

TO LOVE AGAIN

by Cherokee Echols

Copyright © 2005 All Rights Reserved

CHAPTER 1

There was nothing as beautiful and wild as an Oklahoma spring, unless it was the beautiful and wild Oklahoma woman, Morgan Ann Christian. Mac, as her friends called her because of her initials, was 28 years old, and stood 5'7". She was athletic, 140 pounds, broad of shoulder, small in the hips, and extremely strong in the thighs from hours spent on horseback. She had hazel green eyes, sensual full lips, and a tan complexion from all the hours spent outdoors. Her hair was dark brown. Mac was a quarter Cherokee Indian on her Momma's side. She was a member of the bird clan. On her daddy's side, Mac was three quarters cowgirl. Her daddy was an Osage county horse and cattle rancher. Mac was the girl next door or at least the one in ten girls next door being a lesbian living in the buckle of the Bible belt. She was born and raised in God's country on the western edge of Oklahoma's Osage county. Mac loved the wild open rolling hills of the Osage.

Mac, at her parents urging, went on to college at Oklahoma State University. She wanted to study Ranch Management and take classes like "Rocks and Clods" but her folks thought Business Management would be a better field. They compromised and she received her bachelors in Chemical Engineering and an MBA in Finance, all within six years. She had many companies solicit her for their roster but Mac wanted to get back to the Osage. She accepted a job with an oil company, who had a refinery and offices in Ponca City, Oklahoma, on the grounds that she would be located there. Mac's heart belonged out in the Osage with the Tall Grass Prairie, the buffalos, and the oil wells.

Mac had been with Mid-Con Oil for four years. She climbed the ladder faster than any other woman and faster than most men. She was the Production Manager of a 250,000-barrel a day refinery that did it all. The Ponca City Mid-Con had the largest tank farm in North America with three Crude Units processing both sweet and sour crude.

The old Mid-Con was in many ways a dinosaur. Current trends split up the crude materials and sent them to multiple processing plants. Mid-Con kept all processing in one plant. Many of the units were dated back to when stills were used to boil off the gas and kerosene. The original plant opened in 1908, a year after statehood. Mac's maternal Great-Granddaddy went to work as a boilermaker in 1918. He didn't retire until 1968, making him the longest working employee in the company. Mac was proud of the old company and her family's participation in making the Grand old Dame survive.

Springtime in the Osage is often filled with turbulent skies, lightening, rain, and tornado winds. Today was like that. The weather matched the emotions whirling inside of Mac. She was on the plains in her Jeep watching the storm roll over the far crest. As the storm's approach drew closer it became more dramatic, as did the emotions Mac felt.

Mac hadn't dated anyone in the last year and had decided she would never meet another woman. Then, when she least expected it, along came Jammie. Jammie Diane Lewis was the opposite of Morgan. Jammie was a small, shapely blond who had been raised in the big city of Houston, Texas. Her daddy was the Vice President of Mid-Con Oil, North America. He had transferred to Ponca City, Oklahoma a few months before.

Jammie had completed college and spent a little over a year touring Asia. Now she was back in the States and going to spend some time with her Father before perusing a career. Being in Ponca City, Oklahoma at age 23 was not Jammie's idea of fun.

Mac sat in her Jeep watching the skies churn and darken. She listened to the wind increase and smelled the approach of rain. She relaxed back in her seat and turned her mind to thoughts of the party she attended the night before.

Mac was moving up in the Petroleum business and had attended her first party at the new Mid-Con Oil Vice President's house. Although Mac was part of management she hated participating in the social aspect of management. She preferred the men and women who worked for her with oil and grit under their nails rather than the manicured nails of the other managers in the company. But when she received a personal invitation from the Vice President of her business unit she knew she had to accept his invitation to a dinner party. At least she liked her VP, Marcus Lewis. He was a man's man who liked the outdoors and the challenge of a good hunt as well as the challenge of being in the Petroleum business.

Although Marcus Lewis took over Mid-Con Oil only a few months previously, he had already noticed the hard working young woman. She had a natural ease about her that people just seemed to like. She had a way of talking to the hourly men of the Refinery and getting them to put out a 110% for her. He planned on helping to mentor Mac and watch her rise in the company. He decided having her to his party tonight was a good start. That way she could meet all the right people of the company and the community.

Mac had been very nervous about attending the party with what she considered to be all the big shots of the company. They were all at least 10 or more years older than she, married with children, went to big name colleges, and came from big cities. What would a small town country girl who went to an Ag college to study engineering and who was a lesbian to boot have to talk about with them? Worst yet, what would she talk about with their wives?

Morgan couldn't decide what would be appropriate to wear to the party. Mr. Lewis had stated when he invited her that it would be semi-formal. From the way Mac was raised it meant black Wranglers with polished boots. Off to the locale dress shop she went. She returned with a conservative black dress and heels. Mac was a naturally attractive woman that caught men's eyes but when she donned a dress and styled her hair she caught everyone's eyes, including the wives of the men. She was stunning in her heels and her mother's diamond earrings. Mac didn't feel stunning. She felt like a fish out of water dressed to be filleted. She seriously doubted that moving up in the company was worth all this.

Marcus had asked his daughter to be the hostess at the party since his wife had died four years previously. Jammie was used to performing this function for her Father but hated having to be nice to all the old men. She really hated having to listen to their wives give her advice on how to catch a good man for a husband. All she really wanted to do was to go to bed with a good woman. However, being the dutiful daughter she smiled and bared it.

Jammie had decided this evening she was going to give her fathers people something to look at. She wore a very tight low cut dress she had picked up in Tokyo. The dress was a vibrant red with no back. It was slit up the right side and showed the little tattoo Jammie had on her thigh. The tattoo was a souvenir from Asia. It was a "Ying and Yang" symbol. Marcus thought it a little brisk for his party. When she put on the pearls, he couldn't say no.

Jammie was the prefect hostess as she greeted her Fathers guests as they arrived. She made sure that they received a cocktail before she circulated around the room. She had noticed an attractive young woman coming up the walk alone as she received her fathers Pipeline manager;

but before she could welcome the young woman the Transportation manager asked her to dance. Jammie smiled and accepted his arm as he led her into the large living room.

Mac was welcomed at the door by Marcus Lewis and taken over to the bar. She had wondered who the blonde was in the receiving line as she walked up to the door.

It is probably one of the young department head wives. It seems like all the engineering geeks had really pretty wives. Mac thought as she walked closer.

Those pretty wives sometimes asked Mac where her boyfriend or husband was. Sometimes, they asked for her phone number and to meet with her some evening. Mac would never understand women like them. They marry a man for security and social reasons and then are always looking for a woman on the side to fulfill their sexual needs. She was determined that she would never fall into that trap.

When Marcus asked Mac what she would like to drink at the bar she wanted to say, a Bud long neck, but thought better of it. She asked for a glass of white wine. Mac sipped her wine and wondered why anyone would want to waste good grapes on that awful stuff. She was trying to find the pretty blonde. Little did she know the blonde was looking for her, too.

Jammie was scanning the room as she danced looking for the attractive woman she saw walking up to the porch. There she stood a few yards away from Jammie, Mac seemed tall and lithe. Her movements were easy, graceful, and strong. Her muscles and nerves were like those of a leopard. She had a gliding walk but with a readiness to spring. Her eyes were a fluid leaf-green. Her skin was luminous, a mysterious sunglow shining through it. Her mouth was full, with a look of sensual hunger. Her teeth looked like those of a predatory animal.

Suddenly for the first time Mac saw Jammie. Mac watched as every man at the party pursued Jammie. Her body was never static, always poised in movement. She was light on her feet, supple, almost evanescent, and tantalizing. Something in her was violently sensual, alive, and earthy. Her full mouth was all the more vivid because of the delicate body that moved with the fragility of a rose. Mac was lured by the unworldly beauty of her features, which was only heightened when she heard her speak.

Mac watched her dance. She watched Jammie dancing as if her body were a flame and each movement ignited by the hot blaze of fire in her blood. Morgan worked her way around the room to be closer to Jammie. Mac was nearly overcome with the desire to brand herself against the burning lusciousness of Jammie's mouth. She was nearly drunk by the feeling inside of her. Looking into Jammie's eyes, Mac was drawn deeper into an inner world, hypnotized by the burning stare from her.

Suddenly Mac was aware of a hand upon her upper arm. She turned and saw Marcus Lewis standing beside her. The drunkenness she had fallen into by watching Jammie quickly dissipated when he asked her to dance. Mac smiled and accepted his arm. Between the young men vying for Jammie's time and Marcus introducing Mac around, the two young women never got a chance to meet. They did share many stolen glances across the room.

As everyone was leaving Mac thought she should go to the ladies room before her long drive home out in the country. Mac was reaching for the doorknob when it opened and there stood the beautiful blonde. Instantly, she felt her body ignite with fire again.

As Jammie moved to slide past Mac, who was standing and staring in the doorway, she was overcome with impulse. Jammie leaned into Mac and gently kissed her on the lips. Mac was overwhelmed with both shock and ecstasy and could barely move. She walked into the ladies

room to try and compose herself before departing. Although she greatly desired to see the blonde again, she prayed that she would be gone by the time she came out of the ladies room.

Coming out of the restroom, Mac looked around and there she stood, there was no way around her. But why was she standing with Mr. Lewis saying good-bye to the guests? Mac knew she wouldn't be able to slip out unseen so she walked on up to the door to say good-bye. What was said next was the biggest surprise of the night.

"Ah. Mac, there you are. Have you met my daughter, Jammie?"

His daughter! Oh my God! I have been cruising his daughter and she kissed me! Oh shit my career is over, thought Mac.

No sir, I have not. Hi, I'm Morgan Christian. Most call me Mac.

"Morgan. Hi it's a pleasure to finally meet you. I noticed you earlier in the evening but never got a chance to come and greet you." Jammie smiled her sweetest, most seductive smile toward Mac.

"Yes, it was a rather hectic evening. Thank you for having me tonight. I really enjoyed it, but if you will excuse me, I have to be going. It's a long drive out to my place. Thanks again." Mac could feel the redness creeping up her neck as she stared at those beautiful lips that had kissed her moments before now posed in a smile.

"Mac, I appreciate you coming tonight and I hope you come again. Have a safe drive and I'll see you at work." Stated Marcus Lewis as he wondered why Mac appeared to be blushing.

As Mac walked to her Jeep she had to fight the urge to look back at the beautiful blonde she knew was standing in the door way. *Oh God, she was the boss's daughter. Why did she kiss me?* Mac kept thinking over and over.

A big clap of thunder cracked overhead and brought Mac back from her daydream. The full thrust of the storm was upon her and she thought she had better head for the house incase the storm brought hail with it.

The rain continued to cloud her vision as it poured heavily. As she drew closer to her house, she could see a white Infinity parked in front. Who could be at her house in a storm like this? Then she saw the beautiful blonde running back to the car from her front door. Mac picked up speed so that she could get there before the white car pulled away.

Jammie had started her car and was about to pull away when she noticed the Jeep. She waited to see if it was Mac. Mac pulled into her drive. She was so excited and nervous to see Jammie that she forgot to clutch as she came up to stop and killed her Jeep with a jerking motion. She thought *please Lord don't let this be a sign that I am going to make a jerk out of myself.*

Jammie got back out of her car and met Mac under the shelter of the porch.

"Hey there, I hope you don't mind me coming out without calling first."

"No not at all. I thought maybe you were lost or something. Why don't you come in out of the rain and I'll fix us a cup of hot tea."

They went into the house and removed their wet jackets.

"So what do I owe the pleasure of your company? How did you find my place?"

"Well, Linda Kelly in personnel told me where you lived and how to get out here. Even with her wonderful directions I was worried that I was going to get lost. You sure live out in the boonies. As to why I came, I didn't want you to be concerned about my little indiscretion at the bathroom last night. Sometimes I tend to act upon my impulses before I think."

At the mention of the kiss Mac turned a scarlet red. She was both embarrassed about the incident and concerned that Jammie was insinuating that it would not be repeated. She then realized she was standing, staring blankly at Jammie with her hands rammed into the pockets of her Wranglers.

"Uh...well I didn't...I mean you didn't...or rather don't think...it's just that... damn I hate it when my thoughts don't come out clear."

"Then let me help you articulate. Can I assume that you didn't mind the kiss but would rather my Father didn't find out?"

"Yea I think you can be safe to assume that."

"Good, because I enjoyed the kiss too. I don't want Father to find out either. Now that we have that covered, how about a tour of this beautiful house? Then we can have that cup of tea you offered me."

Mac was feeling a bit more at ease and started to show her home known as "Copper Top" to Jammie. Mac had inherited "Copper Top" from her parents three years ago when her Mother passed away. It was a beautiful, sprawling ranch house, sitting on top of a plateau over looking the Arkansas River valley. What really set the house off was the copper roof giving the homestead its name. Inside the rooms were big, open and decorated in a tasteful western rustic flare.

After the tour of the house and the reciting of how her great grandparents made the land run to Oklahoma in 1893 but then came to receive this parcel of land by allotment in 1904, they settled in front of the fireplace with their tea. They spent several hours talking about their college days. Jammie told Mac about her travels. She spoke of the many beautiful and exciting things she had seen while in Asia and her love of their culture.

As Jammie spoke, Mac became entranced in the sound of her voice and found herself thinking about the sweetness of Jammie's lips. She thought better of trying to kiss her. After all, this was the first time that they were actually getting to know each other. Besides, what if Jammie thought it was too brash and soon, although, Jammie's kissing her in the bathroom at the party was brash in it's self. Morgan, being raised by the code of the Southern Gentlewoman, thought it best that she wait and not rush a beautiful lady regardless of her own personal hunger.

The rain brought a slight chill even with the fire roaring in the fireplace. Mac got up to get some Triple Sec to add to their tea. She was standing at the bar when Jammie walked up from behind and pulled Mac by the hips into her pelvis. Jammie felt a surge ripple through her loins and the heat start to rise. Slowly, Jammie slid her hands over Mac's chest, gently squeezing her nipples and caressing her breast before turning Mac around and slipping her arms around Mac's neck. Mac's whole body quivered with excitement as she responded to Jammie's touch. So *much for waiting* quickly passed across Mac's mind. Mac then took Jammie's face in her right hand as she pulled her closer. They both gasped little moans as they kissed gently at first. Then as passion consumed them, their kisses became more urgent and their moans became louder, expressing their wants and needs. They fell to their knees, covering each other's face, lips, and

necks with hot, wanting kisses. Jammie reached down Mac's back, clutched her t-shirt, and pulled it up over her head. With Mac's beautiful breast now exposed, Jammie took one in her hand as toyed with the other nipple with her tongue. Mac let out a deep groan and swayed closer, wanting to have more.

"You are so beautiful. Your skin tastes so sweet" Jammie said between tender nips followed quickly by soothing massages of her tongue.

Their clothes fell around them. They were still kneeling in front of the bar. Then without a word, Mac picked Jammie up and carried her over in front of the fireplace. She laid her down upon the thick buffalo rug.

Mac began caressing Jammie. Her caresses had a strange quality. At times they were soft and melting. At other times they were fierce, and wild. There was something animal-like about Mac's hands, which she kept spread over each part of Jammie's body. Her hand covered Jammie's mound and hair together as if she would tear them away from Jammie's body.

When Jammie closed her eyes as Mac's hands and mouth covered her body feeling like there was more than one of her. With a wolf like sharpness, Mac's teeth sank gently into Jammie's fleshiest parts. The honey flowed from Jammie. Mac dipped her fingers in lingeringly, stroking slowly as she watched Jammie's movements and listened to her moans and pleas of desire. Mac gently guided Jammie to draw her knees up as she dropped between them to taste the sweetness of Jammie's honey. Her mouth sought Jammie's clitoris, moving very slowly along each side of the extended bundle of nerves. The fur they lay on gave off an animal odor, which mingled with the odors of sex. The scent heightened their arousal. Jammie reached out and tried to guide Mac to take more of her hot burning core.

Not getting the direct attention she wanted, Jammie became more aggressive and turned around so that she too could taste the honey between Mac's legs. At times, Mac would jerk backwards, away from the stinging kisses and bites, and the tongue that was as hard as a man's organ. Each move cast her buttocks upward. Jammie's hands held Mac's hips. She was enjoying the shape of them. Jammie slid her finger into Mac's tight little aperture, extracting a groan of pleasure. She could feel the contraction caused by her tongue. Mac's pleasure was expressed in ripples of melodious groans. When she was about to come and could no longer defend herself against her pleasure, Jammie stopped leaving Mac halfway on the peak of an excruciating sensation, half crazed.

Uncontrollable now, like some maniac, Mac threw herself over Jammie's body, parted her legs, placed herself between them, pressed her mound to Jammie's, and moved with desperation. She pumped against Jammie, wanting to feel the two sexes meeting, soldering together. As she felt her pleasure coming, she stopped herself to prolong it and to insure Jammie's release. She fell upon Jammie searing her open mouth to Jammie's throbbing breasts.

Teasingly, Jammie extracted herself from under Mac and stood up. She felt Mac's hand travel up her thigh and her fingers part the hot lips of her blazing hot center. Mac then stood up behind Jammie. Jammie felt Mac leaning against her back, panting, she felt her small breasts pressing into her back and the brushing of Mac's pubic hair against her buttocks. Mac rubbed against her and then slid up and down, slowly, knowing the friction would force Jammie to turn to feel this on her breast, and belly. Before Jammie could turn, Mac slid her hand between Jammie's buttocks and dipped her fingers deep into her burning center. Jammie's body was steaming. She thought she was about to explode.

"Yes baby. That's it. Give me more".

Mac slid another finger inside Jammie's hot wetness. She had three fingers stroking deeply within. Jammie turned sideways so she could feel Mac's wetness too and drove her fingers in deep. As they passionately stroked each other, their tongues dueled, and together their orgasm came like an exquisite torment among gasps for air. At each spasm they moved as if they were being stabbed. Jammie almost cried to have it end but begged Mac to not stop.

They collapsed together in a tangled mass of arms and legs upon the rug, falling into an exhausted fulfilled sleep. The aroma from the animal odors of the rug and their lovemaking was waiving in the air.

When Mac awoke a few hours latter, she rose to put a throw over the beautiful body asleep upon her floor. She slipped on her jeans and t-shirt then just sat quietly, starring at the beautiful women who lay before her. Mac had never believed in love at first sight nor had she ever experienced that emotion at all. With her it had always been a strong attraction and strong feelings. Those feelings resting primarily between her legs. Mac enjoyed sex a great deal, but never let herself become emotionally attached. After all, she lived in a small town, worked long and varied hours, and then had the horses and cattle to look after when she got home. When did she have time to fit in an emotional based relationship? Staring down at the beautiful woman lying asleep, she found herself wondering if Jammie possibly could learn to love the Osage as much as she did. She knew at that very minute she would do anything, give up everything, and beg to be with this woman.

As usual in Oklahoma the storm had fled just as quickly as it arrived. The few hours of rain left everything fresh and clean smelling. The whole Osage was alive with activity after the storm. The land was taking on an emerald green with the multitudes of wild flowers causing the rolling hills to come alive with splashes of color. It looked as if children were at play upon a large green carpet and had spilled their colorful paints upon the floor as they romped and played about. Mac loved this land and the serenity it gave her. With thoughts of Jammie asleep in her house and the beauty of the Osage, she thought her world could not be more perfect than right now.

Mac was looking out over the vast Arkansas River valley admiring Mother Nature's handy work when she heard Jammie walk up behind her.

"Hi. Sorry I slept so long. I was so relaxed and the fire felt so good."

"Don't feel bad. I've only been up 15 or 20 minutes myself. I'm sorry I left you alone but I love it out here after a rain. Everything is so green and alive."

There was a sense of unease between them that exits when new lovers first began that erotic dance of sex. Mac wanted to put her arms around Jammie and hold her close for a while. She wanted to feel the warmth of her body again, but being a Southern Gentlewoman feared it was too forward.

Jammie looked out over the valley as she leaned on the veranda rail.

"Wow this is a really awesome sight. I can't believe how clear and beautiful everything is. That storm too, it had so much power. It just came and went so quickly. Oh look, there's a deer."

Mac enjoyed listening to Jammie talk. Her voice had a drugging effect. Finally she came to her senses and looked at her watch.

"Listen it is about 2:30 and I haven't had anything to eat since early this morning. How about I fix us some lunch?"

"What? A beautiful soft butch who is passionate and cooks too? Have I fallen asleep having a wonderful dream?"

Mac, not accustomed to compliments, turned red.

"I'll take that to mean yes."

Jammie leaned into Mac and slid her arms up around her neck. Mac gave a sigh of contentment. The renewed heat she felt growing between her legs also surprised her.

"That is yes. Thank you. You are a wonderful lover. I hope that there will be repeat opportunities."

Jammie smiled broadly at Mac. Mac kissed her gently.

"I hope there will be many more opportunities."

They kissed again and then went hand in hand into the kitchen.

Jammie found a place at the counter. From the bar stool she watched in amazement as Mac deftly prepare their lunch. Little did Jammie know but cooking was one of Mac's passions.

They soon sat down to a nice lunch of spinach salad and fettuccine primavera. They talked about their families and life experiences. Afterward, Mac suggested that they take a walk down to the stables and go for a ride along the river. Mac had assumed that since Jammie was a city girl she wouldn't be able to ride but was pleasantly surprised to see how well she could handle a horse. Jammie had learned to ride while in boarding school. However, sitting a western saddle was a bit different than riding English.

They rode along the river bottom, admiring the beauty of nature and watching the birds and animals scamper about. There was a two-mile section that had a wide sandy beach. Mac yelled toward Jammie.

"Come on, I'll race you."

Off they went at a full run. Jammie hadn't ridden in years and found the movement in the saddle along with the movement of the horse's powerful muscles between her legs to be exciting. By the time they slowed the horses to a canter, Jammie's desire was running hot again. Between the warmth of the sun shining down and the heat between her legs, she decided she needed to be cooled down.

"Can you swim in this river or is it to swift with under currents?"

"Out towards the middle the current can be swift. There is quick sand in spots but I have a hole I swim in up ahead."

They smiled at each other and took off with the horses in another run.

Mac, being a learned horsewoman, told Jammie to go ahead and take a dip while she walked the horses to cool them down. Jammie took off her shoes and noticed Mac watching her as she walked the horses. Jammie decided to have fun with her. She turned so that her side was facing Mac and slowly pulled her shirt over her head with a deliberate stretching motion. She exposed her beautiful round breast and erect nipples to the sun and Mac's stares. Jammie then slid her hand over her breast and fondled the nipple as she threw her head back to let the sun shine on her face. This caused a moan to escape Mac's lips as she felt the heat rise between her legs. Jammie turned her back to Mac and slowly pulled her jeans down over her shapely hips exposing the soft fullness of her butt. She tossed her jeans over a log along with her shirt. As she turned to face Mac, she slid her fingers between her legs. She felt the hot slickness caused by the movement of the horse. She slowly stroked back and forth, moving her hips in rhythm with her hand.

Mac became so entranced with watching Jammie she had stopped walking the horses and just stood there staring at Jammie playing with herself. The horses grew impatient and tugged at their reins, bringing Mac out of her trance. She quickly looked at the horses then back at Jammie who was now lying in the warm sand smiling at Mac and licking the cum off her fingers. When Jammie winked at her, Mac gave out a small groan and quickly loosened the saddles on the horses so she could join Jammie in the sand.

Mac didn't take time to undress. She quickly dove between Jammie's legs. She enjoyed the powerful scent that emitted from Jammie's wetness mixed with that from the horse and the leather of the saddle. She admired the lips already swollen with desire from Jammie's playful touches. How beautiful the swollen lips shone in the sun with the glisten of cum upon her pubic hairs. Mac believed she had never seen a more beautiful and desirable sight. It caused her to gasp with desire.

Jammie thrust her pelvis toward Mac, impatient for her attention.

"Please Morgan. I need you now."

Mac parted Jammie's nether lips to expose her clitoris. She quickly ran her tongue across the little love button and then left it alone. Jammie gasped at the single touch and moaned when Mac stopped. Mac proceeded to kiss and nuzzle Jammie's inner thighs, buttocks and mound.

Jammie was going nuts. She took Mac's head and tried guiding it back to her clit but Mac refused to pay it any attention. Jammie's desire was growing more and more as she thrust her pelvis forward.

"Please Morgan, don't make me beg. I need to feel you now."

Mac slid over Jammie's body, pressing her weight into her. The friction from Mac's jeans as she pressed her thigh between Jammie's was like magic. Jammie was panting hard and begging Mac for more.

Then suddenly, Mac began sucking Jammie's clit. Mac's own wetness increased, as she tasted the salty sweetness of Jammie's passion. Mac's tongue found it's rhythm and Jammie clung to her waiting for the pleasure to burst. Mac slipped her hand down between her own legs to try and relieve some of the mounting tension she had. Jammie suddenly came. Her cries and wetness pushed Mac to her own climax. Jammie could have sworn she saw stars as she gasped for breath. They lay together in the sand as they struggled to recover and catch their breaths. Mac liked having Jammie's cum on her face and licked her lips with pleasure.

After Jammie recovered, she helped Mac to undress. They waded out into the cool swift water of the Arkansas. They played and splashed each other like little schoolgirls enjoying the water running over their nude bodies. After they exhausted themselves, they took the blankets off the horses and sat upon them to dry.

"Morgan, tell me about yourself and the women you have been with."

"The women I have been with? That is pretty boring stuff and is part of the past that is best left in the past."

"I'm just curious. What kind of women have you been with and have there been many?"

"No there's not been many." Mac was starting to grow uncomfortable and wanted it to change topics.

"As beautiful as you are I know you have had to been with many women." Jammie said, looking seductively at Mac and watching the older woman blush at the compliment.

"Working 14 hour days and then tending to the ranch doesn't leave much time for women. I have never found anyone who liked it out here enough to join me."

"So what kind of women do you date? I mean, what do you look for in a woman?"

"I can't say I have ever dated a particular type but she would have to be intelligent, caring, funny, enjoy sex, and love the Osage and Copper Top as much as me."

"What about her looks? What do you want her to look like?"

"I have never given it much thought except... well I know this is going to sound weird but, she has to be shorter than me."

"How tall are you?"

"Five foot seven."

"Why is that important?"

"Maybe after we get to know each other better I will tell you."

"What? We have had our faces in each others crotches and you can't tell me this!"

"Good point. I guess you are right. It has to do with when I was a kid. You know how when you are young you ask your Mom all kinds of stupid questions?"

"Yea, go on give."

"Well I asked my Mom 'when would I know I was grown up?' She told me when I was as tall as she was."

"Uh huh yea so?"

"Well you see my Mom was five foot ten."

"Yea and oh... you're five seven."

"I think you get the picture now. I always feel like I am a kid when I am around women taller than me. So I don't date them. It's a head thing...a sort of complex."

"Well I am only five two so I guess I don't give you a complex. Do I?"

Mac smiled at her as she leaned over and kissed Jammie deeply. Then taking on a thick southern drawl she said.

"Why no ma'am. I can't say that a beautiful woman as you could ever cause me to have a complex. However, my dear, you do leave me rancid with a hot desire to totally ravage and deflower you."

Giggling, they rolled around in the sand, kissing and tickling each other until they could hardly breathe from the laughter.

"I think we are pretty dry. Ready to get dressed and ride back to Copper Top?" Mac asked Jammie.

"Is there any reason why we can't ride the horses bareback in the nude?"

"You're kidding right? Have you ever ridden a horse bareback in the nude?"

"No, but I would like to try. Will anyone see us?"

"No. We shouldn't be seen but I'm not sure you are going to like this. I will have to put both saddles on one horse and we will have to ride tandem."

"Great. Let's do it."

Mac fixed the saddles on the bay mare before mounting the palomino. She reached down and swung Jammie up behind her. At a slow walk they rode the horse back to Copper Top. Jammie found the movement of the horse between her legs exciting. Mac found the movement of Jammie's body against her back, buttocks, and thighs to be exciting.

"Would you like to shower before you get dressed?"

"Sure."

"The bathroom is upstairs second door on the right. You will find towels and everything in the cabinet."

"Thanks."

Mac slipped on a robe while Jammie showered. She fixed herself a cup of tea. Sitting down on the divan, she thought about what had transpired today. She couldn't believe that just last night she had met a beautiful blonde who happened to be the daughter of her boss. Then today she had the wonderful pleasure of making love with her twice. Now, she was upstairs in her shower.

"Ouch, okay at least I'm not dreaming." Mac smiled after she pinched herself.

"Hey I'm out of the shower if you want to get in."

"Okay great. I'll be right up."

As Mac came up the stairs, Jammie started down. They meet half way and Jammie wrapped her arms around Mac's neck, kissing her deeply.

"I have had one of the best times of my life today. I am so happy that we have met. But all good things must come to an end and I have to get home. Father is expecting me for dinner. Can I see you again soon?"

Mac looked deeply into Jammie's eyes and wished she didn't have to leave.

"I've had a great time too. Call me when you can and let's try to see a show or something."

They kissed again and Jammie said she would see herself out. Mac went on up to shower. As the hot water was running over her body and she was lathering up with soap, her mind wandered back to the love making she and Jammie had shared that day and she found her self becoming aroused.

Leaning against the cool tile of the shower, Mac ran the bar of soap between her legs increasing the pressure and movement as her passion became heightened thinking of Jammie's hands upon her. Suddenly she convulsed in a shattering orgasm collapsing to the floor of the shower. Mac couldn't believe what had just happened as she smiled and slowly stood to finish her shower.

CHAPTER 2

Mac could hardly concentrate at work wondering when she would hear from Jammie. As time passed she began to worry that she might not hear from Jammie at all. She worried that Jammie had time to think about what she was doing and decide she did not want Mac in her life. What would she do? This wasn't just any woman. This was the daughter of her boss, the Vice President of her company. Mac sat at her desk with her head lowered on her arms as she moaned, "Shit what am I doing?"

Suddenly she was startled by a buzz from Betty her administrative support.

"Yes?"

"You have a call on line one, a J. D. Lewis. She wouldn't give me any reason for needing to speak with you, but said you would take the call"

"Who? J.D. Lewis?"

"Yes. As I said the caller wouldn't give a reason."

"Betty, I don't have time. I don't know any Lewis."

Lewis? Morgan thought *oh...* "Wait Betty, put the call through".

"Hello? This is Morgan Christian" Mac said in her professional voice incase it wasn't who she thought it was.

"Hello back" came the sultry, sexy voice on the other end of the line.

Mac relaxed against her plush leather chair, smiling as she listened to Jammie's voice on the line.

"I was worried you might not call and then I would have to make a fool of myself by trying to nonchalantly find out your phone number from your father's admin support" Mac confessed.

"Now I wouldn't want you to make a fool of yourself over me unless of course I get to watch."

Jammie's easy laugh made Mac began to feel a slow blaze in her crotch. What was it about this woman who could touch her so readily?

"Listen, I know my Father is a slave driver so you are probably busy, but I was wondering if you would like to go out to dinner on Wednesday and maybe catch a late show? Dad has to go to Houston and I won't have to answer any questions about where I am going or with whom."

"Wednesday, sure I think that will be fine. Shall I pick you up or do you want to meet somewhere?"

" Why don't you come pick me up at the house say around 6:30? You of course know where it is."

"Sounds great, but could we make it seven? It is hard for me to get out of here before that and I wouldn't want to make any one question why I was leaving early."

Jammie's soft lilting laugh came across the line "Will seven it is. We wouldn't want anyone questioning your loyalties to the company Ms. Christian."

"Great. I'll see you Wednesday at seven sharp. I can hardly wait".

"Me neither. See you then. And Morgan, be sure and bring that wonderful mouth and tongue of yours with you." With a laughing lilting laugh, Jammie hung up the phone.

Mac sat for a minute with the dial tone ringing in her ear as she thought about the last sentence Jammie had said to her before hanging up. Suddenly, she broke into a big smile and felt more joy than she had felt in years. Just as suddenly, she came crashing back down as she continued thinking about Wednesday. It was two days away and how was she going to last until she saw Jammie's warm and sexy smile again. How could she wait two days to feel the warmth of her embrace and the sweetness of her mouth?

Again Mac lowered her head to her desk and moaned. Suddenly, she sat up straight. She spoke out loud "Shit what am I going to wear? Maybe I should get my hair cut. I ought to at least wash the Jeep. No. I can't pick her up in my old Jeep. I'll get Mom's old Lincoln out of the garage and clean it up."

Mac buzzed Betty.

“Yes?”

“Betty what do I have on my agenda for the rest of the day?”

“Just a briefing with the Turn Around Foreman, Bear Cobb, on the #1 Crude Unit throughput increase.”

Damn she really shouldn't cancel that meeting. She thought again about needing to get something to wear and needing to clean up the Lincoln. Her mind was made up. She would cancel the meeting. It was out of character for her, but so were these new feelings.

“Listen Betty. Ring Bear and tell him I will meet him in my office at 6:30 in the morning. I'll have doughnuts and coffee waiting. That should appease him. Oh and Betty, I am going to be out of the office the rest of the afternoon. If you need me, you can reach me on my cell phone.”

There was a short silence and then Betty came through Mac's office door.

“Are you okay? That phone call you received, it wasn't bad news was it?”

Mac was both amused and touched by Betty's concern.

“No, it has nothing to do with this. I just have some personal business I can't put off.”

“Okay, sure I see.” Betty looked suspiciously at Mac who never in all the time Betty had known her left early.

“Oh and Betty. Could you make sure that the doughnuts and coffee are ordered for in the morning. Please add a tray of fresh fruit for me? Thanks.”

Mac quickly left before Betty could ask any more questions. She decided she would make the hour and a half drive to Tulsa in search of a new outfit to wear. She whistled a lively tune of “Zippdy Do Dah” as she strolled off to her Jeep.

Finally it was Wednesday and Mac was on her way to Jammie's house. She had actually bought four new outfits while in Tulsa. She couldn't decide what look she should go for. Dressing that evening to meet with Jammie proved to be frustrating. Mac ended up not wearing any of her new clothes and instead slid on a pair of tight fitting well-worn wranglers, a crisp white button down shirt, and her favorite pair of well-worn boots. She thought to her self *if this woman is going to like me she ought to at least like the real me.*

Being the Southern Gentlewoman she was, Mac showed at Jammie's door with a bunch of flowers, a box of See's chocolates, and a shy grin upon her face. She rang the doorbell and before she could even pull her finger away the door opened with a flourish. Surprised by the suddenness of the door opening, Mac stepped backward, only to be drawn forward again by the radiant smiling woman who stood before her in the doorway.

“Well hello Ms. Christian. I'm glad to see you are punctual.” Jammie's eyes traveled up and down the woman who stood before her. How sexy she thought Mac looked standing there with the flowers, her silly little grin, and those tight jeans that accentuated her strong thigh muscles. Jammie could feel the heat already rising and was surprised by her quick desire for the woman she barely knew. “Please come in. Are those for me?”

“Yes, they are a mix of the wild flowers that grow locally.”

"I don't think I have ever had a woman bring me flowers before. How sweet."

"Then I guess you have never dated a southerner before. It's in the unwritten handbook we southerners all learn from birth about manners and proper conduct. It is officially known as the 'Code of the South'". Mac flashed an ear-to-ear grin that melts right into Jammie's heart. "These are for you too." She handed across the box of Chocolates.

"Oh yummy! See's chocolates. I didn't know you could get these here."

"You can't. They had to be ordered. I had them shipped over-night. I was sure you would be a chocolate lover."

Jammie was touched by the effort that Mac had put into getting the chocolates for her and the beautiful flowers.

"Come on into the kitchen with me while I put these beautiful flowers in a vase."

"Sure. Have you thought about where you would like to go out to dinner or what movie you wanted to see?" Mac asked as she followed Jammie through the house to the kitchen.

Jammie stood at the sink with her back to Mac. She turned and said, "Instead of going out how about we order a pizza in and then watch an old movie...in my bed?"

Jammie was concerned that she might seem too eager and aggressive but she wanted her so badly, she was willing to take the chance of her wanting the same thing.

Jammie's concern quickly dissipated as Mac crossed the few feet and took her in her arms and kissed her open, wanting lips.

"Sounds like a plan to me. However, I really would like for us to get to know one another other than the fact we have great sex together.

Did I just say that Mac thought as every nerve in her body screamed with desire for the woman in her arms?

Jammie's face was suffused with hurt and disappointment. She started to pull away but Mac tightened her grip and held her close.

"Wait, I said it sounded like a plan for tonight. I want you so bad Jammie. I can hardly breathe. I just don't want you to think that all I want from you is sex. I am very attracted to you and really would like us to get to know one another better. I am hoping there is a lot more between us than just great sex. I would like it to be more."

Now smiling, Jammie teasingly said, "I thought you didn't do relationships? I thought you said you didn't have the time to invest in them?"

Mac pulled Jammie even closer as she bent and passionately kissed her smiling lips. She looked deeply in to Jammie's eyes and made a confession that she had never stated before.

"I would give you anything, I would give up everything, and I would do what ever it takes to be the woman who you want in your arms."

Jammie was shocked at the declaration from Mac. They had known each other for little more than a week. *She shouldn't be making professions of this nature so quickly. What could Mac be thinking?* Then Jammie looked deeply into Mac's eyes and knew that love at first sight did exist. Jammie knew she was in love with this strong, beautiful woman who held her heart in her hands. She rose up and kissed her as if her very life depended upon the melting of their lips together.

They kissed until it was necessary to come up for air. For long minutes, Mac and Jammie simply looked into one another's eyes as their excited bodies returned to normal.

"How hungry are you?" Jammie asked with a hot wanting need reflected in her eyes.

"For food, not at all. For you, I am ravenous."

Jammie took Mac by the hand and ran towards the stairs that led to her bedroom.

Hours later, they lay entwined on the bed with their hands still exploring one another's bodies. Mac's stomach growled loudly, causing them both to break out in laughter.

"Okay, maybe now I could use a little food."

"Oh, so my love isn't enough to sustain you?" Jammie said teasingly as she sat up and straddled Mac's hips.

Jammie was bent over with her hands on each side of Mac's head. The position caused her breasts to dangle inches above Mac's mouth. Heat and desire again washed over Mac as she stretched up to take a nipple into her mouth. With a moan she captured the nipple between her lips. Jammie first leaned forward forcing more of her breast into the hot wanting mouth. Abruptly she sat up pulling her nipple away from Mac's probing and licking tongue.

"Hey I wasn't done with that." Mac grinned at Jammie.

"Don't worry. You are going to be given all the time you want after we eat. After all, you are going to need your strength for what I have in mind."

Jammie got up and headed towards the bathroom, calling back over her shoulder

"I'm going to take a quick shower. Want to come too or are you going to order the pizza?"

With the reflexes of a cat, Mac was out of the bed and across the room before Jammie could hardly get the water turned on. She wrapped her arms around Jammie's waist and nuzzled her neck while waiting for the temperature of the water to warm up. She had never felt this way about a woman before. She was overwhelmed with a yearning to constantly touch Jammie. Mac sighed contentedly, knowing she wanted this woman more than life itself. *So this is what it means to fall in love* Mac thought. *It feels so great why haven't I done this before?* As she watched Jammie step into the shower, she realized it was only Jammie that had ever made her feel this way. Mac recognized that instant love could happen with the right person and that person was Jammie. Jammie was the Ying to her Yang, her soul mate. Slowly Mac turned and left the bathroom. She still had pizza to order.

They sat crossed leg on the bed eating their Mazzio's pizza and licking the dripping sauce off each other's lips. It was a time of sharing, talking about any and everything under the sun. They were so comfortable in each other's company that it felt as if they had known one another for years.

"Have you ever been camping?" Mac asked Jammie.

"Sure."

"Really? When and where?"

"We go to the cabin in Colorado every year. It is great up there. I love roughing it. There's no television and only one bathroom!"

Mac smiled and laughed at Jammie.

"That's not exactly what I meant by camping."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

"I meant like go out to a lake or on the river and pitch a tent. You know, sleep on the ground and cook your food over an open fire. Camping."

"Sounds more like caveman."

"No it's great fun. I love to camp. I was thinking of going over to Grand Lake this weekend. I was kind of hoping maybe you would come with me."

Jammie thought about it for a minute as she stared into Mac's long lashed puppy eyes. *Shit* she thought to herself *this must be love if I am willing to make such a sacrifice to please this woman.*

Sounding really excited, Jammie replied, "Oh Morgan, that sounds great. I would love to go. When will we leave?"

"Let's leave Friday around five. It is a three-hour drive. That way we will get there in time to set up before night falls."

"Okay, it's a date."

Mac knew that Jammie had probably never roughed it before but was willing to try just to be with her. The endearment made Mac love her even more and she knew she couldn't subject Jammie to the starkness of camping. She made a mental note to herself to call and see if she could use her Uncle's cabin on Bernice Point. She would surprise Jammie when they got there. She couldn't wait to show Jammie her second most favorite place in all of Oklahoma. Of course, Copper Top would always be her most favorite spot.

"You know, since I am going to sacrifice my body by sleeping on the ground this weekend, I would think you could show it a little attention now." Jammie said coquettishly.

Pulling out her best southern drawl, Mac leaned over and took Jammie in her arms.

“Ma’am I could never deny a lady any little whim she may have. I will be more than happy to show your body a little attention. Shoot ma’am, I’ll be happy to show it a lot of attention say for the next four or five hours.”

Mac took Jammie’s hot wet mouth with hers and tasted every inch with her tongue. She lost herself in the rapture of this beautiful woman.

Mac gently moved to lay on top of Jammie. She massaged Jammie’s nipples with her hand. Mac continued to explore Jammie’s mouth with her tongue. Wetness grew between both their legs and their breathing became faster and deeper as they continued to kiss and explore each other.

“Please Morgan. I want you to take me hard. I want to feel you in me.”

Until now their lovemaking had its moments of intensity but had always been tender and gentle. Mac could see the driving desire and need in Jammie’s eyes. She wanted to do what ever it took to make her happy and to satisfy her needs. Mac slid four fingers into Jammie and began pumping hard, using her thigh to increase the pressure on the back of her hand. The sweat was dripping from both of them as they worked into a sexual frenzy.

Jammie, moaning with satisfaction and desire, said “Please Morgan. I want you to fill me up. Don’t hold back. Show me how much you love me.”

Mac was surprised by the tone of Jammie’s voice. It excited Mac to hear Jammie calling her Morgan. No one ever called her Morgan. She could see Jammie’s eyes glaze over with desire and Mac slid her entire hand into Jammie’s wet, burning chamber.

As Mac entered Jammie, she curled her fingers around her thumb and slowly pumped back and forth, worried about hurting her. Mac could feel the muscles contracting around her hand. She felt her hand melded into one with Jammie’s slick inner walls. She had never done this with a woman before and was shocked by the exhilaration she was feeling. With each contraction, Mac felt it in her own neither regions as her hand was squeezed and massaged by Jammie’s seething canal.

Their bodies glistened with sweat as their breaths became more labored. Mac continued pumping into Jammie’s wiggling, thrusting body. She tried desperately to hold onto Jammie’s nipple as she continued pumping into her. Mac felt Jammie sink her finger nails into her shoulders causing a sweet arousing pain go through her.

Suddenly with a shriek sounding like a wild animal, Jammie’s body stiffened. Mac felt Jammie’s inner muscles contracting around her hand feeling like they were going to crush the bones of her fingers. As the walls of her vagina continued to contract, Jammie let out a moan along with several spasms that caused Mac to worry that Jammie might be in pain.

Mac tried to extract her hand, but Jammie’s muscles held tight. Jammie reached down and grabbed Mac’s wrist and said in a breathless voice.

“Not yet baby wait until it relaxes more.”

They lay quietly together, sweat running down their bodies as their breathing calmed and Jammie’s inner spasms slowly began to subside.

Mac reached out and pushed the damp hair from Jammie’s forehead. Her hand was still tightly caught and she began to wonder if Jammie would loosen enough for her to pull it out. What if

Jammie did not relax enough for her to pull out? Would they have to go to the emergency room? How would they explain this?

Sensing that Mac was becoming anxious, Jammie opened her eyes and turned her head towards her.

“Thank you Morgan. That was powerful and wonderful. I can’t do that with just anyone. I have to be very excited and ready to receive you within my body. You are only the second person I have ever allowed to take me like that. Give me a minute and I should relax enough that you can remove your hand.”

Jammie looked at Mac and worried about the expression she saw upon her face. Was it fear, anger or loathing? She couldn’t tell.

“I haven’t freaked you out or upset you by asking you to do this have I?” Jammie asked in a concerned voice.

Taking her eyes off her hand still embedded deep within Jammie, Mac looked into her beautiful eyes and saw the concern. She also saw the glittering of new tears.

“No, not at all. I want to do what ever makes you happy and fulfills you. I have never done this before and I was getting concerned that the blood was being cut off to my hand.”

Jammie gave a little laugh and Mac felt her inner muscles relaxing. Mac started tickling Jammie with her free hand and the muscles finally relaxed enough that she was able to extract her hand. As she pulled her hand free, her knuckles brushed across Jammie’s G-spot. Ripples of a new orgasm bolted through Jammie’s body, causing her to quiver with delight.

They lay in each other’s arms with Jammie’s head resting upon Mac’s breast. Jammie toyed with one of Mac’s nipples. She felt lethargic and more sated than she had felt in years. She wanted to always be in the arms of this woman and could not imagine spending another night not being in her bed. So far, she had not been invited to Mac’s bed nor had they spoke of living together. What would she tell her Father as to why she was going to be living with Mac instead of in his house? She gave out a contented sigh and thought *not to night, I’ll think about it tomorrow, and hopefully Morgan feels the same way I do. Surely she does, doesn’t she?*

Mac lightly cleared her throat and asked Jammie “Can we talk a minute?”

“Sure.” Jammie replied hoping it was about what she had been thinking. She moved back slightly in Mac’s arms so she could look up at her face.

“Jammie, I have never done what we just did with another woman before. Are you sure I didn’t hurt you?”

Jammie was feeling apprehensive from the sound of Mac’s voice. “No sweetheart. You didn’t hurt me at all. It was what I wanted. I needed to feel you deep inside of me. I wanted to feel you filling me up. I thought what you did was wonderful.”

Jammie paused trying to read the emotion on Mac’s face.

“It has freaked you out, hasn’t it? You think I am some sort of freak now, don’t you?” Jamie pulled out of Mac’s arms and shifted away from her.

Mac was caught off guard by Jammie's actions but quickly recovered.

"No Jammie. That's not it at all." Mac reached out and stroked the back of Jammie's head and neck.

"What you let me do was an extremely intimate and personal act. I have never felt so connected and a part of anyone before. I loved feeling your muscles contract over my hand and wrist. It made feel like you wanted to join with me and to become one person, one heart, one soul."

Mac rolled Jammie back over and pulled her into her arms. She could see the tears staining Jammie's cheeks. It brought tears to her own eyes.

"I've not been with a lot of women and I'm not really sure that I am giving you is what you need. I don't have a lot of experience and I guess what I do have is not very adventuresome."

"Oh Morgan. How can you doubt that you are not pleasing me? Haven't your heard my moans and cries of ecstasy. You've felt the shudders and contractions of my body when you bring me to orgasm. Haven't you seen the love, passion and desire in my eyes? I believe you if you say you have not been with many woman, but honey, you couldn't prove it by me with your ability to make love. You are the most passionate and caring lover I have ever been with. I love you and I love what you do to my body. I want you always."

Jammie started to cry.

"Morgan, I don't know if I could go on without you in my life. I want to be with you always. I want to be in your arms every night and by your side every day."

Mac had never had a woman profess her love so passionately before. She wiped the tears away from Jammie's face and kissed her eyes before softly kissing the corners of her mouth. She looked tenderly at Jammie and was overtaken with emotion. Mac began to weep.

"I love you too and want you with me always. I have never felt like this before. I am nearly overwhelmed with how I feel about you. If you will be patient with me and help me, I will try to be everything you want in a lover. I promise to love you always with all my heart. You are the breath that sustains my life and the warmth that holds my soul. You are everything to me Jammie. I want you to come and live at Copper Top."

Mac's words caused Jammie to begin crying again, this time, tears of incredible joy.

"Yes darling. That is what I want too. I want to be with you at Copper Top."

They drew closer, hugging and kissing passionately before finally relaxing. Exhaustion began to take its toll as their eyes closed and they drifted off to sleep locked within each other's arms.

CHAPTER 3

Mac was sitting at her desk thinking about the coming weekend and the prospects of spending it at Grand Lake with Jammie. They had decided they would tell Marcus that Jammie would be

moving out to Copper Top after they got back. They didn't like being apart for the few days but didn't want Marcus to get mad and spoil their weekend on the lake. A knock on the door startled Mac from her daydreams. Looking up, she saw Marcus stepping into her office

"Hi Mac. I hope I'm not disturbing you at a bad time."

Mac stood up to welcome the VP into her office.

"No, not at all. I always have time for you Marcus. I was just looking over the through puts on the Crude units for the past week. We appear to be down a little on the sour crude runs trying to make sulfur content for the new HOD specs."

"Yea. This old girl of a refinery is having trouble with a lot of the new EPA regs for clean air and fuel, but I am sure you and your people are doing their best. But it really isn't business that I am here to speak to you about."

"Oh"

Mac felt her heart drop into her stomach as she sat back down behind her desk. She lay her folded hands on top of the desk to hide their nervous trembling.

"What can I do for you Marcus?"

She tried to not look concerned and smiled weakly at him. *Could he have found out about Jammie and me?* She wondered. Surely not. They had been careful and no one could have seen them together.

Marcus sat down in the chair in front of Mac's desk. His posture was rigid. He looked confident except for the furrow deepening his brow.

"I want to talk to you about my daughter, Jammie. You remember meeting her as you left my dinner party?"

"Of course I remember her Marcus."

Obviously Jammie had not mentioned to her Dad that the two of them had become friends. *How should she be responding to this man, what did he know?*

"Mac, I will just get the point. Jammie has been acting a little strange and I know she is not happy here in Oklahoma."

Is he right? Is Jammie really not happy? Didn't she just tell me she wanted to be with me at Copper Top? No Marcus must be wrong she is not unhappy.

"I don't usually ask personal favors of my employees but I would consider it a huge favor if you would spend some time with her. Ask her to go out with you and your friends. Introduce her to some of the local men. Just be a friend to her. Could you possibly do that? Would you mind helping me out and being a friend to my daughter? It would really mean a lot to this old Dad."

Mac hadn't realized how nervous she was until she felt the biting burn of her nails digging into the palms of her hands. She relaxed, realizing Marcus knew nothing about her and Jammie and was actually asking her to spend time with her. How sweet a deal could this be?

“Sure Marcus, no problem. I would be happy to be a friend to Jammie. Don’t think another thought about it. Matter of fact, I was going over to Grand Lake this weekend. How about I call her up and invite her along?”

Marcus was happy that Mac seemed so willing to befriend his daughter. He had thought he would have to cajole her into it.

“I think that would be just great! I’m sure she would have a wonderful time and I know I can trust that she’ll be safe with you. I have always admired your judgment and the amount of responsibility you have shown here at the company. I believe she is home this afternoon. Here is my home number. Give Jammie a ring as soon as you get a chance. And Mac...thanks. I appreciate this. I know you don’t have to, so it means a lot.”

Marcus rose from his chair, reached over, and shook Mac’s hand, enveloping it in both of his huge ones before turning and leaving her office.

Mac waited until she was sure Marcus was well down the hall before rising and closing her office door. Moving quickly back to her desk, she called Jammie.

“Hello.”

“Hey Sunshine. What are you doing beautiful?”

“Morgan! What are you doing? Shouldn’t you be working for that slave driver, Lewis?” Jammie giggled.

“Speaking of...he was just in my office and it wasn’t about business. He asked to speak to me about you.”

Jammie stopped giggling and sat down on the chair next to the phone.

“What do you mean he wanted to talk to you about me?” She asked nervously.

“Calm down honey. He asked if I could be a friend to you, call you up, and invite you to go along with my friends and me. Oh, and he wants me to introduce you to some guys. I’m sure I can manage it all but forget the guys. You are all mine and I don’t share, especially with guys. I told him I had plans on going to the Lake and he thought it was a great idea to ask you to go along. Can you believe it?”

“Oh baby. This will make it so much easier. Yippee, my Daddy asked my girlfriend to spend time with me.”

Mac doubled over with laughter as she listened to Jammie’s jubilant voice.

“Okay sugar, I really do have to get back to work. Why don’t you give your daddy a call and let him know you’ll be coming to the lake with me. I’ve got to go.”

“Hey Morgan? Since Daddy is wanting us to spend time together can see you tonight?”

“Hey I hadn’t thought about that. If you don’t mind me coming as I am, how about we grab some supper together?”

“Great. See you at seven.”

“Okay seven it is. Bye.”

“Morgan!”

“What?”

“I love you baby.”

Mac smiled and said “I love you too sugar. See you tonight.”

The lines went dead as both women leaned back in their chairs with their thoughts the same. How lucky they would get to be together without sneaking around. More, how lucky they were to have found each other and the love they shared.

Mac arrived at the Lewis’s house promptly at seven and rang the doorbell. She hadn’t thought about Marcus answering the door and found herself a little flustered when he did.

“Mac, hello.”

“Hi. I’m here to pick Jammie up for dinner.”

“Oh, I didn’t know. Come on in. This is really sweet of you to do this. I didn’t realize you would jump into it so soon, but I’m glad she is going out with you. Let me get her”

As he turned around he saw his daughter descending the stairs.

“Ah Jammie, Mac is here. I didn’t know you were going out with her tonight,”

“Yes. Sorry Dad, I didn’t get a chance to tell you when you got home. It is all right with you, isn’t it? You didn’t have something planned for us, did you?”

“Oh no plans. Sure go. I am glad you are going out with your friends. Go on and have fun.”

“Oh Dad so I don’t forget, Morgan has invited me to go with her to the Lake this weekend. Do you mind? I have already said I would go.”

“No, go right ahead. I remember what it was like to be young once. Just no skimpy bikini in front of the boys.” Marcus smiled warmly at his daughter.

As Jammie turned around to Mac she said under breath “You don’t have to worry about that Dad.”

Louder Jammie said, “Bye Daddy. Don’t wait up.”

“So long sweetheart. Have fun. Have a good time Mac and thank you again.”

“Don’t worry Mr. Lewis. I’ll enjoy going out with Jammie.” Softly she said to Jammie “Matter of fact, it is all my pleasure.” The two women turned and waved goodbye as Marcus watched them getting into the car.

Jammie turned and looked over at Mac. She wanted to see how she dressed for work. Mac was wearing a navy blue matching skirt and blazer with a white raw silk shell underneath. She had on light eyeshadow that accentuated her eyes and pale lipstick. Her hair was pulled back and held at the nape of her neck with a simple tortoiseshell barrette. She wore stylish low heels. Jammie thought about how different Mac looked in her jeans. She found this woman sitting next to her to be as exciting and sexy as when she was dressed in jeans and boots.

Mac realized Jammie was staring at her and became self-conscious.

“Is there something wrong? Do I have a run in my panty hose? What are you staring at?”

“I was just admiring how beautiful you are and how different you look. You are so femme and sexy in that business suit. I have always preferred more butch looking woman. You look more like a bottom rather than a top. But right now I am totally feeling the excitement of possibly being the top this evening.”

“Sugar, don’t let this monkey suit throw you. I am still the soft butch southern gal you fell in love with.”

“I know that but I kind of like this look too. I kind of like being a little butch tonight.”

Mac laughed “Okay sugar. In that case I will be expecting my door to be opened for me at the restaurant.”

Jammie loved how Mac was willing to do whatever made her happy. She leaned over to kiss the side of Mac’s face. Jammie’s hand had found its way under Mac’s skirt where she felt her warm taut thigh.

“Jammie, you are going to have to stop that while I’m driving.” Mac managed to say in a choked voice.

“I’m trying to drive too. Drive you crazy, that is.”

Jammie’s hand reached the top of Mac’s thigh. Mac involuntarily opened her legs wider. Jammie slid her fingers between Mac’s legs.

“Oh my! How hot and wet you are, Ms. Christian. Are you sure you don’t want me to do something about that before we get to the restaurant?”

Mac moaned “Please Jammie.”

“Is that please stop? Or please don’t stop?”

“Please.” Mac’s body gave a little quiver of excitement. She sighed loudly at the same time as her foot slipped from the gas pedal, causing the car to jerk.

“You win, for now.” Jammie murmured as she drew back her hand.

Within minutes they were parked at the restaurant.

"I guess I will have to wait until later to do something about your little problem." Jammie smiled seductively at Mac. She lifted her hand to her nose and inhaled. "You smell so sweet. I am going to have trouble making it through dinner."

Jammie jumped out of the car and rushed around to open the door for Mac. Mac moaned softly and looked up at Jammie standing in the open car door.

"I'm not sure I can walk right now. I'm feeling a little swollen between my thighs."

Jammie smiled and offered Mac her hand.

"Good. It will be a little reminder of me and make you think about what I am going to do to you later tonight."

Mac gingerly got out of the car and walked arm in arm with Jammie into the restaurant.

They were oblivious to anyone else that night. They only saw and heard each other. Mac even suffered though the wine Jammie ordered with dinner; having to admit later it wasn't half bad.

"Do you want coffee or shall we leave." Jammie asked.

"Where are we going next?"

"Where ever I can make love to you."

Mac sat there for a moment then asked, "Are we going out to Copper Top? Because we can't go back to your place."

Jammie realized Mac was right. She had never thought about where they would go after dinner, only being with Mac.

"How long does it take to get there?"

"About 45 minutes."

"It is already 10:00. Oh, that won't leave you much time to sleep taking me out and then bringing me back. You won't be fresh for work.

"I can give up a little sleep for you." Mac smiled seductively at Jammie. "Besides, I don't want you to pass up the opportunity of 'playing' a top."

Jammie greatly desired the woman who sat across from her but knew she should wait until another night.

"I suppose a motel is out of the question."

"There are only five in town and I know people who work at each of them. I would say we should pass them up. I'm not sure how I would explain getting a room for me and the daughter of the VP of Mid-Con Oil." Mac shrugged at Jammie.

"Then we are definitely having coffee before you have to take me home and say good night." Jammie motioned for the waiter as Mac sighed sadly.

Many minutes later they left the restaurant.

“You know I never thought of it earlier, but we should have driven to a quiet cove on Lake Ponca and made out like all the High School kids.” Mac wiggled her eyebrows at Jammie.

“This is a fine time to think of that, now that we are pulling up in the driveway.”

Jammie reached over and squeezed Mac’s knee. Mac gasped as red-hot sensations shot through her body to lodge in her groin.

“I guess I probably shouldn’t risk trying to kiss you good night.”

Mac looked past Jammie toward the front door of the house.

“Probably not.” Jammie said quietly.

“You know how badly I want to, don’t you?”

“Yes, but once you kiss me, I won’t be able to stop with just one kiss.”

Mac squeezed Jammie’s hand. “After this weekend, darling, you can kiss me good night every night, right in our own home.”

Jammie smiled at Mac and got out of the car. Mac sat in the drive until she saw Jammie disappear through the door. Slowly she pulled away, headed back toward Copper Top.

Jammie was packing her shorts and tees for her weekend at the lake. She glanced over toward her dresser as she thought *maybe I should add a couple of sexy nighties*. Although, she wasn’t sure a nightie would be appropriate for camping in a tent she really wanted to be sexy for Mac. While she was removing her sexiest outfits she saw it lying in the drawer, Mr. Wiggle. *I wonder if I ought to pack him, too?* Jammie picked up her dildo and gave consideration to what Mac might think. With a wicked giggle she threw it into her bag along with a tube of KY gel. She added two pair of French cut bikinis now all she needed was for Mac to pick her up.

Not wanting to return to home after work, Mac had packed her bag and placed it in the car that morning. As she drove into town, she mentally checked over what she had packed.

A wicked grin curled her lips at the thought of the ‘special little something’ she had included. A few years ago while in Oklahoma City she had gone with friends to a ‘toy’ shop and on impulse bought a strap on dildo. She had never used it. Since purchasing it she had never felt comfortable enough to bring it out. However, after the intimacy she and Jammie had shared she thought this might be the time. She hoped she would be able to make more than just her fantasy come true. She was nervous about how to introduce it to their relationship. *Maybe I should slip into the bathroom, put it on under my shorts, and surprise her. Maybe not. What if it repulses her? I had better discuss it with her first.*

Late afternoon approached and Mac had finished work, driven over to the Lewis’s and picked up Jammie. They were finally in the car heading East on Highway 60 on their way to a fun-filled weekend at Grand Lake.

"You know my Mother and her people are from the Grand Lake area. Many of my Great Uncles helped build the Pensacola Dam across the Grand River that forms the lake."

Furrowing her brow Jammie asked, "If your Dad was from the Osage and your Mom from Grand Lake, how did they meet?"

Warming up to one of her favorite subjects, Mac reached over and took Jammie's hand.

"It was during World War II. Dad was in the army and stationed at the munitions factory near McAlester. He had a weeklong furlough so he decided to hop a train with one of his buddies and see where they ended up. That evening they found themselves in Vinita, Oklahoma and very hungry. They hopped off the train and walked over to a restaurant close by the train tracks. It was called Clanton's."

"It was around eight and most of the local townies had gone home for the night. Actually Clanton's was closing when the two G.I.'s walked in. With patriotism being at an all time high, old man Clanton wasn't going to turn away two soldiers without first giving them a free hot home cooked meal."

He yelled into the kitchen. "Millie, fire the grill back up. We have two of our fighting boys looking for something to eat."

"Mom had not only turned off the grill but had spent forty five minutes cleaning it. She wasn't in any hurry to fire it up just to have to clean it again. She came through the kitchen door to voice her protest when she looked up and saw Dad sitting at the counter. I remember her saying that all she could see was his sparkling, mischievous blue eyes and deep dimples. It was a megawatt smile. Without a word she turned and went back into the kitchen and began cooking."

"So you get your beautiful smile from your father?" asked Jammie admiringly. Her comment brought a smile to Mac's face as she glanced over at Jammie. She nodded her head and squeezed Jammie's hand tighter.

"Dad hung around until Mom cleaned the grill again and offered to walk her home. Little did he know that walk was seven miles out of town. It gave them a lot of time to talk and get to know each other. Once they got to Grandma's house it was quite late. Grandma told Dad he could bunk in the barn. He ended up spending his entire furlough on the farm helping out while Mom was at work. He walked into town the seven miles everyday to be sure Mom didn't have to walk home alone in the dark."

"What happened to the buddy your Dad was with?"

"You know, I don't know. I never asked."

"What happened after your Dad had to report back to duty?"

"He and Mom wrote each other every day, but never got a chance to see each other again. Two days after Dad got back from furlough he was shipped to Europe until the end of the war."

"You're kidding? How long was that?"

"At least a couple of years, I don't know for sure. When Dad made it back to the states and was discharged, he made a beeline straight for Vinita. He didn't go to Clanton's where Mom was but

went straight out to Grandma's. He told her he planned on marrying her daughter, Mildred that night because he had two tickets for Ponca City on the morning train."

"What did your Grandma say?"

"What could she say? She knew Dad was serious and her eldest daughter hadn't accepted any offers to dances the entire time he had been gone. She figured she might as well give her blessing. She actually packed up Mom's belonging and walked with Dad back into town so she could go with them to the Justice of the Peace and be a witness at their wedding."

"Sounds like something out of a storybook. My folks didn't have anything nearly as romantic as that. Dad and Mom's father's were business partners and they just grew up knowing they were supposed to get married. I don't think they really did love each other. Although I had hoped that they did."

"You know one of the funny things about it all?"

"What?"

"Dad never proposed to Mom. When he and Grandma arrived in town he walked right into Clanton's kitchen, picked Mom up, and carried her out."

"You're kidding! 'Officer and a Gentleman' right in Vinita, Oklahoma."

"He carried her outside and set her back down on her feet. She looked over at her Mother and asked, 'What was she doing in town?' Grandma said 'I've come to watch you get hitched.' That was that. They walked two blocks to the courthouse silently, each lost in their own thoughts. Mom and Dad got married. Grandma walked with them to her brother, Franklin's, house where they would spend their wedding night waiting for the train to arrive the next morning. Then, Grandma walked back home."

"What a wonderful story, Morgan. Love like that doesn't seem to happen these days."

Donning her southern drawl, Mac stated. "Well ma'am. I guess I'll have to see what I can do to change your mind about that. Won't I?"

They smiled at each other and risked a quick kiss on the lips. It was cut short as Mac felt the jeep swerve.

Mac went on to regale Jammie about her Great Grandmother's family history. Her Great grandmother had come to Oklahoma as part of the fourth out of the Seven Trail of Tears from the border between North Carolina and Georgia. She had been a very young child. Mac related how other members of her family had died along the trail and that the missionaries that migrated with the Indian tribe took in her Great Grandmother. She taught Jammie that all members of the family belong to the clan though the mother's side of the family. Since she was Cherokee on her Mother's side she was automatically a member of the Bird clan. The hours passed quickly as Mac told Jammie about her family history. Before they knew it, the lake was in front of them.

"Well here we are." Announced Mac as they pulled up in front of her Uncle Jake's cabin.

Jammie looked around. "Where are we going to set up the tent? I thought it would be a camping area or something."

Mac smiled broadly before leaning over and kissing Jammie on the mouth “Now Miss Jammie, a southern Gentlewoman as myself could not ask a lady such as you to sleep on the ground. You will find your boudoir awaiting you in the luxury of my Uncle’s cabin.”

Jammie squealed with delight at not having to stay in a tent.

They carried their bags and the boxes of food Mac had packed into the cabin. They took their luggage into the bedroom and put the food away in the old round top fridge and cabinets.

“Okay... we’re set. What would you like to do first? It will be dark soon. We can’t take the boat out but we can walk along the shore for a while before it gets too dark if you like.”

“Sounds great. Let’s go.”

They walked hand in hand along the shore of the lake stopping occasionally to skip a rock or two over its calm surface. Occasionally, Jammie would lean down and pick up an old abandoned fresh water clamshell. Finally, Mac turned toward the cabin. It was late and supper still needed to be cooked.

While Jammie fixed a big spinach salad, Mac placed wood in the fireplace. Shortly a huge, warm fire was burning.

“We probably really don’t need the fire, but what is the point of having a fireplace in a cabin if you don’t use it?”

“Shall we eat in front of the fire?”

“Sounds great. Would you like me to open a bottle of wine?”

“I thought you didn’t like wine?”

“I’m learning it isn’t half bad. Matter of fact, they have a winery in Vinita I thought we might visit while we are here.”

They set together, shoulder to shoulder, on the floor as they leaned back against the couch. The fire burned in front of them as they ate their simple supper and enjoyed the warmth of the flames.

“Morgan what does that say above the fireplace? Is it some kind of family motto?”

Mac recited from heart “It says ‘what lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.’ It is by Ralph Waldo Emerson. My Uncle Jake is a big fan of his. Although my Mom and none of her siblings made it much past seventh grade, they all where self taught and everyone of them read voraciously.”

“Why was their education so limited?”

“Because my Grandfather was killed in a freak accident and all the kids had to drop out of school to either go to work or to work the farm. It was the 1930’s and the middle of a depression. That was compounded by the severe dust bowl storms in Oklahoma. There were very few jobs for women. Grandma needed all of her eight children to help out in order to survive.”

“What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.’ I like that a lot, I’m going have to remember it.” Jammie read once more as she stood to take their salad plates to the kitchen.

“If you don’t mind Morgan, I think I will go and slip into something a little more comfortable.”

“No, go right ahead. Should I put another log on the fire or should I just let it burn out?”

“I think we could use another log that way we can finish off the bottle of wine. I’ll be right back.”

Jammie went into the bedroom. She was excited that she had brought along her nighties and couldn’t wait to see the look on Mac’s face when she came back into the living room. After she changed she looked at her reflection in the old wavy mirror above the dresser and thought to herself how wonderfully romantic Mac’s family was even though they had been through all the hardships they had to endure. She knew Mac possessed those same qualities and characteristics. She only hoped that she could live up to Mac’s expectations. As Jammie turned to go back into the living room, she noticed the tip of Mr. Wiggly in her bag. She picked it up and put it in the drawer of the nightstand along with the tube of KY gel.

“Who knows Mr. Wiggly, you just might make an appearance tonight.”

She looked at her reflection one last time, wet her lips and then strolled back out into the living room to the woman she loved.

Poking at the fire, Mac was turned away from Jammie as she re-entered the room. Jammie stood in the doorway for a few minutes, waiting to see if Morgan would turn and look at her. Finally, she softly cleared her throat. Mac turned and looked around. Suddenly her mouth gaped open. She gasped and dropped the poker on her bare foot causing her to cry out in pain.

“Oh shit, Morgan, are you alright?”

Jammie rushed over to where Mac was hopping up and down on one foot. Mac stopped hopping when Jamie wrapped her arm around her waist and she heard the sound of concern in Jammie’s voice.

“Yea, I’m okay.”

“Are you sure? Your foot is all red.”

“Huh?”

“Your foot, Morgan, it’s all red.”

Mac had completely forgotten about her foot with Jammie so close to her and dressed in so little. Mac looked down and sure enough her foot was red and appeared to be swelling across the top of her instep.

“Oh. It will be okay in a little bit.”

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to cause you to hurt yourself.”

“It’s nothing really. Don’t worry about it. I don’t feel a thing.”

She lied, ignoring the pulsing in her foot.

“Jammie, you are so...you are so beautiful. You take my breath away.”

Mac wrapped her arms around Jammie’s waist and kissed her deeply with a passion she didn’t even know she had.

“Can I assume that you approve of my attire?”

With a sheepish grin and the southern drawl that Jammie had come to love, Mac said, “Yes ma’am. I most certainly do approve of the frock you are wearing. However, I think I will enjoy more the removal of said garment.”

They laughed at each other and sat back on the floor to enjoy another glass of the wine. Mac held Jammie close.

“You really never have been camping have you? I mean if this is what you had planned on sleeping in, you would have frozen.”

They laughed again and Jammie looking deep into Mac’s eyes.

“What makes you think I ever had plans of *sleeping* in this?” Jammie stated while raising her eyebrows for emphasis.

“What do you say to me banking the fire for the night and we see what you did have planned to sleep in.”

They got up and kissed long and passionately, causing a breathlessness and increased surge of desire.

“Don’t be long” Jammie said seductively as she walked towards the bedroom.

Mac entered the bedroom shortly behind Jammie to find her lounging on the bed, propped up against the pillows.

“If I remember correctly, Ms. Christian, you said something about enjoying disrobing me. I wouldn’t want to be the one to deny you any enjoyment.”

Mac walked to the foot of the bed and stood there staring at Jammie. She stood without a word long enough that Jammie got nervous and wondered what was wrong.

“Morgan. Are you alright?”

Jammie moved towards the end of the bed. When she drew closer to Mac, she could see tears in her lover’s eyes.

“Morgan, what’s wrong? Is it your foot?”

Jammie asked in a concerned voice. Mac reached out for Jammie who was now kneeling on the bed in front of her. She caressed Jammie’s face in her hands and in a broken voice said, “You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life. I love you so much that I can’t believe

you are here with me. Every time I look at you I feel as if I cannot breath. If you where to leave, the sun would die and I would die with it.”

“Morgan baby, I feel the same way. Now come to bed and show me how much you love me.”

Jammie pulled Mac’s tee shirt over her head as she helped her lover to undress. Mac’s passion rose and she reached out to begin undressing Jammie. She placed kisses on every inch of bare skin she exposed. Soon, they fell back into the bed in a tangle of arms and legs. They tussled showing each other how much they where loved.

Jammie straddled Mac and locked their fingers together. Leaning closer she said, “I never got to finish what we started on our way to the restaurant a couple of nights ago. I believe we agreed I would be the ‘top’.”

Jammie was grinning mischievously at Mac. “Now let me think what am I going to do with you? Or should I say...to you?”

Mac raised Jammie’s fingers to her lips and nibbled their tips. She then slowly started to lick Jammie’s palm. She trailed her tongue between Jammie’s fingers. She took Jammie’s index finger into her mouth and started sucking upon it, causing Jammie to draw in a quick breath.

“Ms. Christian. You are wicked, aren’t you?”

Mac quickly flipped Jammie onto her back and now was on top, straddling Jammie’s belly.

“I think you have been on top long enough. Now it is my turn.”

Mac quickly spread Jammie’s knees apart with her own and plunged her fingers into Jammie’s waiting wetness. “Is this what you want baby? Do you want my fingers in you?”

Jammie gave out a guttural groan and gasped, “Yes.”

Jammie loved Mac taking her forcefully. She enjoyed the fierceness of Mac’s passion and begged for more. Mac stopped suddenly, rose from the bed, and told Jammie not to move until she came back. Jammie could not believe Mac had left her in bed in a heightened state of excitement. She was confused when Mac left her lying on the bed. She slid her hands between her legs, pressing against her wet center. She began rocking her hips back and forth as she continued to move her hand against her clit. The increasing wetness made her moan with need.

“What’s wrong baby? You couldn’t wait for me just for one moment. I guess I will have to give you something that’ll make you know that I’m worth waiting for the next time.”

Jammie could not believe what she saw. There standing in the bathroom doorway was Mac wearing a strap on dildo. She felt herself becoming so wet it began to trickle onto her thigh.

“Oh Morgan, baby. You know what I want and need even with out me even telling you. Are you coming back to bed now Baby? Who’s your big friend you’re bringing with you? Jammie said without stopping the movement of her hand against her body.

Mac walked over to the bed and lie down beside Jammie.

“Are you okay with this?” Mac asked a little hesitantly.

Jammie licked her lips and purred “Oh yea baby. I am more than alright.”

Jammie reached out and took Mac’s hand. She placed it against the wetness between her legs.

“Feel what you do to me.”

Mac gasped at the wetness she felt under her fingertips. It caused a flood to flow between her own legs.

“I think you should know that I bought it a year or two ago but have never used it. I might seem kind of awkward.”

“Don’t worry baby. I will help you. You already know what to do. Now come finish what you started.”

Jammie lay back in the bed pulling her knees up and opening herself wide to M. Jammie’s eyes were glazed with anticipation, want and the need of her lover’s touch.

Mac watched as Jammie spread herself open. She became overpowered with love for the woman in her bed. She hoped she could be worthy of Jammie’s trust and love. Mac moved to kneel between Jammie’s raised knees. She slid the dildo up and down across Jammie’s swollen wet vagina. She wet the tip of her dildo with Jammie’s wetness. Slowly she rubs the tip against Jammie’s clit and spread the slickness along her wide-open hot lower lips. With gentleness, Mac pressed the tip of her dildo into her hot canal, moving slowly until Jammie’s body adjusted to its size and shape. Mac then leaned over Jammie, bracing herself with her hands on each side of Jammie’s shoulders and started to slowly move her hips back and forth, pulling the rubber cock almost out then quickly thrusting it back inside. She watched Jammie’s face and saw nothing but pleasure. Jammie moaned aloud, unable to hide her emotions of ecstasy.

“Morgan, baby I want it harder. Really give it to me.” Jammie begged in a low passion filled voice.

Mac lowered herself to her elbows and increased the tempo of her movements. Jammie lifted her hips and met her thrust for thrust.

The nub on the back of the dildo was pressing into Mac’s clit each time she slammed into Jammie. It was causing a rippling sensation to shoot through her abdomen.

“Baby, harder! Give it to me deeper.” Jammie begged breathlessly as she lifted her legs over Mac’s shoulders.

Sweat began to pour from their moving bodies. Mac could feel Jammie’s breast sliding against her own breasts, causing her clit to harden. Her cock was also pressing against her engorged clit, driving her wild with sensations shooting out over her body. Mac was pumping harder, frantic to keep pace with Jammie who was bucking wildly beneath her.

“Yeah baby you make me so hot. I want you harder baby. Harder.” Jammie demanded.

Just when Mac thought she was running out of steam, she felt Jammie stiffen beneath her. Jammie cried aloud as a strong shudder swept through her body when she climaxed.

Mac was exhausted and not sure what she should do next. She pulled out of her, leaned down and kissed Jammie before rolling over onto her back.

"Now I know why in the movies guys roll off the woman and fall promptly to sleep. I am exhausted." Mac stated as she felt her heartbeat returning to normal.

Although Mac was so tired she didn't think she could move, her clit called out for relief. She reached down and began stroking herself as her clit continued to throb. She needed to cum.

Jammie turned her head to look at Mac. She couldn't believe how great she felt after cuming so hard. Jammie saw that Mac was rubbing her clit and rocking her hips lightly against her hand.

"Baby, that's my job. Please give me a minute to catch my breath and then I'll show you how much I love you. I'm not a pillow queen if that is what you are thinking. All though what you do to my body absolutely devastates me and leaves me wasted, but in the best possible way."

Jammie reached over and removed Mac's hand. She cupped her lover's sex lovingly with her own small hand.

"Give me a minute and I will take care of all your needs."

Mac involuntarily raised her hips as she tried to press harder against Jammie's hand to get her release.

"Baby please don't make me wait. I need your touch." Mac pleaded. She waited for some reply or movement.

"Jammie? Baby?" Mac suddenly realized Jammie had fallen asleep lying upon her chest. She reached down and placed her hand upon Jammie's hand, pressing it harder against her swollen clit. Mac started to rock her hips back and forth until she found the release she needed. Moving Jammie's hand back up, she looked into the sleeping woman's face and thought. "*This is heaven! This is the love I have always wanted.*" Pulling Jammie tighter against her body, Mac fell into her own exhausted sleep.

CHAPTER 4

As the sun rose in the east over the lake, the beams entered through the bedroom window and draped across the two sleeping women still in a tangle of arms, legs and sheets. When the sun came to rest upon Mac's face, she started to stir and felt the weight of the sleeping woman upon her chest. She felt the tingle in her arm and shoulder that was draped under the blonde. Mac tried to slide out of the bed without waking the other woman but found it awkward with her arm asleep and the gear still strapped between her legs. Mac looked down at the cock she still wore and smiled at the memory of last night's activities. With each movement, she felt aching muscles that she hadn't even known she had before this morning.

Mac went into the bathroom, removed the gear strapped to her waist and stepped into the shower while rubbing her tingling arm and shoulder. The warm water helped to rejuvenate her and awaken her body. While she dried off, she thought about the woman still asleep in her bed. She smiled and couldn't wait to start the fun that was in store for them today.

"Hey come on sleepy head...wake up. Are you going to sleep all day? The sun is up and the lake is calling us."

Mac leaned over and brushed the golden locks back from Jammie's face. When she saw her start to stir, she bent down and kissed her on the brow.

"Good morning, sunshine."

"Aaaaauuughh...oh shit, Morgan. Are you always this cheery in the morning?"

"Only when I have a beautiful woman in my bed."

Jammie groaned and put the pillow over her head. Mac walked back into the bathroom to start the water for Jammie's shower.

"I have the shower ready for you and coffee will be waiting when you get out."

Mac slapped the blond beauty on the bare butt and headed for the kitchen. Jammie rolled over, took a couple of deep breaths and then moved to get up.

"Ohhhh" she moaned and smiled as she thought of the sexual activities they had shared the night before that caused her muscles to be so sore.

Jammie strolled into the kitchen in a much better mood, having been revitalized by the hot shower. She wrapped her arms around her lover's waist and nuzzled her neck.

"Good morning darlin'. Is that coffee I smell? Oooo and bacon?"

Mac turned in Jammie's arms and kissed her lover on the lips, then replied with a drawl. "Yes ma'am we are gonna have a fine country breakfast this morning to replenish our strength for the fun-packed day we have before us. We'll be having fresh side bacon, cheese grits, sliced tomatoes and biscuits with some of my Aunt Edith's strawberry freezer jam."

"Yummy! Although I don't know what you mean by fresh side bacon and I have never had cheese grits. But I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!"

"Lord child. What did they feed you in Houston? I thought that was part of the South?"

Mac teasingly pinched Jammie and then turned her attention back to the bacon she was frying in the heavy cast iron skillet.

After they ate a breakfast that surprised them both on how much food they packed away, they donned their swimsuits and headed down to the dock. Morgan checked her Uncle's boat. It was a customized Webbcraft with a center console. Meanwhile, Jammie lathered up her fair skin with sunscreen.

"Okay, here we go for your first personalized tour of Grand Lake of the Cherokee. A lot of the land that the lake now covers was a valley that was originally part of my Mother's family's allotment in the Delaware district of the Cherokee Nation. However, most of the allotted land that the family still owns is in the Coo-wee-scoo-wee District just east of Vinita."

"Coo-wee-who-wee?"

"Coo-wee-scoo-wee...it was the Cherokee name for Chief John Ross. I suppose you have no idea who he is either, do you?"

“Sorry, I’m not really up on my Native American history, although it seems to be important to you and I would love to learn.”

“Yeah it is important to me. I mean...I know I’m only one quarter Cherokee but I’m still very proud of my ancestors and want to honor their memory and customs.”

“I do too, baby. After all, if it weren’t for your ancestors, I wouldn’t be here staring back at the most beautiful woman in all of Oklahoma.”

Jammie gave Mac one of her most charming smiles, dazzling her with those beautiful white teeth that Mac loved having nibbling on her breasts. Fighting hard to take her mind away from Jammie’s teeth grazing her nipple, she went back to regaling Jammie about the history of the lake, the area and her family’s part in all of it.

“Morgan, this is a huge lake we’ve been running around for hours and we still haven’t returned to where we started.”

“Yeah, it is pretty good size. However, it is only the third largest lake in Oklahoma covering roughly 59,000 acres and somewhere around 1000 miles of shore line.”

“So...way out here in the middle of the lake, no one is likely to see us?”

Jammie wrapped her arms around Mac standing at the center console of the boat.

“Well, they could see the boat but not us in it. Why?”

Jammie nuzzled the back of Mac’s neck as she pinched her rock hard nipples.

“As I recall I fell asleep last night and didn’t have time to take care of you, my love.”

Mac’s body began to flame as Jammie ran her hands over her breasts. Jammie’s hands found their way under Mac’s shirt and skimmed over her stomach causing it to flutter.

“Shut the boat down baby. I need you to give me your full attention to what I have planned.”

Mac quickly turned off the motor and turned to claim Jammie’s mouth in a breathless kiss. Jammie pulled Mac’s t-shirt over her head with one move, leaving her upper body bare. She began lavishing her tongue over Mac’s tight nipples. Jammie pulled Mac’s shorts and jocks off, deeply breathing in the sexual aroma of her lover, causing herself to grow wet.

“Come on baby. Lay down here for me so I can taste you.”

Mac lay naked in the bow of the boat while her fully dressed lover massaged her body. Jammie lowered her head and dipped her hot wet tongue into Mac’s naval. She began kissing her way down the inside of Mac’s thighs, still massaging her breasts and nipples with her hands. Mac felt as if her body was on fire. It needed to be quenched by Jammie’s tongue.

Jammie ran her tongue down and across the bundle of nerves that throbbed, causing a quiver in Mac’s thighs. Mac let out a groan from deep within, thrusting her hips toward her lover’s mouth. Jammie ran her tongue along the slick folds, lapping the sweet juice that poured out.

“Turn over for me, baby. I want to see your sweet ass.”

Jammie stepped back while Mac quickly rolled over onto her stomach, not sure what her lover had planned.

“Move up onto your knees baby so your ass is in the air.”

Mac did as she was told, stealing a look over her shoulder at her lover.

“What a beautiful ass you have.” Jammie placed her hands on Mac’s butt, spreading her cheeks wide. She dipped her head and ran her tongue over the tight little aperture. She occasionally slid her tongue into Mac’s hot center, drawing the nectar from below to the puckered opening.

Mac had never had anyone nuzzle her ass before and would occasionally jerk away from the probing tongue.

“Are you okay baby?”

Mac looked at her lover with hooded eyes. “Yes, it feels so good. I have never had anyone lick my ass before.”

“This is just the beginning baby. You trust me, don’t you Morgan?”

“Oh yes, just don’t stop.”

Jammie reached for the bag she brought with her onto the boat while she continued to massage Mac’s ass with her free hand. She pulled out her little friend Mr. Wiggly and a tube of KY. Jammie liberally squirted the gel on Mac’s ass, massaging it into the tight little hole with her fingers.

Mac started rocking back against Jammie’s fingers, trying to force them deeper. Jammie coated Mr. Wiggly and ran him over Mac’s ass. “Are you ready baby?”

Mac was in such a frenzy, she could only shake her head yes. Jammie started slowly sliding the tip of the cock into her lover’s tight ass. “Breathe slowly baby. It may hurt a little at first, but I promise you, it will be worth the pain.”

Mac moaned as she felt the dildo enter her ass and wondered if she would be able to stretch enough to handle the cock. The pain slowly died away to a throbbing sensation, as she felt full of the cock.

“Do you want to just hold it there for a minute baby while you get used to the fullness?”

“No. Fuck my ass Jammie, fuck me hard.”

Jammie started sliding the cock in and out while Mac slammed her ass back against Jammie’s hand. Her pussy became so wet her juices ran down her thighs.

“Oh yes baby. Fuck me...fuck me until I cum hard.”

“I’m gonna make you cum, Baby, but I need to taste you again. First, let me show you why my dildo is called Mr. Wiggly.” She flipped a switch at the end of the cord attached to the cock. Mr. Wiggly began moving in a figure eight inside Mac’s ass.

Mac sat straight up on her knees and leaned back into Jammie. “Yes, yes! Oh God that feels so fucking good. Fuck me, baby, fuck me.”

“Straddle me, sugar, so I can taste your sweet pussy while Mr. Wiggly works on your ass.”

Jammie lay down in the bow of the boat, keeping a hand on Mr. Wiggly, to make sure he didn't come out of her lover's sweet ass. Mac straddled Jammie's face, thrusting her pussy onto Jammie's waiting mouth. Jammie licked and thrust her tongue into Mac's hot center while flicking her thumb across Mac's clit. All the while Mr. Wiggly was doing his dance in Mac's ass.

Mac, feeling more excited than she had ever in her life, almost smothered Jammie, pressing her hot wet cunt into her face. “I'm going to cum, oh God baby! I... I... I...YES!” Mac screamed as her whole body trembled and shook. A tremendous orgasm flushed over her body.

So much cum rushed from Mac onto Jammie's face that she actually sputtered and gasped for air. The thought quickly went through Jammie's mind, *Ponca City News headline: Petroleum Vice-President's daughter dies of drowning in her lesbian lover's cum.* Mac slumped over and Mr. Wiggly slid out onto the floor of the boat.

Jammie looked over at her lover lying next to her as she licked cum from her face. She smiled as she realized her lover had fallen into a sated sleep.

Thirty minutes later, Mac awoke with a shit-eating grin on her face and looked into her lover's eyes. “That was amazing. I have never had an experience like that before.”

“Just think, we've only just begun.” They kissed deeply and then Mac got dressed as Jammie put Mr. Wiggly away.

“How about we head over to Ugly John's marina on Duck Creek and get some lunch. You caused me to work up quite an appetite. Plus, we really need to get some fuel for the boat. Ugly John makes the best burgers in the state, including cooked onions. Afterwards, the water should be warm enough for me to pull you around on skis.”

“Great! After that big breakfast we had...I shouldn't admit this...but I am starved. You're going to think I'm a pig.” They laughed comfortably together as Mac angled the boat towards the west shore.

“Hi, could you go ahead and fill both tanks? We are going up to the cafe for a couple of beers and burgers.”

“Sure lady. You can pay for the gas up there with your food. Just tell them slip 22.”

“Okay, slip 22. Thanks. Ready?” Mac reached for Jammie's hand.

“Lead on Ms. Christian.”

They started up the walkway across the docks that led to the little café. It sat on the side of the hill and jutted out over the water.

“You are gonna love these bur...”

Suddenly Mac stopped short, causing Jammie to almost ram into the back of her. "What's wrong sugar?" Jammie asked, looking at Mac.

Standing in front of Mac was a beautiful woman with a mellow golden tan. Her hair was waist length and jet black. Her eyes were so brown they almost looked black. She had high cheekbones and a model's body. When the woman saw Mac, she broke out into a smile that was so radiant that Jammie found it hard not to stare.

"Morgan. What's wrong? Do you know her?" Jammie asked, bewildered by Mac's non-response to her.

Mac was suddenly aware of Jammie's voice and began to move again. She turned towards Jammie and motioned to the golden skinned woman. "This is Katlynn, Katlynn Radcliff."

Katlynn came forward, looked at Jammie, then turned and hugged Mac. Mac stiffened and backed away from her. Jammie watched her lover's actions and wondered what was up. She realized that Mac and Katlynn must have been lovers at one time. She moved possessively to Mac's side, wrapping her arm in Mac's and taking her hand in her own.

"Hi Katlynn. I'm Jammie, Jammie Lewis, Morgan's lover."

Jammie made the statement with as much confidence and protectiveness as a lioness with a cub, and then offered her hand to the beautiful woman.

Katlynn looked at the small blond clinging to Mac. Mac looked like she was going to break and run at any moment. With a bit of a smirk and totally ignoring Jammie's offered hand, she replied, "I see. Well Jammie, Morgan's lover. As she said, I am Katlynn. What Mac didn't say is I am her former lover."

As Katlynn turned to walk away she reached out and softly ran her fingers across Mac's abdomen. "Oh and Jammie, I plan to be again one day. Soon. Very soon."

Katlynn walked toward the café, sashaying her hips all the way. Mac turned but did not look directly at Jammie and said "I'm not really all that hungry. Mind if we just go on back to the cabin?"

Before Jammie could answer, Mac turned and walked back to the boat that was still being filled with gas. Jammie, standing on the pier with her mouth agape, couldn't believe how such a wonderful day had taken an abrupt turn. She finally closed her mouth and followed Mac back to the boat.

Back at the cabin, Mac went in and started the fire. She then went to the kitchen to make some grilled cheese sandwiches and soup. She put the soup and sandwiches on the table and sat down, staring blankly at the food in front of her. Jammie, who had been sitting on the couch the whole time trying to process what was going on, wondered where the confident lover she had this morning and gone. She stood and walked to the table when she saw Mac sit down.

"Morgan, are you going to talk to me? Why do you seem so upset? What hold does that woman have over you?"

Mac looked at Jammie and her eyes filled with tears. "I didn't realize how strong my feelings were for her still until I saw her again. It has been a year and I thought I was over her, but now..."

Jammie couldn't believe what she was hearing. Was Mac admitting to still having feelings for another woman? "But...but what Morgan? What are you telling me?"

"You have to understand Jammie. Katlynn was my first. We met at a our tribal summer camp when we were 14 years old. After camp we didn't get to see each other often except at tribal events because we lived so far apart. We both became really involved in the tribe so that our parents would let us go to the events. We wrote each other every week. When we were old enough for college, we both went to Oklahoma State and arranged to be roommates. After college we moved together to Ponca City because I was able to get a good job with Mid-Con Oil. Then a year ago she said she felt like she had never really experienced life and moved out. She not only moved out...she moved to Los Angeles. Jammie, we had been together in some form for 13 years. Then she was just gone. I never heard from her again until today."

"I don't understand how you can be saying you have feelings for her after what *she* did to you and after the love *you* professed to have for me!"

"I don't know, Jammie. All I can say is I do love you but I still feel strong emotions for Katlynn too."

Jammie's eyes filled with tears as she jumped up and ran out the door. Mac stood to follow her but decided it might be best if she just let her cry herself out. Mac felt a lot like the day her Momma died. She was lost, scared and totally alone. She didn't know what to do and wanted to talk to her Momma so badly that she decided to drive out to the old family cemetery.

As Mac got in the Jeep, she realized she didn't see Jammie anywhere. She debated if she should find the younger woman to tell her where she was going, but thought selfishly *Jammie was the one that ran out without a word, so be it*. With that, Mac stepped on the gas, throwing gravel and dust, as she sped out of the drive.

Jammie was walking along the bank of the lake thinking about everything Mac had said to her about Katlynn. She thought about how wonderful things had been between her and Mac and how many intimacies they had shared before the dark haired beauty stepped out onto the pier. Jammie then thought of the last thing Mac had said to her before she could take no more and left the cabin. Mac had said, "*Jammie, all I can say is I do love you.*" She smiled to herself and decided she would forget about the last part where Mac said "*But I still feel strong emotions for Katlynn too.*"

"Okay, so you love me. That's all I need to know and I'm going to make sure you don't forget that you love me and not HER". Jammie turned to go back to the cabin to remind her lover of their shared passion when she heard the Jeep pull out of the drive.

"Wait Morgan!" She cried, but Mac couldn't hear her over the sound of the Jeep and the torment going on inside her own head.

CHAPTER 5

Mac got out of her Jeep and walked up the little hill of her family's cemetery to her parent's grave. She looked down on the marble cover with the inscription *Mildred A. Christian Beloved*

Wife and Mother. Morgan collapsed on it and sobbed with body wrenching tears that shook her violently causing the birds to take flight in the nearby tree.

“Momma what should I do?”

Mac sobbed until she had no tears left to cry. She felt that she might be sick. She turned and sat still looking out over the cemetery at the many graves filled with members of her mother’s family. She thought about the many generations and the love that the family gave and took. She thought about her parents, their lives and love they shared.

She found herself thinking about Jammie and how in the short period of time she had known Jammie that she felt such a strong bond and love for her. Mac forced her mind to turn towards thoughts of Katlynn and what they had meant to one another. In a moment of clarity, Mac knew what she needed to do. She stood up and looked back down at the graves of her parents.

“I love you, Momma and Daddy, and miss you so much. I want to experience a love as great and lasting as yours and there is only one woman who can give that to me. If I haven’t blown it, she will be waiting for me back at Uncle Jake’s cabin. I know you both would love Jammie she is nothing like Katlynn, who you never really cared for. I miss you both but I need to get back to my love, to my life and let her know she is the only one for me now and for always.” Mac kissed her hand and gently touched both covers. She turned and quickly walked back to her jeep.

On the drive back to the Lake Mac thought repeatedly *what am I going to say to Jammie? How will I assure her that she is the one I love, the only one for me? How can I make her understand Katlynn is in my past? It was only the shock of seeing Katlynn so unexpectedly that caused me to behave the way I did.*

Mac continued to question herself. *What if Jammie hasn’t gone back to the cabin? Surely she has, where else could she have gone? She didn’t have a car and the taxi from Grove or Vinita won’t drive out as far as the cabin. Jammie will be there waiting for me to explain myself.* Mac finally reasoned and pressed on the gas pedal, anxious to get back to her lover. She wanted to get back to the light of her life and profess her undying love. She would show Jammie with her body how much she truly loved the younger woman.

When Mac pulled into the drive of the cabin she saw a familiar black Benz sitting there. *Whose car is it?* She knew she had seen it before but was having trouble placing it. As Mac turned off her Jeep, she saw Jammie step through the door of the cabin, followed closely behind by Marcus Lewis carrying her suitcase. *Oh shit* thought Mac, *what is he doing here? Where are they going?* Mac quickly got out of the Jeep and rushed over to Jammie who was about to get into her Father’s car.

“Jammie stop. Where are you going? What is your Father doing here?”

Mac saw Marcus Lewis put his daughter’s suitcases in the trunk of his car.

Jammie, with tear stained cheeks and red-rimmed eyes, looked up at Mac “Why Morgan? I loved you, but you just left me.”

Mac stood there looking down at Jammie “I didn’t leave you. Well yeah, I drove off but that was just so I could think. Jammie I came back to tell you...”

Marcus Lewis came up beside her and placed his hand on Mac's shoulder, interrupting her. "Mac I don't know what is going on here. My daughter calls me sobbing and wants me to come immediately to get her and now she isn't telling me a thing. Can you explain why I have just driven three hours to find her in tears?"

Like a deer caught in headlights, Mac stared at Jammie's father. "...uh...we had a...we had a misunderstanding. I was just trying to clear it up to explain something to Jammie. To tell her I'm sorry. You really didn't need to make the drive Mr. Lewis. It is all just a misunderstanding, really."

While Jamie sat in the car, Mac looked at her eyes pleading with Jamie to give her a chance to explain.

Well Mac, tell us what the misunderstanding was all about and we'll try and get this cleared up.

At that moment, an old beat up Chevy pick-up pulled into the drive and a beautiful Native American woman stepped out. Katlynn looked towards the Benz and everyone standing there. She smiled radiantly and calls out "Hello."

All eyes turn her way and Jammie says immediately "Daddy let's go. Let's go now before I am sick."

Marcus couldn't help but wonder what was going on and what this beautiful woman had to do with it Marcus looked at his daughter and then at Mac. "Mac you were about to tell me what the misunderstanding was."

Fear quickly crossed Mac's face as Jammie jumped up out of the car. "Daddy, I said let's go, now! Get in the car and take me home! I do not want to talk about this any further!"

Marcus Lewis was shocked by his daughter's outburst. Never had she raised her voice to him before or spoken so disrespectfully. He again looked at his daughter and then Mac before he turned to climb into the car. As Marcus went around the end of the car he looked over at the golden beauty leaning against the old truck and noticed what he thought was smirk on her face. He was sure she had something to do with why his daughter was so upset, but what? *What the hell is going on?* He wondered. Marcus wasn't used to being left in the dark.

Mac stood there watching the Benz disappear down the road. She couldn't believe what had happened and didn't know what to do about it. She felt tears welling in her eyes and heaviness in her chest causing her to choke out a breath. Her wobbly legs finally gave out as she collapsed on the ground and began to sob.

She felt two arms wrap around her shoulders. They felt familiar. She stood and was led back into the cabin beyond that, her mind was a complete blank.

Mac awoke late that night to find herself in her bed at her uncle's cabin. She felt as if she'd been on a week long drunken binge. She felt nauseous Mac's head was so dazzled she couldn't remember what happened. How had she ended up in this bed? She wondered she realized that she was naked underneath the sheet. It was too dark in the cabin to see clearly

Mac felt a body next to hers. Arms were wrapped around her abdomen and cupping one of her breasts. She looked over trying to see who it was. The woman felt so familiar. It was too dark to

see. Mac felt so badly she decided to just go back to sleep and she would worry about it in the morning. *Yea, morning, everything is always clearer in the light of morning.* She fell back into a restless sleep.

Driving home from the lake Marcus tried to engage his daughter in conversation. However, Jamie refused to talk. Instead, she stared silently out of the window and cried softly.

What had Morgan been trying to tell her before her father interrupted and that black haired witch showed up. She thought. She mumbled "Oh Morgan, why? I love you so much. Why is this happening?" Tears streamed from her eyes as she continued staring out the window.

As Marcus drove the car, he listened to his daughter's sobs. He asked but she was unable or unwilling to tell him what was going on.

He wondered, *what the hell could have happened between the two young women to cause Jammie to be so distraught?* His thoughts turned to the beautiful dark haired woman who caused such an outburst from his daughter. *Had she truly been smirking as we left? What role did she play in this? And the look on Mac's face when I had been questioning her, was it fear? What the hell was wrong? Mac looked as if she were going to die when that other woman pulled up.* Marcus decided he would not press Jamie during their ride home. It was late and both were tired. Furthermore, Jamie was obviously upset. However, Marcus made up his mind that in the morning, come hell or high water, he was going to find out what was going on.

Sunday morning arrived with bright sun shining into the cabin awaking the two women who slept there. Mac felt like she had been on a long drunk. Her head was filled with cotton and her mouth was dry

"Good morning."

Mac heard the greeting come from the warm body lying beside her. Mac had been too scared to look and see who it was cupping her breast, yet she was sure it was not Jamie. Suddenly, looming over her was the sight she feared. Katlynn had propped herself up as was looking into Mac's eyes.

"I said good morning. Aren't you going to talk to me?"

"What are you doing here? How did we end up in bed together? Where is Jammie?"

Then it all came crashing down on her. She remembered the events of the day before and that Jammie was gone. She had left with her Father.

"Oohh" Mac moaned. *I am such a fool.* As she tried to rise from the bed, Katlynn held her back.

"Hey, wait a minute! Where do you think you're going?"

Katlynn possessively threw a leg over Mac's and placed her hand on one of Mac's breast.

"I'm not ready to get up. I thought we might spend the morning getting reacquainted."

Katlynn lowered her hot mouth to one of Mac's breasts. The nipple hardened immediately. She pulled her thigh into Mac's crotch sliding it up and down as she applied pressure. Mac's body involuntarily responded to what the dark haired woman was doing to her and a moan escaped her lips. Katlynn took this as a good sign and allowed her hand to trail down Mac's abdomen and brush across the soft hairs she found at the base.

Mac's mind whirled with the familiar scent of the woman's hair and skin. She lost herself to the sensations that were ravishing her body causing it to respond instinctively. "I knew you would want me back. You never could resist me." The dark haired beauty whispered into Mac's ear.

Mac suddenly thought of Jammie, shook herself and pulled away from Katlynn

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" Mac shouted at the beautiful dark woman propped up on one elbow in the bed.

With one eyebrow raised Katlynn replied "I thought I was about to make love to you. What did you think I was doing, darling?"

"No, no! It's over. You left me a year ago remember? Not a word since! Now you think you can come back into my life...back into my bed? Get out! Get out now. I am with Jammie and she is my lover, not you."

Mac paced furiously, angry at her own body's reaction to Katlynn.

Katlynn sat up against the headboard of the bed as she watched Mac pace.

"You don't really want me to leave. I felt your body respond to my touch. I smelled your arousal from here. Forget this bravado and get back in bed so I can finish what I started."

Mac stopped her pacing and stared at the arrogance of the woman sitting in her bed. She thought how different this woman was from her sweet Jammie.

"I said get out. Now!" Mac reached out, pulled Katlynn from the bed before turning to stomp into the bathroom alone.

Mac sat on the edge of the tub for ten minutes until she heard the sound of the old truck pull out of the drive. She went back into the bedroom and threw herself onto the bed where she started to cry again.

Jammie where are you? How am I going to make this right? What am I going to say to your Father? Please baby, I want you. I need you.

Mac finally sat up, unable to cry anymore and gathered her things. She saw no point in staying at the cabin any longer. If she was going to win Jammie back then she needed to be where Jammie was.

Jammie spent Sunday morning locked in her room and by mid afternoon Marcus Lewis had decided he had had enough. He was going to have his daughter explain what the hell was going on. He wanted to know why Jammie was in tears and he would be damned but he was going to get to the bottom of this whole mess.

Marcus knocked on her door “Jammie, sweetheart? Please open the door.”

He stood there waiting but heard no sound. “Jammie, I said this is your Father. I will not be locked out in my own home. Now open this door.”

Still he heard no movement “Jammie Diane Lewis! I demand you open this door at once.”

He listened closely and heard a slight shuffling noise.

Jammie opened the door and stepped to the side so her Father could enter. When he stepped into the room, Jammie stepped out and headed down the hallway.

“Jammie, where do you think you are going?”

“Out.”

“Out? Out where?”

“I don’t know Dad. I just need to go out.”

Jammie really didn’t know where she was going. She just knew she needed to get away. Marcus watched her leave, still not know what was going on.

Mindlessly Jammie drove around until she found herself in front of Mac’s house. She didn’t see Mac’s Jeep anywhere. Jammie couldn’t decide if she should leave or wait awhile.

Why am I here? What made me drive way out here? She sat deep in thought with tears weighting her eyes once more. In the distance she heard a Jeep. *Oh Morgan, please don’t let this be the end of us.*

As Mac came over the crest she spotted the white Infinity sitting in her drive just like the first day when Jammie drove out to Copper Top. Mac pressed the gas to reach Jammie faster. Just like that first day, Mac forgot to clutch, causing the Jeep to jerk to dead stop. This time Mac didn’t care if she looked like a jerk. All she could think about was getting to Jammie. She had to make Jammie understand how much she loved her.

Mac climbed out of the Jeep and started towards the Infinity. She was unsure of what she was going to say to the beautiful woman sitting in the car, the woman who held her heart in her hands.

Jammie got out of her car and stood beside it waiting for Mac to come closer. They stood a few feet away looking at each other. The uncertainty, the need, the want, and the fear was clearly visible on both their faces. Finally, it was Mac who reached out to Jammie, wanting desperately to pull her back into her arms.

“Jammie please let me explain.”

The sadness and pleading in Mac’s eyes hit Jammie in the pit of her stomach. She ached for Mac’s touch, but she would not step into Mac’s out stretched arms.

Instead she crossed her arms over her chest and said, “Okay, Morgan, explain. Explain to me who it is that you want. Is it Katlynn or me? Which is it Morgan?” Jammie thrust her chin out hoping Mac didn’t notice its quiver.

Dejectedly, Mac's arms fell to her side.

"Jammie, all I can say is I love you. You are the only one for me. I am so sorry that I have hurt you and will do any and everything to make it up to you. Please come inside with me and let's talk. Let me prove my love for you. Please Jammie, I'm begging you. Please!"

Overwhelmed with piled up emotions, Mac collapsed to her knees in the dirt.

Jammie, stricken with the fear that her lover was ill, forgot her anger and quickly stepped to Mac's side. Jammie wrapped Mac lovingly in her arms and pulled her close to her warmth.

"Morgan, what's wrong? Are you sick? Do I need to get you to town?"

Mac looked up and wrapped her arms around Jammie as she said; the only place I want to be is in bed with you, my love. I need to show you how much I love you.

Mac reached up and pulled Jammie toward her as she stretched upward to press her lips to Jammie's in a hot, passionate kiss.

"Of course, darlin'. Let's go lie down."

Rising and clinging together, they made their way to the house. The two women climbed the stairs in silence, still holding tightly. When Mac opened the door to her bedroom Jammie realized that she had never been inside. She realized that she was going to Mac's bed not knowing what role Katlynn played in their lives. But she was so tired she thought, *we'll take a nap and then we'll resolve this issue when we are rested and can think clearly.*

They helped each other undress sharing kisses and gentle caresses. Sliding under the coolness of the sheets, they turned to face each other.

Jammie whispered softly to Mac. "We have a lot to talk about to clear the air and Katlynn is a part of that. But let's wait until after we have both rested. Just because I am here, in your bed, does not mean we have resolved everything."

Mac silently shook her head in understanding as she pulled the smaller woman to her and rested her chin on top of the blond head. They both drifted off in an exhausted sleep, feeling more secure in each other's arms.

It was late when Jammie awaked. The woman lying next to her warmed her body. She smelled the faint scent of Mac's soap and perfume. It triggered a twinge deep within her belly. She craved and loved Mac. But before she acted upon her love, she needed to know where Katlynn fit into Mac's life.

The phone rang shrilly into the silent room, causing Mac to awaken. She smiled as she felt Jammie jump as she reached out and answered the phone.

"Hello."

"Mac. This is Marcus Lewis."

“Mr. Lewis, what can I do for you?”

Both women sat straight up in bed. Jammie scooted closer to Mac and tilted the receiver so she too could hear the conversation.

“Jammie left out of here this afternoon and I have not seen or heard from her since. Frankly, I am worried. She has been so upset since the two of you went to the lake. Damn it Mac. She is my daughter and I want to know what the hell is going on.”

Jammie quickly looked at Mac and adamantly shook her head no.

“Mr. Lewis let me make a couple of calls to see if I can locate her and I’ll call you back.” Before Marcus could say another word Mac hung up the phone.

Both women quickly got out of bed and redressed. Mac spoke first. “What are you going to tell him?”

“What?” Jammie’s mind was spinning and she didn’t hear the question.

“I said what are you going to tell him?”

“Me? Why do I have to tell him anything?”

“Because he is your father and my boss. He is going to want some sort of answer.”

“I’m a grown woman. I do not have to tell my Daddy everything that goes on in my life.”

“But he is my boss and I think if you don’t tell him something he will insist that I do.”

“Let me think for a minute.” Jammie now dressed sat down on the bed and weighed her options.

She ran through three choices. One, tell her father the truth and out both herself and Mac. Two, lie to her father and come up with some story to cover her actions. Three leave town and go into the witness protection plan never to be heard of again. Choice number three actually sounded the best to her but she knew in her heart it needed to be choice number one.

“I guess I am going to have to tell Daddy the truth about me.”

“What? You mean your going to...I mean are you telling him everything?” Mac swallowed and continued, “Including you and me?”

“I can’t necessarily tell him the truth and leave you out, can I? What’s the matter Morgan? Aren’t you willing to stand up to my father with me?”

Mac could see the tears building in the young woman’s eyes. She walked over and wrapped her arms around Jammie’s waist and pulled her near. “I will stand with you at anytime, for any reason, against anybody. You are the love of my life and I will do anything to prove my love to you.”

As the two women walked down the stairs they thought they heard a vehicle pull up. Mac looked to Jammie and asked "You don't think Marcus would drive out here to look for you?"

"He couldn't have gotten out here that fast. It has only been ten or fifteen minutes since you spoke with him on the phone."

"It has to be after ten so who could it be?"

Mac flipped on the porch light as she peered through window. She stepped back and looked at Jammie. Jammie looked back at Mac. Mac's face was pale and her eyes held a look of fear.

"Morgan, what is it? Who pulled up? You're scaring me."

Mac quickly recovered, as she heard her doorbell ring. She turned and placed her hands on Jammie's shoulders.

"Jammie. Honest. I didn't know she was coming. I have no idea what she wants."

"Who, Morgan? Who is here?"

"Katlynn."

Mac walked to the front door but before she could open it Jammie bumped her to the side and opened the door herself.

"Katlynn. How nice to see you, although it is rather late to be calling unannounced."

Katlynn paused in the doorway with a stunned look on her face as she stared at Jammie.

"Well I have never had to announce myself to Mac before and I see no reason to start now." Katlynn pushed past the small blond.

"Mac. There you are baby. I was worried the way you left this morning. We never had a chance to finish our talk."

Katlynn reached out to hug Mac. Mac quickly backed away before Katlynn could wrap her arms around her.

"Listen Katlynn. I don't know why you are here. We have nothing to say to each other. I told you this morning that I am with Jammie and she is the only one for me." Mac and Jammie quickly moved towards each other. Jammie wrapped her arms tightly around Mac in a sign of possession.

Katlynn lifted an eyebrow as she said, "You can't be serious. You surely are not throwing everything we meant to each other away. All the years we spent together stand for something don't they."

"Me? You where the one who walked out and left me. You are the one who threw out everything that we meant to each other. It has been over a year since you left. It took me a long time to get on with my life, but I have. I met a beautiful woman who I love and I believe loves me. If you don't mind, please leave."

Jammie moved towards the door "Here let me show you the way out."

Katlynn looked from one to the other. "This is not over. I still love you Mac and I know you love me. I felt you respond to my touch while we were in bed at the cabin. I will not give you up so easily to this Barbie doll."

As Mac moved to physically escort Katlynn out of the house, another car door slammed in the background. The three women looked through the open door to see who it was. It was Mr. Lewis Jammie and Mac groaned aloud as they watched him coming closer to the house. Katlynn plastered the sweetest, most innocent grin upon her face.

Mac looked over at Katlynn "Get out of my house now and do not say another word"

Katlynn turned and quietly walked out the door, smiling at Marcus Lewis as they passed on the porch.

"Daddy. What are you doing here?"

Marcus looked toward his daughter with surprise. "Jammie, I didn't actually expect to find you here. I came to talk to Mac and find out what the hell is going on. Since you are here I suppose I can now hear the whole story. Well Mac, are you going to invite me in or are you going to force me to be rude and barge in?"

"Uh...yeah... sure. Won't you come in Mr. Lewis? May I get you something to drink?"

"I could use a scotch neat. A single malt if you have it."

Mac reached behind the bar as Jammie lead her father to the couch. Mac carried the scotch to Marcus.

"I hope Glenlivet is okay with you, sir."

"Fine."

Mac handed Jammie a glass of wine. The young woman smiled up at her as Mac winked at her behind her father's back. Going back to the bar, Mac poured her three fingers of tequila and quickly downed it.

"Well now, who wants to start? I want to know what is going on. Who the heck is that woman who keeps showing up every time you two are together?" he asked as he waved his hand in Katlynn's direction "Jammie, why don't you start?"

Jammie looked nervously at her father and then at Mac. "Daddy I'm a grown woman and I don't feel the need to explain myself to you. I'm sorry if I have caused you to worry enough to drive all the way out here looking for answers. Please, just leave it alone and let me handle my problems.

"Now listen here Jammie, I know you are a grown woman but something odd is going on. It not only involves my daughter but one of the top officers in my company. Now I demand to know what this is all about."

Mac moved over to sit on the arm of the couch next to Jammie, offering her physical presence in support. Jammie leaned against Mac and rested her palm on her thigh. Mac wrapped her arm around Jammie's shoulders.

"Daddy, Morgan and I are lovers. We had a lover's spat over the other woman who is Morgan's ex and I got jealous. That is all there is to it and nothing more." Mac squeezed Jammie close and reflexively bent down and kissed her on the top of the head.

Marcus sat numbed, not knowing what to say as he looked at both women. *His daughter couldn't be a... no she's not a... she doesn't even look...* He just couldn't seem to bring himself to say it even in his own mind. His daughter was a *lesbian a DYKE*.

"Jammie what are you saying? Do you know what this would have done to your mother? I know I raised you better than to be a...a"

"The word is lesbian, Daddy. It is when a woman loves another woman like I love Morgan."

"Love? You say you love her? You haven't known her long enough to love her!"

"Yes, Daddy I do and have. I love Morgan."

"I love her too, Mr. Lewis."

Marcus finally looked directly at Mac.

"You say you love my daughter? How could you possibly be wasting her life like this? How could you have preyed upon her youth and innocence when I asked you to be a friend to her? This is my entire fault, isn't it? I asked you to spend time with my daughter while not knowing you were a dyke. If you truly loved my daughter as you say, Mac, you would leave her alone and let her go back to living a normal life."

"Daddy! What are you saying? Morgan is not the reason I'm gay. She's not even the first woman I have been with. I have been seeing women since my first encounter with your secretary in Houston when I was fifteen. Daddy, you remember Becky? Becky Minton? You were always busy so you would have her pick me up at school and take me to after school events? Well, that's not the only place she took me daddy. She also took me to her bed."

Marcus looked at his daughter in disbelief. This could not be happening. What was he going to do? He stood abruptly and said, "Come with me Jammie we are going home."

"No Daddy. I am not leaving with you. I'll be home tomorrow to pack my bags. I'll be moving in with Morgan."

Marcus Lewis looked at the two women in disbelief. Angrily, he turned and stomped out of the house.

Morgan slid down next to Jammie and pulled her into her arms. "Are you okay, sugar?"

Jammie sat in shock thinking about what had just taken place with her father. She began to tremble. Mac pulled her tighter and crooned softly to her as she rocked her in her arms. After a period of time, the shaking stopped. Mac rose and held out her hand to Jammie.

“Come with me, Baby. Let’s have some hot tea and then we’ll lie back down.”

Without a word, Jammie rose and followed meekly behind Mac.

CHAPTER 6

Mac gently undressed Jammie for bed. Worried that her young lover was emotionally overloaded by the day’s events, she kissed her temple softly.

Jammie, numb from exhaustion, was replaying the evening’s events in her mind. Something kept bothering her, something that Katlynn had said but she hadn’t had time to process it. As Mac undressed and helped her to slip into bed, it came back to her. Katlynn had said, *“I felt you respond to me in bed at the cabin.”*

Jammie’s body stiffened as she turned to look at Mac “What did Katlynn mean when she said *‘I felt you respond to me in bed at the cabin’?*”

Mac looking into Jammie’s eyes, pleading with her own to not pursue this, not now.

“Jammie, I will answer all your questions and be completely honest with you, only not right now. You have been through enough for one day and I think this discussion can wait until morning because there is really nothing to tell. I love you and only you. That is all you really need to know.”

Not happy with Mac’s response but too tired to argue, Jammie slipped into bed. Mac climbed in next to her and tried to take Jammie in her arms but Jammie shrugged her arms away.

“Not tonight Morgan. My emotions are too raw and I do not want you touching me. Not until I understand what is going on with Katlynn.”

Mac furrowed her brow with pain from the rejection of her lover. She wanted so badly to hold Jammie. Mac knew she had to tell her what had happened at the cabin with Katlynn. Mac decided it was best to get it out in the open and show Jammie that there was nothing to worry about.

“Jammie, I want to tell you about what happened after you left me at the cabin.”

Jammie rolled over to look at Mac. Sadness and exhaustion showed on her young face as she said, “I thought you said we should wait till morning. What has changed your mind?”

“You. I don’t want you to be upset, I want you to understand that I love you and I want to hold you tonight.” Mac’s face registered her own pain as she saw pain reflected in Jammie’s eyes. “I can’t stand this fighting. I want everything out in the open so we can get on with our lives.”

Jammie sat up in bed pulling the sheet up under her arms to cover her bare breasts, holding her head high; she looked into her lover’s eyes as she replied. “Okay Morgan what happened after I left the cabin?”

Mac feeling nervous got out of bed and slipped on her robe. She walked over and sat down on Jammie's side of the bed.

"You have to understand that I love you and I want to be with you. Always remember that." Mac drew in a deep breath as she collected her thoughts. "After you drove off with Marcus and left me at the cabin, I remember feeling like someone had punched me in the gut and knocked all my air out. I hurt so badly as I watched you leave without letting me explain anything to you." She sat nervously rubbing the end of the robe's belt between her fingers.

"I don't remember going into the cabin or going to bed. When I woke up, my head hurt and I felt like I was in a daze. I realized Katlynn was in bed with me and I started to get up. She pushed me back down and started to nuzzle my breasts and touch me." Mac faced Jammie, willing her to understand.

"My body reacted to her touch involuntarily but I got right up and asked her what the hell she was doing. We argued and I forced her to get up and I told her to leave. All I could think about was you and how I had to make you understand. Please believe me." Mac could feel the nausea building inside from fear. She thought she would vomit. She tried to focus on her breathing. When Mac looked back into Jammie's eyes, she could see the pain but not condemnation.

Jammie sat quietly, listening to Mac recant the events that took place. She could hear the sincerity in Mac's voice and she could see the pain and desperation in Mac's eyes. She thought about how Mac had told Katlynn to leave earlier. When Jammie looked at Mac, she knew she told the truth. She knew Mac loved her.

Jammie slid down in bed and threw the sheet off her body and in a husky voice said "Darling, are you coming to bed? I'm getting cold." She smiled seductively at her lover before winking and patting the bed next to her.

Mac quickly removed her robe and slid next to Jammie. Mac leaned over and gently kissed her on the lips.

"So, Ms. Christian, is that how you kiss a woman you're trying to convince that you love above all others?" Jammie whispered seductively.

Mac smiled as she felt a weight lift from her heart. In her deep southern drawl she replied, "Well ma'am. Are you sure you could handle a kiss that's full of passion seeing as how you're tired and all? I wouldn't want you to have the vapors."

Jammie wrapped her fingers in Mac's hair, pulling her closer. Her voice was husky with sexual desire "I think I can handle it if you can." Jammie challenged her lover by arching her eyebrow and winking.

Their lips melded into a passionate kiss that drew them into a ring of fire, pulling them down further into the chasm of want and need.

Mac drew away just far enough so that they could catch their breaths. She looked into Jammie's eyes while she whispered against her lips. "I love you with all my heart and soul."

"Then show me Morgan. Show me how much you love me. I want to feel your love in every fiber of my body."

They renewed their kiss, tongues desperately seeking possession of the others mouth. Mac started working her way down Jammie's body, kissing and exploring every inch of flesh. As her hands captured Jammie's breasts, she heard her lover moan. Mac cupped Jammie's breasts gently drawing her thumb back and forth across the nipples causing them to become painfully erect. Mac took one into her mouth. Jammie thrust forward, forcing her breast deeper into Mac's hot wet mouth. Mac pinched the other nipple hard, extracting a moan from Jammie.

"Yes, baby, please that feels so good."

Jammie closed her eyes as she surrendered to the sensation of her skin being on fire from the touch of her lover's mouth and hands. She tangled her hands in Mac's hair urging her downward. But Mac could not be so easily persuaded from the attention she was giving Jammie's breast. She gently nipped the underside then soothed it with her tongue. Mac loved the silky smoothness of Jammie's skin, especially the super softness on the underneath side of her breasts. Mac was reluctant to leave this heaven but moved down her lover's torso at Jammie's persistence. Mac tasted every inch of Jammie's body, lavishing her lover with kisses. Mac ran her tongue around and dipped it into Jammie's naval before sliding between her lover's thighs.

The scent of her lover and the moans of pleasure made Mac's heart heavy with love and desire for Jammie. Tears gently rolled from her eyes as she brought her lover to a passionate release. Mac laid her head on Jammie's abdomen. She wrapped her arms tightly around her lover and gently wept, thankful to have Jammie back in her arms.

Jammie, feeling the tears on her stomach, pulled Mac up into her arms. "Morgan, baby. What's wrong?" The love and passion she had for this woman was evident in her voice, the worry showing in her eyes.

Mac wiped her tears away and smiled weakly. "Nothing is wrong. I am just so happy and love you so much, I couldn't help but shed tears of joy."

"Oh Morgan. I love you too. Now come here and let me show you."

They brought each other to the pinnacle of passion throughout the night finally giving into sleep as the sun rose over the eastern plateau.

####

Mac as usual woke first, smiling at the small blonde sleeping in her arms. The warmth of her body and the lingering scent of their love making the night before brought the distinct twinge of arousal to her loins. Mac thought of waking her lover by stroking her body to arousal and then making love to her. But the clock beside the bed told Mac she better shower or she would be late for work.

Mac was in high spirits after showering. She looked back through the bathroom door at her lover still sleeping. She couldn't keep the smile off her face. She picked up a tube of lipstick and scrawled a poem across the bathroom mirror:

I trace my fingers over your face
Across your lips

I trace my fingers down your neck
Feeling your pulse

I trace my fingers in-between your breast
Seeing you take a breath

I trace my fingers over your stomach
Watching you shiver

I trace my fingers to your center
Feeling you

Mac signed across the bottom 'Jammie, you are the only woman I will ever trace. I give you all my love today and tomorrow, Morgan'. With a smile she went to wake her lover.

Mac leaned over and gently started kissing Jammie's face and neck "Jammie, honey. It is time to get up." Mac continued nuzzling the beautiful woman lying in her bed.

"Mmmm... if you keep this up I'm gonna insist you come back to bed." Jammie slowly opened her eyes and smiled at her lover.

Mac smiled at Jammie and was tempted to crawl back into bed with her. "Come on, sugar. The shower awaits you and I'm off to make coffee. You don't want your daddy mad that I am late for work after that bombshell we dropped on him? Hell on second thought, maybe I'll call in sick. I'm not too sure I want to face Marcus today." Mac's smile turned to a frown as she sat down on the bed.

Jammie felt the tension rise in Mac as she wrapped her arms lovingly around her waist. "Sugar, don't worry. Everything will be fine. Daddy is upset but you know he doesn't take personal matters to work."

Jammie sat up on her knees and began kissing Mac on the side of the face. She whispered in her ear. "If you are a good girl and go to work, I'll have a surprise for you when you get home."

"Oh like what?"

"I'm not telling. You will just have to wait and see. But, I promise you that your gonna love it. Now get your butt in the kitchen. I need my coffee before I get cranky."

Mac stole a quick kiss and headed off to the kitchen, whistling a happy tune.

Jammie went to take her shower and saw the poem Mac had left on the mirror. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She applied the lipstick to her lips and kissed the mirror where Mac had signed her name.

####

Marcus Lewis called his secretary to let her know he would not be coming in until afternoon. He was counting on Jammie coming home to pack her bags and he was going to get some answers. He paced the floor trying to understand what his daughter had told him. She just couldn't be serious. She couldn't be a lesbian. This had to all be Mac's fault. Well, he would put a stop to all this insanity.

Marcus turned and strolled over toward the front door when he heard a car door slam. Pulling himself up erect with hands crossed and clutched in front, he wanted to look imposing to his daughter when she entered the house.

Jammie entering the house. She stopped, startled seeing her father standing in the doorway. "Hi daddy. What are you still doing home?"

"I wanted to be here so that I could talk to you Jammie."

"About what, daddy? "

"You know damn good and well what I want to talk about. Stop playing naïve! It does not become you Jammie. Tell me what the hell is going on."

"I thought we covered that last night daddy. Do you want me to state it for you again? I am in love with Morgan and we are going to live together. End of story. There is nothing more to be said."

Jammie quickly turned from her father toward the stairs to her bedroom. Her eyes stung from unshed tears and the pain of her father's rejection. Marcus moving quickly stopped her at the base of the stairs.

"Jammie, don't run from me. I can't let you ruin your life this way. I want to help you! You are just confused right now. I'm sure it is my fault. I didn't raise you right after your Mother died and I pushed you to be friends with Mac. I am so sorry for that. I had no idea she was a lesbian. Please, forgive me and let's get you through this horrible experience in your life."

Jammie's face contoured with anger and disgust at her Father's words. She realized how little he truly understood her and that they were more like strangers.

"Daddy, please listen to what I am saying to you. You are not to blame for anything. You did nothing wrong. You are not why I am gay... I just am. You have to hear me on this because if you cannot accept it, then you and I have nothing more to ever say to each other. Daddy I L-O-V-E Morgan. She is my life now and I plan on being with her always. She is a wonderful caring woman. You liked her too; daddy, before you found out she was gay. Why does knowing that she loves me as I love her make you suddenly dislike her? Shouldn't you be happy? Shouldn't you be excited for us that we found someone that we each love, someone that is good for each other? Daddy, please I do not want to lose you but I am going to be with Morgan because I love her. You can not do anything to change that."

Jammie pulled away from her Father and rushed up the stairs as her Father's words followed her.

"Jammie Diane you do not know what you are saying and I WILL put a stop to this."

Marcus watched his daughter retreat up the stairs. He clenched his fist and thought *If I cannot make you see reason Jammie I know I can force Mac to. One way or the other this nonsense will end. I'll send Mac to Dubai if I have to, to save you from this horror.* With a plan of action in mind Marcus strode with confidence to his car.

####

Jammie locked the door to her room, not wanting to talk further with her Father. She quickly threw her clothes into a couple of bags, wanting to get away back to Morgan and the safety of her love and arms. Jammie stopped in the doorway to take one last look around, knowing she would probably never be in her father's house again. She spotted a picture of her parents and her. It had been taken only a week before her Mother's death. She grabbed it and was out the door.

After the confrontation with her Father, Jammie needed desperately to reconnect with Mac. She chewed on her bottom lip waiting for Mac to answer her call.

"Hello. This is Morgan Christian"

"Hi honey. I miss you so much, I needed to hear your voice."

"Hi Suga' I'm glad you called. I miss you too. Where are you?"

"I'm in my car heading out to Copper Top. Daddy was waiting for me at home when I went to get my clothes."

"He was? Are you okay? Did he say anything?"

"He had a lot to say, none of it worth repeating. I feel so sad Morgan. It's like my Father is a stranger and he never really knew me."

"Give him time honey. I'm sure Marcus will come around. He loves you dearly, almost as much as I do."

"I hope so I just..." Jammie could hear a loud noise on the other end of the line and Mac's voice muffled and distant.

"What the hell are you doing here? How did you get in?"

"Morgan, Morgan can you hear me?"

"Jammie, honey I'm gonna go. Katlynn just arrived and I need to throw her out. I love you baby. I'll see you tonight." Before Jammie could respond, the line went dead.

Jammie wondered if she should go to Mac's office too, but she did not want Mac to think she did not trust her. *No, I won't go rushing to your office like some crazed lover. I trust and love you Morgan. I know you will do what is right... Oh God... Morgan please know how much I love you. Come home to me tonight. I need you.*

####

"Katlynn, I asked you how the hell did you got in here?"

Betty, Mac's administrative assistant, quickly entered the office upon hearing her boss's outburst.

"I let her in Ms. Christian. I'm sorry. I didn't realize it would be a problem. I mean, she has been here so many times to see you in the past, I just never thought..."

"That's okay Betty. You didn't know. In the future Ms. Radclyffe is not welcomed here. Would you be so kind as to call Security for me to escort her off the premises? Please close the door on your way out Betty."

Mac waited until Betty had left closing the door behind her before turning her full rage on Katlynn. "You have approximately three minutes to explain what the hell you are doing here before security arrives to throw your ass out."

Katlynn stepped towards Mac, raising her arms to hug her. Mac responded by raising her hand and taking a step back. "I don't know what the hell you are thinking but I am not about to hug you. I don't even want to be in the same room with you. Now tell me what you have to say because you are leaving as soon as Security arrives."

The full force finally hit Katlynn. This was it. She and Mac truly were over. Tears built up in her dark eyes while her brow furrowed in pain for the loss of the woman standing across from her. Katlynn had always been so sure Mac would be there for her, waiting for her to come back. She knew it was her fault that their relationship was ending but she was having difficulty accepting that Mac loved someone else.

"Mac, are you sure about this? What about everything we have meant to each other? I know I was wrong leaving the way I did, but I am back now. Please let me make this up to you. Give us a second chance." Tears now were running down her golden face as she pleaded with her lost love.

Mac's heart wrenched to hear the pain in Katlynn voice and to see the tears run down her face. She had loved this woman for so long she knew she would always have a place in her heart but her life now was on a path with Jammie's. She did not want to hurt Katlynn further but she had to make it clear they were over for Jammie's sake. Mac's posture relaxed as she stepped toward Katlynn, offering her a Kleenex from her desk.

"Katlynn, I am sorry this hurts you. Even though you tore my world apart when you left me, I never wanted to hurt you in return. I am in love with Jammie and here is where our story ends. I hope that we can find our way back to friendship. Our lives have been entwined for so many years I cannot see mine without you. Only now I do not see you as my lover. Jammie holds my heart in her hands and it is to her I give all my love."

Betty entered the room with Security as Mac pulled back from hugging Katlynn. "It's okay Betty. I think Ms. Radclyffe can see herself out now. They all watched as Katlynn shook her head yes and turned to leave. The guards looked at Mac then follow along behind Katlynn as Marcus entered the hall from the elevator.

Betty closed Mac's office door after Marcus entered and quickly went down the hall to bring back some coffee.

"Mac, as your employer I demand to have an explanation as to what that woman was doing here and what you plan on doing to convince my daughter she is not a... that she only thinks she is a ... damn it that she's not like YOU!"

Mac was still tense from the previous encounter with Katlynn. Her nerves were raw from all the events of the last few nights. She sat down with a look of exhaustion on her face and it wasn't even noon yet.

"Marcus, why don't you have a seat and calm down? Let's try to discuss this civilly. If I know Betty, she should be here shortly with coffee." As if by cue, Betty knocked on the door and entered with coffee in her hands

"Thank you Betty, please hold all my calls and no one is to disturb us."

Betty could feel the tension in the room and see the anger on Mr. Lewis' face and the exhaustion on her favorite young boss. She nodded her acknowledgment and slowly backed out, closing the door behind her.

"Marcus, I'm not quite sure what you expect from me. As my employer, yes, you have the right to know who anyone is that enters these premises. Because you have been introduced to her before, you already know that was Katlynn. As to what she was doing here, that is of a personal nature. However, I can assure you she will not be returning. As my employer, however, you have absolutely no say in what goes on in my personal life and that includes my relationship with Jammie. As her Father I will tell you I love her and I believe she loves me. I will do everything in my power to make her happy and I hope for her sake you can be happy for us too. Other than that Marcus, I don't think there is more to discuss. I don't mean to be rude but I do have a busy schedule today."

"How dare you think you can dismiss me so lightly? If you are not willing to end this travesty with my daughter, I will end it for you!"

Marcus stood and with long strides reached for the door before turning back towards Mac. "You will be notified by this afternoon as to your relocation. You will have two weeks to get your affairs in order." With that he was out the door before Mac could respond.

Mac sat there looking at the open door. *Relocation? What the hell could Marcus be thinking? I'm not leaving Copper Top. He will cool down and reconsider his words... won't he? I better call Jammie to see what she says. I will not leave my home!*

"Hello."

"Hey babe, we need to talk. I have had a shitty morning. How about you?" Mac laughed at her own words.

"Sure honey, want to talk on the phone or should I come up there?"

"How about we meet for an early lunch at the Blue Moon Café in about an hour?"

"Sounds good, baby. I'll see you there. Hey...Morgan?"

"Yes?"

"Know that I love you and always will. See you soon, darlin'."

"That sounds so good. Please don't ever stop. I love you too."

####

Mac was getting ready to leave to meet Jammie for lunch when Betty buzzed in "Yes Betty? I'm about to leave."

"Marie Kelley from personnel is on the phone and says she needs to talk to you immediately." Mac couldn't believe her ears. *No! Surely Marcus wouldn't follow through on his threat. He wouldn't relocate me to try and break Jammie and me up. There has to be another reason for Marie's call.*

"Hello Marie, this is Morgan Christian. What can I do for you?"

"Mac what is going on here? I never would have thought you would leave Copper Top, not even for your career. You've grown up here like I did and I expected you to always stay."

Mac was speechless. She was having problems breathing. A sweat broke out on her face.

“Mac? Mac, are you there?”

“Yes Marie, I’m here. What do you mean I’m leaving? I have no intentions of leaving. As you said, I grew up here. I am a part of the Osage and it is a part of me. I’m afraid I don’t understand.”

“Oh no Mac. You mean you did not accept an offer of a promotion and transfer. Mr. Lewis called my office and told me to start the paper work and be sure to notify you by this afternoon that you would be transferred to Dubai as manager of our refinery. I just assumed they offered the position to you and you accepted.”

“No Marie. No one asked me if I was interested. I think I’ll turn it down and just stay here. You do not need to go any further with the paper work.”

There was a long silence on the phone as the tension grew.

“Mac, I’m sorry. It’s not that easy. I’m not in a position to accept your decline of the new position. Mr. Lewis personally gave me the directive to put this through and only he can tell me to stop. I’m sorry Mac, but you are going to have to talk to him. I am so sorry.”

“That’s okay Marie. I understand. I will go see Marcus right now and get this straightened out. Talk with you soon.”

Mac hung up and immediately buzzed Betty.

“Betty, would you please call Shirley and see if she can get me into meet with Marcus right away?”

“I was just speaking with her and she said Mr. Lewis has left and asked not to be disturbed. I know you don’t like office gossip but she said he is acting strange, too. Mac, I know I am only a secretary but we have known each other a long time. What the hell is going on here this morning? I feel like I am in an episode of the *Twilight Zone*.”

“I know, Betty, I do too. I’m sorry I cannot speak of it right now. I am going to be out of the office for lunch. If you need me, I will have my cell phone. Thanks for everything Betty, don’t worry. Everything will be fine.” *At least I hope everything will. Damn Jammie why is he doing this to us? Why can’t he accept we love each other?*

“Okay Mac. Enjoy your lunch.”

####

Mac had been waiting at the Café for forty-five minutes. She could not reach Jammie on her phone. As she redialed the number, she over heard two men talking about the wreck on Highway 60 involving a white Infinity. Mac suddenly felt sick to her stomach. *No! It can’t be Jammie. It has got to be just a horrible coincidence. She will come walking in any second.* Mac jumped up and left the café. She had to find Jammie before her whole world collapsed.

CHAPTER 7

Mac didn't know where she was going but she knew she had to find Jammie. She headed East on highway 60 towards Copper Top the last place she had known where Jammie had been. Five miles from the house Mac saw smoke curling up into the sky before she ever saw the lights of the emergency vehicles. *It's not her! I know it can not be her, Please God...no.* Mac gripped the steering wheel so tightly her knuckles were white, and even though she had the air conditioner on, sweat poured from her face.

As Mac pulled to a stop, she saw a car resting on its side against a tree. Rescue personal were crawling over it trying to put out the last of the fire. She jumped out of her jeep to run toward the burning vehicle. Her legs were like rubber. Her senses were assaulted by the odors of gasoline, smoke, burnt rubber and the putrid smell of burnt flesh. Her vision narrowed as she spotted the custom tag on the back of the car. Everything began to spin. In the midst of her sorrow, she heard the overlying shouts of the rescuers. Over all the sounds around her she also heard the gut wrenching sobs of a man. Mac turned towards the sound and saw Marcus collapsed over the hood of the sheriff's car. His body was shaking with sobs. She felt her world crashing down around her as she walked towards him, her legs barely able to hold her up. When she reached Marcus all she could do was wrap her arms around him and pull him close. She gave all the comfort she could. As Mac held Marcus's sobbing body in her arms, she shed a single tear which ran down her face for the loss of her love and the ending of her world. She was so devastated by this single event; she could not bring forth the tears to cry more.

The sheriff walked up to where Mac stood with Marcus.

"I am sorry but we think it would be best if you two leave before the body is extracted from the vehicle."

Mac spoke up first "No! I have to see for myself. I have to know it is Jammie."

"We will stay with my daughter." Marcus choked out, still clinging to Mac.

"Listen Mac, I have known you my entire life and I have never steered you wrong. We know it is her from the car tag. Her purse was thrown from the vehicle so it did not burn. The fire exploded through the front seat. You will not recognize her. Believe me, Mac. I have seen the body and it is not how you want to remember her. Let me have one of my men drive you both over to the hospital where you can make arrangements to take custody of the body. I'm sorry Mac. I can't tell you how sorry I am, but please trust me to handle this."

Mac had known Sheriff Johnny Johnson all her life and knew him to be a good honest man. She looked at Marcus with tenderness and sadness in her eyes for the man who earlier was her nemesis.

"Come on Marcus. Let's do as the sheriff wants. They'll bring Jammie to us."

Mac turned with the older man still wrapped in her arms and led him over to the deputy's waiting cruiser. Mac held Marcus protectively as they rode back into town. She stared out the window lost in her thoughts. *How could this be happening? I just found her. I have only begun to love again. Now she is gone.*

Mac was so lost in her thoughts of Jammie and their lost love; she didn't realize when the car pulled up to the hospital. She looked up and noted the car had stopped and the deputy was holding the door open, waiting for her to get out. After getting out, Mac turned and helped Marcus out. The three of them walked into the county hospital emergency room. The area was swamped with employees from Mid-Con oil and local town folk who had already heard of the tragic wreck.

Overwhelmed with the attention, Mac slipped away, leaving Marcus to the care of his adoring secretary. She walked down the hall and into the women's room to splash water onto her face. When she caught her reflection in the mirror, the loss of Jammie slammed her in the gut. Mac retaliated by throwing back her head and releasing a cry that sounded like a tortured animal. It was heard throughout the waiting area she then slammed her fist into her reflection on the mirror. The shattered pieces of glass lay around the sink and on the floor, quickly mixing with her blood. The tension of the day had caught up with her. Mac turned and vomited into the commode while her hand continued to drip blood onto the floor.

Betty heard the agonizing cry. She looked toward the restroom and saw no one, then someone else mentioned seeing Mac headed that way. Betty went to check on her young boss. As Betty entered the rest room she could smell the sour smell of vomit. She saw the broken mirror with the blood. It was easy to follow the trail of blood into one of the stalls. Inside, Mac sat crumpled defeated against the wall. Betty rushed over to Mac as she heard the deep sobs echoing in the room. Soothingly, Betty pulled her into her. She quickly looked at the hand that still had blood flowing from it.

After several minutes Betty calmed Mac enough so that she was able to wash and clean her up and get her back onto her feet. Mac still looked like a wild animal that wanted to run at any moment in time.

Betty wrapped her arm around Mac's waist and led her back into the waiting room. When Mac saw Marcus she snapped out of her trance and went immediately to his side. He was her last connection to Jammie and she needed to maintain that contact.

Marcus found comfort in having Mac close. His thoughts turned inward. *Could I have been wrong? Should I have just supported their relationship and welcomed Mac into my family? Why did I have to make things so tough on Jammie? Oh God please give her back to me and I will make everything right again. Let me have back my baby and I will love her and whomever she chooses to love.*

"Mac I want you to know how sorry I am for all the trouble I caused you and Jammie these last few days. I know I acted like a crazy man and I hope you can find a way to forgive me. You of course will not be transferring but staying right here were you belong. I also hope that maybe you and I can become closer friends, I think Jammie would have liked that."

Mac looked at the haggard face of the man next to her and she could see Jammie's eyes. *Why had I not noticed they share the same eyes before?* "It doesn't matter Marcus. Don't give it another thought. Jammie knew you really loved her as she loved you. I think you are right. Jammie would have wanted us to become friends."

Mac noticed a young doctor come into the waiting room looking around anxiously. She leaned forward to rise to see what he wanted when he turned toward the deputy. Mac watched the two men talking together in quiet undertones. The doctor was obviously excited and flung his arms as he talked with the deputy. All the color drained from the deputy's face. He and the doctor both turned to look toward Marcus and her. *What in hell could be going on?* She thought to herself.

As Mac stood to find out what was going on, the deputy quickly headed for the door. He was talking into his radio. He obviously was trying to escape Mac. The doctor also rushed out, leaving Mac looking after them both. She turned toward Marcus and saw Betty and his secretary Shirley were standing beside him and talking quietly. Mac turned back toward where the deputy had gone. She was going to chase him down and find out what was going on.

Mac exited through the electronic doors and saw the deputy pacing in front of his cruiser, puffing on a cigarette like his life depended upon getting it smoked quickly. Cletus looked up and saw Mac heading straight towards him. He threw the butt down, grinding it into the pavement. He looked quickly around for an escape from Mac. Before he could decide which way to go, Mac was standing only inches from him.

He could feel her strong grip wrapped around his biceps as she held him in place.

“Cletus, what the hell is going on? I know it has to do with Jammie. Tell me what it is or I will break your damned neck.”

Cletus felt as if he would vomit on the spot. He was sure she would follow through on her threat. He stuttered, “I...I...I can’t tell you right now Mac. The sheriff is on his way an... a... a he will tell you about the body we have.”

“What do you mean ‘the body we have’? Are you talking about Jammie? What should I know about Jammie? Tell me now, Cletus, or I swear your wife is soon to be a widow?”

As Mac tightened her grip on Cletus she heard the squeal of tires as a patrol car peeled into the area. She looked up and watched as the Sheriff was jumping out of his cruiser and running her way.

“Mac! Quick where is Marcus?” The sheriff had the oddest look on his face as he rushed up to Mac.

“Damn it, Johnny. You had better tell me what in hell is going on!”

“Mac, just tell me where Marcus is and then I can explain everything to you both.”

“He is in the waiting room. Now tell me Johnny, what is going on or so help me I am going to kill you and your deputy.”

“Soon, Mac, soon. I have to get Marcus first. Cletus put Mac in my cruiser while I go get Marcus.” The sheriff turned and ran toward the hospital.

Cletus had nearly convinced Mac to climb into the cruiser when the Sheriff came out practically dragging Marcus behind him.

“Okay Johnny. You have us both. Now tell us what is going on.”

“Mac, for once in your life don’t be such a pain in the ass and get your butt in my car. I need to show you both something.”

Mac didn’t budge until Johnny turned and pleaded with her “Trust me Mac.”

She saw the sincerity in his eyes. With a single movement she turned and climbed into the back seat. The car took off before she could fasten her seatbelt.

With siren blasting and lights flashing, they headed East on highway 60 at break neck speed. Mac realized they appeared to be heading toward the wreck site. But then again, it was also the direction of Copper Top? She didn't care as long as someone gave her the answers to their mysterious behavior.

CHAPTER 8

The pretty young woman kicked at the rocks and cans as she walked down the road mumbling to herself. She could hear the sound of sirens in the distance

"Oh great! Where were you an hour ago when I needed you to come to my rescue? Hell, this is Oklahoma; I thought you were supposed to be able to trust and depend upon your neighbor here."

The woman went back to mumbling about the events that happened an hour ago when two young men pulled up in a truck to help her change her flat tire. "Hell, they could have at least left me my cell phone."

When she finally reached the house she went straight in to call her girlfriend. The phone rang to the recorded message and no one was at her office either. She was frustrated at not being able to reach her girlfriend but decided she better call the sheriff next.

"Osage County Sheriffs Department, may I help you?"

"I would like to report a robbery."

"Okay ma'am. Let me get some information from you, please. First, what is your full name?"

"Jammie Diane Lewis"

There was such a long pause without any response from the dispatcher that Jammie wasn't sure he was still on the line with her. "Hello? Are you still there?"

"Yes ma'am. Uh...I'm sorry, but did you say Jammie Lewis?"

"Yes my car was stolen about two hours ago by two men who acted like they were going to help me change my flat tire. After they got the tire changed, the smaller of the two pulled out a knife and told me to walk away. He then drove off in my car followed by the other guy in a truck."

"Then that wasn't you in the car!"

Jammie was confused by the comment the dispatcher just made.

"What are you talking about? As I said, my car was stolen and I walked out to my friend's house, Copper Top"

"Ma'am? Could you hang on the line a minute while I talk to the sheriff?"

"Yeah, I can hold." As she held the line, Jammie wondered where Mac was and why her cell was turned off.

"Hello ma'am?"

"Yes... I'm still here."

"Are you at Copper Top right now?"

"Yes, I am."

"The sheriff wants to know if you can wait right there. He is on his way out?"

"Sure. I have no means of transportation and I sure as hell am not walking to town."

"Thank you ma'am. He is on his way now."

#####

"Cletus damn it. Slow down. What are you talking about? The body is a man? What body?"

"I'm trying to tell you sheriff. The doctor says that isn't a woman who burned in the car, but a man!"

"Holy mother of Elvis! Hang on Cletus, dispatch is trying to reach me. Go ahead Barclay, this is Sheriff Johnson."

"Sheriff. I don't know how to tell you this but Jammie Lewis just called in and reported her car had been jacked from her a couple of hours ago. She is out at Copper Top."

"Holy mother of Elvis! Barclay do you still have her on the line?"

"Sure do Sheriff."

"Tell her to sit right there. I am on my way out and don't mention the wreck."

"Will do Sheriff. Isn't this a drama for our little burg?"

"Cletus? This is Sheriff Johnson. You still at the hospital?"

"Yes, sure Sheriff, standing out front by my cruiser."

"Well stay there and don't let Mac or Mr. Lewis leave. If they ask you what's up, tell them I am on my way. Other than that keep your mouth shut!"

"Hell Sheriff, I couldn't say anything anyways... I don't know what the hell is going on."

"Well do as I say and I will be there in three minutes."

"Yes sir, Sheriff."

####

Jammie was about to settle down with a cup of Zen Dream Tea when she could hear a siren approaching in the distance. She walked out on the front porch wondering why the Sheriff made such a spectacular entrance for a stolen car. The police cruiser came right up to the front door in a cloud of dust sliding to a stop. The sheriff quickly jumped out to open the back door as it could not be opened from the inside. Mac was first to practically fall out of the car, followed quickly by Marcus. They both stood by the cruiser momentarily trying to register what it was they were seeing.

"Morgan, baby, what are you and daddy doing with the sheriff? You two haven't done something really stupid have you? Daddy, you are just going to have to accept that I love Morgan!"

Marcus took one step towards his daughter "I do." Two simple words were all he could choke out before the tears started flowing down his face. Mac stepped up to him and wrapped her arm protectively around his shoulder as she had all day. They moved toward Jammie standing bewildered on the porch.

"Morgan, you two are scaring me. What is going on?"

When Mac reached Jammie she stepped away from Marcus, wrapped Jammie in her arms and kissed her with so much passion that Jammie thought she would crumple the ground from all the passion. Mac broke the kiss and held Jammie close to her. She started crying. Marcus wrapped his arms around them both.

Although Jammie had no idea what was going on, she became caught up in the moment and started crying too. The tough Sheriff and his deputy stood back by the cruiser trying to repress their own sniffles and offering each other excuses of allergies. The sheriff finally stepped forward until he reached the trio that was hugging and crying on the porch.

"Okay folks. I know this is all an emotional time but what say we go inside and have a talk so I can clear up some loose ends?"

Marcus pulled back first, drawing up and regaining some of his authoritative stature. He smiled at his daughter and her lover and then turned toward the sheriff.

"Yes, yes of course Sheriff. I would like this horrible day to be cleared up and put away. Mac, would you mind if we all came into your house to discuss what has transpired today?"

Never losing contact with Jammie, Mac looked up at Marcus. "Of course not. My and Jammie's home will always be open to you, Marcus. You will always be welcome."

They went inside and sat in the living room. After Mac made sure everyone had some tea, she took a place on the end of the couch next to Jammie. She protectively placed her arm around Jammie's shoulders. Marcus, who had been standing over by the fireplace, walked over to stand at the end of the couch and lovingly placed his hand on Mac's shoulder.

Sheriff Johnson took in the loving scene and cleared his throat. "Okay Ms. Lewis, why don't you just tell me what happened with your car, in your own words."

"Sure, I was on my way here from my Fathers house when I had a flat tire. I had just popped the trunk open when a truck pulled up with two men in it. They offered to change the flat for me of course I took them up on their offer."

"Describe the two men for me, please."

"Let's see... I would say they both were in their early twenties, light brown hair. One was kind of small for a man. He was about my size. The other was about 6 foot and he had a tattoo of a big bellied devil on his forearm."

The sheriff and deputy gave each other knowing looks. Jammie had just described the Lessert brothers who were notorious for getting into trouble. Their old man was always bailing them out. The sheriff nodded his head at Cletus "Go call it in; we need to find Joe Bob to make sure that is Jimmy Don we have at the morgue."

"Sure thing Sheriff. I'm on it."

"Okay Ms. Lewis. I'm sorry. Will you please continue? You said they offered to change your flat."

"Yes, after they changed it, the smaller man pulled out a large knife and told me to take a hike. As I walked away, he jumped into my car and drove off. The other man followed in their truck. I walked here and called you."

"I think can fill you in from there. Jimmy Don appeared have been speeding when he came around the curve and ploughed into a deer. The car careened from the rode and exploded into flames when it hit a tree.

He was burned so badly we could not tell it was a man until they had him at the hospital. We thought it was you after finding your purse and seeing the vanity tag on the car. We of course called your father as soon as we found the car."

Suddenly it dawned on Jammie that the thought of her death had drawn her father and Morgan together.

"Oh Daddy, Morgan, I am sorry you both had to go through thinking I was dead."

"I wouldn't want to relive it, but at least it opened my eyes. I want you to know honey, I am very happy for you and Mac and I support your decision one hundred percent. I am so very happy that you found such a wonderful person to love you."

####

It had been a week since that horrible day that Mac thought she had lost Jammie forever. She was looking forward to spending quality time with Jammie. Mac suggested that they spend the day riding along the river. She planned on packing a picnic basket as she reminded Jammie to bring her bathing suit. Jammie thought it was a great idea and threw the food and wine together as Mac got the horses ready. The two women rode lazily along the river, enjoying casual conversation and stolen glances. When they came to the swimming hole Mac hobbled the horses while Jammie laid out the food.

"Jammie, honey, do you mind if we take a short walk before we eat?"

"No that would be great. I could use the exercise after riding all morning."

Holding hands they walked along the water, their shoulders and hips bumping with each step. They topped the crest of a sand dune and stood looking down at the river. Mac stopped and looked at Jammie and watched as she stared toward the river. Jammie's mouth gapped open at the sight before her eyes. She slowly turned toward Mac. Scrawled in the sand in 5 foot letters was the following message.

"Jammie, my love, you have shown me how to love again. Will you marry me?"

Mac quickly dropped to one knee when Jammie turned to face her. She held out a small box holding a very large diamond.

"Baby, when I thought that I had lost you in the car wreck, my world ended. Now that I have you back I want nothing more than to spend the rest of my life showing you how much I love you. Will you please take me as your life partner?"

Tears started flowing down Jammie's face as she dropped to her knees wrapping her arms around Mac's neck and placing a deep passionate kiss on her lips. When they broke contact Jammie whispered against Mac's lips.

"I do, I do, I do, I love you too." She then started kissing Mac again with a hunger that would take a lifetime to satisfy.

Mac rose and lifted Jammie into her arms as she slowly made her way back to the blanket under the cottonwood trees. A cooling breeze blew gently as she slowly released Jammie to slide down her body. Wrapping her arms around Jammie's back, she pulled her close and began kissing her.

Mac's kisses were soft, as she nipped Jammie's lips. Pulling back she looked into Jammie's face as she said. "I want to make love to you, baby."

Jammie lifted her arms until they were draped over Mac's shoulders. "Oh god yes. Don't make me wait."

Mac bent her head and deepened her kiss. Her tongue circled slowly around Jammie's moist mouth as her hands squeezed her ass, pulling her tight against her already throbbing body. The kiss lasted a long time as their tongues dueled back and forth. Finally, Mac stepped back and waited as Jammie caught her breath.

"I need you baby", Mac said softly in the quiet that surrounded them. She could hear the gentle snicker of the horses, the rippling of the river, yet over it all she heard Jammie's replay.

"I'm here, darling. I want you too."

Together they sank to the blanket as once more they fell into each other's arms. Their kisses became more passionate as Mac moved her body on top of Jammie. She could feel Jammie's breast against her chest. Sensuously she rubbed her own tingling nipples against Jammie's hardening buds.

Jammie groaned as she reached up and pulled Mac's crotch more firmly against hers. They lay together lips pressed firmly together. Mac rolled over and pulled Jammie on top. Jammie sat up straddling Mac as she looked down into her eyes.

“Touch them baby, please. I need to feel your hands on me.” Jammie reached down and pulled her t-shirt over her head in one smooth move. Her upper body was bare in short order. Mac reached up and cupped her hands over both of Jammie’s breasts. She nearly covered them completely as she let her fingers wrap around their fleshy softness.

Jammie threw back her head and groaned as Mac pinched and pulled on her nipples. She rocked her crotch against Mac’s body. Each movement she made pressed the hard metal buckle Mac was wearing into Jammie’s now damp crotch.

Mac slid her hands lower and unfastened Jammie’s jeans. She snaked her fingers deeper inside until she was able to feel Jammie’s clit with her middle finger. She flicked and pressed on Jammie’s clit until Jammie began bucking against her fingers.

Jammie increased her movements as a first light orgasm swept through her body and centered on her clit. Mac felt the spasm that rocked through Jammie’s clit as her fingers rubbed harder. Finally she pulled her hand out before saying in a passion filled voice.

“Get undressed, I ‘m not done yet.”

Jammie crawled off of Mac and slowly removed all her clothes. Mac could see Jammie’s tight nipples where she had been rubbing and pulling on them. As Jammie removed her jeans, Mac could see the moisture glistening like a thin array of diamonds on her pussy hair. She licked her lips in anticipation of the sweet nectar soon to coat her tongue. Turning toward the food, Mac reached out and pulled the closed container of fresh strawberries and wine until they rested at her side. She then quickly removed her own clothing. From the corner of her eyes, she could see Jammie watching her moves. She smiled seductively at her as she crawled on her knees until she was once more kneeling between Jammie’s spread legs.

Mac opened the container and removed one large strawberry. Turning back toward Jammie, she reached down with one hand and spread Jammie’s already damp pussy lips. With deliberate slowness, Mac first ran her tongue over the tip of the strawberry, wetting it with her mouth. She paused and sucked on the tip when she noted shivers from Jammie as she watched Mac’s actions.

Jammie drew up knees up until her feet were planted on the blanket. This caused her to spread even wider as Mac continued to brush her thumb over Jammie’s enlarged clit. Grinning impishly, Mac pulled the strawberry from her mouth and ever so slowly, brushed it textured surface over Jammie’s already excited clit.

“Oh God, Morgan. I can’t stand it. Fuck me!” Jammie cried out

Jammie’s hips bucked into the air and slammed against the electric feelings that charged through her clit. Several more times, Mac feathered the strawberry against her clit causing Jammie to thrash her head side to side as her orgasm built to exploding.

Just as Jammie peaked, Mac tossed the strawberry aside and slammed her own pussy against Jammie’s. She rode hard against Jammie’s wet pussy lips. Their wetness mingled as each one strove to fall over the pinnacle.

“OH fuck baby!” Mac groaned as she rammed against the hard clit she felt hitting her own.

“Yes...fuck me....fuck meeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.” Jammie cried as she shoved her clit against Mac’s.

Mac shook as her climax raced through her body, making her jack knife against Jammie and forcing her to scream out as her orgasm raced through her body too.

Exhausted, Mac rolled to her side and tucked Jammie under her arm. Jammie lay with her head on Mac's heaving chest until both of them dropped off to sleep to the thrill of the Mockingbird in the distance.

Hours later as dusk began to cover the valley, Mac woke Jammie. Together, they gathered their uneaten meal and supplies and returned to the ranch. They had some wedding plans to arrange.

#####

The day was beautiful with the sun shining low in the western sky. The birds were singing while a slight breeze kept the bugs at bay and everyone from being too warm. The sounds of the river blended melodically with the sound of love flutes being played by the Cherokee warriors on the ridges as they called across the river to each other. In the distance, the sound of a drum could be heard beating out a continuous deep throbbing rhythm.

Mac was dressed in the traditional Cherokee clothing. She wore a silk rose-colored ribbon shirt, black pants and moccasins. A blue blanket draped over her shoulders. She would have traditionally been represented at the wedding by her Mother. Since she had passed and Mac had no other living female relatives on her Mother's side, Marcus surprised Mac by having the eldest woman of her clan, The Bird Clan, flown in from North Carolina to stand with Mac as her representative. This act of acceptance and understanding meant more to Mac than anything else Marcus could have done. The elder woman, Wa le la (Hummingbird), stood proudly at Mac's side representing her clan as matriarch. She wore a traditional tear dress and moccasins. Over her right arm was draped a white blanket and she held a large basket full of dried venison and hides.

Jammie was very excited that Mac wanted their union to follow Cherokee tradition and could not wait to surprise her lover with the wedding dress she wore. Mac knew Jammie would be in a white gown. What she didn't know was that Marcus had a white gown made for his daughter of white elk hide and decorated in the Cherokee fashion with ribbon. Over her shoulders she too wore a blue blanket draped as a symbol of her life as a single person. Jammie's Aunt Nancy stood with her as her representative and held her basket of dried corn and bread.

Mac came from the West and Jammie from the East as the Sun began to set. They joined their family and friends at the fire circle, symbolic of the separate lives of the couple and the union of one.

The fire circle was built with seven types of wood specially cut from particular types of trees by a spiritual leader. Three separate fires were prepared in the sacred fire circle. The large firewood stack in the center of the circle represented the Creator and the holy union of two people. Wanting to give Marcus participation in the ceremony, Mac and Jammie asked him to give the prayer that blessed the fire circle. Marcus wore a traditional ribbon shirt and had spent weeks learning to correctly recite the Cherokee wedding prayer as an honor to the tribe. Unknown to Mac and Jammie, he hired a man to teach it to him how to recite it in *Tsa La Gi* (Cherokee).

Marcus stepped forward and raised his head skyward

"God in heaven above please protect the ones we love. We honor all you created as they pledge their hearts and lives together. We honor Mother Earth and ask for this union to be abundant and grow stronger through the seasons. We honor fire - and ask that their union be warm and glowing

with love in their hearts. We honor wind - and ask they sail through life safe and calm as in our Father's arms. We honor water - to clean and soothe their union— that it may never thirst for love. All the forces of the universe you created, we pray for harmony and true happiness, as they forever grow young together. Amen.”

Wa le la, representing Mac, walked over and offered the basket of venison and hides to Jammie as Mac's symbolic gesture to always provide for her. She then returned to Mac's side. Jammie's Aunt Nancy followed course and offered the basket she held full of corn and bread to Mac as Jammie's gesture to always provide for Mac. Mac and Jammie then gave the baskets to their representatives and walked to their own small fires.

The two small fires had been prepared, one in the north and one in the south. They represented Mac and Jammie's individual lives before the wedding ceremonies. Tobacco, sage, sweet grass and corn was sprinkled on the respective fires by the spiritual leader. Mac and Jammie offered prayers as the two small fires were lit. After both fires burned for a few moments, Mac and Jammie gently pushed their two small fires into the large stack of wood. The two flames ignited the larger fire. The spiritual leader offered a prayer to the creator. Wa le la removed the blue blanket from Mac's shoulders and Jammie's Aunt Nancy removed the blanket from hers. The priest then offered Mac a jug with two spouts full of herbal tea. Mac drank from one spout and handed it to Jammie who drinks from the other spout. The priest took the white blanket Wa le la had been holding and wrapped it around both Mac and Jammie. He then offered a final prayer before Mac and Jammie drank from the jug together. All gave praise to the Creator as the two lives were now merged into one holy union.

The wedding feast had been provided by the women in Mac's clan. There was everything from traditional venison and fried bread, to macaroni salad. Everyone had plenty to eat and danced the night away to music provided by a band that Mac had carted in, including mobile generators. It was a joyous and happy event.

Mac watched as Jammie danced with one of her foreman, old Bear Cobb. She thought of how beautiful she looked in her white elk skin dress. Mac decided it was time she gathered her beautiful wife and started the honey moon.

They both mounted Mac's horse bare back to ride back to Copper Top as everyone threw bird seed at their departure. The slow ride back would leave many opportunities for hugs, stolen kisses and loving explorations.

####

One horse and two riders slowly walked toward Copper Top. Mac's arms were wrapped tightly around Jammie's body as she held her sidesaddle in front of her lap. The ride home was perfect as Mac took every opportunity to lean in and tease Jammie with her tongue. At times their kisses were passionate enough that Mac thought about pulling over and making love in the tall grass, but home beckoned with its warm shower and soft bed.

Mac stopped the horse at the front of the house and climbed down. With love filling her smile, Mac reached up to help Jammie slid from the back of the horse. Looking down, Jammie smiled back as she leaned over and slid into Mac's waiting arms.

Jammie wrapped her arms around Mac's neck as she let her body slowly slide against Mac's until her toes were touching the ground. She felt Mac shudder as she practically lay on top of Mac when she dismounted. Her face was still level with Mac's as she looked directly into her eyes, unable to look away.

Mac moved her head forward and captured Jammie's mouth with hers. She put all the love she felt into her kiss as she let her hands run up Jammie's back in a slow sensuous stroking manner. Cupping the back of Jammie's head, Mac pressed her lips tighter to Jammie's open mouth causing her to moan. She thrust her tongue between Jammie teeth as she delved deeper. Mac sucked and teased Jammie with her tongue. She pushed even deeper inside as Jammie opened her lips and let her delve inside.

Jammie pushed back with her own tongue as she tried to return the passionate kiss. Her crotch was becoming wet as Mac continued to make love to her mouth. Jammie's nipples hardened as they slid against the silk shirt Mac had worn for their wedding. *Their wedding!* The thought tore through her mind, as Mac continued to kiss her.

Mac pulled back and looked at Jammie's swollen lips and darkly hooded eyes. She could feel Jammie's heart racing and her breaths coming in short choppy gasps. Jammie's nipples pressed against her own aching breasts, making her want to do nothing more than to push Jammie to the ground and make love to her immediately. Instead, she spun around with Jammie still in her arms until she was facing the house. Slowly, she slid her hands enticingly down Jammie's arms until she cupped her elbows. Stepping back, Mac spun Jammie until she was facing the house.

"Honey, go on in and slip into your robe. We'll shower as soon as I put up the horse. Then we....." Mac stopped as she waited to hear Jammie's comments.

"We'll make love all night long and more." Jammie said as she looked over her shoulder and grinned. She stepped toward the house as she said, "You better hurry or I may just have to finish what you started by myself."

"Oh no you don't, brat." Mac replied laughingly as she began to lead the horses to the barn, "You do and there will be no treat for you tonight."

"OH? Then hurry, Morgan." Jammie called out as she slipped through the door.

Jammie changed her clothes and slipped into a royal blue silk robe. She tightened the belt snugly around her waist as she made her way into the master bathroom. She laid out two large towels before turning toward the shower. She glanced in the mirror as was surprised at her image. Her lips were still swollen from Morgan's kisses and her cheeks were flushed with excitement. She could see her nipples tented beneath the robe. Just looking at them in the mirror made her inner muscles spasm as a light dew leaked outward.

Her robe pooled on the floor as she untied the belt and let it fall. Reaching out she adjusted the temperature of the water before stepping gingerly inside. The light warm mist from the shower coated her body and made her already firm nipples even tighter. She held her face into the spray and let the water cascade over her. Turning around she tilted her head back, soaking her hair.

Mac stepped into the bathroom just as Jammie leaned backward into the spray of water. Silver droplets ran over her body and dripped from her pert nipples. Mac followed the shimmering trail of water as it flowed down Jammie's body to sink between her legs, wetting the soft curly hair visible to Mac's eyes.

Never taking her eyes off the show before her, Mac stripped out of her wedding clothes, throwing them in a heap behind her in her haste to join Jammie. Her body thrilled at the delicious moist feast before her eyes. *And feast is just what I intend to do.* Mac thought as she quietly slid the glass door open and stepped inside.

Reaching to the side, Mac picked up the bar of soap. Wetting her hands she quickly worked up a foamy lather before taking several small steps until she was directly in front of Jammie's body. Jammie still had her eyes closed and was still leaning back into the constant flow of water.

With soapy, trembling hands, Mac reached out and ran the palms of her hands over Jammie's breasts. The soap made her hands glide like mercury over the sensitive wet nipples, as she stopped to tweak them with her thumbs.

Jammie jerked forward as soon as she felt Mac's hands on her body. Her eyes opened and a come hither smile graced her lips as she looked down and watched Mac's large hands playing with her breasts. Even as she watched, Mac moved one hand from her tit and stroked downward until her fingers nestled in the hair on her pussy. Mac's fingertip teased her clit as her fingers slid wetly between the lips of her pussy. She shivered with the thrill of having this woman touching her body.

Mac watched Jammie's face as it changed from elfin innocence to wanton desire. She flicked her nail across Jammie's rigid clit and heard her groan out loud. She is sure if she had not had a firm grip on her tit, Jammie would have sunk to her knees.

Slowly and deliberately, Mac moved closer as she gently pushed Jammie toward the built in seat in the shower. Passing under the shower head, Mac lifted her hand and turned the shower head away from them so that they were no longer cascaded with water.

Jammie stood still with the back of her knees bumping the seat. Mac pressed closer as she reached up and tilted Jammie's head to receive her kiss. Mac's mouth covered Jammie's mouth in a searing kiss.

"Oh god, I love you." Mac said as she broke the kiss and rested her forehead against Jammie's forehead.

Jammie reached up and placed her hands on either side of Mac's waist while she pushed back enough to look into Mac's eyes.

"Darling, Morgan. I love you with every fiber of my being. You are my life." She rose on tiptoe as she reached up and pulled Mac's head back to her for another long, wet kiss.

Mac loved the feel of Jammie's mouth beneath hers as she sucked and nipped on her lips. She thrust between Jammie's slightly opened teeth until her tongue delved deep; pushing in as far as she could before sucking all the breath from Jammie's mouth.

"Shit baby, I want you now. I can't wait." Mac said in a harsh voice filled with passion.

"Christ yes, take me baby. Take me now." Jammie said breathlessly as her nipples tightened again and her pussy blazed with the need to be touched.

Mac ran her hands over Jammie's while leaning down to trail her wet tongue over her breasts. She stopped when she felt a beaded nipple against her tongue. She sucked hard and drew into her mouth as much breast as she could. Jammie winched but pushed forward giving her as much as she could take.

Mac's hand crept through the curls at the juncture of Jammie's pussy once more as she continued sucking and pulling on her breast. She could feel the warm wetness that was not from the shower but leaking from her slit. Coating her fingers, she slid them up and down slowly

between Jammie's pussy lips. Jammie's legs began to tremble as Mac continued to play with her slit.

Mac pulled back away from her breast and noted the redness of the nipple she had been sucking. She smiled as she flipped it back and forward, making Jammie have contractions deep within her body, it was so highly sensitized. Mac pushed Jammie softly back ward until her knees finally buckled and she sat on the built in shower seat. Her legs sprawled to either side making her look available and ready.

Mac looked down Jammie's body and she could see the heightened pinkness of her pussy lips where she had been running her fingers. It glistened with fresh dew from the wetness her fingers had evoked. Jammie's hooded clit swelled softly beneath her spread lips, calling for Mac to savor. She slowly dropped to her knees between Jammie's legs.

Reaching out, Mac slid her hands around Jammie's hips and pulled her to the edge of the seat. This made Jammie's legs fall even wider apart, giving Mac full access to her hidden treats. She could no longer resist as she sank forward and began a soft trailing of her tongue over Jammie's protruding clit.

Jammie bucked forward, pressing her pussy more firmly against Mac's marauding mouth. Her hands tangled in Mac's head, holding her on target, pushing her face even closer as Mac sucked fiercely on her nub.

"Oh fuck baby, yes. That's it." Jammie cried out as a massive tremor shot through her body and cum flooded from her slit.

Mac moved one of her hands to Jammie's slit and spread it open as she rapidly ran her tongue from top to bottom, licking and tasting the sweet nectar that poured from Jammie's body. She could still feel the tremors with her tongue as Jammie's cunt contracted and released in slowing spasms.

Still she wanted to give her more and to hear her cry out until she could take no more. Mac moved her hand until she was able to slide two fingers deep inside of Jammie's cunt. She pumped fast and deep into the saturated cavern, twisting and pushing against the spongy tissue deep inside of Jammie's body.

Jammie drew up her legs and draped them over Mac shoulders as she rode her fingers with ever increasing thrusts, impelling herself fast and furiously on Mac rotating, plunging digits. She beat her heels against Mac's back as Mac pushed even deeper twisting her fingers rapidly side to side, sending electrical currents firing through her body.

Just as her body exploded once more she drew toward Mac and pulled her head upward to seal a searing kiss over her nectar drenched lips. She tasted both herself and Mac as she plunged her tongue inside of Mac's mouth just as Mac pushed once more deep inside of her cunt. She climaxed with a thundering roar in her ears and collapsed back against the wall. Jammie felt Mac pulling her fingers out of her cunt. Opening her eyes, she saw Mac slowly running her tongue over her fingers, licking the thick cum that she had rung from Jammie's body. She shivered as she watched her lover enjoying her taste and knew it would be only a matter a time before she returned the favor. Mac looked over at her in time to catch her watching. Before she could look away, Mac spoke up.

"Come baby, let's finish this in bed." Mac reached out and cut off the water. She then turned, leaned down and scooped Jammie up in her arms where she carried her weightlessly to the bed.

Mac lay Jammie gently down on the bed. She quickly crawled onto the bed and lay between Jammie's legs, pressing her breasts and pussy against Jammie's still trembling body.

Jammie was ecstatic. Mac slid her mouth up and down Jammie's body. She covered Jammie's mouth in a tongue scorching kiss as she moved her body between Jammie's thighs. Mac rubbed her damp wetness against Jammie's crotch, sighing as her pussy stroked Jammie's cunt.

Mac pressed her bare breasts, with their still hard nipples against Jammie's chest as she ran her hands lovingly over Jammie's tits. She dug her fingers into the spongy flesh, squeezing and releasing until she felt Jammie's nipples begin to harden. Mac kept her lips pressed against Jammie's mouth, using her tongue to thrust in and out in a pre dance of what was to come. She shoved deeply and listened as Jammie moaned and wrapped her arms around Mac's torso.

Mac slid lower. Her goal was Jammie's nipples that her fingers had teased to hardness. She peered upward and watched Jammie face as it twisted in desire, excitement shining from her eyes as she licked Jammie's nipples until they glistened. She then sucked them hard into her mouth. Mac moved her hands until they pressed against the outer edges of both breasts. She pushed Jammie's tits together so that her mouth could play with both nipples at the same time. Mac worked her head back and forth as she laved and sucked first one breast then the other.

Jammie arched, pressing her breasts forcefully upward into Mac's mouth before laying back and spreading her legs wider so that Mac could move her body even closer. Jammie rocked her hips slowly as the friction of their cunts rubbing together created a burning heat deep within her wet sleeve. She ran her hands up and down Mac's back as Mac continued to pull and suck on her breasts.

"Yes, oh god, yes. Please lick me...suck them baby!"

Mac laved her tongue furiously against first one then the other of Jammie's tits. She sucked and pulled, teasing them until Jammie gasped and moaned.

Jammie continued rocking against Mac. She lifted her legs, curled them around Mac and used them to pull Mack in closer still, increasing the hot, searing contact of their aroused pussies. Jammie reached down, pulled Mac's face up and kissed her mouth passionately. She lifted her hands to Mac's cheeks and used her tongue to pry open Mac's mouth. Mac opened immediately, wanting to feel Jammie's tongue within her mouth.

Jammie pressed with her tongue until she felt Mac's lips spread apart. She quickly thrust inside as she sucked hard against Mac's mouth. Exerting minimal effort, Jammie wrapped her arms around Mac and rolled her over until she was lying on top of Mac.

That was all it took as Jammie began reigning kisses over Mac's face. With deliberate slowness Jammie moved her body lower so that her face hovered over Mac's tits. Gently at first, she licked Mac's nipples until they were so wet that she slid easily from breast to breast. As she kissed and sucked Mac's tits, she moved one hand down until it was between Mac's thighs. Mac arched and bucked as she felt Jammie's fingers flittering against her damp cunt.

Jammie slid her finger from Mac's clit until she was able to slide it in and out of Mac's wet cunt. She wiggled it side to side as she felt Mac circling with her hips to pull more of Jammie finger inside her body. Jammie could smell the wet slick liquid as it ran out of Mac's cunt and coated her fingers. Slowly she pulled out the marauding finger as she let Mac's breast drop from her mouth. Inch by inch, Jammie kissed her way down Mac's body until she came to rest on top of Mac's mound. Her wet, hot tongue flicked quickly out to taste the salty taste of Mac's clit.

She pushed her hand again, pressing two fingers deeper within Mac's widening, slick pussy. Mac twisted and spread her legs wider, opening herself for more of Jammie. Jammie drew back slightly and began kissing and licking Mac's inner thigh as she watched her fingers plunging rapidly in and out of Mac.

Mac's hands migrated lower until they stopped on Jammie's head. She twisted her fingers in Jammie's hair and pulled her head closer to her slit.

"Oh yes, baby. Eat my pussy!" Mac moaned. "Take it all." She panted as she rocked against the still invading fingers.

Jammie pulled her fingers out and slowly licked along their length, as she tasted Mac before sinking her mouth onto Mac's pussy. Her nose filled with the smell of Mac's arousal.

Mac lifted her knees and spread them wider, causing her cunt to gape open for Jammie's advances. Jammie's tongue whipped rapidly against the sensitive outer skin before finding its path inside Mac's body until she could push no further. She licked the canal, wiggling her tongue side to side as she teasingly fucked Mac's cunt with her mouth.

The more she licked, the wetter and louder Mac became. Jammie slid her hands under Mac's hips where she pulled Mac's pussy harder into her face. Beneath her hands she could feel Mac's firm but supple ass. She squeezed, and then released her fingers on it. As she sucked harder, she spread and then pressed Mac's ass cheeks closed.

Mac dug her heels into the mattress and lifted her ass off the bed as she pumped her cunt in time to Jammie thrusting tongue. Jammie rose to her knees while she continued to cup Mac's ass as she increased the pace of her ramming tongue.

Pulling out rapidly, Jammie let her tongue lick downward until she stopped at the tightly puckered asshole. It was snug and even as she licked and pushed against the slick ring, it remained tightly closed.

Mac's head thrashed back and forth as she moaned. She loved having Jammie licking her ass. Jammie stopped just as quickly as she began, letting Mac's ass sink back onto the bed. She didn't stop there as she quickly rolled Mac over onto her stomach. Mac spread her legs once more as Jammie crawled between, her face pushing against Mac's pussy from the rear.

Mac drew her knees up until she was lifting her ass into the air. Jammie never released her hold on Mac as she followed its rise with her tongue. She licked Mac's pussy from back to front, sliding her tongue onto Mac's erect clit from underneath. Back and forth she licked. Each time she would stop and bring her tongue back to Mac's ass, ravishing the puckered hole time and again.

Jammie could feel the tight sphincter becoming more lax. She probed and pushed until the tip of her tongue penetrated the tight ring.

"Ohhhhhh...gods yes, I love it," Mac hissed between her tightly clenched teeth, her hands twisted into the sheet beneath her as she pumped her ass against the probing tongue.

Jammie moved her hand until two fingers were able to slide into Mac's now gaping cunt.

"Mmmm yes, slide them in and out of me...slowly.....just in and out. Oh, god, yes....rub my clit too." Mac cried out as Jammie began slowing fucking her fingers into Mac's soaking cunt.

Jammie worked her fingers into Mac's widening cunt, working them gently in and out as she had been asked. Mac began to groan as she sunk deeper and deeper into her sexual haze.

Jammie sensed when Mac needed more as she increased the pace of her thrusts and rammed deeper into Mac's slit.

"God, baby. Fuck me!" Mac moaned.

Jammie continued pushing until her hand was flush against Mac's ass crack. Mac gasped as Jammie twisted her fingers deep inside of Mac's body.

"Fuck me....fuck me baby." Mac cried out

Jammie fucked her. She worked her fingers in and out. At the same time, her tongue moved once more to Mac's asshole where she continued the play she had begun there.

Her tongue pushed against the tight hole and she could feel it expanding each time that she pushed and licked it.

Drawing back, Jammie watched as her fingers pumped rapidly in and out of the ever increasing wetness of Mac's cunt. She lifted her other hand until her middle finger began probing Mac's tight ass.

Mac reared higher as she felt the finger sliding into her ass, but she didn't ask Jammie to stop. Instead she rocked back against both hands now thrusting into her body.

Jammie slowly worked her middle finger deeper into Mac's ass. Once she was past the ring of muscle, it seemed as if Mac's body took over. Jammie could feel her finger being drawn in and pushed out with little effort on her part. She looked down and watched her hands moving over Mac's cunt and ass and her breathing escalated. Her own body began to hum as she watched her fingers disappear and then reappear. Her ears were filled with the near constant grunting from Mac as working together they pushed Mac higher toward her orgasm. Jammie rocked her hips in time to the movement of her fingers as if she were fucking Mac. She could feel her pussy lips moistening as her own climax began to build too.

"Oh shit, you're gonna make me cum," Mac managed to say between breaths.

Jammie smiled as she quickly pulled out her fingers, and lay down on her back beneath Mac's uplifted pussy. She reached back up and slid her finger back into Mac's ass before Mac had a chance to lose the sensations deep inside her body. She rose up and began lapping along Mac's slit.

Jammie began squeezing her own thighs together, massaging her swollen pussy lips. She could feel the heat building inside of her cunt. Mac wasn't the only one with a wet, hot pussy. Jammie lapped and sucked, pushing her tongue into Mac clinching cunt while pushing and pulling her finger in and out of her ass.

Mac arched her back, crushing against Jammie's face as she climaxed followed by a shudder that ran all the way through her body. Jammie's orgasm followed swiftly as the power, the sex

and the scent of wet pussy hurled her over the edge. The women collapsed into a heap of excited flesh.

Mac rolled over and pulled Jammie against her chest. She kissed her hungrily.

"God, that was absolutely wonderful." Mac said. "I love you so much."

"We are good together aren't we?" Jammie replied sleepily as her eyes closed in exhaustion.

Mac kissed the top of her head and pulled her closer as she softly whispered against her ear. "Darling, I never thought to love again, but you have crept inside and filled every chamber of my heart and every fiber of my being. 'I love you' does not say enough how I feel toward you. It will take a life time to show you."

Jammie burrowed deeper against Mac, kissing her bare chest as she let the soothing beating of Mac's heartbeat lull them as she answered, "Baby, I'll be with you forever. I love you too,"

The room becomes silent as sleep swirled around the sleeping pair, held so close together it was difficult to see where one body ended and another began. Two beings became one through love as their hearts entwined forever.

The End... for now.