When In Roam

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Published on Lush Stories on 16 Mar 2008

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She turned to see a boi standing next to her near the bar. She was cute. Short, slightly curly blonde hair, a cocky grin on her lips. She felt herself smile back at her, a spark of something shooting through her. It had been some months since she had been in bed with anyone and the girl was looking pretty damn edible.
She had always found herself drawn to more androgynous looking women, short hair and tall with lean strong bodies, girls that bucked the typical butch role to become kids or bois, not daddies. She thought her attraction stemmed from past relationships with men. She liked being fucked in that way, penetrated like a man would a woman. She, of course, liked all the other ways that women had sex with one another, but she preferred a boi physically, one who was confident and self-assured, one that knew how to take control, dominate without being rough in a caustic way.
She wanted the emotional aspect with women so she gravitated towards them physically. The drawback was that alot of the bois she was attracted to were players, womanizers. Some of them only really took straight or bi girls into their bed. Well, her mom always told her she liked to make things difficult. She loved the sex though, and like a moth to a flame, she came back to it time and time again even if she always ended up getting burned.

"How about I buy you a drink?" the boi asked, her eyes moving over her lightly. She felt her nipples harden and she laughed to herself. Yeah, it had been awhile. She raised her eyebrow, "Sounds good." The boi grinned, getting the bartender's attention. "I'm Joey," she smiled and offered her hand. She put her hand in hers, "Alison." The boi ordered her a drink. Observant she saw, as she got the bartender to make her another of what she had just had. She leaned over the counter, her muscles lightly flexing and caught Alison looking. She turned her head, paying for the drink and handed it to her. "Do you feel like having some fun tonight?"
Alison took a sip of her drink, her friends in the corner, rowdy, already drunk. It was near closing time and she looked at her interested, "What do you have in mind?" Joey tilted her head towards a table nearby, another boi sitting at it, beer bottle in hand, looking down at her phone. She blinked. Two bois. She saw where this was headed. The other boi was tall, she could see her mile long legs from here spread wide apart, covered in baggy jeans. Her hat was on low, only the bottom part of her face

showing full lips. She bit her lip then smiled, what the hell. "Yeah?" Joey asked, watching her. Alison nodded. The girl gave her a big smile and lead her towards the table. "Sam," she whistled. The boi looked up from her phone, lifting her hat slightly and Alison felt her heart stop.

She was a pretty boi. A really pretty boi. Big dark eyes framed by long lashes, and a perfect looking nose, a few freckles dotting them. Their eyes met as she slid her phone into her pocket, starting to stand. God, she was quite tall. Had to be at least 6 foot. That was so sexy. She loved tall women. And she had stood when she approached. That was so hot. "Sam, this is Alison, Alison, Sam." Sam raised her head in greeting, like a lot of jocks did, the table separating them. Alison smiled back at her tentatively.

Alison sat next to them as she drank, already slightly tipsy. Joey started to talk to Sam about some girls standing near the door eyeing them, sounded just like a dude. A part of her sighed, knowing she was falling back into a pattern she always told herself to stay away from after the fact. Looking at the two of them though, she found herself hard-pressed for a reason to stay away at the moment, both of them very cute, Sam definitely making her heart beat faster. Sam seemed distracted, half-listening to Joey. Their eyes met a few more times before the lights went on, but she couldn't read them.

Alison finished her drink and as soon as she put it down, Joey stood up. Raring to go she saw. "Ready to head out?" she asked both of them. Alison stood, Sam also getting up. A girl nearby touched Sam's arm and she bent her head as the girl said something to her. Sam smiled, replying, then turned away. The girl looked at Alison then shrugged, disappointed. Fans, she saw.

She followed Joey out, Sam behind her. She shivered slightly as she stepped outside, the night air crisp. It sobered her up a little and she wondered what she was doing. It was like she was just driving by and decided to look. Not usually her modus operandi. She smiled to herself thinking she only lived this life once, right? Joey lived around the corner, so they walked, Joey acting like a kid, punching Sam, getting her to wrestle with her slightly. They both had nice bodies, the kind that always made her spine tingle when she looked at them. Whereas Joey's body was more compact, obviously someone who worked out with weights, Sam was lanky, all arms and legs, naturally athletic.

The walk told her more than enough. Both of them packed, she could see it now more clearly in the light of the street lamps. The thought made her feel herself getting moist. She'd only had a few threesomes, but each time they had been enjoyable. As long as there wasn't any emotional entaglements, it worked out. It's when jealousy took a front seat that things got sticky. She found that one half of a couple trying to please the other, but not really wanting to be there, ended up making the threesome turn out badly.

Joey held the door open for her and she followed her in, walking up the stairs to a huge loft. Large space, everything one room. A huge king size bed in the corner, a couch on the other side near a big screen tv. A bar in the middle with a kitchen some feet away. One door which she assumed led to the bathroom was in the corner. Joey grabbed a few beers out of the fridge, Alison taking off her coat. She saw Sam's eyes flicker to her then away as she came to the center of the room and Joey handed her a beer.

The boi took her coat, throwing it over the dining room chair next to them. "You are smokin'," Joey

smiled, cupping her face. Alison smiled, their eyes on one another. Joey leaned in giving her a fast kiss. Not a kisser. She didn't mind. It wasn't like she was going to be bringing her home to her family. Joey took her hand, leading her towards the bed. Sam was standing near the couch taking off her shoes. "Mind if we do you together?" Joey asked, downing half her beer and putting it on the table. Alison shook her head. She was used to the crude talk that accompanied many of the bois she found attractive, sometimes it turning her on as it did tonight. "That's my girl," Joey winked at her, pulling her own top off. Well, at least there was no gray area. Straight to the point.

The stereo poured out slow music, Alison taking another swallow and then putting her beer down. Joey reached for Alison's shirt, pulling it up lightly. Sam had come over, standing almost behind her. Joey let out an appreciative sound, taking in her silk bra, her eyes on her breasts, enclosed in half-cups. "She's beautiful, huh Sam?" Sam put her hands on Alison's hips lightly, her body brushing hers from behind, "Yeah." Her voice was low and she felt it slide through her as she felt her bra being unhooked, dropping. Joey cupped her breast, the other hand reaching for the top of her jeans. She leaned back against Sam whose her hands slid up her ribcage, resting just below her breasts. She felt warm and strong behind her and her hand went to her thigh, feeling the muscle move beneath it. Joey pulled down Alison's jeans, revealing matching panties and then she took off her own pants as well, her strap-on coming into view. Average size, it pressed against her as Joey brought her forward to the bed. Sam sat on it, unbuttoning her top. Joey came behind her, her hands running over her now naked body and she felt her eyes get heavy. Sam left the shirt on, now undone and she saw that she bound her breasts. Joey hadn't because she really didn't have breasts at all, if an A. Size never particularly mattered to her. The men and women she slept with never complained about hers, though she knew she was blessed with C's that remained full and high, causing a few lovers to ask her before touching them if they were real.

Joey played with her nipples, her hand slipping between her legs. She let out a sigh, her legs parting. Sam undid her jeans and pulled them down. Alison bit her lip, watching the flesh colored appendage appear. Good size, thick. She hoped she knew what to do with it. Joey went to the bed and opened a drawer next to it, taking out a bottle. Alison straddled Sam on the bed, the feel of her clothes on her bare skin erotic and she put her hands on her shoulders for balance, Joey's hand again going between her legs, spreading some lube on her. She put the bottle aside and then stood behind her. She saw Sam hesitate and then pick the bottle up, putting some in her hand as well. She ran it over her strap-on and Alison's hand went down to hers, helping her. Their eyes met as their hands moved over the rubber and Alison felt a softening in her. God, she really was gorgeous. Less androgynous, more almost pretty, but still able to straddle that line. Her hat had come off and she had soft straight hair, now standing up in spikes from her running her hand through it. Auburn, natural red streaks from the sun running through it. Alison hesitantly put her hand at the base of her neck, feeling the softness. Sam gave her a half-smile watching her.

"Sit on her baby," Joey said, nudging her gently between her cheeks. Even though Sam wasn't speaking, she knew she wasn't a pushover. This was something they had done before with one another she realized as she felt herself slowly sink onto her shaft, Joey pushing into her from behind.

She exhaled slowly, the feeling almost overwhelming. It had been a long time since she had been double-penetrated and the feeling always took her by surprise.
Sam lay on her back, watching her as they both fucked her, a faster rhythm from Joey. Soon they were moving together, Alison leaning over Sam, riding her, Joey taking her from behind. "Fuck yeah, you like that?" Joey groaned, her hand going to her hair, twisting in it hard. She let out a breath, tensing slightly. She didn't necessarily mind when her hair was tugged on, but something about the way she was doing it, to see if she could get a rise out of her...well she almost yanked her head away from her. But she didn't as her eyes went to Sam's below her. Sweat rolled down her back and chest, time seeming to slow. Sam was breathing harder, but wasn't shoving into her the way Joey was, instead trying to move with her movements above her and not Joey's which was becoming harder to do as she started to pound into her. Sam almost seemed as if she were waiting for something, her hands barely moving as they rested on her hips.
It felt really good, but she knew she wasn't going to come, her long blond hair cascading over her and Sam, almost creating a veil. She moaned, Joey finally climaxing from her efforts, her breasts pushing against Sam's shirt as she let her arms collapse, her body nestled over Sam's. Joey grumbled, then pulled out of her, Alison wincing. She slowly removed Sam from herself as well, not looking at her although she could feel her eyes on her. She didn't think Sam would want her on her after Joey had finished. "You were good baby," Joey said, lightly smacking her ass. She cringed inwardly but gave her a slight smile standing up. "Can I use your bathroom?" "Of course. Stay if you want," Joey said yawning, going face down on the bed.
Alison went into the bathroom and closed the door, looking at herself in the mirror. She looked flushed, her eyes slightly wild. The orgasm that never came sat deep in her groin and she sighed. She supposed she should just wait until she got home rather than try to take care of herself here. She looked at the shower then shrugged, turning it on. She took a quick one, washing the sweat off her body and careful between her legs and up farther, then dried off, running her hands through her hair. She opened the bathroom door, the only light coming from the lamp near the couch which Sam was sitting on. She saw Joey was passed out on the bed. Her clothes were hanging over the couch, and she hesitated, then walked naked towards Sam who was watching TV, finishing the last of her beer. She had pulled her jeans back on, but they were undone at the top. Her stomach was flat, muscle showing, the bandage around her upper torso still on. She was so...she just couldn't describe it. Stunning. That was the word. She seemed different than the typical boi like Joey too. There was something behind her eyes. A darkness, almost like a question. And maybe even a softness.
She had to walk past her to get her clothes and when she did, Sam reached up, their fingertips touching. She stopped, their eyes on one another. They stared at each other for a long moment and then Sam slowly pulled her closer until she straddled her on the couch. Her hands rested on her own thighs, Sam's on her waist. "You didn't come." It was more a statement than a question. Alison shook her head. Sam took her face in her hands, bringing her closer. Their lips brushed softly. She felt a sensation like the slide of slow molasses start at the base of her neck, going through her whole body. Once, then again. They clung and then her mouth parted and they were kissing hungrily, their

tongues twining. Definitely a kisser. And a very very good one.
Alison felt her nipples harden, her breasts feeling swollen. She heard herself moan and Sam's arm went around her lower back, her body arching slightly. "Let me take you there..." Sam breathed in her ear, her hand running down to her ass, holding her close. She loved that she was asking, not taking. Alison nodded, and Sam stood, taking her with her, then set her down in the love seat across from them, facing the wall, away from Joey. Suprised, she watched Sam go to her knees, her legs being put over her shoulders. Bois she ended up with rarely did this for her. You had to ask and she never did, not wanting to feel like she was making them do something they weren't comfortable with.
It had been a long time since she had someone's mouth between her legs and she felt her orgasm start to rise almost immediately when she felt Sam's mouth touch her. She whimpered lightly, Sam's tongue like magic on her clit. She was close in less than a few minutes and she shook her head, her hand going to Sam's hair. "Together," she whispered, breathless. She didn't want to come like this, she wanted Sam with her, wanted her to feel pleasure too. Sam slowly brought her body up, Alison reaching for her jeans. She saw Sam hesitate, then put her hands to the sides of the her on the chair, as she undid her jeans, then pull them over her hips.
She had cleaned the strap-on when she was in the shower, it feeling smooth in her hand. Sam pulled her jeans over her feet and off. She came between her legs and Alison slowly put her hands on her binding. Sam didn't stop her, watching her intently. She had never once tried to do this to any boi she was with that wore one. She reached for the two clasps, then pulled them up and out. The binding unraveled and she felt her breath leave. Gorgeous firm, high breasts looked back at her. They were more than a handful, perfect size and she swallowed letting the binding drop. "Come here, beautiful," she heard herself whisper. Sam's nostrils flared, her cheeks flushing as she came over her, their mouths meeting hotly.
Her hands roamed over Sam's smooth skin as she felt her hand between her legs, scooping up her wetness, spreading it and putting it on her strap on. She gasped, feeling Sam at her entrance, and then she was inside of her, smooth hard and heavy. She groaned, wrapping her legs around Sam who wasted no time, one hand going to her clit, the other over her head, holding on to the chair as she slid in and out of her, her insides clenching sweetly.
Within moments she felt herself reach the abyss. She arched, her head tilting back, her mouth sliding over Sam's hard nipples and chest before landing on her neck. She cried out softly, shuddering through her orgasm and Sam let out a harsh breath, her arms going around her, seating her fully as they both rode the waves. She bit Sam's neck, trying to stay afloat. She realized that Sam had come as well when she bent her head to her shoulder, a shiver going through her. She moaned, her arms around Sam, both of them still in the aftermath.
She took Sam's face in her hands, their cheeks pressed together, "Thank you," she whispered softly. Sam tightened her hold on her lightly in response, their breathing slowly coming back to normal. Finally Sam pulled out of her and Alison sat up slowly. Sam unstrapped the appendage, their eyes meeting. Sam's were dark, her lids heavy. Her body was beautiful, not anything like a boy's now that she didn't have the strap-on or wrap attached to her body. She was shaped like a model but had

muscle like an athlete. She obviously had chosen to cover her body up, was more comfortable as a boi. She could've easily been a femme. And she found herself surprised that she wasn't left wanting. Her eyes went to Joey who was still passed out on the bed. The clock read 6:45am. She stood shakily, their bodies almost touching. She wanted to stay in her arms. Knew it was not something these two probably wanted. She reached up, touching Sam's neck lightly where she had bitten her and Sam gave her a slight smile. She turned, going for her clothes and she heard Sam go into the bathroom, shutting the door. Better to leave now. It would be awkward. As much as she wanted to think Sam was different, she knew better. All bois she had met were the same, players. She realized she wanted more. But would she ever be able to find that with a boi? She highly doubted it. She called a cab, dressing and a few minutes later, she left.

It had been a few weeks since that night. Alison had thought about Sam alot. Unable to get her out of her mind. The way her body had felt against her, the way she had been so chivalrous with her. She got wet just thinking about her inside of her, her mouth between her legs. So when a friend wanted her to go to the same bar she had met her and Joey in, she felt nervous. What if she was there? And she had seen her almost immediately when she had walked in. Her, Joey and two other bois were sitting at one of the tables, all of them laughing and talking loudly. She walked past them, Joey and Sam both looking up at her. Joey grinned at her, "What's up chickie?" and one of the bois at the table laughed. "Hey," Alison said, her eyes going to Sam. Sam barely acknowledged her, their eyes meeting briefly. So that's how it was going to be. See, what did she tell herself? Same old same old. Disappointed, she looked away, following her friend to the bar. Maybe she was hoping there was a connection. There obviously wasn't. She felt her stomach clench as she sat down at one of the bar stools near the corner, prepared for a long night.

Sam felt her eyes drawn to Alison. She felt her stomach drop. A boi had taken the seat next to her and was chatting her up. She was older, a regular, and had a reputation as a monster in bed. She obviously had her sights on Alison. Who wouldn't? She was easily the most beautiful woman here, and not only here, but the most beautiful woman she had ever laid eyes on. She was surprised she hadn't stuttered and tripped over her own feet when Joey had brought her back to the table a few weeks ago. And when they had gone back to Joey's place and she had taken her clothes off, her heart had stopped. She felt her mouth go dry, her eyes taking in her flawlessness.

The sex had been quick, just what Joey wanted. She indulged that boi more often than not. She had watched Alison the whole time, unable to look away. All the little nuances, the way her body responded to every little thing. She understood in those moments a few things about her. That she didn't necessarily even want to be there, but had been compelled to, somewhat like herself. That she was searching for something.

Girls that slept around, it wasn't something she looked down on. When she looked at herself in the mirror, she saw the same thing. She didn't have double standards, like girls were sluts and guys were just gigolos. She didn't know if it was even about the sex, but about trying to find something in yourself or someone else that could be the catalyst for something much bigger, something she

seemed to not be able to pinpoint. Something missing from her own psyche. Feeling unfulfilled. Alison didn't act like some silly drunk girl that would fuck anyone. It was almost as though she was wondering why she was there. When Joey had pulled on her hair, she had felt Alison still over her. She wasn't just some girl that would let you do whatever you wanted, she saw strength in those light blue eyes. She thought possibly the only reason that Alison hadn't protested was because Sam had been beneath her, their eyes on one another. Hell, she almost wanted to push Joey off of her as well. Joey had come as was her usual, getting off on the control aspect, but neither her nor Alison had. Afterwards, the whole time Alison was in the shower, she thought about joining her. And when she had come out, she knew she couldn't let her leave. She wanted to take her on that climb. Not for herself, to prove that she could, but because she wanted Alison to feel pleasure, something she wasn't sure she had really felt before when they had both been inside her.

That she had let Alison take off her binding was as amazing as her going between her legs to taste her. Neither were the norm, not only for the boi group she was a part of, but for her. Not that she hadn't wanted to at times, but no girls she had been with had tried to take the wrap off, or asked her to eat them out. She enjoyed going down on a woman quite a lot actually, but it was something that wasn't expected and she didn't do it unless they asked, which was rarely.

Alison had tasted fuckin' good. Sweet and oh so wet. She could've stayed down there forever. She had brought her to the edge quick. The fact that Alison had stopped her, that she wanted her to join her when she came, it was almost like it was too good to be true. She had eagerly joined her, even though in retrospect, she should've stayed where she was, made it just about her right then, since her and Joey had been so selfish earlier. But she had done as she asked and she wasn't disappointed. Her soft sounds and moans, the dildo rubbing her own clit and Alison's mouth biting her neck had been sensory overload and she had fallen over that edge with her, shocked and in heaven, if only for a brief minute in time.

It was as if all the gender and sex roles stopped being defined, something she had always struggled with. She wasn't like Joey, she didn't view women the same way she did, but somehow she found herself in situations that dispelled that. And she didn't like who she had become. Conforming to some role she was supposed to carry out because she defined herself as a tomboy and was drawn to other aspects of being a boi like packing, wearing athletic clothes, binding her breasts. It didn't mean she had to be a shit to them just because Joey was.

She found when she was in the mood, she went along with what Joey wanted more out of boredom. She didn't feel she had a right to be discerning when she wasn't even sure what she was looking for. When she had met Alison, she almost wanted to turn Joey down. But the thought of Joey with this girl all alone, well maybe she wanted to make sure not only did Joey not hurt her, but she didn't want to pass up on the chance of being with this stunning woman. Call her selfish.

When she had come out of the shower, she was sort of surprised Alison wasn't there. A lot of girls she was with became clingy when she gave them what they needed, stayed around even when they knew they were not wanted. Not that she didn't want Alison. She did. And if she was still there after her shower, she wouldn't have minded, even if Joey would have. She was the rare boi that liked

cuddling. Not that she did normally. She hadn't really found a lot of women that could handle that and not start talking about moving in or having a committment ceremony.
Yeah, she wasn't discerning when it came to sleeping with girls, but as far as relationships went, well it had been years since she found someone worth staying in for. In a way she was glad Alison had left that night, because undoubtedly Joey would try to make her feel silly for being there even though she had told her she could stay. She had sensed Alison was a pretty intelligent woman. Knew that leaving was the better option. Still, she felt a little let down when she came back and she was gone. But hell, it wasn't like she said anything that would have made her stay. She should have and she knew it as she looked at her from across the bar.
She had thought about Alison off and on since she had seen her. The love bite on her neck that caught her eye when she looked in the mirror was a constant reminder of what it felt like to really feel desire again. And when she came in the bar, she felt every instinct to get up, touch her, say something. Instead she had dismissed her and saw Alison recognize it as that. She had seen the hope in her eyes leave as quickly as she had seen it and at the moment she hated herself.
She watched the boi lean in, placing a hand on her back as they talked over the music. She didn't like someone else touching her like that. It scared her to think this boi could slide right in and take the place she desperately wanted to be in but couldn't. She drowned herself in more beer, sliding low into her seat. Some girl was trying to talk to her, but she wasn't feeling it and finally she stood, making her way to the bathroom.
When she came out, she saw Alison and her friend getting up. She passed her and Alison leaned in, Sam stopping in her tracks. She handed her something, "Come over tonight," she said softly, their eyes meeting. Sam heard some lame excuse come out of her mouth. Alison's eyes lowered at her rejection as she nodded, then turned, heading out with her friend, the boi in tow. She saw Alison's shoulders slip as they made their way through the crowd. What the fuck was wrong with her that she couldn't give in to what she wanted? Pretending she was something she really wasn't. She went back to the table, taking the shot that was sitting there, pissed, answering her friends in mono-syllables.
They stayed until closing time and instead of heading to Joey's with a few of the girls she walked down the street towards the cab, the rain starting to fall. "Where to?" the cabbie asked. Sam sat for a long moment then looked at the piece of paper in her hand. She took a breath, then read it off. What was she doing? She didn't know. What if that boi was over there? All she knew was that she couldn't let this go.

Alison padded barefoot through her living room. Her hair was still wet from the shower and she tucked a strand behind her ear, turning off the lamp. The doorbell rang and startled, she wondered if her roommate was back early. She opened the door and her breath caught. Sam stood in front of her, soaked from the rain. Her hat was on backwards, her drenched shirt and jeans leaving drops of water on the floor below. Alison blinked at her, speechless. "Let me in," Sam said, her voice low.
Alison stepped back, Sam walking over the threshold. Alison closed the door behind her and gasped, Sam lifting her into her arms, pushing her against the door. Her mouth descended on hers and she

groaned, her body coming alive immediately. She wrapped her arms around her neck, her legs around her hips. The kisses left her feeling like she was spiraling out of control. "I'm sorry," Sam whispered in her ear, holding her close. Alison shook her head, "For what?" Sam kissed her lightly, bringing her off the door. "For making you think I didn't care, that I don't. I do..." Alison felt her heart hammer in her chest, "You do?" Sam nodded, "Yeah, a lot." Alison bit her lip, "Take me to bed." Sam nodded, following her motion towards the only lit room in the house.

Their eyes remained on one another as she came into the bedroom, sitting on the bed. "I want this to be about more than what's in this room. If you want it to be.." Sam said softly, looking vulnerable. Suddenly Alison felt tears come to her eyes. When you least expect it, someone comes along. She knew Sam was that person. "I want that very much." Sam gave her a slow smile, their mouths meeting again, gentle. "I think..." Alison whispered, "that I've been waiting for you." Sam ran her finger down Alison's cheek, "I'm not going anywhere."

Alison got off her lap and stood, taking off her shorts and tshirt, revealing nothing underneath. Sam groaned, "God, you're so beautiful." She stood, pulling off her wet shirt and started to undo her pants. "Let me," Alison said softly. Sam dropped her hands, watching her. Alison undid her binding again and ran the back of her hand over her breast. Sam swallowed, her hand resting on Alison's waist. Alison unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down. Naked, both of them tumbled onto the bed, Sam coming between her legs.

Alison ran her mouth up Sam's smooth stomach, feeling the muscles move lightly as the tip of her tongue touched her nipple. Sam inhaled sharply, watching her, her eyes wide. She was pretty sure that she was doing something that wasn't something Sam usually did in bed. And she felt excitement, knowing she was letting her in. She brought it into her mouth, sucking lightly as her legs went around her hips. "Fuck," Sam whispered, her arms locking as she let her take her time. Alison took the other nipple in her mouth, her fingers playing over breast, cupping it. She needed her inside of her. Now. She reached down, guiding her into her, not caring if it hurt a little, no lubrication. She needn't have worried. She was so wet that she slid in easily. She arched, letting out a low breath, her mouth still on Sam's breasts. Sam moved her hips slowly, gentle but firm, coming almost all the way out, then all the way back in, her angle perfect, Alison struggling to keep her eyes open. "It's ok baby, we have all night," Sam let out, her hands sliding up to lace with hers above her head. Alison hesitated, then relaxed, her legs rising even higher, their mouths meeting.

Sam took her at the slow pace, but it felt oh so right. She realized with a start that she was going to climax without stimulation on her clit, her eyes snapping open in surprise. "Shit," Alison moaned, starting to shudder. Sam groaned, her mouth going to her breasts, running her tongue over her nipples and she came explosively, her legs widening, her hands clenching in Sam's as she rode her. "Baby," Sam whispered as she finally came down. Alison felt a smile come over her face, her eyebrow raised. Sam looked at her warily. "Don't baby me..." she growled and she flipped them, straddling Sam. Sam laughed, letting her take control. Alison rose off of her, her hands going to the straps of her appendage. She unsnapped it, watching Sam's anxiousness. She felt like everything she identified as what turned her on during sex, well, it was changing by the second. This was a

completely new thing for her. Give and take. Bois were usually so serious in bed, in charge.
She pulled it off of her, Sam unmoving. She ran her hands up her long legs, kissing her strong thighs, her mouth moving to her stomach up to her breasts. Sam let out a breath, her hand going to her head gently. She let her leg rest between Sam's, pressed into her lightly as she kissed her breasts, her fingers sliding up her body. Sam let out a soft sound as she bit her nipple gently, licking it. Sensitive. She pressed her leg deeper into her as she took her other breast in her mouth. Sam's legs inched apart on their own, her hips unconsciously moving.
Most bois, they penetrated, weren't the ones being penetrated. She wasn't going to push the issue. But she did want to give her pleasure, as much as she'd let her. She kissed her, their tongues sparring gently, her hand going between her legs. Sam stiffened, then relaxed. She slid her fingers up her, delighted to find she was wet, and she pressed against her clit gently. Sam bit her lip, Alison rising above her. "Just relax..." she whispered, then slid down her body.

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Sam was as scared as she was turned-on. It had been years since anyone had been between her legs like this. Alison's mouth made her lose her breath, her vagina clenching hard. She was used to having the strap-on, watching it disappear between countless women's lips as they gave her a blow job. She thought it was hot, but only really let them do it because they seemed to want to. Without it on, she felt completely naked.
She felt almost overly sensitive, Alison's tongue light, darting over her folds, gently insinuating itself inside of her for a moment before coming up to her clit. She moaned, her leg going over Alison's arm, Alison humming lightly into her,causing her to jerk in her arms. It wasn't long before she was moaning uncontrollably, her hips shifting, needy. She knew what she wanted. Was afraid to ask. Would it mean giving up her control? Giving up what was supposed to define her?
Alison's knuckles brushed her opening, not going in, just teasing and she groaned. She knew Alison wouldn't go inside of her unless she wanted her to. And the knowledge made her lose the last vestiges of control and she let out a low breath, "Alison," she whispered, pleading softly. Alison's eyes opened, her normally light blue eyes dark with desire. "Tell me what you want baby," Alison whispered, her tongue drawing out her pleasure. "I want to feel you...inside of me," she managed, her cheeks flaming.
Alison didn't lord it over her, didn't make some silly comment, didn't make her feel like she was asking for something she shouldn't be. Instead she kissed her lightly, her tongue playing against her clit gently and she felt her fingers slowly invade her body. She whimpered, feeling herself clench. Alison was slow, her tongue making her feel pleasure, distracting her from the slight burn. It had been a long time. And then she groaned, her head falling back as Alison pushed all the way in, her tongue fast over her engorged flesh.
Alison knew exactly what she was doing, her body already close, now falling over the edge. She tensed, trying to stop the impending orgasm, but she couldn't, her legs taut, her back arching. Alison curved her fingers, Sam's eyes flying open as she hit her sweet spot, something almost no one had

found and she let out a gasp, her hand going to Alison's head as she came, their eyes meeting, Sam's shocked ones finally closing as the waves crashed over her. She shuddered, finally coming down and Alison gently pulled out, coming above her.
Sam opened her eyes, her hands going to her face, cupping it. Alison bit her lip, looking slightly insecure. How could she not think it had been good for her? She slowly rolled her over so that she was above her and their mouths met. She could taste herself on her lips, their tongues playing. "It's my turn to thank you," Sam whispered, nuzzling her nose with Alison's. Alison gave her a brilliant smile, her arms around her, "You're welcome gorgeous."
Sam let out a laugh and Alison touched her face lightly, "You aren't used to someone telling you that you are beautiful, are you?" Sam shook her head. "Does it bother you?" Sam shook her head, "No. It seems that everything you say and do..just feels right," she admitted. "God, I feel the same way too," Alison said softly. "Change is good," Sam said quietly. They lay quietly, the early morning enveloping them, their arms wrapped around one another. It was the first time in a long time she could remember doing just that.

Alison rolled her eyes, looking at the clock. She hadn't really wanted to meet Sam here but she was still at work when she had called and she was already down near the bar so she had gone to wait. She hadn't been there long before she ran into Joey who was her normal punk self. They chatted for only a brief moment before she had found a seat at the bar. 10 minutes passed before a boi came and sat down next to her. She turned her head and saw it was the same one she had talked to a week prior, but ended up turning down. Persistent.
They chatted for only a second, before she saw Sam walk through the door. She was still dressed for work, ripped jeans that had smudges of grease stains, leather coat over a white tshirt, also stained. Black work boots on her feet, hat on low. She looked good enough to eat, and other girls thought so too as they turned to look at her, trying to catch Sam's eye.
She saw Joey and they chatted for a moment, Joey trying to get her to sit down. She shook her head, nudging her, then looked around, her eyes landing on her. Alison smiled at her and Sam's mouth lifted. She saw Joey look their way and then back to Sam, saying something. Sam shook her head, saying something back, her face clouding over. Joey gave her a strange look and Sam left her standing there, walking towards her.
"Sid, can you get me a Bud Light?" she asked the bartender who smiled, nodding. She reached into the cooler, setting it in front of her. Sam came around the boi sitting next to her and then was standing in front of her. "Hi baby," Alison smiled up at her. Sam smiled, her eyebrow raising. The boi next to her turned to say something, when she saw Sam's hand go to Alison's thigh. Their eyes met and the other boi got up out of her seat, "My bad," she shrugged, and left, walking down to take another seat. "Tough girl, huh?" Alison asked, grinning. "Who me?" Sam laughed.
She sat, taking the beer that Alison offered. They talked about their work week. Alison was a financial investor and a good one. She made more this year than she had in the last three combined and

finally had been able to buy her own condo in the city. From what she knew, Sam worked at one of the garages in the city. A grease monkey, as her dad would say. Her dad was one of those grease monkeys and she had always admired how hard he worked growing up. She had a lot of respect for mechanics and the fact that there was a disparity in income and social status didn't bother her at all. Sam could've been a bum and she still would've been attracted to her.

"Why don't we go back to my place and get you out of these clothes," Alison said, finishing her drink. Sam grinned, "You got it." Alison stood, Sam finishing her beer and they walked towards the exit. She saw Joey stand up from the table and come towards them, a few bois sitting at the table with another girl. "You leaving?" Joey asked. "Yeah," Sam nodded, Alison stopping beside her. "With her?" Joey asked, eyeing her. "And?" Sam said, watching her. "C'mon man, hang out with us," she motioned towards the table. "Naw, not tonight," Sam shook her head. "You're gonna say no to us, but yes to her?" Joey asked incredulously.

Alison knew the boi mentality. Bro's before ho's and all that. She felt a sinking in her stomach, knowing the etiquitte in these groups predicated what would happen. She was shocked when she felt Sam's hand slip into hers as she laced their fingers. "Yeah, I am. And she has a name man." Joey stared at Sam, "Yeah, I know she has a name. Girl was in our bed not too long ago if you don't remember."

She saw Sam's jaw flex lightly, "Well, now she's in mine." "Man, she's nothing but a roll in the sack. You turning your back on me?" It had grown silent around them, eyes fixed at what was transpiring. "You know we're buddies Joey, but you better watch what you say to me. The way you treat women, I'm surprised if you don't end up old and alone, like you are right fuckin' now. Alison's my girl so if you have something to say about her or me, then you say it now, to my face."

The bois were wary, watching but not interfering. Joey's face was flushed, embarassed as the stand-off brought a few more on-lookers. She saw Joey's body change, signaling her submission and aquiescence. "Step off," Sam said more gently, their bodies close. They stared one another down and then Joey huffed, turning back to the table. Someone opened the door and she followed Sam out, her hand still placed gently in hers.

"Can we go back to my place first? I need to get a change of clothes." Sam said as they got into the cab. "Of course," Alison said quietly. "What?" Sam asked gently, after giving the cabbie her address. Alison paused at hearing the address. It was near where she lived, upper west side. A nice area. "I...you didn't have to do that back there." Sam turned towards her, cupping her face, "Yeah, I did. Joey needs to remember to think before she speaks. She's not a bad person, she's just been hurt one too many times and hides behind this macho facade. Plus, she shouldn't talk about you like that." Alison bit her lip, "You told her that I'm your girlfriend." Their eyes met, "You are...aren't you?" Sam asked softly. "Oh yeah." Sam looked relieved, "I guess it's a little stupid of me to assume." Alison shook her head, "I think I've been yours the moment we met. God, what you did..was so fuckin' sexy. You aren't the only one that needs to change." Sam laughed, pulling her close as they kissed slowly,

the cab coming to a halt in front of a large brownstone.
Sam paid and opened the door, waiting for her. Alison got out, looking up at the complex. This was a really nice place. She had actually looked at it before she found her own condo. She had wanted it, but it had just been too expensive. "You live here?" Alison asked as she followed her up the steps. "Yep," Sam said, opening the door, pushing the heavy wood aside. Sam shrugged off her coat, closing the door behind her. "Can I get you something to drink?" she asked, taking Alison's coat as well and hanging them both nearby. "Sure, whatever you're having." She followed her through the townhouse, looking around.
It was a gorgeous place, high vaulted ceilings, wide open space. The furniture was dark, modern. What Sam did for a living wasn't matching up with what she was looking at. "Do you live here alone?" Alison asked, as she came into the kitchen. Modern appliances, a huge island taking up part of the kitchen. "Uh huh. Why do you ask?" Alison took the beer she handed her and she chewed on the inside of her lip, "I guess...well, it's just that...being a uh...mechanic...this place is just..it's expensive. I know because I looked at it before I got my own place." Sam swallowed her beer, a smile forming on her face.
"What?" Alison asked, furrowing her brow. "Yeah, I suppose if I was a regular auto mechanic at like...Jiffy Lube or something." Alison still felt confused, but nodded. Sam laughed, reaching out to put an arm around her waist. "Honey, I own my own shop and two others right outside the city." Alison looked up at her surprised. "You are so adorable," Sam smiled, kissing her lightly. "I guess I could see how you would think so, especially looking at me now, all dirty. What can I say, I like working on some of the cars. I'm in the process of restoring a few and I kinda get into it."
Alison bit on Sam's lower lip gently, "That is so damn hot. I love a girl that's good with her hands." Sam guffawed, slapping her lightly on the ass. "And I love that you thought I was some poor mechanic and still wanted to take a chance on me, big money maker." Alison felt her cheeks get red and Sam brushed her finger over her neck. "Take a shower with me?" Sam smiled. Alison huffed, "Maybe." Sam grinned, setting down her beer and lifted her up over her shoulder. Alison laughed, whacking Sam on her ass, both of them cracking up as she carried her through the house.

Nervous, Sam looked down at Alison as she leaned against the doorframe. "You've been acting strange all night Sam. What is it?" Alison asked, frowning. They had been going out over three months, things going better than she had ever imagined or thought herself worthy of. Alison was the perfect girlfriend. She liked watching sports with her on the tv, liked action movies, kept up for her beer for beer on the occasions she had a rough day, and in bed...well, she had absolutely no complaints. She was genuinely sweet, funny as hell and intelligent to boot. She was so damn beautiful and sexy that everytime she found herself staring at her, she couldn't believe she was hers. "I...this weekend, I was wondering maybe if you would want to come with me to my parents place?" Alison blinked up at her, "Yeah?" She could see the surprise in them, but she also saw that it was the right question to have asked. "Yeah, I haven't seen them in forever and they keep hounding me to

come out for a family dinner. I thought maybe..you'd like to go to the country for a few days if you don't have plans?" Alison gave her a shy smile, "I'd love to, seeing as my only plans were to hang out with you." Sam felt relief wash over her.

She was worried maybe it was too early, not knowing what the rules were for bringing someone home to meet your family. She had never brought any of her girlfriends home, never thinking it was the "right" time. Plus if she were honest, she didn't really want them to meet any of them. It was the first time she was dating someone that she would be proud to bring home. "Okay," Sam smiled, leaning down to kiss her lightly. "I'm glad you asked," Alison said softly, running her hand down her stomach to land on the waistband of her jeans. "I'm glad I did too." "I promise I'll behave myself, act like a lady." Sam laughed, "I'm not worried, you are a lady." Alison smiled, as she wrapped her arms around her. They said goodbye, Sam heading home.

Her parents always asked about her girlfriends, wanted to meet them and Sam always gave them some excuse. Her mom was gonna go insane when she told her she was bringing someone home. Her parents, from the day she had come out, had been 100% supportive. Her brothers were pretty cool about it, towing the line between treating her like their sister and one of the guys. She knew she was lucky, that a lot of girls, especially ones that chose to live like bois, didn't always get accepted into their blood family like she had. All they ever wanted was for her to be happy.

She had found that she had a hard time trying to find her own identity when she was younger. She grew up in the country, didn't have the support groups that some kids had in the city. She had known in highschool that the slight attraction and crushes she had on other girls growing up was much more than that. She didn't feel like she was supposed to be born a guy, that she had the wrong body parts. She did find however that because of her tomboyishness, her want to dress and sort of be physically more masculine, that she slid into the role of boi. She was attracted to very feminine women, and to girls that liked to be taken like a guy takes a girl.

The first time she had bought a strap-on and actually used it, she knew that it was something she had been missing. She loved having sex that way, and found it was natural for her, and that she was quite good at it, girls always coming back to her for more. Her own orgasm was always a distant second to making the person she was with feel good. She also found the binding of her breasts just sort of part of it, never really feeling comfortable with having them sort of out there. They weren't small enough that she couldn't wear a bra so she bound them.

There were only two women before Alison that had ever seen her without either the strap-or or binding on. One was a girl in highschool, Sandra, that she had fallen madly for. They had slept together for six months or so before the girl had decided that she couldn't be with her, and had gone back to her old boyfriend, scared of being with her socially. The other had been a really drunken night with a woman she had been pursuing all of a few weeks a few years back. It had been a hot night, but afterwards, she realized she had made a mistake. It didn't feel right, and she realized it was the girl, not the act.

She had met other bois once she moved to the city and started hanging out with them, but found that though they were fun to hang out with, their mentality was a lot different than her own. They all slept

around, something she wouldn't deny, but they all also treated women almost with disdain, their macho attitudes interfering with common sense. They never wanted to sleep with the same girl twice and if they did, they strung them along just to have a willing sex partner. They talked to them crudely, even though some of the girls pretended not to mind, and sometimes talked about them like they weren't even there.

Sam didn't get down like that, it wasn't her thing. But somehow she found she still hung out with other bois, a clique that on one hand she liked because of the camaraderie, but on the other hand disliked because it could be hell on the women they were with. Sam genuinely loved women. Everything about them. But because she had a hard time with some of the aspects of what being a boi entailed, she found herself sometimes removed from what she was doing with them, especially when she hung around Joey.

Some of her fears and desires...well, she knew if some of the other bois knew, they would dog her. The need to feel love, to receive pleasure by letting herself be open and vulerable, the want to be pentrated as well. And when she found Alison...well, it was like she was swept along on this tide, both of them wide-eyed and surprised at what was transpiring between them, both of them questioning what it was they had always truly wanted and desired from the person they were with and within themselves.

As far as their circle of friends went, Joey was the self-proclaimed power leader of the bunch, but all the bois she hung around with in town knew that Sam was by far the stronger one, mentally and physically. She pampered Joey, let her think she was boss, but she and Joey both knew Sam didn't answer to anyone, least of all her. If women had to choose, they would usually choose her over Joey, so if she could, Joey would try to find someone that might sleep with both of them, that way she could make believe they had really said yes to her, that she saw them before Sam did and therefore the girl really was hers.

Sam did what she wanted to. If she wanted to do a threesome, she did. If not, all the better for Joey. They had slept with four different women together, and each time Sam wondered why she was really even there. Until Alison. She was completely different than any woman she had ever been with. She was glad she had said yes to going to the country. Really glad.

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Alison had felt a strange feeling in the pit of her stomach for the last week or so. Sam had been avoiding her. Not calling or texting and even though she was pretty damn sure she hadn't done anything wrong, it was like Sam was acting as if she had. Ever since the trip home to meet her parents, things had been a little weird. And a few weeks later, Sam started disappearing. She would call and Sam wouldn't call back until late that night or the next morning. And they hadn't had sex since then either.

At first Alison let it slide, thinking maybe Sam needed space. Maybe bringing her home had been too early for her. The trip had been wonderful, or so she thought. She got to meet her parents and two brothers, all of whom she adored on sight. Sam took after her father physically, with her mother's

spirit. And her brothers were a riot. She could feel the love and care they had for one another and it made her miss her own father who had passed away a few years ago from cancer. They had been extremely close and she missed him every day.
They had dinner at her parents house and as they were sitting around afterwards talking, some friends had shown up. One of which was a beautiful girl by the name of Sandra who it turned out, after a few questions asked to her brother, was Sam's first love. She was a sweet girl and she hadn't felt any sort of jealousy whatsoever. Until now.
Because if she had to try to pinpoint why Sam was acting this way, all arrows pointed towards the girl. She supposed the look that Sam had on her face when Sandra had walked into the house would have been...shock. She had covered it up and acted normal pretty much the rest of the time she was there, but she sensed something in Sam's demeanor had changed. That night they had made love, but Sam had seemed distracted. And Alison, from experience, knew subconsciously what was going on. That Sam had her mind on something or more importantly someone else.
Her denial and strong need for self-preservation blocked out any negativity but she should have seen the signs. Going to her parents for the weekend. Sounding guilty. Not calling. So she felt sick to her stomach, it in knots when she found herself at Sam's. She asked the cabbie to stay outside for 5 minutes, and then leave if she didn't come back out, leaving him an extra 10 dollars. She had to know for herself. Had to know what this was. She couldn't delude herself into thinking she was what Sam wanted, when all along Sam had been waiting for the one true love she had in life to come waltzing back in.
So she found herself knocking on Sam's door. At 11pm. It took a moment, but Sam came to the door. She looked surprised to see her, holding the door open for her so she could come in. "Hey," Sam said tentatively. "Hey," Alison said, not going farther than the entrance. Thankfully it didn't seem like anyone was with her, the TV on low, a beer sitting on the table. "Do you want a beer or something?" Sam asked, her eyes connecting with hers, then sliding away. Guilt. She could see it plain as day. Why had she been so stupid in waiting this long?
"I need to ask you a question." Sam tilted her head, then nodded. "Are you sleeping with someone else?" Sam's mouth parted, but no words came out. "Sandra?" Sam swallowed, looking at the ground. "I thought so," Alison said softly, looking out towards the bay windows, feeling her heart beat slow. "Why?" Alison asked softly. Sam shook her head, "I...we never talked about being exclusive." What a fuckin' lame excuse she thought to herself, her anger starting to radiate through her. "I didn't think it was something that needed to be said," Alison said, feeling her voice rise, not wanting to lose it. "Well, I just figured you know, since the way we met..you know, you letting both of us do you," Sam said defensively. She was trying to justify her actions.
It didn't make it hurt any less. Alison felt her mouth drop open in hurt, her eyes widening. Sam's head came up and she saw the immediate apology in her eyes, regret at the words that had just come out of her mouth. She felt the tears come as she turned to open the door, "I didn't realize you regarded me so highly," she said softly. "Alison...wait.." Sam started, her eyes pleading.
"I thought you were different from all the rest of them. But you're not. You're just the same. I wish I

had never given you my heart," she whispered, her tears falling and she went down the steps two at a time, wanting to just flee, to get away. She heard Sam call her name again but it was too late for words. Her heart, that she so carefully had given to Sam had just been torn out and stomped into the ground. And she doubted she would recover from the pain for a long long time.

Pissed, Sam threw her gym bag across the floor, the sound of it hitting the wall with a loud bang not even remotely satisfying. Her head had been hurting the last two weeks. Ever since Alison had run down her steps and out of her life. She had royally screwed up. She had no idea what she was thinking, cheating on her with Sandra. She had given up the best thing in her life, for a maybe, for a dream of what could have been.

She had been in love with Sandra forever. Had always longed for her and wished she had been able to make things work with her. It was the mind of a 17 year old. Her first love. She had spent months lying in bed wondering what she had done wrong, wanting to give anything to have her back in her arms. They had seen one another as the years passed, Sandra having gotten married. They still flirted and Sam still longed, knowing it was an impossible desire. When she had come to her parents house that night she had brought Alison home, she had been surprised. She hadn't seen her in over a year. If you put her and Alison side by side, they were not really comparible. Different. Sandra more country, the home town beauty queen she remembered from school. Alison was gorgeous as well, and she saw her with adult eyes.

She had felt nervous for some reason that night, both of them in the same room together. To her credit, even though Alison knew Sandra had been her first love and girlfriend, she had been more than nice to her. And she felt guilty. When Sandra had left, she had slipped a piece of paper to her. Her number and a written note that said she missed her. She knew it was a bad idea. Knew she shouldn't call her. She had a wonderful girlfriend, someone she loved. But she had always liked to see if the fire was hot. And had called her. Sandra was single. And she wanted to meet up with her. Every instinct told her not to go. But something deep down inside, something nestled in there from back when she was 17 and full of hope and then dashed dreams of being with this woman...it compelled her to make the drive to see her.

They had only talked that first time. But it was heavy with flirting and innuendo. She should have left it at that, having felt guilty enough. She had felt so bad she had been avoiding Alison, not wanting to hear her voice, it making her feel a hundred times worse. And then she had gone again. This time they ended up meeting at a hotel at Sandra's suggestion. She knew what was going to happen if she went. And she still made the drive. And before you knew it they were on the bed and she was inside of her and at that instant, she knew she had made a horrible mistake.

Sandra was someone who she wanted in the past, someone who had made her realize she was gay and put her on that path towards discovery. But it wasn't who she wanted now. As she had sex with her, all she could think about was Alison and how she had just ruined everything between them

because of her selfish need to re-live the past.
The sex itself had been pretty damn bad. She got Sandra off, knowing it was only the polite thing to do, but she hadn't been turned on at all, hadn't felt any of the feelings she used to have towards her. Afterwards, she felt like the shittiest person in the entire world. It served her right, cheating on Alison like that. When was she going to grow up? She had to make a choice about what was right in front of her and she had made the wrong one.
The fact that Alison had guessed that she had cheated on her with Sandra was bad enough. She couldn't just get on her knees and grovel and tell her she was sorry for being an asshole of epic proprtions. No, she had to be an jerk and fire back at her pitifully. She had no idea where the words had come from about Alison sleeping with her and Joey that night. Implying that she was easy, that it was just sex. Because she didn't think that at all. She never had. The indescribable pain she had seen in Alison's eyes at her words was like a punch to the gut.
She just wanted to take everything back, rewind to when they were at her parents house. Start over. She felt horrible, wanting to make her understand she hadn't meant it, but it was too late. She had lost her. Completely. And it had been weeks since she had seen her, heard her sweet girly voice...she couldn't eat or sleep. All she did was think about her and miss her like crazy. She remembered her last words, Alison saying she wished that she had never given Sam her heart. What a great keeper of love she was. She wanted her back in the worst way.
The phone rang as she was getting dressed, her brother. "Hey," Sam answered. She had broken down and told him what had happened when he had caught her moping at the parent's house night before last. He had pretty much lambasted her, not that she didn't feel like shit anyway. Still, that's why she loved him. He always told it like it was, never tried to sugar coat anything. He yelled at her, asking her why she had to sabotage her relationships over a failed one. When he put it that way, she felt even worse.
"What's all that noise?" Sam asked, pulling her hair up in a ponytail. "I'm at Charlie's." It was a popular club among people their age. It was mixed, straight and gay. "So what's up?" Sam asked, sitting down on her bed. "Well, I got here about an hour ago and I think you need to come up here." "Why?" Sam asked. "Alison's here and she's drunk as hell. As soon as I saw her I pretty much dragged her away from the guys that were with her. No way am I gonna sit around and watch some shit go down." Sam stood up, her heart beating faster. "Give me 20 minutes." "Yeah, ok. We're in the back near the roped off area. Johnny's making sure no one messes with us." Johnny was someone they both knew in highschool, a bouncer at the club. "Ok. Thanks bro."
She hung up, pulling on a bra, not having time to use a wrap, and left the house. Guys? Why was Alison hanging around a bunch of guys? And drunk? She never got drunk. A little tipsy maybe. Somehow she knew it revolved around the shit she had done to her and it didn't sit well with her at all. When she arrived, she went straight to the back. Her brother was sitting with Alison, trying to give her water. She looked a little out of it, giggling about something. He looked relieved when he saw her. Sam walked up the steps and Alison looked up at her, her eyes slightly unfocused. She saw the recognition, the smile slipping off her face.

"Take her home, will you?" Johnny asked from nearby. "Those guys over there are pissed. They are trying to tell me they are her co-workers. Maybe, but they were pawing her like she was some after-dinner treat, especially that one in the middle." Sam turned to see a few guys nearby looking over at them. She walked closer and the one in the middle looked up at her. She saw his face change, knowing he had realized who she was.

She had run into him before when she was with Alison. Neither of them mentioning to Alison that they knew one another. After they were out of earshot, Alison had said he was some guy she worked with that was constantly hitting on her and being crude. Their parents knew one another, his father having worked for hers at the mill when she was growing up. Even though she was introduced as just Sam, Alison's arm around her waist was a definite indication that they were together. And that fucker knew it.

She walked down the steps before Johnny could stop her, going right up to him. "You aren't welcome here. Take your friends and leave," Sam growled, her voice angry. Johnny had come up next to her, another one of the bouncers nearby. He looked anxious all of the sudden, taking a slight step back. "Hey, she was having a good time," one of the other guys said but the guy she was staring down cut him off with his hand, their eyes on one another. "Sorry, we were just leaving," he said. Sam took a step closer to him, having him beat by at least a few inches, "I don't want to see you around her ever again, understood?" she said softly so only he could hear. "Yeah," he said quietly, his eyes apologetic. Sam nodded, her eyes finally moving away from his and she walked back up the steps to the raised area.

Alison was sitting up straighter, her eyes not meeting hers and she knew she had seen the confrontation. She came closer, then crouched so that they were eye-level. Alison's eyes went to hers and she saw they were more aware. "Let's get you a cab," Sam said softly. Alison didn't say anything but when she stood from her crouch, Alison got up as well. She put her hand behind her back, walking her down the steps and around the back area to the side exit where the cab was waiting.

The night air was cold and she saw it sober her up for a second as she looked around, stopping. "Get in the cab," she said quietly. Alison turned, looking like she was debating whether to walk off or not. "Please," Sam said, their eyes meeting again. Alison wobbled a little and then sighed, turning around to get in the cab. "She better not get sick in here," the cabbie warned. "She's fine," Sam said, giving her address.

Alison leaned against the door, scooting away from her and she let out a breath. Well, at least she got her out of there. She looked over at her, taking in her attire. A short billowy skirt and form-fitting sequined top, hair up exposing her neck. She looked sexy as hell. She didn't normally dress like this. What was she doing out here with her co-workers? Alison didn't even like any of the people she worked with all that much, least of all that guy, who she now remembered was named John.

Finally they reached her place and she followed Alison out of the cab, paying the cabbie. She debated telling him to wait but knew that she should probably stay in case she got sick. She waved him off, following her as she weaved up the stairs slightly. Sam pulled out the key she still had to her apartment, Alison leaning against the door, looking in her purse. She opened the door and put her

arm around Alison, trying to keep her upright as they went inside. It had been a long time since she was in her arms. And Alison didn't want to be in them obviously, pulling away as she entered the house.
Sam closed the door behind her and followed her into the kitchen. Alison pulled out a bottled water and pulled herself up onto the counter slowly. Sam hesitated, then grabbed a water for herself, coming to stand in front of her a few feet away, watching her as she took a long swallow.
She looked less drunk, but she could still tell she was. "What were you doing at that club?" Sam asked, taking a long drink. Alison shrugged, "Just having fun." "You don't even like those guys," Sam frowned, her eyes soaking her in. Her blue eyes were dark, her lips moist from her chewing on them. She found her eyes drawn to them, a tingle going up her spine. "What?" Alison asked and she looked up at her, her voice slighty beligerent, "You aren't my mother. You're definintely not my lover. So why do you care?"
Alison shook her head, leaning forward and nearly slipped off the counter, Sam catching her, her body pushing between her legs, her skirt riding up. Sam let out a breath, Alison's hands going up to her arms. They stared at one another, Sam wanted so much to touch her everywhere, taste her, just be with her. They looked at one another in the dark light, a million thoughts sliding through her head. She looked so good, felt so good just being in her arms again, her soft weight against her. She could see Alison's desire the moment Alison said, "Want to fuck?" her voice raw.
Sam almost groaned at her words. "You're drunk," she hesitated. Alison looked at her, then her eyes moved away but not before she saw the dejection in them. "Baby," Sam whispered, cupping her face. Alison didn't turn her head. Sam moved it gently so that they were looking at one another again. "You don't want me, I know. I get it," Alison whispered, her voice laden with emotion. "God, of course I do, mama," Sam whispered, her heart hurting at her words. She saw the disbelief in her eyes. She leaned in, kissing her softly.
Their lips clung, Alison tasting like a mixture of the alcohol she had to drink and the cinnamon gum she had chewed on their way home. She knew she shouldn't make love to her when she was drunk, knew they both needed to be sober to figure this out, but the pain she had seen in her eyes and her words propelled her forward. She could give her this, if just for this night, salve their wounds. She searched Alison's eyes, the longing running through them.
Alison seemed as though she would push her away, her eyes showing her will waring with her lust and then their mouths collided, both of them desperately melding their tongues and lips, their hands roaming as they pushed hard against one another. She groaned, Alison gasping softly. Alison's hands went to her jeans, her buttons coming undone quickly as she pulled them over her hips. Sam felt out of control as Alison's skirt slid up exposing her thong. Alison spread her legs, reaching for her and a moment later, the thin strip of material pushed aside, she was deep inside of her. Alison let out a harsh sigh, Sam's knees wanting to buckle from the pleasure she saw on her face. She pumped into her fast, Alison grasping and pulling at her shirt and shoulder as she leaned into her.
With one arm under her, she lifted her, impaling her completely and Alison arched, then relaxed completely in her arms, panting. She stumbled towards the bedroom, their mouths still on one

another. They fell to the bed, their hands sliding over one another, Alison's going to her shirt. Her eyes wouldn't meet hers, instead they were on her own hands as she started to unbutton it. In her haste, she hadn't bothered binding herself, putting on a bra and Alison hesitated, seeing it. But still she didn't look up at her, as she pulled the shirt off.

Alison made her pull out and she turned on the bed getting on her hands and knees. Sam felt her breath hitch in her throat as Alison remained on all fours, sliding forward onto the sheets. She slowly got on her knees behind her. "Alison," Sam whispered. Alison didn't say anything, her head hanging low, but her ass came up higher in anticipation. She let out a slow breath, her eyes glued to her and then inched her way inside of her, her other hand going around her waist to press on her clit and Alison let out a soft sound, reflexively pushing back against her.

"Fuck," Sam ground out, Alison looking so fucking sexy. She didn't push in all the way, but lightly slid in and out, watching Alison arch her back, moaning. She held onto her hip, her other hand going to her breast as she leaned forwards and rolled the nipple in her fingers. Alison was moving with her, her hands clenching in the sheets as they had sex. Soon they were both moaning as she pushed into her fully, harder, their pace quickening.

Alison's legs were trembling and Sam folded herself over her, Alison laying flat on the bed as Sam reached for her hands, sliding her fingers through hers as they grasped the sheets. "Damn it," Alison let out, burying her face in her arm as her legs spread wider, her knees coming up onto the sheets, Sam taking her firmly, pressing her deep into the bed. Sam soothed kisses over her back and shoulders, resting her mouth on her neck near her ear as she felt Alison start to shudder under her. She slid her hand under her again, rubbing her clit the way she knew she liked it.

"I'm sorry for hurting you. Please forgive me baby," Sam whispered, her head bowing to hers. She saw Alison's brow furrow as her eyes closed tight, her body tense as she stood on the edge, and then she climaxed, her body heaving under hers, lengthening and tightening as she sobbed into the sheets, the sounds muffled. Sam slowed down, clutching her close, afraid of letting her go. She lifted her leg over her own body, laying down on her side facing her, still deep inside. Alison's body had to turn, reluctantly accepting Sam's body holding hers. She knew if she pulled out, if she broke this contact they had with one another, she would lose her and she desperately wanted her to stay in her arms. Make her see it was only her that she wanted and saw.

She lifted Alison's leg over her hip, holding her close, her arm going around her waist and she rested her hand on her lower back. Her other arm was under Alison's neck, bending at the elbow so that her body weight curved towards her. Alison's hands had nowhere to go but be pressed against her stomach and chest where they rested, unmoving. She kissed her hair, her forehead, pressing her face against her lightly and when she felt Alison's breathing slowly even out, she moved gently, barely going in and out of her, her hand firm on her back, moving over her thigh and then back up to her shoulder blades.

Alison exhaled slowly, letting her take her, her head dropping to rest against her shoulder. She reached down, her fingers lightly feeling the wetness around the strap-on, coating herself and then moved her fingers very slowly between her ass cheeks, running them across her. Alison's face

pushed into her collarbone, the only sign of acknowledgement and acceptance of what she was doing.
She made love to her slowly, making sure the angle was just right as she lifted her own leg, bending at the knee and planted her foot, spreading Alison's legs wider, the base of the strap-on sliding the rest of the way in. Alison moaned softly, her hands moving slightly on her stomach. She nearly groaned at feeling her react. She slid almost all the way out, then back in, over and over again, all the while rubbing her fingers between her ass. Alison's body started to move with hers of its own accord as she took her on that slow rise again.
Soon Alison was moaning continuously, her hips moving on hers. She nudged Alison's mouth with her own, brushing their lips together. Alison's mouth parted, but she didn't lean in. She bent her head, her mouth moving lightly over hers and she took Alison's lip in between her own, her finger pressing into her ass lightly. Alison shuddered, her body moving back to meet her finger which pressed, but stayed on the outside, wet and waiting. She took her mouth painstakingly slow, playing her tongue and teeth over her lips and then Alison's hands moved, sliding over her stomach, going around her middle, her other hand opening, going between her breasts and her mouth opened under hers as they started to kiss. Fuck yeah.
Sam moaned, her hips never changing pace as she kissed her again and again, her finger finally sliding into her from behind and Alison groaned into her mouth, their bodies now moving as one, sweat making their skin damp. She felt Alison's hips shift, finding the spot she needed to press against her clit and she altered her thrust, helping her. Alison's body tensed and she knew she was in the right place. She stayed where she was, pumping into her, adding another finger, Alison's head now tilted back in pleasure, her lip between her teeth.
She kissed her neck, her breasts, her face as they moved together. How could she have ever left this? How could she have done what she did? Why had she risked everything, risked losing this woman? Alison's body jerked and then she cried out softly, clutching at her as she came, her body undulating in her arms until it slowly stilled, Sam watching every moan and sigh. "Please," Sam whispered, feeling tears come to her eyes. Alison's head came up slowly, her breath coming in pants and her eyes opened at the plea in her voice.
Their eyes remained on one another, and she saw Alison's tears come, saw the pain and longing in them. She still wanted her. She felt hope slice through her. She pulled out of her, then curled her body around hers, Alison relaxing into her. "I'll do anything...just come back to me, to us," she whispered, afraid. Alison didn't say anything, but she didn't move away, her arm still around her waist, her face against her chest, her breath gentle on her skin.
She lay holding her for awhile until she felt her fall into sleep and then she slid out of bed, taking off the strap-on. She got two more bottles of cold water and washed up before coming back to bed. She curled her body around her, spooning her. If she woke and still didn't want anything to do with her, there wasn't anything more she could do. She would always be full of regret, always wish she could've done things differently, and always want her. Because even though it was never something she had said to Alison, she knew she was in love her.Alison shifted in her arms, and she held her

tighter. "I love you," she whispered, sleep coming over her gently like a blanket knowing that at least she had the woman she wanted in her arms, if only for the night.

Alison felt the headache before anything else. She knew if she let out a groan, it would hurt worse. The sun was bright behind her eyelids and she tried to pry one open slowly. The clock looked back at her. 9am. She started to move and then froze. An arm was around her waist, a body nestled into hers from behind. God, what in the hell happened last night?

She closed her eyes and everything came back in a rush. Going to the club with her co-workers. Getting drunk and feeling like she just didn't give a damn, that nothing seemed to matter. Who had she run into? Sam's brother. Embarassed, she remembered hitting on him, and him being gracious, pulling her away from the guys. And then suddenly Sam was in front of her. Looking dangerous and oh so fuckin' good. She vaguely remembered her confronting her co-workers, talking to John who had actually looked scared of her.

And then they were here. In the kitchen, in the bed. Sam inside of her. She felt her heart start to beat faster as visions of Sam taking her from behind flitted through her mind. She also remembered being in her arms, her fingers pressed inside of her. Her eyes opened again as she replayed their conversations, or what little they had spoken. Unlike some people who got drunk, she usually could remembered most things she said and did, never blacked out.

She asked Sam if she wanted to fuck. She felt her cheeks tinge. Sam had told her she was drunk. She had felt rejection all over again. And then Sam had kissed her and it was lights out. No matter how much she had hurt her, no matter that she felt like an ass around her, felt like she wasn't desirable enough, she still wanted her. She hated that she was in love with someone that didn't want her the way she wanted them.

She could hear Sam's whispered words, asking for forgiveness, for another chance. She didn't know if she could. She wasn't good enough for her to not go to someone else's bed the first time, what made her think she could keep her in her bed at all? And love? Well, Sam had never mentioned love. Never had told her she loved her or was in love with her. Although last night, she felt care and need come from her. She knew that Sam had regretted the words she had said when they last saw one another, but that didn't mean in some small way she didn't believe that Alison was just someone worth keeping around until someone better came along.

She sat up slowly, Sam's hand moving over her hip. She realized Sam was awake when her hand didn't fall away, but remained on her. She couldn't look at her, felt mortified at her actions. She put her hands on the bed on either side of her. "Don't go," Sam said softly behind her. She felt her shoulders lower, her head hanging. She wanted to get up at the same time crawl back into the warm sheets behind her. Sam made the decision for her, pulling on her lightly until she was pressed back against her body. "Lay with me."

She let out a breath, looking out the window. If she had any self worth, she would get up out of this bed and make her go too. "Boo," Sam whispered and she felt her heart melting. God damn her. She turned her head slowly, feeling her tears come and was surprised to see Sam's tears already welling

in her eyes. She blinked at her, feeling indecision. Sam sat up, the sheets falling away and she felt her breath catch. She was always so magnificent in all her glory, naked and waiting. And she knew she had been selfish last night, taking and not giving, but she hadn't cared. Just wanted her own pain to go away.

Sam reached out, touching her face. "I'm sorry," she said quietly, her eyes sad, full of misery. Alison felt her shoulder lift. Sam scooped her up, startling her and rolled so that she was beneath her, their bodies sliding together. "I'm sorry I'm such a bastard. I made a horrible mistake," she whispered, searching her eyes. Alison's tears fell, the pain still fresh. "I was selfish, thinking maybe I could step back in time..to when I was a kid, thinking I could undo any wrongs I perceived I had done, but I'm not a kid anymore," she said softly.

The silence was thick. "Did you find what you were looking for?" Alison said almost inaudibly. "No. Because what I was looking for I had already found, with you." Alison looked at her, then away, unsure as she wiped at her tears. "I'm scared to death of being in love with you. But I am. Time stops when we are together. This is where I was meant to be and I was walking around blind, not able to walk into the future." Alison felt her heart beat faster at her words. "I don't want to live in the past. I want to be here with you."

"Sam," Alison whispered, wanting to believe, but needing to know. She was in love with her? Sam shook her head, cupping her face, "It was only that one time and it was god awful. But I want you to know that's not why I'm here right now with you. No matter what it would've been like, my heart was miles away, with you. I know I hurt you and hurt us. All I'm asking for is another chance. To prove to you every day that you are the person that I want to be with. For as long as you'll have me. I promise I won't ever hurt you again."

Alison saw the truth in her eyes. "Please give me another chance," she bowed her head to hers. Alison bit her lip looking away but she felt her heart start to beat again, albeit slowly. She looked up at her, Sam's eyes heavy with turmoil. She was so damn sexy. And she was here, she hadn't left. She was saying the words she needed to hear.

She tentatively put her hands on her chest and Sam closed her eyes, their faces brushing. Could she try to be with her? Yeah, she could. Because she wanted her and still was in love with her. "If you can't be honest with me, then there is no us," Alison whispered. "No more secrets," Sam stated, their arms around one another. She hoped she wasn't making a mistake. God it felt good to be in her arms again.

Sam sighed, closing the door to her townhouse. She was pretty much in state of constant arousal ever since spending the night with Alison. She was making her wait, her body language tentative around her. She could respect that. She promised she wasn't going anywhere anytime soon and she had meant it. It didn't mean she didn't want to just attack her at times. Every time she saw she seemed to get better and better looking. How was that possible? It wasn't like she was dressing suggestively or anything like that. If anything, she was dressing down wearing jeans and tshirts, not

bothering with make-up or anything like that, which she didn't need anyway. She only looked more sexy to her.
That she had agreed to even let her back into her life was a minor miracle so she wasn't going to push her luck. The chemistry was definitely still there, like electric static when they were close. They weren't hanging out as much as they did when they were first together, but she was hoping gradually they would be. They started out with having dinner a few times that following week, then they had met up at a party for her brother in the city. They had spent the whole night sitting next to one another and had danced twice, the closest she had gotten to making love to her, the beat slow, their arms wrapped around one another, their eyes speaking volumes.
It was like starting over with someone, someone you already had a love and history with. And she found it enlightening. It was like discovering bits of her all over again. The way her eyes crinkled when she was amused, the way her tongue snaked out to wet her lip when she was thinking. And other things that she took for granted were being spotlighted. The way Alison was so gracious to other people. And she was certainly the more traditional "woman", deferring to her in little ways. She had always done it before, but it was something she hadn't really noticed until now.
She knew that Alison was slowly coming back to her, the soft blushes, her body softening more against hers when they sat together on the couch watching a movie or when they said goodnight at her doorstep. And then last night, they had made out heavily as they sat on her patio chair, their mouths tangling sweetly, her hands sliding across her bare back, cupping a full breast. She had been so turned on that she thought she might have come if they had continued.
Still, Alison seemed to be holding back. She would still see glimpses in her eyes when she turned away form her, a small sadness, insecurity. She had done this to her, made her this way. If she could take back all the hurt, she would. She didn't know how other than to show her that she wanted only her. She knew her thought process. Not sleep with her and then not have to risk falling again if something happened. Sam was not the most patient person in the world, not used to denying herself sex, but she knew that without a doubt, Alison was worth waiting for.
She looked up at the clock. 7pm. Alison was coming over in a half hour for dinner. Not being the best cook she had already ordered take-out. Alison was a phenomenal cook, but she didn't want to ask her to cook even though she knew she would have. She knew Alison had been having a tough week at work and didn't want her to get off only to have to cook. She lit a few candles, turning on the TV and tried to clean up a little. They had been going over to her house mostly so she had been neglecting her own. She poured herself a drink when she heard the doorbell. She paid the Chinese delivery guy and then pulled out plates, setting everything on the island.
A moment later, there was a knock. Alison let herself in and they smiled at one another from across the space. "Hey you," Sam said, wiping her hands on the towel. "Hi," Alison replied, taking off her coat. She came towards her and pulled her into a hug. They stood for a long moment and then Sam took her hand, leading her to the kitchen table. She made her sit while she dished them some food and poured Alison a glass of wine. "Thanks baby," she smiled up at her, settling into the chair.
They ate and talked about work, both of them slow in their movements, their eyes on one another.

Alison seemed unhurried, chewing her food slowly, her chopsticks playing on the plate as she scooped up rice. Sam felt a zing go through her as Alison's eyes seemed to darken on her. "Stop," Alison smiled, pushing her plate away. "Stop what?" Alison laughed softly, crossing her legs, her skirt riding up to reveal her gorgeous legs. "Looking at me like that." Sam raised her eyebrow, "Me?" She stood up, coming to stand in front of her, picking up her plate, hers already in her other hand. Alison's hand went to her leg, tugging on her jeans lightly. So damn beautiful. She bent, their lips meeting softly. She took the plates to the kitchen and was getting out the wine when her cell rang.

Alison watched Sam bend over slightly, her hand going to the kitchen counter. "What? When?" Alison stood up, watching her. "Is he ok?" Sam's voice cracked slightly and Alison felt her stomach drop. She hesitated, then came to stand near her in the kitchen. "Ok, I'm leaving now." She clicked end on her phone, her eyes downcast. "What is it Sam?" Alison asked softly. Sam turned, her eyes dark, scared. "My dad, he's had a stroke. He's in a coma." "Oh Sam," Alison whispered. She put her arms around Sam who hugged her back. "I have to go home. Maybe stay for a bit." Alison nodded, "If there is anything I can do, let me know?"

Sam came to her full height, wiping at her tears, "Yeah there is." Alison looked up at her expectantly. "Come with me." Alison's mouth parted, surprised at the request. "Of course. Definitely." "Thank you," she said softly. "How about you go home and pack a bag and I come pick you up in about a half hour?" Sam asked. Alison nodded. She was due for a vacation anyway, her boss having told her numerous times she needed to take some time off. Things would just have to be put on hold. "I'll take a week off and stay with you if you want." Sam looked at her hopefully and nodded. She kissed her gently and then grabbed her coat, leaving.

By the time they got into the small town where her father was hospitalized in, visiting hours were over so they went straight to her parents house. All the lights were on, cars in the drive. Sam grabbed both their bags and she followed her up the walk, her heart hurting for her. Crying and hugs went all around, Alison feeling slightly out of place. Sam's mom wouldn't have it, pulling her lightly into the kitchen with them.

Her eyes widened. Food everywhere, a few people she didn't recognize and Sam's brother sitting around the table. "Hey Alison. Alison, these are my cousin's Pete and Jill." Sam's brother got up as Sam went to talk to her other brother out on the back porch. "Hey Chris, hey guys." They hugged and she felt her cheeks flush, "I'm sorry about what happened that night.." but Chris stopped her. "Don't be sorry. You didn't do anything wrong kiddo. Has Sam finally pulled her head out of her ass?" Alison laughed softly, nodding. "Good. I would hate to see her lose the best thing that's ever happened to her. She loves you, you know?" "You don't have to sell her to me Chris," Alison winked at him as he poured her some iced tea. He grinned, "Hell, she needs a lot of selling after the shit she put you through."

Alison smiled, feeling it fade. "Everything's going to be ok," she nodded softly. Chris nodded back, "Yeah, I know. Try telling the chicks that though." They all laughed as Sam came back in the house,

her eyes red. She hugged her mom again who had come back in the kitchen and said hello to her cousins, taking the seat next to her. She laced her hand in hers and they sat around talking quietly for awhile. Finally the cousins left and she got up, going with Sam upstairs to the spare bedroom. They got ready for bed, silent and when she slid in next to her, she wanted nothing more than to give her comfort. Everything else seemed insignificant.

She lay next to her on her side and kissed her slowly, Sam responding, her arm going around her. "Do you want to...make love?" she asked hesitantly, their eyes on one another. "I do...but not right now, not because you want to make me feel better. I want to wait until it's for the right reasons," she whispered, pulling her tight to her. Alison felt her heart clench at her words as she held her close. She knew how much Sam wanted her, how hard it had been for her to hold out.

She knew she was ready. But Sam was right. Doing it just out of comfort would lessen it, make it about something else. "I love you," Alison whispered, finally baring herself again to Sam. Sam stilled, her head coming down so that they were eye level. "I love you too baby." They kissed gently, making out slowly, the bodies snug against one another. Breathless, Alison pulled back, "Hey now...are you changing your mind?" Sam laughed, her breaths slowing. "Ok ok." They snuggled, sleep coming quickly for both of them.

Sam laughed, relaxing against the chair as her dad sat up slowly. After a few days of being back home, he had awoken from his coma. She didn't think she had ever been so ecstatic in her life. It also made her sad when she thought about Alison though, and her father who had died of cancer. Alison had to live through months of his dying before he had passed and Sam admired her strength exponentially after this ordeal.

"So, Chris told me you've been acting like an idiot..almost lost that beautiful girlfriend of yours," he eyed her, standing. Sam stood, helping him as he slipped into his shoes, her face flushing slightly. "Yeah, I was an asshole. I don't deserve her." "You do, which has always been your problem, thinking you aren't capable or worthy of being with someone as special as her. But you are." Sam felt her chest constrict as their eyes met. "All I could think when you were in this coma was that if you knew what I had done, you would've been so disappointed in me," Sam said softly. "I am. But I would've been more disappointed if when I woke up from my nap you and Alison hadn't mended the rift. I know I didn't raise my only daughter to treat another person with disrespect."

Sam hung her head as she helped him into his shirt, suitably chastised. "I love her..." Sam quietly, both of them walking down the hall towards the kitchen. "Have you told her that?" he asked as he settled into the kitchen chair. She went to get him a glass, "Yeah, I did," she smiled slightly. "Good girl," he winked, "It shouldn't be automatic, saying I love you. Every time I say it to your mom, it comes from here," he said, pressing his hand to his chest. "You're lucky she puts up with your crap," Sam laughed, handing him a glass of juice with his pills. "Hell yeah I am. Your relationship with Ali reminds me of when when your mom and I started going out." Ali? She smiled at his nickname of her girlfriend. "How so?"

He hesitated, then took his pills, finishing his juice, "I cheated on her after the first few months, thinking I just wasn't ready...that that crush in my heart couldn't be love." Sam looked at him surprised. "You take after me. We like to act before we think," he sighed, sitting back. "Did Mom know?" He nodded, "I wear guilt on me the same way you do. She sniffed it out in a heartbeat. She broke it off with me, wouldn't talk to me for months. I realized right then and there that it was love. That I had been scared. It took me a few months more, but she finally started to talk to me again. I'm blessed to have such a forgiving woman to call mine."

"Alison is like mom in some ways isn't she?" Sam asked, sitting down next to him. "In many ways. I saw that immediately when you brought her home." Sam mulled this over as she pushed the plate of toast closer to her dad. "Well, don't get any funny ideas old man," she squinted at him and they both laughed, her dad chewing on the toast. "So...was it worth it?" Sam looked at him, "Was what worth it?" "Sleeping with your first girlfriend." Sam shook her head, "Definitely not. Even if the sex had been good, it wouldn't have been worth it." "Ooh, she wasn't good in bed?" he asked. Sam laughed, "It was never about the sex." He nodded his understanding, both of them turning when they heard the doorbell.

Alisontightened her ponytail walking down the stairs and half way down felt her feet falter. Chris had opened the door and Sandra was standing behind it. She hesitated, then continued down the steps, their eyes meeting as she came to the bottom. Chris looked back at her, then at Sandra, "Is Sam here?" she asked softly.Alison turned to go to the kitchen, knowing she was in there with her dad. "I'll get her for you," she replied, Chris looking uncomfortable. She heard them exchange words as she went into the kitchen.

Sam smiled up at her as she came in, the sun filtering through the blinds, her dad propped in the chair across from her. "Hey beautiful," Sam yawned, pushing out a chair with her foot for her to sit. "Sandra's here to see you," Alison cleared her throat. Sam blinked up at her, her smile disappearing. Her eyes flickered to her dad who gave her a smile, "Better man up little lady." For some reason the words made her smile as Sam slowly stood. "Crap on toast," she murmured. She cupped Alison's face, giving her a soft kiss. Both of them looked up to see Sandra coming into the kitchen with Chris, Chris throwing up his hands behind her.

"Hello Sir," Sandra said, seeing Sam's dad at the table. "How are you Sandra?" "Good sir. I came to see how you were doing?" The tension in the room was thick and Alison scooted away from Sam, grabbing Chris's hand as she pulled him back towards the living room. Sam gave her a dirty look, her dad looking amused. Let them deal with it. Chris laughed as they made their way out onto the front porch. "You are one cool girl, you know that? My girlfriend would be having a conniption fit right about now." Alison shrugged, "I have to trust her Chris." He looked down at her as they sat on the steps, looking out at the sun rising in front of them. "She loves you like crazy honey." Alison bit her lip, resting her head on her knees, looking at him, "I love her too."

They sat talking for a bit about his vacation plans coming up with his girlfriend, both of them sipping their coffee when the screen door opened behind them. Chris stood, taking it from Sandra's hand. She came down the steps, Chris going inside and Alison stood. Sandra turned, their eyes meeting. "We slept together, you know," she said watching her. Alison studied her. She really was a very pretty girl. Natural beauty who looked slightly older than her years. But behind her eyes, she saw something else. Crushed dreams of a small town girl, the need to be more than she was. "I know," she admitted quietly. "It doesn't bother you?" she asked, as Alison stood next to her. "Yeah, it did and still does." Sandra finally lowered her eyes, looking out across the horizon. "I'm sorry. I'm not the kind of person that comes between people..I never have been. I...Sam is special. I always thought...that maybe one day she and I would be able to come together again. That what we had before would somehow still be there, unchanged." Alison shoved her hands in her pockets waiting for her to finish. "I never on counted on time...or you."
Their eyes met. "She is so into you. Everything I ever wanted but could never take...she wants to give it to you," Sandra whispered, tears starting to form in her eyes. "I'll take good care of her," Alison said softly. Sandra nodded, the back of her hand carelessly wiping at her shed tears. "I know. I just..wanted to say that I was sorry for any pain I caused you." Alison shook her head, "You're just searching for love like the rest of us," she whispered. Sandra gave her a slight smile, "I can see what Sam sees in you," she sighed reaching out to squeeze her arm gently, then she turned, walking towards her car.

She turned, climbing the steps of the house and went inside. Sam was leaning on the doorframe to the kitchen, her back towards her laughing at something Chris was saying. God she was so damn sexy. And she wanted her. Her desire hit her like a ton of bricks and she felt her stomach start to butterfly. Sam turned her head hearing her approach. She gave her a tentative smile, a question in her eyes. "You promised me a swim by the lake today," Alison smiled back, starting to walk backwards towards the stairs to the room they were staying in. Sam gave her a slow smile nodding and she followed her, leaving her dad and brother to talk.
Shrieking, she jumped out of the water, the sun warming her skin. They had found a secluded spot, far from prying eyes and had been playing in the lake for the last half hour. Sam was so much like her guy friends in the past, trying to dunk her and squirt water at her. She wasn't some sissy girl, showing her the skills she had back when she used to play sports, swimming being her one of choice. She sat down on the blanket under the tree, watching Sam make her way out of the water. She was wearing swim trunks that were low on her hips and a sports bra, water sluicing down her body as she walked towards her. She felt her groin wake up just looking at her.
Sam sat next to her grabbing a towel and looked over at her as she let the water evaporate from the sun beating down on her. "Thank you for coming with me, baby." Alison smiled up at her, "Of course. I'm glad I could be here for you and your family." "My parents want to adopt you. They are in love with you you know." Alison laughed, "I'm in love with them too. They are so wonderful together." Sam nodded, "35 years." Alison nodded, "My parents were together for 30." "They still are," Sam said softly, looking up at the clouds above them as the slowly moved across the sky. Alison felt her heart

open at her words, her body relaxing on the blanket as she lay.
She undid her bikini top, pulling the straps over her head. Sam turned to say something and the words died on her lips as she watched her undress. She lay the top aside and undid the strings on both sides of the bottoms she was wearing. It fell away as she lay on her back naked, her body still wet from the water. "Your turn," she whispered. Sam swallowed, her eyes darkening and she turned on her knees, water drops hitting her stomach and legs. She pulled her sports bra off, then undid her swim trunks, pulling them over her hips. No strap-on, no binding, both of them naked as the day they were born.
She watched Sam as she bent, her mouth going over her legs to kiss her between them and she felt herself clench. "Lay on your back," Alison said softly. Sam did, her skin looking dark against the light color of the blanket. She crouched over her, giving her a long kiss and then she turned so that her head was between Sam's legs, Sam's head below her, between her own thighs.
"Damn," Sam whispered, her hands running up her sides to her ass and thighs. Alison groaned, feeling Sam's mouth quickly go to work, her hands bringing her closer so that she straddled her face completely. She pushed Sam's legs farther apart, her eyes taking in her shy lips, covering her clit and opening. This was her favorite way of making love if truth be told. As much as she liked the penetration and the feel of being taken, she loved the softness and vulnerability of this act, and as her mouth descended on Sam she thought she had died and gone to heaven.
She licked up and down, spreading her lips farther, tasting her juices mixed with the water of the lake. Sam moaned into her and she gasped, feeling Sam use her tongue and her fingers, teasing her. She lapped at her, her hands holding onto Sam's thighs as she flicked her clit gently, making her squirm. She found a rhythm that Sam liked and stayed, alternating between running her tongue up her slit to licking her clit in circles. Her legs were quaking over Sam's mouth and Sam brought her down, as she fully rested on her, the pleasure fierce.
Sam's fingers entered her the same time hers entered Sam and they both bucked into one another, tongues now on clits as they stabbed again and again. She was close, didn't want to come without her and she whimpered, shaking her head but Sam didn't slow down. Her eyes flew open as she felt her insides clench strongly, Sam hitting just the right spot inside of her, her tongue steady. She groaned, her hips involuntarily moving and pressing into Sam, trying to get more of that feeling.
She pumped her fingers into Sam faster, sucking on her clit with precision, her tongue pressing against her engorged slit and she curved her fingers lightly, causing Sam's legs to spread, a gush of wetness further lubricating her fingers. Sam was moaning into her, now close and Alison couldn't hold out anymore as she rode her face and hands, needy. The orgasm hit her with the force of a tidal wave crashing against her body and she came hard, her cries silent against Sam's clit and lips, her fingers pressing deep into Sam and Sam groaned, her legs collapsing onto the blanket, her insides clenching rhythmically around her fingers as she climaxed.
Alison shivered, the aftermath of the orgasm still causing her body to quake. She lifted her legs up, settling on her knees, knowing she was probably crushing Sam. She pushed her mouth into Sam again, kissing her slowly between her lips, then withdrew. She turned, feeling Sam come out of her

and felt her arms around her, pulling her into her body, both of them now sweaty, her damp hair falling around them. "I can't move," Sam let out, her eyes closed. Alison smiled, snuggling into her, their bodies close. "I bet I can get you to move again," Alison whispered, kissing her neck. "Argh..." Sam shuddered and reached up, slapping her ass gently. Alison laughed, "See?" They both grinned, laying for awhile, a slight breeze cooling them.

Both of them sat up after a bit, putting their clothes back on and wrapping their bathing suits in their towels. Sam folded the blanket, putting it in the bag they had brought and slung it over their shoulder as they walked back towards the house. Alison slid her hand in Sam's both of them quiet. Sam put her arm around her, pulling her close, both of them in their own thoughts.

As they reached the farm, they could hear laughter and the clink of glasses and silverware. Sam stopped near the stairs, facing her. She looked up at her face, the sun setting slowly behind them. "I love you mama," Sam said softly, dropping the bag and wrapping her arms around her. "I love you too," Alison whispered holding her tight. "Please tell me you forgive me," she whispered, their foreheads touching. Alison took her face in her hands, her eyes meeting Sam's hopeful ones. "I do." Sam broke into a huge smile and lifted her up into her arms. "Thank God. Cause you know I can't be without you. You make me feel whole." Alison smiled softly at her, "Then let's make this work. You and I." Sam nodded, kissing her. She set her down just as the screen door opened.

"Hey you two lovebirds. Get in here for dinner already and stop goofing off!" Both of them laughed at Sam's mom as she motioned them in with a smile, Alison feeling her cheeks bloom like she was a kid on a date that got caught by her parents. "Yes Ma'am," Sam said, picking up the bag and they held hands, going up the stairs together. Sam's mom pshawed her daughter over the threshold, Sam letting go of her hand and Alison's eyes met her mother's, shining and full of happiness. She put her hand on Alison's shoulder, "Thank you for bringing our daughter back to us. She's been missing for a long time." Alison bit her lip, giving her a smile.

Her mom touched her face gently, "Welcome to the family honey," she whispered and brought her into a hug. She felt tears as she hugged her back, feeling complete for the first time in a long while. She felt like her father was looking down at her, a hand on her other shoulder in reassurance. "Thank you," she said quietly, giving her hand a slight squeeze before walking over the threshold and into the bright household filled with smiles and love. Sam was coming from the kitchen, and she held out her hand for her to join them. She took it, taking a deep breath, then walked into the waiting room with her. When in roam, she thought. Her time of searching was over.