

THE DATE

By JLNicky and Cherokee Echols

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Disclaimer: 1/7/06 JLNicky discovered Cherokee Echols was totally lying about thinking she did not write well enough to collaborate with JLNicky. Note to all: She is a liar! Note #2 JLNicky is full of shit! Note#3 that last note was not JLNicky just in case you didn't realize it!!! Note #4 Cherokee Echols is so tuff I heard she likes anything that she can straddle!!!! GASP <wagging eyebrows at her wickedly>

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THE DATE

With long, distance-eating strides, the pounding of her tennis shoes on the treadmill kept beat with the fast-paced music pumping through her ear buds. Her muscular legs propelled her body forward, even as the treadmill whirled its rotating axis and gave her the virtual miles to continue forward. Her body appeared relaxed, loose, and confident with the grueling pace she was running. Her thick rich auburn hair lay plastered flat to her head from the sweat of her demanding workout. The excessive drenching that ran down her forehead into her bright green eyes made her blink. Her sweat-soaked tee shirt clung to her frame. At 5' 9", Dana Jameson was a muscular 140 pounds without a spare ounce of fat. Her legs were rock hard and flexing as she pounded out the rhythm of the musical cadence. Her slightly weaker upper body swung through the motion, along for the ride. Pale skin, lightly marked by the sun's kisses, revealed freckles under the shine of sweat. Her large hands with their long tapering fingers where loosely curled, swinging beside her.

She was a very attractive woman for her age. At 40 plus, her body was muscular and athletic, fit with curved hips, a flat abdomen, a firm backside, full breasts and a pretty face. Her sensual lips, high cheekbones, those green eyes, pale skin, and arching red eyebrows were very becoming. Close friends described her as having a charming personality and quick wit. Her best feature was her sweet

dimples that showed when she offered a smile. Today they were absent.

Running for over an hour, she wore a frown of deep concentration. Although she often became lost in her workouts, today she was mostly lost in her thoughts about her long-term partner Cara.

As fatigue hit, she started to slow her pace to perform her cool down. Her thoughts circled around her head like vultures over a victim lying helpless in the desert. She felt defeat reign down upon her as she thought of Cara and their waning relationship.

She remembered a time when they could not keep from touching each other. Now there were no touches, no caresses, and no physical affection of any kind. The struggle to understand why was draining her. She still felt love in her heart for Cara, her friend, and her companion. However, she was not sure if she was still in love with her, as the lovers they used to be. Dana felt her heart breaking when she tried to picture her life without Cara. There was no other woman that held her interest. It had been and was always Cara since they met in college years ago. But things were different now. Their relationship had changed dramatically from those early years. Dana hungered for more.

She missed the physical intimacy of her lover's touch, but didn't know how or why things had changed. Nor did she know what to do about it. She felt a weakness taxing her muscles at the strain of her longer than normal workout routine. As she reached up to adjust the ear buds, the song changed to a love song she remembered from her college days. She closed her eyes at the power of emotion the music evoked. It was a romantic song. It was their love song. The song was playing when she first captured Cara's lips with her own in their first kiss. Dana leaned on the treadmill hand rest, feeling a heavy weight engulf her heart as memories flooded her mind.

Dana smiled slightly remembering herself as a younger woman in her early twenties all cocksure and ready to conquer the world. She had her sights set on Cara from the first time she saw her walking through Jersey's Bar. Their first dance, she had held Cara in her arms as they swayed to the Bee Gees crooning *More Than a Woman*. As the song

ended, Cara looked up to her and the moment arrived. They softly kissed. Those sweet lips were ambrosia. The very first time and every time after, Dana always marveled at the perfect gift. At that one moment, Dana knew Cara was the woman for her.

The automatic shutoff of the treadmill's cool-down cycle brought her out of her memory. She sighed heavily as she looked around the crowded gym. The last note of the Bee Gees song ended and Dana felt the pain the memory brought to the surface. Removing her ear buds, she slowly walked toward the showers. Her heart ached for the love she feared she had lost forever.

Cara sat staring at the television, the remote in one hand, a magazine spread open across the bolstered arm of the couch near the other. She clicked through the channels and realized she was sighing once again. Almost viciously, she punched the power button on the remote and slammed the plastic device onto the coffee table. The magazine was tossed over too, as her dark brown eyes watched it slide across the surface to spill onto the floor. She continued to frown. Her arms came up to fold across her chest and she grimaced as she noted her own defensive posture.

This is not right. Dana should be here. Where the hell is she?

Cara pouted as she tried to avoid the obvious truth. Her wife was at the gym again. *Why would she want to be here with me? She is probably trying to stay away from me and my spiteful attitude. Who can blame her?*

She turned sideways on the long couch and stretched out her 5-foot-5 frame. That she was shorter than her partner was not the only obvious difference. Her brown hair, brown eyes and light brown skin contrasted with the pale features of her lover exotically. It was one of the most beautiful contrasts between them.

Cara used to love to lie beside Dana and run her darker hand along that pale frame. The dusky tint of a nipple looked pale next to her fingers. Cara sighed as she realized where her thoughts were taking

her. Her hands were already moving down to unzip her pants and caress the wet heat she so desperately needed touched.

It seemed her body was in a constant state of arousal. Right up until Dana was nearby. Then the urge of desire would suddenly disappear. Cara whimpered at the frustration. At this moment in time she didn't care. She needed to be touched and if Dana were not around to do it...she would take matters into her own hands.

Cara lay her head back onto the cushions and let her mind take her where it would. She could just imagine her lover stepping into the gym shower and rinsing off the sweat of her exertions. While Cara fantasized, she undid her pants and slipped her hand inward to move through the dark hair. She let her fingers just dip into the moist entrance between her legs. Turning her head to the side, eyes closed, she caressed herself.

She visualized Dana washing her tall length with a cloth and then the cloth was gone. Her long fingers and strong hands moved over the pale skin. Dana's nipples were hard, pointing outward, flicked by the beat of the falling water as shampoo slid down from above, sliding into the cleavage. Cara let her fingers touch her clit as she imagined watching Dana soap her body. She saw her lover reach up to cup and pinch pert nipples. Cara felt a tension rise in her body.

In her mind, Dana slowly turned her head to look at Cara from inside the shower, her body firm and aroused from her own touch. Green eyes, heavily lidded with desire, made Cara pant as she continued to stroke herself higher. Reveling in the sight, she imagined her wife slowly sliding her hands down between her legs, the red hair drenched and darkened. At the first touch, Dana closes her eyes in pleasure and Cara felt her body erupt with release. A low moan of pulsing freedom swept over her. She trembled trying to draw it out longer as she pressed into her clit. The image of Dana began to fade. Cara lay on the couch spent and desiring her wife even more than ever.

She grabbed a nearby cushion, slapped it over her face, and growled into it as she struggled to understand their growing issue.

For two years she had focused on completing her Master's Degree at the same time consecutive traveling assignments for Dana's job had made them more distant than normal. Then Dana began harping about Cara's physical inactivity. They started arguing. Dana preached getting active and getting motivated; Cara found she was rebelling with every uttered word. Her crappy attitude shouted for Dana to 'get real' and 'leave her alone'. Dana had been hurt. Cara remembered the dark green eyes staring at her with that expression of censure. Cara was just weary. She wasn't a gym rat like her wife. She had never been one. She was more content to get her physical work done outside raking leaves or fixing things around the house. Her favorite sport was reading. But lately even her reading led her to be filled with simmering anger and disbelief. She was losing her wife and couldn't figure out how to fix it. Cara felt a tear escape the corner of her eye and run down her cheek. She gripped the cushion tighter.

Driving home, Dana couldn't shake their special love song from her mind. She kept picturing things the way they used to be when their love was strong. She ached for that lost love. Thinking of her lover's touch, she felt her nipples tighten and the pressure between her legs begin to throb. The memories of the love they once shared made her wet with excitement. She let out a sigh of longing.

Dana was resolved that tonight she and Cara would talk about their relationship and find their way back to being in love. She was determined to tell Cara how much she loved her and missed their intimacy. Accelerating the car to get home she set her jaw firmly as she thought of what she would say to win Cara back.

With enthusiasm, Dana got out of her car and headed for the back door stopping to pick a single daisy. She took the back stairs easily with her strong legs, two at a time, anxious to tell Cara how much she loved her. As she entered through the back door, she tossed her gym bag in by the washer and called out to her lover.

"Cara? Honey, I'm home. Where are you baby?"

Dana quickly walked through the kitchen and down the hall to find Cara sitting on the couch in the living room with a pillow in her lap. She could tell by Cara's crossed arms and defensive posture that she was mad. Determined not to fight and to show her wife how much she loved and needed her, she ignored the look of anger on Cara's face. Dana approached the couch and kneeled down on one knee handing Cara the single daisy, the symbol of loyal love. She smiled brightly with her deep dimples.

"A beautiful flower for a beautiful woman, my love."

Taking Cara's dark hand in her own Dana raised it to her lips for a kiss. Suddenly Dana paused catching the unmistakable scent of sex on Cara's fingers. She quickly brushed a kiss on Cara's knuckles, her brow furrowing, tormented by the possibilities the scent represented. Dana imagined the worse. She stared down at the small brown hand held in her larger light one.

Has Cara taken a new lover? Is she involved with someone else? Is this why she no longer touches me? Have I already lost her to another? Who...No! Don't think about that. What do I do? I cannot lose her.

Dana raised her gaze to meet Cara's dark brown eyes, the pain in her heart was clearly written on her face. Tears started gathering regardless of her determination to reconcile the break of their estranged relationship. She didn't want to believe the evidence as she looked imploringly at her wife. She noticed Cara's cheeks were also tear-stained. Maybe they were just fooling themselves. She felt a heavy weight take over her heart and cloud her mind.

Cara looked into the green eyes and seeing the pain on Dana's face, she reached out to brush a lock of the red hair back behind an ear. Absorbed in her growing misery, Dana pulled away and stood, dropping Cara's hand.

"So what have you been doing today, Cara, while I was at the gym? Have you had any visitors over?" Dana could not withhold the suspicions. She spewed the question out with obvious pain and anger in her voice.

Cara grew confused by the rapid change in her wife's attitude. "No, nobody has been over today. I have just been watching TV."

Dana felt her anger rising at what she was sure was an apparent lie. Her face flushed red with heated emotions. She didn't want to fight with Cara and she was so afraid she might have lost her wife. With scalding tears streaming down her face, she turned and abruptly left a confused Cara sitting on the couch.

Before she could voice her anger and accusations, Dana retreated down the hall to her home office. The daisy fell to the carpet. Cara dropped back exhausted by the exchange that she didn't understand at all.

Shutting the door softly, Dana rested her head against the hard surface and clenched her hands in frustration and helplessness. The silence of her office was not disturbed as she felt her heart shatter. She flipped the lock, knowing Cara would not attempt to disturb her. Deep shuddering breaths hurt her chest as she tried to gather a semblance of control. She began to pace back and forth in front of the door; the tears continued to fall. Her mind racing with the events that just happened. She had been so full of optimism when she first came home and now this... she was certain she had lost Cara to another woman.

Dana walked to her desk and slumped down in her chair in front of the computer. Her mind searched to escape. She flipped on her box of virtual reality and began to surf the net. Pulling up her favorites list for the *Sandbox*, she hoped to be carried away by one of her many favorite lesbian writers like Evecho or Fantasy bard. She blinked clearing her teary eyes trying to read a story. Not able to focus she clicked link after link for advertisements and websites. Just about to flip off the contraption, she saw the article by Dr. Nina Hartley, the relationship specialist. Leaning toward the monitor, Dana read the title "How to Bring the Romance Back into Your Relationship with *The Date*".

Opening the link, she began to read the article. The first part spoke of the author and her career as a relationship therapist. She was the

foremost authority. Dana scanned past that to get to the meat of the subject. Before she knew it, she grabbed a nearby tablet and began to jot down notes.

Her tears dry and her mind reeling with ideas, she opened Microsoft Word and began to type. Two hours later her stomach grumbled from hunger. She was going to ignore it, but she suddenly smelled something delicious in the air. Pausing, she glanced at her work. Saving it one more time, she wondered how she could make this happen with Cara and her. They would have to talk.

Dana leaned back from her computer and stretched out her back. She closed her eyes and tried to ignore any turbulent thoughts toward her wife. She loved Cara and didn't want them to suffer any more. She glanced at the document once more and let her thoughts solidify.

This just might work if I can only get Cara to agree and follow the script. She will remember how we were and how much I still love her. It's worth a try. She is my heart.

Dana stood and walked to the door. Unlocking it, she made her way down the hall toward the kitchen. The light in the dining room was on. She saw her dinner on the table; spaghetti with small meatballs and a fresh tossed salad, along with a tall glass of milk sat alone on the surface. A note written on a small pad rested next to the meal. Dana grabbed it and read the message.

The Daisy was beautiful. Thank you. I don't understand you sometimes. I am not sure where we are headed, but we can't go on this way. I'm going to bed. Maybe we can talk tomorrow. Love Cara.

Dana ran a thumb over the words 'Love Cara'. She bowed her head and promised to figure it all out soon. Sitting down to eat, she fleshed out her script in her mind.

Cara looked at the three pages of paper Dana had given her and looked back up at Dana, her brown eyes wide with surprise.

“A date? You want to take me on a date?” Cara questioned her wife. Dana slowly nodded.

“It’s a special date, Cara. I want us to follow some rules, OK? I’m giving you the script so you can read it before the date. All right, love? Please?” Dana practically begged, wanting this to happen between them. She looked at her confused wife and knew Cara would need some time to look it over. Trying to focus on the important things first, she drew in a breath of anticipation. Feeling her heart beat speed up, she gathered her courage and asked Cara the important question.

“Would you like to go on a date with me, Friday?” Dana asked, feeling a heart stopping moment when Cara jerked her head up from the papers she held. Her gaze stared for a long moment. Dana felt a shyness that rose up from her teen days. The one and only time she had asked Cara on a date they were already dancing together. Not to mention they had just kissed. Not much challenge. This was definitely a challenge. If Cara said no, Dana thought she might not be able to hold back the tears.

A slight tilt of her head, and Cara bit her lip. Dana watched intently, feeling a rising dread overtake her. Her skin seemed to pale further as she held her breath waiting.

A slow affirming nod of her head had Cara agreeing to go on *The Date*. Dana felt slightly dizzy with the sudden rush of air she drew into her lungs. Her beaming smile made Cara smile too. Dana looked like a little kid getting an extra cookie. Her dimples were too charming. Dana looked over at her beautiful wife’s smile and knew she had missed seeing it over the last few months.

“You’re very beautiful.” Dana said, watching as Cara ducked her head and looked down at the papers. “Thank you. I’ll just--,” Dana couldn’t stop smiling, “let you get ready then.” She motioned to the papers she had given Cara; her huge grin and sparkling eyes were buoyed at the shy response she loved getting from her partner, especially after all these years. Cara cleared her throat nervously and nodded briefly looking up at Dana, and then back down.

Not wanting to rush anything, Dana stood up from the couch and walked calmly down the hall to her bedroom. Her heart started to race as she faced the next difficult question.

A date! Holy Cow. What should I wear?

Not surprisingly, Cara was thinking along those same lines. *She wants to take me on a date. A date with a script no less. Oh, my love, what are we doing?* Cara recalled the pale features of her wife when Dana asked her on the date. *Did she think I would say no?* Her hands held the papers labeled with rules, questions, and more questions. She stared at the perfectly centered title labeling the list at the top. *The Date. We need something. If this is what we need to fix our problems, I'm all for it.*

Cara began to read through the three sheets and tilted her head slightly as she began to understand the idea her wife was asking her to complete. Looking over some of the questions had her pausing and then smiling. A few items had her frowning in thought. She looked over the first page again and read the short list of rules. She was strangely relieved at not having to worry about any pressures, but she felt slightly disappointed too.

Rules for The Date.

No sex will take place on this date.
Take time to listen to the one speaking.
Look at each other when you talk.
Remember to be positive.

Thank goodness it was only Tuesday. She was going to need some time to study this incredible idea. Suddenly her head shot upward in fright. She bit her lip and looked down the empty hallway for even a glimpse of her wife. *What the heck am I going to wear?*

Late Thursday night, Dana lay down beside Cara in their queen-sized bed and listened to the soft breath being released as Cara slept. The

urge to move over and envelop the smaller form in an embrace was incredibly strong. Dana resisted, wanting to make sure her touch would be welcomed. Cara slept on. Dana rested on her back willing their plans for tomorrow to help them find some answers.

For the last three days Dana had found her partner doing things she had not seen her do in months--smiling more, blushing, and staring off into the air daydreaming. A slight shifting from the beautiful creature beside her made Dana look over at her companion. Cara took that moment to roll over in her sleep and move toward Dana. Her small form curled up, pressing against her. She felt the weight of the warm arm drape across her stomach and smiled. Adjusting her position she cradled Cara and leaned down slightly to kiss her hair.

"Night, my love," she breathed as she closed her eyes and drifted into sleep.

As the morning sun came filtering through the half-pulled curtain, Cara started to stir. In her half-awakened mind she felt more warmth and security than she had in months. She was so comfortable and happy, she did not want to wake up from what she thought was a wonderful dream.

Slowly, she started to come in to the world of consciousness, realizing she was snuggled up to a very firm warm body larger than her own. She slowly opened her eyes to see the beautiful face of her wife looking so innocent in slumber. Cara admired the beautiful porcelain skin slightly sprinkled with freckles. She slowly and gently ran her finger along the solid jaw line that slightly tensed to her touch. Cara slowly rose up on her elbow so that she could look down the length of the woman whose body was so intertwined with her own. She admired how their bare legs were wrapped together making a beautiful braiding of dark and light skin. Her gaze drifted up to the V of Dana's legs. She paused staring at the spot she so longed to touch.

Desire filled Cara and the need to cup her wife's sex was overwhelming. She first looked down at Dana's face to make sure she was still sound asleep then she very slowly and carefully placed

her hand over the cotton-encased mound. Cara could feel the moisture increase between her own legs as she felt the slight upraising of her lovers hips, pressing her mound firmer into the touch.

Well her body still likes my touch, at least. Cara smiled at the thought.

Slowly, she brought her hand up to splay across the flat firmness of Dana's exposed tummy where her T-shirt had hiked up during the night. Cara had always loved to look at the difference of her dark skin on that of her fairer-skinned wife. She splayed her fingers out wanting to cover and possess as much of Dana as she could. Cara felt her desire grow stronger, longing for the return of intimate touch from Dana. She let out a soft sigh.

Once again, she let her hand slowly drift down where she lightly ran her fingertips under the waistband of Dana's briefs. She slid her fingers back and forth across the lower abdomen just under the waistband. She wanted--no, she needed more; her desire was so strong and the throbbing between her own legs was maddening.

Dana's lips parted and she let out a slight moan to the soft stroking touch. Cara quickly retracted her hand, as the realization came to her she was about to make love to her unconscious wife. She knew she had to get up now or she might spoil everything that Dana had planned for that night.

Oh shit, Cara thought, I still have no idea what I am going to wear. I wonder if I can get a walk in and have my hair trimmed. Shit, I better start shaving and plucking now!

Without hesitation, Cara leaned down to place a gentle kiss on her lover's forehead; then she carefully extracted herself trying not to disturb her too much. She entered the bathroom ready for a quick cold shower. She had a lot to do before Dana took her out on their date tonight. A smile worked its way across Cara's face as she realized she had a date tonight. She had a date with her gorgeous wife, the woman she loved with all her heart and soul.

Dana rolled onto her side opening her eyes and watched Cara disappear through the bathroom door. She lowered her hand to cup the throbbing she felt between her legs. She wondered if she should have let Cara know she was awake and encouraged her to continue while touching Cara back rather than lying there with her eyes closed.

Dana let out a sigh and closed her eyes again. *Well at least she isn't opposed to touching me.* Dana thought. Then suddenly those green eyes shot open and Dana sat straight up in bed. *Yay, the date's tonight, I need to start getting ready!* Dana looked at the bathroom door again and smiled causing her dimples to show in all their radiance. She stretched and flopped back on the bed to wait her turn to use the bathroom.

Cara answered the door feeling a rush of excitement spear through her. On the porch stood Dana in a beautiful black Giorgio Armani suit, off set by a light mint green button down shirt beneath the jacket. The neckline was unbuttoned and a glint of gold from a necklace shimmered beneath. The ruby red of her hair looked almost jet black in the evening skyline. Her eyes, by the light of the porch, shone emerald and gazed at her filled with love. Cara recognized the expression of delight as Dana took in her attire.

She chose to wear a light, lacey dress, its cream color wrapped around her darker skin showing a powerful contrast. The dress was mid thigh with a tight waist and wrapped around her chest, leaving her shoulders and neckline bare. She wore a small gold pendent dangling down that displayed an opal. Her cream pumps and matching bag complimented perfectly. Dana let a gleam of approval shine in her eyes.

"You look lovely, Cara. These are for you." Dana held out a bouquet of three lovely purple irises.

Taking the flowers she lifted them to her face and smelled their sweet scent. Her brown eyes peeked up at Dana through the petals.

“Thank you, sweetheart. They’re beautiful. Come inside and let me put them in water. I’ll just be a minute.” Cara held the door open with her body and Dana brushed past her leaving a light scent of cologne lingering in the air. Cara recognized the inviting scent of KL from Lagerfeld that blended beautifully with the sweet aroma of the irises.

Dana stood just inside the entrance while Cara smiled and moved to retrieve a vase. She put the flowers and some fresh water in a crystal glass vase and set it on the table. When she returned to leave, Dana was holding the shawl Cara had removed from the closet earlier.

Cara turned backward and allowed Dana to place the wrap around her. Strong fingers slid down her shoulders making her skin tingle with the loving touch. Dana drew in a deep breath of the intoxicating perfume dabbed into mysterious secret locations of her wife’s body. Lady Stetson always made Cara smell so sweet and delicious.

They both cleared their throats and stepped away from the powerful pull of attraction between them. Cara was given an arm to clasp as they headed out of the house. Dana rested her hand over the fingers cupped around her forearm. Her dimples were present on her smiling face and she was acting slightly cocky and full of merriment

“So how does this work? You ask me questions then I ask you questions?” Cara wondered out loud as they both settled into the car and the engine turned over.

Dana gave a small nod. She smiled and backed the car out of the drive.

“I remember the first thing I noticed about you.”

Cara recognized one of the first questions listed on the three pages of script she had studied. She half turned toward Dana and enjoyed watching as Dana drove and talked beginning to remind her why they were together in the first place.

“It was a hot day in July, the 10th I believe, if I have my memory still.” Dana grinned over at Cara who was shaking her head slowly and rolling her eyes. They had been celebrating that day as their anniversary for ten years now. “I was attending a lively gala at Jersey’s Bar. Pretty formal I think, requiring cleats, ball cap, and glove. I was making my way from the table covered in various level pitchers of beer, gratis of the loser team, the Dykechicks. We, the winners, the great Lesbianites,” Dana chuckled as Cara released a bark of laughter, “gathered for the great debate on who played the great plays on the field or off, who was looking hot, and more, as we did every Friday during the season. Laughingly, I went to refill a couple of empties. Heading toward the refill taps at the end of the bar, I braved a path through the moving mass of people. I swerved and cut between students, stoners, pinball junkies, and jocks. Taller than most I found myself looking downward and following a shorter form also making her way toward the bar. Fortunately the view was outstanding. She was drop dead gorgeous. The first thing that caught my eye was her petite perfection. She wasn’t so much as small to everyone as she was to me. My personal preference is for a smaller form in my partner. The second thing I noticed about her was her walk.”

Dana licked her lips and gave a slightly feral grin. “She moved like silk. Her sensuality oozed from her movements, catching my eye and captivating my vision. I was hypnotized with her wiggling anatomy.” Cara grinned and blushed at the remark. Dana reached over and grasped her hand. She lightly kissed the back of it and gave it a quick squeeze before returning it to its original resting place in Cara’s lap.

“Without realizing it, I had followed her all the way around the bar to the food counter. The place was packed and since I just spent 15 minutes getting to the wrong end of the bar I figured I’d at least ask Barney the grill cook if he wouldn’t mind grabbing refills for me. I was standing directly behind Ms. Beautiful trying to catch a glimpse of her face when someone bumped into me from behind.” Dana looked over at Cara and saw her lick her lips. They both enjoyed this memory of their first meeting.

“I was pressed up against her, before we had even spoken. Can’t say I wasn’t in lesbian fantasy heaven for an instant, but she quickly stiffened in my arms and instantly gave me a hard jabbed elbow in the abdomen for my intrusion upon her body.” Dana grimaced and smiled at the brief moment of pain.

“She turned and after realizing I was a woman, began to apologize. *Oh God. I’m sorry. I thought you were some guy...are you OK?* I guess in our brief moment spooned together she couldn’t help but feel that delicious little package I was wearing under my uniform. Although I was grasping my ribs and trying to remember how to breathe, I managed to realize she was beautiful.

“Her skin was mocha and smooth, her brown eyes dark chocolate, her hair mid-length and straight. Her full lips were the third thing that really captured my attention. They were luscious and covered with some shiny lip-gloss. To this day I find that shiny lip gloss the sexiest part of seeing her face to face. I finally managed to straighten back up and found her giving me a quick glance from my cleats to my auburn hair. I thought I saw a spark of interest as her eyes skimmed over my extra sports attire below my waist. Her gaze finally returned to mine and she smiled. I felt my heart jump. I wasn’t about to deny my libido from this angel. Thrusting my hand out I hoped for the best.

“My name is Dana. I don’t suppose this elbow in the ribs move is supposed to be a turn down to my poor attempt to introduce myself to you? Is it? Cause I’ll go back over there and find you again?”

Cara smiled and nodded at the accuracy of the moment between them. As Dana fell silent, driving, Cara picked up the conversation and delivered her top three remembered characteristics about Dana.

“Well, you have that first moment between us down pat. As far as the first thing that I remember noticing about you, I have to comment on that specialty item you were wearing beneath your clothes. I must admit, it’s the very first thing that comes to mind when I remember that day. My instant attraction rushed through me when I realized you were packing more than just a glove for your equipment during your game. I couldn’t help but wish I hadn’t elbowed you so abruptly.”

Dana laughed a low husky chuckle. “Me either!” She winked toward Cara. They both grinned at the regretful honesty of Dana’s expression.

“Well, I noticed your package, and then I noticed your red hair. You were bent over holding your sides. I thought carrot top, but not quite. You have that rich auburn dark coloring beneath the glimmer of red on the surface. It’s totally gorgeous under the light. I have always found your hair beautiful.” Cara paused reaching to brush a few strands of the textured hair behind Dana’s ear. Dana smiled.

“Then you stood up. Lord, you were tall, taller than anyone around. And you were totally butch, dressed in a dirt-smudged uniform, holding two empty pitchers, muscular arms and thighs bunching and flexing at me. I think I might have leaned back at the charisma you exuded to my helpless person.” Cara exaggeratedly fanned herself from the heat she was remembering raising her temperature as Dana began to laugh. Dana remembered her own slight flush rising over her features as they examined their proximity and attraction at that first moment of meeting. She knew exactly what Cara was talking about. They both had it in spades.

She pulled the car into the parking lot of Ricardo’s Seafood and smiled when Cara moaned in approval. She had a complete fetish for Ricardo’s steamed crab legs. Dana hopped out of the car and rushed around to assist Cara. Comfortable in each other’s company they moved together perfectly and never noticed the many sets of customers’ eyes admiring the beauty of the couple. The two women were totally engrossed in each other.

Dana led off the next conversation topic from the list by reminding Cara of the most romantic three things she remembered Cara doing for her in their 10-year relationship. She held Cara’s attention as she reminded her lover about their food forays in bed one weekend.

Dana and Cara spent the evening reminiscing and reminding each other of moments in their lives when love shone and their feelings were quite clear to both of them. Cara relived their rich history

together, finding Dana totally engaging as the evening went along. Just hours later they were pulling back into their own driveway.

Dana released Cara's hand from their entwined grasp. They both laughed and flirted with each other as they made their way up the front steps. Dana stopped on the porch and instead of unlocking the door and opening it for them, she turned to Cara and spoke her heart.

"My darling, I have missed hearing your laughter, seeing you smile, and feeling your touch. I want nothing more than a hundred years with you spent feeling the way I feel right now, totally and utterly in love. If it takes a thousand dates to make us feel together and as close as we have been in the past, I'll tell you right now, I won't mind. I just want you to know I had a wonderful time. I always do when I'm with you. Thank you sweetheart.

Dana leaned down to capture Cara's lips in a soft kiss. Cara pressed upward and enjoyed the touch. Too soon it was broken. Dana's hands slid down Cara's arms as she gave her wife a small hug.

"Would you..." Cara hesitated, looking up slightly flustered at the taller woman before her. Dana froze and looked down waiting. "Would you like to go with me on a date next Friday? I'll pick you up?" Cara smiled as she watched her wife's endearing dimples break out across that charming face. She felt her heart leap at the adoring gaze Dana bestowed upon her. *They would make it.* Cara knew with her whole being Dana and she would never break up. With time and patience they would understand why things had become distant between them. Cara leaned up to kiss those sweet lips above her when Dana responded exactly as Cara knew she would.

"It would be my heart's desire."

Cara felt warm and content snuggling up next to Dana's solid form in the dark of their bedroom. She started running her hand lovingly up and down Dana's side while they murmured comments about the

wonderful date they both enjoyed. Cara was ecstatic that the line of communications had been reestablished between them. They were both more than willing, to work out their problems together. It felt good to feel the closeness and love once again, to know Dana cared just as much as she did.

The warmth Cara felt from the woman's solid body next to her own made her long for the physical intimacy and touches of her lover. Tilting her small head up from Dana's shoulder to look into her face she said in a voice deepened by desire, "I love you, Dana, with all my heart. This has been the most wonderful date I have ever been on and I want to thank you for asking me to join you. But, honey, can we consider the date officially over now?"

Dana looked down at her diminutive wife. She felt confused by Cara's question. The night had been going so well and they had seemed to find the love again that they had been missing, why did she want the date to be over? Sadly, Dana let out a small sigh. "Yeah, the date is over. Thank you for joining me; I had a wonderful time too. Go ahead and go to sleep, Cara, and we'll talk more tomorrow,"

Cara quickly shifted positions. Before Dana knew what had happened Cara was above her, straddling her hips. She pulled her t-shirt off with one smooth move, exposing her dark firm breasts with hard raspberry nipples screaming to be suckled. "Who said anything about wanting to go to sleep? I just didn't want to break the rules. Remember, 'No sex on the date'?"

She chewed her bottom lip looking seductively at her wife's surprised expression. "What I want to do is what I have been wanting for weeks. I want to make love to my wife and have her make love to me." Cara unconsciously rocked her hips back and forth on top of Dana while she spoke. Dana could feel Cara's wetness soaking through the cotton panties on her stomach as Cara pressed down.

Dana felt the rising heat of her wife's body against her stomach. She felt a rush of excitement at the prospect of changing events. Reaching up she cupped the full breasts into her hands. Cara pushed her breasts forward. Dana let her thumbs rub over the hard

tips while she looked up at her wife's hooded gaze. They both began to pant as they shared the pleasure of the touch. Dana half growled and have moaned as Cara reached down to tug at the t-shirt covering her chest. Quickly dislodging her diminutive wife, she flipped her beneath and sat straddling her. She quickly pulled her tee off as she looked down at a surprised Cara. With a feral grin on her face, she eyed her wife's naked chest and spoke. "What are we waiting for, my love? I can't wait to show you how much I have missed you. There has never been and never will be another woman for me besides you."

Flooded with emotion, Cara reached up with one hand to grasp a porcelain breast with the hard pink nipple hovering above her temptingly. With her other hand she pulled her wife down to urge her mouth to meet her waiting lips. The kiss started out slow and gentle expressing their love. When Dana slightly opened her mouth giving Cara more access the kiss grew passionate and wanting. Cara moaned into Dana's mouth when she captured her tongue between her teeth. So hungry for each other neither wanted to break the kiss until both were panting for air. The need and desire of each woman was clearly written on their faces with passion darkened and hooded eyes.

Dana moved lower to kiss Cara along her collarbone and then trailed kisses down her abdomen. She reached down and slipped Cara's cotton panties off along with her own before she continued her pilgrimage with her lips on that beautiful body. When she felt Dana's mouth lightly brush over her dark pubic hair Cara's legs twitched. Looking down at her wife Cara thought Dana was going to eat her alive and she could not wait to be devoured.

"Ummm baby you smell so good." Dana stated with a husky voice.

As Dana's tongue slipped between the hot folds of Cara's wet lips she could feel Cara shudder with desire. Dana took her hand and parted the lips, opening Cara up to assault the hard clit with her velvet tongue. Her mouth completely enveloped Cara's sex making sounds of pleasure as she enjoyed the bounty.

Cara thought Dana's mouth was the most wonderful feeling in the world; she was sure she had died and gone to heaven. Dana's tongue set a smooth slow rhythm drawing out the nectar and circling the hardened clit. She would occasionally nip at Cara's clit with her teeth causing Cara to buck and moan loudly. "Oh yes that's it lover, please harder," Cara pleaded.

She felt all of Dana's love and passion pouring into her as three fingers slipped inside to begin thrusting. She had missed her lover's touch so much that the emotion of the moment brought tears to her eyes as she could not help but moan in ecstasy.

Dana tempered her pumping fingers as Cara began to rock her hips in response. In and out of Cara's wetness, Dana's hand pleased. She flicked her thumb across the protruding clit with each inner plunge. She could feel Cara's muscles contracting, gripping her fingers, pulling them in deeper. She loved the feel of her lover's grasp feeling her passion building. Dana's eyes were devouring the beautiful woman who lay beneath her matching the pumping of her assaulting fingers with thrusts from her hips. She leaned over her beautiful wife to chase the sweat that was running between Cara's breasts with her tongue. She circled the erect nipple drawing it deeply into her mouth. She captured it between her teeth and then crazed as she pulled her head back to allow it to pull across her teeth. Cara thrust her chest out searching for her lover's mouth.

With a shudder of release, Cara's cunt contracted around Dana's fingers as she reached her peak of pleasure. Dana wanted to draw out the climax. She wanted Cara to feel her passion, to give her much more. Her fingers caressed the pulsing inner walls with smaller loving thrusts. Cara cried out with a long, deep moan that came from her enjoyment. Finally, Dana slowly withdrew her fingers feeling the last of small ripples run through Cara's body.

Dana wrapped Cara in her arms holding her close, their breasts melding together. Cara's hands trembled from the impact of her strong orgasm as she pulled her lover firmly into her arms to breathe in Dana's scent. "That was so wonderful, my love, thank you. Now it is your turn and I can not wait to make you come for me."

A wave of desire coursed through Dana, her stomach fluttering nervously, hearing her lover's confident claim of passion.

"I want to turn the lights back on sweetheart. I want to watch the love and passion on your face and in your eyes as I make you tremble with desire," Cara said, reaching to turn on the bedside lamp.

Dana couldn't breathe from the overwhelming love she felt in her heart for Cara. She thought she might not survive the night. She could also see the tenderness and love shining in Cara's gaze. She heard that sexy husky voice of desire say to her, "You are so beautiful."

Dana watched Cara wiggle downward and find a spot between her legs at the perfect angle to blow her hot breath directly onto her cunt. Cara leaned down lower over Dana's pulsing mons, kissing her lightly and moving on lower until she was able to lightly flick the twitching clit with her tongue. She let her tongue wander through the hot moist folds, tasting the salty sweetness that was only her wife's. With her thumb, she stroked the shaft of Dana's clit causing her to raise her hips and press into the sensual touch. The intense pleasure of the caress sent shockwaves of excitement deep into Dana causing her to thrust harder.

Dana moaned long and deep "please don't stop."

"No darling, I won't. I'll never stop until you come for me."

Dana dug her nails into Cara's small shoulders urging her to continue her explorations. Cara drew Dana's clit in between her teeth lightly nipping it as she sucked on the blood-engorged organ. Dana was thrusting her hips wildly upward while holding the dark head firmly between her legs. She was so excited from making love to Cara within seconds her nectar came flooding into Cara's hungry mouth. Cara licked and swallowed the juices. She gently left her place below and began making kisses upward on Dana's abdomen working her way back up to the beautiful porcelain shaded body that lay beneath her.

When she got to Dana's nipples they made her mouth water as she coiled her tongue around one and then nipped it between her teeth. Dana bucked feeling the sensation travel down to her exhausted clit, bringing a smile to Cara's face.

Dana licked her parched lips. Her emotions raging through her she asked in a voice hoarse with passion, "Do you believe in forever?"

It was so silent in the room that their heartbeats were the only sounds. Cara rose up to lock gazes with Dana. The moment she looked into her lover's eyes she felt as if she had found herself again. She could see her future reflected in those eyes. Her voice started to break, as she feared she would cry. She responded, "Not until I found you."

They fell into a passionate kiss before entangling their arms and legs to snuggle holding each other as close as their skin allowed. Dana watched as Cara's eyes fluttered closed and her breathing steadied into that sleeping rhythm. She slowly reached over to flick off the bedside lamp. She smiled to herself as felt her own eyes droop. Falling asleep with her wife in her arms; she thought, "*I can not wait until our next date is over.*"

The End