

# Investigative Journalism

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*Reporter Dawn investigates a club for women only*

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Dawn Garth took a deep breath and pushed open the door. She took the five or six steps down that led through a curtained archway and into the spacious room. Nervously, the blond woman scanned the entire area. Her eyes swept over the bar, where a few stools were occupied, to the couples on the dance floor. She took in the row of tables on the far side as well as the booths scattered against the back wall.

In spite of her nervousness, her foot twitched to the music pouring from the bandstand in the far right hand corner. The lead singer had a deep, husky voice that made the lyrics come alive. The bass guitarist, the drummer, the keyboarder all were having a good time and their mood seemed to infect the whole club.

It had been a long time since Dawn had heard a group throw themselves into a song like this one was doing. And even longer since she had heard an all-girl band. But then, after all, that made sense. For every person in the room, from the band to the muscular bouncers standing near her, to the blonde and redheaded bartenders, to each member of every single couple on the dance floor was a woman.

So what was she doing in a lesbian bar? That was the latest brainstorm of her boss, Rick Carter, the head of the News Division at the TV station where she worked.

"Dawn, I know you want to do something beyond fluff pieces. I understand that. I just don't have anything in mind right now."

"Rick, please. Come up with something. I want to be a serious journalist, not just the early morning female with the bright smile and the local weather and sports. God, the other day I saw my description in the newspaper's media guide. Do you know how it feels to be described as 'perky'? That's the equivalent of being described to a blind date as 'having a great personality'."

Rick groaned. "That's dirty pool, Dawn. However, let me look at what we have." He skimmed through the papers on his desk.

"How about investigating some reports of auto shop rip-offs?"

"Not that they don't need to be stopped, but we just did that a few months ago."

"Unlicensed day-care centers? Shoppettes selling out-of-date merchandise? Fast-food restaurant health code violations?"

Dawn shook her head at each one.

Rick grunted, his usual way of showing his patience was running short. Then he grinned, pulling a sheet of paper loose and fluttering it in front of Dawn.

"Here you go. This one you'll find interesting. There's a new club that opened in the downtown district recently, against strong opposition and protests. Why don't you go check it out? No cameras or anything. Just observations and your opinions. Heck, you can make it an editorial piece."

Dawn frowned as she snatched the piece of paper. "What in the world? I don't remember there being any commotion about a new club." Her jaw dropped. "Holy SHIT! 'The Other Side'? That's the lesbian club."

"Yep," Rick leaned back in his chair, his hands behind his head.

"Is this some kind of joke Rick? Are we witch-hunting or something?"

"Absolutely not," her boss protested. "In fact, you might see this as an opportunity to disabuse some people of their stereo-types. Perhaps you can show that the women there come from all backgrounds and walks of life. Some may not even be lesbians, or whadda-ya-call them, bisexuals."

"Well, what would they be doing there then?" Dawn demanded.

"How should I know?" Rick shrugged. "YOU'RE the reporter."

Dawn shook her head and found herself back at the present when a calloused hand stroked her forearm.

"Hey there, pretty gal. All dressed up and no one to ride you?" Dawn turned her startled eyes on the woman standing next to her.

Dawn had known more than one lesbian in college and was well aware that they, like all people, came in a great variety of sizes, shapes and styles. This one though, practically screamed testosterone at her. About five-ten and solidly built, she wore cammie pants and a baggy tan shirt

along with what looked to be desert boots.

"Maybe you'd like to come over to the private booth that my girlfriend and I have reserved." The butch female pointed towards the back wall, where a matching specimen was waving and pulling on a set of curtains that apparently closed around the booth.

"No, thank you," stammered Dawn. The other woman's grip tightened and she seemed amused by Dawn's confusion and her lack of response.

"Back off, Delaney," came another voice. Dawn looked to see someone she assumed was one of the female bouncers standing by them, her arms folded under her breasts. It surprised Dawn that the woman, although showing signs of a lot of working out, looked remarkably feminine. Her make-up was perfect and the dress she wore was cut to flatter her figure."

"Shit, Gummer, I ain't scared of you," the woman holding Dawn's arm snarled.

"Well that's good Delany, 'cause I sure as hell ain't scared of you, or your pal over there or a dozen more like you. You're free to hit on all the regulars you want, but when someone backs off, you let them back off. Now go sit down and have a beer. Sammie will be in later and you know she loves those games you play."

The butch woman wavered. "What business is this of yours anyway? You don't work here."

"A friend saw you acting your usual demure self towards someone she knows and said something about it. Since I like her I thought I might have a word with you. So I'm having one. Do we need to go beyond words?"

Delaney growled a curse and stalked off. Reaching her booth, she pushed the other female in and pulled the curtains closed behind them.

"Sorry about that," smiled the muscular woman. "Women like her give the term 'Hard-core butch' a bad name." She offered her hand. "I'm Jenn Gumm, but everyone calls me Gin. Except Delaney and her crowd. They think I'm some sort of Uber-femme or domme because I like to work out."

"I'm Dawn," the woman replied without thinking as she shook hands. "Crap," she thought, "I was supposed to use some other name." Upon further consideration she realized that lying probably wouldn't have worked anyway, as whom ever had sent Gin to her rescue must already know who she was. Better to be honest.

Gin lead Dawn towards one of the tables on the far side of the dance floor. Her hand rested lightly on Dawn's shoulder. At first, Dawn wasn't sure how comfortable she was with the other woman's touch. After a moment, she relaxed and accepted it. Gin wasn't stroking her or moving her hand around. It was just a friendly gesture.

Dawn's eyes darted around the club as she followed Gin's lead. There were all sorts of women here. No Deputy Mayor, a detached part of her mind thought to mention, but other women that she recognized. There was the owner of the exclusive book store in the downtown district. Dawn had done a story on her when the shop first opened. Dawn's eyes opened wide as she saw the woman who handled the station employees' 401K plan. She was dancing with another woman she knew, a female police officer who had assisted her one night when her car had broken down.

The only real shock was when she saw Daphne. Daphne was the Assistant to the Superintendent of Schools for the county. She was also married. Dawn could see her ring sparkling on the woman's hand, a hand that was resting on the breast of another woman that Daphne was cuddling with in a booth where the curtains hadn't closed completely.

Lost in the surprises that were unfolding around her, Dawn almost bumped into the table in front of her. Only Gin's steadying hand on her shoulder kept her from doing just that.

"Well, here she is. All safe and sound. The two of you have fun." Gin turned and headed back to the door. Just for a second Dawn thought she felt Gin's hand brush against her side.

"Thanks Gin. Hi Dawn. Fancy meeting you here."

Dawn struggled to keep her mouth from falling open as she looked at the woman sitting at the table. This was a night for surprises. She managed to hold on to her composure. "Ah, hello Mandy."

"Have a seat," the other woman offered, pushing out a chair. Dawn sat down, her gaze fixed on the woman across the small table. Mandy! Who would have thought it?

Mandy Pearson was a customer service representative at the bank Dawn used. She was about the same age as Dawn, right around twenty-five and single. She was slightly taller than Dawn, topping her own five foot, four inch frame by a couple of inches. She was a bit more slender than Dawn. with smaller breasts and narrower hips. Dawn found it surprising that she was comparing Mandy's body with hers.

"The whole place must be affecting me," the reporter thought. She almost giggled to herself. Well, perhaps it was. But it just seemed right to be checking out the other women all of a sudden.

"To repeat myself, this is a surprise Dawn. I never expected to find you here."

"I have to say the same thing Mandy. How did you come to be here yourself?"

Mandy raised her eyebrows. "Now that sounds like a reporter-type question. Are you here doing a piece for your station?"

"No," blurted Dawn. She met Mandy's eyes, and realized that she didn't want to lie to the other woman. "Okay, yes, in a way." Seeing the doubt on Mandy's face she plunged on. "I AM on

assignment, but I'm not going to naming anyone's name or bringing a camera crew in here. I'm not bound to any preconceived ideas." She laughed. "In fact, I suspect the whole idea was my boss' idea for getting me off his back and if I don't turn in anything at all he won't care."

"How do you feel about that?"

"About what?" Dawn replied in puzzlement.

"About not turning anything in. Are you going to be feeling that you've wasted your time otherwise?"

Dawn, to give her credit, thought before answering. "No, I'm not going to feel like I've wasted my time." She laughed and nodded towards the booths along the wall. Its already been quite an educational evening."

"Okay then," Mandy laughed with her. "How about a drink and then we can gossip about all the other women you keep turning your head to look at.

"Mandy!" Dawn gasped, torn between indignation and laughter. She relaxed and sat back in her chair. Mandy corralled a passing waitress and they decided to share a pitcher of beer. They began to talk over it. Their discussion ranged over a number of subjects but steered clear of the other women and the reasons they might be in the club. Indeed, the club itself wasn't a topic, other than the safe subjects of the coldness of the beer and the loudness of the band.

By the time they had started on the second pitcher they had shifted their chairs to sit next to each other. Dawn had not given the slightest thought in quite a while that Mandy, after all, appeared to be a frequent customer here. She was just an acquaintance who was rapidly becoming a friend.

The band changed gears and Dawn found her fingers tapping the table top in time to the music. Mandy had crossed her legs and leaned back earlier and her foot was swinging to the same beat. She pushed back her chair and stood up.

"Let's dance?" Mandy gestured towards the hardwood floor.

Dawn thought about refusing for all of five seconds. "Why?", she told herself. After all, she reasoned, the band had been playing a series of fast songs. And she DID feel like dancing. She nodded and rose.

"Great." Mandy grabbed Dawn's hand and led her out to the dance floor. Dawn followed, swerving to avoid other tables and couples in the way. Once they reached the hardwood Mandy released Dawn's fingers and the two women began to dance to the music.

Dawn was enjoying herself. After all, it had been a long time since she had been out dancing. With her job normally requiring her to arrive at the station around 4 in the morning, she had rather lost the habit of being out late at night, even though few people would have considered this hour as "late".

She and Mandy danced well together, both of the women enjoying the music. Dawn focused on the beat to such a point that the fact she was dancing with another woman was almost forgotten.

That fact was brought back to her attention with a sudden jerk, as the band segued into a slow number. Without asking, or making any kind of fuss about it, Mandy stepped up to Dawn and took her in her arms. The banker held the journalist close and began to sway her to the softening music as the lights dimmed.

Dawn stiffened in Mandy's embrace and then tried to relax. It was just a dance, it didn't mean anything. After all, she had danced with lots of guys and it didn't mean she was attracted to them or anything like that. But the warmth of Mandy's body, the scent of Mandy's perfume, and the softness of Mandy's breasts against hers made it clear that this was not like dancing with someone she didn't find attractive.

The music slowed, and then stopped. The lights were almost extinguished. Mandy released Dawn, only to cup the other woman's chin and lift it just enough to brush her lips over Dawn's. Dawn closed her eyes, uncertain of how to respond.

"Oh GOD, she must think I'm gay also," swept through Dawn's mind. "What do I do?" But she did nothing as the soft red lips began to cling to her own, as the grasp of Mandy's arm around her waist tightened. Emboldened by Dawn's apparent surrender, Mandy's tongue slipped into Dawn's mouth and the kiss deepened, even as Mandy's other arm circled Dawn's body and drew her close, pulling the reporter's body tightly against her own. The kiss grew deep and Dawn, in spite of herself, felt a feeling coming over her she had never considered. But yes, the kiss of another woman, the feel of another woman's body against hers was sending signals deep into her.

Dawn struggled with herself, not from any feeling of repugnance or disgust, just from the sense that she was crossing a line that she could never go back across. Then, Mandy's hand brushed over her breast. It was such a fleeting touch that its effect on Dawn seemed all out of proportion. Dawn found herself kissing Mandy back. And more than just the press of lips, for a long moment two tongues found themselves sliding over each other.

When that moment passed, Dawn managed to pry open her eyes to see Mandy looking at her. The expression on the other woman's face was just as amazed as the one that Dawn felt was on her own.

"Goodness," said Mandy. "I need to sit down." Suiting her actions to her words, she headed back to their table, where she filled both mugs, drinking off half of hers in one long swallow before sitting down.

Dawn followed slowly, her head still buzzing. "What just happened?" She flushed as she realized that she had spoken aloud.

"I'm not sure," said Mandy. She seemed as confused as Dawn was.

Dawn took a deep breath. Mandy needed to know that what had just happened on the dance floor didn't mean anything. Nothing at all.

"Mandy," Dawn hesitated. The other woman looked at her quizzically. Dawn plowed on. "Mandy, I'm not a lesbian!"

Of all things she expected, Dawn did not expect the corners of Mandy's mouth to turn up. Then she started shaking slightly. Then she was laughing out loud. This time Dawn was unable to keep her mouth from falling open.

"Oh Dawn," Mandy calmed down and covered Dawn's hands with hers. "I'm not a lesbian either. I am attracted to other women, the same as many others here. More than anything else though, I find this a nice place to relax and enjoy myself without being continuously hit on. I certainly don't rule out getting married to a guy one day. I like guys. its just right now I feel more comfortable with other women. For me in comes in cycles. In six months or a year I may be only dating guys again. We'll just see what happens."

Dawn relaxed, understanding more of Mandy and accepting it, and her new friend. They shared yet another pitcher of beer and a number of more dances, slow and fast. When closing time came, they decided to share a cab rather than drive home under the influence. Each carefully locked up her own car. Without much spoken discussion they settled into the back seat of the taxi, heading towards Mandy's apartment first.

On the way they whispered about mostly nothing and giggled. Part of their antics were for the benefit of the driver, who knew darn well what kind of place he had picked two women up from.

Still, the snuggling together produced its own results. They held hands and leaned against each other. Dawn found Mandy's legs enticing, peeking from under her skirt. When they reached the first destination they both stepped from the cab, Dawn paying the driver and tipping him generously since he wouldn't be going on to the second stop.

They stepped through the door of Mandy's apartment. The moment she closed the door behind them, Dawn was in her arms. The kiss, broken at the club's dance floor, resumed. This time there was no hesitation. Dawn's mouth opened and Mandy plunged her tongue inside. Dawn shrugged out of her jacket, letting fall to the floor.

Mandy's hand was on her breast again. This time though, it was no fleeting brush. Her fingers deftly unfastened the buttons of Dawn's blouse until they could slip into the opening. One tip ran along the cup of Dawn's bra, the nail gliding over the flesh spilling from the lace.

Dawn gasped and her own hands responded, hauling the taller woman's blouse from her skirt. her hands slid up under it, caressing the firm stomach, then circling around to the smooth skin of the back and rising until eager fingers could fumble at the catches to the bra.

Mandy stepped from her heels, bringing her to the same height now as Dawn. Their mouths locked together. Mandy pushed Dawn backwards, the other woman following her lead as they reeled through the living room and down the hallway. The passage was littered by scattered clothing. Mandy's skirt fell by Dawn's suit jacket. Several steps later first there was one blouse, then the other. Dawn's shoes marked the beginning of the hallway, her slacks the end of it. Mandy's black lace bra lodged on the top of the bedroom door, Dawn's white one on a chest at the foot of the bed. Then Dawn was stretched on the covers, Mandy bending over, still kissing her as she strove to pull the reporter's pantyhose down her legs. The bank officer's black panties were her only remaining garb, their French cut emphasizing the length of her smooth legs.

Mandy stood, almost triumphant as she stripped the sheer nude pantyhose from Dawn. The white cotton panties the reporter had been wearing under them came free also. Mandy's gaze ran up Dawn's legs, beginning at her red painted toenails and traveling all the way up to her eyes. The two women locked gazes. Never losing eye contact, Mandy bent over, pushing her panties down her legs and stepping from them. Still fastened on the other's wide open eyes, the standing woman lowered herself to the bed. Her hand touched Dawn's hip.

As though that gentle touch completed a circuit, the two women flung themselves together. Arms circled the other's bodies. Legs intertwined, muscles straining as they sought to crush each other closer and closer. Dawn felt Mandy's thigh jam itself between her legs and she began to squirm against its smooth firmness. The dark hair of her bush slid up and down, leaving a trail of the wetness that was already flowing from her.

Mandy was on top, her leg flexing and relaxing as she ground that thigh against Dawn's swollen labia. The two women kissed wildly, their tongues dueling. A hand once again closed on Dawn's breast, squeezing it and flicking the stiff nipple back and forth with her fingers.

Dawn slid one hand down Mandy's back until her fingers locked on the other woman's butt. At the same time, she wiggled her other hand between them, searching until she cupped Mandy's mound. Her thumb found the stiff nubbin it was searching for at the same time that two fingers plunged between already open lips and deep into the silky cavern of Mandy's womanhood.

The woman on top squealed and redoubled her kisses, caresses and the motion of her leg. Dawn, not completely sure of what to do, simply fingered Mandy as though she was touching herself. It worked. Mandy ground her leg almost savagely against her pussy. Fingers pulled and pinched her nipple. She responded by rubbing her thumb faster and harder against Mandy, circling and the pressing upon the other woman's clit.

Dawn strained up under Mandy. She could feel the slick skin rasping back and forth. The weight of the woman topping her meant the top of each leg grind mashed against her own clit. She felt Mandy suddenly clamp down on her fingers, trapping them inside her. The TV reporter rode her lover's thigh, locking her legs around the limb between them. She cried out, jamming her hand as far into Mandy as she could, even as the other woman screamed hoarsely as she fell against her.



The waves shooting through both women rendered them speechless, but not motionless. Once Mandy had recovered her breath, she kissed the other woman and then began to work her way down the attractive body under her. She raised herself up, away from Dawn, allowing only fleeting contact between their bodies. Only her lips and her dark hair touched the smooth skin under her, a skin that was slick and covered in goosebumps.

Mandy tried to take her time, tried to tease her new lover, make her beg for what Mandy was so eager to give. She managed to hold herself together as she kissed the white throat and chest, managed to remain in control as her tongue flicked back and forth at the hard nipples. But when Dawn cried out as the taller woman's hair brushed over those same nipples, when Dawn's tummy sucked in at Mandy's first nibbles, when eager fingers locked into her hair and pushed, Mandy lost any semblance of restraint.

Wildly she slipped down between Dawn's open legs. Pausing for no longer than an instant to savor the rich scent of Dawn's arousal, she plunged her tongue inside her friend, already dripping wet with the results of Dawn's first orgasm. Mandy closed her eyes and revelled in the taste of Dawn. Her hands slipped up to tease Dawn's breasts. Her fingers curled, running just the tips over the firm orbs.

Dawn was already bucking again under Mandy's touch. The blonde's fingers gripped the dark head bobbing between her legs. Mandy's tongue rasped in and out of Dawn, reaching deeper into her pussy with each stroke. Faster and faster the more experienced woman's tongue darted into the wet tunnel, farther and farther it reached. Dawn squirmed almost helplessly, her hips lifting and falling. Mandy rode her lover's gyrations, her lips, tongue and fingers never leaving Dawn's body.

"Mandy, oh God, oh GOD, OHHH GOD," Dawn cried out. Her body arched, locking in the air and then suddenly collapsing on to the bed as she came again.

Finally heart rates slowed and breathing began to return to normal. The two women relaxed, cuddling against each other. Mandy's last act before they fell asleep was to pull the coverlet from the foot of bed over their nude bodies.

The rest of the weekend was like a dream. The two women snuggled, made love again, and again. For the first time Dawn went down on another woman. They scrubbed each other in the shower, only to start up again. By the time Dawn finally went home Sunday afternoon she was so happily exhausted she was quite sure she would never be interested in having sex again.

Monday morning came. Dawn, along with her team-mates on the early show, worked through the local news for the two hours they were on the air. They sat back and relaxed as the national news program took over. Dawn's mind was still in a whirl over the weekend.

Just as a matter of personal interest, she turned her attention on Josh, who shared the news desk with her. The two of them had a good working relationship and a teasing attitude existed between them. Josh was married, with a darling baby girl. She had always found him attractive, although she would have never made the slightest move on him.

Now she regarded him through changed eyes. Where they changed? She still thought of him as handsome. She mentally undressed him. Not as smooth and as curvy as Mandy by any means. Still, a smile flickered across her face, she wouldn't mind someone like him but unattached. Mandy was right. She hadn't closed any doors, she had just opened a new one.

Rick bustled in to the studio. "Good show everyone," he boomed. After talking to Josh, he approached her.

"Hey. Come up with anything interesting? Find the Deputy Mayor or anyone else there the public would want to know about? Dawn shook her head. She was saved from any further questioning as Rick continued. "Well, never mind. I've got a much better story for you anyway. We've received a tip that there's some funny business going on with the bail bond system in the local courts. Want the story?"

Dawn grinned, "You bet."

"It's yours. Do the digging and if you come up with anything legitimate you can count on some serious air time." Rick laughed and gripped Dawn's shoulder for a second. "You might still be 'perky' but you'll be serious perky. Come by the office in an hour and we'll set it all up."

He turned and started off. Looking back he added, "Seriously, do you want to do anything more on that other piece?"

Dawn shook her head. "I'm going to finish a couple of things I was looking into but then I'll just file my notes."

"Okay, an hour then."

Dawn headed off to her desk. Her hand slipped into her purse, touching the piece of paper she had found in her jacket pocket when she had finally got home on Sunday. The note had a phone number on it and a simple message.

"Call me. Jenn."

"Yes," Dawn thought. There was at least one more thing about that story she needed to look into.

(The End)

