

“Femme Theme For The Butch Gene”

by JLNicky

DISCLAIMERS: This was a story topic challenge for ... "Public Relations". It has sex and comedy. Enjoy.

Please send feedback to [jlnickymaster@aol.com](mailto:jl nickymaster@aol.com)

‘Femme theme for the Butch Gene’

Is she too butch?
Need to femme her down?

WE HAVE A CURE

A professional lipstick lesbian quartet is at your Femme(ing) service.
We can be at your door in minutes.
Give us a ring or shoot us an email and we'll have that butch woman dolled up
in less than 24 hours.

CALL **DFD** (Dyke Femme Down) at
(559) 555-1512 or 1-800-fem-inin

Del absentmindedly pushed her rose tinted reading glasses further onto her cute little nose. The elfin-like blonde brushed away a lock of flaxen hair as she looking over the advertisement one last time. Her bright green eyes flickered over the website page as her hand froze on the keyboard waiting to push the final button. She and the other three members of her ultimate femme team would officially be in the business of ‘Dyke Femme Down’ once she pressed enter.

She sighed at Ginger’s child-like high-pitched giggle. The chestnut haired beauty standing behind her right shoulder was still chuckling at the small, animated picture of

constantly puckering lips releasing kisses over and over.

A groan of impatience came from the oversized stuffed chair Del had scrounged from the flea mart. Debbie's tall willow-thin frame sat within the bolstered depths, her lavender dyed hair clashing with the well-worn interior of forest green. Ankles crossed while sitting Indian style, she fairly bounced up and down, as she snapped her fingers repeatedly.

"We are so gonna rock, you guys. I bet we make tons of money. How much are we charging anyway? Del...?" She exclaimed as her fingers snapped to some fast paced tune inside her head.

"Hang on, Deb. Let me move the rainbow...just...there!" Del sighed in satisfaction as she adjusted the html code to center the rainbow floating in the background. Hitting the refresh key she looked over the ad critically once again. Her five years as a website designer showed in the skill of the display. Small-animated icons allowed the curious to link to consecutive information and submit email or credit card info.

"Five hundred dollars a client. That was the last amount we discussed. Now take one more glance at this and tell me if you're all happy with it?" Del urged her companions and heard all three of them begin to bitch simultaneously. She jerked her head up from its customary angle of looking at the monitor in surprise.

"It's perfect!"

"Do it, already, Del!"

"For Christ sake, Del...I'm aging here!" The last moan came from Del's best friend, Stacy, who stood across the room mixing a batch of lemon-lime Kool-aid to stir in with her Absolut vodka. She test-tasted the bitter lemonade and tilted her brunette head trying to decide if she should

add more sugar or just let the vodka do it's damage. Pouring a batch into a plastic pitcher she stored it into the fridge then doused her current cup of weak yellow crap with a good size dollop of Absolut.

Del turned to look at the screen one more time, and then closing her eyes tightly, she pushed the button. Thirty seconds later the site was having hits. The four women gathered around to listen to the occasional pinging sound of another viewer visiting their site.

Without blinking, Del sat watching the email icon. She waited for the empty box to receive an animated letter. Debbie snapped a few times then snapped again.

"For Christ sake, Debbie. Put it to rest before I break your fingers!" Stacy urged the much taller woman to quit fidgeting. Debbie looked down from her 5'10 height toward the short brunette and wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

"Ohhh pain...my favorite." Stacy rolled her eyes and stepped back from them standing over Del's petite form sitting rigidly at a state of attention toward the monitor.

"Congrat's Del! We are up and running. Good work." Stacy commented as she took a huge swig of her lemon vodka mix. She grimaced at the bitter and shrugged at the overall taste. Not bad for a lush in the kitchen. Stacy moved back carefully and surveyed the team.

Debbie plopped back down re-crossing her long legs and resting her snapping fingers back onto her knees. Ginger giggled one more irritatingly sweet childlike sound then moved back to rest against the bolstered arm of the chair Deb resided in.

They all sat watching the tense form of their friend Del and her intense concentration.

Ginger frowned slightly.

“What will happen now? Do we just hang out or what?”
She let her flighty gaze drift back and forth between Stacy and Del. Del reached up and scratched her scalp with her painted pink fingernails. Ruffling her silky straight blonde locks, she answered without turning from the monitor.

“We have to wait until someone sends us an email or try’s to contact us. Then we discuss the terms and goals of the customer. Finally, we go meet the dyke and femme her down.”

“Hi HO!” Del shouted, her small hand upraised into a fist above her head. She briefly turned to smile at her company.

“Hi HO!” Echoed the other three women, as the entire group grinned while yelling the tribal war cry they had decided on earlier that month. Ginger had insisted it would allow them to merge together as a unit if they chanted together once in a while. The other three had agreed and they had spent all of two minutes coming up with the intricate chant of ‘Hi HO’. Stacey had shrugged and Del had grimaced but it had worked. Besides, Stacy had argued, we are turning the Dyke to a femme so they were like those dwarfs going off to work. Ginger had tilted her chestnut head to one side and with remarkable insight had commented on the word ‘HO’ being slang for ‘Whore’. Stacy, Del and Debbie had stood looking at the red head for an entire minute while they cruised their minds over that thought. Nodding together they had finally agreed it was short, succinct, and perfect.

The four women sat around the rest of the day slightly tense with excitement. Nobody answered their advertisement. They continued the vigil for the next three days.

Stacy was once again in the kitchenette, her small Kool-

aid packets of various flavors spread out on the counter to choose from. Her hand ran over the titles as she swayed slightly. Candy Apple, Tropical Punch, Strawberry, Lemon-Lime, Pink Lemonade and Raspberry, Great Bluedini, Super Fruity Pina-Pineapple, Super Fruity Pink Swimmingo, Rock-A-Dile Red, Mountain Berry Punch and Sharkleberry Fin were available to be made. The final decision was quickly created and the bright blue mixture of Sharkleberry Fin swirled around and around in the pitcher.

“What is that?” Ginger asked, seemingly curious as she stared at the animated creations on the monitor. Del and Debbie were playing War on the coffee table and were slamming down their hands to capture the other’s cards.

“Ow! Darn it, Debbie. Your hands hurt.” Delilah grinned as she pushed the larger hand off of the top of her own and pulled the huge stack of cards toward her growing pile of winnings. Debbie frowned as she watched the obviously winning stack of cards being captured. She brushed her shocking blue hair back from her head growling audibly. The alarming mop of neon blue hair shone with the overhead lighting to grab the eye from two blocks away.

“I hate playing you Del. You always win no matter what we play. If I didn’t know better I’d say you cheat like a big dog. But...you’re too honest to cheat.” Debbie grumbled tossing her hand of six cards she had left into the fuller pile Del was starting to gather up.

“Del what is that thing right there?” Ginger pointed to something on the monitor. Del winked a bright green eye at Deb and set the cards down to check and see what Ginger wanted. Stacy moved over to the coffee table and sat her clear glass of blue sugar mix with Absolut down on the surface. She grinned at Debbie and motioned to her own drink.

“You inspire me!” Stacy chuckled as Debbie snickered.

“We got an email!” Del’s excited tones sounded out to everyone. Ginger actually squealed as she clapped with excitement. Debbie and Stacey moved closer to hover over the now open email Del was reading.

“Dear DFD,

“My name is Chuck and my girlfriend needs your help. I’d like to know how you will work to transform her. I’ll wait to hear from you concerning this matter. Please hurry and contact me. We have a party to attend next Saturday and I would like her femmed up quick.”

Chuck Bruisin.

Del read out loud as they all followed along with her.

“Let’s call him now!” Ginger grabbed the portable phone and confidently handed it to Del. Del blinked in surprise and looked up at Debbie and Stacey above her. She swallowed and looked back at the cordless phone in her hand.

Taking a deep breath she punched in the phone number Mr. Chuck Bruisin had left. The phone rang once...then twice.

Suddenly hearing a couple of taps as someone picked up the phone, Del heard a rapid-fire intro to a business site.

“S. Tallagar Construction, Sammie speaking. How may I help you?” A woman’s throaty voice spoke directly into the phone. Del felt a moment of anxiety as she listened to the strong timbre speaking. She failed to respond as she sat taking in the melodic tenor voice. “Hello? May I help you?” The woman spoke again, her growing irritation reflected in the terseness of her question.

“May I speak to Chuck Bruisin, please?” Del managed to

say, as she gripped the phone tighter. The clearing of a throat on the other end was the only response she received. "Hello? Are you there?" Del asked, feeling a queasiness spin in her stomach as she waited. She looked up at Stacy behind her and watched the blue punch being swallowed. Making a face of disgust at her friend's ill habit she looked back down at her lap as she heard a reply.

"One moment, Miss...?" A very significant pause was given. When Del failed to respond the woman inquired somewhat stiltedly with her throaty tones, "May I ask who is calling?" The deepened voice full of curiosity made Del slightly warm. She stood up suddenly with the phone pressed to her ear and stepped away from the three women surrounding her.

"Miss Tucker. My name is Miss Tucker. Mr. Bruisin contacted my agency by email." Del shrugged at the tapping noise of some sort sounding out through the phone. A moment passed as she heard the breathing coming through the phone line. A short grunt with the scrape of a chair was heard.

"One moment please." Sammie, the woman with the stunning phone voice, said calmly, to Del.

Del listened, motioning the others to be quiet. She heard heavy steps walking away from the phone, a door squeaking open, and a distant yell sound out.

"Chuck, get your ass down here! You have a phone call!" Del smiled at the skill of Tallagar Constructions intercom system. The door slammed shut, the heavy footsteps returned and the phone was picked back up.

"He will be right with you, Miss Tucker." Those rich velvet tones raced across Del's skin causing her to shiver.

"Thank you, Miss...?" Del thought she would turn the

tales on the obviously curious Sammie.

“That would be Miss Tallagar, Miss Tucker. A pleasure I’m sure.” The door in the background squeaked open again. Del listened to the grumbling man that stomped into the room.

“What the fuck, Sammie? I was just about to pour concrete. Couldn’t you just take a fuck’n message?” Del winced at the cursing. The phone was muffled as one of them covered the receiver. Del could barely hear but was able to make out the following conversation.

“Shut your trap, Chuck. This sounds important. There is a Miss Tucker on the phone that said you contacted her agency by email?”

“Shit! OK! OK! I know who that is. Can I have five minutes of privacy, sweetheart?”

“I’ll give you five minutes but don’t make it a habit. This is not a public number to be giving out. If you call me sweetheart one more time I’ll dock your pay fifty dollars and that’s a promise Mr. Bruisin.” Del grinned at the ballistic sounding voice that gave the lecture. The phone was uncovered.

“Hello? This is Chuck Bruisin.” Del smiled at the completely professional tones the man produced. She tilted her head in indecision. It was, after all, five hundred dollars. She spent a brief moment internally arguing then shrugged.

“Good morning, Mr. Bruisin. My name is Miss Tucker from DFD. I am replying to your email.”

“Yes, Yes! That’s great, Miss Tucker. I have a rush job for your company. Her name is Sammie Tallagar. She is 6’1, black short hair, is constantly wearing faded jeans and needs to be femmed down bad. I have the money and if

you and your team can meet up with me, I will be glad to show you her picture or answer any questions you may have.”

Del was surprised as she listened to the man describe his position. He sounded very confident with his commitment toward DFD. She raised her blonde eyebrows as she leaned over to let Stacy hear his speech.

Del caught a nod from Deb, Ginger and Stacy as she painted an imaginary question mark in front of the three women. She shrugged to let them know she was OK with it.

“When can we meet, Mr. Bruisin? My team and I are very intrigued and willing to make this connection with you at your convenience.” The phone call ended fairly quickly after that with a planned evening to meet at Palo’s Italian Eatery in downtown San Francisco. Del knew where it was located and the other three nodded their agreement even while Del listened to Chuck Bruisin rush to get off the phone. The squeaky door in the background had opened and the strong heavy treads of, one Sammie Tallagar were heard as Chuck inquired if he needed to bring anything.

“Your five minutes is up, Chuck. I’m paying you to work here, not socialize. Get out!” The woman’s directness struck Del as hysterical. She smothered a chuckle by covering her mouth and listening to Chuck say goodbye.

“See you tonight, Mr. Bruisin. Thank you.” Del managed to get out as she tossed the cordless phone at Stacy and fell into the cushioned chair laughing hard. She calmed down after a full minute of strong laughter and found Stacy, Debbie and Ginger all staring down at her from their perched sitting positions around her.

“What the hell was that? Stacy asked, as she took a gulp of her blue drink. Ginger and Deb nodded in agreement.

“What?” Del inquired as she fanned her heated face. “They were just so funny. I couldn’t help myself!” She leaned back into the chair and smiled.

“We have a client, girls! Hi HO!” Del yelled sitting upright suddenly and punching her hand into the air.

“Hi HO!” The other women yelled in unison.

Later that night the four women entered the Italian eatery and searched the restaurant for a lone man. They found him quickly as he motioned to them to join him at his table for five. He stood up as they neared.

He was 5’7 at the most, a well muscled man, yet he had a huge beer gut that spilled out of his button down. His receding hair showed a slightly sweaty brow as he crudely wiped his table napkin across it to soak up the moisture. Del cringed internally as she took in his over indulgent body. She wondered at the mysterious Sammie but to each her own. She held out her hand and introduced the girls to him as they all sat down. Quickly looking at her companions she felt a smile grow on her face at the diversity of each woman’s unique look. She loved the colorful bouquet they generated. Mr. Chuck Bruisin seemed to be in a little bit in awe at the sight also.

“Wow! You girls are beautiful! So pretty!” He mumbled as he tried to suck in his hideous gut. Unfortunately, Del wasn’t about to remind him they were all lesbians. He was a customer and she didn’t want to spoil the job.

“Thank you, Mr. Bruisin. Can we see what you have for our possible client?” Del inquired as she sipped on the freshly delivered drink the waitress set in front of her. Chuck pulled out a manila folder from the gray work jacket hanging on his chair. Inside were some photo’s he had acquired while working with Sammie Tallagar. He seemed a bit caustic as he slowly handed them over to

Del. She glanced at the top picture and sucked in a deep breath of surprise.

The photo shot was of a woman standing with her back mostly to the camera as she stretched upward to hand a 2x4 piece of lumber to someone above her. She wore a form fitting pair of jeans with a complementing clinging white tank top. The pert side view of one breast flavored the vision with its hardened nipple clearly visible through the sweat damp material. A utility belt of leather strung with heavy trappings of a hammer and a ruler, wrapped snugly around the nice curve of hips, hanging low and complimented the obviously tear drop shaped ass they rested above. The light sheen of sweat running over the bronzed skin of the totally butch figure showed dips and cuts of muscle to the photographer in amazing detail. The short black haircut was a buzz upward from the neck just like a men's style. The inch or two of thickness above allowed a slightly feminine look as it draped cutely over the features facing away from the camera.

Del managed to refrain from licking her lips at the gorgeous creature as she quickly moved to the next photo. The first photograph did not show the woman's face clearly. She passed it to her left where Stacy was sitting. Stacy let out a soft moan until Del managed to kick her ankle under the table.

Del stared at the next picture wondering how it had been obtained. It was from overhead as the same casually dressed jeans and tank were working below. The only thing this photo showed more clearly was the twin pert breasts and the cleavage they made as the tank pressed them together in dampened confinement. Again Del noticed the sweat and looking closer she noted the heavy work boots the woman wore.

She passed that picture on and came to the last one. This was an indoor picture of a woman sitting at an architectural table that was tilted for drawing. Again the

features were facing away from the camera but a soft side view was present. The tall form was intent on finishing something at the table and was oblivious to the photographer. The broad shoulders of the woman showed strength and power as the polo shirt she wore bulged at hidden muscles while she worked. The light blue polo shirt tapered down to her waist and was tucked into the waistband of her jeans; the long legs rested on different levels of the lower rungs beneath the tall chair she sat in. Del bit her lip at the sexy woman in the picture.

Looking upward she met the brown-eyed gaze of her best friend Stacy. She flushed at the quirked eyebrow Stacy arched in her direction. Shaking her head slightly she handed over the third picture to her friend and turned to smile weakly at Chuck Bruisin.

Chuck was slurping some spaghetti into his mouth, holding a sopping piece of garlic bread with one hand and a fork with another. The sucking of pasta sounded nauseating to Del. She urged her stomach to enjoy the chicken Parmesan pasta dish she had ordered as she made small talk with Chuck.

“She is quite butch with her current clothes. Will we need to buy her an outfit? Will she go shopping with us to try on clothes or style her hair differently?” Del paused with her questions as she watched a small flush run up the flabby jaw line of Chuck Bruisin.

“Well see. I haven’t told her I’m a hiring you. I was gonna let her know tomorrow right before ya’ll showed up.” Del widened her eyes in surprise. Stacy gently kicked Del’s right ankle. Del turned to look at her friend. The silent communication was brief as Del wondered what the hell Stacy was trying to get her to do.

She turned back to Chuck exasperated.

“Is she aware you want us to recreate her into a feminine

vision? We have to be clear about this. She will have to be aware of the ground rules. We give you 24 hours and in return she will be remade.” Del watched Chuck Bruisin nodding vigorously.

“Yes I understand. She will know before you meet her. I am going to take her to meet my parents next weekend and she will need to look her prettiest. I’m sure ya’ll can take care of the issues. She just mostly acts too masculine. I don’t think she will mind the makeover. She need’s to gussy up once in a while.” Chuck condescendingly stated as he leaned over and sucked up more spaghetti. Del shivered at the image. Her savior was the picture that was shoved under her nose again by Stacy. She felt herself suddenly shiver for a whole new set of reasons. Her body reacted to the taunt muscles and hard nipple as she practically drooled over the print.

“Can we keep these to study, Mr. Bruisin?” Stacy inquired with an undertone of laughter in her voice as she watched the little elfin angel Del resembled, practically flush in heat while staring intently at the photo. His agreeing grunt had her itching to leave as she rolled her eyes at the puckered thick lips sucking up more pasta.

The waitress was confused as the four pale women asked her to box up their dinners to go while they quickly told their client they needed to prepare to meet Sammie Tallagar the next day. He frowned slightly until Del mentioned she would cover the dinner. His broad smile was quickly given.

Stacy grumbled as she doled out the cash for all five dinners from the business accounts credit card. Del just moaned at her friend and pushed past them all to get fresh air. The four women returned to the car and got in to start the trip home.

“What a picture, huh Del?” Stacy murmured as the San Francisco nighttime skyline flashed in front of them.

Debbie drove them towards home, moving the car smoothly through the residential streets. Del cleared her voice and shrugged as she replied.

“Not bad. She is fairly tall. We will have to figure that one out. What do you girls think?” Del avoided the inquiring mind of her best friend and smiled as Ginger and Deb started making comments.

“What is wrong with you women?” Stacy grimaced from the back seat. “That woman is hot and your gonna mess with perfection.” She sounded grumpy until she found her thermos of super fruity pink swimmingo punch mixed with Absolut. She gulped down a few swigs and then leaned forward like Del was.

“She may be hot, Stacy, but it’s our job now to make her more feminine. Maybe she will look just as hot as a femme. I wonder if she will wear a wig of any kind?” Ginger’s curious rejoinder got her and Debbie into another round of ideas. Del leaned back against the back seat and smiled.

“Don’t think I didn’t recognize that distracting tactic, little Miss Innocent Tucker! You were drooling over her and I am here to tell you that she is family whether Chuck Bruisin knows it or not.” Stacy slurred slightly as she exclaimed her information out into the night. Del licked her lips at that delicious thought and listened to Debbie and Ginger hatching femme techniques for the tool belt goddess.

The next morning all four women sat in the car headed to Tallagar Construction which was on the site of a residential lot in one of the less crowded areas of Daly City. They arrived at the wide open chain link gate that had been rolled back to allow the various twenty or so smaller pickup trucks inside. As the four women parked near a small utility trailer further onto the property, Del and Ginger exited the front and Stacy and Debbie got out

of the backseats. The outline of a two-story abode was clearly rising before their eyes. Twenty workers move around, up, and over the frame. As they stood watching a few of the workers took notice and catcalls from the site workers began to rain down on them. Del's frown disappeared as the women working on the crew began to bellow at the men making the catcalls.

"We know why you're single, Bruce. Your mama didn't teach you any manners!" A tall redhead shouted from the highest beams of the house. She sat dangling her legs on either side of a beam as she yelled down at the blonde dude hassling Del's crew.

"Blow it out your tape measure, Trevor. Those women don't need your measly talent in romance, especially when they can have some of mine!" Some butch looking muscular woman waved at the foursome with a wicked smile and a wink. Others on various levels of the building groaned loudly.

"Ya'll start feel'n sorry for yo selves, after I'm introduced there'll just be three left!" A spunky smaller black woman leaned her bandana-covered head out of one of the almost finished window settings, her overalls hiding nothing of the busty cute spitfire. The other men and women laughed at her bold statement and the hammering began to take place again.

Del looked over at the small utility trailer and noticed Chuck Bruisin and the taller figure of his girlfriend, obviously the woman from the pictures, coming outside to see about the fuss being made.

"You what?" The woman shouted at the somewhat cowering form of Chuck Bruisin. Del didn't know what to make of the scene until the sniveling man looked over and caught them watching. He urged the dark headed woman standing over him to look toward where they were standing. The tall woman glanced at the four women now

standing side by side and suddenly jerked upright from her aggressively leaning position over Chuck's shorter frame.

Del heard a quick 'oh crap' issued out of those perfect lips but she could not even smile in response as her bright green eyes devoured the tall lithe form standing less than thirty feet away. The white tank top was currently tucked into hip hugger bell-bottom jeans that clung to the tall woman like a second skin. They showed off flexing muscles that Del didn't even realize could be flexed. The black steel-tipped boots were laced up and partially showed at the bottom of the pant legs. Del let her eyes drift upward to rest over those pert breasts quickly before climbing to meet the strong blue eyes staring back into hers. She felt her heart skip a beat as her lips parted with a raggedly indrawn breath.

The slight bump of Stacy leaning into her as she swayed had Del's attention distracted long enough for her to lose connection with the crystal blue eyes. Del watched as Chuck turned his back to the four women and leaned sideways closer to Sammie. The conversation they shared had to of been a doozy as Sammie stood eyes widening with every passing moment.

"Are you insane? I promised nothing of the kind. It was supposed to be..." The taller woman's husky voice dripped anger as it was lowered to hissing level. Del glanced over at Stacy and was surprised to see her staring at the building being raised. She followed the brunette's gaze and took in the black woman who was currently riding the wooden windowsill as she hammered nails into the frame, her blue bandana bouncing in the breeze. Del's eyes widened as she caught Stacy licking her lips. Trying to smother a grin at her best friend's arousal she quickly tried to think of how she could arrange a meeting. Her thoughts were instantly stilled as she collided gazes again with those blue oceans that were gliding over her own body. Del drew in another

shaky voice and decided to get a firmer grip on her scattered emotions.

Looking at the three friends she muttered a 'stay put for a minute' as she stepped forward to meet up with tall, dark and terribly sexy. Stacy murmured a 'go get her' as Del frowned back over her shoulder.

Nearing the couple she heard Chuck begging Sammie to reconsider. Sammie straightened up even further as she noticed the smaller woman coming closer. The icy glint of steel in her eyes seemed to soften as she looked down at the petite woman. Their height difference was almost comical. Del couldn't have been more than five foot even. Sammie felt a pleasant warmth invade her thoughts as she took in the adorable petite features and body of the green eyed beauty.

"Hello!" The smaller woman said pleasantly as she stood a few feet away from both Chuck and Sammie. Sammie liked the soft tones of her voice. Before she could challenge the entire crazy scenario, she had already responded.

"Hi!" She answered back. Sammie groaned internally at the problems her employee was creating. Although it did have its bonus' she thought wryly as she smiled down into green eyes.

"So you'll do it, right? You promised me, Sam! I don't know anyone else." Chuck turned to smile weakly at the smaller Miss Tucker. "She is almost ready to go. We'll be right with you." Chuck assured Del briefly as he looked at Sammie who frowned again. He nudged her slightly as he restated it was only for one night. The rolling eyes and the unclenching hands was a positive sign for Chuck as he practically collapsed against the nearby oak tree they had parked the trailer under.

"You are so going to owe me, Chuck. But, since your

paying for it, I'm willing to try it!" Sammie felt a sudden tension in her stomach as she watched Del motion for three other women to come over.

Chuck introduced Miss Tucker and let her introduce the other members of the team. Del reached out to shake hands and felt her entire hand swallowed in the grasp of the larger woman. Their combined touch had Del flushing with inner warmth. She raised her eyes to meet her new client's eyes and noticed a slight flush rising under the tan skin of the taller woman. She shivered with excitement realizing she was highly attracted to this woman. The tension between the two women raised a notch as they stood together in a trance.

A loudly cleared throat jolted Del out of her haze as she realized she still was held in the hands of her client. She attempted to extract her hand and felt the larger hand tighten as Stacy introduced herself glibly. Del, embarrassed yet thrilled, let her hand be held as she attempted to introduce Ginger and Debbie. The taller woman nodded to each of the other women and then confidently guided Del's hand into the crook of her arm to escort her back to their vehicle.

"What do I need to do today? Chuck didn't exactly prepare me and I have a house to build." Sammie's amused voice held Del captive as they strolled the twenty odd feet back to the car. Del couldn't find her voice as Sammie placed her free hand over Del's captured hand resting in the crook of her arm. It was too pleasant. Del felt light-headed.

Stacy covered for the bemused Del after noting the heavy panting she would make whenever Sammie leaned down toward her.

"Today was just to meet you. Tomorrow we start the makeover, which would include shopping, a day spa, along with make-up, manicure, pedicure and a hairstyle

session.” Del reached up and ran her fingernails across the forearm of the studly creature she was standing next to. The denial forming on Sammie’s lips died instantly.

“That rat bastard is going to pay for this. Next time his mother is in town he can damn well get another substitute wife figure.” Del gasped as the warped puzzle piece fell into place.

“Your not his real girlfriend then?” She commented vaguely realizing there might be some hope after all. Her hand was firmly clasped by the taller woman and lightly kissed by those strong full lips.

“Now how could I be his girlfriend when I want to be yours?” Sammie teased the petite woman easily. She raised a dark eyebrow at the question and grinned back at the beaming smile thrown her way from the blonde.

“Now that we have that all settled...” Stacy commented dryly. She rolled her eyes at the obvious lovebirds she would have to contend with although the over all package Sammie presented wasn’t exactly hard to look at. Stacy quickly shot a glance toward the second floor window and gasp as she watched Ginger step up into the entrance to the building.

“Ginger? What the hell are you doing?” Stacy yelled slightly louder than intended. Ginger’s arm rose to point to the tall red head still dangling at the top of the roof beams. Stacy gasp as she realized their ditzy friend was just crazy enough to attempt the climb.

“Wait right there. I’m coming too!” Stacy left her best friend’s side and quickly walked over to the house. She caught a glimpse of overalls and dark skin shooting inside the second floor window as she climbed up the front door steps.

“After you.” Stacy said with a grin, her pounding heart

loud in her ears. Ginger grinned and reaching behind Stacy, she pulled the tailgating taller form of Debbie with her blue hair out in front. Debbie grinned at Stacy's surprised look at being followed. Stacy quickly nodded to each woman.

"If they try and stop us Deb can just blind them with her neon hair!" Debbie rolled her eyes and headed further into the house. The three of them didn't get but five steps inside when they were stopped by the first floor macho woman who had yelled to the crew that she was available for romance. A few inches shorter than Deb she more than made up for the height with her obvious muscular build. She lifted weights and it showed. Her biceps flexed outward as she captured Debbie's upper arm pulling her closer.

"Who do we have here, sweet thing. Nice pretty, pretty!" She commented stroking Debbie's arm, up and down. She began to drop her hand from the arm she held but only to allow a swift brush of her palm over the taller woman's ass as she swiftly circled the visitor to see her from all angles. Debbie blushed as her blue hair gleamed brightly from a sunbeam breaching the cracks of the unfinished building.

"What ya got there, Ponts? And why are you stopping them from coming upstairs?" The sexy little overall clothed black woman sauntered confidently down stairs as she moved near Stacy's form. Stacy raised an eyebrow and moved into the smaller woman's space allowing her height to show a difference.

"What makes you think we were heading upstairs in the first place?" Stacy showed all the bravado she could as she neared the busty little woman. Her eyes devoured the petite construction worker as she leaned closer to smell the fresh scent of sawdust and sunshine.

The woman hooked her thumbs under her overall

shoulder straps like a farmer and shoved her chest out more for Stacy to drool over.

“Oh you were gonna come upstairs. Of that I would have made sure of!” Stacy felt the saliva dry up in her mouth quickly. Neither couple noticed as Ginger headed upstairs to find the redhead that had been near the roof.

Stacy heard her name being wailed as Ginger called out from above. Breaking her stare-down with the chocolate brown depths of her new acquaintance’s eyes she jerked her head to look up the stairs. They all heard the crash a few seconds later.

“Shit, shit, shit!” The black woman exclaimed as she raced back up the stairs. Stacy followed along with Ponts, the macho woman, and Debbie at the rear.

They neared a cloud of dust to one side of the second floor hearing coughing coming from within.

“Ginger?” Stacy shouted.

“Over here, Stacy!”

Stacy squinted her eyes grabbing hold of the overalled figure in front of her. The shorter woman moved through the strong cloud of dust with out problems. Stacy coughed a few times then bumped into the smaller woman when she suddenly stopped.

The dust began to subside as Stacy looked down at a sprawled out form of the tall red head resting across a broken bag of concrete mix, her head nestled comfortably in Ginger’s lap. Ginger sat stroking red’s brow as she worriedly looked up, waiting on Stacy to appear. The instant relief she showed had Stacy raising both eyebrows. Usually Ginger paid very little attention to Stacy although the two of them had known each other for years.

“Check to see if she is hurt, Stacy. You have training with injuries. She fell from way up there!” Ginger pointed to the overhead roof beams. Stacy arched an eyebrow at the training remark knowing that Ginger thought her CPR certification card meant she was practically an EMT. Stacy looked down at the widely grinning smile of the redhead and was assured the smug features looking back at her were doing just fine. She rolled her eyes and reached down to squeeze Ginger’s shoulder briefly.

“I think she’ll live, Ginger. Don’t quote me on it, but, I’m 99.9 percent sure.” The small tornado standing in front of Stacy suddenly backed her flexing ass into the taller woman behind her. She reached back with her strong arms and pulled Stacy into her more firmly. Stacy couldn’t resist wrapping her arms around the body she was locked against. Her forearms rested snugly underneath that full bosom. Again, the moistness of her mouth turned dry. She shivered as the jean material she and her new ‘friend’ wore rubbed against each other causing a friction she was rapidly losing control of. Stacy took a moment to look over at Debbie and watched slightly fascinated as the muscular brunette pulled Debbie down for a tongue-thrusting kiss. The red head turned her face to breathe her hot breath over the straining hard nipples her newly acquired friend touted. Ginger practically panted with passion as the red head motioned to circle her tongue over the protruding nipple under the blouse.

Stacy forgot to watch the others as a searching hand slid over her jean-covered thigh to firmly cup the crotch of her jeans. She couldn’t help but press closer with the touch.

“Everyone OK in there?” A man’s voice shouted from outside. Stacy jerked upright and groaned as the hand cupping her squeezed tightly then left. The wet slurping sound of a lip lock separating came from Debbie and the Ponts woman. Ginger was rigidly straining not to stuff her entire breast into the red heads mouth, the hot breaths

had dampened her blouse sufficiently enough to cause a wet spot directly over her turgid nipple.

“We are great, Trevor. We’re bringing out the visitors now.” Stacy felt the voice of her enchantress tickle her through their bodies still pressed together. They slowly separated only to have the smaller woman guide her downstairs and back out into the sunshine. Her only consolation was the clasped hands they shared had never been released. She smiled over at the spicy creature leading them back to the car and loved the way her white teeth gleamed back from within that pink mouth. She vaguely realized she was being returned to where Del and Del’s Amazon woman with the tool belt still stood. They were still standing, hand in hand, staring at one another, having that silent conversation.

Stacy eyed the other two members of their party as Debbie was practically wrapped up in the overly muscular arms of her new friend. She didn’t seem to mind too much as the stockier woman continued to nibble on her ear and down her neckline watching Debbie shiver in response. Ginger was holding the larger hands of her red headed siren. The taller woman cocooned the other red head to her side gladly. They were both smiling into each other’s gazes.

Stacy felt the urge to toast the occasion and refrained as the smaller woman at her side began to lick and suck her fingers into her mouth, one at a time. Stacy moaned hearing similar moaning taking place around her. She thought of a motel nearby and was on the verge of mentioning it when her petite seductress groaned and started to slip away.

“I’ll see you tonight, right?” That clearly brave and dominant woman stated firmly as she slipped her business card into Stacy’s jean pocket. “Seven o’clock. Don’t be late. We’ll go have dinner somewhere. Bye sweetheart!” The petite black woman backed away

watching Stacy stand there.

Stacy barely noticed the other two women doing the same thing with their own romanced women. The three intruders of the house watched their construction workers enter and disappear from sight. They all sighed dramatically. Stacy felt the need for Kool-aid immediately.

She bumped her dear friend Del in the ass as she flung the car door open looking for her trusty thermos. Ginger and Debbie were instantly gossiping about their interesting finds inside the house. Del gasped as she was flung into the arms of the tall good-looking woman she was still holding hands with. The last fifteen minutes seemed to be a blur as she had fell into the blue pools of her charismatic client's eyes. She hadn't even noticed the disappearance or return of her companions. The taller woman leaned down and wrapped a possessive arm around Del's side as they fell together. She pulled the smaller woman close.

"Please have dinner with me tonight?" Sammie asked the green-eyed vision as she ran a finger over the exposed collarbone at Del's neckline. Del shivered and nodded at the same time. She couldn't resist. The strong attraction between them only seemed to be growing.

Sammie grabbed a business card from her back pocket of her jeans and gently folded into Del's hand. She leaned down and kissed the smaller woman's knuckles making Del tremble.

"Tomorrow you can make me a woman but tonight you get to see the butch. Wear something you can feel comfortable in as we'll be riding on my bike." Del thought her hormones could not dance any more strongly but the Lambada began to grind in her body and she started panting in response.

"Seven o'clock. Be here sweetheart!" The dark haired

woman requested as she slowly moved back from the tiny blonde. Del collapsed against the side of the car as normal hearing returned and the cheering that had begun was growing louder as she looked over at the blushing goddess who was motioning to her crew to kill the chit chat as she made a swift cutting motion below her chin.

Tonight couldn't come fast enough, Del decided. She glanced at her watch and realized she only had five hours to decide what to wear.

"Let's go!" She motioned to her companions to get in the car. She peeled out of the dirt drive with a mission. Stacy asked what the hurry was and all four women groaned as they realized they had such little time to find the answers they might need in their closets.

Each of the women sat around Del's living room dressed in their final clothing choices for their dates that evening. Each member of the small company sparkled in their distinct finery. Ginger wore a pale yellow dress to highlight her chestnut beauty. Debbie wore a purple pantsuit that clashed hideously with her neon blue hair. Stacy had on a mini skirt and halter-top that highlighted her flat stomach and firm legs. Del, with her cuteness, was decked out in black leather pants that laced up at the crotch and a white silk blouse with a black leather jacket draped over the back of her chair ready to grab when she left.

They all held a small business card in their hands and had laughingly realized they were all the same card, except for the handwritten numbers on the backside. A picture of a house with the logo Tallagar construction was the business side and all four had a different cell phone number on the back.

Ginger had been the first to call her date. The red head had ended up being Simone. The other three had commented on the beautiful Simone as Ginger in her

obvious state of attraction had blushed, repeatedly. Simone had confirmed her excitement to be dating Ginger and they had sat listening to each other breathe through the phone line. Debbie asked Ginger to see if Ponts was around and the phone was quickly swapped.

Del, Stacy and Ginger were amazed to see a flush rise under Debbie's skin as she listened to her date giving her information. Stacy moved closer only to hear Pontz describing what she wanted to do in bed with Debbie. Debbie pushed Stacy away and turned to listen to more details.

After ten minutes of Debbie sitting, with phone held to her ear, without speaking, Stacy couldn't handle it anymore. She retrieved a cold soda from the fridge and shoved it between Debbie's legs quickly grasping the phone from the overheated woman and asking Ponts if Cassie was around.

Stacy had found the black woman's name a perfectly adorable title. She heard Ponts passing the phone to Cassie and couldn't help but smile into the receiver.

"How's my woman feeling tonight?" Cassie asked, her voice creating a shiver of anticipation in Stacy.

"I'm waiting for seven to arrive." Stacy practically whispered into the phone as she moved over near a window to look outside. Cassie's seductive chuckle had Stacy trembling with arousal.

"I can't talk long cause the big boss is standing here wanting to talk to the tiny one. I can't wait to see you tonight. I can't wait to touch you tonight." Stacy couldn't stop the hiss of an indrawn breath as she felt her body thrum with excitement.

"Can I speak to Miss. Tucker please?" That slightly husky voice of Sammie Tallager had Stacy sighing with

frustration.

“One moment please.” Stacy held the phone up in the air behind her and felt it yanked out of her hand instantly. She smirked at the smaller woman as Del landed from the jump she had needed to make.

Del ran off to climb the stairway to her loft bedroom as she said ‘hello’! The rest of the team heard nothing else until she returned fifteen minutes later with a deep red flush to her skin and a visible pulse pounding at her throat.

“We are in so much trouble here, girls!” Three other faces looked up at her nodding with wide grins.

The four women decided to ride together back to the construction site. Del was sure everyone would have a vehicle to ride in and if not her own would be available since she was to be riding on the back of a motorcycle tonight. She shivered with arousal at the thought of her butch woman fearlessly cruising as they rumbled into the night.

At ten till seven the four women shut the doors to the car and began to look for their dates. Fourteen other construction workers tilted their hardhats toward the women as they stood beside the car waiting.

Ginger squealed as her red headed woman swept her up in a hug. The red head had changed and cleaned up. Her forest green blouse and khaki pants complemented her date’s yellow colors perfectly. The two women waited until the others arrived.

Stacy found a white orchid held in front of her and followed the dark arm back to its owner. Cassie wore a tight pair of coffee colored jeans that wrapped her ass up perfectly. The full bust bulged outward practically spilling out of the vee neckline of the cream colored blouse she

had worn. The coffee and cream had the dark skin shining. Stacy found herself holding her breath as she reached out to accept the beautiful flower and take the hand that was offered into her own.

Debbie and Ponts wasted no time as they glanced briefly at their outfits and quickly recognized opposites. Ponts wore a pale blue polo and pleated slacks, none of which matched the crazy coloring of her date. They didn't seem to care as they quickly locked lips and wrapped their arms around each other. Ponts took the opportunity to hold Debbie captive with her strong hands cupping her ass.

Del couldn't care less what was happening with the overly demonstrative couple as she had spied her catch for the evening. A leather bound motorcycle mama had ridden up on her bike and planted a foot to either side of the machinery. Del watched as the tall woman reached out and held her long elegant fingers out to Del's waiting form. Del reached out and never looked back. She was safely ensconced onto the back of the bike with her helmet-covered head tucked into the broad back of her rider. The deep vibrations of the pulsing machine had her scooting as tight as she could toward Sammie. A strong comforting hand reached back and pressed them even closer. They were off riding out of the construction sight within seconds.

Del remembered the dinner and dancing they shared vaguely. The powerful grip of sexual haze she was caught up in was wreaking havoc on her senses. Within the short ride to the restaurant she realized she was going to take this beautiful woman home and ravish her. She spent the next four hours thinking of the various ways she could accomplish this feat. She barely noticed that the other three friends had merged back together with her and Sammie when they had arrived at the club to dance.

Sammie was sitting holding her hand and slowly running her long fingers over the surface when she felt the smaller

hand turn over and grasp at her fingers.

“Dance with me?” Del asked, smiling at her soon to be lover. She realized the perfect moment had arrived. She pulled the much taller woman out onto the floor and melted into her body. She wrapped her arms around the flat stomach and ran her fingers up and down Sammie’s lower back. Sammie groaned with pleasure. Del felt those long arms wrapped around her and turned her face into the breasts her face was resting against. She rubbed over the bound buffet and felt the hardening nipples beneath the cloth spring to life. A careful placement of her face and she was hidden from view as she slowly bit through cloth and bra to clamp down across the hard nipple. A growl from above caused her to nip harder then let go.

“Come home with me, Sammie?” Del begged in a whisper. The taller woman stiffened slightly and then relaxed. Her arms tightened as she leaned down to the smaller woman’s ear.

“I’m already there. Anytime you’re ready to leave...?” Sammie started to comment until the smaller woman jerked out of her arms and grabbed her hand to lead her off the dance floor. Del grabbed her jacket and waved a quick goodbye to the other three couples. She urged Sammie to hurry as they returned to the bike.

Twenty minutes later they were entering the foyer and Sammie had her arms full of a truly aroused woman. Del practically climbed up the taller woman to find a purchase as they kissed and bit various exposed parts of each other’s skin. Finding their way up to the bedroom, Del pulled Sammie down onto the bed and began to remove every strip of clothing both of them wore.

Naked together they took a moment to study each other and found perfection in each other’s eyes. Del swore silently unimaginable cuss words at the outstanding beauty she had managed to capture. The strong body

defined by hard work and bronzed skin left her breathless, craving to touch Sammie. Her hands were captured as Sammie perused her tiny body. Five foot of boyish figure at 120 pounds had the smaller woman watching Sammie's blue eyes to see what she would reveal. Del didn't have to wait long as the crystal blues turned dark and desire shone outwardly. Del shivered at the intent gaze her lover gave her.

"Perfect!" Sammie stated as she pulled Del over her and suckled a pert breast into her hot mouth. Del trembled at the heat and the feeling. Her other breast was treated just as wonderfully as Del tried to hold her arms rigid propping up her upper body.

She was gently tugged to lie down across Sammie. The soft silk of her skin lying across her lover had them both gasping with the sensuality. Breast touched breast, nipple rubbed nipple, stomachs quivered and thighs trembled. The two women connected totally. Their simultaneous moans were swallowed as they kissed.

Sammie wrapped her arms around the nymph lying on her and with great pleasure cupped the rounded ass of her lover. She pulled her closer and their bodies melded. She felt amazed as Del filled every hollow and crevasse of her body as if she were a blanket. The heat they generated grew hotter as a thigh pressed into the heated juncture of Sammie's legs. She felt herself arching into the hardness as Del pressed downward.

Del drew upward and covered Sammie's body as she began her own seduction as she leaned her head down and began to nibble on Sammie's hard nipples. Her arms and hands pulled the taller woman's body tight. They both began to grind each other in the heat of their pounding blood. Del sucked Sammie's turgid nipple into her mouth and lathed it with her flat tongue until it was diamond hard. Flicking the tip of her tongue over it rapidly she enjoyed the tensing of her lover beneath her. A gentle

scrape of her teeth and she felt Sammie arch into her.

Del gasped as Sammie slid her flexing muscular thigh between her legs. She couldn't restrain the impassioned whimper that escaped from her lips. Sammie pushed down on Del's ass to enjoy the sliding wetness painting her thigh. They both trembled as the pace increased between them. Del panted with need as Sammie guided them to the edge of a precipice. A recognized clenching of her internal muscles signaled the impending arrival of her orgasm as she rocked frantically against Sammie's body.

"Oh god, Del! Come with me, baby!" Sammie pleaded as Del watched her lover peak into an explosion of release. Del ground her body hard into the firm thigh and felt her own powerful discharge arrive. Her eyes glazed over as she gasped in orgasm.

Both women collapsed into each other as their passion dropped them into the afterglow of sexual satisfaction. Sammie turned them on to their sides where they cuddled together, enjoying their ebbing passion. Del looked into the magnetic blue eyes near her and hoped she understood the depth of tenderness shining inside. Her own green eyes sparkled with the beginning of the love she felt growing in her heart.

Sammie leaned closer and swallowed Del's breath only to share her own air in return. The full smiling lips touched against the smaller woman and tickled with their tenderness. Sammie ran her tongue over the softness as she worshipped the entrance. Her tongue pressed inward to taste the forbidden fruit and was met by her lover. Del tasted the wet heat and stroked her tongue over Sammie's invading muscle. They shared each other.

Sammie rose upward and began kissing a path of decent over Del's soft flesh. Her lips and tongue ravished the most sensitive areas with such passion Del felt her breath

coming in gasps within seconds. The pulsating sensations of growing desire had Del arching with each touch. Her moans grew in volume as she felt Sammie enter her wetness below with the touch of her fingers. Her hips were out of control as she danced to the rhythm Sammie created. Those long fingers slid through her slickness rubbing and teasing against the hardened nub of her passion. A small movement of the taller woman's frame brought her face down to carefully lick over the exposed, twitching clit. Sammie's fingers entered her depths slowly, causing a cry of passion to burst from Del's lips. The thrusting of her hips upward had Sammie sucking Del's clit into her mouth as she let Del ride her fingers. Within minutes, the arching hips locked rigidly as Sammie felt the clenching muscles within flutter in orgasm. She lathed her tongue once, then once more, over the pulsing clit. A second lesser orgasm occurred for the keening woman. Del cried out Sammie's name.

The taller woman released her lover and slowly moved upward to be instantly cradled in the smaller arms of her lover. Del's heavy breathing slowed as they lay in each other's arms.

"Please tell me we can date again?" Del chuckled as she ran her fingernails over the broad shoulders beneath her hands. The shoulders shivered and a slight nodding of the larger woman's head was felt as contentment surrounded them. Del let her fingers slide upward to run through the short hair at the nape of Sammie's neck. They drifted off to sleep, entwined together.

The next day Del, Ginger, Debbie, Stacy and Sammie met for lunch along with Cassie holding Stacy's hand, Ponts wrapped strongly around Debbie, and Simone arm in arm with Ginger. The entire group took one look at each other and grinned as they dug into their breakfast orders. Sammie's makeover became the subject after the food had been devoured.

Sammie sighed at being the target of the team's focus. She explained more clearly Chuck had begged her to stand in for a dinner engagement he had with his parents. He had pleaded for the façade to save himself from repeated attempts by his elderly mother to set him up on blind dates. Sammie owed Chuck a favor for him coming through on a deadline one time. She thought this would be an easy payback. Unfortunately she had no idea he would hire a femme team to work her over. The evil mischief in her lover's green eyes had her leery of surviving the experience.

They spent the majority of the day at a spa having Sammie treated to the full-pampered experience. She suffered through the mudpacks and manicure and pedicure. The French style nail painting of her fingertips had her stopping in mid sentence, more than once, to stare at the reflective tips. The four women took her shopping down to the clothing district of San Francisco. After two hours of tramping through various shops they settled on one in particular. They started handing Sammie outfits. She had never felt so exhausted as they chose her three dresses to keep for variety. Then they moved to the shoes. Another hour passed as they bought her a long, dangling, thin-strapped black handbag that could accompany any of the three dresses.

At one point Del held scissors in her hand to try and trim the flyaway hairs off the lengthening extensions in the hair design Debbie and Ginger had created. As she neared her lover she felt a strange trembling over take her body. The darkening eyes of her lover could have been the reason but before she could so much as snip one hair Sammie had reached up and relieved her of the scissors.

"I feel weak when your near. Let's not do this." She tossed the scissors onto a nearby table. "Let's do this." She said rising upward to capture Del's lips in a sizzling kiss.

That night the four women had Sammie dress in her newest style and did her makeup. The final product of Sammie, transformed, was to be picked up by Chuck to take to dinner. Del called him to tell him she was ready.

The women sat in various chairs as their creation walked out of the bathroom, her stunned blue eyes glazed in amazement as she left the mirror she had viewed herself in.

Del licked her lips with a decidedly delicious wetness invading her mouth as she drooled over the finished product. The growing hunger in her eyes showed as the blue gaze met her green. A visible hardening of Sammie's nipples through the polyester rayon clinging black dress was easy to spot. For some reason, as butch as she had been, the feminine side she now displayed was just as intriguing and fascinating. Her broad shoulders were mostly bare covered only by spaghetti straps holding the dress up. The intricate additions of small hair extensions added to the sensual look of Sammie's hair being shoulder length. The midnight colored locks surrounded her face. Her classical features were subtly enhanced by light make up and dangling delicate silver jewelry. The clinging dress stopped slightly below the V of her legs.

Del licked her lips again as she let her eyes rove over those long firm legs. The pale skin was captured by a tiny fish net pattern of erotic hosiery. The muscles within flexed and displayed as Sammie moved carefully, walking around the room in her two-inch heels. Her towering height and delicate accents were stimulating to watch.

Chuck blindly handed over the \$500.00 check as he held out his arm to guide Sammie down the steps. His eyes were wide with amazement. Sammie let her amused blue eyes twinkle back over her shoulder into the fiery green ones as she walked carefully to the rented limo Chuck had hired. His small mother sat within smiling widely. Her pleased features let him know he would be off the hook

for another year before she visited again.

Around midnight Del heard a soft knocking at her door. The wide smile she offered to the large sexy kitten resting on her doorstep had them both warming inside. Del reached out and grasped the beauty with her hands pulling her inside. She shut the door as she ran her fingers down to the tapered waistline and over the tear drop ass snugly wrapped in clinging material. They both moaned with pleasure at the friction. Del moved the taller woman and pressed her against the empty wall of the foyer. Sammie leaned her front along the wall as she groaned at the searching fingers running up and down her tense thighs. She shivered as Del ran her hands up the inner sides of her thighs from behind. A hand spread its heat as it cupped her gently. Sammie rocked forward and backward, pressing into Del's fingers and palm. Del kissed the bare shoulders, whispering her hot thoughts of the lust she had been thinking about all evening. She felt Sammie ride her hand into a powerful orgasm. They both gasped as she came releasing a gush of fluids through the material Del's palm cupped. The trembling woman leaned into the wall weakly as her lover whispered more words of love and tenderness.

"Let's go to bed so I can make love to you all night." Sammie whispered in the dim light of the entry hall. She felt her lover release her from below and wrap her hands around her waist from behind. They walked together up the staircase to the loft.

"Make that forever and I'm yours." Del whimpered as she felt Sammie's new nail design scrape lightly over her nipples.

"Forever is good! I think that can be arranged!" Blue eyes met green with promises of love forever; Del felt tears rising. Soft fingers captured the first drop and Sammie leaned down and kissed the corner of Del's eyes. Del tucked her face into the bare shoulder of her lover and

trembled with the strength of her love. They entered the loft and made sweet love throughout the night.

Epilogue

Del sighed as she tapped her fingernails on the glass-covered desktop. Her patience was wearing thin as she eyed the thirty different examples of various designs of wedding invitations spread across the top of the desk. She rolled her eyes at her fiancé's intent perusal of the placards. Del looked at her watch and knew they were going to be late to the luncheon that had been arranged two weeks ago. She recognized her lover's indecision as she had narrowed the choice down to two different styles.

"I like that one, baby." Del pointed to the John Hancock frilly style of writing. She watched as her butch baby leaned back into the chair and smiled, her blue eyes twinkling with amusement.

"You'd like anything that would get us out of this place, honey! It's just another six weeks and we will be an official couple according to the law. How about letting me treasure my pre-wedding romance just a bit longer?" Del blushed and snuggled into the larger form sitting with her. Her hand automatically fell to rest on the jean-covered thigh that flexed at her touch.

"Have you made a decision then, ladies?" The male attendant thought the two women contrasted each other to the degree of being complements. The shorter blonde was delicate and elf-like while the taller broad-shouldered butch was much darker. He smiled as the taller woman crossed her jean-clad legs one over the other to capture the small hand resting there.

"I think we are both in agreement for this style, sir." He reached over to the outstretched hand and took the placard from her long fingers.

“Excellent! This selection is often chosen. It has classic features and shows elegance in script. How would you ladies like the names to read?”

Del’s felt her eyes widened in surprise as she turned to look over at her lover of less than a year. She had never actually clarified her full name to Sammie. If this didn’t rock their blissful boat then they should survive for the rest of their lives.

Del leaned over and wrote her full name on the piece of paper the gentleman had handed her. Sammie wrote hers on the paper he had given her. Gathering them back together he chuckled and grinned widely at the two women sitting before him.

“This is going to be announced in the paper, yes?” He continued to chuckle not realizing the green and blue eyes across from him had begun to narrow with suspicion from not being let in on the joke. Both women turned to look at each other and grinned at their silent conversation. Two hands shot outward to be held in front of the surprised attendant. He eyed the hands and the narrowly squinting eyes of suspicion and quickly switched card returning them quickly.

Both women read there ‘soon to be’ spouse’s name placard, looked up, and started laughing at each other. The attendant smiled along.

One month later, Sampson Rene Tallagar joined with her lover Delilah Lee Tucker, who with careful craftiness had both their rings engraved with ‘forever’.

Stacy and Cassie had recently made a vow of engagement to becoming committed in a ceremony the following year. Debbie had been joined together with Ponto by the light of the full moon through a Wicca ceremony. She had gracefully accepted the slave collar of her lover admitting to everyone her love of Ponto

dominance. She wore it proudly. Simone and Ginger were head over heels in love and were soon to be inviting both sets of parents out to dinner together.

The DFD crew took on a few more clients before realizing they were too busy missing their lovers to continue on with the business. The company disbanded and the four friends began bonding to their lovers more intimately.

Months later the four women were sitting around one day when Stacy, who had been sober for months now, was sipping on the rotten sugary taste of straight Kool-aid, commented on a new business venture they might all like to share. Del swung her legs off the bolstered side of the huge cushion chair and shared it with Stacy as she perched on the edge.

“What’s that idea?” Del muttered, looking at her watch one more time, wondering if she should head over to the utility trailer before seven to try and sneak a quickie with her lover.

“How bout creating a charity for orphan children.” Stacy sipped the awful drink and grimaced at the others. Their wide-eyed stares had her continuing with growing excitement. “We could raise money and find some little one to benefit from the funds.” Stacy said, animating her hands, as she looked at first Del then the grinning Ginger and the nodding Debbie.

Del blushed and felt a tingle of excitement at the prospect.

“I’m in, Hi HO!” Del shouted punching her arm into the air with joy!

The echoing companion’s tribal cheer of ‘Hi HO’ had the four women moving upward on the front porch step stop their advancing with surprise.

“I wonder what that’s all about?” Sammie murmured as she grinned to her companions.

“I’m sure we’ll find out soon!” Cassie laughed as the others nodded.

“Can’t wait!” Sammie chuckled with the other three women. They headed onward to their women.

THE END