inches from the stunned boy's nose. Tab could barely groan between the pain and his reduced air supply. "You better be listening because you only get to hear this once you pathetic piece of shit! You stay away from her, you don't talk to her, you' don't fucking come around her, and if you ever, I mean fucking ever, lay a finger on her again I swear to Christ that I will fucking castrate you, and you will never even see it coming!" Spit was flying from her mouth, landing on the boy's face as she snarled at him. "Do you believe me you shitheel?!"

"Yethh..." Tab managed to gurgle.

"Good" Rachel sneered, "Get the rest of your your shit. If you've got a key to this place, leave it on the counter and get the fuck out! You DON"T want to see me again!". She got up, deliberately using Tab's crotch to support her weight as she rose and then she stormed off back to the elevator, leaving the pathetic bully still lying on the floor, struggling to catch his breath. As the elevator doors closed behind her, Rachel leaned against the wall of the car and exhaled sharply, trying to will the adrenaline that coursed through her body to dissipate. What the fuck had come over her?

By the time a woman was Rachel's age, sadly, she would almost certainly know someone who was the victim of a batterer, if not, unfortunately, be a victim herself and Rachel was no exception. She had a housemate in grad school, not really a friend but not too annoying as house mates go. She came home one day with a black eye after taking a trip with her fiance. Rachel had offered to loan her money to leave town or drive her to a crisis center but at no point had she entertained the notion of going Rambo on the guy responsible. When the housemate went back to her fiance the next week, Rachel simply decided that some people don't want to be helped because they're idiots and she washed her hands of the lot of them. It was a harsh attitude, but she was, frankly, a harsh person. Somehow though, this had been different. Seeing Sara wounded like that had made her feel so, so what? Protective? Possessive? Guilty? She didn't know, but she knew that she didn't want to see her that way again.

When she got back to the apartment, Sara was sitting very still on the sofa staring out the window. When Rachel came into the room, Sara jumped up and started to cross the room quickly in Rachel's direction. She suddenly stopped though, and simply stood there as though she was unsure what to do with herself.

Rachel proceeded to the kitchen freezer and began preparing an ice pack. She returned to the living room, where Sara had returned to her seat by the window. She looked up at Rachel expectantly. Rachel handed Sara the ice pack and said "put this on your lip."

Sara complied, holding the zip lock bag full of crushed ice up to her injured lip. "What happened?" She asked finally. Rachel told her everything that happened and then waited for Sara's reaction.

"Why did you do that?" Sara asked, tears returning to her eyes.

"Oh Jesus, you are not going to tell me that you're going to go back to him are you, you little moron?" Rachel asked, suddenly angry again.

"No, no, we're through for sure, that's not what I mean" Sara said hurriedly "I mean, um, why did you do that...for me? Why would you care enough to risk yourself like that?"

Rachel wasn't exactly surprised by the question, she had been asking herself that since she had let go of Tab's throat, but she still didn't have an answer. She wanted to say that she just hated people that bullied women but in light of how she had met Sara, somehow that might ring hollow.

"I don't know Sara," she said finally, "I really don't"

Sara let the matter drop and they both sat there in silence for a while. Finally, Rachel said, "I don't think you should go back to your apartment tonight. It probably won't matter, but just to be on the safe side, maybe stay away for the rest of the weekend. Do you have someone you can stay with?"

"I can stay at the sorority," Sara answered, "but I'd need some things from my apartment

"Alright," Rachel said decisively, "You definitely shouldn't go down there tonight so I tell you what you're going to do. You can stay on my couch tonight and tomorrow morning we'll go downstairs and pick up your stuff and I'll drive you over to campus. Understood?"

"Uh-huh" Sara answered, seemingly cheered up by the fact that Rachel had taken charge of a difficult decision. They continued to sit, and things were starting to feel awkward when Sara began asking Rachel a series of basic questions about her life: what did she do, where was she from, did she go to college, that kind of thing. Rachel answered her questions, relieved at least that the ditzy girl wasn't talking about herself.

Sara asked her, "So what do you like to do for fun, besides molest helpless sorority girls?" She was smiling when she said it and Rachel couldn't help but laugh.

"Actually," Rachel replied, "that's just about it. I go to work, and then I come home and sodomize college girls every single night. In fact, I probably shouldn't have asked you to stay here. I'm supposed to abuse the hell out of two girls from Chi Alpha Delta tonight."

"The Asian girls?" Sara laughed. "You know they won't put out like I do." She said smiling with mock seduction.

"I'm not sure anyone puts out like you do little girl." Rachel responded only half jokingly.

The late afternoon segued into evening like that, the two women joked and made playful comments with each other. Sara continued to ask questions and it was clear that she didn't just look like an airhead, but she tried hard to understand Rachel's answers when it came to the specifics of her job. The weekend news came on at 5:00 and they watched that after Rachel opened a bottle of wine. Sara had another dozen questions about what was on the news and it was pretty clear her focus had always been more on E!News than actual news. Rachel thought it odd that Sara didn't talk about herself hardly at all. Considering that one of the chief reasons Rachel had chosen such a solitary life was that people seemed so damn needy all the time. In fact, her interactions

with Sara before this afternoon had all focused around some ridiculous problem the girl was having. Nevertheless, that afternoon, for the first time, they spent time together not screaming at each other or fucking each other senseless, and Rachel couldn't help but be surprised at how easy it was to tolerate her questions. For her part, Sara just seemed to want to know everything about Rachel.

Rachel threw together a couple of salads for the pair to eat at dinner time, and they polished off the first bottle of wine and opened up a second. Both of them were buzzing pretty hard by the time they finished dinner. When Rachel was in the kitchen putting their dinner plates in the dishwasher, Sara channel surfed. When Rachel returned to the room, the TV was on a rerun of Friends, one of the episodes that must have been about a break up because some British bitch was yelling at the dorky looking guy about trust and honesty or some such drivel. Sara was watching with a sullen expression. Rachel saw this and stepped back into the kitchen to grab something.

"Still wallowing in the dumps eh kid?" Rachel said with her best mocking paternal tone as she re-entered the room, one hand behind her back, "I know what you need to cheer you up Kitten."

Rachel walked, hand behind her back, over to the sofa and leaned part way over Sara. "Do you know what it is?" She asked slyly.

Sara slid her hand onto Rachel's forearm and smiled wickedly, "Is it a big toy you're going to fuck me up the ass with?".

Rachel stopped short, a little unsure how to proceed. "Um, actually," She said awkwardly as she took her hand out from behind her back. In it was a pint of ice cream. "I was going to say Mint Chocolate Chip", Rachel looked momentarily embarrassed and Sara started to laugh hysterically. The girl fell back into the couch, clutching her belly and laughing. Rachel couldn't help but laugh as well. "Well," Rachel said finally, grabbing the still giggling girl by the wrist and pulling her up off the couch, "when you're right, you're right. Come on."

"Oooh, yes Ma'am!" slurred the slightly drunk sorority girl as she followed the older woman back to the master bedroom.

"Bring the ice cream," Rachel commanded, "maybe I feel like eating it off your ass." This made Sara giggle even more.

Back in the master bedroom, Rachel mostly relied on a somewhat gentler version of last night's playbook. She knew that the wrong cue could easily remind the girl about the trauma she had undergone earlier in the day and that was the last thing Rachel wanted. She may enjoy hurting the girl, but not that way. That night, Sara was Kitten, not horny bitch, and, while Rachel still fucked her anally with the strap-on because Sara begged for it, she was slower, and more gentle. She found that she was getting just as aroused though. After Sara came from the buttfucking, she took the initiative. She pushed Rachel back onto the bed and started unstrapping her harness.

"What are you up to Kitten?" Rachel asked playfully.

"It's my turn to take care of you" Sara said and she took the translucent rubber phallus and began to push it gently into Rachel's exposed labia.

"Holy shit..." Rachel sighed as the dildo slid into her depths. Sara took her cues from how Rachel had treated her, and fucked the older woman slowly, making her feel every inch of the toy as it passed in an out of her drooling pussy. Sara fucked her like that, non-stop for twenty minutes until Rachel had another mind blowing orgasm. She bit into the flesh of her upper arm, arching her back. She called out loudly, saying just one thing,

"Sara!" she screamed.

("Whatshername?" The little voiced in her head teased as she collapsed back onto the bed.)

"Sara" she said again weakly as she closed her eyes.

Rachel opened her eyes a moment later, and Sara was sitting on the bed next to her, naked, hugging her knees to her chest, swaying a little drunkenly. "Welcome back" she said, smiling.

"Good to be back," Rachel sighed. "That's it, I'm done. Hate to sound like a typical man but I've had my way with you and now I'm going to sleep."

"Do you want me to go back out to the couch?" Sara asked timidly, still hugging her knees.

"That depends, do you snore" Rachel said casually.

"I don't think so" Sara replied.

"If you're lying, I'm kicking your ass right back out to the couch" Rachel said.

Although they had had sex three times now, Rachel had never really done anything tender or romantic with Sara. Between the fact that Sara had some obvious hang ups about sexuality and the fact the Rachel had never been much into "kissy kissy", everything they had done together had been simply about achieving orgasm. Nevertheless, after Rachel turned off the light next to the bed, she held out her arm. "C'mere Kitten" she said softly and Sara immediately slid over and snuggled up next to the older woman. Rachel put her arm around Sara protectively and Sara laid her head in the crook of Rachel's shoulder.

"You know," Sara said as Rachel began to drift away contentedly, "You haven't called me horny bitch all day".

"Shut up and go to sleep horny bitch." Rachel whispered.

"That's better" Sara said softly and snuggled in tighter.

End Chapter Three:_____

# Chapter 4: Rachel And Sara Chapter Four: Just Before the Dawn

**Chapter Four: Just before the Dawn**

Around 3:00 Sunday morning, Rachel woke up, still a little tipsy from the wine and needing to pee. She walked carefully in the dark to the master bathroom. She turned on the light and noticed that Sara was no longer in bed. Rachel went to the toilet and then walked out of the bedroom quietly, looking for Sara. She heard the sound of muffled sobs coming from the living room. She entered and saw Sara sitting on the floor, staring out the window, clutching a pillow to her chest. Rachel's heart suddenly felt a fierce pressure.

Earlier in the day, she had wondered why she had attacked the man that hit Sara. Finally she realized in that moment that while protectiveness certainly had it's part to play and that she could no longer deny that she had developed strong feelings for this girl, the real reason had been guilt. "I did this" Rachel thought to herself, as she stared at Sara's naked back in the darkness, "I fucked this poor girl's life up. A week ago her life made sense to her and she was probably happy. Sure, she was a hopeless idiot with an asshole for a boyfriend but she was happy and minding her own damn business. Then I had to come along and drag her into my own twisted lifestyle and now she's been beaten, dumped, unable to go home, not to mention how confused she must be by all the twisted shit I've been doing to her." Rachel walked slowly up behind Sara, knowing that she was responsible for all of it. "Way to go Rach'" She thought, "Who's the stupid bitch now."

Rachel cleared her throat to let Sara know she wasn't alone. Sara looked up, surprised and inadvertently snorted up a small strand of snot. "Well, that's attractive" Rachel said with a gentle smile and sat down next to the crying girl.

"Sorry," Sara replied and laughed weakly.

"I need to tell you something Kitten" Rachel started but before she could finish, Sara burst into a fresh round of sobbing.

"What's wrong with me?" she cried, "Why does everything always turn to shit?'

"That's what I needed to talk to you about Sara" Rachel said again. Sara looked up at her through her tears expectantly. "I just wanted to say that I'm sorry, for all of it. I am so sorry, everything is my fault."

"What?" Sara said incredulously, "It's not your fault. How can you say that? You're the one that helped me! You," she smiled briefly "you kicked Tab's ass for me."

"But if I hadn't... if I hadn't done to you what I did that first night, your life would have kept on going just the way it was. Everything would have been fine." Rachel insisted.

"You told me to leave if I wanted" Sara said firmly, "I didn't want to. What's more, you're probably right, after my friend told me how you had kissed her on the elevator, what the hell was I thinking, marching up here dressed like that and yelling at you? I was hoping the same kind of thing would happen to me, that's what." She said angrily. "And Tab, you think what happened with Tab was your fault? Sure he hit me because we had an argument about anal, but the point is, he's still the *kind of guy* who would hit me. If it wasn't this, he would have found another reason to hit me eventually. How can that be your fault? If I was smart, and strong,

like you, I'd never have stupid problems like this."

Sara had dropped the pillow and was up on her knees now, her eyes glistening as she told Rachel all this until Rachel couldn't stand it any more. She rose to her knees and quickly slid her arm around Sara's waist. She pulled Sara's naked body close to her own, cradling the girl's face with her free hand. She had never kissed Sara before, not really, but she kissed her now, kissed her like she was a soldier going off to war. And Sara kissed back, no hesitation, no timidity, she was every ounce the eager participant that her older lover was. The pair kissed passionately for minutes, holding each other and moving their hands over one another's bodies. Their tongues quickly found each other and became closely acquainted as they wrestled back and forth in each others mouths. Sara ran her fingers through Rachel's long jet locks and Rachel moaned appreciatively, her mouth still filled with Sara's tongue. They broke the kiss after what seemed, in time, like an entire gorgeous summer. Rachel looked into Sara's eyes. "Aren't you worried that this is going to make you gay?" she asked.

"Sara looked up at her and sighed, "I really don't care".

"Then come back to bed Kitten" Rachel coaxed and took the girl be the hand. It took twenty minutes to make the 30 feet back to the bedroom. They kept stopping to kiss and fondle one another, sometimes ending up against a wall, or back onto the floor. When they finally did make it back to the bed, Rachel laid Sara down on her back. She began licking and kissing her spectacular breasts, teasing the nipples with rapid flicks of her tongue. This was not sex like the two had known before. In fact, they had already tasted each other as purely objects of lust and now that it was out of the way, they were exploring each other slowly, not rushing to get anywhere. That they were going there together was all that mattered.

"My God, I love how that feels" Sara sighed sweetly as Rachel continued to lick each large breast in turn.

"And I love how these feel" Rachel countered squeezing Sara's bosom together and pressing her face between the girl's heavenly pillows. Rachel continued kissing her way down Sara's body. She noticed how much she enjoyed the smell of Sara's skin and how soft and smooth her little tummy was. Sara had a buxom hour glass figure with just a little padding on her hips, butt and thighs and Rachel focused her attention here now, kissing her hips and nibbling her way across the girl's soft thighs toward the treasure that waited between them. Finally she made it, and as she parted Sara's thighs and began to kiss at the narrow strip of hair that remained on the girl's otherwise waxed crotch, she felt Sara stiffen.

"Are you OK with this Kitten?" Rachel asked, concerned. Right now, she wanted so badly to taste this little girl but she didn't want to pressure her, not now, it was too perfect to ruin.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm OK" Sarah said, breathing heavily, "It's just that no one has ever done to me what I think you're about to do".

"No one?" Rachel said lifting her head momentarily from her young lovers crotch "Seriously? God Tab was such an asshole" Rachel said and returned to her task.

"Yes, he was...unh!" Sara sighed and then gasped as Rachel's tongue found her clit.

Rachel ate her for a good half hour, licking and sucking every part of Sara's young pussy gently but insistently. She worked her tongue inside and paused periodically to rim the girl's asshole. She remembered how much Sara had loved that the night before. During that time Sara had several orgasms, and while none were as intense as the ones brought on by their bouts of frenzied, violent fucking, Sara would always remember this as her favorite from their early nights together because there were no games, no play acting, just her and Rachel being truly together for the first time.

After the last orgasm subsided, Rachel stopped and crawled up Sara's body, resting her head on a plump breast. "My jaw is sore now Kitten" she complained as she idly caressed Sara's labia with her fingers.

"Well, just relax," Sarah said as she slid out from underneath the older woman. She gently turned Rachel onto her back and began kissing her. Rachel laid back languidly and enjoyed the girl's mouth. Sara started to work her way down Rachel's neck to her breasts, eliciting throaty moans from deep in the woman's chest. She licked and sucked Rachel's small breasts the same way Rachel had done. She admired the tiny, rock hard nipples and the way her breasts stood up, still so perky, against her chest. Sara took her time, moving very slowly south, down Rachel's body. Whether the girl was nervous about what she would eventually find down there or just wanted to tease the maximum amount of pleasure out of her older lover, Rachel didn't know, but as Sara gently nibbled at Rachel's ribs and hips, she was enjoying it way too much to care. Rachel opened her eyes just as Sara looked up, her tongue lapping at Rachel's navel. The girl smiled and went back down, deliciously dipping her tongue back into the older woman's belly button.

In that moment, Rachel was struck by the powerful realization that what she was doing now wasn't really sex as she generally understood it. Her sex life before had always been about the act itself. What was being done to her and what she was doing to others was all that had mattered to Rachel; how dirty, how controlled, how wild could it get, that was her only concern. Now, as she look down at the sweaty blonde angel kissing her stomach, Rachel understood that this time was very different. This time it wasn't really about the act, instead it was about her partner. Rachel wasn't laying there just enjoying the sex as she always had, she was laying there *enjoying Sara*. It was the way the girl looked, the way she smelled, the way she sounded when she moaned or giggled, that made Rachel feel almost...privileged, to be with her like this.

Just then, Sara had pretty much run out of southern real estate and was kissing around the edges of Rachel's shaven pussy. "It's OK, Kitten," Rachel said gently, "You don't have to.". Rachel desperately wanted Sara to continue, but it seemed more important to her that this time be all about Sara and her pleasure and comfort.

"No," Sara replied from between Rachel's toned, taut thighs, "It's alright, I want to, really."

"What do you want to do Sara?" Rachel asked. She knew that dirty talk excited her young lover.

"I want...to lick your pussy Rachel." Sara said huskily and dove her head down into Rachel's mound. Sara had never even come close to eating pussy before but she had been making out with boys since the 7th grade, and this is what she did to Rachel instinctively now; she made out with the older woman's pussy. What she lacked in technique, the eager girl more than made up for in enthusiasm. Although she started out tentatively at first, after the first moan escaped Rachel's lips, Sara found all the encouragement she needed and began licking hard and fast.

Rachel was on cloud 9. She reached down and took Sara's hand off her belly. Their fingers intertwined and Rachel squeezed the girl's hand as a little orgasm shivered it's way up from her gut and down her spine. "Unh...God" Rachel groaned, "fingers...put your fingers..."was all she could manage but Sara knew what she wanted. The girl inserted her middle finger into Rachel's hairless depths and began to slide it in and out. Rachel squeezed the girl's other hand and cried out "Yes, yes, Sara, oh my fucking God yes!" as she had a second, harder cum.

Sara seemed to want to continue eating the older woman, but after her second orgasm, Rachel stopped her and pulled the girl up where she could kiss her. She showered the girl with tiny kisses; her eyelids, her cheeks, the end of her nose and the corners of her mouth were all dotted with little kisses as her fingers stroked the girl's damp, golden curls. "Oh my God Kitten," Rachel panted, "That was amazing"

"Really?" Sara asked, unsure of herself "I've never done that, I mean...did you really like it?"

"I've never felt like that before" Rachel said honestly although she wasn't exactly talking about the orgasms themselves. Rachel was basking in the warm feeling of having just made love, maybe for the first time, depending on how you looked at it.

"Thank you," Sara answered. Rachel wasn't positive in the dark but Sara's eyes may have been wet with tears again.

"Hush now, Kitten," Rachel said looking at the clock. It was 4:40 in the morning. "Come here" she held her arms open and Sara immediately moved between them, circling her own arms around her lover's neck. "Sleep now" was all Rachel said and Sara was asleep almost instantly, clasping Rachel tightly and smiling.

End Chapter Four:_____

# Chapter 5: Rachel and Sara Chapter Five: Playing House

**Chapter Five: Playing House**

They slept together like that until almost 11:00 that morning when Rachel awoke. Before she opened her eyes, the first thing she was aware of was a wonderful, warm floral smell which she realized was Sara's hair. She felt the warmth of the girl's body pressing against her own. Sara was still resting her head on Rachel's chest and, though her arms had come unclasped, they were still up around Rachel's ribs, hugging her lightly. Despite almost 24 years of sexual activity, this was pretty much a first for Rachel. She very rarely allowed sexual partners to sleep overnight in her apartment, and when they did, it was usually after both or all parties passed out from exhaustion. In the morning, it was all awkward small talk and empty promises to "hook up again at the club", and Rachel had little patience for it. The exception was probably Renee and her husband Milo, a couple with whom she regularly played. They would usually get so fucked up the night before that a cab wasn't even a good idea, so they would sometimes all pass out on Rachel's king sized bed. On those mornings, the three would usually head out for casual hangover breakfast, or lunch more often. Rachel liked that well enough but she had never really experienced anything like this. She should have wanted to send the girl away but she didn't. In fact, she didn't even want her to move. "Crap," she thought to herself, "what have I gotten myself into." but her sleepy smile belied her cynical nature.

Rachel lay there, motionless,for a while longer, afraid to disturb this slender moment of perfection, before Sara began to stir. The little, tousle headed blonde eventually sat up and yawned. When she moved away, Rachel's skin, suddenly exposed to the cool morning air, cried out for the return of Sara's warmth.

The events of the previous evening had been pretty intense. Of course all of Rachel's encounters with Sara had been among the most intense of her life but last night was different. She was suddenly terrified that the girl wouldn't feel the same way, that she would be embarrassed or ashamed, that she would get up, dress hurriedly and make awkward excuses as she backed toward the door, even though Rachel herself had gone through that same exercise enough times with enough partners over the years. Maybe she would have even deserved it.

"Good morning." Sara said, smiling sleepily to Rachel. Rachel said nothing. "I said, Good Morning." Sara repeated. Rachel found she couldn't speak. She wasn't even sure she was breathing. Sara passed her hand in front of Rachel's face and said "Hello?". Then she moved back under the covers and re-wrapped her arms around Rachel's torso. Once Sara did that, Rachel found she could speak again.

"Mmmmmm, Good morning." She finally replied, pulling Sara closer to her. "What the hell has this girl done to me?" she wondered again.

"That's better" Sara giggled.

They snuggled in bed for another half hour before getting up. Sara returned to the twenty questions routine; she wanted to know what Rachel did on the weekends, did she like to travel or did she have to travel for work. Rachel answered her questions happily, although she noticed Sara still didn't talk about herself.

Once they finally got out of bed, Rachel went in to the master bath and turned on the shower while Sara slipped on her t-shirt and opened the sliding glass door to step out onto Rachel's tiny balcony. Rachel stood nude, in the bathroom doorway as the room filled with steam from the shower. She stared openly at Sara's rounded backside in the late morning sun. "This place is great," Sara called out, "my place doesn't have a balcony."

When Sara reached her arms up as high as they would go, arching her back, stretching luxuriously, her t-shirt climbed up high around her waist and Rachel felt her knees get weak. "Hey," she called out, "this is a really big shower."

"Is it really?" Sara said, turning and smiling broadly. She slipped her shirt off over her head and stood naked in front of the open glass door, her golden hair backlit by the sun, looking, Rachel thought, impossibly beautiful. She walked over to Rachel in the doorway and took her hand. Rachel led her into the steaming shower.

Surprisingly they managed to control themselves in the shower, for the most part. Likely they were both still satisfied from their lovemaking in the early morning. They kissed lightly and frequently though as they lathered each other up as Sara continued to question Rachel about mostly trivial things. Finally she sounded a little nervous when she asked Rachel, "So, um, do you have a girlfriend or something?".

Rachel figured the shower was, metaphorically, the best place to come clean so she decided to explain to Sara what her life was like, and hope it wouldn't scare the kid away. "First thing you ought to know," Rachel said as she squirted a handful of shampoo into her hand, "is that, strictly speaking, I'm not a lesbian."

"Really?" Sara said smiling, "I'm no expert but it seemed like you were pretty good at it to me."

Rachel laughed as she turned Sara around and began to massage the shampoo into her wet hair. She couldn't help but nibble a few times at the wispy hairs at the base of the girls neck. Sara shivered and leaned backward so that more of her back rested against Rachel's torso. "No," Rachel continued, "the truth is I'm bisexual. While I've never really had a long relationship, I enjoy all kinds of sex with men and women. I mean, you can't be surprised that I have a kinky side right?".

Sara giggled again, her jade-green eyes squinted tightly shut as Rachel worked a large pile of lather on top of her head. "Actually, I was surprised this morning when I found out there was a side to you that wasn't kinky."

Rachel laughed again, realizing that she had been selling Sara short. She had assumed that because she wasn't that bright, Sara must depend a lot on her looks. The truth was the the girl wasn't just adorable, she was charming and funny as well.

Rachel proceeded to explain to Sara about how she had always avoided relationships, that she didn't like people in her space or all the millions of concessions and compromises one needed to make when they were trying to share a life. As she explained, Sara turned and rinsed the shampoo from her hair. When she opened her eyes again, she motioned for Rachel to turn around. Rachel was more than half a foot taller than the diminutive blonde, and she had to sit on the small tile bench in the shower to allow Sara to slowly lather up her long black hair. While Sara washed her hair, Rachel had reached the part of her tale that she feared to tell the girl most. She told her about Bastille.

She didn't fill in all the graphic details but she painted a broad picture of her recreational time as a domme. When she told Sara that, at the club, she specialized in verbal abuse and domination, Sara stopped lathering her for a moment, leaned over and tweaked Rachel's left nipple gently. "I knew that part already" she whispered into Rachel's ear. The little gesture reassured Rachel that Sara was taking this new information in stride. She finished by explaining that, statistically, in her sexual partners, she preferred women about 75% of the time, but to make a short story long, no, she did not have a girlfriend.

After rinsing the shampoo out of her hair, the pair cuddled in the shower for a bit longer until the water began to get cold. They exited and began to towel each other off. "Do you think it will be OK to go back to my place and grab some stuff now?" Sara asked. Suddenly, Rachel remembered her brilliant plan for the day. She was

supposed to help Sara get some things together so she could hideout the remainder of the weekend at her sorority house. As she thought about dropping Sara off at the Tri-Delt house, her plan started to seem less brilliant.

"I think it'll be fine" Rachel said, "But I'll go down with you just to be safe."

"Thanks Rachel" Sara said warmly, squeezing the woman's hand briefly.

The dressed and Sara borrowed a blow-dryer while Rachel, deciding to let her hair air dry, went out to the kitchen and made them both some toast. It was just past noon. They ate, and didn't say much but Rachel didn't think it felt too awkward. Afterwords, they rode the elevator down to the 16th floor and headed for Sara's place. Sara opened the door, Rachel almost stepped in front of her to enter the apartment first but decided that may be a little much. She followed Sara in closely but the apartment, a cramped two-bedroom, was empty. "Do you have a roommate?" Rachel asked as Sara headed for her bedroom.

"Yeah" Sara called back, "but she's in Milan for an exchange thing, she isn't coming back til the end of spring quarter.".

Rachel wandered the small front room looking at the various nick-knacks lying around, but she didn't want pry so she didn't look too closely. If she had bothered to study the photos on the wall more keenly however, she might have been a little better prepared for a surprise that was coming down the road, but more about that later.

After a few minutes, Rachel walked into the bedroom and observed the huge pile of clothes Sara was trying to stuff into a suitcase. "Jesus," Rachel said, "how long are you planning to stay there?".

"I don't know"Sara answered, "a couple of days I guess, but I don't want to have to come all the way back here if I need something."

"It just seems like a hassle, that's all" Rachel said. She was trying to work up her courage.

"Yeah," Sara said sarcastically, "Who would have thought having a violent asshole for a boyfriend would be such a pain in the ass."

Rachel was too distracted trying to think of what to say next to laugh at the joke. "Well," she said finally, "It looks like this is going to be a big headache for just a couple nights. If you want, I guess you can crash at my place for another night or two."

"Wow, thanks Rachel" Sara said, "but I couldn't. You've already helped me so much. I know you like your space. It's OK, I'll be safe at the house, you don't have to worry about me."

"Shit," Rachel thought, "strike one."

"You aren't going to make this easy are you Kitten" Rachel said, exasperated.

Sara looked at her, confused. "Um...what?" she said.

"I know you'll be safe at your sorority" Rachel began, finding it difficult now to look Sara in the eye. "Stay with me anyway. I want you to stay. It's only for a couple of days. Please." She finished, looking at the floor. She felt strangely like a child, forced by their parent to apologize to a playmate.

"Really?" Sara said, "But you were saying how you liked to live alone, you liked having your space..."

"Yeah, I know, I know" Rachel interrupted her. "Apparently, I like my space more when you're in it. So what do you say? Do I have to beg?"

"I say hell yes!" Sara exclaimed and threw her arms around Rachel's neck, hugging her tightly. "And don't worry" she said slyly, "I won't make *you* beg. That will be *my* job tonight." She let go of Rachel and winked at her. "Just give me two minutes to get my bathroom stuff." Sara said enthusiastically, and skipped off to the bathroom.

As she waited, Rachel noticed a large, unframed oil painting hanging in Sara's room. It was a portrait of an attractive, familiar looking blonde woman in a lavender dress posing in front of an idyllic country lake. Rachel had minored in art in her undergrad days and recognized real talent in the painting. "Hey," She called out, "did you paint this?".

"Yeah" Sara called back from the bathroom, "do you like it?"

"I do" Rachel answered, "Your brush strokes show a lot of skill and control, and the palate choice suits the subject really well. You must take art classes."

"Uh-huh" Sara affirmed. Rachel could hear her rummaging around in a drawer. "Thanks, that's nice of you to say."

"Really, I mean it" Rachel said "You're quite good. Who is the subject?"

"My mom," Sara answered, coming out of the bathroom with a little travel bag whose zipper was threatening to pop off at any second due to the over-stuffing it had received. "She died when I was really young, I made that from her Senior photos."

"Oh, sorry" Rachel said awkwardly feeling what we all feel when we step on a similar conversational landmine.

"It's OK" Sara said lightly, "It was a long time ago." Sara finished by quickly stuffing a couple pairs of shorts and a few t-shirts into a backpack. "Almost done. I need to get one more thing, but I need *you* to wait outside" she said mysteriously. Rachel smiled and stepped out of the bedroom. Less than a minute later, Sara joined her and said "All set, just let me make a quick call She took out her cell and dialed. "Hey, it's Sara" she said into the phone, "I'm not going to be able to make it tonight...No, no everything's fine, great, fantastic actually, just...something really important came up...No,no...it's cool, yeah, OK, let's plan on that. OK, bye." She clicked off the call and said, "I just wanted to call the house and let them know I'm not coming. Rachel didn't remember Sara having called over to make arrangements in the first place but she didn't think much of it. They left the apartment and walked together back to the elevator and headed back to Rachel's place. Although she was not the type of person to do it publicly, Rachel felt like singing.

They went back up to Rachel's apartment and, as they walked inside, Rachel thought to herself, "Well, now you've done it. You've brought her home, now what do you do with her when your *not* fucking her?". She slowed as she watched Sara walk ahead into the living room, unconsciously swaying her graceful hips. She couldn't take her eyes from the blonde's rear, barely encased in a tight pair of cutoff denim shorts. "Well, she thought, I can definitely watch her for a while, hard to believe that'll ever get old.".

"Where should I put my stuff?" Sara asked, holding up her backpack and make-up bag.

"Well, that depends on where you want to sleep." Rachel answered. "I have a guest bedroom in the back or..." she started but Sara began to shake her head slowly from side to side, tousling her hair as she did so, when Rachel mentioned the guest room. "Or..."she continued, swallowing hard, "you can sleep in my room..." Sara's head began to nod up and down and a sexy smile played across her face. "In my bed..." Rachel kept on as Sara began to nod her head in more emphatic agreement biting her lower lip. The girl walked seductively toward Rachel, the sway in her hips deliberate now. "With me." Rachel finished just as Sara reached her, still nodding her head. The shorter girl placed her hands on Rachel's hips and began to slide them up her sides and back. "I want," she replied as she gently pulled Rachel's head down toward her own, "to sleep in your room," she whispered sweetly, kissing Rachel, lightly on the mouth. "In your bed," Sara continued before she kissed Rachel again, this time darting her tongue out and dabbing at older woman's trembling lip. "With you" she finished before beginning a long, wet kiss, tangled up is Rachel's arms.

Sara stepped back after what Rachel never would have believed was only a handful of seconds. "Right this way then" Rachel said breathlessly. She led Sara back to the master bedroom to and invited her to put her things in the closet. As in the shower that morning, they resisted their urges and confined themselves to more kissing and fondling on top of Rachel's bed. Both seemed a little unsure of how sex was going to proceed, whether they wanted the slow, sensual passion they had experienced in the wee hours of the morning or a repeat of the frenzied, abusive, fucking that had punctuated their first meetings. Rachel decided it was a subject worth discussing, especially if Sara was going to stay there. "So, um, when we're together, you know," Rachel began. She couldn't understand how a dominatrix could feel so nervous talking about sex. She forged on, "How did you like it better? When I was, um, mean to you like before, or, uh, more like this morning, when it was, um, slower?". "Jesus Rach'" Rachel thought, "is English your second language now?"

Sara considered for a while. "It's hard to say exactly," she said finally, "When you take control of me, when you say... all those things, I just lose it. I want you to take me and own me. It's like if I just surrender myself to whatever you tell me, I'll feel more satisfied than I've ever been."

"Wow," Rachel thought, her insides stirred restlessly, "If all the world's submissives ever get together to write a manifesto, that should be the mission statement"

"But," Sara continued, drawing Rachel back out of her thoughts, "this morning, um, well, I know things were pretty emotional with me, but," she was having a little trouble speaking, she stammered a bit, "this morning when we were done, I felt better than I ever have. Ever." she said quickly, looking away.

"Really?" Rachel said feigning surprise as her heart sung in her chest, "I didn't feel that way until I woke up next to you." The lovers hugged tightly and Rachel heard Sara sniffle a tiny bit. Both instinctively understood that the moment was too sweet to go any father and after a while, they pulled apart. Sara said, "Um, so, I don't know what you had planned to do this afternoon before I crash landed in you apartment, but feel free to do whatever it was, I really don't want to mess you up anymore than I already have."

For her part, Rachel thought that the girl had already messed her up more than she thought possible, and she was growing happier for it, minute by minute. "Well," she said, "Sunday is grocery day. I have to go to Ralph's. You want to join me?"

"Sure" she said, bouncing up and off the bed, "Yay! Field trip!" she giggled loudly.

"Oh good lord" Rachel said, mortified, but laughing in spite of herself.

Eventually, the two women headed downstairs, to the lobby when Sara said, "hold on a sec, I just want to check my mail."

"Good idea" Rachel said, I actually forgot to pick up mine yesterday too. The each went to their respective mail boxes, just two out of hundreds of little, narrow aluminum doors lined up along the lobby wall. As Rachel was sifting through the contents of her box, tossing the junk mail marked "occupant" in a nearby wastebasket she noticed Sara opening a colorful envelope. A high pitched whiny electronic rendition of the Beatles song, "Birthday", suddenly chirped out of the card inside. Sara shut the card quickly and looked around, seeing Rachel looking back at her. "My aunt."she said, stuffing the card into her purse.

"Is your birthday coming up?" Rachel asked, as she walked over to Sara.

"Um, yeah," Sara said, she seemed a bit nervous. "Actually, it's today."

"Today!" Rachel exclaimed, "How old are you?". She was suddenly struck by how little she knew about this girl that had so captivated her.

"21" Sara said.

"This is your 21st birthday?" Rachel was shocked. "Why didn't you say anything?"

"It's not a big deal," Sara said quickly.

"Sure it is," Rachel insisted, "aren't you going to go out clubbing, getting drunk with your friends tonight?"

"No," Sara said casually, "that's not really my thing."

Rachel suddenly realized what the call back at the apartment had been about. "Oh my God, Sara," she said softly, "you canceled your birthday party?"

"C'mon Rachel" Sara said, "don't make a big deal about it."

"But..." Rachel started

"Look," Sara said looking into Rachel's eyes, "I'm right were I want to be today. OK? Really."

Rachel didn't know what to say. She wanted to hug the girl right there, but there were numerous students roaming to and fro throughout the lobby. She was well aware of Sara's hang ups and she wasn't sure how she would react. In the end, she just smiled and said, "Alright then, *I'm* taking you out tonight. No arguments"

"OK" Sara agreed enthusiastically. "I'd like that."

End Chapter Five:_____

# Chapter 6: Rachel and Sara Chapter Six: ShÄ ng RÃ¬ KÃ¹ai LÃ¨

**Chapter Six: ShÄ ng RÃ¬ KÃ¹ai LÃ¨**

This new development called for an improvised plan for the day. Instead of the grocery store, Rachel said they needed to head to the mall. When they got to the parking garage, Rachel beeped the alarm on her silver Audi S7 and Sara gasped "Is that you car?"

"Uh huh" Rachel confirmed

"An Audi S7, wow, 4.0 liter V8, 420 horses and a top speed of 155" Sara rattled off knowledgeably.

The sorority girl once again surprised the older woman. "You know cars?" she asked. Rachel had only bought the car because it looked fast and expensive and the salesman had assured her it was both.

"My Dad's a car nut," she said, "I just learned from him about the ones I like"

"Well, you've got great taste." Rachel said.

"I know, right?" Sarah answered, smiling.

When they got to the mall, instead of parking, Rachel pulled up to the main entrance. "OK Kitten," she said to Sara, "here's the plan. I need to get a few things for tonight but I have to go by myself. I want you to take this..." She took the platinum AMEX out of her wallet and tried to hand it to Sara but the girl refused.

"No, Rachel, no, I can't" Sara objected, "You have already done way too much for me. I can't take your money. Please, I've got some money, I can get my own things."

"Listen Kitten," Rachel said soothingly as she pressed the card into Sara's hand, "It's your birthday. Please let me do this, I've never really had someone to spoil on their birthday. I want to, it would make me happy."

"OK" Sara said sullenly.

"Good girl," Rachel said, "Now, like I was saying, you need to get two things: a dress suitable for a nice restaurant and a present for yourself, something pretty." Rachel was worried she'd sound too much like the girl's father, or worse, Tab, but she was entirely new at this. The only personal gift she'd ever bought a woman that she wasn't related to was a thick, veiny, brown rubber dildo that she bought for Renee on Christmas last year, and she was pretty sure that thing ended up getting used on Milo a hell of a lot more than it did on Renee. A gift that keeps on giving.

Sara agreed, and Rachel told her to meet her back in front of the mall in exactly two hours. When Sara got out of the car, she leaned back in and kissed Rachel lightly on the cheek, before dashing of into the mall. Rachel experienced something she hadn't in nearly 20 years; she blushed. Flustered, she drove off to complete her own errands. She had two hours to make it to Pandora's Toybox in Hollywood as well as PETCO. She paid extra for a "while she waited" job at the Toybox and just had to use the automated machine at PETCO. She made both stops and was back with 5 minutes to spare.

Sara was sitting on a bench near the entrance, waiting. She was leaning back with her legs stretched out in the late winter Southern California sun. Rachel watched her for a few moments. Like most beautiful women, Sara knew how to appear oblivious to the sidelong glances she got from all the men and several women walking past her, going about their shopping. Knowing that soon, this beautiful creature would be getting in her car and coming home with her exhilarated Rachel. She pulled up and rolled down her window, waving to get Sara's attention. As soon as she saw Rachel, Sara smiled happily and came over to the driver's side. "Can you park and come in with me for a minute?" She asked. I need your help deciding on something."

"OK," Rachel agreed, "No rush. Wait here, I'll be right back.". She parked the Audi as close as she could manage at 4:00 on a Sunday and walked back to meet Sara. As they walked into the mall together, Rachel said, "So what are you having trouble deciding?".

"I don't know what kind of dress to buy for dinner tonight." Sara answered.

"Since when does a UCLA sorority girl need help picking out an outfit" Rachel teased, just a touch derisively.

"Since she doesn't want to look like a UCLA sorority girl when she goes out with someone sp.. with you, I mean." Sarah said stubbornly, "It's just that you're really beautiful and classy, like a really powerful business woman or something. I want to wear something that will look, I don't know, like I belong there when I'm standing next to you. I'm afraid if I pick something like I was getting ready for a formal, I'll look like a hooker going to prom.".

Rachel had to admit, even though in some ways this was the kind of conversation she sought to avoid when she avoided relationships, (after all, how many times can you tell someone that they're pretty enough or smart enough or tough enough) Sara's concern seemed once again to be out of a desire to make Rachel happy, even if she wasn't sure what that meant. She couldn't find it annoying because it was so sweet. She did actually find *that* a little annoying but she managed to smile and say in a badly, nasally British accent, "Very well, mah dear, she will find mademoiselle something dignified to wear?". Sara laughed as they headed into Nordstrom. They strolled past the fragrance counter on the way to women's fashions when Rachel felt she just had to try something. She reached down as they walked and took Sara's middle and ring finger lightly into her hand right there in the middle of the store. It was LA, it's not like anyone was going to take notice, but she still thought it may have been a cruel thing to do to her in the middle of a public mall, knowing that Sara still had her hang-ups to resolve, but she just had to know how the girl would react. She promised herself her feelings wouldn't be hurt if Sara stiffened or pulled away politely; in fact, it's what she expected. What she didn't expect was for Sara to immediately intertwine all of her fingers with Rachel's and slide closer so that they were walking arm-in-arm, which is exactly what happened. An hour later, they walked out after Rachel bought Sara a long, deep red, Herve Leger gown with cut-outs tastefully placed above the shoulders and around the ribs. She had sent Sara off to look for a matching pair of shoes while she paid. She knew the girl would never let her spend $1800 on a dress for her, but in truth Rachel made so much and spent so little, she would never even notice the money and she honestly couldn't think of a better way to spend it.

They got back to Rachel's apartment around 6:00 and started the slow process of preparing for their evening. "First things first," Rachel said as she opened a bottle of wine, "You're first legal drink Kitten.". She poured a glass for Sara and one for herself. "You know," she said teasingly, after they clinked glasses and toasted Sara's birthday, "if I had known you were only twenty yesterday, I never would have given you that wine. I mean, look how much trouble it caused.".

"Really?!" Sara said with mock indignation and shock, "Wine?! *That's* how you think you destroyed my youthful innocence? With some wine?" As she spoke she stepped forward and leaned into Rachel, grabbing her lean, muscular, runner's buttocks in both hands, squeezing with delicious firmness

"Well," Rachel admitted, "maybe it wasn't the wine but you started it by being such a horny little bitch". She laughed and put her arms around Sara's shoulders and kissed her briefly, biting the girl's lower lip ever so gently when she pulled away. Suddenly Sara released her ass and threw her arms around Rachel's ribs. She hugged Rachel then, not like a lover, but like a drowning woman clinging to a life preserver. She stayed there, squeezing Rachel like that for just a few seconds. She loosened her grip a little and said quietly, "This feels really good.". Then she let go and dashed off into bathroom, leaving Rachel standing in the kitchen wondering once again how this ditzy little girl could pull on the heart of such a bitter, old bitch so easily.

They finished getting ready, flirting with one another and making jokes. Rachel couldn't believe how natural their playfulness felt. It was so unlike her. Once they were dressed Rachel genuinely fawned over the girl's appearance. "You had it all wrong Kitten, I'm the one who is going to be out of their league next to you tonight.". It was Sara's turn to blush.

Rachel drove them to a private supper club called Soho House in West Hollywood. After they were seated, the waitress asked if they would like anything to drink. "Go ahead Sara, you can finally order anything you want now" Rachel teased.

"I'll have a Ketel One martini, up, and make it a little dirty she said quickly."

Rachel raised a questioning eyebrow at the girl who was supposed to have just ordered her first cocktail. Sara looked back innocently and said, "C'mon Rachel, I may have just turned 21 but I've been in a sorority for two years."

Rachel laughed and said "Good point". She ordered a Stoli tonic and some appetizers. While they waited, Rachel recalled how she did not even know that this was Sara's birthday and decided it was time for Rachel to play twenty questions. She did not know if Sara had given much thought to how her family would react to what their daughter and Rachel were doing together so she stayed away from that topic. Instead, she asked the girl about school. She found out that Sara had not yet declared a major but that the only things she thought she was any good at were art and public speaking. She was in her third year at the university but was only a sophomore and she had been on academic probation twice because she just couldn't seem to make it to classes that started before 9:00 am. Sara answered every question Rachel asked but seemed to keep her answers short. If she felt like she was going on too long, she would often stop and say something like "well, you get the point.". They continued to talk through dinner, moving on to the general day to day complaints of Los Angelinos how much nicer things would be if we could all just live in Santa Barbara.

During dessert, a shared crÃ¨me brulee, Sara began rubbing her foot up and down Rachel's leg under the table. This hastened Rachel's desire for the check and soon, they were seated once again in Rachel's Audi, headed back to her apartment.

Once they were finally back in privacy of Rachel's apartment, the anticipation caused by their little bouts of foreplay throughout the day was about to boil over. They made their way to Rachel's bedroom, discarding shoes and earrings as they went, still making casual conversation, but not really listening to on another's answers, instead distracted by the explosion they both knew was coming.

In the bedroom, Rachel moved to Sara and started to undo the clasp on the neck of Sara's gown when Sara stopped her. "Wait, hold on a sec," she said, "I wanna go change.". The girl scampered off into the restroom, stopping to grab her backpack. Rachel thought about undressing while she waited but decided it would be more fun to make Sara undress her. She started to think about whether or not she wanted to dominate the girl or make love to her, but then she remembered Sara's birthday presents and realized that Sara would get to choose. Sarah returned after a while. She opened the bathroom door and stepped out. She was trying to move seductively but it was clear that she was a little nervous. She was holding a flat, black box and wearing a

white and pink satin teddy with a ruffled V-neck and lace ruffles around high cut-outs for her legs. It was adorned down the front and back with a row of tiny, pink, satin bows. "It's so girly," Rachel thought, "and so perfectly... Sara."

Rachel whistled appreciatively. "You like?" Sara asked.

"You look like an angel?" Rachel said, "a sexy, fuckable little angel."

Sara laughed. "Perfect" she said, "that's exactly the look I was going for."

"Is that the pretty gift I told you to buy yourself Kitten?" Rachel asked.

"No" Sara answered, "this is what I had to grab at my place when I made you wait outside.". She approached Rachel, who was now sitting on the edge of the bed. "*This*," she continued, holding the black box toward Rachel, "is the pretty thing I bought. It's for you.".

"Kitten," Rachel said reproachfully, "I told you to buy something for yourself."

"Oh I did," Sara said, smiling wickedly, "It *is* for me, but *you* have to put it on."

"Ah,I see." Rachel said, as she moved in and quickly licked the end of Sara's button nose. She opened the box and was thunderstruck by it's contents. She was a rational person, not one to believe in signs and omens for sure, but she didn't know what else to think. Inside the box, folded neatly was the midnight blue camisole and panty set that Rachel had been eying at Victoria's Secret when her stubborn little voice had asked if Sara would like to see her in the outfit.

("Well, I guess that answers that question." the little voice gloated.)

"Oh," Rachel whispered hoarsely, her hand covering her mouth. She looked at Sara strangely.

"Do you like it?" Sara said, made nervous by Rachel's odd reaction, "I thought it would really look good on you, but, um, maybe it's not your style? I know, I know, it should have been black leather or something right? I just thought you would look so pretty in it, I can return it." Sara continued to babble before Rachel could collect herself enough to silence the girl by putting her finger over her lips.

"I love it, Kitten"Rachel said, gazing at the beautiful blonde, "I love it so much."

("You love *the neglige* right? That's what you mean?" the little voice taunted from the back of Rachel's thoughts. She ignored it.)

Rachel explained to Sara how she had seen the same outfit at the mall on Saturday and how she had wondered if Sara would like to see her in it. "I was just surprised by the coincidence." Rachel offered to explain her reaction to seeing the camisole."

"Wait a minute," Sara asked, her face suddenly glowing mischievously, "Did you say Saturday, like during the day, before what happened, um, with us, on Saturday night?"

"Yes," Rachel confirmed, "so?"

"Oooohh, you had a cru-uuush," Sara teased in sing-song. "You-ou-ou liked me." she continued, giggling.

"Shut up you little smart ass" Rachel admonished the girl, smiling and pulling her closer by grabbing on to her amazing bottom.

"Rachel and Sara sittin' in a tree," Sara started to sing softly between giggles. As she did, she craned her neck upward so that she could kiss Rachel's neck. "K (kiss) I (kiss) S (kiss) S (kiss) I (a long lick up the side of her throat) N (kiss) G." She finished at Rachel's mouth, still kissing softly.

"Would you like to put it on?" Sara asked eventually, holding both of Rachel's hand now.

"Hold on Kitten," Rachel said, "I still have to give you your birthday presents."

Rachel reached over and withdrew two velvet boxes, one black and one silver, from the nightstand drawer. She handed them each to Sara. "Thank you," Sara smiled sweetly, "which one should I open first?".

"Either one." Rachel answered.

Sara opened the silver box, the one from Pandora's, first, and withdrew it's contents. She held up the frilly white satin and lace collar with the tiny snaps in the back. Along the front, the word "Kitten" was embroidered in a delicate script, with pink thread. "Awwww," Sara cooed, "I love it Rachel, thank you!" She said as she started to put the collar around her neck. Rachel stopped her.

"Hold on a second there eager beaver," Rachel smiled, before you put it on, you have to open the other one."

"Oh, OK," Sara replied. She opened the black velvet box next and gasped at the gift Rachel had gotten her at PETCO. Sara's eyes opened wide as she removed the thick black, studded, leather dog collar from the box. She noticed the small silver tag hanging from the ring on the collar. "Horny Bitch," Sara read of the front of the tag and smiled. "Are you going to make me your horny bitch Rachel?" Sara asked seductively, staring in Rachel's eyes.

"Read the back," Rachel said without breaking eye contact. The back of the tag read "I belong to Rachel V.".

"Damn right!" Sara said approvingly. The two women were sitting on the bed now, cross legged and facing one another. "I don't know which one to wear first though." she confessed, holding her two gifts.

"Well," Rachel began, "this is how it works. When you want or need me to be rough with you, all you have to do is put on the black collar and I'll fuck you like a horny bitch until you beg for mercy."

"will you keep doing it even after I beg for mercy? Please?" Sara asked seductively. She had hiked Rachel's cocktail dress up above her knees and started sliding her hands along the older woman's thighs.

"Absofuckinglutely, you sexy, horny bitch," Rachel agreed. "But," she continued, "if you want me to be gentle with you, put on the white collar so I can hold you and kiss you all over until the sun comes up."

"Shit" Rachel thought, "next I'm gonna be writing poetry for this damn girl"

"OK, let me see if I've got this straight," Sara said, "Black collar means you'll throw me down and fuck the shit out of me, and white collar means you'll hold me, and kiss me and make love to me?" Sarah inched closer and held Rachel's hips, kissing her softly after she spoke.

"Bingo" said Rachel breathlessly.

"Got it." Sara said.

" I need to go get dressed for you, beautiful." Rachel said, standing up holding the camisole. "Now you have to choose what collar to put on, and when I come back, we'll see what happens." She bent down and kissed Sara passionately before gliding into the bathroom.

Rachel stripped quickly and donned the silky garment. She undid her braid and shook her hair free. Her dark tresses fell beneath her shoulders as she appraised herself in the mirror. Although the outfit concealed one of her favorite features, her washboard stomach, she couldn't help but appreciate how sexy she looked. It was not the kind of outfit that a domme would wear, and for that, she was actually thankful. Sara wasn't some club hook-up. If Sara was wearing the black collar when she returned, Rachel was more than ready to abuse the girl, but she wanted their night together to be special, unique. Sara deserved much more than the standard slave treatment and Rachel was going to give it to her.

Rachel returned after a few minutes to find Sara sitting demurely on the bedspread. When she saw Rachel wearing her gift, Sara's mouth split into a wide grin. "Wow" the girl breathed, her hand reflexively slipping into her crotch for a split second. Rachel felt a tingle when she realized how much the sight of her in the sheer, sexy outfit turned Sara on.

Rachel hadn't been able to decide which collar she hoped Sara would choose, but figured it was like being offered one of your two favorite meals. It was the very definition of win-win. What she wasn't prepared for was seeing Sara wearing both collars around her slender neck.

"Oh, Kitten,"Rachel said consolingly, "I didn't think it was that complicated, but you seem to have fucked it up." She walked over to the bed and Sara reached out to take her hand.

"See, here's the thing," Sara started to explain, "I didn't know what to do... because what I really want, is for you to grab me by my hair, bend me over and fuck me in every way you know how. I want you to make me your horny little bitch and ride my ass hard until I cry." While she spoke, Sara began running her hands across her lover's hips and belly. Rachel was completely on board with that idea but Sara continued speaking, "And then, she said, I want you to take me in your arms and hold me as close as you can. I want you to kiss away my tears and make love to me again while I look at your beautiful face."

("Tell her." Rachel's little voice whispered. She ignored it.)

Rachel had, in that moment, never been so aroused in her life. As much as she wanted to own this incredible creature tonight, she realized that she wanted even more to belong to her. "Oh God," was all Rachel could manage before pouncing on the girl and barraging her face and body with frenzied kisses.

Sara giggled and she held onto Rachel, keeping their bodies pressed together. "So I guess you're OK with that then huh?"

Rachel thought about what Sara had said and grabbed a handful of her blonde hair roughly. "Damn right bitch!" Rachel said sternly and pulled Sara to her feet. Right away though, Rachel knew things would be a little different this time. Their first encounter had basically been a hate-fuck for Rachel. All Sara was to her then was a stuck up, snotty, albeit incredibly sexy, bitch sticking her nose where it didn't belong. She pissed Rachel off, and Rachel took it out on her ass, it was that simple. Now, Rachel doubted she could find a way to be pissed at Sara if she wanted to. Somehow, she ended up adoring the cute, buxom girl. She was willing to hurt the girl in every way that Sara craved, but not one ounce more. Rachel roughly pulled Sara's head close to hers and whispered in her ear, "If anything hurts too much or scares you too much just say the words Ã i gÃ–ng."

"eye ching?" Sara said quizzically.

"Close enough" Rachel said. For some reason, the safe word she had chosen was a Mandarin word that meant "love".

She then returned to the task at hand, pulling Sara over to the bed by her hair. "Now bend over slut!" she commanded.

Sara morphed from playful lover to craven submissive instantly. "Yes Rachel," she whined, "I'll do whatever you say.". She crawled up onto the bed on all fours and bared her round, heart shaped rear end toward her dominant lover. "Is this alright Rachel?" Sara asked timidly, "am I doing it right? Just tell me what you want, I'll do it".

"And why is that slut?" Rachel asked coldly and then slapped Sara's left ass cheek. "Why will you do whatever I want?" she yelled, slapping the right one loudly.

"Unngh! Sara grunted. "Because I want to be your bitch! Please, please make me your bitch Rachel!"

Sara was a natural, playing off Rachel's commands, unconsciously reading her cues. Rachel laid Sara over her knees and gave the girl a vigorous spanking, bringing a warm red color to the surface of her round, tanned bottom. After the first few swats, Rachel was sure to drag her index finger through the girls moist crevice each time she lifted her hand, making Sara squirm and wiggle. After a dozen strokes, Sara began to furiously rub at the lace of her teddy that stretched tight over her clit. She was grinding her pelvis into Rachel's knees. "It looks like you've had enough dirty bitch," Rachel said and started to push Sara off her lap. Sara grasped onto Rachel's arm and looked into her eyes wildly, "Please, Rachel, please just a few more" she said desperately, "I'm soooooo dirty, I need it."

Rachel gave her three more resounding smacks as Sara ground her clit, the fingers of her left hand moving like light speed over the fabric of her lingerie. Rachel grabbed her hand moments before the girl could coax an orgasm from herself. "No no, horny bitch," She scolded, "I never said you could cum!". She pulled Sara's hand out of her crotch and pushed her onto the bed so that the young girl lay on her stomach with her legs slightly spread.

On the occasions where Rachel had dominated Sara previously, she had never denied the girl orgasm. These encounters were generally fleeting and fraught with tension. Tonight, Rachel thrilled in knowing that Sara wasn't going anywhere, and decided she would have to learn a little patience. Sara had no experience with this new game, and she looked at Rachel wantonly, sneaking her fingers down between her tummy and the bedspread, inching toward some relief.

"I said not yet bitch!" Rachel barked and slapped Sara's butt again across both cheeks. Rachel squealed and squirmed trying to grind her pussy uselessly against the smooth surface of the bedspread.

"Please!" she wailed.

"Please what bitch?" Rachel demanded.

"Please can I cum, Rachel, please?" the girl cried in response.

"No" Rachel said coldly, "not yet. Hold still."

The girl actually sobbed at being denied the release she was so close to but she managed to say "Yes Rachel." She also managed to hold reasonably still when Rachel propped her up, face down, and slipped a large pillow under her tummy, leaving her ass up a good 10 inches off the bed.

Rachel grabbed the pocket rocket and pushed it into Sara's hand. Sara, who was face down on the bed tried to turn her neck to look at Rachel, but she found her head pushed firmly back down by the sexy domme. Rachel straddled her back and whispered in her ear, "hold on to this. When I say 'Go' you can use it on yourself, but so help me you dirty fucking bitch, if you if you go anywhere near your pussy before I say 'Go' I will tie your hands to the bedposts, walk out of this fucking room, sleep on the couch and leave you here!"

Rachel was the communications director for a shipping conglomerate that owned dozens of oil tankers and yet what she had just said to Sara in the bedroom was actually the biggest, most obvious lie of her life, and not even Sara was dumb enough to believe it, but the girl played along. She trusted Rachel implicitly where sex was concerned and knew that the older woman would never leave her unsatisfied, so she held perfectly still, clutching the little vibrator in anticipation and waited.

Rachel walked around behind her and knelt if front of the girl's upraised butt. She grabbed two handfuls of perfect ass and began to knead them firmly. She squeezed them and rolled her thumbs across their heavenly softness, and while it wasn't very domme, she couldn't help but plant several small kisses in the small of Sara's back, just on the tiny, almost invisible patch of golden down just above her panty line. After a while she parted the girls smooth cheeks, pulling aside the thong-strap on the teddy Sara still wore. "Are you ready bitch?" she asked, blowing lightly on Sara's puckered rosebud.

Sara knew what was coming next and if she wasn't allowed to touch herself, it was going to be sweet torture. Sure enough, Rachel began to lick at Sara's asshole gently. She was thorough, swabbing her tongue up and down the squirming girl's cleft. Sara tried to hold still, but began to make tiny humping motions, bouncing her hips into the pillow."

"Hold still, bitch!" Rachel roared, smiling like like a Cheshire Cat. She grabbed Sara's hips and held her firm while she redoubled her efforts on the girl's tender opening. She stabbed her tongue in as deep as she could over and over again while Sara wailed.

At one point, about 15 minutes in, Sara had a momentary loss of control and screamed "God, Rachel, fuck it, please, just fuck it, stick your finger in me, grab a cock I don't fucking care, please just fuck me...unnnh, oh God, please!" Her mind struggled mightily to keep her hands away from her pussy as they flailed and slapped the bedspread. Through the entire outburst, Rachel just held her hips down against the pillow and lapped at her hole gently and rhythmically. She knew if she just kept licking like this, without being able to touch her clit or being somehow penetrated, the girl would never quite be able to cum.

Sara had lost the ability to even beg coherently, all she could manage was a constant sort of chant that sounded like, "pllzzzzzz...pllzzzz...pllzzzzz". Occasionally her hips would spasm as she tried to impale her asshole on Rachel's tongue, but Rachel would just push her back onto the pillow and kept licking at the same measured pace against her lover's pucker.

After 5 more minutes of hypnotic rimming, Rachel's tongue and jaw were sore, and she was so amused by the girl's torment that she had to fight to keep from laughing. She quickly leaned over and grabbed the finglonger and the translucent 8 incher off the toy box lid and put them on the bed beside Sara's trembling hips; she would need them soon. She bent back down to Sara's ass and stuck her index finger in her mouth, coating it with sticky saliva.

"Alright you horny bitch!" Rachel said finally, to the drooling, whimpering, mess that had once been Homecoming Queen for the Kellogg High School Class of 2009, "I'm going to count down from 5...She licked Sara's asshole, 4 (lick), 3 (lick), 2 (lick)..."she stopped. "You'd better turn the vibrator on first bitch." Rachel laughed sardonically. Sara's twitching fingers managed to turn the dial on the bottom of the pocket rocket while she banged her forehead against the mattress. The toy began it's steady buzzing.

"Pleashhe..." Sara managed once for emphasis, her lips mashed into a drool dampened patch of bedspread .

"One" Said Rachel and she licked Sara's rosebud one final time. "GO!!" she hollered. As Sara's hands flew between her throbbing pussy and the pillow, putting the buzzy little buddy to work on her swollen clit, Rachel slid her spit lubed finger as far as it would go into her tight anus while simultaneously latching her mouth onto Sara's pussy lips,sucking them in. The tiny sorority girl lost her fucking mind. She screamed in tongues, kicked, and at one point somehow tried to simultaneously crawl away from and deeper onto the probing finger deep in her rectum. The whole time, Rachel held onto her hips firmly and kept her mouth glued to the young girl's cunt, sucking on it mercilessly. Sara flailed around, bucking her hips so much, that staying lip-locked to the blonde's waxed muff while the vibrator buzzed against her chin was a bit like getting face-fucked by a mechanical bull, but this wasn't Rachel's first rodeo and she held on for a hell of a lot longer than 8 seconds.

Sara was finally kicked out and Rachel let her go. The dazed girl had rolled onto her back and had stopped touching her pussy. She lay there gasping with tears steaming down her cheeks from the power of her orgasm. Rachel stood there waiting. Timing was everything and Rachel decided her "green light" would be the first coherent word out of Sara's mouth which turned out, a few seconds later to be "Holy".

As in "Holy Shit" which she is what she said before Rachel cut her off.

"Five" Rachel said loudly. Sara, still recovering, didn't know how to react.

"Four" Rachel said looking into Sara's glazed eyes. She looked back questioningly.

"Three" Rachel said, a tone of urgency creeping into her voice. Sara didn't know what we going on, if she had done something, or was supposed to do something or what. She was still trying to figure it out when Rachel said "Two".

"Oh God" The girl said fearfully and closed her eyes tightly.

"One" Rachel yelled and pounced on the smaller girl. She lay her torso across Sara's stomach and parted her legs. Sara didn't resist, but she was still groggy from a monstrous orgasm. Rachel slid the fingerlonger into Sara's ass in one fluid jab. Sara tried to bolt upright but was pinned down by Rachel. "Hold still you silly bitch!" Rachel hollered as she started to fuck the finglonger in and out of Sara's butt. Sara was just completely unprepared for the anal assault and her sphincter started to clench and unclench in a vain attempt to push out the ribbed intruder. It took a minute or two of rhythmically fucking the finglonger into her before Rachel calmed down and willingly accepted Rachel's thrusts. Her breathing became deep and regular, in synch with Rachel's slow, steady pumping.

"Oh God, Rachel," Sara moaned, "Rachel, yes, oh God Rachel. Rachel thrilled with every time her lover uttered her name.

"Do you like that slut?" Rachel asked, "Do you like the way I fuck your ass? Do you horny bitch?"

"Yes,Rachel, I love it!" Sara continued to moan, "I want to be your whore!" As she lay back, Sara slipped her hand into the back of Rachel's panties and caressed the woman's ass mere inches from the soaking pussy that

Rachel was trying to ignore...for now.

Rachel judged that Sara was fairly close to an anal orgasm when she replied, "Then you are really going to love this you silly, sexy, horny bitch!". Rachel grabbed the translucent rubber 8 inch dick off the bed and plunged it into Sara's steaming muff. She fucked the dildo into her pussy as she drew the finglonger out of her ass, and repeated the cycle rapidly, the muscles in her sculpted arms and back defined under a light sheen of sweat. Sara was getting double fucked, but good.

To this day, Sara has no recollection of what happened. She remembers getting ass fucked, and Rachel grabbing the other dildo but then her world went white. Rachel's assured her however that it was a soaking wet thing of beauty. She said that at one point she, "just had to hit the deck and let you blow your top.".

Rachel stood over the now unconscious beauty, absentmindedly rubbing the crotch of her panties; the gift Sara had given her. At this point, she realized that, for the last half hour, the poor girl probably couldn't have spit out the mandarin word for "love" to save her life. "Oh dear" Rachel giggled to herself, "I do hope I didn't break her.". They hadn't even had part two of Sara's Birthday present yet.

End Chapter Six_____

# Chapter 7: Rachel and Sara Seven: Part Two of Sara's Birthday Present

**Chapter 7: Part Two of Sara's Birthday Present**

Sara came to a while later under the bed covers and wrapped in Rachel's arms. She blinked her eyes open and the first thing she saw was Rachel gazing down adoringly as she stroked the girl's blonde curls. Sara opened her mouth, and her jaw made a few feeble motions, but no sound came out.

"Are you OK Kitten?" Rachel asked gently, "For a minute, I thought I broke my favorite new toy."

Sara managed a smile, but then closed her eyes and hugged Rachel's arm tightly. A few minutes later she made a more successful attempt at consciousness. She sat up, and stretched luxuriously.

"All better?" Rachel asked, lightly stroking Sara's spine.

"Whoooo" Sara exhaled, "Ya' know, used to be if I heard someone say 'I'm gonna fuck your brains out' I thought it was just an expression."

Rachel laughed boisterously and pulled the girl back down to the bed next to her. "Well, Kitten, guess what, we're not done yet." she said.

Sara's eyes opened wider, "Um, hold on, give me some time to recover".

"Don't worry Kitten," Rachel said. She reached around Sara's neck and removed the black dog collar. "We've taken care of this part," she said, "and now all that's left is this part." She traced her finger around the lacy white "kitten" collar.

"Oh," Sara giggled, "OK then, c'mere."

The two lovers kissed and fondled each other gently under the covers. As promised, Rachel kissed lightly at the corners of Sara's eyes, where her make-up lay streaked from the girls' tears of ecstasy. She kissed the corners of her mouth and kissed ever so gently at the small cut that still healed in the center of Sara's upper lip. Rachel gave a wide berth to the now hyper-sensitive erogenous zones on Sara's lower half and focused all her efforts on the rest of her lover's body. She kissed, licked and nibbled not only Sara's neck and precious breasts but all along her sides and hips, down to her calves where she ran her tongue along their entire length before sucking each of Sara's toes in turn. She then moved to the other foot and began the same path of kisses and nibbles up the other side of Sara's body. She even kissed her way under Sara's arms and down to the tips of her fingers. Even with the massive sensory overload Sara had experienced earlier, when Rachel began to suck on each finger, the hair on the back of her neck stood up.

Finally, Sara couldn't stand it anymore, She grabbed Rachel by the shoulders, kissed her firmly on the mouth and then gently pushed her on to her back. She returned the favor, kissing Rachel's body all over. She worked her way down to Rachel's stomach and pushed her camisole up. Rachel pulled the garment off over her head and lay there in her panties and Sara continued her wet, slippery journey. Sara marveled and the runner's chiseled abdominal muscles and she traced the outline of Rachel's six pack with her tongue. "You're so fucking sexy" she murmured to the older woman. Once she said that, Rachel had to pull her back up for another deep tongue kiss, but soon Sara had pushed her back down to the bed. The little blonde moved down Rachel's body until she was directly over her panties. She hooked her fingers into the waistband and slid them

down slowly. "Oh, yes Kitten, please" Rachel pleaded.

Sara went to work eating Rachel's pussy with even more enthusiasm than she had the first time. Rachel has been so keyed up by an hour of foreplay that she had a brief, hard cum within minutes, but Sara didn't quit. Instead, she said, "Hold on, here, I wanna try something." and pulled Rachel up to her knees on the bed as she herself lay back down. "I want you to come up here" she said, motioned to her shoulders.

"Oh, I see." Rachel purred, "You want me to sit on your face."

"Uh-huh" Sara giggled.

"You're so beautiful Kitten" Rachel said as she lifted her leg over the girl's face.

"So are you" Sara responded and began, once again to lap at Rachel's pussy. Soon, Rachel was swaying and massaging her little firm tits as she called out Sara's name over and over. Rachel hopped up and turned around so that she could 69 her lover.

"Careful," Sara said from between Rachel's thighs, "I'm still sensitive."

"Don't worry" she said as she proceeded to lightly kiss the edges of Sara's pussy as though it were made of glass. A while later, they came like that, together, legs locked around each other's faces and then they collapsed, finally spent.

Rachel put her arms around Sara and pulled her close under the covers. They cuddled and made pillow talk. "I can't believe what that did to me when you, you know, did me with both toys" Sara said, the side of her face resting against Rachel's breast. "The whole world faded out."

"Well," Rachel said, "it looked like demonic possession and sounded like a murder, but damn Kitten, it was the sexiest thing I've ever seen." They both laughed.

"Hey, you know what would hit the spot?" Rachel asked

"You'd better say ice cream!" Sara said, laughing and covering her butt with her hand.

Rachel snorted with laughter. "No she said, at least not yet. I'm talking about a joint." She didn't know how the kid would react but after what she had spent the last two hours doing with her, she wasn't too worried about being judged.

Sara's eyes went wide and her mouth opened in surprise, "Oh, fuck yeah!" she said, "that's a great idea. My roommate and I have a little stashed in our place..." She closed her eyes and groaned, "but it's sooooo far."

"Hold on," Rachel said as she got out of bed and went to the small secretarial desk in the corner. She rummaged through a couple of drawers and produced a large roach. "I knew there was a little left in there." she said.

They lit the roach and passed it back and forth between them. It wasn't enough to get them stupid stoned, which they wouldn't have wanted anyway, but a warm, relaxed feeling spread through both of them. Rachel usually only smoked pot when she was hungover, the roach was left from an all nighter with Renee, Milo and some random gimp (Keith, maybe?) they had brought back with them. It was the perfect night cap for the two tired lovers however.

As they relaxed together, they continued to talk. "I can't believe how good you looked at dinner tonight Kitten" Rachel said appreciatively.

"I don't know," Sara said, "a lot of the men in that place were totally checking you out."

"Yeah, but they were only looking at me because they were jealous," Rachel countered, "I'm sure every one of them in there wished they could have walked in there with a beautiful girlfriend half their age."

"Girlfriend?" Sara said questioningly.

"Oh shit." Rachel thought, "did I just open a can of worms here?"

"Does that mean that, um, I'm your girlfriend?" Sara asked hesitantly.

Rachel sensed another bought of identity crisis warming up. "Well," she said, "I broke you and your boyfriend up, moved you into my place and have had my way with you a half a dozen times in as many days. While I've never actually had one before, I think that might make you my girlfriend."

"I'm your girlfriend..." Sara said quietly.

"Relax, Sara," Rachel said, a little exasperated. It's not like you have to wear a t-shirt that says "I am Rachel's Girlfriend.".

"I would" Sara blurted.

"You would what?" Rachel asked.

"I would wear a t-shirt that said 'I am Rachel's Girlfriend'." Sara answered, her gorgeous green eyes shone with sincerity. "I'd wear it everywhere!"

"You're high." Rachel said, laughing at the earnest girl.

"No, I'm not!" pouted Sara. "Wait, I'll prove it!". With that, the girl leaped up from the bed and ran to the sliding glass door. She pulled it open and Rachel felt the cold air hit her as Sara danced outside, naked as the day she was born.

Sara went out to the balcony and grabbed the rail with both hands. She looked up at the crescent moon and screamed joyfully at the top of her lungs "I am Rachel's girlfriend! Do you hear me?! I am Rachel's girlfriend!".

Rachel began laughing, but she couldn't help but to, once again, be deeply touched by this ditzy little girl. Sara poked here head back into the room. "If I'm you're girlfriend, that means you're my girlfriend too right?" she inquired.

"Yes Kitten," Rachel assured her, still laughing, "I'm you're girlfriend too."

Sara, turned back outside and yelled again, "Did you hear that?! Rachel is my girlfriend! Rachel IS MY girlfriend!"

("How about now?" her little voice whispered. Her little voice was clearly stoned, and she ignored it.)

Tears were rolling down Rachel's cheeks, only mostly caused by laughter. "Come back to bed Kitten, your girlfriend has to get up for work in" she looked at the clock, "ugh, six and a half hours, and she'd like to get some sleep, preferably next to *her* girlfriend."

Sara closed the door and scampered back to bed. Rachel couldn't help notice how the cold night air had cause the nipples to rise on the breasts she adored but it was late and they were both spent. Instead, she asked the girl about her apparent new, and sudden, fondness for the idea of openly having a girlfriend.

"So, what's with the 'out and proud' routine Kitten?" as Sara moved as close as she could, the entire length of her body pressing up against Rachel's deliciously.

It took Sara a few seconds to comprehend what Rachel meant and finally said, "Oh, that. It's cool, I figured it out this afternoon while I was at the mall."

"You figured out human sexuality while you were buying me underwear?" Rachel inquired, smiling.

"Yeah." Sara answered plainly, "It was like this. I was at Victoria's Secret thinking about the whole gay thing. I was feeling, like, because of how I felt about you, that I must be a lesbian, right?." She looked up at Rachel and continued, "To be honest, I had mixed feelings. I really didn't want to have to wear with those blocky sandals and a bad haircut but on the other hand, I am crazy about you so I didn't know what to do. Rachel chuckled and hoped the little airhead was kidding about the stereotypes. Sara prattled on, "Then I saw two ads on the wall, you know the ones, the tall, leggy chicks with pushed-up boobs, wearing way too much make-up for someone in their underwear? Well, anyway, I was looking at them. I started thinking that if I'm a lesbian, then I should have a preference for one of these two models right? Sure, they're both pretty but if I'm attracted to women, I should have a preference for which one would I rather, you know, like, do it, with, right?." Rachel would never stop being amused by the way Sara could talk like such the most depraved whore during sex, but seemed to embarrass so easily when the subject of sex arose in normal conversation. Nevertheless, Rachel was fascinated by the girl's reasoning as she continued, "I looked at each of them for a long time and then I asked myself 'OK, which one is it going to be?' And all I could think was 'which one would treat me more like Rachel does?'" She blushed in the dimly lit room. "That's when it hit me," She said finally, "I'm a Rachelsexual.".

Rachel burst out in peals of fresh laughter. "You're a what?" she asked though her giggles.

"A Rachelsexual" she said again, a touch proudly, "It means I'm sexually attracted to Rachel. There's more of us out there than you know" Sara added, giggling herself now.

"Oh my God, Kitten" Rachel said, the fatigue from their playtime and the sweet little high from the pot were combining to make Rachel roar with laughter, even harder now.

"What?" Sara said indignantly, "So I'm a flaming Rachelsexual! You got a problem with that?" She tickled Rachel's ribs, making her squirm.

Rachel encircled Sara's neck with both arms,"No, ma'am" she replied. "I guess it's a good thing that you're my girlfriend then huh?" Rachel said, surprised at how much she also enjoyed that idea.

"Damn right!" Sara affirmed before laying her head back down on Rachel's breast. They lay like that for a few minutes, still giggling occasionally when Rachel turned out the light on the nightstand. A moment later, Sara lifted her head and, in the dim moonlight, Rachel could just barely see her beautiful green eyes staring deeply back into hers. "Rachel," Sara whispered seriously.

"Yes Kitten," Rachel whispered back, simultaneously thrilled and terrified by what she thought the girl might say next.

("Get ready to tell her" her little voice warned, but Rachel was too scared to hear it.)

Sara quickly pressed her lips between Rachel's breasts and blew hard, making a large exaggerated farting noise that lasted until her breath ran out. Rachel gave a quick laughing shriek and kicked her legs under the covers. Sara rolled back, rocking with laughter. Rachel quickly grabbed the still chuckling girl and pulled her back into her arms. "Go to sleep you little stoned idiot." She said, unable to keep from smiling.

"OK, girlfriend." Sara giggled. She gave Rachel one last little kiss on her collarbone and closed her eyes.

End Chapter Seven_____

# Chapter 8: Rachel and Sara Chapter Eight: Out of the Fire and Into the Rat Race

**Chapter Eight: Out of the Frying Pan and Into the Rat Race**

Rachel's next moment of awareness was brought on by a piercing, high pitched electronic wail. She bolted up, still nude, in her bed as the smoke detector continued to shriek. Rachel looked around and saw that she was alone, so she dashed out into the front of the apartment, toward the source of the alarm. She arrived just in time to see a medium sized grease fire burning in a frying pan and Sara racing toward it with a vase full of water. "Don't!" Rachel screamed, but it was too late.

Sara threw the contents of the vase into the flaming frying pan and a column of fire rose almost to the ceiling. From where Rachel stood, horrified, it looked like the fire had flashed directly in Sara's face. Rachel felt panic of a kind she had never felt before and she sprinted to the kitchen. She quickly grabbed a lid off the wall rack and smothered the fire before wheeling around to Sara, who has crying hysterically, her hands covering her face. Rachel grabbed her wrists and pulled her closer. She began hurriedly inspecting Sara for burns while the girl continued to sob. "Are you OK, are you hurt?" Rachel asked frantically as she looked Sara's arms over. The girl was sobbing so much, Rachel didn't know if she answered or not, so she said again, "Are you OK? Sara! Are you hurt?!".

"I don't know" Sara finally bawled.

Satisfied that Sara's arms and hands were unburned, she gently lifted the girl's little chin so she could see her face. There was a tiny, red circle, less than a quarter inch across on the very tip of the blonde's rounded button nose; barely a first degree burn. Other than that tiny spot, Sara was otherwise unharmed, but still crying. "Thank God, thank God," Rachel, greatly relieved, repeated over and over again as she put both her arms around the crying girl and squeezed her tightly.

("She's scared; tell her." the little voice said. She ignored it again.)

Rachel regained her composure quickly after she assured herself that Sara was unhurt. She released Sara's shoulders and gently lifted her chin so that they were face to face. "What happened Kitten?" Rachel asked as gently as she could..

Sara burbled nonsensically for a moment. Rachel was pretty sure she could make out the word "sausage" but that was it. "Calm down Kitten, everything is just fine, you're OK, just take it easy" Rachel soothed her for a while before her sobs were reduced to sniffles.

"I wanted to do something nice for you," Sara started to babble, "last night, you said I was your girlfriend, and, and, I wanted to do something nice for you, I just thought, I thought...".

"You thought you'd burn down my apartment?" Rachel asked smiling gently and stroking the girl's cheek. She hope the joke would help her calm down.

"I wanted to make you breakfast," she managed through her tears and sniffles, "I've seen Yesenia cook sausage and eggs at home a thousand times, it looks so easy."

"Well Kitten, you just learned not to throw water on a grease fire. Just smother it with a pan lid like I did, see?" Rachel pointed to the covered frying pan.

"I'm sorry Rachel, I'm so sorry, please don't..." Sara started, speaking so rapidly, her words blurred together.

"Hush," Rachel stopped her, "It's fine, you're OK, I'm OK and we're OK. I'm just so glad you're not hurt. Please don't worry about it Kitten. You're sweet for trying." Rachel had moved close to Sara again, reflexively stroking her wavy curls.

"You're not mad?" Sara asked, hopefully.

"Of course not Sara, as long as you're not hurt, I couldn't be happier." Rachel replied, "But if it would make you feel better, I can still punish you tonight.". Rachel winked at her.

Sara giggled, then sniffled, then hugged Rachel with the same desperation she had the day before. This time Rachel hugged back just as fiercely. "Thanks Rach'" she said, using the nickname for the first time. Rachel liked it immediately.

After a moment, Rachel said, "C'mon Kitten, let's go get some breakfast down at La Bou. I'm not one of those people who needs a girlfriend that can cook.". Sara laughed genuinely this time and they walked back to the bedroom, hand in hand to shower together and get dressed.

The two women had a brief meal of coffee and scones at a corner bakery before walking back to the apartment. As Rachel prepared to go to work she asked Sara, "What are you up to today Kitten?"

"I've got a 10:00 class and Art lab at 4:00" she said, "otherwise, nothing much." The girl replied.

Rachel walked over and rummaged through a drawer in the kitchen for a moment, before returning and handing Sara a single key. "This is my spare," she said, "you can hold on to it.". Rachel then went to the notepad hanging next to a wall mount cordless phone and wrote down a phone number under the words "Rachel:work". "And if you need to call me, I don't usually have my cell on in the office but you can call my secretary and she can usually find me or you can leave a message.".

"Ok," Sarah said. She was seated at the kitchen table with a large textbook. Rachel grabbed her keys and headed toward the front door, "OK, Kitten, I'm headed to work. Try not to use the stove." She teased.

"Oh, wait!" Sara said. She got up from the table and ran on her tip toes over to Rachel in the doorway. She leaned up and kissed her new girlfriend lightly on the corner of her mouth. Rachel blushed again, unsure the reason. "Have a good day." the girl said sweetly.

Sara's smile made Rachel desperately want to call in sick, but she had too much to do, so instead she said, "I'll try, but it would be easier if I got to take you with me.". She quickly exited, before her resolve to go to work failed her completely.

When Rachel's Audi hit the freeway, her mind had finally returned to a mostly normal state after nearly a week of obsessing over a certain well endowed nymph. The pleasant tightening in her chest that had started on Saturday night persisted, but at least she could focus her thoughts on the tasks that lay ahead today. By the time she got to work, she found that she was able to go without thinking about Sara for whole minutes at a time, which was an improvement over the weekend. By the time she got into the TriGar offices, she was twenty minutes past her usual time, but when you worked on Rachel's rung of the corporate ladder, there really wasn't any such thing as late. Despite the departure in routine, Mrs. Hart had her coffee hot and ready the moment Rachel arrived. "How are you this morning Ms. V.?" she asked as Rachel entered.

"Very well, Mrs. H.," Rachel replied cheerfully, "How about you?"

"Can't complain." Marcia Hart answered back. Then she said, "You certainly have a spring in your step this morning."

"Oh God," Rachel thought quickly, "Is it that obvious? Did I come in here dancing like a fucking schoolgirl and not know I was doing it?". She felt the blood rushing to her cheeks again and said to Mrs. Hart, "That's the benefit of coming in late I guess." and stepped into her office quickly. She moved behind her desk and sat down heavily. "Who the fuck ever heard of a blushing, pussy whipped dominatrix" she wondered.

Rachel had two meetings that morning as well as a lunch interview with a local newspaper reporter. After she had finished the second meeting she returned to the office and Mrs. Hart handed her a stack of phone messages. "Oh, "she said, "and someone called for you just a minute ago, I hadn't written it down yet. No message, just to tell you that Sara called.

"The little idiot" she thought fondly, "probably called to tell me she tried to make a bowl of cereal and my apartment exploded."

"Thanks Marcia," Rachel said absently as she walked back into her office. Mrs. Hart could count the number of times that Rachel had called her by her first name over the past four years on the fingers of one hand. She followed her boss into her office to investigate.

"You know," she said lightly, "I don't think, in four years, that you've ever had a personal call at the office."

"Personal call?" Rachel said, trying to match her casual tone.

"Well, no number or message, just a first name. I just figured..." Mrs. Hart said. What she did not mention was that the caller ID placed the call from Rachel's home number.

"You're fishing, Mrs. H." Rachel said amiably. It was an expression Rachel used on rare occasions when Mrs. Hart's well-meaning nature started to make her nosy.

"Sorry Ms. V." Mrs. Hart said. She started to leave and then she turned around. "You smiled." She said simply.

"Sorry?" Rachel said.

"When I gave you that message, you smiled." Mrs. Hart replied. Rachel shook her head in denial as though her assistant had been imagining things, hoping she wasn't blushing again. Mrs. Hart nodded and said "Like a little fat boy in a candy shop."

Rachel's eyes bulged, positive she was blushing now. She furrowed her brow at Mrs. Hart and made a casting motion with one hand and a reeling motion with the other.

"Sorry dear," Mrs. Hart said, still smiling. "Oh, I'm so absentminded today, Saltzman over at the Register called and had to cancel your lunch interview, he had to rush off to some big scandal in Sacramento. Just in case you wanted to make any other plans.". Mrs. Hart scurried out of the room without pressing her luck any further. Rachel got up and closed the office door, knowing that Mrs. H would certainly notice that too. "Damn" she sighed.

Understand that Rachel had no anxiety about publicly dating a woman. Her upbringing and her sexual lifestyle had always required her to be confident and not concern herself with the judgments of strangers, but she had a very strict rule about the separation of work and home. Although she didn't date, the truth is, she

wouldn't have discussed that aspect of her life with her co-workers whether it involved a woman or a man. In any event, she was pushing 40 and unmarried so she knew damn well most of the office, hell, most of the board of directors, thought she was gay. In 2012 L.A., it was practically fashionable. She was just painfully aware that when everyone knows your with someone, you have to put up with twice as much small talk, as people now ask you the same inane questions again, but about someone else. And worse, you were then expected to ask the same questions of them and whoever the hell they're shacked up with. It taxed her patience to no end.

She set aside her musings and took out her cell. She called the apartment and got her machine. "Sara, pick up if you're there." she said.

"The machine clicked off and she heard a cheerful "Hi".

"What's up" she said, quietly adding "Kitten."

"Um, would it sound super co-dependent if I asked you out to lunch?"Sara asked shyly.

"Maybe." Rachel said and paused, "but I'd still like to see you." she finished truthfully.

"Great," Sara said, sounding relieved, "What's the plan?"

Rachel told Sara to meet her in front of the TriGar office plaza at 12:30. After giving her the address, they said their goodbyes and hung up.

Rachel got back to work. Her impending lunch date stayed on the edge of her mind but wasn't too distracting. After all, it was going to be lunch for an hour in a restaurant. Nothing she could get too excited about. Around 12:10, Richard, one of the few people who could rightfully call themselves Rachel's boss called her office line. One of company subdivisions had had a train derailment outside Bakersfield and a tanker car carrying hundreds of thousands of gallons of diesel fuel had ruptured, closing I-5 and creating a hell of a mess. Although Rachel may have been distracted the past few days playing house with a girl half her age, in a crisis, she was all business. She discussed strategy with Richard, spit balling ideas for a press release and handling damage control. After over a half an hour on the phone, she hung up with Richard, turned her chair to her PC and started frantically drafting the company's statement. She had completely lost track of time when the intercom buzzed, "Ms. Vancourt, someone to see you" it whined in Marcia Hart's voice. Rachel glanced at the clock; 12:52. "Shit" she said and went out the door into her office lobby.

Sara was seated in one of the padded reception chairs, smiling politely with her stocking legs crossed demurely. She was dressed in a royal blue, pressed, knee length skirt and matching jacket with a brilliant white silk blouse buttoned conservatively up to her neck. She looked for all the world like she was there to interview for an internship or something.

"Sorry," Rachel began immediately, "There was a crisis and I totally lost track of time." As she spoke, she thought to herself, "Nice, Rach', you've had a girlfriend for twelve hours and you're already taking her for granted." She remembered how much the girl had altered her own life just by being with Rachel and chastised herself, "Do better.".

Sara stood up, smiled and said "No problem, I hope it's OK that I came up, I just wanted to see if you could still make it."

"I think I've got the fire put out," Rachel answered as Sara stifled a small giggle, remembering the events in the kitchen that morning. "So I think we're good to go." She finished.

"Your assistant told me it was something about a train accident?" Sara asked glancing at Mrs. Hart who has managed to find something to file in a cabinet only a few feet away from the two women.

"Yes, but no one was killed, thank God, but we've got to release a statement."

"Alright Mrs. Hart," Rachel said, "I'll be back by 2:30, page my cell if any other catastrophes come up."

"It was nice to meet you." Sara said, looking at Mrs. Hart. She looked at Rachel and then back at Mrs. Hart. She waited expectantly for a heartbeat and then turned to walk out the door. Rachel noticed Sara's shoulders slump just a little when she didn't say anything.

"Damn." Rachel sighed inwardly. She didn't want to violate her biggest rule, but she had already violated so many of her rules by bringing Sara into her life, and she knew what had just happened had hurt the girl a little; she didn't want that. She understood what Sara had been hoping for.

"Oh, where are my manners?" She said. Sara turned around sharply. "Sara, this is my very able assistant Marcia Hart, Mrs. Hart, this is my girlfriend, Sara Lancing."

Sara stood up straight and beamed like she had just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Hair and Make-Up. "It's very nice to meet you Marcia."

"It's nice to meet you to too Sara." Mrs. Hart said smiling genuinely, "I hope I get to see you again soon."

"Me too." said Sara.

Rachel and Sara left the office together and headed for the elevator. As they walked, Rachel gave a nod at Sara's outfit, "So, I know we're still getting to know each other; are you part of the young Republicans or what?"

"No," Sara replied noncommittally, "I don't watch baseball.". She had to giggle to let Rachel know she was kidding and then she said, "I just didn't want to embarrass you, that's all.".

They boarded the elevator as Rachel turned to face her. "That's thoughtful," she said, "but you don't embarrass me Sara. I'm glad you came.".

"Thanks." Sara said sincerely.

As they rode the elevator to the parking garage Rachel asked Sara about the Art lab she was supposed to attend that afternoon. "We're supposed to start a piece that reflects the idea of dualism, but I'm not sure what that is.".

They exited to the garage, walking toward Rachel's car. Since she had arrived late, she had to park on the highest level which was now virtually empty during the lunch break. "Well, the word can be applied to lots of concepts, but what your instructor probably means is a piece of art that demonstrates two opposite forces that depend on one another to exist. Think of the Yin and Yang symbol, if that helps." Rachel explained, trying to encapsulate five thousand years of philosophy into something the size of a tweet.

"So, like, good and evil, black and white, rich and poor." Sara asked.

"Exactly." Rachel said smiling, pleased her explanation had made some sense.

"Like...Kitten and Horny Bitch?" Sara asked in a sexy whisper as they reached Rachel's Audi.

Rachel chuckled softly, "Yes, something like that."

They got into the car and Sara looked at Rachel seriously and said, "I just wanted to say thank you for what you said, um with Marcia, back in your office; I know it wasn't, I don't know... comfortable, for you"

"I told you Kitten, you don't embarrass me" Rachel responded earnestly, "I've just never been in a position to bring a girlfriend, or a boyfriend, for that matter, around the office. I just sort of forgot what it was like, it's no big deal. If we have a date, then it's perfectly OK for you to come to my office to meet me.". Another rule out the window.

"Why is this lot so empty?" Rachel asked, changing the subject.

"It's usually kind of thin of this floor, plus it's lunch time. Speaking of, where do you want to eat Kitten?".

"You said you had to be back by 2:30?"

"There abouts" Rachel answered.

Sara looked at her watch, "1:04" she said, "we'll be lucky if we have time for drive thru." The girl reached over and grabbed the lapels of Rachel's jacket, pulling her into a long, hard, kiss.". Rachel started to object and then said "oh to hell with it" and put the sun shade in the front window to afford the lovers at least a little privacy.

They lowered the seats and made out like high school kids, which, for one of them at least, wasn't all that far off the mark. While they managed to stay more or less clothed, and the stick shift and emergency brake proved to be persistent obstacles, the pair managed to make the most of Rachel's lunch break. They fumbled around to find a comfortable position that still allowed access for one another's roaming hands. Finally, Sara straddled the center console, getting her leg over Rachel's, with a rare height advantage that allowed her to rain kisses upon the older woman's face and neck. Rachel unbuttoned the top few buttons on Sara's blouse and was pleased to see that she still wore the her white Kitten collar underneath. She got busy burying her face in Sara's soft cleavage when Sara's knee found her crotch and began to grind against it. Soon, Sara's crisp, professional skirt was hiked up around her thighs and Rachel's left hand was caressing the girl's butt as the fingers of her right hand played rapidly beneath the crotch of Sara's panties. Sara's knee continued it's grinding and very soon, almost simultaneously, they enjoyed brief, intense climaxes.

They continued to snuggle for a few minutes when Rachel's cell phone beeped; it was Mrs. Hart paging her. She glanced at the time, 2:17. "Shit" She swore, "We forgot to get lunch."

"I know, and it was too cramped to eat in the car" Sara said. They both started laughing, and kissed one more time between giggles. At her age, Rachel wanted to feel ridiculous, but Sara's personality was so infectious, she just couldn't manage it. Rachel straightened her hair and reassembled her wardrobe quickly. "Alright, Kitten, that may have been the best lunch I've ever had, but I really have to get back. Will you be there when I get home around 6:00?"

"Art lab goes until 7:00, I'll see you by 7:30.". Another brief kiss and they separated, Sara going down to the her car on the lower level, Rachel heading back up to the office, her empty stomach rumbling.

When Rachel returned, Mrs. Hart greeted her. "Sorry for interrupting your lunch Ms. V. but Mr. Pierce (Richard) needed to give you a status update and it was important that you got it before finishing the press

release."

"No problem," Rachel replied, "I'll call him right now." She called Richard, got the update and resumed work on the release. A little after 3:00, Mrs. Hart came in carrying a clear, plastic, take-out container containing what appeared to be turkey on wheat.

"Sara ran back by and dropped this off for you. Did you miss lunch?" Mrs. Hart asked innocently.

"Sweet little idiot, what does it look like we did at lunchtime now?" Rachel thought even as she said, "Car trouble."

Mrs. Hart made as if to leave but lingered a moment after Rachel thanked her for the sandwich. Rachel knew the matronly woman wanted to say something and since it was apparently Personal Show and Tell at Work Day, she once again ignored the big rule, sighed, and said, "Go Ahead Mrs. H."

"Oh, it's nothing." Marcia Hart said, "It's just... nice, to see you so happy."

For a behavior that Rachel thought she had abandoned a quarter century ago, blushing sure was making a roaring comeback. Her cheeks reddened again. "Thanks Marcia," she said sincerely.

"And she's absolutely adorable!" Marcia Hart added smiling broadly.

She was sure she must be fire engine red by now. "I know, isn't she." Rachel couldn't help but agree.

End Chapter Eight_____

# Chapter 9: Rachel and Sara Chapter Nine: One Small Step...

**Chapter Nine: One small step for women, one giant leap for a lifelong misanthropic loner.**

Rachel managed to finish out the work day without any other environmental disasters or visits from Sara. She got the release drawn up and approved in time for submission before the evening news and arrived home around 6:15. Her busy afternoon had left her on auto-pilot at the end of the day and when she got home, she started to unwind as she would have before Sara came into her life. She mixed a Manhattan and turned the stereo on to Miles Davis' Kind of Blue. "Ahhh, this is nice," she thought," An hour or so to unwind alone, I mean, I actually do like having Kitten around, more than I thought I would, but still, everyone needs a little 'me' time.".

Rachel's jazz fueled meditation only lasted about twenty minutes before she started thinking about Sara, which led to almost immediately to a short bout of clock watching as the hands crept way too slowly toward 7:30. "Dammit," she swore, getting of the sofa and taking her half-finished cocktail to the kitchen sink, "you're like a heroin addict for fuck's sake.". By 6:45, she was on the treadmill in the back bedroom, running her ass off like she was being chased by wolves. When the clock on the treadmill panel flashed 7:20, she turned it off and ran through the shower, rinsing the film of sweat from her tall, lean, frame and quickly washing her hair. She dried herself and got out of the shower right at 7:30. She ran into her room to put something on. Her eyes darted to Sara's gift, hanging in her closet, but before she reached for it, she said out loud, "For God's sake woman, have some dignity.". Instead, she grabbed a set of black, silk, lounging pajamas and slipped them on. By 7:35 she was sitting on the arm of the sofa, once again, looking at the clock.

At 7:46 Rachel heard the key in the lock and jumped up off the arm of the couch. "SIT your ass back down you pussy whipped bitch!" her inner domme screamed inside her head. She sat back down and tried to look casual. Sara came prancing into the room, a big smile on her face. She had changed out of her "career day" outfit and was wearing a light, yellow floral print dress that ended just mid thigh and a matching button down sweater.

"Hi!" Sara said loudly. Her boobs bounced enticingly as she jogged toward Rachel on the sofa. Although she didn't get up, Rachel couldn't stop herself from from reaching out with one arm, welcoming physical contact with the exuberant girl.

"Guess what!" She exclaimed, looking excitedly at Rachel. "After Art lab tonight...oh, wait," she stopped herself, just before getting into reach of Rachel's outstretched arm. "I'll be right back." with that, she sprinted back into the bedroom. She came back, only a minute later. She had put on her white "Kitten" collar. "OK," she started, once she returning to Rachel, grabbing her hand and continuing her story. "After Art lab tonight, Tab was waiting for me outside the hall..." .

She got that far before Rachel bolted up, dropping Sara's hand and barked out, "What?!"

"Just wait," the girl said, still smiling as she took Rachel's hand again, trying to calm her. "He walked up to me and as soon as he opened his mouth I said 'I don't want to hear it Tab, you're the worst kind of jerk and I don't care what you have to say. You leave me the hell alone forever!', he started to look like he was mad and then I took out my phone, like I was gonna call *someone*'" When she said the word "someone", Sara lightly poked Rachel in the ribs. "And then I said 'because you know what's going to happen if you don't!'and I went

like this". Sara made a scissor snipping motion with her fingers and laughed with delight then finished by adding, "He turned completely white, like he'd seen the ghost of his nuts float by. He just turned tail and slunk off like the weasel he is.".

"Well, I suppose that went as well as we could have hoped then." Rachel said, relieved that she was not going to have to go through the bother of getting dressed again, then having to drive all the way down to the campus, and beat a frat boy to death..

"Are you kidding!" Sara giggled, "It was freaking awesome! I've never felt so...I don't know, powerful? I mean, I know it was you he was really scared of, but, I mean, you're my girlfriend right? So, it was like...I don't know. It was just great to see him scared and the..."

"Kitten," Rachel hushed sweetly, placing a finger gently on Sara's lower lip, "You're babbling a little."

"Am I? Sorry." she smiled, an then she added "You're my hero.". She gave Rachel another one of those fierce hugs that squeezed her heart more than her ribs.

"Well, I'm glad you're happy, and the asshole is probably going to stay away now that he's gotten the same message from you. Still though, he if ever comes up to you again, especially if it's someplace that isn't very public, you just call the police right away, and then you call me, even if I'm at work." Rachel instructed, still holding the girl.

"Yes Rachel," Sara agreed dutifully before giggling again. She kissed Rachel lightly and then broke away, grabbing her backpack from the floor where she had let it drop and retreated to the bedroom to put it away. "So how was your day?" her high pitched voice lilted, now from the back of the apartment.

"I had a really productive lunch meeting, other than that, same old, same old." Rachel called back.

Sara laughed good and long at that, and then came back into the room.

"So, you'd like to do lunch again then?" She asked innocently as she strolled into the kitchen.

"I'm going to have to buy a bigger car." Rachel responded.

"How do you think you'd feel about driving to work in a Winnebago?" Sara asked, for once managing to keep a straight face.

"Won't fit in the lot." Rachel replied dryly

"Damn." Sara quipped, "Then we just may have to find a really big broom closet in your building."

"Fuck it," Rachel said, coming to join Sara in the kitchen, "Why not just go up to the boardroom table? Those guys are hardly ever up there at lunch time."

Sara grinned widely, "It's a date. Do you mind if I get something to drink?"

"Mi casa, su casa, Kitten" Rachel said, "So, I noticed you put your collar on.", Rachel leered at her suggestively.

"Of course," Sara said simply as she grabbed a glass from one of the kitchen cabinets . "I like to put it on when I get home,er, I mean to your place, um, I mean here," she flustered, "it doesn't mean I expect you to

ravish me the instant I put it on."

"But what if I want to?" Rachel asked as she came up behind her as she stood, with the refrigerator door open. She wrapped her arms around the girl's waist and clasped her fingers in front of her tummy.

"Well, I'm just saying, you don't *have* to." Sara explained as she reached into the fridge.

"You are the sweetest thing in the world, aren't you?" Rachel purred into her ear. Sara giggled and nuzzled the back of her head against Rachel's shoulder. Rachel loosened her grip a little and Sara reached in and brought the milk out of the refrigerator. She filled her glass with milk, and as she put the milk back in the fridge, Rachel smiled at her.

"And you're the cutest thing in the world too aren't you?" She teased.

"What?" Sara said, a little shyly.

"You just turned 21 and you're unwinding with a cold glass of milk." She chuckled.

"What?" the girl said again, "I like milk. Besides, it keeps you healthy" To prove her point, she squeezed her shoulders and upper arms together, causing her cleavage, which was very healthy indeed, to move up to center stage. "See?" she said.

("God, she's so cute; say it," Rachel's little voice nagged. She ignored it.)

"Remind me to buy a dairy." Rachel laughed and reached up with both hands to cup Sara's ample tits.

Although there had been many occasions now where the two women had been able to confine themselves to kissing and petting as they flirted around the house, this was not fated to be one of them. When Rachel's hands cupped Sara's breasts, she squeezed gently, Sara's head rolled back and she moaned softly; the time for flirtation had ended. Apparently, lunch was fine but dinner was the meal that satisfied.

Soon, Sara's dress was on the floor and she was laying on the Kitchen table wearing only a bra and a pair of shoes, that were presently pointed toward the ceiling. Rachel was seated at the head of the table eating the girl out like it was the oral sex Olympics. Sara screamed and called out Rachel's name when her experienced lover added to the assault waged by her tongue with reinforcements from her fingers. Feeling Rachel's expert ministrations both inside and outside her moist opening brought Sara to a sweet climax as she gazed, glassy eyed at the chandelier that hung from the vaulted ceiling above the table.

This time, Sara needed no time to recover. She made a move to take some initiative in the couple's lovemaking when she stood up and gently pushed Rachel' head from between her thighs, and said "Stand up". Even in her Kitten collar, Sara was still a submissive at heart so she couldn't help but add "Please.".

"What are you up to know my little Kitten?" Rachel asked mischievously as she stood up. Sara came behind her and moved the chair out of the way. She reached around and started to unbutton Rachel's silken pajama top from behind. Once she slipped it off, she began by admiring the well defined muscles in her lover's back and shoulders, covering them with wet kisses. Rachel was still fresh from the shower and Sara purred, "Mmmm, you smell good" as she worked her way down the woman's spine, kissing and licking her way south. Finally, she knelt behind Rachel, and she slid the pajama bottoms down, forming a silky black puddle at her feet. From behind, she began to kiss and lick Rachel's muscular ass. She ran her tongue along the surface of Rachel's cleft eliciting moans and shudders from her. Finally, Rachel's body stiffened when Sara parted her cheeks and began to lick gently at her quivering asshole.

Rachel was surprised that the girl had grown so bold so quickly, but admired the results. She had generally shied away from allowing her playthings access to her ass, especially with lips and tongues. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy it, quite the opposite actually. She found that for her, being rimmed was like dominatrix Kryptonite. Her icy control and sense of discipline seemed to melt the instant a wet, slithering tongue touched her pucker. It didn't do to have a slave drive their master wild, kicking and shrieking with lust with a few simple licks. But Sara wasn't her slave and even though she may choose the black collar from time to time, Rachel knew she never really would be able to think of her that way. Rachel made no move to stop the girl's probing tongue. She didn't care if Sara made her loose control, she'd pretty much been doing that since the tow-headed nymph knocked on the door anyway. And loose control she did.

Rachel began to make the kind of noises Sara had only heard herself make up until that point. Not moans and groans, but rather a series of squeaks and grunts punctuated by sharp gasps whenever Sara pushed her tongue inside. Sara lapped at her lover's most private opening even more eagerly once she realized the powerful effect it was having. Rachel was bent completely over the kitchen table know, hands grasping, white knuckled, to both edges. "Please, Kitten, please don't tease me anymore." Rachel pleaded with the younger girl, whose face was now planted squarely between her ass cheeks, french kissing her spasming rosebud.

"Cum for your Kitten, Rachel" Sara said firmly and pushed a finger into Rachel's asshole and two others into her wet pussy and began to pump them wildly. Rachel, uncharacteristically, did as she was told, cumming hard from the double stimulation. Weary, she slid off the table, pulling Sara down to the floor with her in a tangled, sweaty, pile.

"Fuck, that was hot, Kitten." Rachel said finally.

"Can we do that again if I have milk with breakfast too? Sara asked giggling.

After their first "kitchen quickie" as they would come to be known, Rachel ordered some Chinese to be delivered. Sara went to the bedroom to put on something comfy while Rachel slipped her PJ's back on and settled into corner of the sectional sofa."

"Hey Rach'?" Sara called out from the bedroom, "I'm pretty much out of clean clothes, can I borrow something of yours?"

"Help yourself Kitten!" She called back. The two couple's figures, though both attractive, were a study in opposites; Rachel tall and lean, with a narrow waist while Sara was short and curvy, her butt and hips were more round and soft. Rachel wondered what the diminutive girl would find that fit her.

Sara came out of the back a few minutes later. She was wearing one of Rachel's white DKNY dress shirts, and possibly panties, Rachel couldn't tell, because on the much shorter girl, the shirt came almost to her knees. "Now I finally get it." Rachel said after whistling appreciatively.

"Get what, Sara asked. She plopped down on the couch beside Rachel an immediately snuggled into her right side.

"Why guys are so crazy about that look" She said, indicating her dress shirt clinging to Sara's hourglass body.

"Why's that" Sara responded.

"Because," Rachel said, stroking her girlfriend's wavy hair, "It looks like you belong to me."

"More than a collar that says 'Property of Rachel V.'" Sara joked.

"Well, maybe not that much." Rachel admitted.

Just then, there was a knock at the door. The two women looked at each other. "No pants" said Sara. Rachel nodded, got up and went to the door. Rachel paid for the food, satisfied that the young man delivering the food liked her pajamas, judging by his expression and difficulty handling the change. She grabbed plates and napkins from the kitchen and the two girls ate cross legged on the floor. Rachel amused herself by watching Sara try to eat with chopsticks for a while, but feared the girl would starve to death. She tried for a bit, to teach her the skill, but soon gave up because she found, to her horror, that she loved picking up the steamed shrimp and feeding it directly into Sara's beautiful, laughing mouth.

"They're going to take away my cat o' nine tails for this." Rachel thought, as she made the girl chase a pot sticker around with her mouth.

After dinner, they decided to watch a movie. Rachel enjoyed classics and Sara liked dumb comedies and movies with someone named Jason Statham. Rachel suspected that Sara's affinity for the latter may not have anything to do with the actual quality of the film, but regardless, she didn't have anything that Sara had heard of in her DVD collection. She put "How to Steal a Million" in the DVD player. She grabbed a blanket from the closet and the lovers cuddled underneath it as they watched.

Sara had a plan; she had yet to meet the woman that didn't want a kiss after watching an Audrey Hepburn romance, and Sara was no exception. After the movie, they made out passionately under the blanket, but kept it above the waist. Rachel was amazed at how being with the younger girl like this satisfied her in ways that had little to do with sex. After a while, Sara began to yawn between kisses, so Rachel took her hand and led her to bed. They crawled under the covers and were both asleep in each other's arms in minutes. Once again, the moment seemed to sweet to make it about sex.

The alarm woke the pair up at 7:00 am. As the pulsing drone of the clock radio's alarm filled the room, Rachel sat up in bed and stretched. Sara, on the other hand, pulled one of the extra pillows over her head and moaned, "Human beings are not meant to get out of bed before 9 am!".

Rachel clicked of the alarm and laughed at her. "Kitten," she said, " by 9:00 am in this country, millions of dollars have been made and lost, every day.".

"That's stupid," said Sara sleepily, her face sandwiched between to pillows, "if all that money is made *and* lost, then it sounds like everyone breaks even. They should all just stay in bed until 9 or 10 so that when they do get up, they can do it right and just *make* money without losing any."

Rachel laughed heartily at the girl's knowledge of world financial markets. "Great idea Kitten," She said, leaning over on top of Sara, planting an exaggerated kiss on the pillow covering her face, "I'll bring that up first thing at today's board meeting. The business work day should adjust itself, world-wide, in a week or so.".

"If that doesn't work, tell them you have to stay home until after your girlfriend eats breakfast, just to make sure you don't end up homeless." Sara quipped and rolled over onto her stomach.

"I tell you what," Rachel said, stroking Sara's back, "I'm headed for the shower. If you want to join me, you're always welcome. If not, see if you can manage being awake and alive by the time I'm done, and *I'll* make *you* some breakfast.". She got up and stripped, heading for the shower. She didn't notice Sara lift her face out of the pillow to stare, approvingly, at Rachel's toned runner's butt and legs as she strode into the bathroom.

Rachel wasn't expecting an appearance from the sleepy sorority girl in the shower. She knew from experience that college carried with it a different set of hours and responsibilities. She soaped herself up and was rinsing

her hair when the shower's glass door opened. Sara stood there, naked, with one green eye closed and the other only half open. She also had an adorable case of bed-head. The girl held both her arms out in front of her, like a zombie, and stepped into the shower, emitting a low grumbling noise. Rachel positioned herself in between the girl's outstretched arms and guided her into an embrace like a deck hand on an aircraft carrier. She cuddled her as she rotated their bodies, moving Sara under the shower head, soaking her with steaming water. "Mmmmmmmm" the girl purred. Water cascaded down her back and sides as she rested her head against Rachel's breasts. Rachel squeezed Sara tightly for a second and then gently turned her around and started rinsing her tangled blonde hair. She washed her hair, in what would eventually become their routine, and then sat on the tile bench once again as Sara returned the favor. They instinctively kept the romance and conversation to a minimum however, as they both went through the internal process of the mental transition from sleep to the waking world. Rachel finished first, because of her head start to the shower. She was about to exit, and leave Sara to complete her shower, while she went out to start making breakfast, when the girl started soaping up her round, plump, creamy-white breasts. "Damn." she thought to herself, "Almost made it.".

"Let me help you there, Kitten" Rachel said sweetly, altering her plan.

Sara smiled and said, "Oh, of course, you're such a *helpful* girlfriend." She put her arms over her head and Rachel began to caress her spectacular breasts with her hands and a bar of soap. As Sara's nipples hardened, Rachel's resolve weakened. Soon, she wasn't washing Sara's tits so much as she was sucking on them while the young girl cooed and ran her hands through Rachel's glossy hair.

"I guess breakfast is going to have to wait..." Sara sighed contentedly.

"Maybe for you, little horny bitch" Rachel replied lustfully, her mouth and hands overflowing with Sara's soft, warm titties, "but I'm gonna eat in the shower."

Rachel began quickly licking her way down the girl's abdomen as water from the shower threatened to fill her mouth. She made it to her destination and began to lap at Sara's pussy. Shortly, Sara gasped in shock as Rachel guided her back against the cold, glass, wall of the shower. The older woman grabbed one of Sara's legs and pulled it over her shoulder to allow easier access to the girl's tantalizing, slit. Using a combination of licking, sucking and the tiniest bit of penetration with her finger, Rachel brought Sara off quickly. She threw her head back as she came, as Rachel grabbed both of her hands, interlocking fingers, helping her keep her balance in the slippery shower.

After the climax passed, Sara pulled Rachel back up and kissed her fiercely. After only kissing hard, stubbly faces her whole life, she still thrilled at the exotic feel of Rachel's soft, silky, wet kisses. She started to move her kisses down Rachel's body, preparing to return the favor just granted to her, when Rachel stopped her, and pulled the girl back to her mouth.

"Don't stop kissing me," Rachel breathed, "please Kitten."

Sara redoubled her efforts on her girlfriend's mouth and instead reached down between Rachel's legs with her hand. She began to massage the older woman's sensitive button vigorously, never allowing her lips and tongue to leave Rachel's mouth for a second. Rachel's took Sara's caressing fingers into her own and, together, they rubbed an incredible orgasm from Rachel's slippery clit. Rachel ground her jaw closed with the force of her climax and Sara continued to lick at her lover's mouth relentlessly.

After her cum, Rachel still refused to relinquish Sara's mouth for a while, but gradually, the frantic pace of their kissing slowed.

"So explain this to me," Rachel began, as they returned, once again, to the business of rinsing off and getting out of the shower, "I'm a dominatrix, a mean bitch whose supposed to keep you in your place, right?"

"Whatever you say Rach'," Sara smiled. She encircled Rachel's torso with a big, fluffy, towel and stated to hug her dry.

Rachel shook her head, making a mental note to fuck a little fear back into the girl when she got back from work that night. "Anyway," she continued, "then why is it, whenever I see you topless, I just want to bow down and worship those breasts of yours?"

"Because, silly," Sara said sweetly as she stepped back, cupping each of her large boobs with her hands, "my tits are fucking awesome!". The girl burst out in fresh peals of laughter as Rachel nodded in agreement.

A few minutes later, they were back in the bedroom and Rachel was dressing for work. Sara looked, fruitlessly, through her backpack for something clean to wear. "So, when do you think it will be OK for me to go back to my apartment?" Sara asked.

Rachel froze for a second, as she buttoned up her blouse. She had been dreading that question. "Well, I'm sure it should be safe by 2015," she answered, "2020 at the latest.".

"That long, huh?" Sara giggled.

"Well, better safe than sorry Kitten." Rachel said sagely.

"Yeah, you're probably right." Sara agreed solemnly "But I'm going to need some clothes from there. I can't just walk around with no pants on all the time."

"Says who?" Rachel asked, teasing again.

"I do have to go to classes sometimes Rach'" Sara said, feigning exasperation.

"Oh, right." Rachel responded.

Satisfied that her joke had put off a serious conversation, at least for a while, Rachel said, "Well, it might be safe for you to run down and grab a few things while I'm at work."

"OK," Sara said.

"This closet is pretty full of shit, but the back bedroom is empty except for my treadmill. You can put whatever you want back there, but try to take it easy on the Justin Beiber posters, alright?" Rachel teased."

Sara's brow furrowed with indignation, "You're right, you *are* a mean bitch." she laughed.

After breakfast, Rachel got ready to leave for work, Sara was studying at the kitchen table. "Lunch today?" she asked casually.

Sara stuck out her lower lip, "Can't today, Tuesday and Thursday are my crap days. I'm locked up in class from 10:00 to 5:00 pretty much straight through. Dinner though, right?"

"Of course," Rachel answered, "girl's gotta eat. I'll grab some olive oil and chicken breast on the way home, we can cook it up with some pasta tonight."

"Don't worry, I'll pick it up." Sara volunteered, "I'm done before you tonight."

"OK. I'll see you tonight then." Rachel said as she bent to kiss Sara goodbye. At least she didn't blush this time. "less than a week and I'm totally domesticated, *unfuckingbelievable*." She sighed inwardly as she reached the door. "Bye" she called out.

"Bye" Sara replied. She waited for the door to close and then added, "love you." in a quiet sing-song voice.

End Chapter Nine:_____

# Chapter 10: Rachel and Sara Chapter Ten: Chrysalis

**Chapter Ten: Chrysalis**

Rachel drove to work oblivious to the traffic, feeling relaxed. She wasn't worried about having trouble with her concentration, of splitting her attention between thoughts of Sara and her work responsibilities, and she thought she knew why: She realized that, in her mind, Sara had started out as an obsession, mostly sexual in nature, and had turned into an anxiety. It was the anxiety that had caused all the trouble. The turbulence generated by Rachel's own confusion, the uncertainty of how things would play out and the intensity of the emotion involved for both of them all combined into a tropical storm of stomach tightening anxiety, leaving the other important aspects of her life blown away like so much debris.

Now, the storm was gone and the weather constant. When her thoughts turned to Sara, there was no longer anxiety. No question of where or how she would see the girl; Sara would be home that night, and there the next morning. There was no anxiety about sex, they would enjoy it when and how they both felt like, there wasn't even any anxiety about suddenly sharing so much time and space together. Although Rachel still couldn't believe it, she continued to enjoy the girl's company, sometimes even longed for it, if she was being honest. For some reason, she liked the girl's frequent questions, flattered actually, by Sara's apparent admiration for her. She also adored the way the little ditz couldn't go five minutes without making a joke. It had never occurred to Rachel, before Sara at least, that she hardly ever laughed, at work or privately.

Indeed, all those anxieties were gone as Rachel relaxed into what she started to think of as a regular relationship. Like everyone else. "I have a girlfriend," Rachel thought as she eased into the parking garage at TriGar plaza, "no big deal.".

Mrs. Hart was smiling, more broadly than usual, when Rachel arrived at the office. She said "Good Morning, Ms. V., how are you today?" as she handed her boss a perfect cup of coffee.

"Fantastic Mrs. H," Rachel chimed, "and you?"

"The same" she replied cheerfully.

Rachel half expected a question or comment about Sara from the motherly woman but none was forthcoming and Rachel got to work. It was a busy day, full of dealing with the fallout from yesterday's train wreck, literally. Rachel thrived under pressure, especially deadline pressure, and she was a master at organization. She drafted a chart prioritizing the various agencies involved with the information flow regarding the train derailment and then divided up communication responsibilities among her staff at the morning meeting. She spent most of the rest of the day facilitating between her people and the board, mostly making sure that all the most important hands were held and egos placated. She didn't have time to grab lunch, so Mrs. H. ordered sandwiches for Rachel and the staff. Every once in a while, she thought about dialing Sara's cell, for once actually hoping to to spend a just a few minutes distracted, but the girl had said that she would be in class all day. Besides, Rachel didn't want to appear "super co-dependent" either.

After lunch, Mrs. Hart came in. "Ms. V, I was just wondering if you might be able to do without me this Friday afternoon, Justin and I are going up to Davis to check out the campus this weekend and I thought I might get a head start on the Friday traffic out of the city." She asked.

"I don't see why not." Rachel answered, smiling, "In fact, I tell you what, if there are no emergencies looming over us by COB on Thursday, why not take the whole day?". Rachel had always been pretty flexible with her staff, and went out of her way to acknowledge hard workers and level headed thinkers. This wasn't really due to kindness, something Rachel had always thought was equal parts virtue and weakness, but rather a wise management strategy. No matter how hard you worked, on the management level, it was the people under you, not the people over you, that determine if you will look good, or bad. Those fat-asses on the board may have thought of Rachel as a stereotypical cold, ruthless, corporate bitch, which she mostly was, but her staff thought of her as a good boss, even if none of them felt like they knew her personally. It was much the way soldiers can believe so strongly in a general they've never met face to face.

"That's great! Thanks Ms. V." Hrs. Hart said, in response to the good news. "Justin is leaning towards majoring in art, the extra time may let us get in some museum visits in Sacramento.".

"Oh joy, small talk." Rachel was thinking when she heard a voice that sounded very much like her own say "Sara is thinking about majoring in art too.".

"Wha...where the fuck did that come from," Rachel thought in disbelief.

"Oh, great" Mrs. Hart responded, also a little surprised at the direction the conversation had taken, "What medium does she like to work in?"

"She paints, um, oil mostly." Rachel's mouth was apparently now operating as an independent free-agent. "What ARE YOU DOING?!" part of her mind continued to scream at her.

"Andrew likes to paint too," Mrs. Hart continued. "I do worry a bit about his employment prospects with a degree in Art though".

The small talk continued for a few minutes, during which time, Rachel traitorous mouth had also managed to divulge that Sara was in her third year at UCLA and part of a sorority. Rachel got the impression that Mrs. H. was trying to suppress a laugh when she received that last tidbit.

Finally, mercifully, Mrs. Hart let Rachel off the hook by saying, "Well, I've taken up enough of your time dear, thanks again for Friday.". She left the office, leaving Rachel with the seed of a headache behind her left eye.

"What is wrong with me?", Rachel thought, "Pretty soon they're going to expect me to bring her to the goddamn Christmas party.". The headache got worse when she realized that she had brought up Sara in response to Hrs. Hart talking about her son.

Rachel actually hadn't given their age difference much thought when the relationship had only consisted of the two of them but now that they had decided to let the world in on it, the nearly 20 year age difference between them suddenly confronted Rachel head on. That would be more of an issue for a lot of people than their sharing a gender.

Rachel pushed her concerns aside and returned to work. It turned out to be easier than she had expected. On a subconscious level, Rachel was afraid to over-analyze her relationship with the younger girl. All she knew was that, despite the frustration these new feelings sometimes caused her, she did not want them to end.

Rachel finished her work around 6:15. Mrs. Hart had already left and all she needed was to drop off some proofs she had approved at the printer's, she figured she'd be home in a little over an hour. She called Sara to let her know. The phone rang through to the machine. "Pick up if your home Kitten." Rachel said, comfortable

in the empty office.

After 15 seconds or so, the machine clicked off and she hear the girl say, "Hello? Hello?" She sounded out of breath.

"You know Kitten," Rachel said, smiling and twirling the phone cord as she picture Sara running, wet, from the shower to grab the phone, "you can just pick up the phone without waiting for the machine. If it's for me, just take a message."

"Oh, Ok." Sara puffed, "When are you coming home?" She added quickly.

"Soon. I've got to drop something off at the printer then I'll be home. Should be just an hour or so."

"That long," Sara whined and then Rachel heard a little hissing sound like Sara was sucking air through her teeth.

"Aw, do you miss me already?" Rachel teased.

"I always miss you when you're not here Rach', but um, I'm sorry Rachel, I just really wish you were here right now." again she heard the small, sharp hiss of Sara's breath."

Rachel thought about Tab and the kitchen fire and was suddenly worried about the ditzy girl. "Are you alright, Sara?" Rachel asked seriously.

"Oh yeah, I'm fine." Sara answered, her voice quavered a little bit.

"But..." Rachel said leadingly.

"Um, well, I got home around 5:00 and I was waiting for you when I decided to get on the internet."Sara began.

"So..." Rachel said, getting exasperated.

"So, um, I sort of Googled those nipple clamp thingies I saw in the toy box" Sara said nervously.

"Uh-huh," Rachel said, not sure where the girl was going with this.

"And there were these pictures, of, like, how to use them." The girl rambled, still a little breathless.

"Go on," Rachel said, suddenly keenly interested in the results of the girl's web research.

"Oh God Rach'," the girls suddenly moaned, "I'm wearing them now. Oh, they hurt Rachel, but when I pull on the chain, I get all tingly inside, Owwwww.".

"Hold on one second please," Rachel said mechanically. She dropped the phone and ran to the inner door, closing it. The office looked empty, but Rachel was taking no chances with this conversation. She ran back and picked up the phone, her other hand gripping the corner of her desk firmly."

"Have you cum yet you little bitch?" She hissed into the phone. This elicited a fresh whine from Sara.

"Nooooo," Sara cried, "I'm trying to wait for you, but, oh God, Rach' I feel so dirty right now."

"You listen to me, horny bitch, don't you dare fucking cum! Do you understand me." Rachel's hand was grinding away at the crotch of her suit pants.

"Oh, God," Sara, whined again, "I understand Rachel. I'll try to be good, I'll wait for you to make me cum. Please hurry."

"I'll be home in 30 minutes. Don't you fucking cum, slut!". Rachel slammed down the phone, muttered "Fuck the printers" and moved with the greatest alacrity, that is to say, she hauled ass, to the elevator.

Rachel raced the Audi home as fast as she dared, driving like a kid that excelled at Grand Theft Auto. She made it home in 26 minutes, possibly a Southern California commute record. Rachel power walked to the elevators and waited for what seemed like weeks until a set of doors finally opened and she was able to begin the tortuously slow ride up to the 22d floor. By the time the doors slid open again, she felt like a sprinter in the blocks. She hurried to her apartment door and fumbled with the key until she finally managed to operate the lock. Part of her felt ridiculous for making such a rush, but when she got the door open, that sensation dissipated completely.

Sara was on her knees, between the entryway and the living room. She was wearing only her black dog collar, a pair of short, tight, gray sweat shorts with a logo across the ass, and a pair of gleaming stainless steel clips clamped down on her engorged nipples. She was rocking back on her haunches, her hands sliding across her tummy, inching toward the waist of her shorts. Rachel was instantly consumed by the lust that had been simmering in her belly since the phone call.

"Did you cum, you horny little bitch?" Rachel; demanded after slamming the door, "Don't lie to me, did you cum yet?!"

"No, Rachel, I was good." Sara said, pleadingly.

"Were you bitch?" Rachel sneered, "Maybe you were, you look fit to pop right now."

"Oh, it's these clamps." Sarah moaned, by way of explanation, "oh, they hurt, but...but I've never felt anything like them.". She hooked the chain connecting the clamps with her thumbs and pulled it away from her chest, thrusting her head back, eyes closed tightly.

Rachel noticed that the girl had only placed the two center clamps on her nipples; the other six clamps dangled uselessly from the long silvery chain. "We'll have to fix that," Rachel thought.

"What do you want me to do to you bitch?" Rachel demanded with malice, grabbing hold of Sara's short, golden ponytail.

"Kiss me." the girl said breathlessly.

"Kiss you?" Rachel replied, surprised at the request.

Sara focused her eyes on Rachel's and said "In about 5 seconds, I am going to beg you to do all sorts of nasty things to me, but first I need you to kiss me Rachel, please?".

Rachel dropped the boss bitch routine for just a second and and caressed Sara's face gently. "So sweet" she murmured and kissed the girl, wet and slow, touching only her face with her hands. After the kiss broke, she looked in the girl's passionate, green eyes. "now what do you want me to do to you bitch?"

"I want you to hurt me." The tiny blonde whined, "please?"

("Say it." her little voice insisted. She ignored it, but it was getting harder.)

End Chapter Ten:_____

# Chapter 11: Rachel and Sara Chapter Eleven: An Offer You Can't Refuse

**Chapter Eleven: An Offer You Can't Refuse**

"Alright then!" Rachel said sharply as she stood up and clapped her hand together briskly. Sara flinched the tiniest bit at the smacking sound it made. "First of all, you little, dumb, bitch, you've put these on all wrong.". Rachel took the chain from between Sara's breasts and tugged firmly on it. The girl's whimper quickly turned into a moan. Rachel pulled the chain upward until Sara's heavy breasts were lifted, nipples pointed at the ceiling, as she did so, the volume of the girl's cries increased. Rachel abruptly dropped the chain, giddy with delight as she watched Sara's ripe melons fall back and bounce into place. The blonde exhaled sharply. Rachel then pulled the chain straight out and unclipped one of the girl's nipples.

"Ooooohhhh" She wailed softly as the blood was allowed to return to her sensitive nipple.

Rachel then unclamped the other tit, and was rewarded by another soft moan. "Alright horny bitch" she said, in a low dangerous voice, "There's a bottle of massage oil in the hallway closet. Go get it and grab some towels while you're at it, then meet me in *our* bedroom.".

As a communications specialist, Rachel was in the business of words, and she was one of the best. It was a skill that propelled her to success not only in the workplace, but at Bastille as well. As a result, she didn't make mistakes with words. Her choice of pronouns was a statement of a greater commitment, and Rachel knew that, even in her aroused and lightly tortured state, Sara would hear it.

And Sara did. Her green eyes softened briefly, she started to put her arms up to hug Rachel, but stopped herself, turned, and bounded obediently down the hallway, as Rachel stared wolfishly at her jiggling bottom.

Rachel strode toward the bedroom, "our bedroom," Rachel thought, rolling the idea around in her mind. She quickly kicked her shoes into the corner and stripped of her suit. She threw the clothes in the overfull hamper, not so insane with lust that she didn't notice she hadn't done a lick of housework since Sara's birthday.

Sara came in smiling, holding the massage oil, with one of the oversized, fluffy white bath towels wrapped around her body. The tag on her collar jingled as she walked. "Are you getting modest on me now, you horny bitch?" Rachel said, pointing at the towel that was being held up by the two most beautiful breasts Rachel had ever seen, "You're obstructing my view."

"I just like it when you take stuff off me." Sara giggled. Her full hips swayed hypnotically as she walked within reach of her lover.

Rachel grabbed the top of the towel, but rather than yank it off, she pulled on it firmly, drawing Sara close to her, on her tippy-toes. She bent her head and kissed the girl softly, inhaling her wonderful youthful scent. "Remember," she said, after the kiss ended, "If I do anything you don't like, if you want me to stop, just say Ã i gÃ–ng."

"Got it," Sara whispered sweetly.

Now Rachel yanked the towel off Sara and gently pushed her toward the bed. "Climb up on the bed and oil yourself." Rachel ordered as she sat, backward on a dressing chair, preparing for the show. Sara climbed, naked but for her collar, onto the king sized bed and opened the bottle of massage oil. "Get your tits nice and oily, but keep those little paws of yours away from that pussy." Rachel cautioned.

Sara opened the bottle, clasped her upper arms and started to pour the clear oil over her precious cleavage. "Ooops! She giggled, her already high voice now lifted into little girl / Marilyn Monroe territory, "I've used too much oil." as a large puddle formed between her breasts.

Instead of noticing the small pour spot in the center of the cap, Sara had taken the cap entirely off the bottle and, as she upended the bottle sensually, the viscous oil began pour freely, spilling all over the bedspread."Oh, wait, shit" She said, giggling, "No, seriously Rach, too much oil!"

"Jesus" Rachel exclaimed as she leaped out of the dressing chair. She dashed over, grabbing the towel. She got the towel onto the bedspread, but not before a large greasy stain appeared on it's satiny surface. Sara righted the bottle of oil and looked at Rachel, biting her lower lip momentarily and then bursting into a fit of giggles. Rachel couldn't help but laugh either as she grabbed the girl around the waist, pulling her into her arms, coating her own expensive, lacy, black Aubade Asako bra in viscous oil. They hugged, both giggling for a few moments before Rachel moved back and said, "Get on with it!" while trying to stop smiling.

"Yes, Rachel" Sara said sweetly. She began to work the oil around her majestic body.

"Dance you sexy bitch," Rachel hissed as she, once again, took her seat in the dressing chair.

Sara began to sway seductively, her eyes closed, massaging the excess oil first into her breasts but then all over her abdomen and hips. She heeded Rachel's warnings however, and kept her hands clear of her pussy.

Rachel lost herself in the slow gyrations of her gorgeous girlfriend. She stared, her eyes roaming rapidly, back and forth, between Sara's swaying breasts and her angelic face. After a few minutes, satisfied that Sara 's front was properly oiled, she said sternly to the girl,"Don't forget your butt."

Sara stopped swaying and turned around on the bed. She poised her ass up in the air and placed her face on the oily bedspread. She reached back, and began to knead her divine cheeks, working the massage oil into a reflective sheen on her young ass. "You mean like this, Rachel?"

"That'll do for a start for a start horny bitch," Rachel instructed, "but make sure you're oiled up in the inside too."

Sara parted her cheeks, working the oil between them and then slid a well manicured fingertip into her tight puckered opening. "Oooh, God," she sighed, "Like this Rachel?"

"That's right you sexy bitch, just like that." Rachel responded.

"Ohhhh, but it's sooo dirty" the girl moaned

Rachel's self control was taking a beating. She was constantly amazed at how much the sight of this girl's body excited her. She had spent years ordering both the beautiful and not-so-beautiful into acts of sublime ecstasy and vicious depravity, and throughout most of it, she had been able to retain an iron sense of control. She took her pleasure certainly, but at the point of her choosing, never compelled by a submissive into release, before she commanded it. But Sara *was* a compulsion and, as she watched the 21 year old co-ed debase herself for Rachel's pleasure, her hand moved entirely on it's own, over the crotch of her panties at first but

very soon they threatened to work their way inside.

"That's enough bitch!" Rachel barked harshly, pushing pulling her hand, fingers now slick with her own juices, from the waistband of her panties as she stood. "Back on your knees." Sara obeyed instantly, hopping up and turning around on her knees, like a trained seal, to face her dominant lover.

"Now you see, I think the problem you had earlier," Rachel said with a sweet yet mocking tone, "is that you got confused by the name; nipple clamps. You see, they're not just for nipples, that's why there are a whole bunch of clips on this chain." As she spoke, she drug the silver chain deliciously up and between Sara's heaving breasts. "The truth is, you can put them..." she bent now and lightly kissed Sara's side, right above a rib, "just about anywhere." As she said it, she took the last clip on the chain and fastened the little alligator clip onto the last vestiges of baby fat that remained along her ribcage. Sara closed her eyes and sucked a breath through clenched teeth.

Rachel proceeded to hook clamps in symmetrical spots on along both sides of the girl's ribs as well as to clamped tightly to the white flesh of her tits. Finally, she said "And now we're actually ready for the nipple part." She clipped both clips onto Sara's nipples and she gasped again. "Now stand up for me bitch," she said casually. Sara stood up obediently and then Rachel instructed her to put her hands behind her back. Rachel walked over to the toy box, which also hadn't managed to end up back in the closet since Sara's birthday, and took something out. She approached Sara and said "now turn around and spread em'", drawling like a bad movie cop. Sara giggled and turned around, legs spread, showing Rachel her hands. Rachel stepped up and slapped handcuffs on her. Not some cheesy, pink, fluffy novelty cuffs from the porno shop either, but heavy duty, carbon steel, Jiangsu Anhua security cuffs. Instead of a chain, there was a sturdy hinge holding the two shackles together, restricting mobility even more than would traditional handcuffs.

Rachel had never used any restraints with Sara before. She actually used them fairly infrequently at the club, preferring to exact precise control verbally whenever possible. But props have their place, and Rachel realized that in their time together most of the props she had used with Sara were more practical and less psychological in purpose. As such, she was a little unsure as to how the girl would react to a hard restraint like the cuffs. She hoped Sara wouldn't panic.

Instead, Sara just rolled her shoulder's back when the cold steel of the cuffs clicked tightly around her wrists; "Wow" she breathed.

Rachel walked around in front of Sara again and took up the slack in the chain of clamps. Grabbing the links that hung in front of both sides of the girl's body in each hand, she pulled, gently but insistently. The flesh pulled away from Sara's ribs and breasts, forming little white cones topped by the gleaming metal clips. Eventually Rachel increased the pull to the point that Rachel was leading the girl around the room as she pranced to keep to sensation at bay.

"Ow,ow,ow,ow,ow" She chirped in a high, tiny voice.

Rachel stopped pulling, "Is it too much Kitten? You remember the word right?"

"No,no, keep going, it's fine" the girl said enthusiastically.

"You really are my favorite toy" Rachel thought.

Rachel led her around the room a while longer, when she suddenly stopped and dropped the chain. She whirled around and slapped Sara across the left tit and Sara let out a sharp, surprised "Ohh!".

By Bastille standards, it was the wimpiest slap imaginable and Rachel was instantly aware of a limitation she would always have when Sara wore the black collar. She knew that no matter how hot she got, and even if Sara begged for it, she would never be able to properly slap that incredible pair of breasts let alone taking a crop or some similar tool to them. Somehow, it would be like walking up to the Venus DeMilo...and kicking her right in the cunt.

Rachel continued to smack Sara's tits like they were made of glass, but the inexperienced girl didn't know any better and she started say, "Yeah, Rachel, spank my titties hard, I've been so bad!". Rachel had to stop so she wouldn't laugh at the earnest little girl.

"OK, bitch, enough playing around. Go pick a dick from the box," Rachel ordered, "and fetch my harness as well."

"Um..."Sara said, "how can I". She turned and waved her cuffed hands at Rachel.

"Figure it out bitch," Rachel said, trying to sound cruel. She spent the next few minutes, once again, enjoying the site of Sara's boobs jiggle as she squatted with the toy box behind her, rumaging around blindly for a proper cock. Finally, Sara had pulled out what she wanted, a black, semi-rigid dildo, about 8 inches long and 4 inches around. It's length was covered with little rubber feelers.

"Ta-da!" Sara exclaimed victoriously, holding the toy and harness behind her.

"Very good, slut. Now get back on the bed with you ass up!" Rachel snapped.

Sara did as she was told. With her hands still cuffed, there was no way to keep her head up, so she lay with her face mashed into the bed. Rachel strapped in while the girl waited, trembling in anticipation. Finally ready, Rachel took her place behind Sara and grasped her hips firmly.

When Rachel slowly pushed the head of the knobby black dong between the girl's swollen lips, she let out a sigh that gave way to a moan as Rachel completed the thrust in one smooth motion. Her toy was all the way inside the girl and Rachel's hips slapped against her soft ass. Rachel began to pump her hips and the girl's cries became regular, in time with her lover's thrusts. After a minute or two, Rachel slid her index finger into Sara's oiled back channel and alternated its insertion with her driving hips. Soon, Sara was squealing with delight. "That's right! That's what I want to hear!" Rachel laughed sardonically as she stimulated both of Sara's tight holes. "I've got you all trussed up you little fuck pig!" She yelled.

Suddenly Sara stiffened. "Eye ching" she said.

Rachel stopped immediately, withdrawing her finger as well as the dildo from inside the young girl. "What's wrong Kitten, was it too deep?" she said, concerned.

"No, no" Sara said in a tiny voice "It's just, um, can you not call me that? Pig, I mean. It makes me feel fat.".

Rachel wanted to laugh, but she knew Sara, whose deliciously curvy frame was anything but fat, was embarrassed and didn't want to make it worse. It wasn't her fault, this particular hang-up was a gift from a media addicted society, Instead, she bent over the girl's back and cooed in her ear, "No,no, no, I'm sorry, you're beautiful, you're so beautiful Sara." She continued to soothe the girl, kissing her ear softly. "It's just something I'm used to saying when I'm playing the mean bitch, it doesn't mean anything, I'm so sorry, I'll never say that to you again, I promise. OK?"

("Tell her now, you'll both feel better" Rachel's little voice reasoned. She suppressed it.)

"OK, Rachel," Sara said, I'm sorry for making you stop.

"It's OK Kitten, we have that word for reason and you did the right thing telling me, I don't ever want to hurt your feelings." Rachel said, rubbing the girl's back gently.

"No Rach', I mean I'm really sorry for making you *stop*." Sara giggled and thrust her hips backward in the direction of Rachel's jet black cock.

With the self esteem crisis behind them, Rachel went back to work on Sara's tender young body. As Sara neared an explosive climax, Rachel climbed up on the bed behind her and squatted above her for leverage. The room filled with the sound of skin slapping against skin as Rachel's hips repeatedly collided with Sara's round rear end, driving the toy deep and driving the girl crazy. Finally, Sara came, hard, still handcuffed, and on her face, moaning into the bedspread like a foghorn.

Without giving her a break, or uncuffing her, Rachel unstrapped, peeled off her harness and flung her self, on her back, next to Sara on the bed. "My turn you horny bitch!" she said enthusiastically and lifted her legs up and grabbed her own ankles, leaving her shaven pussy spread wide open.

Sara once again wiggled her cuffed hands and said, "Like this?"

Once again, Rachel responded, "Figure it out bitch."

Sara had to bounce and inch her way left to reach Rachel's pussy. Once in front of it, she found that licking it was easy enough, but without the use of her arms, she had to crane her neck up to breathe properly, otherwise, gravity kept her face buried in her lover's warm pussy. "We're going to play a little game now." Rachel began, "You're going to eat me out now, and those mean, nasty, cuffs should keep you from using anything besides your tongue, lips and, of course that pretty little face of yours. I'm going to give 15 minutes to make me cum. If you fail, you sleep on the couch tonight."

"Yeah, right" mumbled Sara, her mouth full of pussy.

Rachel, having been called on her bullshit, was forced to chuckle, "Just shut up and eat me bitch.".

Turns out there was no risk of Sara sleeping anywhere but in Rachel's arms that night. Sara brought the older woman to her first orgasm in four and a half minutes. By the fifteenth minute Rachel was ripping through her second and after 30 , Rachel came so hard, she had to crawl back up the bed, trying to get her hyper-sensitive pussy away from the girls' relentless mouth. As she crawled back toward the headboard, Sara pursued her, giggling, sliding along the satin bedspread by pushing her way, temporarily armless, with her feet. She continued munching at open air, trying to reach Rachel's crotch like some perverse vagina chomping Ms. Pac-Man as Rachel shrieked and laughed and tried to push her head away.

After a little more horseplay, Rachel uncuffed Sara and lay next to her on the bed. Sara rotated her shoulders and wrists, trying to return proper circulation. "I like the handcuffs," she said, "but they do make me a bit stiff.".

"Well, Kitten" Rachel said, standing up and spreading a towel across the bed, "that's why we do this after, come here.". She indicated the towel. Sara crawled across the bed and Rachel eased her, face down, onto the towel. Rachel grabbed the now mostly empty bottle of massage oil and squirted some of the remaining oil onto Sara's back. The girl squeaked when the cool lotion touched her warm, soft skin but once Rachel's hands began to gently knead the stiff muscles of the girl's back and arms, all the Kitten could do was purr.

Rachel massaged Sara for a good 30 minutes, until the girl was so relaxed, she was starting to drift off to sleep. "Don't fall asleep just yet Kitten, it's barely 8:00" Rachel whispered, her mouth almost touching Sara's ear, "We still haven't eaten yet.".

"I thought I just did," Sara laughed sleepily.

"I meant dinner, airhead" Rachel chuckled. She reached down, giving the drowsy girl a brisk pinch on her butt, grabbed her red silk kimono from the closet and, slipping it on, when out to make dinner for the pair.

Rachel went out and cooked the chicken and pasta that Sara had bought at the store. She also mixed up a little pesto and combined the three ingredients in a large pasta bowl. She put the large bowl in the center of the kitchen table, along with place settings and a bottle of chardonnay. "Dinnertime Kitten!" She called toward the back of the house.

Sara emerged a moment later, once again wearing the DKNY dress shirt she had appropriated from Rachel the previous evening. She had removed the black collar and was once again wearing the white one. Her hair was a mess and her sleepy smile made Rachel shake her head and mutter "so cute" as the girl walked over to the table and sat down.

"I feel soooo good now!" She yawned loudly as she stretched her arms above her head, wiggling her fingers.

"You enjoyed that, did you Kitten?" Rachel asked, smiling.

"Uh-hu," Sara said enthusiastically, "It was intense. I can't wait for you to try everything else in the toy box on me.".

"Yeah, about that Kitten," Rachel said wanting to establish some ground rules right away. "There are some things in there that aren't for you, OK?

"What do you mean?" Sara asked, "Like what?"

"Well, first of all kitten, there are some things in there that you just wouldn't have any use for; like a cock ring. What would you do with that silly?" Rachel asked lightly. "But also there are a few items in there that, to be honest, I just wouldn't be comfortable using in you." She continued, more serious now.

"But, if you have them, it means you must have used them on someone else, right?" Sara asked.

Rachel could almost see the subtitles appearing beneath the girl's face: "Aren't I good enough?"

"Yes Kitten, that's true." Rachel said, trying to find a way to explain the limitations she felt when she tried to dominate Sara. "But those other people, um, we were just playing a game, I didn't care about them, um, the same way I care about you. The truth is, even if you want me to, I just don't think I could ever use the hot-shot or anything that rough. It's just that, when people start playing these games, it can become kind of like a drug. First, just a little does the job, it's new, strange, exciting. I could tell you felt that when I handcuffed you tonight, right Kitten?" Sara nodded. "But eventually" Rachel continued, "a lot of people start wanting more and more, wanting to push themselves father and farther to try and achieve that same feeling. Hell, I know people that can't even get off anymore with fifty pounds of gear and two hours to put it all together.". Rachel herself very rarely had "conventional" sex before Sara came to stay. "I guess that I just couldn't stand to see you become like that Kitten.". What she didn't say was that, more than anything, she feared turning Sara into something like herself. If Rachel became responsible for that, she would surely be lost.

"It's OK, Rach'," Sara said, reaching across the table and squeezing Rachel's hand, "I get it now, you're still looking out for me. That's a good thing." Sara smiled understandingly, but didn't quite let the matter drop.

"It's just that," she began again, "I really want to see you, you know, at your baddest. I want to see you really cut loose, you know, to really show me how powerful you are."

"Oh, I don't know Kitten, my baddest would make our first time look like the massage you just got."Rachel said warily.

"I know, Rach', and I think it's sweet that you don't want to do that kind of stuff to me, but, um, maybe I could watch you do it to...somebody else? Like maybe at that club you talked about?"

This took Rachel completely off guard. Take her precious Kitten to Bastille? She wasn't sure she liked that idea at all. "Oh, I don't know if your ready for that Kitten." She said

"C'mon Rach', I wouldn't do anything. I could,just, you know, watch you do your thing." Sara pleaded.

It' was true that on any given club night, half the members in attendance were there there to see the show, not be the show, but Rachel was unsure if she wanted Sara to be a part of that world. She was pretty certain she didn't want to share her. "I'll think about it." She said, and Sara let the matter drop.

They enjoyed dinner together, and afterwords both women had obligations they needed to meet. Sara was studying for an art history exam and Rachel had some paperwork to catch up on (didn't she always). Though it may seem an odd thing to worry about, but this was a moment that Rachel had fretted over. It was the first time that the two girlfriends occupied the same space without making each other the center of their attentions. That can be a very challenging situation for any couple. One of the biggest tests to determine the strength of a relationship is whether you can spend hours together *without* paying attention to one another. Are you comfortable enough in your own skin to ignore your partner for hours?

In that respect, Rachel thought the evening was surprisingly comfortable. Sara read her textbook, occasionally looking an artist or piece of art on her lap top. Rachel sat on the couch with a clipboard and her smart phone working diligently. Of course, she did often sneak glances at Sara, seated at the table, occasionally rotating through a series of positions in the chair at the kitchen table; sometimes upright, sometimes with her feet up or the chair turned backwards. At one point she looked up and the girl was sitting upside down in the chair with her back on the seat, legs braced by the seat back and her cute little painted toes wiggling in the air as she read her textbook upside down. Rachel had to laugh at that one and when she did, Sara looked at her, her upside down face smiling as she made a little upside down wave. Rachel was a little appalled at how much she wanted to walk over and plant a kiss on the topsy turvy twit. Then when she actually went over and did it, she was thoroughly disgusted with herself.

Sara finished studying around 10:00 and approached Rachel on the couch. "Would it distract you from you work if I snuggle up? She asked hopefully.

"Yes" Rachel said, tossing her clipboard on the coffee table and opening her arms wide, smiling. Sara hopped onto the couch and wrapped her arms around Rachel, laying her cheek against the woman's side, beneath her left breast. Rachel reached for the stereo remote and clicked it on. Take Five began to play. For some reason the jazz masterpiece had always evoked in her images of late Autumn; fall colors and warm fireplaces.

Right then, Rachel wished so badly that she could capture that single moment; comfortable at home with Sara in her arms, warm and satisfied listening to one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever recorded. Oh to be able to preserve that moment in amber, and go back to it whenever she had the need. She didn't think she had

ever been, or could ever be, more content, when Sara sighed ,with her eyes closed and said "I like Brubeck".

Rachel looked down at her dreamily and said "Did you just say that, or did I imagine it?"

"What?" Sara said, reluctantly cracking her eyes open just a bit, "I like the Dave Brubeck Quartet, I like Stan Getz better, I think, but I still like 'em, especially this song."

For some reason, in that moment, Rachel found it very hard not to cry, but she managed. "You like jazz?" she said, just above a whisper.

("For God's sake you stubborn bitch, if not her then who could it ever be? Tell her!"Rachel's little voice was screaming inside her head. It took a great deal of willpower, but she ignored it.)

"Uh-huh," Sara replied, once again closing her eyes and nuzzling Rachel's ribs with her cheek, "It's not great for dancing, but I like just listening to it. My Dad's really into jazz. He used to take mom and me to the Monterey Jazz Festival right after school started every year. We don't go every year any more, but we went two years ago and saw Sonny Rollins."

Rachel's contentment had blossomed into bright yellow joy. There were so few commonalities between herself and this impossibly young girl, so little shared context for a life outside the bedroom, that Rachel had made a conscious effort to avoid the obvious question; how could this ever work? She cherished this discovery, that, of the few pure things that Rachel loved, there was at least this one she could share with Sara.

"I like classical too."Sara continued, oblivious to Rachel's joy. "I bet you thought I listened to dub step or One Direction or something huh?".

"I have no idea what those are Kitten." Rachel sighed, drawing Sara closer to her. Sara giggled.

They spent the next two hours talking about and listening to music. Of course, the girl was all turned around on many important things: not only did she prefer Getz to Brubeck, but she preferred Mozart to Beethoven, claiming the latter's best work always made her sad. Rachel was stunned when Sara made a compelling, coherent argument that the Stones were, in fact, a better rock and roll band than the Beatles, despite the sheer ridiculousness of the premise. All she could think about was all the time she would enjoy spending setting the girl straight. Then Sara had the audacity to say the Eminem was a lot like Elvis and Rachel declared it was time for bed. The pair retreated to the comfort of their room and slept once again, happily, in each other's arms.

They awoke the next morning, their new routine in place. Rachel got into the shower first and after a while a sleepy Sara shuffled into the shower for a snuggle. They washed and conditioned each other's hair and talked about their plans for the day.

Sara had no way of knowing how important her musical conversation with Rachel had been to the older woman but she detected a slight positive change in her girlfriend's demeanor. She might have said the Rachel seemed less dour, had she any idea what the word meant.

It turned out that Sara had lunch free again, but Rachel said that she had a lot to do and would likely be stuck in the office.

"I could bring you lunch, um, if you want. If you're busy, that's totally OK, I understand, don't worry about it, I'll see you tonight and..."Sara babbled.

"Kitten, you're babbling." Said Rachel following with "If you don't mind driving all the way to the office, it would be fine, no, it would be terrific, if you wanted to stop by with lunch. We can eat in my office.

"OK, great!" Sara agreed.

After a light breakfast, the girls parted ways as Rachel prepared to go to work and Sara headed toward the the stereo carrying with her sketch pad. Rachel grabbed her purse and headed to give Sara a kiss goodbye when the girl finished inserting a disc and pressing play. Laura by Charlie Parker filled the room, compelling Rachel to give the girl an especially long kiss goodbye.

One again, Rachel breezed through the commute and arrived at the office feeling like a lottery winner. She greeted Mrs. Hart warmly and called her staff in for the first meeting. The day proceeded without incident until 11:45 when Richard called her up to his office.

"Damn, of course it has to be right now." Rachel thought, knowing that Sara would be arriving soon. She tried Sara's phone but got voice mail. "Mrs. Hart," she said, heading for the office door, "I'm headed up to meet with Mr. Pierce for a few minutes. Sara was supposed to bring lunch down here any time now, if she gets here while I'm gone, just let her into my office and tell her I'll be back soon, would you?".

"Oh, no problem, Ms. V., that will give us a chance to chat." Mrs. Hart said pleasantly.

"Why do I somehow feel that's just going to suck for me?" she wondered as she headed to the elevator.

Rachel spent the next half hour talking to Richard about the latest developments from the exciting world of train disasters and he wanted some advice. It seems as if there was a difference of opinion about whether the rail company or state transit was at fault and Richard wanted to know who Rachel thought should be thrown under the bus. Executives at the company respected Rachel's ability to remain completely detached and objective when trying to engineer a solution to unsolvable problems. If smoothing over public opinion after an incident like this called for a head, Rachel would, dispassionately, find the best one to offer up. So what if their responsibility was tenuous at best. Why did it matter how long they were with the company or if they had family or whatever other petty moral concerns there were. As long as the public didn't turn against them and they weren't caught breaking the law, the ends justified the means. Sometimes Rachel hated that about herself, her willingness to be the one to speak truths everyone else knew but lacked the courage to admit. She had never minded being thought of as a cold bitch back when she was one, but now, after the thaw had started, it was harder. She stood there as Richard asked her about pros and cons; if the company should either try to shift responsibility onto their partners with the State and file a lawsuit or fire the line manager despite his very limited culpability. Basically the choice between filling a bullshit lawsuit or creating a scapegoat. Rachel couldn't help but wonder what Sara would think, if she had been standing there when Rachel said "Fire the manager. Lawsuit's 50/50 at best, and you know what the public thinks about companies suing the government, post bail-outs".

"Good talk Rachel, thanks. I'll keep you in the loop on this" Pierce said.

Rachel excused herself and headed back down to lunch, feeling a little pang of guilt, or shame, she wasn't sure which, as she was relatively unfamiliar with both. She was looking forward to seeing Sara until she walked in and saw Mrs. Hart and the girl having a good laugh together, presumably at Rachel's expense. "I don't like the look of this one bit." She said dryly.

They both stood up, smiling in unison, apparently already thick as thieves. "God, Rachel thought, how long was I up there?".

"Hi" Sara said

"Oh, Ms. V., we were just talking about..." Mrs. Hart began before Rachel put her hand up.

"I don't even want to know Mrs. H." Rachel said, shaking her head, smiling a little in spite of herself.

"That's right!" Sara said in mock solemnity, "She's very serious."

"Quiet you," Rachel said good naturedly.

Sara looked around at the empty office and the empty hallway beyond it, then she looked at Mrs. Hart and asked "do you think it would be OK if I gave her a little kiss on the cheek?".

"Sara!" Rachel said, horrified.

"I'm sure it's fine dear," Mrs. Hart answered, grinning, "After all, she's the boss around here."

"That's right, I am the boss and...hey" Rachel stammered as Sara playfully walked over to her, "why are you even asking her anyway?", but it was too late, Sara stood on her tip toes and pecked Rachel on a burning, brilliant red, cheek.

Rachel shook her head and face palmed herself. "I *used* to run things around here." she sighed.

Sara, still smiling, held up a deli take out bag; "Ready to eat?" she said.

Rachel held out her hand, pointing her in the direction of her back office, "After you. Mrs. H., would you care to join us?"

"Oh, no, thank you, I was planning to meet some of the ladies in the break room for Scrabble during the break." She replied, most likely not wanting to intrude.

"Are you sure?" Rachel asked. She actually hoped her assistant would join them, rather than assume they were in her office having a repeat of the "car trouble" that plagued their first lunch date on Monday.

"I'd like to, but Leticia beat me last week by stealing my triple word score and I'm itching for some payback." Mrs. Hart replied with lighthearted determination.

"Go get her Marcia!" Sara enthused.

With that, Mrs. H left for her championship match and the couple headed back into Rachel's office.

"I hope your not mad about the kiss," Sara half teased.

"You know, when I told you on Monday that you don't embarrass me Kitten?" Rachel asked rhetorically, "Well, that's not entirely true. You embarrass me a little bit, but in a good way. I need you to embarrass me sometimes. For a long time, I've been...uh, how to put it...". It was unusual for her to have trouble finding the right words.

Fortunately, Sara had just the right ones; "Rachel, I think you're trying to say that even though you are this completely awesome, super-woman, and you totally are, by the way, that maybe, every once in a while, you may have a teensy weensy giant stick up your butt."

Rachel laughed at the girls directness, "Yes, basically Kitten, but you should watch your phrasing.".

Rachel and Sara enjoyed the salad and chicken wraps that the girl had picked up on the way and Sara, once again, began asking questions. Today the topic was Rachel's job. Sara wanted to know all about the train accident and how it impacted Rachel. She was fascinated to learn that Rachel sometimes wrote the press releases that ended up on those blue digital screens on the news. When Rachel told her that sometimes, she even had to do press conferences, Sara was amazed.

"You mean, like up at a podium, with all those different kinds of microphones in your face?" She said, obviously impressed.

"Hardly, Kitten." Rachel admitted, "we're not the government, our press conferences are usually a half dozen fairly untalented financial reporters for newspapers and CNBC.".

"Oooh, you have to tell me if you're gonna be on TV, OK?" Sara asked, eyes wide.

"Sure thing," Rachel replied, "Do you want me to give a shout out to my girlfriend while I'm on camera?".

Sara's eyes got even bigger for a moment, and then her brow furrowed. "You're making fun of me, aren't you?", but she laughed and said "I'm going to call you on your cell right when you go on and..."She looked around furtively, even though they were alone in the office, "and start talking dirty to you.".

"If it was like the call I had with you yesterday, it will be the shortest damn press conference in history." Rachel smiled.

Towards the end of the lunch hour, Rachel brought up the subject of Bastille. "So, Sara, were you serious about wanting me to take you to my club?"

"Yes, I really was. I really want to see you, I don't know, at maximum strength I guess. I mean, I'd like to see you like that, I think, and, also, um, I'm working on this project for my art class and I think the setting and, you know, the vibe I guess, would really help me for part of this piece I'm trying to create."

Now Rachel was intrigued; "Tell me about this art project, Kitten." she asked.

"Um, I'd rather wait, I'll tell you about it, I promise, but I'm not sure it's going to work. It needs to have a dark side to part of it and to do it justice I think I need to see something...dark.".

Rachel wasn't sure if this "art project" was entirely on the level, but if Sara was willing to embellish her reasons for wanting to go, Rachel wouldn't deny her. As it turns at, Rachel never would be much good at denying Sara anything, at least not for more than an hour or so.

"Alright Kitten, I'll make a call this afternoon and make some arrangements, and I'll take you on your little sight seeing trip sometime soon, OK?"

"Deal!" said Sara, clearly ecstatic.

The lunch hour ended, Sara kissed Rachel, chastely and the cheek again and left the office. On her way out, Rachel heard the conversation.

"Bye Marcia!"

"Oh, goodbye Sara, nice to see you."

"I'll call you about that thing."

"Right. Good, we've got a couple of months yet"

"OK, bye"

"Dear God," Rachel groaned inwardly, "let me guess, she's going to bring cupcakes in on my birthday."

Rachel realized that, in fairness, if these were the sum total of her troubles these days, she didn't really have any, and got back to work. Around four she took a brief break to call Renee.

Renee, one of her very few friends, was her partner of sorts down at Bastille. They had met at the club a few years back when Renee and her husband Milo were new to the scene. They had their own amateur dom/sub thing going and were looking to expand their horizons. They gravitated to Rachel, like a lot of newbies, because of her skill with verbal domination and role play as well as her fairly minimalist attitude towards corporal punishments and the like. In Rachel's mind, to a submissive, being dominated was a psychological state, and for Rachel, reaching that state via the mind was far more challenging than beating the shit out of somebody. Which isn't to say the latter was entirely without it's uses.

Over the years, the two had become friends, at least within the constraints of the club environment. Renee was a few years younger and had very much learned to mimic Rachel at first, as she taught her the proper way to treat Milo, or the Worm as they often called him at the club, but overtime, she added her own flavor and being worked over by the pair of them in tandem became the main event in a few of the club's more recent legendary weekends. They both enjoyed a kind of celebrity, often admired as the Sisters of No-Mercy, in the late-night, dark cornered world of Bastille.

Rachel waited for Renee's cell to ring through, until finally she heard, "What do you want Bitch?!" in a haughty homegirl voice.

"To bust your balls Bitch," Rachel said, laughing.

"So where have you been my Sister? Two weekends in a row, and you have been absent girl, the legends are startin' to fade!" she heard Renee say into the phone. For some reason, Rachel enjoyed the fact that, when it was just the two of them, Renee always talked like Foxy Brown. Renee was, in fact, one of the most talented trial attorneys in Southern California. She graduated cum laude from USC and the top of her class at Columbia Law. Now she specializes in environmental class action suits. In fact, Renee's firm and Rachel's had even ended up at odds in court but that had never impacted their friendship. Neither of them were solely about work. Like Rachel, Renee was a master of manipulating the English language, and that skill had made her equally popular at Bastille.

"Been busy, you know how it is, bustin' ass for the man" Rachel laughed

"Uh-huh, you maybe girl, I only bust ass for the man Monday through Thursday, weekends are all about bustin' asses for myself." Renee cackled.

"Well, that's kind of why I'm calling Renee, I'm coming down to the club Friday night and I kind of need a favor."

"Sure Sister, what can I do for you?" Renee asked.

"Well, I'm going to be bringing someone, a lamb actually."

" Whoa,whoa, wait a minute. *You* are bringing a lamb into the club? How in the hell anyone trust a lone wolf with a lamb, Sister?" Renee said laughing.

"Yeah, yeah, it's not like that, well... maybe it is, but still. She is coming down because she wants to see me do my thing at full blast, if you get me. I was hoping I could ask you to look out for her, you know, keep her close by while I'm, otherwise engaged." Rachel explained.

"Do you mean keep her close by, like I own her or keep her close by like I'm her damn bodyguard?" Renee inquired.

"Bodyguard." Rachel said quickly.

"Really? Well I am intrigued girl, I cannot imagine what a hard-ass bitch like yourself has that's worth protectin' down there." Renee said, clearly surprised by the uncharacteristic nature of Rachel's request.

"I'm serious Renee, can I count on you?" Rachel said earnestly.

Renee dropped the act, "Of course you can Rachel, I'll keep her close, everything will be fine OK?"

"Thanks Sister, I owe you one." Rachel said sincerely.

She spent a few more minutes catching up with Renee, but evaded questions about Sara. After hanging up, she made another call. She took a black business card out of her pocketbook. It was embossed only with a phone number. She dialed the number on her cell.

"Yes?" said a dry sounding female voice.

"0614" Rachel said.

"confirmation?" the voice said.

"Nightshade" Rachel responded.

"Very good, 0614 confirmed, what can I do for you?" The female voice said, suddenly sounding much friendlier.

"Friday night I'll be bringing a guest, I need to arrange transportation." Rachel said.

"Pick up and passengers please?" the voice replied quickly.

"11:00 sharp, home address, two." Rachel said.

"Very well, a car will arrive for you at your home address at 11:00 on Friday. Please remind your guest that electronics of any sort are not permitted."

"Of course" Rachel said curtly and hung up the phone.

She finished up around 5:40, grabbed her things and headed to the outer office where Ms. Hart was, likewise, preparing to call it a day. "Good night Mrs. H., don't worry about tomorrow, we'll muddle along without you.

Have a good trip North." Rachel said.

"Good night Ms. V. and thanks." Mrs. Hart answered back, "Tell Sara it I had fun visiting with her,"

"I'll do that." Rachel replied

"You know, she's very taken with you." Mrs. Hart said kindly. I'm not sure she's ever known a woman who's accomplished as much as you have. It's like she idolizes you."

"Well, there's no accounting for taste I suppose" Rachel said, a touch ruefully.

"Don't be ridiculous, Ms. V., I think it's great, her getting to see what a woman can accomplish if she puts her mind and her back into it. You're a great example for her.". Marcia soothed.

"From your lips to God's ear, Marcia. Have a good weekend." Rachel left the office heading for the elevator.

End Chapter Eleven:_____

# Chapter 12: Rachel and Sara Chapter Twelve: Bastille Day

**Chapter Twelve: Bastille Day**

On the way home, Rachel stopped by Coastal Uniform supply to order a gift for Sara, and then proceeded back to her apartment. It was almost 7:00 when she arrived home. Sara was still in Art lab until 7:30, so Rachel hit the treadmill trying to burn off her excess energy since she didn't plan on using it tonight.

Sara got home early, around 7:15, while Rachel was still running. Rachel couldn't hear the door over the sound of her pounding feet and the whine of the treadmill, so she was startled when Sara walked in barefoot, wearing beige capris, a curve hugging, lemon yellow sweater and her Kitten collar. Her surprise almost caused her a slip on the treadmill but she recovered and turned the machine off. Sara made an alarmed face when Rachel started to slip, but smiled widely as she retained her balance. "Yay!" She cheered as Rachel dismounted the treadmill.

"Welcome home Kitten," Rachel said, meeting Sara in the center of the room. Rachel was wearing a workout outfit which was wet with sweat, so she tried to keep her distance and give Sara a peck on the mouth but the girl was having none of it. She grabbed Rachel's waist, beneath the bottom of her sports halter and pulled her into an embrace. She looked up at Rachel, sticking her lips out comically, clearly expecting a bigger smooch. Rachel acquiesced and kissed the girl forcefully.

"Mmmmmmm" Sara purred. As they kissed Sara began to run her hand along Rachel's taut, exposed, belly. After their lips parted, Sara looked down at Rachel's stomach and said "looks like you've been working hard." She leaned in and laid a soft kiss at the top of Rachel's sternum while still running her hands over her lover's tummy and hips.

"What are you up to Kitten?" Rachel asked, as Sara began to move her head down.

"Oh, I don't know," the girl said idly as she began to plant little kisses all over Rachel's ripped stomach, "You just look so sexy, when you've been working out.". Now Sara was applying little licks to Rachel's abs and naval. "You're all sweaty, and warm" she said between licks.

If Rachel was going to stick to the plan, she had to nip this in the bud. Any more of this, her self control would crumble, and she'd have to jump the girl right then and there. "Whoa, hold on there Kitten." Rachel said, regret dripping from every syllable.

Sara looked up from Rachel's abdomen and said "You don't like?" innocently.

"No, no, Kitten, I like very much, it's just that I don't think we should tonight." Rachel said.

"Oh."Sara said, disappointed, "Why not?"

"Well, Kitten, I think we should save at least a little of that kind of energy for tomorrow." Rachel answered.

"Why." the girl asked again, "what's going on tomorrow?".

"We are going to Bastille." Rachel answered.

"We are?, Oh, cool!" Sara exclaimed, clapping her hands together in front of her ample chest.

"So you are going to have to behave yourself tonight. And do your girlfriend a favor, try not to wear anything sexy to bed, OK?" Rachel teased.

Yes ma'am," Sara snapped immediately, smiling, "I'll go put on the baggiest sweats I have right now!" the ditz saluted and bounded out of the room, presumably to change clothes.

"Shit," Rachel thought, "Like you wouldn't want to do her if she was wearing a fucking barrel.".

Sara was as good as her word, changing out of her tight sweater and onto a baggie Ambercrombie hoodie and sweats, but she was still to damn cute so Rachel suggested they go out to eat, lest she be tempted to assault the girl over dinner. Rachel had dressed down as well, so they decided just to go to a sandwich shack near the campus.

They ordered from the resident sandwich artists and ate sitting next to one another at a small table on the corner of the restaurant. When they were halfway done, a gaggle of tanned, day-glow college girls herded into the sandwich shop. They were laughing noisily, as they stared at the menu.

"Oh, God." Sara said with annoyance.

"Friends of yours?" Rachel asked.

"Sort of" she said, "A couple of them are in my sorority."

Rachel had never actually discussed Sara's sorority life with her, mostly because it disinterested her, but also because, like the topic of Sara's family, she doubted the girl had yet to grasp the implications of the change she was making in her life. Prancing around Rachel's work as her girlfriend and shouting anonymously from a balcony were one thing, but having that conversation with peers and family could be a whole other matter. Rachel knew she couldn't blame the girl if she wanted to sneak out or play it off like the two of them were merely friends.

One of them, the tallest, tannest, banana in the bunch, looked over and saw the couple in the corner and sauntered over. "Hey, there you are sweetie! We haven't seen you in over a week, you missed house meeting on Tuesday? Is everything OK." She said, disingenuously, Rachel felt.

"Yeah Mariah," Sara said, sounding tired. I've just got a lot of other stuff going on right now, I kinda need to take a break from the whole deal for a little bit.".

Mariah looked as though Sara has said she was taking a break from their church. "Um, OK, I guess." She said, and then she cast her glance at Rachel. "So who's your friend?" the obnoxious girl said, "Introduce us.".

Rachel felt genuinely bad for Sara. Even though Rachel hoped that their relationship meant as much to Sara as it did to her, she knew that, after the tumult of the past 8 days, she really didn't deserve this headache. She was about to introduce herself as Rachel, the casual friend when Sara spoke.

"Mariah Hannsen, this is my girlfriend, Rachel Vancourt. Rachel, this is Mariah."

Rachel couldn't believe it. Sara didn't lie, she really didn't even hesitate, she didn't stutter. She just looked that stuck up bitch right in the eye and said it. She instantly felt guilty about her hesitation to do the same in front of Mrs. Hart that past Monday.

"Girlfriend or *girlfriend*?" Mariah asked, her bitchy eyebrow cocked at a bitchy angle.

"What do you think?" Sara said sweetly, and then she threw her arm around Rachel's shoulder and surprised her completely with a loud kiss on the cheek.

"Oh," Mariah sounded like she had stepped in something, "I can't believe he was telling the truth.".

"Who, Mariah? What are you talking about" Sara asked, the tired tone returned to her voice.

"Kaylin was talking to Tab the other day and he said you and him got in a huge fight and then some les...some woman tried to attack him at your apartment." Mariah chided.

As long as this conversation had stayed between Sara and Mariah, Rachel told herself that she would most likely stay out of it, no matter how bitchy it got. Now though, if this bitch thought she was going to drag Rachel into the conversation, and worse, bring up that asshole Tab, then that changed everything. Still, she doubted putting the bitch in a much deserved choke hold would do a lot to uncomplicate Sara's life. Instead, she smiled nicely and said, as sweet as could be, "It's nice to meet you Mariah. So, I guess if you talked to Tab, you saw his face right?" Rachel kept on smiling her sweet smile from her beautiful, unmarked face as the haughty grin fell away from Mariah's. "So I guess he told you then about how I get when I think people are being disrespectful to Sara?" she finished, still smiling and sounding for all the world like she was still having a friendly chat. She heard Sara stifle a small giggle.

Mariah looked at Rachel and started to open her mouth. The smile never left Rachel's lips but there was a hard, sharp look behind her eyes, like rusted iron. The girl shut her hole, gave another glance at Sara, but decided that she just wasn't brave enough to talk any more shit. She clucked her tongue once, turned and strode back to her flock.

Sara giggled quietly and said, "Ooooh she was pissssed.".

As the flock of bimbos ordered their sandwiches (to go thank you very much), Sara watched them, and, every time one of them looked over, she would put her arm around Rachel or put her head on the older woman's shoulder. They finished eating and busing their table just as the last of the sorority girls' orders came up. The couple walked out just ahead of them, Sara leaning into Rachel, Rachel's hand in the small of her back. As they exited, Sara reached back and pushed Rachel's hand down to her rounded bottom.

After a hundred yards or so, Sara began to laugh loudly. "That was fun." she laughed, eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, "You're my hero, Rach'." she said.

"No, Kitten, you're *my* hero." Rachel said seriously. "I'm ashamed to say this, but I wasn't sure you could do what you just did, I mean, in front of your friends like that.".

"Jeez, Rach'," Sara said sarcastically, "I already shouted it from the rooftops, what more do you want?".

Rachel reached out and brushed a strand of gold hair from Sara's forehead. "You are strong Kitten, so strong. Don't ever forget that.".

"Oh, it's a lot easier to be so strong when I get to stand next to you." Sarah said softly.

"I don't deserve you Kitten." Rachel said with a sigh.

"Probably not," Sara nodded in agreement, "but you're stuck with me anyway." They walked the rest of the way home, hand in hand, not speaking, just enjoying the company.

Back at the apartment, they decided to watch another movie. This time, it was To Catch a Thief. If there was a bad Cary Grant movie, Rachel hadn't seen it. A few minutes in; Sara started making fun of the star's admittedly cheesy European holiday outfit, Rachel called her a philistine, Sara then insisted that she was, in fact, a California native and they both started laughing, and then gave up and made out under a blanket on the couch. During the rooftop scene in the climax, Sara tried to give her attention back to the movie, but she was hopelessly lost, so she want back to Rachel's warm arms and wet mouth until the credits rolled. Once again, Rachel basked in the satisfaction the she took from the girl's company, even just being close with her like that brought her a kind of fulfillment that a hundred legendary club nights couldn't bring. The went to bed, for the first time in a week, without sex, but still deeply satisfied.

Once again, Rachel rose first and initiated the morning routing. During their shower, Sara started asking questions about the club and what she was to expect. Rachel put her questions off, saying that there were too many things to explain in the time she had that morning. Rachel promised that when she returned that evening, she would tell Sara everything she needed to know.

Sara only had one class on Friday and it wasn't until 2:00, so she decided to forgo breakfast and crawl back under the warm covers, her hair still wet, until some undisclosed point in the future. Rachel dressed, and kissed the damp mass of hair on top of Sara's head, the only part not covered by the bed's thick comforter. "See you tonight Kitten.".

"Can't wait" came the muffled reply.

Rachel decided to skip breakfast and head in early, hoping it might get her back sooner as well. She grabbed a coffee and a cereal bar from the kitchen and headed to the car. By leaving early, she beat a little of the traffic and managed to shave even more time from her morning routine. By the time she got into the office, she would have even beaten Mrs. Hart, had she not already given her the day off. It seemed that the idea of an unofficial three-day weekend had spread throughout the office. Three of Rachel's people were out on "sick" or personal time and every other department on her floor was similarly decimated. Most of the top floor was absent as well, which, for them, was par for the course for a Friday anyway.

Rachel had an amazingly productive morning, finding the empty office ideal for getting done all the little tasks she had been putting off. Rachel often procrastinated or delegated to Mrs. H., things like printing off back-up hard copies or posting event schedules in the bullpen, due to her general distaste for meaningless social interactions. Regardless the reason, Rachel was a dynamo that morning. She worked through lunch and found that, by 2:00, she was just creating work for herself. "Hell with it," she decided. She would take the afternoon to go buy a new outfit for Sara, something perfect that she could put on her perfect girl, for her debut at Bastille.

She first drove back to Coastal Uniform supply to pick up the gift she ordered for Sara yesterday. She stashed it in the trunk of the car; it needed a modification before she could give it to the girl. She then headed for The Genie's Bottle, a lingerie store that carried light fetish attire, costumes and lots of good, old fashioned, slutty lingerie. She began browsing carefully. She was bringing Sara to Bastille as a lamb and that meant her wardrobe selection was very important. Rachel found a cute, white, collared,button down, half shirt and a little white and pink beaded schoolgirl tie along with a matching, short, white and pink patterned tartan skirt. With her clothing picked out, Rachel moved on to choosing appropriate lingerie. Although she wanted something that suited Sara's taste, she also had to maintain on overall look of faux innocence if the girl was to be treated as a lamb.

She chose a white microfiber bustier with rose pink panels along the sides, complete with attachable garters. She picked out a tiny matching thong and some white thigh highs to complete the look. Rachel realized, with some guilt, that she didn't know the girl's shoe size. She decided to hope that Sara had some appropriate footwear at home, paid for her purchases and headed for home.

She beat Sara home by nearly an hour. Rachel took a brief run on the treadmill and then called Renee to finalize their arrangements for the evening. They decided to meet in the foyer at 11:30 to make introductions before heading into the club. After she hung up with Renee, she heard the click of the key in the lock. Sara skipped into the apartment, and, upon seeing Rachel, she cheered "Yay, you're home already!". She took a running leap and jumped into Rachel's arms, giggling madly. Rachel took the unexpected weight easily using the exuberant girl's momentum to spin around, hugging her tightly. Sara briefly threw her legs around Rachel's waist and kissed her quickly, but loudly on the mouth. She hopped down, looked at Rachel sweetly and said "Hi."

"Hi" Rachel said.

"Be right back." Sara said, skipping off. When she returned, she was once again, wearing her Kitten collar.

They puttered around the apartment for a few hours, both sensing the unspoken build up of anticipation. After dinner, Rachel said it was time to talk. She mixed Sara a strong Sapphire Tonic and one for herself, and sat the girl down on the couch.

"Okay Kitten," Rachel began "First things first, everything I tell you about Bastille absolutely *must* stay between us, the things that go on inside are never, ever to be discussed with non-members, do you understand Kitten?"

"The first rule of Fuck Club is, you don't talk about Fuck Club" Sara said, snorting with laughter.

Rachel looked at her quizzically.

"No? Nothing?" Sara said, "Never mind, sorry. Go on." Sara said, shaking her head sadly. It was such a pity that Rachel sometimes couldn't appreciate how hilarious she was.

"I'm not fucking around here Kitten," Rachel said, seriously. "There are a lot of really important people that are members of this club. They go there expecting not to have their business in the streets and if you can't respect that, than I can't take you there.".

"I understand Rach'," Sara said. "My lips are sealed, and no more jokes."

Rachel could see that the girl was sincere. "Anyway," she began again, "one of the reasons this club is so strict about secrecy is that, well, basically it's completely illegal. Everybody knows there are fetish clubs and dungeons all over L.A., but they all have to adhere to city health codes which strictly forbid any kind of sexual gratification. This club doesn't pay much attention to city codes though. It doesn't hurt that, over the years, city councilmen, state assemblymen, police lieutenants and judges have been among the dues paying members, although rumor is, members in those type of professions get substantial discounts on the annuals. In any event, there *will* be sex going on in this club, and likely lots of it. All different kinds with every imaginable combination of partners. There will be some S&M, sometimes couples or groups get up on stage and perform, the disco room usually has an pretty big orgy happening...."

Sara had been listening intently, her eyes getting wider as Rachel started talking about the activities she could expect, but at this point she interrupted, "Disco room?".

"Oh, that's just what Renee and I call it, you'll have to see it." Rachel said, offhandedly.

"Tell me about Renee." Sara said suddenly.

Rachel explained her friendship with Renee, and told her that she would be looking out for Sara while Rachel was putting on a show for her.

"Um, so, did you and Renee, um, ever..."Sara said shyly.

"No, no Kitten. We're more like,um, tag team partners. Neither of us buys what the other is selling, but when we work together, we can sell sand to an Egyptian."

Thus placated, Sara allowed Rachel to continue. "Now, another thing you should know is that, for the most part, Bastille members are really just rich sexual dilettantes, lightweights basically. The club frowns on the really heavy stuff that some way-underground clubs trade in. There's a dungeon with some restraints, a pillory and the like but you won't see anything hard core, breaking the skin intentionally is highly frowned upon so no cutting or piercing, no electricity and nothing hotter than candle wax."

"Um, that's good, I guess." Sara said, anxiety mixing now with her anticipation.

"Don't worry, Kitten, you probably won't see anything that you wouldn't see in a pretty vanilla porno movie." Rachel said.

"Um, I don't actually watch a lot of porn Rach'." Sara replied, giggling in spite of herself.

"Neither do I Kitten, that's why I go to the club." Rachel said, a suggestive smile on her face.

"Another thing, " Rachel added, "there are more than a few celebrities who are members, you'll see a lot of people in masks, and disguises. Everyone goes by aliases, it's considered extremely rude to acknowledge anyone by their life outside the club, so no gawking or autograph seeking, Got it?"

"Seriously?" Sara said in disbelief, "OK, I promise."

"Now tonight, you are going as my lamb." Rachel explained. "Some members, such as Renee and myself, are allowed to bring one or two guests with us to the club. A guest dressed in white is considered a lamb. Lambs are basically thought of as the property of the member that brought them. No one will talk to you or even approach you without first asking my permission. You will be able to move around the club freely, but I would like you to make sure you stay with Renee or myself anyway. Lambs are able to participate as they choose, but once those white clothes come off, they look like any other player. No one will force themselves on you, but with your looks, you may get a little more attention than you bargained for."

"Um, should I ? Participate I mean? Do you want me to...?" Sara asked nervously.

Rachel didn't know the answer to that question herself. Part of her wanted to tell Sara to do what she felt like, that this could be as voyeuristic or as interactive as she wanted it to be but another part of her was unsure how she would react, seeing Sara pleasured by someone else. "Why don't we burn that bridge when we get to it Kitten?" She said.

"There's just one thing, could I ask you to do for me Rach'?" Sara asked sheepishly

"Anything Kitten," Rachel replied, "name it.".

"When you, you know, put on your show, can you, um, make sure you do it to a boy?".

"A boy?" Rachel asked.

"Yeah,"Sara answered, "It's just, I don't know, I'm not sure I'd like to see you do that stuff with a girl. One that isn't me, I mean.".

Rachel smiled adoringly at the girl and kissed her forehead. "A boy then." she said.

After the Q&A, Rachel said, "it's time to get dressed." They headed into the bedroom, where Rachel presented Sara with her new clothes. Sara was suitably impressed and kissed Rachel romantically, in gratitude. Sara put on the bustier, garters and stockings in the mirror and looked herself over appreciatively. Her full breasts scoffed at gravity, held up by the tight bustier and the tiny, gauzy triangle of the thong that just barely covered the thin strip of hair between her legs made Rachel's mouth water.

"I gotta tell ya' Rach'" Sara said, grinning lewdly, "I'm kinda wantin' you to rip this thing off me right now.".

"Please, Kitten." Rachel said hoarsely, "You have no idea how hard it is not to do exactly that."

Sara giggled, but rather than tease Rachel any further, she put on the rest of her outfit. When she was done, she looked herself over once again and said, "Nice, very slutty virgin schoolgirl.".

"Perfect," Rachel laughed, "that was exactly the look *I* was going for.".

As for Rachel's outfit, Sara insisted that she wear the same outfit that she was wearing that second night when she was about to head to the club and elected to stay and devour Sara's eager asshole instead. Rachel said that she had lots of different sexy things she could wear for her, but Sara held firm on wanting to see Rachel in that particular outfit; the red and black corset, black vinyl panties, stockings and gloves.

At 10:58, Rachel received a text from their driver. and They both put on overcoats and headed downstairs. In front of the building, a nondescript black limousine, something that only exists in LA, was waiting. The driver exited and opened the door for the ladies. As they entered, he handed Rachel something black. Once inside the limo, Rachel sat next to Sara and said, "OK, Kitten, her we go. Now, I have to blindfold you for this. Non-members are forbidden from knowing the club's location. I'm not even allowed to drive you myself, that's why were taking the limo. Are you OK with that?"

"As long as you stay right here next to me it'll be fine Rach'." she said nervously.

Rachel kissed the girl softly, on the mouth, and then pulled the black, velvet hood down over her sweet face. She tapped on the partition, and the limousine pulled out into traffic.

The limousine took about a half hour to navigate the freeways and Friday night party traffic before arriving at the apparently boarded up public works building what currently played host to Bastille. In almost two decades of operation, Bastille had inhabited at least nine different locations, mostly vacant but serviceable buildings. Through connections in city planning, club organizers would secure leases to these buildings, and then rather than advertise, or renovate, every effort would be taken to make the building appear condemned or otherwise inhospitable; ground floor windows were shuttered, unused doors welded shut and fences with your standard "Get the Fuck Out" signage would be erected. The building was staffed 24/7 by some very low profile private security.

The limo pulled around to a rear parking lot, it's view obstructed by a massive freeway on-ramp. The driver opened the door and Rachel exited first, then guiding the hooded Sara, they proceeded through a battered set of graffiti tagged double doors. Once the doors were closed behind them and Rachel removed the girl's hood. Sarah was surprised to find herself standing in the hallway of a dilapidated office building. It was clean, it's walls recently painted and free from graffiti, but it retained a distinctly abandoned feel to it. Office doorways on either side of the hallway were bereft of doors, and through them, no furnishings or contents of any kind, just a thin layer of dust. At either end of the 10 meter hallway, stood a large, stoic man wearing the standard black suit, black shirt, black tie and ear piece ensemble common to upper end nightclub security.

"Not quite what I had in mind." Sara said cautiously.

"This is the foyer." Rachel replied, "The club is through those doors at the end of the hall."

"What are we supposed to do now?" Sara inquired.

Rachel looked at her watch. "We wait."

While they waited, the doors they had entered opened once more, allowing entrance to a tall,well dressed African American man. His hair was pulled into rows of tight braids and he wore sunglasses, despite the hour. He smiled brilliantly, and nodded his head to Rachel as they past. "Good evening Sister" he said, in a honey-rich baritone.

"Cairo." Rachel said simply, her head returning the nod almost imperceptibly.

He walked on and through the double doors at the far end of the hallway. Colored light and, surprisingly, the sound of chamber music, spilled from the opening as he passed.

"Cairo? Sister? Do you all have, like code names or something? Sara whispered.

"Everyone here uses aliases. It's not just about anonymity, some people sort of, imagine themselves as someone else. It makes it easier for them to reconcile what they do here with whatever they do in their supposedly normal lives." Rachel explained

"So you're alias is Sister?" Sara asked.

"Actually, no. Renee and I are both, sort of, nicknamed Sister, as in Sisters of No-Mercy. Some of out performances are quite...well regarded around here. People who know me more by reputation than acquaintance call me that but it's a fairly recent nom de guerre, The members that know me call me Ms. Valentine."

"Ms. Valentine?" Sara asked.

"But I'd like you to still call me Rachel, or Rach' is fine." Rachel said. She couldn't put the reason into words, but she didn't want her precious Kitten talking to her like some club toy.

"OK Rach." Sara said, slipping her hand into Rachel's.

Only a moment later, the rear doors swung open and Renee walked in, followed Sara assumed, by her husband, Milo. Renee looked like a cross between Rachel and an Amazon. She was as tall as Rachel, but broader at the shoulder and hips. She had large, perfectly formed breasts that were currently being accentuated by her black and purple leather bustier. Her lower half was covered in painted on leather pants laced up along

both sides with matching purple laces and impossibly spike-heeled pair of boots. Her flawless, caramel colored skin sparkled with a light dusting of gold glitter and her hair hung in long, dyed strawberry blonde ringlets. She moved with Rachel's confidence but was more brash. If Rachel was a panther, then this woman was a tiger.

Sara wasn't sure what to make of Milo on the other hand. He was thin and tall, Sara guessed maybe 6'4". She was pretty sure he was white but he looked like he had been covered head to toe in some kind of road tar. It looked like the tar had hardened and someone had ripped holes in the material to allow his mouth and nostrils access to the air. There were two little holes higher up, from which a pair of blue eyes peered. He was tethered by a leash to a ring mounted in a leather wristband worn by his wife.

The glamorous woman smiled as soon as she saw Rachel and Rachel smiled back. "There's that BITCH!" yelled Renee as she marched over and embraced Rachel in a friendly hug.

"Who are you calling bitch, BITCH!" Rachel laughed, returning the hug. They stepped back quickly and Renee immediately cast her eye on Sara. For a long moment, no one said anything. Sara felt like she was getting an MRI. Eventually, Renee smiled a broad, perfect smile and clucked her tongue. "It's starting to make sense to me now." she said.

Sara looked puzzled but before she could say anything, Rachel said, "Renee, this is my Kitten." Rachel hoped that Sara understood that she wasn't trying to hide their relationship, which is why she said *my* Kitten. It was just that, in this place, no one had a girlfriend.

"Kitten, this is my friend Renee and her..." she paused and looked at Renee questioningly; "what is he tonight anyway?".

Renee simply said "Dog".

Rachel glared at Milo, shook her head and said "pathetic." And to Sara she resumed the introductions, "And her Dog Milo." she finished finally.

Sara shook the hand that Renee offered as the tall woman laughed and said, "It is a pleasure to meet you Kitten, the first lamb I have ever seen in the company of my wicked step sister.". Sara then looked at Milo. "Speak" Renee said.

"Good evening, Miss Kitten, it is very nice to meet you. Allow me to welcome you to Bastille. Rachel has been our good friend and I hope we will become friends as well. Please don't hesitate to ask Renee or myself for any help you may require." Renee tugged the leash and he slammed his mouth shut. She reached up and patted him on the top of his head.

Sara didn't know what to make of the eloquent, wordy greeting that emanated from the tall man who looked like the freak from that American Horror Story show. In fact, she still didn't know what to make of Milo at all. There was something about Renee however, that told Sara she could be trusted.

"Well," Renee said, "now that introductions are out of the way, shall we proceed?"

The two couples walked together to the double doors at the end of the hallway . Renee stepped forward, turning to face the group. "Welcome Kitten," she said, smiling wickedly at Sara, "to the Bastille!". As she spoke, she pushed both doors open fiercely, and they stepped inside.

The main floor of Bastille surprised Sara. The bland, unused dÃ©cor of the foyer gave way to a large. richly furnished chamber appointed with dark wooden panels and deep pile carpeting; Sara couldn't accurately judge the color because of the presence of hundreds of scintillating colored lights mounted to various racks bolted to the walls and ceiling. There was a bar along the East wall, where a dozen or so people stood, mostly talking and sipping at cocktails from red glasses. The center of the room contained what must've been the thing that Rachel referred to as the stage. It wasn't a stage as much as a round dais positioned intentionally to provide every place in the room a good vantage point to observe the depravity that no doubt took place upon it. Atop the dais was a large, flat, marble platform or altar as well as a Gothic high backed wooden chair. There were marble columns with a series of iron rings mounted to them, on either side of the altar. Perhaps the strangest thing of all, Sara noticed, was the boom mike hanging from the ceiling, about 8 feet off the ground.

There were several doors as well as a stairway leading from the main room, but Renee led the group over to the bar for drinks. Rachel passed, Sara ordered another dirty martini, Renee thought that sounded ideal and followed suit and when the it came time for Milo's drink, the bartender looked instead at the Glamazon holding his leash. "Toilet water for the dog." she said.

The bartender handed her an ice coated Bud light and a shiny metal dog bowl. She poured half the beer into the bowl and placed it on the floor. "Go ahead boy." she said. Her faithful hound assumed a position on all fours and began to lap the beer from the bowl. Sara noticed that neither the bartender nor any of the patrons seemed to take any notice of Milo's behavior.

"Alright, ladies," Rachel said to Sara and Renee, ignoring Milo completely, "I've got to go see a Man about a boy.".

"Why not just use the dog, Sister?" Renee asked.

Milo looked up from his bowl, suddenly interested. Sara thought he may have been panting. "No, I don't think so. I'm looking for a challenge tonight, not some weak, broken, puppy" Rachel sneered and, once again, shook her head disdainfully at Milo. The dog whimpered and returned to it's bowl. Rachel looked at Renee and said, "Take good care of my Kitten.". Then she grabbed the end of Sara"s beaded tie, pulled her close and licked the girl's ripe lips. "Make sure to stay with Renee, Kitten" she said, and then leaned closer to whisper in the girl's ear, "When you see my show, just remember, you're the only thing I care about.". With that, Rachel walked off toward the stairway.

Upstairs, there was a smaller, quieter lounge, complete with cocktail waitress, that emptied into a long hallway braced on one side by some private rooms and the other with an amusing row of a dozen lined up gloryholes. There were a few cocks jutting through them, and one shaved vulva visible as well. There was only one person offering relief at the moment, if you could call it that. A heavyset 40ish woman with dyed red hair was on her knees, in a latex maid's uniform and what appeared to be green dish washing gloves, pulling ferociously on two stiff dicks, in adjacent holes. Rachel had been coming here so long, she no longer noticed the weirdness. She just strode down the hall to one of the private rooms and rapped firmly on the door.

"Enter." a gravelly female voice said.

Rachel entered a long, narrow room, once likely packed to a few rows of cubicles and a handful of worthless public sector drones, now home to rows and rows of flat screen monitors. All set to display a cornucopia of depraved pornography, just images without sound. In the center of the room, four people were gathered around a poker table, playing cards. Rachel had never actually visited the card room before, she disdained gambling. She sauntered up to the table and waited, silently. After the hand ended, a slender woman in her early 60's with lustrous white hair, piled atop her head in a tight bun, wearing an Armani suit and black sunglasses collected her winnings. "Valentine." The woman said, after piling her chips.

"Lady Angelica," Rachel said. Anyone raised in L.A. would have recognized Lady Angelica as Angela Mulvine, widow of the grandson of one Anthony Mulvine, pre-war civil engineer, real estate tycoon and Southern California institution. The elderly woman cocked her head at Rachel, expectantly.

"I need a man." Rachel said simply.

"Don't we all." said a razor thin, sharply dressed gentleman seated opposite Lady Angelica said.

"A boy for the show, a real hardcase."

"Ahhh, so that is why you came, to have this boy delivered to you on the wings of Angels?" Angelica crooned in a gravelly voice.

"Theatrical old bitch" Rachel thought, but said, "Well, Lady, you have been known to keep an unbroken animal or two in your stable. I was hoping you might allow me the honor of trying my hand at one of them tonight. I feel the need to stretch myself.".

"And to put on a show for your lamb?" the old woman asked?

The monitors weren't all prerecorded porn it seemed. Rachel remained silent, refusing the bait, but the woman continued, "She is quite the treat isn't she? Interested in a trade?"

"No" Rachel said, a bit too quickly.

The old woman slid her sunglasses down and peered at Rachel with watery blue eyes. "Very interesting." She said eventually, "a lamb so sweet that even someone as heartless as you wants to show off for her? And unwilling to share her as well?".

Angela Mulvine placed her bony hand to her open mouth in mock surprise. "Oh, yes indeed, must be true love," she mocked. Rachel stood silently, face burning with shame. "Perhaps we should play a hand, my boy against your girl?". The old woman suggested icily.

Rachel looked at the other players at the table and said, "the room, please.".

Three of them immediately said "certainly, Sister." and got up to leave. The fourth, the thin man, sat unmoving until Lady Angelica gave a barely perceptible nod, then he too got up and exited the card room.

When the room was empty, Rachel looked at the older woman and said, "Jesus Christ Angie, I just wanna borrow one of your toy boys for an hour or so, why the fuck are you making me go through the whole Bond villain routine.".

"Dammit Rachel," Angela said, "this is my fantasy club too. Don't be such a bitch." And the she paused, "Unless...oh my God, that's it isn't it, I struck a nerve with this girl? Did some little thing actually catch you by the heart?".

Rachel suddenly sighed and put her hand to her face. "Can you believe it?" She said quietly.

"No I cannot," the old woman laughed. She took her glasses off and said "Miracles never cease, Good for you Rachel. So if she's the real thing, why do you want one of my boys?"

"She wants to see me at my most evil, and, and I can't bring myself to take her like that." Rachel said, with some difficulty.

"So you are going to go down there and put on a show for the ages, not because you want to but because some little girl asked you to? Oh, count me in, standing in the way of that would be unforgivable." Angela laughed. "You're in luck too, I brought a new one with me, a real stallion, or rather a mule. He's a smart as one, as stubborn as one and hung like one too!"

"Sounds perfect." Rachel smiled.

"He is, I've got him in one of the bungalows on the property, he cleans the pools and takes care of a few other...odds and ends. He's a proud one, I've smacked him around a little, but he shrugs it off, and gets me so worked up, the next thing you know, I'm the one taking the pounding." Lady Angelica smiled ruefully. "I call him Francis, as in Francis the talking mule.".

Rachel gave a slight chuckle until she realized that she was apparently more likely to get pop culture references from a pensioner than her 21 year old girlfriend. "Where is he?" she asked.

"Probably neck deep in tail, in the Dionysus room, just tell him Lady Angelica is loaning him out, and if he disobeys, he's out on his rock hard ass." Angela said

"Seriously, thanks Angie, I owe you." Rachel said

"Just make it a good show" Angela replied

"You going to watch?"

"What channel?" Angela asked, waving a hand at the rows of monitors.

"All of them." Rachel said coolly as she strutted out of the card room, Bond style.

Angela Mulvine was a good, dirty old broad. Rachel had occasion to meet with her from time to time through her work and Mulvine's foundation. When they first met at her estate three years ago, both had been wearing the little gold pins that looked like Chess rooks, elite membership pins for Bastille. Since then, they had sparked a sort of club friendship. Angela wasn't too into S&M, in fact, Rachel figured a lot of her sex talk was just that, but she liked to smoke cigars and drink and play poker and she was known to always have a young stud or nubile trollop in tow when she was at the club. It was more for show than anything.

Rachel found Francis the fucking mule, as expected, just about neck deep in tits and ass in the Dionysus room, the Disco room she told Sara about. They called it that because it was always filled with bass heavy funk music, and the sound of moans, like a 70's porno flick. That and the bean bag chairs. The room was filled with at least 50 bean bag chairs. Every week, the club just tossed them out and replaced them from some mystical massive hidden stockpile of bean bags.

She found him taking some brunette silicone model type doggie style while he ate at the pussy of another similarly plastic blonde draped over the first girl's back. Rachel walked up to him, kicked him in the ass and said "Francis?" in a commanding voice.

Francis stopped pumping for a minute and looked Rachel up and down. "You want a ride too? You're a sexy bitch, strip down and I'll be with ya' in a minute." He turned back and started fucking again."

"Hurry up and cum, shit for brains," Rachel barked, "Lady Angelica has given you to me for the evening. You are going to be the puppet in my puppet show.".

Francis gave a look of resentful surprise, and then said, "Fine bitch, one second. He started fucking the brunette furiously, she started screaming her lungs out until the blonde that had been laying across her, getting her box eaten, slid off and stifled her cries with her tongue. Francis glared and bared his teeth at Rachel as he pounded the slut beneath him..After less than a minute, he pulled his cock out of the woman's cunt, ripped off a condom and sprayed cum all over her tramp stamp. He got up, pushing himself up off the ass of the girl he had just fucked, however she seemed to be too preoccupied checking the blondes tonsils to care. "Ready!" He snarled.

"My that *was* fast wasn't it" Rachel said condescendingly "Good boy."

"Bitch" he muttered under his breath.

Sara or no Sara, this was starting to sound like fun. She led Francis into the main hall and toward the waiting Dais. Francis looked like a partially shaved caveman, all lean muscle and sinew, with a broad jaw and a wide, sloping forehead.. He had a trimmed brown goatee and stubble covered his cheeks and scalp. He had numerous tattoos covering his muscular arms and lean torso.

Rachel's preferred method of domination relied more on the psychological than the physical, and for her to succeed, especially with a hostile stranger instead of some sub whose predilections were known to her, she needed to be able to make a quick, accurate deconstruction of their life. It was not unlike a TV psychic performing a "cold reading", and Rachel could have worked the side show circuit. She smiled when she saw the tattoos, a sucker's play, your whole life story written out on your skin for anyone who wanted to bother reading it.

Rachel looked around the hall. Things had started to heat up around the place, several of the bar patrons were either getting sucked or down on their knees. No one had really started to notice Rachel and her plaything on the Dais yet. That is, except for Sara. She was standing next to Milo. Apparently Renee had given the dog permission to speak again because they appeared to be engaged in conversation until Sara noticed Rachel climbing the dais. As their eyes met, Sara gave Rachel a giggly smile and waved her fingers at her. Rachel sighed inwardly, "that girl just doesn't get it."

"Lie on the Altar Francis" she commanded. Francis snorted, but did as he was told. Rachel put her palm on Francis' forehead, keeping his head still as she whispered in his ear, "Angela is a friend of mine. If you so much as move a fucking muscle without my say so, you'll be back, sleeping in your shitty car, by tomorrow morning. Understand me *Francis*.".

A look of hatred crossed his eyes, but he nodded his agreement. "I can take more pain than you can dish out, you skinny bitch." he hissed.

"I certainly hope so Francis." she said, grinning evilly.

Rachel bent down and opened a drawer concealed in the base of the altar. She withdrew a pair of black, cashmere gloves and a ball gag. She then stood up and unzipped the frock she wore, letting it fall to the dais. She stood there now, in her corset, panties and stockings and called out loudly, "Ladies and Gentlemen of Le Bastille!". A few heads turned toward the stage. "May I introduce you all to Francis," she said, lowering her voice as the boom mike clicked on, and the smokey sound of her voice reverberated from the hidden speakers around the hall. A baby spotlight clicked on, controlled by the unseen operators of the club, and focused on Rachel.

"Francis is going to undergo an amazing transformation this evening, from this proud warrior, this chiseled demigod, to become my craven, begging bitch.

A smattering of applause rose from the thin crowd as Francis gave another audible snort of derision, so Rachel turned and approached him with the ball gag. For her work to succeed, he would need to listen, not talk. "Francis is an ill mannered beast" she said, "so we will muzzle him, for now." and she fitted the gag into his mouth and fastened it tightly around his head. "Watch now, and enjoy as Francis learns his place!" She yelled to the growing audience. It would be the last time she would address them for a while; it was time to focus on Francis.

Rachel began to talk to Francis, sometimes loudly, sometime in a whisper. She started by insulting his manhood. It was obvious that the narcissistic Francis kept his body in amazing shape and was had a firehose swinging between his legs, so he had always thought his manhood unassailable. But as ever, Rachel focused on Francis' psychological weaknesses rather than play to his strengths. He may have been a well molded example of all that is male, but he was clearly a mess of anger, poor impulse control and a heady mixture of self loathing and self love.

"So, Francis the pool boy bitch," Rachel began "just the little he-whore, a kept boy, a dog in a kennel.". She warmed up for a while taunting Francis about having to live off of others, renting his body and the like. As she did so, she dawned the soft cashmere gloves. She began to walk around altar, running her gloved hands along Francis' naked body as she did so. Despite having expended himself into a stranger fifteen minutes prior, his cock twitched as her fingers traced their path. The tone of her voice would change, much as it did that second night with Sara. She would shift from syrupy sweet to screeching hatred without warning, all the while running her hands up his muscular body.

She began to study his tattoos. She studied the first one closely, a God of Thunder image on his right upper bicep. Her keen eye detected that some of the lightning bolts coming from Thor's hammer were much older than the rest of the ink. "Ah-ha." she thought.

"So *Francis* "her voice dripped toxic honey, and she rubbed circles around his nipples with the palm of her gloved hand. "Do you know what you remind me of, cleaning your pools and servicing the golden girls? You remind me of a slave. Not the kind of slave we like here in the club, but the kind that shames us, the kind that reminds us of how brutal we can be. You see Francis, that's what you are, a slave, a field hand, just the ignorant black buck that has to come up and please the master's wife while he's away. Isn't that right Francis, are you that buck, just oily black muscles and a big dumb cock?".

Rachel didn't have a racist bone in her body, but Francis' tattoo told her that he did. When she made the comparison, his hands clenched into fists and her started to rise, but Rachel moved her hand from his nipple to his sternum and pressed him back down saying "Remember, Francis, what happens if you move.".

The young man didn't want to lose his meal ticket, so he lay back down. Rachel rode that horse around for a while, comparing Francis not only to a slave, but a black street whore, on her knees begging from a grandmother pimp. Meanwhile, her hand prowled his body restlessly, but remained away from his considerable package which was standing at a constant half mast even without any direct attention. While she talked, Rachel once again searched the ink laid into his skin for clues. Below the Thor tattoo, on top of his brawny forearm, was a large, dark tattoo pf a pot leaf. It was nearly all black and lacked any detail other than it's jagged outline; a cover up. Rachel could see the faint outline of four initialized letters running down the center of the leaf; U.S.M.C. "Just too easy," Rachel thought.

Rachel took a moment to scan the crowd for Sara. She was seated, on a velvet bar stool at near the front of the crowd, Renee standing behind her, hand protectively on her shoulder. Milo appeared to be curled up at her

feet, watching the show disinterestedly. Sara's mouth was parted, and she stared with rapt fascination. "Just getting started Kitten" she thought.

Rachel shifted gears on the neanderthal. "So, Francis, if you're the big strong buck, the man with all the meat for the ladies right? Have you ever heard of over compensation *Francis*? The idea that maybe you play so hard at being the big strong man, banging all those dirty old ladies and ditzy young whores, because you don't know want everyone to know what you really want.". At this point, Rachel reached down and grabbed Francis' dick firmly in her hand. She held it mid shaft, squeezing a little more than gently, but not stroking it's rapidly stiffening length.

"I'll bet that's been your problem all your life Francis, always settling for fucking the bitch when all you really wanted was to *be* the bitch." She began to stroke him slowly, squeezing his cock tightly. "Is that why they drummed you out of the corps Francis? To much trouble with don't ask, don't tell, Francis?"

When she said this, he went rigid all over. Veins throbbed at his temples, bulging grotesquely against the straps of his ball gag. Somehow, though, he managed to remain still. "That's enough of the stick for now." Rachel thought, "Time for a nibble on the carrot."

"Don't worry, Francis." She said now, lips pressed against his ear, "This is Bastille, all your fantasies can be yours, you don't have to worry. There's no shame, no judgment, just total freedom to do what you've always wanted." Something in the tone of Rachel's voice, a genuine soothing quality, looked like it had done it's job. Francis was no longer looking pissed, he was looking nervous, but in Rachel's expert grip, his meat was still stone stiff.

"Sister!" Rachel yelled, without turning her gaze from Francis, "Mind if I borrow your dog?"

"All yours Sister!" Renee hollered back, laughing. A laugh rolled through the crowd as well.

"Heel!" Rachel snapped, and instantly Milo was there, crouched on his haunches, leaning up against her thigh.

"Suck, boy." Rachel commanded.

Milo bounded up to the altar. If Rachel were being picky, she'd say he was really moving more like a monkey than a dog, but hey, why be a bitch, he was doing her a solid. Milo leaned over the altar, between Francis legs and engulfed the first few inches of Francis' raging hard on into the jagged hole in the mouth of his latex skin. Francis' legs stiffened and he began to shake his hips, like he was trying to shake Milo off his dick.

"Hold still, Francis." Rachel warned. The man's man grunted and screamed something through his ball gag, spittle hung in ropes from the corners of his mouth. For such an unhappy guy Francis sure had a hard dick, and Rachel told him so. "Oh wow, *Francis*," she teased, "look how hard you are, all this time you've been chasing a piece of ass when what you really wanted was a man's mouth pussy!"

Francis groaned, although it was unclear now if the cause was impotent anger or shameful pleasure as Milo worked more of his massive cock down his throat.

Francis settled down, too overcome by the rewarding suction his aching dick was receiving after nearly forty minutes of Rachel's abusive teasing. Rachel held up Francis' head and forced his eyes open, making him watch as his manly dick was being gobbled by another man's mouth and throat. Milo bobbed up and down, with a world class no hands, no teeth blow job. He knew Rachel's game though, and made sure to back off for a while each time the trembling stud got close to popping. If he knew Rachel, this kid had a lot more suffering to do before he got any release. And he was right.

"Heel" Rachel said. Milo was well trained, he let Francis' dick drop from his mouth with a wet plop and was back at Rachel's thigh, once again on his haunches. Rachel looked at Francis, he had tears rolling down his cheeks and a red raging boner. She grabbed hold of his scrotum and held it very gently in her palm. "Are you sad I took the mean man's mouth of your cock, Francis?" she mocked. Francis made some kind of squealing noise and a snot bubble inflated and popped in his nostril. I tell you what Francis, you've been a good sport, I'm gonna let you take care of yourself, I'll let you move one hand onto your dick. Francis' left hand shot down to his tool and he began to frantically pump the spit slick shaft. As soon as he did, Rachel squeezed his balls, hard. His hand came off his dick and he began shake it in the air like he had touched something hot. "Stroke your meat Francis!" Rachel commanded. Francis quickly put his hand back on his dick, but held it still, scared to stroke. Rachel cupped his ball sack gently. He began to stroke, slowly. As he did, Rachel applied just a little pleasant pressure to his balls. As he picked up his pace, she would increase pressure, and soon, as he would approach orgasm, she would squeeze violently, causing him to scream through the gag and pull his hand away. After four or five rounds of this new game, Francis was getting weak and his mind was getting frayed.

Rachel worked him for another hour, alternating between verbal abuse, masturbatory abuse, and having Milo suck him on and off. By the end of that period, Francis had to be hurting. Drool and snot poured freely from his face and he spent most of the time with his eyes clenched shut. Rachel had to give him credit though, he held remarkably still. Rachel returned to the drawer beneath the altar and removed a box of long red candles and a book of matches. Then, she moved up so that she was face to face with Francis. "Oh, Francis, my sweet baby, I'm so sorry, look what I've done to you. Here let me take that nasty thing out of your mouth." Rachel cooed sweetly. She gently removed the ball gag.

"Oh God, Oh fuck." Francis burbled, running his swollen tongue over his dry lips.

"Don't worry Francis, I'm going to let you cum soon. Is that what you want?" She purred.

"Ungh, Yes! I need it!" He whined.

Rachel held up one of the candles, where Francis could see it and asked him, "Did you ever play naughty games with candle wax Francis?".

"Yes" he whimpered weakly.

"It's not so bad is it?" she asked, running the unlit candle along his face, "Not too hot, kind of feels good doesn't it?".

"Uh-huh," Francis sniffed, clearly very anxious about where this may be going.

"Don't worry baby," Rachel cooed into his ear again. She withdrew a match and lit the candle, holding the flame in front of Francis' tearing eyes, "Tell mamma what you need."

"Oh, God, I need to cum, please! God, please!"

"Don't worry Francis, honey, I'll let you cum but first, You need to tell me something" she said softly and then, "to TELL US SOMETHING!" she screamed to the crowd, addressing them for the first time since she began."

"Oh,oh,god, what?" Francis squealed, trembling with need.

"Whose bitch are you Francis?" She said in a stern voice.

"Unngh" Francis moaned.

"Tell us Francis, you'll feel better and I will let you cum soooo hard!" Rachel teased, lightly slapping the head of his prick.

"I'm your bitch alright, I'm your bitch, please just let me cum!"

"Are you my black, slave bitch Francis!" she asked in the same strict monotone.

"Yes I'm your black slave bitch, please!" he cried.

"Are you my faggot girly bitch Francis? Are you my big cock hungry fairy bitch?!" Rachel yelled

"Yes, I'm your big faggot bitch! I want big black cocks in my ass, please just fucking let me cum!" Francis wailed with frustrated desperation.

"Well, now your just ad libbing Francis." Rachel said loudly, and crowd burst out laughing. Rachel turned to the crowd, spread her arms and yelled, "Ladies and gentlemen, may I present to you Francis, the bitch!" The crowd broke into applause and Rachel turned one last time to the desperate quivering man. She held the lit candle in front of his eyes for a moment as his pupils focused on the tiny flickering light. "Are you ready?" she whispered

"Ung, yes!" Francis strained.

Rachel made as if to tip the candle's melting wax onto his chest but suddenly she blew out the slender, tapered candle and, in one smooth moment, stabbed it's narrow length up Francis' virgin asshole. He screamed, despite the relatively narrow diameter if the candle, and tried to draw his legs up to his chest defensively. Rachel jerked her hand to the right and broke the top half of the candle off in Francis' rectum. "Now finish *yourself* off, bitch" she spat and walked off the dais toward Sara and Renee. Not even bothering with the 5 plus inches of candle that now occupied his ass, Francis grabbed his engorged rod with both hands and jerked three or four times until he emitted a guttural grunting sound and shot a rope of pearly white semen out of it's head, at least 7 feet straight up into the air. The crowd went wild, clapping cheering and calls of "bitch, bitch, bitch". After the tenth jet of cum dribbled out of his cock, the power of Francis' orgasm cramped up his abdomen and he went fetal atop the altar.

# Chapter 13: Rachel and Sara Chapter Thirteen: Small Fucking World

**Chapter Thirteen: Small Fucking World.**

Around 10:00 Saturday morning, Rachel's mind slowly climbed from the sea of blissful, unremembered dreams into the waking world. She felt positively wonderful, so physically and emotionally content, that the sensations was practically foreign to her. She lay there for just a few seconds, trying to recall why she was enjoying this glorious tranquility, when she became aware of the slight weight and satisfying warmth she felt on the right side of her body. And then she smelled that familiar floral scent, the smell of flowers in the sunlight...and her.

She cracked an eye and saw the tangled mess of loose blonde curls that lay under her chin. Rachel's mind was firing on all cylinders now, and the contentment remained. Sara was there, and that was all it took. The girl had brought this amazing peace to Rachel's life, even now, just her sleeping body, the warmth of her presence made Rachel's heart fill with grateful love.

("How about now, you coward?" Rachel's little voice nagged)

"I love you." Rachel finally said very softly to the sleeping girl.

"I love you too." said the sleeping girl.

"Oh, I thought you were asleep." Rachel said, too surprised in that instant to feel the nervousness that had wracked her about that tiny little phrase.

"So, you're not one of those needy girlfriends that says it all the time are you?" Sara asked, after a moment, from the crook of Rachel's shoulder, sounding annoyed.

"No, probably not." Rachel said, honestly.

"That's good," Sara said, "this relationship sure as hell doesn't need two of those.". She suddenly reared up on her knees, in bed draping the comforter over her shoulders and outstretched arms like a flying squirrel and pounced on Rachel, tickling her. "I love you." she said, laughing wildly. She began to kiss Rachel all over, little pecks on her face and shoulders and breasts. Between each kiss she would laugh, and tell her again and again that she loved her, each time in a different silly voice or horrible accent.

Rachel laughed and wrestled playfully with the girl, eventually grabbing her by the bottom an pulling Sara into her lap. Sara wrapped her legs around Rachel's waist, her arms around her neck as she continued to shower her with kisses. Sara settled down a little when Rachel reached her hand up and caressed the girl's face, tracing her finger down the slope of her button nose, and looked her in the eyes. "Thank you," she said softly, "I didn't even know how badly I wanted to feel this way until I actually did.".

Sara didn't say anything. Instead, she kissed Rachel again, but differently this time; hungrily. It was still a soft kiss at first, but her growing need was immediately apparent and Rachel responded accordingly. She began to feed the girl the kiss she wanted so badly, her tongue leaving her mouth and parting Sara's full lips, still a little parched from her good night's sleep. Their intensity increased steadily, as their kisses moved from soft mouths to graceful necks and tender earlobes. Rachel's hands roamed Sara's body, freely under the loose fitting dress shirt she still wore, until they found her breasts. She cupped Sara's soft, warm, tits and gently circled the

nipples with her thumbs, causing Sara to moan into her lover's mouth. "You are so beautiful, Kitten." Rachel breathed.

Sara was now fumbling at the buttons of her shirt, wanting desperately to feel more of Rachel's skin against her own. Finally unbuttoned, she slid the shirt off her now bare shoulders and the fingers of both hands deep into Rachel's raven tresses, pulling her lover's face to her chest and mashing it between her plump breasts. Rachel devoured each of the girl's tits in turn, licking every inch, paying close attention to the bottom of their rounded swell and her sides as well. While her mouth was busy with general exploration, her fingers maintained focus on Sara's nipples, tweaking, pressing and squeezing them.

Soon, one of Rachel's hands decided to take it's tweaking, pressing and squeezing show to new venues in the south. She ran her middle and forefinger up and down along Sara's labia while her thumb danced on the girl's clitoris, causing her breath to come in sharp gasps. "Ooooh, God, yes, Rachel, please, I need you." Sara cooed as Rachel continued to overload the girl's senses with her mouth and probing fingers. She rocked back and forth on Rachel's lap, luxuriously running her hands through her own golden locks.

"God, Rachel, I love you so much" Sara sighed, "let me...let me do you at the same time?"

Rachel adjusted the girl so that they could know lay next to one another , continuing to kiss while allowing each of them access to the other's pussy. They began to unconsciously play the mirror game, with Rachel taking the lead. Wherever part of Sara's nubile body Rachel's roaming hands found, Sara would find it's opposite on Rachel's body. Whatever way Rachel touched her, caresses, squeezes, even little tweaks, Sara would again match with Rachel's own body. When their hands found one another's moist honey pots, they even matched each other, rubbing hard against wet lips and growing clits. The whole while, they never stopped kissing. They masturbated each other, Sara cumming first, but hanging on enough to bring Rachel off even before her own orgasm had passed. Afterward, they cuddled, drifting in and out of sleep until noon.

Rachel would remember the rest of that weekend as a montage of pure joy. They would, of course, make love three more times as Sara kept her Kitten collar on all weekend, but Rachel also cherished the memory of their evening having drinks and listening to Monk tribute ensemble at the Blue Whale or the happy embarrassment she felt when they finally made it to the grocery store and Sara began to clown around, riding the shopping cart. It was finally a normal life, full of those little fragments of happiness that so many of us take for granted, just the fringe benefits of being loved, that to Rachel were so precious. Saturday night, after dinner, Rachel remembered the present she had picked up for Sara at Coastal Uniform supply. She sneaked down to the car while Sara was in the bathroom. She brought the box into the kitchen and quickly made the necessary alteration with a pair of shears. Sara came into the kitchen just as Rachel returned the present to it's box.

"Whatcha' doin'?" She drawled, running her hand across the small of Rachel's back as she entered.

"I got you something Kitten." Rachel smiled.

"Another present?" Sara said,grinning, "you're going to spoil me Rach'."

"We'll see who gets spoiled." Rachel said cryptically as she handed the box to her young girlfriend.

Sara opened the box and her face split into a glowing smile. In the box lay a three quarter sleeve baseball t-shirt in pink and white. Right across the middle of the chest it read "Rachel's Girlfriend". Sara giggled, "I told you, I'm gonna where it everywhere..." she stopped as she pulled it out of the box. The t-shirt ended, less than two inches below the letters. Once she put it on, it would likely cover a little more than the top half of her ample chest. "Oh, well, maybe I can't where it everywhere." she giggled.

"Maybe not," Rachel conceded, but you can wear it where it counts most, to bed.". She winked.

Sara dashed out of the kitchen and returned moments later. She had changed onto her gift, and somehow managed to loose her shorts in the bargain. "What do you think?" she asked Rachel.

Rachel looked her over lustfully, the t-shirt did, indeed, fail to cover her magnificent tits, it ended just below the nipples leaving the beautiful swell of the bottoms of her breasts visible. He pink, cotton, bikini panties matched her shirt. "So adorable, but so, so dirty." Rachel thought. She said "play ball!" and welcomed the giggling girl into her arms. Rachel realized what a sound investment the t-shirt had been when Sara pulled it over Rachel's head, trapping her face in between her silky pillows. This quickly tuned into another "kitchen quickie", a steamy 69 on the kitchen table. They brought each other off rapidly, fingers digging into each other's ass cheeks as they came.

Rachel's happiness continued, unabated, until Sunday night, when she began thinking about getting organized for work the next day. These thoughts about the impending end of her blissful weekend, brought her mind to some of the other realities that she had been avoiding. She decided that it might be time for a more serious discussion with Sara.

As they sat together, sipping wine on plastic patio chairs on Rachel's small balcony at sunset. Sara had her feet on Rachel's knees, receiving a foot massage. Rachel's inner domme would surely have protested that, but the bitch was, apparently, still satisfied with her demolishing of Francis at the club on Friday, and remained silent.

They sat silently for a while when Rachel suddenly said, "Kitten, I want you to stay with me."

"OK." Sara said lightly

"No, I mean I want you to stay with me, here, all the time. I want to move in with me." Rachel elaborated.

"I know what you meant," Sara said, just as breezily, "and I said 'OK'"

"Oh," Rachel said, surprised, "I guess that was easy."

"Uh-huh," replied Sara, "no-brainer."

"Too easy." Rachel thought, "time to push my luck I guess.".

"So, have you thought about what your family is going to say about this, about us I mean?" Rachel asked, even though she feared the answer.

Sara leaned her head back, eyes closed and took another sip of her wine. "Told 'em already." She said.

Rachel was stunned. This amazing girl never failed to surprise her. "You told them already?" she managed.

"Well, I told my Dad anyway, on Friday." She said, as casual as ever, "I don't tell the step-monster anything, she's a bitch."

"And...was your dad OK with it?" Rachel asked.

Sara opened her eyes and looked at Rachel with her brow furrowed. "Yeah, he wasn't really mad, but...I don't know, he kind of pissed me off."

"Why, what do you mean?" Rachel asked.

"He said I was 'going through a phase.'". Sara said, irritated.

There it was. All Rachel's anxiety crystallized into a single coherent thought, right out there in the open. The fear, almost the certainty that stabbed at Rachel's heart, threatening to puncture her new found joy like a child's balloon. "What if it was a phase?". How could it not be?

Sara could see the look on Rachel's face, and her brow furrowed even further as her lower lip jutted out. "No, not you too." She demanded angrily, "Don't you think that Rachel, not you!" She got up and moved over onto Rachel's lap, taking the older woman's face in her hand. "Just stop it. Stop it right now. I love you. You are not a phase, you are not a fad, or a rebound or a mistake. You're not me trying to get back at my parents, you're not me missing my mom, so just stop it. You're my hero and I can't imagine my life with out you anymore." It was Sara's turn to kiss the tears from Rachel's eyes.

Later that night, the girls made love again. After, they fell asleep, lying face to face, arms around one another. A few hours later, Rachel awoke inexplicably. She lay there a while, still basking in her contentment until she rose for a glass of water. After quenching her parched throat, she returned to bed and sat on it's edge, staring at the waxing moon, visible now between the spires of downtown Some of it's silver light streamed through the open drapes and illuminated Rachel's lithe, nude form. She sat for a few minutes, a gentle smile on her face as she listened to Sara's deep, rhythmic breathing. After a few minutes she heard Sara whisper, "Rach? You OK?."

"I'm so much better than OK Kitten," she said, "I'm just relaxing.". She turned her head slightly and whispered, "Go back to sleep.".

As soon as she turned her head however, Sara gasped, "God, wait, hold still Rachel, please?". She started to get out of bed and said, "Please, Rach', don't move a muscle, stay just like that.".

Rachel's first thought was that there must have been a spider or bug on her somewhere, and predictably, it became very difficult not to fidget and look herself over, but Sara said, "No,no, you're fine. Just hold still for a second OK?" and with that, Rachel could hear her footsteps quickly padding out of the room.

"What the hell?" Rachel wondered, but the girl was back almost immediately.

"Just please hold still awhile longer." Sara asked.

Rachel complied with her request, and very soon she heard a mad, scratching could coming from behind her. She realized Sara was drawing.

Rachel felt a twinge of self consciousness and started to turn, but Sara stopped her. "No, please Rachel, hold still, just a bit longer. Rachel returned to her position, back to Sara face turned so that her profile was visible in the moonlight.

The scratching sounds continued for about twenty minutes, when they suddenly stopped. Sara moved back onto the bed and slid her arms around Rachel's waist. "I love you so much." she whispered, her soft mouth close to Rachel's ear. That was all it took to start round two, or was it three. Neither of them said a thing throughout, as they formed a mass of writhing arms and intertwined legs. The night was then filled only with the wet sounds and moans of pleasure.

Even the arrival of Monday morning couldn't dampen Rachel's spirits. She woke up, still feeling fantastic. After her shower with Sara, Rachel made breakfast again. Sara made Rachel promise to teach her how to cook, so that the younger girl could take turns making breakfast. They made plans for a lunch date and said their goodbyes.

While a positive attitude can make the work day fly by, having something else you would rather be doing, or someone else you'd rather be doing it with (or to), can really cause that same work day to drag by. She found herself counting the seconds until lunch. Sara arrived promptly at noon. She greeted Mrs. Hart, and then they headed out to eat. Once again, Rachel was astonished at how much she enjoyed something as mundane as lunch with her girlfriend.

After lunch, they returned to the office. Rachel didn't object when Sara gave her another quick peck in front of Mrs. Hart before heading off to Art lab. Rachel got back to work and the pace of the day seemed to quicken a little, her new emotional addiction having been, apparently, satisfied for now. Mrs. Hart came in around 2:00 with her datebook. She ran through a couple of salient points regarding Rachel's trip before she asked, "And when is Sara's birthday?".

"Um, actually it was last Sunday, why?" Rachel asked, unintentionally sounding a little defensive.

Mrs. Hart laughed a little and said, "Well, I guess there's no way you'd know this dear, but it's a little thing we secretaries do, we keep track of birthdays, anniversaries, graduations, so that our bosses don't get in trouble when they inevitably forget.".

"Still watching my back then Mrs. H?" Rachel said, relieved for some reason.

"Always, Ms. V." she replied. Then she said, "She really is a lovely girl, did you two meet through her father?".

"No, she lives in my building," Rachel said, and then asked "Why would I have met her through her father?".

"Well, she told me while we were chatting on Friday that her father was over at Paradigm Media. Her last name is Lancing so I figured that has to be Dave Lansing, the top exec. over there right?" Mrs. Hart responded.

"Who do I know over at Paradigm?" Rachel asked, confused, but now, getting a little nervous.

" They did that big awareness campaign for the Pac-trans division last year," She explained, "You were on point with that deal, Dave was the guy that signed for them. You remember, he and his people threw that big party after they closed it, we were all invited."

Rachel was still drawing a blank, but her mind was already picturing the headaches that could come from dating the much younger daughter of a business partner. "Sounds vaguely familiar.." she said noncommittally.

"Oh, it'll come to you, he was kind of a blow hard, he drove that really fancy classic corvette." Marcia offered helpfully.

"Corvette?" Rachel said, when the pieces clicked. "Stingray" she said.

"Yeah, that's right. A big black one." Mrs. Hart confirmed.

"Huh" Rachel said, trying to sound nonchalant as her mouth suddenly turned into the Sahara. "Never made the connection, we haven't been together that long so I haven't met her family yet". In side Rachel's head however, one phrase echoed around the inside of her skull:"Oh fuck,oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" it rang. If she had just been told by her broker that her retirement, her savings, all her worth had been wiped out, that she had just lost everything ,it still would have paled in comparison to the idea that she may now loose the only thing that mattered to her.

Rachel made as if she was getting back to work, and perhaps Mrs. Hart sensed something was off, because she excused herself and shut the office door behind her. "Oh shit, this can't be fucking happening." Rachel thought. She wanted to panic, but her nature resisted the urge, forcing her iron will to assert itself in times of crisis. She couldn't make a decision right now, she didn't know all the variables. Rachel decided there was only one course of action she could take at this point. She called Paradigm Media and asked for David Lansing.

After telling his assistant who she was, her call was taken immediately. "Rachel, hey, how are you? It's great to hear from you, what can I do ya' for?" The polished voice of Dave Lansing came through the other end.

"Yeah, Hi Dave, look, I really need to come over there and talk to you for a few about something I've got going on here. Do you think you can squeeze me in this afternoon.".

"Of course, Rachel, I can always make time for you and Tri-Gar, how's three o'clock sound?" Lansing said slickly.

"Perfect," Rachel said crisply, "see you then."

"Just one thing Rachel," he asked before she could hang up, "am I making time this afternoon for Tri-Gar or for you?".

"I'll see you at three Dave." she said, fighting to keep the tremor out of her voice.

"Looking forward to it Sister." her girlfriend's father said before hanging up the phone.

End Chapter Thirteen:_____

# Chapter 14: Rachel and Sara Chapter Fourteen: Meet the Parents

**Chapter Fourteen: Meet the Parents**

Rachel felt like throwing up. The feeling clung to her all the way to the outer office of David Lansing, Executive Director of Paradigm Media Productions. By the time she was buzzed in by the plastic fantastic aspiring actress working the reception desk, her hands were clammy, her throat dry and her head pounded.

David Lansing stood from behind his desk, in front of a row of monitors, and crossed the room to greet her. He was a good looking man, maybe a hair under fifty. He had brown hair, specked with gray, with a broad, clean shaven face. He had Sara's eyes.

Rachel had indeed met David Lansing before, only it was no wonder she never made the connection; she she never thought of him that way. He was Stingray, a longtime member of Bastille. The whole deal between Tri-Gar and Paradigm came about because of their acquaintance from the club. It should be no surprise that a sex club for L.A.'s wealthy and powerful would also be a prime networking opportunity for it's ambitious membership.

Stingray was a straight up pervert. He didn't much favor one kind of kink to another, and Rachel had known him to participate in virtually every possible sexual permutation permitted in the club. He was usually in the company of an attractive thirtyish blonde who called herself Citrine, a craven submissive if there ever was one. Rachel had never touched or dominated the man, but Stingray loved to watch the blonde get abused, and that had been Rachel's stock in trade at the club. They had partied together on multiple occasions, thankfully, never at her apartment.

Dave "Stingray" Lansing looked at Rachel and smiled, "Great to see you Rachel? How've you been? I haven't seen you in ages."

In point of fact, she had partied with Stingray and Citrine at Bastille barely more than month ago.

"Fine Dave," she said quietly.

"So you were pretty cagey on the phone, but I figured if it couldn't wait it had to be work business, not club business right?" he said lightly.

Rachel swallowed hard. "Actually, Dave, it isn't either."

Stingray Dave grinned, "Now I am intrigued. What can I do for you?"

"It's about Sara." Rachel said simply. For an instant she prayed that he would say "Sara who?" and she could apologize for wasting his time, rush out the office door and head back to her perfect life.

"What? How do you know Sara?" He said. Damn, no dice.

"Dave, maybe we should sit down for a minute." Rachel tried, but he cut her off.

"What the hell is going on Rachel, what about Sara?" He said more urgently.

Rachel sighed and asked "Did you have an awkward conversation with Sara recently?"

Dave looked at her quizzically. "What?" he said, "What are you talking...". His mouth dropped open and he stared at Rachel, dumbfounded.

"Yeah." Rachel said, her face in her hand. "Sure you don't want to sit down?"

Dave walked slowly to his desk and sat down. "Oh shit," he said, "oh shit.".

"Yeah" Rachel said again, sitting down in the chair across from him.

"How did you...oh God, not at the club, oh my God, she's not...". He said, proving that babbling may be hereditary.

"No, Dave, no, it's not like that OK." Rachel said quickly, "We live in the same apartment building. She was...having trouble with her boyfriend, and I was there for her, and, you know, one thing led to another. It's not a club thing, we...she's not like that, OK.".

"Trouble with her boyfriend? She told me he hit her, but that her new girlfriend took care of him. That was you?" he said, disbelieving.

"Yeah" she sighed again, "Don't worry, I wouldn't ever hurt Sara, but when she told me what that asshole had done to her,I just, sort of...lost it. I don't want you to think I'm some kind of psycho." Rachel said desperately although this man had seen her, even directed her, into some especially rough acts in the past.

"No, no, I know," he said absently, "thanks for that at least. I thought I was going to have to kill that fucking punk.".

"Don't worry, he won't be back." she assured him.

"Did you know...who she was?" he asked, still looking at his desk.

"No, of course not. I didn't even make the connection until just this afternoon." she answered. Then Rachel said, "And the blonde you're always with down at the club?".

"Candice," he groaned, "her step-mother."

He looked up suddenly at her, his eyes narrowing. "So what is this, why are you telling me this? Is this some kind of shakedown? Or, what?, If I try to stand between you two, you'll tell Sara all about me and the club?" he said, starting to sound angry.

Even in Rachel's frazzled state, Dave's implication pissed her off. "No, you stupid asshole!" she said loudly, before regaining some of her composure. She sat back down and looked him in the eye. "I don't want to tell her a damn thing Dave. What the fuck would I tell her? Hey Kitten, by the way, turns out I know your Dad. Last year I saw him give a handjob to one of the LA Clippers bench warmers while I pissed in your stepmother's face? Do you know what the would do to her? I couldn't hurt her like that."

Rachel's' outburst surprised her girlfriend's already understandably anxious father. "Then...what?"

"I don't know." Rachel said, getting close to tears. "Dammit Dave, I love her, I really do. She's not some toy, or some passing thing. Since we've been together, it's like I'm a whole different person. I...I don't want to lose that.".

Stingray Dave was stunned. He knew Rachel, or Ms. Valentine, at any rate. He had seen first hand how she took her heartless pleasure. How could that be the same woman who now sat in his office, tears in hear eyes, claiming to be in love with his daughter.

"You're serious?" Dave said.

"Yes" Rachel said in a tiny voice.

Dave Lansing looked down again, considering for a long while. Finally he looked back up at Rachel and said, "I don't know you.".

"What?" Rachel said, blinking away tears.

"I don't know you. You don't know me. Our companies have done some business but that doesn't mean we even remember one another." He said calmly.

"Are you...serious?" Rachel said, disbelieving.

"Yes. We've never met. When we do meet, you'll be my daughter's new girlfriend. I'll be the one trying, probably with some difficulty, to seem like the hip, supportive twenty first century Dad. We'll both, likely, be uncomfortable at first, it may seem like I have some minor issues with your age difference, which I do by the way, but as long as you treat my Sara well, I'll keep my nose out of it. I'll keep paying her tuition, and she'll always be welcome at home. I mean, it's not like I want her to find out about this any more than you do, right? Agreed?" he finished.

Rachel couldn't believe it. Could it really be that simple? Would that even work? Could she keep her new life, one that was better than she ever thought possible? She looked at Dave gratefully, "You mean, you'll let us be together?".

"Come on Rachel, I'm not stupid. If I forbid her from seeing you, the stubborn little twerp will probably propose within the week." He answered, smiling wanly, "When I told her she was going through a phase, she got pretty pissed.".

Rachel couldn't help a little laugh. "Yeah, same thing happened to me.".

"We do have another problem though." Dave said, cautiously.

"Candice." Rachel said.

"Candice." Dave agreed.

"Actually Dave," Rachel said, regaining her composure, "Candice was never really going to be a problem. You were the one I needed to make understand.".

"If you don't think Candice is going to be a problem, you don't know Candice. As soon as she sees you and Sara together, she's going to hit the roof.".

Rachel thought she understood Candice even better than Dave did. When you got right down to it, with Candice, there just wasn't that much to know. She told Dave her idea. Dave agreed readily enough, protesting only when told he couldn't be there. She told him that he would just have to set up a few hidden cameras and make do.

On the way out, she thanked Dave Lansing again for his understanding, even, to their mutual surprise, giving him a quick, awkward hug. "I can't tell you how grateful I am Dave" she said again, "Sara means the world to me."

"I believe you Rachel. It took, well, it took balls, to come down here and talk to me like this. Don't forget, it could have been really bad for both of us if you hadn't figured it out before she brought you around for supper.".

"No kidding," she replied, smiling at last, "I'll call you next week and let you know how it goes with Candice.".

Rachel left Paradigm feeling hopeful, for the first time that afternoon. She went straight home, wanting to beat Sara back to the apartment. When she arrived, she immediately called Renee to ask another favor. This one wasn't likely to be any imposition though.

By the time Sara arrived home after Art class, Rachel had calmed down. She was making dinner, when the art student, oblivious to the events of Rachel's afternoon, came through the front door, dancing as usual. She waltzed into the kitchen and up to Rachel for a quick kiss, that turned into a longer one. "Mmmmmm. Hi." She said finally, after their kiss broke.

"Hi." Rachel responded.

"Be right back." She said, once again dancing out of the room and down the hall towards their bedroom. She returned a few minutes later; she had changed out of her sweater and jeans into a pair of Lycra shorts, a white cotton tank top and, of course, her Kitten collar. She sidled up to Rachel, as the older woman diced an onion for their dinner, looking for a snuggle. "Aww, did you miss me already?" she teased, wiping away Rachel's onion tears. Rachel dropped the chef's knife and put her arms around the girl.

"What was it you said? I always miss you when you're not here." Rachel smiled.

Sara laid her head against Rachel's chest, enjoying the hug when she said "Are you busy next Monday night?"

"That depends," Rachel said, eyes closed, taking as much joy from her embrace as Sara, "What are we doing?"

Sara giggled and said, "My Art class is supposed to display their term projects, remember that thing on dualism I told you about?".

"Uh-huh," Rachel said, recalling the conversation before their first "lunch date.".

"Well, the display is on Monday, and I was wondering if you wanted to come and see my painting?" Sara asked, a little shyly.

"Of course I do, Kitten." Rachel said genuinely.

"Great!" Sara said, "It's a date."

That evening, as well as the rest of the week progressed as blissfully as the preceding one had. Every morning, they would shower, have breakfast and go off to work or school. They had lunch on occasion and dinner together every night. They even went to a movie together, standing in line for tickets, holding hands like all the other couples. And, like all the other couples, they bickered about what movie to see; when neither side could convince the other, they compromised and saw a 3-D kids movie about a platypus with the unlikely name of Newton. Rachel discovered that she liked showing Sara off, the envious glances she would get from men of all ages as they walked, arm in arm made her feel powerful.

They slept close together, and made love often until biology intruded for a few days. It made little difference to Rachel, she found so much joy in just being with the vivacious young girl. She started teaching Sara how to cook, and how to safely use the kitchen. At the end of the week, Sara managed to convince Rachel to pick up a paintbrush for the first time since her undergrad days and they painted together until Sara accidentally got some paint on her boobs, Rachel tried to help clean her off, and things deteriorated quickly until they were both nude, on the living room floor, legs scissored together, grinding into one another frantically. Good times.

On Saturday they slept in and lazed about the place for a while, but around eleven, Rachel said that she had to leave for a couple of hours. When Sara asked her casually where she was going, Rachel couldn't help but get a little nervous.

"I have to go meet Renee for a little while Kitten." She said.

"Ooh! Can I come?" Sara asked hopefully.

"Not this time, sorry." Rachel said smiling sadly.

"Why?" Sara began, "What are you...sorry. Never mind." she stopped quickly. "Will you be home for dinner?".

Rachel hated this. She hated what she was going to have to go do, and she hated lying to Sara about it. She decided to tell her as much as she could get away with.

"It's OK, Kitten," she said soothingly, "you can ask."

"No, it's alright," Sara insisted, "I'm not the jealous type. Or at least I'm trying not to be. I know you and Renee are friends, it's OK.".

"I'm taking Renee to meet someone" Rachel said. "Another friend who I now from the club. Well, this friend was one of those that liked, well, let's just say that she like to be treated like Francis, do you understand?" Sara nodded. "Well, ever since I fell in love" she said melodramatically, causing Sara to giggle, "I really haven't had any interest in mistreating anyone but you, so I am introducing her to Renee. Hopefully, they'll hit it off; my friend will get what she needs and Renee will get what she needs, because I..." She encircled Sara's narrow shoulders with her arms, "already have everything I need right here." as she kissed the girl softly on her forehead.

"Ok Rach'" Sara said, sounding mollified.

"Don't worry Kitten, I love you OK? I'm not participating, just making an introduction OK?" Rachel insisted anyway.

"I'm not worried Rach', I love you too. It's OK, I'll see you when you get back.". Sara said sincerely.

Rachel left the apartment still feeling guilty. She headed over to Renee and Milo's townhouse to pick up her Sister. She had dressed up before leaving, wearing an expensive, black and white print tea dress, a broad rimmed sun hat and large, dark, sunglasses. She looked like she was off to go drink mimosas at a horse derby. When she pulled up, Renee came out the front door similarly dressed. She was pulling behind her a black, medium sized travel suitcase, rolling noisily along on little plastic wheels. Rachel popped the Audi's trunk and Renee stowed her bag before slipping into the passenger seat. "Think you brought enough shit?" Rachel laughed. Renee's presence made her feel more confident and at ease immediately.

Renee held up the wrong two fingers in a bad imitation of a scout and said "Always be prepared Sister", before cackling boisterously.

"So what is the worm up to today?" Rachel asked casually as she pulled out into traffic.

"Oh, he has to pull a double at the hospital today, he's disappointed he can't tag along. He said if there's a video, he wants a copy." Renee said, chuckling again. When not spending his evenings as a dog, Milo was an MD, a trauma specialist at the Keck Hospital.

"So what's new with your little kitty?" Renee asked suggestively.

"She's...she's just perfect." Rachel sighed.

"Uh-uh-uh, look at you"Renee clucked her tongue, "You got it bad don't ya'."

Rachel's face flushed a little. "Shit, Renee, I hope this works." she said.

"Don't worry Sister, we'll break that bitch." Renee said confidently.

They arrived at the Lansing home at 12:30. It was a sprawling, palatial home just outside the city; a single story, six thousand square feet at least, near the Crystalaire Country Club. There were two Mercedes parked in the wide curved driveway already.

The well dressed ladies exited the Audi and walked up to the front door, travel bag in tow. A few moments after they rang the bell, the door was answered by the woman of the house. "The staff must have the day off," Rachel thought testily.

Candice Lansing could have been considered extremely attractive, had she not lived in Los Angeles, home to a hundred-thousand women that looked just like her; too much expensive jewelry, too much expensive make-up, too many highlights in her overpriced hairstyle. Candice was the archetype of the Southern California trophy wife. She was dressed similarly to Rachel and Renee, minus the hat.

Candice smiled at her visitor's perfunctorily for a few moments before saying "Yes?" expectantly.

Rachel took off her glasses and looked Mrs. Lansing squarely in the eye and said simply "Citrine."

Recognition dawned on her face. Her eyes opened wide as her head darted quickly to the left and then to the right. "Ms. Valentine? What are you doing here?" She said finally, in a taut, nervous whisper.

"Bastille business." Rachel answered coldly.

"In the middle of the day? But...but, David isn't even here. I've got people here." She stammered, shocked at this grievous irregularity. Rachel gave her a stinging slap across the face, not enough to leave a mark, but

certainly enough to get her attention. Candice Lansing closed her eyes, bit her lower lip and shuddered. Rachel had almost forgotten just how twisted this bitch really was.

Candice was a severely repressed submissive behind closed doors. Some of the shit she was into wasn't even allowed at Bastille. Rachel could dimly recall an occasion at this very house in which she had caned Candace, or Citrine as she knew her, so hard, the last two strokes actually broke the skin on the woman's tanning-booth orange ass. After Rachel had drawn blood, the twat just reached back, parted her cheeks and begged for another stroke, right across her asshole. That had been a bit uncomfortable, even for Rachel.

Rachel understood that there was another aspect to Citrine's submissiveness that would be just as important if things were to work out properly today. It was one of the reasons for the unorthodox, uninvited mid day house call. Candice was as obsessed with appearances as she was with submission. Much of the thrill in club life, for her, came from the forbidden, secretive nature of it. She reveled in what she liked to think of as a dangerous double life. She got the greatest rush from pretending to be a respected country club wife, a member of countless inane committees and charity boards, a former this, a retired that, a woman who supposedly was on her way to great things before making the "honorable" choice of marriage and family while, all along, she gloried in doing things so filthy, all of her elegant friends would simply die from shock if they but knew.

Of course, the hard truth, as Rachel saw it, was that Candice was just a fucked up, bored, horny housewife that knew, deep down, she was really an inconsiderate, selfish cunt who craved a just punishment, a karmic re-alignment, so to speak. Probably not as different from at least some of her uptight friends as she imagined. Today's plan called for her to be pushed, right up against the threat of exposure and coupling that with brutal sexual oppression, until she broke completely. Until she would agree to whatever was demanded of her.

After being slapped, Candice Lansing stood in the doorway, mute. She didn't know what to do. There were two women in the sun room, friends from the Botanical Society, waiting for her to return and continue discussing the upcoming fundraiser. There were also two women standing in her foyer, one of them a black Amazon that was making the sub's pussy twitch, threatening her with unspeakable degradation. Although it seemed like a difficult decision, Candice's pathology left her with only one choice. She took her eyes from the two imposing women and glanced toward the double doors. "I have guests..." she whispered desperately.

At this point, Renee stepped forward and reached her hand out to Mrs. Lansing. Candice reached out reflexively, to shake, but Renee's hand evaded the offer and instead, slipped down and grabbed Candice firmly by her crotch. Renee's middle finger pressed inward through the fine fabric of Candice's dress. "I'm your Goddess, you loathsome cow." Renee sneered in a low, dangerous voice, "Miss Valentine is giving you to me. You belong to me this afternoon, cunt.". Renee's voice hung for a second on the "T" sound as she released the trophy wife's honey pot.

Candice didn't have to be told twice. "I'll just go make my excuses." she said nervously. She started to walk to the double doors, Renee followed. Candice stopped, and said, "If you wouldn't mind waiting in the..." Renee grabbed her cunt again and squeezed much harder. The frosted blonde, doubled over, grunting softly, and tried, unsuccessfully to back out of Renee's steel grip.

"Did you just tell me what to do you dirty, white cow?" Renee hissed.

"No,no,no, Goddess, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Please, what do you want me to do?" Candice stammered.

"Where are your friends, right through these doors?" Renee asked coldly.

"Yes" Candice whimpered.

Rachel trusted Renee to play the game carefully here, but it was a tricky moment. They needed to push Candice right up to the edge of exposure, but if they pushed to hard, if they marched her in front of her friends like a well-used fuck toy, they would loses their chance, and quite possibly create a whole new pack of troubles. Renee was walking a razor's edge.

Renee hiked up the back of Candice's knee length dress and slipped her long, caramel brown fingers inside the back of her panties. Rachel heard Candice gasp, mostly in pain, and winced as tears came to her eyes. "Tell them." she commanded.

Candice walked forward awkwardly, the rest of the way to the double doors, Renee following closely, her thumb rammed deep into the housewife's asshole. Candice opened one of the doors just enough to stick her head and shoulder through and Rachel heard her say "I'm terribly sorry ladies, I just received and urgent call, there's a family emergency. I have to go right away!" and she closed the door abruptly. To her credit, she did definitely sound like she was having some kind of emergency.

"Where's your bedroom, cunt" Renee hissed in her ear. Candice pointed down the hallway, and Renee started marching her in that direction.

"Keep her quiet for a while, I'll make sure the bridge club finds their way out." Rachel said.

Only seconds after Candice and Renee disappeared, the double doors opened and two other, very concerned looking, Real Housewives rejects came out looking alarmed. Rachel stepped up to them confidently with an outstretched hand and said "Rachel Valentine, Lansing family attorney. Please excuse Mrs. Lansing, there's been a death in the family, she's in with my associate now, very distraught I'm afraid."

"Oh my God, not David?" one of them gasped.

"Oh, no" Rachel soothed her, "Mr. Lansing is fine and so is Sara. It's a relative on Mrs. Lansing's side, I'm afraid. I'm sure she'll appreciate your call in a day or two.".

Thus mollified, the two women retreated to the emotionally sterile confines of their Mercedes and drove off to where, Rachel cared not. She headed down the hall past the an archway leading to an elaborately furnished billiard room, and a few more closed doors. Rachel wondered which one had been Sara's room. With Candice occupied, she had the run of the house, and could have easily wandered until she found it, but she already felt guilty enough about what was going on, it would feel like such an invasion of the girl's privacy, she couldn't bring herself to do it. Someday, when she was with Sara pretending she had never been in that house before, the girl would show her herself.

Instead, she headed to the bedroom where Renee had already gotten Candice mostly stripped, clad now only in her expensive panty and garter set. Her stockings had come loose and were puddling around her knees. Renee was busy wrapping a length of thin, nylon cord tightly around Candice's right breast. Her left breast had already been similarly tied and was already turning a nice shade of plum. Renee had been getting into Kinbaku, Japanese knot bondage, recently. Renee was always looking to expand her horizons, whereas Rachel tended to stick to her favorites.

"Are you sure you don't want a piece of this bitch, Sister?" She asked Rachel. Candice's eyes opened and she looked at Rachel with a mix of hope and terror.

"No, I promised my girlfriend I wouldn't cheat." she said, looking at Candice.

"Your girlfriend?" Renee asked slyly.

"Why yes, you know her don't you Candice, your step daughter, Sara?"

Candice's eyes blinked all the way open, "What? Sara?" she managed, before Renee smacked her bound, swollen tit, hard. "Aghhh!" the blonde screamed.

"That's right Candice, Sara is my girlfriend. She lives with me." Rachel said in an oily, snake like voice.

"No,no" Candice said, and began shaking her head when Renee slapped the other breast.

"Yes, Candice. She is." Rachel said coldly, "And that is why I am giving you to Goddess. Do you understand? I won't do this to you anymore, I won't do it to anyone anymore because I am with Sara."

Before Candice could say anything else, Renee stuffed a sponge in her mouth and started to wrap electrical tape around the bottom of her head. "Mmmph" she said.

"Hush Candice," Rachel said, leaning close to her, "We'll talk later.". She turned and exited, leaving the Goddess with her supplicant.

Rachel sat in a chair in the hallway, right outside the door, in case she was needed. There was a time not long ago that she would have relished being in that bedroom with Renee and Candice, and not just to watch, but today, the idea seemed unappealing, almost *hollow*. It was as if, once she experienced the feeling of sex with someone she loved, going back to having just sex seemed deeply unsatisfying. It was as though she had lived every day of her life eating vanilla ice cream, when someone came along and introduced her to chocolate syrup. Pretty damn hard to go back to plain vanilla after that.

Over the next couple of hours, she heard the most outlandish array of noises coming from behind the closed door; the crack of leather on skin, the creak of ropes, the jingle of chains, flowing water, and a litany of different humming tones from an assortment of vibrating motors. She also heard a cacophony of muffled shrieks and sobs that alternated with various lengthy streams of abusive profanity from Renee. What she didn't hear was anything that sounded like the orgasmic scream of release.

After about an hour and a half, Renee came out briefly and said to Rachel, "Didn't I see a pool table around here somewhere?".

Rachel pointed toward the billiard room. Renee strode down the hall and returned a few seconds later tossing an "8" ball gently in her palm. She winked at Renee and returned to the bedroom, closing the door behind her. A few minutes later she heard Candice wail in agony and the Renee, laughing evilly, yell out "Aww, Damn! SCRATCH!".

After nearly three hours, she did finally hear the unmistakable sounds of a mind-numbing climax, but it was Renee's voice as she screamed out "Yes! Get that tongue all the way in my black ass you stupid fuckin' bitch!".

Ten minutes after that, Renee opened the door, looking like she had just survived birthing a minotaur. She was almost nude herself, only her violet, lace bra remaining. Her hair was a mess, and she glistened all over with sweat, and God only knew what else. "Candice would like a word, if you have a minute Sister," she said, breathing hard.

"Of course," Rachel said.

She walked in and looked around. It looked like a sex shop had exploded inside. Vibrators, straps, whips, lube, electrical toys and chains were everywhere. She did not, however, see Candice.

"In the john." Renee said simply.

Rachel opened the door to the bathroom to observe the pathetic site that was once Mrs. Candice Lansing. She was on her knees, with her face hanging just over the toilet bowl. The seat was around her neck like a yoke, holding her head in place. Rachel could see the remnants of a plastic bag taped around her neck and it looked like someone had played tic-tac-toe all over her ass and back. She was soaked, and reeked of urine. Rachel couldn't see her face, but she imagined it was a mess.

"Yes Candice," Rachel said sweetly, "You wanted to speak to me?"

"Y-Y-Yes, I...I did"she stammered, snorting snot up her nose, her voice trembling and muffled as it echoed off the bowl. "I'm so pleased to hear you're dating Sara. She...she's a wonderful girl. I...I...I hope you two will be very happy together."

"Well, that certainly is wonderful to hear Candice. Why the change of heart?" Rachel asked mockingly.

"My Goddess promised me I could cum!" Candice wailed, as she broke down and bawled like an infant.

"And?" Renee asked coldly, from over Rachel's shoulder.

"And that she would come over and make me her bitch anytime she wanted, right in front of all my stuck up white bitch friends." Candice finished, panting and crying.

"Well?" Renee asked over the sounds of Candice's nearly hysterical sobs.

"Oh, alright," Rachel said lightly, "I guess she's earned it.".

"Here it comes, cunt" Renee said, walking past Rachel into the bathroom and taking up the nearby toilet plunger by it's rounded plastic handle. Rachel walked out of the bathroom as she heard Candice sob "Oh God", and then it was all over but the screaming.

A half hour later, after Renee dashed off a quick shower, she stood over the battered, still shaking body of Candice Lansing, drying herself off and slipping her dress back over her powerful frame. The blonde housewife looked up at her, barely able to prop herself up with an arm.

"That's a good cunt." She smirked condescendingly at Candice, bent down once and kissed her lightly on her swollen, stinking, lips.

As she walked toward the bathroom door Candice asked, "You'll come back?"

"You bet your ass." Renee said, and she meant it. Favor or not, she had had a blast.

"I...I think I love you." Mrs. Lansing stammered.

"Of course you do bitch," Renee laughed as she exited the bathroom, "I'm your Goddess."

Back out in the driveway in front of the house, Rachel felt like she had just left a successful root canal. She gave Renee a fierce hug, thanking her again for her efforts. "My pleasure, Sister," Renee said, "That was one

sick, fucked-up bitch. I think I'm gonna have to head back here for seconds sometime soon."

"Still," Rachel said, "I owe you big time for this."

"You can make me your maid of honor." Renee said playfully.

Rachel blushed bright red, "Whoa, OK Sister, let's not go nuts."

End Chapter Fourteen:_____

# Chapter 15: Rachel and Sara Chapter Fifteen: I May Not Know Art...

**Chapter Fifteen: I May Not Know Art, but I Know What I Like.**

Rachel returned home around five o'clock to find a sticky note on the fridge; "Rach, had to go to (here she had written three little triangles, presumably the tri-delt house) will pick up dinner stuff on the way home. Love you. -S".

Rachel smiled at the sweetness of the note, or more likely, at the fact she was now the kind of person who could be the recipient of such a note. She felt another twinge of guilt about how things had worked out with David and Candice but she knew it was for the best, not just for her but for David and Sara as well. And Candice was getting hers, so what did it matter?

Rachel took the opportunity for some more treadmill time and then tried to get a handle on her laundry. Sara had been sharing her hamper, so she washed her clothes as well. While she stood there, folding the younger girl's t-shirts, she still couldn't believe what had happened to her life in a few short weeks. She had long since given up berating herself for finding such happiness and now, she just let the feeling wash over her. Life was perfect, or it soon would be when Sara got home. For all Sara's talk of Rachel being her hero, it was, in fact, Sara's presence that lent Rachel a feeling of confidence and security she had never known. For this girl to love her, she couldn't be all bad, could she?

Sara came home around seven with groceries and a bottle of wine. After her run, Rachel was fresh from the shower. She greeted Sara in the entryway, when she arrived, with a big, long, hug. It wasn't really like Rachel to be so clingy, and Sara asked "What's up Rach'? Are you OK?".

"I'm great Kitten," Rachel sighed, her eyes closed and her arms still refusing to release the little blonde. "I'm just glad your home.".

"Did everything go OK this afternoon?" Sara asked, content to let the embrace last as long as Rachel wanted it to.

"You know, it did." Rachel answered, "I think Renee and my friend hit it off really well. Now, I can just put that sort of thing behind me."

"What do you mean?" Sara asked.

Rachel finally let Sara go, but the blonde still held on to her hand. "Well, Kitten, I guess what I'm saying is that I feel, I don't know, like a new person now, because of you. I just, kind of, don't want to do that kind of stuff anymore. At least, I mean, um, not with you." Rachel finished awkwardly.

"So, you're saying you don't want to go to your club anymore?". Sara guessed.

"Yeah, I guess, sort of." Rachel hedged, "I mean, if you ever want to go down and watch someone else, like Renee, that would be fine, but I don't think I want to be the show anymore. I think that the woman that really *needed* to do those things is gone now. I just don't feel it anymore.".

"You know, that's actually a weird coincidence." Sara said.

"How's that?" Rachel asked.

"Well, I was kind of feeling the same way about the sorority." she answered.

"Really? Aren't you, like, the pledge coordinator or something important?" Rachel asked, genuinely wanting to be interested.

"I believe the term you used was *sorority pledge princess*" Sara teased.

"Oh, right." Rachel laughed, embarrassed now, at the memory of her first meeting with the girl that would come to be at the center of her life.

"Yeah, well, there aren't any actual pledges anymore, rush ended a long time ago. Now all I really do is babysit a bunch of freshmen" Sara reasoned.

"So, how did the girls at the house react after what's her face, the bitch from the sandwich shop, told them about your new girlfriend?".

"Oh, Mariah? Yeah, that's actually one of the reasons I'm thinking of quitting." Sara sighed.

"Oh, are you kidding me? Did they all go redneck homophobic on you over there or what?" Rachel snorted.

"What? Oh, no, no. It was fine. I mean a couple of them, like Mariah, were pretty nasty, but most of them thought it was, I dunno, cool I guess. And in some ways, that was just as bad." Sara explained.

"What do you mean, Kitten?"

"Well, it's like a few of them thought I was dating a woman because I had always secretly hated guys and was lying to them all along, which isn't true. The rest all thought I had a girlfriend because it was, like, a college experiment or something. I mean it's not like a bunch of them hadn't made out with each other in front of their drunk, idiot boyfriends. I guess it's kind of like the way my Dad thought I was in a phase. I mean, you fall in love with a person, not a category of people, right?" Sara asked, sounding annoyed. "I guess nobody understands us Rachelsexuals." She giggled.

"Oh, Kitten," Rachel sighed, reaching out to brush a strand of Sara's hair out of her eyes, "why are you so good to me?".

"Because you can be so *bad* to me," Sara smirked, and moved in closer.

After the end of another idyllic weekend, and the resumption of the work week, the time for the Art show was upon Rachel. Sara was required to be there from four o'clock until seven o'clock, to represent her piece in the show. She told Rachel to come after work, toward the end, so that they could leave together afterward. Rachel arrived at the studio around six thirty. She had changed from her work attire into a fairly conservative cocktail dress and was carrying flowers; not roses but a bouquet of sunny yellow daffodils. She had chosen the flowers that reminded her most of Sara.

As she walked into the studio, it was sparsely populated, a dozen or so people moving around the room languidly. The near end, by the entrance, was occupied by a wide variety of ceramics and sculpture projects. The paintings were at the far end Rachel couldn't lay eyes on Sara so she proceeded to the paintings, pausing to politely study some of the sculptures on the way. There were definitely some talented students in the UCLA art program.

As she reached the far end of the room, a slight man with thinning hair and a salt and pepper goatee approached her. "Good evening, welcome." he said warmly, "I'm going to take a guess that you're hear to see Sara's work?"

"Um, actually, yes." Rachel admitted, surprised.

"Of course," the man said, "we haven't met. I'm Ron Goodman, Sara's professor. A few of the students in the class were trying to figure out if Sara's muse was real or metaphorical, and the artist herself was mum on the subject."

"Uh, OK" Rachel said, confused.

"Oh-ho, so you have yet to see the painting?" Goodman said. It was his turn to be surprised.

"No, um, I haven't" Rachel said. She felt as if she had walked in late on a good joke.

"Well, it's right over here," he waved a hand and led Rachel over to a large painting in a baroque gold painted frame. Unlike most of the other paintings on display, this one wasn't mounted on a wall, it was suspended by two wires from the ceiling.

"It's really quite well done" Goodman rambled, "She's very talented. She seemed to have trouble finding her direction at the beginning of the term but once they got the dualism assignment, she was focused like a laser."

Rachel would likely have found the conversation a little too much like a parent/teacher conference but she was too stunned by the painting to pay much attention to Sara's professor. The large painting, oil on canvas, depicted the back of a tall, muscular woman, standing, with legs apart, on gloved arm extended, finger pointing like the evil queen in a Disney princess movie. Taut muscled in her back and shoulders stood out, against the alabaster skin. Seen only from behind, the woman was clad in a tight, black and red corset, her shoulders bare, and glossy black pants. Her black hair blew wildly behind her back, as if she stood facing down a powerful gale. Crouched in the background, seemingly the target of the dark queen's extended finger, was a beautiful, sleek, black dog. It's eyes glowed fiercely as it looked on it's master with adoration. Rachel then noticed that the dog had two small red devil's horns on it's head and the tail that curved around it's haunches was barbed, like a cartoon devil. Rachel had to suppress a nervous giggle at the sight of the "horny bitch". The small brass plaque on the bottom of the frame read, "Sara's Lust".

Goodman gave her a moment to take the painting in, and said, "Wait, you haven't seen the rest of it." He motioned Rachel around to the back of the painting. On it's reverse was mounted another painting, this one oil on glass. It was inside a frame that matched it's opposite in every way, except that it was painted silver. There appeared to be a low wattage neon or fluorescent bulb near the upper corner of the pane that cast a surreal bluish light through the glass. The painting depicted Rachel's profile almost photo- realistically, seated on her bed, looking out a set of large glass doors at the moon above the Hollywood skyline. She was nude, but only the exquisite curve of her back and striking profile were clearly visible. She remembered that night and was not surprised to see the look of tranquility on the image's face. If Sara had taken a photo that night, the only difference between it and the painting would have been the small, white cat that lay sleeping, curled in a ball, peacefully, beside the seated woman. The brass plaque at the bottom read, "Sara's Love".

"What do you think?" She heard the shy voice from behind her.

She turned to face Sara. "I think," she said, tears welling in her eyes, "that you have to stop making me cry."

Rachel handed her the daffodils and Sara paused to adore them only briefly before moving to hug Rachel. Ron Goodman had prudently found somewhere else to be. Rachel sincerely fawned over Sara's talent and Sara flushed effusively, of course. Rachel had never felt so moved by another human being in her life.

"Where are we going to put it?" Rachel asked sweetly.

"Our bedroom, silly." Sara teased.

"I love you Sara." Rachel whispered.

"I love you Rachel" Sara replied, taking her hand.

After the show, Rachel took Sara for ice cream. They walked across campus, hand in hand, back to Rachel's car. Sara occasionally stopped to sniff her flowers, each time she did, she would squeeze Rachel's hands a little bit harder. Once back at their apartment, it was almost nine. Rachel went to put some Billie Holiday on the stereo and mix a couple of cocktails as Sara went to the bedroom to change. After a few minutes, she called out from the back of the apartment, "Hey Rach', I've got a problem back here, can you help me out for a sec?"

Rachel put down the martini glass she was stirring and walked back toward the bedroom. She wondered if the girl had a problem, or had mischief on her mind. When she opened the bedroom door, she saw Sara, on the bed, wearing her very tiny "Rachel's Girlfriend" shirt and the sexy white thong Rachel had bought her for Bastille. Definitely mischief.

"Sorry Rach'" Sara said, biting her bottom lip, "I think I fucked it up again." She lifted up her chin and Rachel could see she was wearing both collars.

"Oh, no, no, Kitten, you're perfect," she said, climbing on the bed and sliding over on top of her lover, "you're absolutely perfect.".

THE END

**Epilogue: Pouring it on Thick**

So Happily Ever After is not a very twenty first century concept, but after five years, at least, Rachel and Sara are still happy together. So happy, in fact, that a lot of perfectly nice people find it a little nauseating.

2014 was a big year for the couple. Sara graduated from UCLA, after, it seemed, Rachel was able to get her out of bed for those eight o'clock classes. In 2013, the U.S. Supreme Court pulled California's head out of it's ass and struck down proposition 8 as an obvious violation of the State's constitution. The next year, a month after Sara's graduation, Rachel gave her another T-shirt, this one full length, that read "Rachel's Wife.". Sara giggled out a "yes" before she even saw the ring, dangling from the shirt collar by a length of white ribbon.

They had a small, private ceremony with only Renee, as promised, Sara's father, and an official. Rachel's father had died long ago and she had been happily estranged from her mother for nearly as long.

There was a larger reception at Sara's father's home afterward. Rachel managed to steel herself enough to invite several people from her office, including Mrs. Hart of course, and her son Justin. Sara stayed friends with some of her sorority sisters who were incredibly excited to be at something as avant garde as a "gay wedding". Candice, who may have been a little cold most of the time, never said one objectionable thing and at the reception, with Renee hovering in the background, she was a regular peach. Rachel had a feeling that

one day, Sara's stepmother was going to end up happily living in a box, under Renee and Milo's bed.

The couple agreed that, since the ceremony was private, they would both say something to their assembled well wishers at the reception. Sara, dressed in a stunning, bright yellow sleeveless dress, spoke first.

"Rachel," she said, standing in the living room of the house she grew up in, "you've heard me say this so many times now that you're probably sick to death of hearing it, but you still are my hero. You give me the strength every day to try to do something more, something greater with myself. I'm still so amazed by you, so respectful of you and still so much in love with you that I can hardly remember my life before. Most of all, I am so happy to be here with you today, in front of all our friends, so that I can promise you that I will love you for the rest of my life.".

The crowd broke into moist eyed applause for a few moments and then it was Rachel's turn. She took the microphone from Sara, and hugged her tightly. Rachel was wearing a midnight blue, Chinese Cheongsam dress, her hair in a tightly coiled braid.

"I lived all my life in the dark," Rachel began. The veteran communications expert was uncharacteristically soft spoken, even shy as she spoke. "I wandered, aimlessly, unsure of anything. When I was young, I sometimes saw flashes of light in the distance, quick, silver pinpricks, just sparks against the blackness. I would often hope that just a little bit of that light would find it's way to me. Just a torch, a flashlight, something to make me feel a little safety, a little warmth. But my hopes amounted to nothing. I grew older in the dark, I began to feel like I belonged there, like I was meant for it, that maybe I could even master it. Finally, one day, after so many years, I had almost given up on the light. I summoned what courage I had left, to hope one last time for just a little bit of that distant light. Just a candle, a match. Something I could have for myself, something to light up just a little piece of that darkness, even if only for an instant. And in that desperate moment, Sara, you gave me the sun.". Rachel's voice, which had been breaking throughout her speech, finally gave out as she fought unsuccessfully to hold back tears. Sara was up and at her side in an instant, arm around her, once again giving her the strength to speak.

"I can see everything now," Rachel continued, looking at Sara's glowing face, "I can see the whole world. There's no darkness anymore, no fear, just warmth and a sense of peace that I thought impossible. I owe everything to you Sara. I love you, so much I'll never be able to say, and I promise that I will love you for the rest of my life.". There wasn't a dry eye in the house, even Candice had the sniffles.

After the honeymoon (Paradise Island, Bahamas, thank you very much), Rachel had one more big announcement. She had, she felt, accumulated enough wealth through her lucrative career, as well as a few wise and/or lucky investments, to retire early, as in now. Sara was looking around for a university where she could get a teaching degree, so they embraced every Los Angelino's dream, and got the hell out of the city, heading for the Central Coast of California. Neither of them had much interest in country life, they bought a stylish townhouse near downtown Santa Barbara, where they still live.

Since Rachel's retirement, Sara got her teaching license from UCSB, and started teaching Art, part time, at a local charter school. She's put on a couple of pounds since her college days, but mostly in the places Rachel loves, and she couldn't be more pleased about it. Rachel has actually lost weight. She decided she was going to be damned if she was going to be Sara's little housewife so she started training for triathlons. Her new and improved stomach drives Sara as wild as the younger woman's padded behind does Rachel. Most nights, Sara still wears her Kitten collar, but every once in a while, horny bitch will still make an appearance in the black one. Oh, and Sara can use the stove just fine now.

Like I said, a little nauseating, right?

**Afterword:**

I've written some fiction before, but never anything sexually graphic, or nearly as long as this piece was. I've also never posted any of my stuff online. It started out as a four chapter outline and by the end of the fourth chapter, the characters had hijacked the story and were demanding a romantic novella. We reached a compromise, they would keep at least half of the sex really dirty and I would give them their happy ending.

I hope you enjoyed reading it. I would welcome any feedback or constructive criticism. If you want to berate me for propagating male fantasized pseudo-lesbian stereotypes, well, criticism accepted I guess, don't waste your time.

Also, I never lived in Los Angeles, some of the names and organizations are or may be real, but are used only to ground the story in reality. The whole thing is a complete work of fiction. Don't write me to correct my geography or because your an outraged sorority sister. It's artistic license.

# Chapter 16: chapter 12.5 the rest of Bastille Day

Rachel made as if to tip the candle's melting wax onto his chest but suddenly she blew out the slender, tapered candle and, in one smooth moment, stabbed it's narrow length up Francis' virgin asshole. He screamed, despite the relatively narrow diameter if the candle, and tried to draw his legs up to his chest defensively. Rachel jerked her hand to the right and broke the top half of the candle off in Francis' rectum. "Now finish *yourself* off, bitch" she spat and walked off the dais toward Sara and Renee. Not even bothering with the 5 plus inches of candle that now occupied his ass, Francis grabbed his engorged rod with both hands and jerked three or four times until he emitted a guttural grunting sound and shot a rope of pearly white semen out of it's head, at least 7 feet straight up into the air. The crowd went wild, clapping and cheering and calls of "bitch, bitch, bitch". After the tenth jet of cum dribbled out of his cock, the power of Francis' orgasm cramped up his abdomen and he went fetal atop the altar.

Rachel sashayed to her friends and looked expectantly at Sara. "Well?" she said.

Sara didn't answer. Instead she leaped at Rachel, kissing her passionately, her tongue in the older woman's mouth. After a few seconds, Sara regained her composure, embarrassed if that was even possible in a place like that, in front of Renee and Milo.

"Wow" both lovers said simultaneously after the kiss.

Rachel finally ordered a drink and the group talked and laughed about the performance for a while when Renee said "You know Sister, Kitten sure has been getting a lot of looks tonight."

Rachel put her arm around the girl and said "Damn right".

Sara giggled and whispered loudly, "I think the lady who plays the wife on that Charlie Sheen show grabbed my butt!"

"That bitch!" Rachel said testily, "you're obviously a lamb.".

Sara shushed her with a kiss on the cheek and Renee said, "What about it Sister, would you let Kitten put on a show?".

"It's her call, not mine." said Rachel, more confidently than she felt.

Sara was caught up in the atmosphere of the club, and the intense arousal she felt after watching her lover dominate that boy so completely. She wanted to impress Rachel and Renee, but she was also understandably nervous. "Um, what would I do?" she asked no one in particular.

"Well Kitten, believe it or not, Milo here licks pussy as good as a woman, don't he Sister?" She said.

Rachel had to give the worm his due, he knew his way around a pussy. She nodded.

"How 'bout it Sister, can my puppy play with your Kitten?"

"That's up to her" Rachel said, and she looked at Sara, "It's OK if you want to try it Kitten, I won't be mad, but if you don't that's OK, too, you can just stay right here with me.". Rachel wanted to feel selfish and hope that Sara would decline, but she realized after what she had just done with Francis right in front of her, that she couldn't accept that kind of hypocrisy in herself.

Sara decided that she would try it, she wanted to feel a part of the group, someone living this wild experience, not just watching it. "OK." She said nervously, "what should I do?".

"Just go up and lie up on that altar little Kitten. My big dog will come and take care of the rest. Sara turned and did her best slut walk up to the now abandoned altar. Francis had, no doubt, limped off somewhere to to remove something from his ass, or just maybe, trying to get something else in. Once she reached climbed the dais, catcalls and whistles from men and women echoed across the hall. As she neared the altar, Sara unbuttoned her half shirt and a roar rose up from the crowd at the sight of her magnificent breasts, encased in the sheer white bustier. She hopped up on the altar and sat with one knee up, thrusting out her spectacular chest, looking for all the world like the silhouette on a trucker's mudflaps.

Milo turned to Rachel, "You're sure you're OK with this Rach'" he asked.

"It's fine Milo, go be a good boy and treat my girl right OK?" Rachel said, trying not to appear nervous.

Milo dropped the dog routine and walked over to where the girl sat upon the altar. He whispered, "If you want me to stop, just say so OK Kitten?"

"OK, she whispered back, "what should I do?"

"Just lie back and enjoy." he said as he parted the young girl's thighs.

Milo began licking at the tiny scrap of fabric that covered Sara's mound, and the girl laid back.

As Milo began his tongue lashing, a woman in a dominatrix outfit approached Rachel with a diapered slave in tow. "Ms. Valentine, I would be honored if you would let this wretched thing clean your boots." she said to Rachel.

Rachel, preoccupied watching Sara and Milo, waved a hand absently mindedly and said "as you wish.". The slave began to grovel on the floor, licking Rachel's shoes. She hardly noticed; her eyes had locked with Sara's.

Sara had peeled off her plaid skirt and Milo gripped her thighs with his hands as he ate her vigorously. His head bobbed obscenely in and out of view, obstructed by her raised legs. Sara began to moan softly but never took her eyes off of Rachel. The strength of her gasps increased as Milo pulled down her thong and his tongue found her clit, and still, she stared at Rachel across the dais, longing plain on her face. Finally, Milo had lifted her hips off the dais and was pressing his mouth forcefully against her vulva as he sucked the lips of her young pussy into his mouth. As Sara got closer to her climax, she flung her arm toward Rachel, fingers outstretched, as though she though to reach her across the 20 feet that separated them.

Rachel couldn't stand it any longer; she pushed the shoe shining diaper slave away and ruched across the dais to Sara. She wasn't jealous exactly, and she didn't try to stop Milo, she just wanted to be there with Sara when she came. As she reached Sara's outstretched hand, it grasped at her and in the space of a heartbeat, she was holding Sara's head, whispering, "I'm here Kitten, it's alright, I'm here, just let go."

Sara screamed as she came, letting loose a spray of girlcum all over Milo that rivaled Francis' earlier moonshot. Her body writhed and rocked as Rachel held her. After the the waves of pleasure subsided, Milo returned to Renee, presumably for a treat, and Rachel was left stroking Sara's hair as she lay on the altar. She looked up at Rachel and said "Can we go back to your place now, Rach?"

"Our place Kitten," Rachel corrected, "and yes."

Rachel and Sara arrived home a little before 3:00 AM, early by Bastille standards. Renee and Milo had stayed at the club and the girls traveled home silently in the limo. They rode the elevator up to the apartment holding hands, oblivious to the odd sight they must have made to the few people still coming and going throughout the complex. They got back to the apartment and decided to shower before bed.

Soon, they were caressing each other in the shower, clouds of steam flowing around their tired, wet bodies. "So," Rachel said at last, "What did you think?"

"You were amazing Rach'," Sara said, "The way you crushed that guy like that, made him beg. I almost felt sorry for Tab for a second." she giggled.

"Thanks, Kitten. Do you see now though, why I don't want to do that to you? Why I don't want to say those things to you?".

"Yeah," she said, "I get it, and I'm glad. They way you knew how to push that guy's buttons, it was almost scary. I don't think I'd want to be, I don't know, exposed like that, I guess."

"Well, you don't have to worry you horny little bitch," Rachel said smiling, as she started to shampoo Sara's hair, "it's just gonna be good old fashioned spanking and ass fucking for you."

"Well, that's a relief." Sara laughed.

"So, um, what about the other part?" Rachel asked nervously.

"Oh, you mean, with Milo?" Sara said, "Um, it felt really good, you were right, he sure knows what he's doing. It's just that...I don't know.".

"What is it Kitten," Rachel pressed as she continued working lather through strands of Sara's hair.

"I really like Renee and Milo, they were great and I think it would be fun to play with them again, or even go back to the club, but you have to promise me something, OK?" Sara said seriously, turning to face Rachel in the shower.

"Anything Sara, " Rachel said sincerely, "Name it.".

"You have to be right there with me. I mean right there, next to me, like you were tonight. I think I'm only strong enough to be that person, if you're right there with me OK?"

("Seriously?" Rachel's little voice screamed in her mind, "Not even now, you heartless fucking bitch?!" her resolve was weak, but she managed to ignore it one more time).

"Always, Kitten." Rachel said.

After their shower, the exhausted lovers made their way to bed and slept like dead things.

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