



Reunion: A Lesbian Love Story

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Description: Fifteen years may have passed since graduation, but it has not been enough time for Jessie to get over losing Kiera, her first love. To make matters worse, Kiera had never even known Jessie, her best friend, was in love with her.

Now both friends have returned to their home town for a class reunion. Can a late night encounter in a dark hotel room rekindle the flame that was never quite extinguished?

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Fifteen years is a long time, but as I looked at Kiera standing uncertainly in the doorway of my hotel room, I realized she didn't look like she had changed much. She still had the same auburn hair. The same mesmerizing eyes. The same tempting cleavage. Realizing she was the same person, despite a modern hairdo and a more experienced look in her eye, brought so many memories flooding back in a flash.

I don't know what I really expected to get out of my 15 year class reunion. A sense of vindication aimed at those shallow cheerleaders who had called me a dike? Recognition that I had been more successful in the last several years than most of those people who had despised me ever dreamed of becoming? I suppose on some level I should be grateful. After all, their small town fear of someone they didn't understand was what drove me away from there in the first place.

At any rate, I was not expecting a message from Kiera three days before the reunion, asking to meet me when we got to town. I had found her on the Internet a couple of years back, curiosity finally overcoming my resolve to never even think of her again. Her page was littered with photos of some kid who looked like he was about 7 years old and who shared the same quirky smile that had always melted me to the bones.

I didn't dig too deeply. Funny how after all these years, it still felt too raw. I have heard people say you never really get over your first love, and after a while I just chalked my experience with her up to foolish ideology and childish dreams. Puppy love. Infatuation.

Kiera had been one of my few true friends growing up. We had played together since elementary school and experienced many firsts together. First grade, first time sneaking out of the house at night, first time drinking beer. What we did not share,

and I really wanted, was a first kiss.

Kiera stood up for me when others talked behind my back, championing my cause...insisting I was straight and not a dike. And I never had the guts to correct her. She was my best friend. Would she still invite me to her house for sleep overs if she knew the truth? Would she quit hugging me so tightly if she knew it made my adolescent heart skip a beat? Would she stop being my friend if she knew my most secret desire was to run away with her and live as lovers?

Of course, eventually, she did find out I am a lesbian. I became much less concerned with small town status after I left for college, and when I moved in with another woman, rumors about my sexuality spread through my home town like a wild-fire across a drought-ridden forest. The relationship didn't last, but by then I was well and truly out of the closet, and had no intentions of going back.

My contact with her dwindled to an occasional Christmas card, and after a few years I lost track of her all together. So her message on my voice mail, which I replayed over and over in dumbfounded surprise, was quite a shock. She told me she would be arriving in town Friday night and hoped she could see me.

I called her back, but only got her voicemail in return. I left a message giving her my hotel and room number, telling her to stop by whenever she got into town. The only reply was a text message saying, "I'll be there," followed by one of those little winking emoticons.

But still, when she actually stood there, I could not believe my eyes. Her hair was shorter, a slightly lighter auburn streaked with stunning gold highlights. She wore a loose cotton blouse, khaki Capris, and sandals that showed off her tiny, pink-painted toes. The barest hint of make-up and gold hoop earrings accentuated her features. Framed in the doorway by the dark of the night sky, she looked like something straight out of my summer daydreams, and the sight of her ripped the breath from my

body.

We stood there, staring at each other, both of us frozen in place. Finally, I managed to draw a breath of air and my lips parted in a smile. "Hey there, Keery," I said, her old nickname slipping out without thought. The expression that flashed across her face seemed to be a look of joy and wonder and fear all at once, and then suddenly she threw herself into my arms, hugging me close, the small sob unexpected in my ears.

"Hey. Are you crying?" I pulled back slightly, noticing the sheen of tears glimmering in her eyes, then drew her back to my embrace, wrapping my arms securely around her. "It's okay," I murmured, uncertainty tugging at my heart as I rubbed her back in soft circles and she hugged me tighter.

Her body was warm and soft against mine as I held her, and I knew that the pounding of my heart had to be obvious. How many nights had I dreamed of holding her, of stroking her hair, of pressing the softness of her breasts into mine? And even though she had never been crying in my fantasies, she still felt utterly glorious to hold.

Several moments later, she pulled back, wiping her eyes, a gentle blush on her face. "I'm sorry. I hadn't planned on doing that. It's just so good to see you again." Dear God, she was beautiful, even when she had been crying.

I grinned at her. "You can cry on my shoulder any time. And it isn't like it is the first time, anyway." I motioned her into the room and closed the door behind her, absently noting the bag she dropped against the wall as she grabbed a few tissues from the container by the bed. "Remember Bobby Watkins?"

Kiera finally broke into a smile as she dabbed at the left over tears. "Oh god, I had forgotten all about him. I thought I would die when he dumped me for Sally Albright! It was the most humiliating experience of my seventeen year old life." She chuckled as I pulled a couple of cold beers from the mini fridge, and we clinked them together

in a silent toast, our eyes colliding once more.

I needed a drink. Badly. I tossed back half of the beer in one swig, before sitting down on the edge of the king sized bed that dominated the room. I took a slice of pizza from the box resting there and motioned for her to help herself.

"So, what have you been up to all these years?" she asked casually, as she kicked off her sandals and bounced down near the foot of the bed, turning to sit criss-cross and face me. She grabbed a slice of pizza and closed her eyes in bliss. "I had almost forgotten how good Johnny's pizza is."

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I watched her out of the corner of my eye, every nerve in my body aware of her. Years of denying it had come to this. I wanted her. I always had, and I suspected I always would.

I don't even really remember what we talked about, at first. I'm sure it included things like her kid's name, where we both lived now, how our respective parents were doing, and my continued state of singlehood. She rubbed at the stiffness in her neck, the result of a 10 hour drive, and I scooted around behind her to massage the kinks out. It felt completely natural and was exactly what I would have done before college. A remote part of my brain registered how much of a turn on it was to finally touch her skin again, but I shoved it away, knowing my attraction to her was a waste of emotions.

However, all of the initial chatter was eclipsed by what she said as we finished off the pizza and beer. She said she had been divorced for a year now. No real surprise. Half of the people in this country are divorced, after all. But then she followed that information with a comment that seemed odd. "What di

d you say?" I asked, thinking I had perhaps misunderstood, or at least taken what she said out of context.

She chuckled softly, as if she expected a startled reaction. "I said that after ten years of being married and finally getting a divorce, I realized I would never be with a man again."

I tossed this idea around in my head for a couple of seconds, trying to make sense of what she meant. I mean, for me or one of my lesbian friends, it would have meant one

thing. But Kiera was completely straight, so she had to mean something else. That was the confusing part. With a nine-year-old kid, she wouldn't exactly join the convent.

Finally, I spoke up, my hands still rubbing the taut muscles in her shoulders. "I wouldn't say that. You are a beautiful woman with your life ahead of you. You will find Mr. Right when it's time."

Even from my seat behind her, I could tell Kiera was flashing that quirky smile I loved so much. Complete amusement sounded in her voice as she replied. "Well, I appreciate the compliment, and I hope to find the right person, when the time is right." Her voice was coy now, and my heart thundered even harder in my chest. "But I realized a long time ago, even before the divorce, that I didn't want to be with a man."

A tremor rippled through me, and my entire world was spinning. She reached a hand up, tentatively, and I took hers in mine as she turned to meet my eyes. "Jessie, the only other person I have ever wanted to be with was...another woman."

Little puzzle pieces suddenly fell into place. The bag she had dropped near the door. The reason she was here so late at night and not crashing at her parent's house three miles down the road. The absence of her child in tow.

My eyes drifted to her lips, full and tempting. The tip of her tongue slipped out to moisten them, and I realized she was more nervous having this conversation than I was. But there was no way she was more excited.

The thrill of what was happening had started a low thrum of electricity running through my body. Every nerve alive, I was intensely aware of the heat of her palm against mine. I didn't know what to say, what to ask. "I see."

She dropped her hand and turned back forward, and I continued my work, rubbing my thumbs up the back of her neck, her soft moan sending my heart skittering out of control. “That feels so good,” she murmured, and I suddenly became aware of a certain dampness between my thighs.

My hands traveled lower down her back, and I was rewarded with another sigh of bliss. She felt so good, and I knew what she was asking, was wanting, even if she hadn’t said so in so many words. For a long moment, I hesitated, the nervous sensation that I was contemplating jumping into the ocean washing over me. Finally, I drew a deep breath and took the plunge. “You know,” I said softly, my voice low and husky. “It would be a lot easier to massage your back if you took your blouse off.”

“Okay,” she whispered, her trembling hands going to the top button. Her fingers fumbled, and I pulled her gently back against me, reaching around her, sliding my arms under hers. “Let me help you,” I whispered in her ear and I slowly eased each button undone. The edges of my arm brushed against the already hard tips of her nipples as I moved down, sending goose bumps skittering across my arms. It was almost too much for me, this slow agony of anticipation. I had wanted this for so long. I fought down the impulse to simply rip the buttons off and take her in a wild heat, giving reign to twenty years of desire. I knew that wasn’t what she needed. I wanted to show her nothing but magic.

I slid the blouse off her shoulders, my hands going back to her neck, fingers stroking and massaging. Her skin felt beautiful, warm and inviting, and I let my hands play further downward, caressing every inch. I realized her breathing was already heavy and I had no doubt her heart was pounding with anticipation and excitement, and probably a fair bit of nervousness, too.

My hands reached her lower back, and I rubbed the soft skin at the top of her jeans, letting only the tips of my fingers brush slightly under the edge. Just enough to be

more than a normal caress. The sudden intimacy of it made my blood pressure shoot up, and a sudden bit of nervousness struck me, too.

I leaned forward, my hands squeezing her arms, my chin on her shoulder, my breasts pressing against her back. Her eyes closed, and a rapid heartbeat throbbed in her neck. “Kiera, have you ever done this before?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

“No,” she whispered in return, but I heard no regret for what was happening in her voice.

“Have you imagined it?”

“Yes.”

“I see.” My fingers brushed her arms, the tiny hairs suddenly standing at attention.

“That woman you said you wanted to be with--did you ever imagine her doing this?”

“Yes.”

I slid my arms up, slowly moving them to the soft swell of her breasts, my fingers tracing slow circles through the lacy, black cloth of her bra. “And this?”

“Yes.” Her whisper was ragged now, her breath faster.

She knew what was coming next, and the tips of her nipples grew even harder as my thumbs brushed the edges. Then my fingers made contact through the fabric, and I stroked the pebbled tips. “And did you imagine her touching you like this?”

Her only response was a whimper, and I bent my head to run my lips over her neck as my fingers began to squeeze. Her hands came up to cover mine, trembling fingers,

frantic with need. But we both needed more.

My hands explored, and I moaned softly in her ear as I discovered she wore a front clasping bra. The clasp came loose easily, and my hands became the ones to tremble as I pulled the cloth away from her body and reached to stroke her soft skin.

Her breasts were perfect, fitting deliciously in my hands and feeling better than any fantasy ever had. She whimpered again as my fingers found the bare flesh of her nipples, the crinkled tips sending a thrill rushing through my body.

A sudden sense of reality exploded through me. After all these years, she was actually here, in my arms, and I was going to make love to her. I pulled her tighter against me, finding the softness of her neck, her flesh sweet and hot against my lips.

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She turned then, and I felt a ripple of gratitude. I am not sure I could have stood the erotic torture for another second. I drank in the sight of her, naked breasts completely exposed to my insatiable view. Perfect globes and dusky circles with hard nipples begging for my touch. I ripped my eyes away from the beguiling sight, my eyes seeking hers and finding them locked on my lips. She was irresistible.

I leaned forward, hesitating just before our lips met. Her eyes collided with mine, and we instantly froze, wordlessly sharing our new reality. Then she closed the distance, and we kissed for the first time. Our touch was gentle at first, but neither of us could contain the fire we had stoked for so long. The kiss deepened and our tongues danced fiercely, heat spreading through my body as she pulled me against her naked breasts.

How many times had I imagined kissing her this way? A thousand nights of pent up desire were released in that kiss, and I knew right then that I would never have enough.

Finally I pulled back, and her hands went to the bottom of my shirt, lifting it and rubbing hot against my bare skin. I gasped at her touch, my chest heaving as I looked at her, her eyes wide with desire. Her nails scraped across my skin, and my eyes slammed shut, teeth clenched at the fierce rush of need. I grabbed the hem of the shirt and swiftly yanked it off, and then threw my bra to join it on the floor.

I reached for her, drowning in the feel of her breasts pressed against mine and the honey taste of her mouth. I leaned backward, pulling her on top of me, my hands exploring lower. I cupped the roundness of her bottom, spreading my legs and pulling her hips tight against my body. My own hips thrust against her, once, twice. But then I froze. Through the haze of passion and need, I remembered that this was her first

time, and I forced myself to slow down.

Gasping for breath, I pulled my lips from hers, the sight of her eyes glazed with her own desire nearly driving me over the edge. Every inch of my body screaming at the act of sel

f-control, I rolled her over to her back, by body on top of hers. Our eyes met, those blue pools so familiar, yet the expression in them so very new to me.

I leaned forward, my lips barely touching her ear. "I'm going to make love to you, Kiera," I whispered.

Sliding down slightly, my lips found the softness of her breasts. I traced light kisses over the heat of her skin, my tongue dancing toward the sensitive tips. I thought she was going to explode when I finally took one hard nipple in my mouth, sucking and nipping as I had wanted to for so long. Her scent and taste went straight to my head like a fine wine, and I was instantly drunk with her. But it was far from enough.

My hands splayed across the smoothness of her stomach, stroking and tantalizing as my lips kissed every inch of her luscious breasts. Her hands clenched the back of my head, winding through my hair, holding me tight. My fingers found the front of her pants, and I quickly unclasped them, sliding the zipper down. I pulled away, and she immediately lifted her hips and helped me slide them down. Black lace panties that matched her sexy bra were the only thing left clinging to her body, but as enticing as they were, I tugged them off, too.

She lay there, completely naked, the beauty of her sending a flood of burning need through me. Then her eyes once more sought mine. I saw a slight hesitation, a glimmer of nervousness, and I felt a wash of apprehension flood my heart. I leaned down, my eyes boring into hers, trying to read her, as I lightly stroked her arms. Did she want to stop? Was it too much too soon?

Finally her lips parted. “Do you have any idea how much I need you?” she whispered, her body arching up to meet mine. “Touch me. Oh god, please just touch me.”

I settled myself between her spread legs, and my lips traced her collarbone in teasing little circles before moving further down, my body rubbing tortuously between her legs. Her hips arched forward, pressing against me, and my lips dipped lower to kiss the softness of her belly. She whimpered as I rested there, my fingers finding the softness of her inner thigh, stroking and caressing in rhythm with my kisses.

My lips moved further down, and her hands found the back of my head again, any hesitation or inhibition completely gone. Her hands urged me lower, and I slid my body off of hers, my hands spreading her to my view. She was so wet, the evidence of her desire coating the damp, curling tendrils. The scent of her flooded through me, and suddenly nothing existed in the world except for the two of us.

My mouth claimed her, and she cried out as my tongue found the sensitive bundle of nerves. Her clit was hard and swollen, ready for me, as I sucked and stroked, my tongue dancing a slow line of fire across the sensitive flesh. I slid my hand up between her thighs, sliding two fingers, then a third, into her, relishing the feel of the rippled flesh inside as my tongue drove her higher and higher.

My mouth and my fingers stroked a dancing rhythm, fingers curling and tongue swirling, and I knew she was lost in utter delirium. Her hips bucked against me, her head thrown back and fists tightly clenching the sheets. In a flash, she was screaming, her wordless sounds of passion bringing a fresh rush of desire to my body. Over and over she thrust, her wetness soaking my hand, screams ripped from her throat. Then she shuddered, muscles clenching my fingers still inside of her, and finally lay still.

I pulled away, my own body throbbing with desire. She lay there, a fine sheen covering her body, her breath still ragged and the pulse pounding in her throat. I

slammed my eyes shut, clenching my teeth furiously, trying to drag my raging hormones back under control. I didn't want to push her, to take her farther than she was ready to go. But I wanted, needed, my own release.

The next thing I knew, she had arched her hips and bucked me off, rolling me swiftly onto my back. I lay there startled for a second, but my confusion didn't last. Stunning green eyes stared down at me. "It's my turn, now," she said.

When her mouth found my waiting nipple, I thought I had died and gone to heaven. Her mouth was hot and wet, shooting lava straight to my core. I could not wait. There would be time later for slow exploration, but that was not what I needed right now.

I reached between us and tugged my jeans and panties off, urgency speeding my hands, then pulled her back against me. "God, I need you to touch me." Raw need clutched at me, and I tugged her hand down, wanting, begging for release.

Keira chuckled, her sexy voice sending a skittering of goose bumps across my skin. "Don't you want to take it slow?"

"Oh hell no," I managed to murmur as I placed her hand between my legs. Her fingers found my clit, and instinct took her over. She stroked me, the tips of her fingers sliding down into my wetness and back up, rubbing just the right place to drive me over the edge.

It took only seconds and then I was coming, grabbing a pillow to muffle the too loud screams that would have been heard all the way to the hotel lobby. My body convulsed against her, the waves completely overcoming me as I simply let go and fell crashing over the edge.

The explosion was blinding, a free fall of fire and pleasure rippling through my entire body. My hips ground into her hand, my back arched into her, my hands clenched

tightly into fists. It seemed forever before the waves passed, slowly ebbing away and leaving me wordlessly reaching for my lover.

Kiera rolled to my side, nestling her naked body against mine. It was several long minutes before I could get my breath and control the ripples that still sped, every few seconds, through my body. My hand absently stroked her hair, my eyes closed, lest I open them and find it was all a dream. How could this really be happening?

Kiera shifted and raised herself to prop up on one arm. “Hey,” she whispered. “Are you falling asleep on me?”

I smiled. She had always known how to make me laugh.

But as my eyes opened to meet her gaze, I realized that even though this was her first time, not mine, I was the one who was afraid. Apprehension tugged at my heart as I drank in the long desired sight of her leaning over me. I had wanted her for so long. And despite so many years of trying to convince myself it had all just been puppy love, I knew better. I had been in love with her for more than twenty years. I would always love her.

She leaned forward, one finger reaching out to lightly trace the side of my face. Her thumb came up to caress my lips, and I kissed it, sucking the tip gently. Her lips parted, but then she hesitated. Finally, she spoke, her voice a tremulous whisper once more. “Jessie, did you know that I have always loved you?”

My eyes locked with hers. “No,” I said honestly, and she froze, a worried expression on her face. “But I have always known that I was in love with you,” I finished. Then Kiera gave me that special little smile, the one that had always driven me crazy, and she leaned forward.

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The kiss was gentle, at first, but passion soon struck like a wildfire. It was a long night. The first of many.

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