



Chances

by JLNicky

Disclaimer: Do not read at work AND realize that some people are so narrow minded they are unable to see the beauty and magic of love wherever it exists whether it is between to women or not.

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Stepping into the elevator, she began to adjust her load. Arms laden with her sketch portfolio, she juggled the three architectural tubes into a more comfortable position without dropping a thing. Glancing at the elevator walls the etched mirror showed her blonde bangs were awry. Puffing upward with strong breaths, she only seemed to be doing more damage. Just as the elevator doors were beginning to close, a hand reached inward to stop them.

"Yes, I know that! Do it anyway. The plan is to beat the competition - not work with them." A woman's voice commented.

Sandy turned to see a businesswoman holding the door with one hand and the cell phone with the other.

Sandy attempted to look down at her bent wrist to see what the time read. Moving her hand slightly, she almost dropped the whole bundle she carried. The woman on the phone looked up briefly, showing an arched eyebrow and deep brown eyes. Sandy felt a blush rise to her cheeks and felt a touch of anger growing. Knowing she had arrived early, she could wait a minute or two but to be asked would have been nice.

The woman continued her conversation for a moment still holding the

doors open.

"Just do it Harry. I looked it over and it's a good deal. The lawyers will agree as long as we meet the deadline. I'm on the elevator so I'll talk to you before noon. If you don't catch me talk to Alice. We'll be waiting."

She lowered the phone, clicked it closed, slid it into her blazer pocket and stepped onto the elevator smoothly. Sandy felt a touch of envy at the stranger's commanding movements. The entire appearance she portrayed was efficient and elegant. Her dark navy pantsuit was a perfect complement for her tan skin and auburn hair. Sandy caught a glimpse of her own image in the opposite mirror and softly said, "crap."

In the silence of the elevator it came out clear as a bell. The woman standing next to her looked over silently.

Sandy adjusted the packages slowly and felt one begin to fall. Grabbing the edge of it with a fingernail she bit her lip and leaned up against the wall beside her to put pressure against the package.

"Need help?" An amused voice asked. Sandy looked over at her elevator companion to reply but the movement set off the landslide. Groaning she watched the whole enchilada fall. She almost hit heads with the other woman as they both bent to pick up the fallout.

"Thanks!" She said as they picked up the scattered sketches sliding out of her leather portfolio bag. Why didn't she close the zipper?, she thought getting frustrated with herself. The woman held a sketch up to see it better and paused before handing it back to Sandy. That particular sketch was one she had been hoping to "wow" the pants off of 'Mister Interviewer.' Placing the drawing into her portfolio carefully she propped the leather case against one wall and zipped it shut. Thanking the woman once again, she took the tubes being held out to her and put them under one arm. Turning she inspected her frayed image in the mirrors that surrounded them. The woman had laughter in her rich brown eyes as Sandy's glance connected with hers in the mirror.

Sandy felt another blush coming on and sighed. Smiling at the woman through the mirrors reflection she shook her head. "Big interview today with some head honcho guy! I'm a little nervous. I think I packed the

kitchen sink in there somewhere."

The woman laughed strongly. Sandy felt a shiver course through her with reaction. Get a grip, she thought, twisting her crooked bangs into a semblance of normality. This woman is so not available to a lowly lesbian sketch artist! She's probably married and dating! Sandy glanced at the woman's reflection briefly as she turned back to face the doors of the elevator. But her gay-dar refused to subside.

"What floor are you headed for?" A chuckle escaped the older woman after Sandy repeated 'crap' again softly. The damn elevator had never moved.

"Ninety-two, please!" The woman reached out and pushed in 92 and 93. The elevator began to rise. Sandy noticed the long slim fingers and a small gold pinkie ring. Feeling another blush begin to rise she looked down at the tubes she held and counted to 10.

"Are you interviewing with someone in particular?" She asked politely in the soft whir of the elevators movement.

Sandy coughed and tucked a stray curl of blondness behind one ear as she prayed the blush was gone. Looking up and over to the woman she noticed again the perfect hairstyle and pretty features.

"Some guy named Charlie. He's the final word on my work and then I might be a working fool!" Sandy smiled then frowned, still feeling nervous. The reminder of how a complete stranger might critique her work still set off butterflies in her stomach.

"Is that a punishment, I mean, to work? Isn't that the whole purpose of finding a job?" Her arching eyebrow was raised as she commented on Sandy's frown.

Sandy looked up from her butterflies and missed the implications. After a slight hesitation she shook her head.

"What did I...oh yes...a working fool would be great! I love what I do. But I'm really nervous about critics! You know...some complete stranger looking at your stuff telling you it's either 'really nice' or 'completely hideous'. They only mean it's not right for them. I just hope this guy is

open for my style." Her voice lowered as she glanced to see the slowest elevator in the world move her past floor 36. Looking at her watch she noticed she was still early. She hated to be late.

She saw the woman glancing over at her in her peripheral vision and looked back quickly.

"You've got an eyelash right here." She stated touching her own cheek lightly. Sandy stared at the finger brushing against that soft skin and couldn't control the thought of this woman brushing it off herself. An instant meltdown occurred in her groin. Nor could she control the vivid blush that rose to her face. She knew she was looking like a turnip with blonde hair and looked down adjusting the comfortable packages once again. A count to one hundred would not have helped. A hand came into her vision holding out a pocket mirror.

She took it gratefully and opened it to dust the offending eyelash off. She quickly glanced at the mirrored image in the elevator walls and wished she hadn't. She was grinning back, a slightly flirtatious grin, at that. Sandy looked back into the compact mirror and closed it slowly.

Handing it back the other woman's hand touched hers briefly.

"Glad to have helped!" Her voice was a touch husky, to Sandy's hearing. Looking up at that exact second the elevator rang with their arrival to the ninety-second floor. The older woman glanced up at the digital number printed above the mirrors and sighed.

Sandy took that moment to gather up her sketches. She'd almost asked her out on a date. What could she be thinking?

The doors opened and a huge counter stood waiting to greet them. Sandy stepped out expecting the woman to remain. She followed after a moment and caught up to Sandy. Shrugging mentally Sandy turned to thank her once again.

"Your welcome. Good luck on the interview with the head honcho. I've heard it can be rough!" Her eyes held a secret that Sandy didn't understand. A sudden sinking feeling occurred in her stomach. Turning toward the counter a grand motherly woman stood as if waiting. She held some pink forms in her hand and looked over with a smile. The

woman following Sandy stepped forward to the grandmother and grinned.

"Thanks Alice. What would I do without you! Expect a call from Harry about that Conversion deal and show this lady to the conference room. I'll be right back. Just want to drop these forms off upstairs to Bob." She told Alice, a.k.a. the grandmother, who nodded with a smile and looked over at Sandy standing near by.

"Anything you want, Charlie. Just keep paying me the big bucks!"

Charlie turned back to Sandy laughing at Sandy's pale features. Brushing her hair back over her shoulder casually she glanced down at the pink forms in her hand. Sandy felt the floor soften as she imagined the quick sand sucking her down.

"You're Charlie?" She winced visually. Charlie looked up running her eyes over Sandy completely. Nodding with contained laughter in her eyes she headed back to catch the now closing doors of the elevator.

Sandy watched as Charlie stepped into the elevator holding the doors with one hand. Taking a complete look over the figure before her she shook her head in dismay.

In for a dime, in for a dollar! Her grandmother used to say.

Their eyes met briefly. Sandy blushed red and took the bull by the horns.

"You're too gorgeous! I'd never get any work done around you!" Sandy said, dryly, with regret in her face. Charlie arched an eyebrow. She tilted her head back and began to laugh, long and hard. Sandy shivered again.

"You're gorgeous too! One more thing we have in common." Her eyes conveyed a mutual attraction that gave Sandy an excited chill all over her body.

"Get those sketches laid out so I can see them properly? I'll be right back!"

The elevator doors closed much quicker than Sandy thought they were able too. Left staring at them in a dazed shock she heard a voice clearing behind her. Turning away from the closed doors left a slight ache inside. Meeting the raised eyebrows of Alice she shook her head to clear it.

"Ms. Brent will be right back. Let's get you settled into the conference room, shall we?" Alice gestured for Sandy to follow her down a hallway nearby. Sandy nodded and felt a moment of panic as the bundle in her hands started to shift.

"Here, let me help you." Alice said kindly reaching out to remove the three tubes. Sandy heaved a huge sigh and smiled her thanks.

They entered a small but spacious conference room with many platform easels set up to display art or chart work. Sandy felt calmer at the sight. She was upset from her blunder with Charlie Brent and considered the job position history. But at least she would be able to show her some of the idea's she was working on.

This firm had been her first choice to apply too, considering their designer lines fell into her sphere of art. But she had 3 other interviews lined up for this week. Each of the companies had an excellent history of design lines that she would fit in with.

She began to set up her black and white drawings on one side of the huge showcase board at the head of the table and separated the color for the sideboards that attracted the light from the windows. If Charlie liked any of what she saw Sandy would get free advertising for any contract work this firm might lease in the future.

As she sat the last few portrait colors up into a viewing clip she heard the door opening. Looking over she saw Charlie and Alice coming into the room. Alice held a tray service with coffee and cookies. Charlie held the door for her as she balanced the tray to the end of the room where Sandy stood.

"I'll take your messages for the next hour. If you need anything just page me." Alice said after arranging the setting. She turned around and walked out at Charlie's thanks.

Sandy stood with her arms folded in front of her and realized what she was doing. She unfolded her defensive posture and moved over to where Charlie was fixing a cup of tea. The dipping movement of the tea bag was soothing for some reason.

She spooned in some sugar and splashed a bit of creamer in her cup then stirred the entire mix until it was a light café brown. Lifting the cup to her lips she motioned Sandy to help herself. Sandy stood unbalanced mentally with the urge to watch Charlie's lips touch the cups edge. Mentally shaking herself she looked down and served herself to a cup of tea with sugar.

Charlie moved away while she fixed the contents. Sandy looked up to see Charlie studying the drawings closely. She moved among the black and whites slowly, looking at the lines and shapes. Sandy pulled a chair out and sat down weakly. For reasons of pure attraction she hoped she impressed the hell out of her. A vivid likening to the spider and the fly swam into her mind. She suppressed a giggle of nervousness.

The silence in the room was beginning to unravel Sandy's loose ends. She sipped her tea and studied the woman carefully.

Maybe a 5-year difference in their ages but it was hard to tell. Her obvious control and commanding presence was age defying, along with her exquisite looks. Sandy caressed the teacup softly with that thought.

"What made you change this pattern?" Charlie questioned tracing a portion of the design Sandy had outlined. Sandy stood up and stepped closer. She looked at the outline and shook her head.

"It's not changed. It's a pattern within two other patterns. The whole effect is a three dimensional aspect." She moved to one of the color prints off to the side. Unclipping it carefully she held it up to the light.

"This is the finished print with the three overlays. Depending on which way it is turned it can be changed to show different patterns." She tilted the picture slowly showing the changes that occurred.

"Ahhh!" Charlie complimented without saying a word. Her appreciation came through in the satisfied tones. Taking the image and adjusting it herself she had a slight smile on her lips.

"I used my computer to enhance the overlays and blend in the coloring. I've written a program to find the proper balance of patterns so that multiple examples can be created without having to start the print again." Sandy commented pointing to another color print nearby. Charlie looked over at a slightly different pattern and held the two up side by side.

The difference was slight but obvious enough to be there. Charlie was nodding as she angled the first picture again.

"This is fantastic! I've seen a few silks that are less effective than these patterns." Sandy nodded agreement. That was when she had begun the laborious method of blending the patterns. A badly drawn silk print had caught her eye and turned her stomach. Silk prints were two dimensional and damn expensive to make. Her cotton blending would be far more cost effective and three dimensional to offer more. Her copyright on the prints was clearly the best investment she had ever made. Any reprints that came out now would only be suppressed until the first year of her own designs.

Charlie had moved over to the last print to look at its features. The picture was unlike the other two and she wore a puzzled frown.

Sandy moved her hand to cover one side of the print and showed her a two dimensional drawing was the floor pattern she had started with. Moving her hand away slowly you could begin to see the third dimension and a fourth pattern that overlay the colors. Slight shading effects made the overlays cause clear as the 3 dimensions below became focused in the bold print. Charlie's eyebrow arched with curiosity and amazement.

"What ever made you think of that?" Sandy felt a blush knowing she could never relay that particular episode.

"I stumbled across it while working on the other prints." Her features turned away slightly to calm the blush of memory. She couldn't tell her she'd literally stumbled and spilled coffee on the whole table top causing the still wet print to become saturated with shades unintended for it.

Charlie was staring at her blush and narrowed her eyes questioningly.

Shaking her head she took her cup over to the table and pulled out a chair.

"Well barring the inevitable discussion of salary, the rights of future work, and any benefits, along with a 25% commission rate, I'd say you were hired."

Sandy fell into the nearest chair numb. How could she turn down this wonderful offer? The normal commission rate was 15%. She had expected to get offered 12% and have to work her way up. She was just out of college last semester. No experience and no working record... she was stunned.

Charlie sipped her tea watching Sandy face pale.

"Something wrong with the offer?" Sandy looked up to see Charlie smiling. Shaking her head she felt a groan escape at her frustration. She couldn't work with this woman! All she could picture was Charlie lying in a huge bed motioning her to come closer. The groan caught Charlie's attention, as did the small 'crap' that escaped from Sandy as she looked over at her own drawings. Frowning she set her cup down.

"That seems to be one of your favorite expressions. Is there something that I can help you with?" Sandy looked into the deep brown eyes looking back at her and felt the world turn silent. Her attraction must have been obvious as she watched a sudden stillness cross over Charlie's face. For the first time since they had met Sandy noticed a slight flush deepening the tan of her skin. She gently fingered her earring and looked over at the empty cup on the table. A fluttering beat of her pulse rate became visible at her throat. Sandy watched all of this with a growing amusement.

"I didn't think you would be so generous with your offer after we flirted with each other in the elevator?" Sandy murmured, candidly, sighing with exasperation. Charlie looked up smiling back.

"I don't usually flirt so openly. I just couldn't resist your...charm!" She hesitated, choosing a word Sandy would have never applied to herself in the first place. She grunted, grinning.

"Is that what that was? I thought I was being my usual messy helpless

disaster." Sandy arched her own eyebrows humorously.

Tilting her head slightly Charlie looked back. Her face took on a curiously thoughtful expression. Sandy noticed that slight fluttering increase its tempo. Her eyes became hooded hiding their thoughts.

"You do have a charm about you. It has nothing to do with your actions." Sandy felt a stirring in her groin as the gleam in Charlie's eyes showed a kindling of excitement.

"Stop doing that! Or I'm going to forget the whole deal and kiss you!" Sandy growled out totally frustrated. She stood up to run a hand through her hair impatiently. The tit-for-tat cat and mouse thing was about to drive her crazy.

Glancing over at Charlie she was caught unprepared for the blatant 'wish you would' look Charlie was sending toward her. Stopping in her tracks she bit her lip. A moment later, Charlie had lowered her eyes. That instantaneous response she had not hidden broke Sandy's last barrier.

"Are you single?" Sandy inquired, standing still, a few feet away from the chair Charlie was occupying.

"Yes!" Charlie commented curiously looking up at Sandy's blank expression.

A gleam came into Sandy's eyes as she took a few steps over to the chair.

"Good 'cause I wouldn't want to be upset after doing this!"

She leaned over the chair and bent down to catch Charlie's lips against her own. Charlie didn't move for a moment, until Sandy slid her tongue out to caress her lips. With a small groan deep in her throat Charlie opened her mouth to let Sandy in.

Their tongues glided toward each other, as they tasted the wetness and heat. Sandy slid her hand into the auburn hair and pulled Charlie closer. Charlie groaned again as Sandy deepened the kiss. She tasted sugar and heat. She moaned with her instant need.

Breaking the kiss Sandy released Charlie and stepped back breathing hard. It had taken a will power she didn't know she possessed. Charlie looked breathless and thrown off kilter. Her perfectly quaffed hairstyle was still gorgeous, if a little mussed. Sandy could still taste the flavor of her lipstick. She shook with unfulfilled need. Looking anywhere but at Charlie she took deep breaths and thought of cold climates.

Charlie sat still for a moment and then stood. Sandy stepped back to give room and not get any closer.

"Don't move!" Charlie's husky voice said. Her eyes were hooded and sensual. Sandy watched her turn and head to the door. Reaching the door she stopped and quickly locked the knob. Turning back toward Sandy she strode over to her and shook her head. She was standing less than a foot away and Sandy could not take her eyes off of those lips.

"This is not the brightest thing I've ever done in my life but then again, who cares." She said moving closer into Sandy's body. Her lips caught Sandy's in a passionate thorough kiss that was much more satisfactory to them both. They pressed closer and tighter as the heat grew. The small gasp of pleasure escaping from Charlie, as Sandy moved to nibble on her neck, was intoxicating. Her tongue wet the surface of the smooth skin as she moved even lower. Encountering a blazer jacket, she shoved it back with impatience. Her eyes blazed over the woman she held in her hands and felt a moment of such arousal.

"I can't stop if you don't help." She whispered, dangerously close to pulling them both down and testing out the carpet of the conference room. A moan of denial came from Charlie. Sandy slid her hand into the still buttoned blazer and cupped a warm breast, through a silky material. Charlie shivered. Her own eyes closed she stood resting against Sandy, reveling in the sensations.

Sandy ran her thumb over the hardened nipple she felt through the bra and blouse. Hissing at her own desire she tried begged one more time.

"Charlie?" She mumbled into the creamy skin of Charlie's neck. Charlie clenched her jaw and grunted out the only word she could think of.

"Crap!"

Grabbing the blazer Sandy wore, Charlie pushed her away. Holding her from being too close, she didn't want her to far either. They both tried to get a grip on their desire. The intense look Charlie gave Sandy made her close her eyes and swallow.

"Not a very good idea, at all!" Charlie muttered eyes still full of need. Sandy looked so desirable with her curly blonde hair in all directions, the tension in her body visible.

Stepping backward Sandy moved out of Charlie's vicinity. She wanted this woman so much she could barely take a breath.

"I've never been..." Sandy began to explain her actions but shook her head instead. She didn't know how, where, or why to explain what had just happened. This interview was sure one for the books! Not to mention Charlie's reaction and response. The damn door was locked for goodness sake!

Charlie moved slowly making Sandy jump anyway. They eyed each other carefully. Charlie found her voice, finally.

"So I guess that explains the hesitation of working for me, hmm?" She commented dryly. Sandy looked at her with a desire still glowing bright in her eyes.

"Yes!" She stated sounding much more calm than she felt. Charlie smiled and looked down.

"Well I've got some news for you to consider. I'm not about to just let you walk out the door." She paused looking up, catching Sandy's eyes with her own. "For one, you're a damn good artist. Fresh ideas and foresight for the upcoming market are hard to find these days. Experienced or not, the very next interview you go on would snap you up in a heartbeat after seeing the prints you've developed." She motioned vaguely to the drawings surrounding them. Sandy swallowed, nodding.

"Second I have never, ever, been kissed like that!" Charlie's voice took on a husky tone that made Sandy flush with heat. "So what can we

possibly do to combine the two issues?" Charlie smiled at Sandy trying to get her mood to lighten up a bit. Sandy frowned with uncertainty.

"I never let my personal life come between me and my job so we will just have to work out a compromise." Charlie moved a few steps closer to Sandy finally figured out Charlie had some sort of idea how they could work together and more. She didn't speculate on the 'more' very much but realized there had to be some sort of answer or Charlie wouldn't look so calm. Carefully taking a few steps closer to Charlie, they stood at arms length.

Sandy felt laughter begin to bubble closer to the surface as Charlie's face turned sarcastically wicked with the plan she was calculating.

"I don't know whether to run with panic or batten down the hatches. You're devising some plot that is bound to be trouble." Charlie agreed by tilting her head to one side and raising both eyebrows innocently.

"Where do you keep your print equipment?" She asked suddenly, frowning. Sandy was thrown for a loop and shook her head.

"At my apartment uptown, why?" Charlie's smile was instantly back.

"How about contracting with the same commission rate but working from home. We will supply you the jobs via the Internet and you will ship up drawings by dispatch? Of course, I would have to visit occasionally to check the status of the more...immediate cases." She stated smiling like a devil. Sandy was catching on quickly. Nodding with excitement she hoped the first visit wouldn't take to long to arrive. Did she make the bed this morning?

Charlie turned and pulled Sandy along with one hand.

"Come on! I have to see this printer model." Sandy felt a blush arise and pulled back as they neared the door. Charlie turned to give Sandy a look of surprise.

"Do you still have that little compact mirror?" Sandy said sheepishly. Charlie laughed loudly and fished the mirror out of her jacket pocket.

Leaving a note for Alice they took Charlie's Beamer and made it to

Sandy's small but quaint apartment located in a 4-Plex uptown. Sandy led the way to the door and opened it letting Charlie precede her in. Charlie crossed into the entry foyer and stepped down into a lower den area. She spun around checking out every nook and cranny.

"Oh, Sandy! This is very nice." She said Sandy's name as if she had used it for years. Sandy felt a warm delicious feeling spread through her. The warm feeling turned to instant desire as Charlie turned to look at her and began to take off her blazer. The look of want on her face was the only thing Sandy noticed until the last button was undone. Shaking the blazer off her shoulders, Charlie stood with a silk blouse and navy pants. The pumps were kicked off to one side of the small couch and the blazer was draped over it too!

Sandy watched with mounting desire as Charlie gripped the edge of her blouse and removed it with one tug over her head. Standing in her pants and a white lacy bra was the sexiest body Sandy had ever seen. She looked gorgeous. Her stomach was flat, her abdomen was firm, and her breasts looked perky. Charlie cocked her head to one side and waited for something. Sandy shook herself out of her own blazer and tugged the tail of her button down out of her slacks. The buttons wouldn't seem to come open as she noticed there seemed to be so many. Long tapered fingers that were able to handle the complications of unbuttoning a shirt suddenly covered her hands. Sandy looked up to watch the bent head of Charlie as she undid one button after another.

A look of pure pleasure covered Charlie's face as she slowly slid the covering off of Sandy, letting it drop onto the floor. Sandy wore a filmy bra under her cotton shirts to keep her feminine side happy. She felt a shudder slam through her body as Charlie ran her finger over the lacy top edge of the bra.

"Where is your bedroom?" Charlie moaned as Sandy returned the movement. Sandy clasped Charlie's hand in hers and moved into another room nearby. They began to kiss the moment the door was opened.

Falling onto the bed was almost required as they both felt the volcano of their passions erupt.

Sandy ran a hand down to unzip Charlie's pants and help her remove

them. Charlie did the same for Sandy. The fragile balance of sharing turned one sided as Charlie flipped Sandy over and lay on top of her.

She grabbed Sandy's hands and held them pinned above her head with one of her own. Sandy felt Charlie's free hand unclip the bra she still wore and arched with excitement as Charlie cupped one of her breasts in her palm. Charlie slid down and followed Sandy's jaw line with her kisses and soft bites. She continued to caress one breast with a hand as her mouth moved over to the other one. Bathing the nipple with her tongue, she covered it and sucked gently inward. Sandy gasped at the sensation. At the same time she lightly pinched the other nipple in her fingers. A fire exploded inside of Sandy as she pressed upward. Charlie switched breasts with her mouth and hand and repeated the effect as Sandy groaned above.

Releasing Sandy's hands she kissed and moved lower trailing down to the core of desire Sandy possessed. The slight removal of panties was taken care of as she spread the lower lips to run her tongue inside. Sandy clasped her hands into Charlie's hair and lay tense trying not to explode.

The slow motion of her tongue she used to taste and explore Sandy's wetness was continuously surrounding and flicking over Sandy's center. She moaned a little louder each time that tongue touched and flicked on her button. All consuming the lips that were slow and persistent became demanding. They sucked inward; a wet heat and a pulsating rhythm began to dance urging Sandy to let go. Sandy pressed her hips higher and spread her legs to feel the very center of her sexual core Charlie was claiming. Sandy felt her moans grow louder but could not control the volume.

She tossed her head sideways as Charlie gripped her hips and lifted her closer. She reached out a hand to beg for the feelings to go on forever but her body could not take it. She reached a pinnacle that sent her tumbling over the edge. The rush of exquisite release swept through her body in waves as her muscles clenched again and again. She came down from the high to find Charlie lying over her watching her face. As the sensations evaporated Charlie ground her pelvic region into Sandy. A surging wave rocked her again. She clasped tightly to the form over her and held her close.

They began to rock slowly. Their bodies moved together as one. Charlie whimpered in her ear as the tempo and pressure grew stronger. Pulling her tighter Sandy wrapped her legs around Charlie's lower body. The aching need of her own body satisfied, she let Charlie set the tempo that was wanted. Charlie's eyes were closed her face set on one mission. She wiggled and turned her body into Sandy's groin to reach a climax. Her body tensed once, then again as she rocked quickly.

Lying in her arms Sandy watched Charlie open her eyes afterwards. They grinned and slowly touched each other to seek a measure of reality. The sultry look Charlie gave Sandy was not clouded with any doubts. Sandy returned her own look of satisfaction without any need for words.

"I'm going to have to visit here a lot, don't you think?" Charlie asked tracing a finger down Sandy's cheek. Sandy smiled and moved closer. She hoped there'd be overtime involved!

The End