



*Summer
Stuntwriting 2*

*by Anah Crow
& Dianne Fox*

Summer Stuntwriting, as performed by Dianne Fox and Anah Crow, prompted by members of the Torquere Social LiveJournal Community on July 31 and August 1, 2008.

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Missing the Bus

by Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

The people in the coach office were useless. Less than. Even in the rain, Shelly could see the coach she'd missed; it was turning the corner at the end of the street. The outdoor shelter where they'd told her to wait wasn't all that useful, either. She was drenched. Her wraparound cardigan hung heavily from her shoulders, her blond ponytail was dripping down her neck, and her linen pants were plastered to her legs.

"That's so not fair," she said, slumping back against the support post. "It's not *our* fault the first coach was late!"

Their bags were littering the platform. Devin picked up her battered army duffle and slung it over her shoulder, then picked up Shelly's plaid suitcase, bringing it over. "At least there's another one running today," she said. Devin was a tall, lean woman with a dark purple mane, wearing several ragged t-shirts under a leather jacket, a short kilt, pinned crooked, and black and purple tights under torn black fishnets. She collected the black plastic bag that held the rest of her clothes. "We could find something to do while we wait."

Shelly knew Devin wasn't talking about sightseeing. The part of town they were in definitely didn't look like it had any sights to see. "Like what?"

They'd been flirting on the bus; Devin had introduced Shelly to a whole ton of new music, sharing one earbud from her headset while giving her a primer on punk. "I don't know." There was a rivulet from Shelly's ponytail running over her collarbone and down between her breasts. Devin took a sly look around, and then followed the drops with her finger as she leaned in to kiss Shelly on the mouth, slowly.

Oh. Yeah, Shelly could spend some time like this. She smiled against Devin's lips, and then opened her mouth for the kiss. She closed one hand around the collar of Devin's leather jacket and slid her other hand over Devin's hip, drawing Devin closer to her as they kissed.

Devin nudged her back against the pillar and kissed her hard, sneaking her tongue into Shelly's mouth. *Oh, my.* There was a stud through her tongue; the ball at the end of it was rubbery and spiky. She dropped the plastic bag and cupped one of Shelly's breasts through the soggy sweater.

The door of the bus station creaked open. "Excuse me." There was a withered woman in a strict little navy blue uniform glaring at them. "There are *families* inside the bus station who can see you."

Shelly blushed fiercely, but she was still frustrated enough about missing the bus and how unhelpful the staff had been that she didn't apologize. She looked around and spotted an alley

behind the building, past the windows but still close enough that they'd hear the announcements from the station.

"Come on," she said, catching Devin's hand and tugging lightly. She grabbed her suitcase in her free hand and grinned at Devin. "Wouldn't want to offend the *families*."

Devin made sure she had everything. "Of course not. Not like *we* could be one of them."

Devin followed her into the alley, and then swung her around, pulling her in for a kiss. Overhead, the lightning seared the clouds and a roll of thunder followed like a bellow of pain. The sky let loose with a fresh torrent but it didn't matter: they were already drenched. The rising wind whipped the rain at an angle; the narrow alley kept them from being drowned in the downpour. Devin had her back to the wall and dropped her things again to slide her cold, slim hands up under Shelly's sweater, seeking skin.

Shelly left her suitcase leaning against the wall beside Devin. She put one hand on the wall and the other on Devin's hip, leaning in for more kisses. She was getting rained on, but at least here, that woman from the bus station wouldn't be bothering them.

There was something ridiculously romantic about it, if you forgot that cold water was running down your back and you didn't know the person you were kissing. Devin could kiss; she was strong for someone so slender and she kissed like Shelly was someone she'd been missing for years, waiting for, like they were in a movie. Devin's hands warmed against Shelly's skin and she made a little surprised noise when her fingers found the lacy edge of Shelly's bra.

"You're so pretty," she whispered against Shelly's lips. "Can't believe you kissed me back."

"I wanted to kiss you on the bus," Shelly admitted softly, her hand daring to slip under the bottom edge of Devin's short skirt.

"Oh." Devin didn't say anything more; she was too busy kissing Shelly, one hand in the small of her back and the other cupping one breast through the lace of her bra. She found Shelly's nipple, tight with cold, and circled it with her thumb.

Shelly made a soft, surprised noise and arched into the touch. She slid her hand further up under Devin's skirt, cupping Devin's ass through her tights and fishnets. The extra layers made it seem not so much like Shelly was doing anything too terribly inappropriate. Well, maybe a little. Fishnets could make anything seem naughty.

"Ladies and gentlemen." The tinny loudspeakers at the corners of the building came to life with an explosion of sound that echoed in the alley. Devin jerked back so fast she bumped her head on the bricks behind her. Her blue eyes were wide and startled. "The number 97 bus will not be

arriving on schedule due to flooding on Highway Six. A replacement bus will be available at eleven PM to complete the next leg of the route. Thank you for choosing Midway Bus Service."

Shelly wiped at the face of her watch so she could see the time. "Five hours. A *five hour* delay from flooding?" She wanted to stomp her feet, or something, but in the rain, she'd likely end up on her butt.

Devin sighed heavily and slumped against the wall. "Five hours in this hellhole? No offense." She looked up and down, biting her lip, and then she tugged at Shelly's sodden sleeve. "Hey. Shell." She pointed out to the street where what they could see of a flickering neon sign said "OTEL". "Hotel or motel..." She grinned at Shelly. "Wanna get a room?"

The place didn't even have a working sign. Shelly bit her lip. She didn't even really know Devin. They'd met on the *bus*, for crying out loud. On the other hand, spending more time with Devin was really appealing. She grinned back at Devin and grabbed her suitcase again. "Sure, why not?"

I Drove All Night

by Anah Crow

"Rainy," her mum had said. "You don't even know this person. What if she's not even a girl?"

"Woman, mum." Rainy had rolled her eyes and picked up her backpack. "I've known Sarah for *five years*, we've just never met in person."

"That's what I mean. You don't know her." Her mum had been adamant.

"I'll call you when I get there." Escaping had never felt so good.

In the car, Rainy plugged her mp3 player into the stereo system, taped her map to the dashboard, and decided she was ready to go. A stop at the coffee shop later to fill up the BIG mug, and she was on her way. It was evening; the sun was just starting to drop below the horizon, setting the hills on fire with pink and orange. Rush hour traffic was thinning out and the sky was clear.

On another day, Rainy would have been getting ready to go to work on the maternity ward. Today, she was on her way to see her lover, at last. She would drive all night and get to Sarah's before sunrise, in time to slide into Sarah's arms and bed so they could make love before Sarah had to go to work. The smooth flow of traffic on the highway let her turn on the player and take a look at the folder Sarah had sent.

"Don't open it until you're on the road," Sarah had warned. "It's a special treat."

Rainy was expecting audio books. Sarah had a huge collection; she did a lot of driving in her job as a sales rep for a cosmetics company. Sure enough, there was a folder labeled 'Sarah's Special Audio Books for Rainy's Long, Lonely Drive'. The files inside were just numbered. Grinning, Rainy queued it up and settled in for the long drive.

Of all the things Rainy had been expecting, Sarah's voice wasn't one of them. 'Sarah's Special' was full of children's books and poetry and even readings of emails they'd sent each other. It went on for hours. The best part was listening to Sarah laugh. She couldn't wait to get there.

In the darkest part of night, Rainy was rumbling down the interstate, listening to Sarah's sweet voice over the familiar rattle and hum of her old Dodge. The player changed files and Rainy wondered what was next.

"So, I hope you're alone for this one," Sarah said, her voice soft and husky. "If you started this on the way out of town, you're probably on the interstate, not a car in sight." Sarah was right.

Rainy's headlights cut through the black velvet night and it healed without a scar as soon as she was gone.

"I'm alone, too," Sarah said. "I just got off the phone with you and I can still hear your voice in my head. I took off my clothes and came to bed to make this for you. In a few hours, you'll be right here, in the spot I'm lying, touching me."

Rainy bit her lip unconsciously, looking at the mp3 player as though she expected to see Sarah in the tiny viewing screen.

"I've never even met you and I miss you. Sometimes, I cry when you hang up the phone. I always try and make my voice sound okay when I say goodbye so you won't know."

Tears welled up in Rainy's eyes and she blinked, spreading the droplets over her lashes where they glittered in the light from her headlights. She could see Sarah in her head, from the webcam and from photos, her slender hands running through her short blonde hair, her dark brown eyes bright under perfectly mascaraed lashes and painted lids. Sarah said she never cried, because she hated to use waterproof makeup.

"Right now, I'm trying to distract myself," Sarah said. "If I let my mind go, I can pretend that my fingers on my cheek, running down my neck, are yours, touching me like you love me. I can talk myself into believing that these aren't my hands. I can't wait to find out whether I'm right about how you touch."

"I know your hands are strong from working. Mine aren't. When I touch my breasts, I'm always a little rough, so I can really feel it." Sarah's voice caught and Rainy realized that she must have been touching herself. "I know your hands are the same size as mine, so it's easier to present. I have the most sensitive breasts; it's so damn annoying." She was getting a little breathless.

"Once, I wore a lace bra and the fabric kept teasing my nipples all day. I had to give this presentation and every time I moved, it was like someone was licking my tits. God. I kept trying to keep a straight face while my panties got wetter and wetter. I was just glad I was wearing a skirt because it would have showed through my pants."

Rainy could totally understand that right now. She could feel heat between her thighs and she tightened her hands on the wheel.

"I pinch my nipples and I wish it was your mouth." Sarah's voice got unsteady and then she moaned. "I do it until they're hard and aching, like there's sparks under my skin. Over and over. God, Rainy, I want you so much."

Rainy bit her lip hard and squirmed in her seat. She wanted to be there right now, so badly. Sarah sounded so good.

"I can't be patient," Sarah confessed. "I want to tease, to make it last like you would, but I can't. Not the first time." She gasped and Rainy could hear her moving, the sound of her skin on the sheets. "Just thinking of you gets me so hot. I want to taste you. I think that every time I touch myself and my fingers get all wet and sticky like now. It's not me I want to taste, it's you." She was whimpering now and Rainy could imagine her all spread out, fingers playing between her thighs, spreading her outer lips to brush her clit.

There was a shifting, shuffling sound. "I love being on my knees," Sarah breathed. "I wish I had the nerve to send you video of me with my ass in the air, all spread open." She whined and gasped. "Pushing my fingers into my pussy."

Rainy swallowed hard and, checking her mirrors, pulled off onto the safety lane on the left side of the road. She hit the hazard lights and put the car in park, then pulled up her skirt as Sarah kept making those incredible sounds. Her fingers snuck under her panties and she jerked like she'd been shocked the second she touched her clit. "Sarah..."

"Rainy, fuck." Sarah was panting hard now. "I love it like this, my tits brushing the sheets like a tease. I love having fingers in me. I want yours. I want you. Oh, God, I wanna come, Rainy. I keep thinking it's you pushing your fingers into me, I want more, please, I want your tongue on me."

"God." Rainy braced her feet on the floorboards and arched in her seat, fingers sliding over her clit hard to get her off, her other hand up under her shirt, teasing one nipple.

"I can't wait anymore, Rainy," Sarah whimpered. "I have to come. I know the second I touch my clit... I lick my other fingers so they're wet like your tongue... I'm gonna come. Oh. Rainy. Yes, yes, fuck, yes." Sarah's voice filled the car as she came and Rainy cried out with her.

"Sarah!" Rainy jerked against her seatbelt, coming harder than she'd expected, and called out Sarah's name as though her lover could hear her.

The little whimpers were Sarah, not her. "Fuck, I can't imagine what it's going to be like when you're actually here."

Panting, Rainy was staring into the dark, nodding numbly. A truck coming up behind filled the car with light and then roared on.

"I love you, Rainy."

Rainy swallowed hard and started straightening her clothes. It was the middle of the night and Sarah needed her sleep. Too late to call. "I love you, too, Sarah."

"I'm waiting for you. Drive safe." Sarah's tender sigh ended the recording and there was quiet as the player moved on to the next file, a short story from Sarah's favorite SF magazine.

Rainy checked her mirrors, put the car in drive, and pulled back onto the highway. She was humming *I Drove All Night* and shivering with pleasure. With all the reason in the world to hurry, she snuck over the speed limit, just a little, on her way to Sarah's bed.

Queued Up

by Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

Carmen sidled up next to Maury and leaned over to murmur in her ear, "I was counting on being in the hotel room by now." The crowd at the luggage carousel may as well have been the queue to get on a ride at Disney World, it was so packed. Carmen decided she might as well find other ways to entertain herself. She slid her hand along Maury's lower back, her fingers teasing up under Maury's red peasant blouse to touch skin. "I had lots of ideas about what to do at the hotel."

Maury hummed in agreement and leaned into against her girlfriend, trying to pull away from the crush of people around her as much as possible. "Oh?" She cast a sly glance up at Carmen. "Me, too. Tell me what you were thinking, see if it's better than my ideas." She turned toward Carmen, pressing even closer in spite of the heat, sneaking her fingers up under Carmen's thin tank top to tease her flat belly, a fingernail tracing a circle around her navel.

Maury's belly wasn't flat like Carmen's. She wasn't skinny as a rail, like Carmen. When Maury turned around, Carmen's hand stayed under her shirt and slid over her soft, rounded belly. Carmen wished they weren't in public, so she could slide her hand down further, under Maury's little denim skirt.

"Our room is supposed to have a balcony. I want to get you out there in one of those patio chairs and put your legs up over the arms of the chair..." Carmen grinned, leaning in to nibble gently at Maury's earlobe. "I want to lick you until you scream, right out there in broad daylight."

The noise Maury made was somewhere between a sigh and a purr. She kissed Carmen's collarbone, her fingers toying with Carmen's navel ring. "I think you win already," she drawled, her soft Southern accent rounding the edges off the words. "They better not have lost my green bag." When she wriggled against Carmen, sliding her hand down between them and over the fly of Carmen's shorts, her nipples were hard enough to feel through the thin fabric of their shirts. "I have some things in there for you."

Carmen loved it when Maury didn't wear a bra. Carmen didn't need one, she was so flat chested, but Maury's breasts were full and beautiful and Carmen wanted to get her hands on them right then. "Mmm, toys. What'd you bring me, sweetheart?"

Maury grinned up at her, then slid her little hand down a bit further, fingers starting to sneak down the center seam of Carmen's shorts. Maury dragged her fingernails along the seam, sending little scratching vibrations through to Carmen's flesh. "I brought the latest version your favorite toy," she breathed against Carmen's neck. She was more than a little skilled with a strap-on.

"They came out with an even thicker one." Maury gave the words out like candy, one at a time. "Big, and black," she murmured. It would look so good on her, one end buried inside her, the

thick, shiny shaft of it jutting out from her burgundy leather harness, a stark contrast to her petite frame and her full, soft curves.

Carmen groaned softly, shifting her weight to rub against Maury's fingers. "Oh, you *do* love me." They didn't use strap-ons often, but when they did, Carmen loved it. "You win. You *so* win. As soon as we get back to the hotel, sweetheart."

Shaking her curls back, Maury pressed a little harder with her fingers, wriggling with victorious glee. Her smile was bright and wicked. "Maybe we'll have do that on the balcony, too. After all, we're paying extra for the view."

The closer the crowd pressed, the louder the voices got, the better for them. Everyone else could be angry and hot and sticky and rushed. Carmen and Maury were already enjoying their vacation.

A Puppy in Paradise

by Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

Maury rode a wave in to shore, letting the turquoise water carry her toward the white sand until her fingertips touched the bottom. Then, she got her feet under her and stood up, the water pouring from her bare body. She was almost wobbly with how relaxed she was, worn out from swimming and sated from hours of sex with Carmen. The young men walking down the beach didn't look twice at her. Perfect.

There was nothing like their little piece of paradise, a gay-friendly resort with a nude beach. No swimsuit to make her feel awkward because they never did fit her curves quite right, no rude men to ogle those same curves. Stretching as she smoothed her wet curls back, she was smiling. All she needed now was Carmen and a cold, fruity drink.

Carmen was all stretched out on a lounge chair, underneath a stand of palm trees further up the beach. When Maury got closer, she could see two drinks -- something dark pink, with little yellow umbrellas -- on the table beside Carmen. Her arms were curled up over the back of the chair, and her head was turned toward a couple of men rolling around in the sand, wrestling over a frisbee and laughing.

"Good eyecandy, babe?" Maury teased. That was indeed some pretty skin there, dark tan and naturally dark like hers coated in sparkling white sand, muscles rippling underneath. The men were laughing and the darker one was winning until his opponent tickled him, strong fingers sliding over the ridged muscles of his belly.

Carmen grinned at Maury, wriggling back in the seat so there was room for Maury to sit between her legs. "Very nice. Not as good as you, but nice, nonetheless." She opened her arms, beckoning Maury in. "Come sit."

Carmen looked like one of those Japanese dolls; pale skin, and long, fae limbs, a slender body with dark hair in braids and wide, bright eyes under thick, black lashes. Maury didn't want to sit, she wanted to crawl between Carmen's legs and get her mouth on the coral pink softness peeking through the damp, glossy curls there. But, they were in public.

"Those drinks best be full of rum," she said lazily, her voice belying the look in her eyes as she obeyed Carmen's demand. She put her back to Carmen's chest, feeling Carmen's hard, little, pink nipples against her cool skin, and leaned in. She sighed, contentedly, and relaxed.

"Rum and strawberries." Carmen curled her arms around Maury and nuzzled the back of her neck. "Just the way you like." One of Carmen's hands slipped beneath the cover of her opposite arm, teasing at Maury's nipple.

Maury took a glass and took a long drink. It was just the way she liked it, icy pureed strawberries, lime juice, and rum. "You're so good to me," she purred. After a moment, she nudged her nose against Carmen's chin. "Aww, Car. Look at the bebe."

Sure enough there was a gangly strawberry-blonde boy wearing board shorts, looking lost and nervous as he came down the steps to the sand. He was trying to look cool but he had a death grip on his towel in front of his crotch and his eyes were wide as saucers at the gorgeous man-flesh wandering about in the nude. He was pretty cute himself, with a sweet face and swimmer's body.

"First time. Oh, he's sweet." Carmen rested her cheek against Maury's, and they looked around the beach together. After a little while, Carmen nudged Maury. "Look at that, I think he's made a friend."

The nervous boy wasn't looking quite so nervous anymore. He was stretched out on his towel and another man, one with dark hair and darker skin, was squatting down near him, waving a bottle of suntan lotion.

"Ee." Maury was so busy watching, she wasn't paying attention to how fast she was drinking her cocktail; the rum and sweetness cooling her from the inside out while Carmen's warmth cradled her behind and the sun beat down above. "Look at his little face."

It was perfect, they could see his wide eyes and his deep blush as the dark-haired man, tribal tattoos scrolling up his muscled arms and over his back, sat down on his towel. There wasn't much room, the newcomer's bare hip that must have been hot from the sun and that glistened with lotion pressed up against the red-head's pale, pale thigh.

Maury could feel Carmen's silent laughter shaking against her back when the dark-haired man's lotion-slick hand slid down the redhead's back and the redhead's eyes got even bigger. The massage seemed to last a lot longer than it should've taken just to put some suntan lotion on, and the redhead's eyes were nearly closed by the time Maury saw the dark-haired man's hands stray from his back.

"I don't think he's going to be able to turn over," Maury whispered, then started giggling again.

The pretty boy was so blissed out, he didn't even twitch when his new friend's hand slid up his leg and under his board shorts. Way up his leg. He just got this adorable little smile on his face.

Maury took another sip of her drink, only to be met with a hollow gurgle. "The rum is gone," she said mournfully. She moved the umbrella and, sure enough, the glass was empty. Turning to Carmen, she asked with a pout, "But *why* is the rum gone?"

Carmen laughed and kissed Maury on the mouth. "I'll go get you some more rum, sweetheart," she said indulgently, nuzzling her nose against Maury's. "But you have to let me get up, first."

Maury made herself sit up and wriggled forward so Carmen could get up. When Carmen had escaped, she handed over her glass and flopped back down on the chair. "Now, shake that ass while you get me my drink, babe," she teased. "I wanna see it bounce."

Carmen laughed, but her ass swayed back and forth as she walked away. Those boys were pretty, but Maury was more interested in Carmen. That ass was *hers*.

Cream and Honey

by Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

Carmen got honey for her tea, with their complimentary continental breakfast. Well, it was supposed to be for the tea. Somehow, though, it ended up all over Maury. For such a tiny packet, it was very sticky. Carmen didn't mind, though. That just meant she had to really focus on getting it all cleaned up. With her tongue.

Maury was sticky and giggly. Even though Carmen had licked her clean, somehow the honey had just spread *everywhere*. Now, it was on Carmen, too. Carmen's long, dark hair was stuck in spirals to her pale, perky breasts. Maury giggled more.

"You're sticky now," she accused, leaning forward and unsticking Carmen's hair carefully. Now, it was her turn to lick up the mess. It was more on the upper curves of Carmen's breasts, but somehow, Carmen's nipple ended up in Maury's mouth. Oops. And, mmm. Maury teased with her tongue.

Carmen was more than a little breathless by the time Maury gave up on getting all the honey off. If that had been her intention in the first place. Carmen suspected that Maury had been more concerned with getting Carmen off than getting the honey off. Not that Carmen was complaining. "I think," she purred, drawing Maury's mouth up to her own, "the shower might be a better place for this."

The bed was getting sticky, too, and the shower had a bench to sit on, which they'd already discovered was the perfect height for Carmen to sit on, if Maury was kneeling in front of it.

Maury pouted, her full lower lip plump like cherries and just as glossy. "If you insist." She slithered off the bed and stretched, shaking her round ass at Carmen. Carmen had never quite understood what singers were on about when they were singing about 'booty'... and then she'd met Maury. Maury grinned over her shoulder and shimmied to the shower.

Carmen loved Maury's ass. She got up off the bed and followed Maury into the shower, getting her hands all over Maury's sticky skin before Maury had even got the water turned on. Who needed water? Carmen was already turned on.

Maury stood on her toes, adorable little toes with witchy-sparkly-burgundy enamel, and slid her soft arms around Carmen's neck, pressing her warm breasts to Carmen's. "I think you taste better than honey," she murmured between kisses, her lips sliding over Carmen's. "Let me turn on the shower so you can get clean everywhere else. I know what I want to lick up now."

"Mmm, I guess I can let you go for that." Carmen let Maury turn on the shower and clean her up. The little three ounce bottle of hotel-provided body wash went fast, especially with the way Carmen paid extra careful attention to how clean Maury's breasts were.

"My turn," Maury said, once the little bottle was empty. She grinned at Carmen and then leaned up for a kiss, sneaking her tongue between Carmen's lips as a preview of what was to come. Maury was nothing if not fair; after all, Carmen had made her feel *very* good this morning.

"I love it when you play fair," Carmen purred, licking back at Maury's tongue. She loved it when Maury did all sorts of things. When Maury pushed at her shoulders, Carmen slid down onto the bench, and when Maury pushed at her knees, Carmen spread them apart.

Maury was never taller than Carmen unless Carmen was sitting, and Maury loved to kiss her when Carmen turned her face up to look at Maury. Maury cupped Carmen's face in her hands and kissed her tenderly before dropping to her knees. Her dark hands slid up Carmen's pale thighs and Maury smiled. "We really need a bench like this in our shower," she murmured.

Carmen looked down at Maury, so soft and pretty kneeling between her legs. "I'll look into it as soon as we get home," she promised, anticipation singing through her. Indulging Maury was one of her favorite pastimes.

"I love a woman who's handy with a phone call to a contractor," Maury purred, leaning in to press a kiss to the dark curls between Carmen's thighs. Her tongue darted out, quick and hot, for her first taste of the day, even though her eyes were still wide and innocent.

Carmen choked off a whine and gripped the edge of the seat. Maury had such a clever tongue, and Carmen spread her legs further apart to feel more of it.

Maury knew how to drive Carmen crazy every time, and every time it was a surprise how good she was at it and how much she loved doing it. Her beautiful eyes slipped shut and Carmen watched the hot water flow over her dark skin as she used her teeth and tongue, and then her fingers, to bring Carmen to the edge, trembling and gasping. She was a tease, taking her fingers away from Carmen's clit and tonguing her deep, giving just enough to keep Carmen writhing and whimpering.

It didn't seem to matter that Maury had already come more than once today, Carmen watched her slide a hand between her own thighs to get off again. She was making Carmen wait and it was so unfair; God, it was even more fun when she was unfair. Finally, she slid two fingers into Carmen, touching her just right, and covered Carmen's clit with her mouth, sucking and licking and moaning as she started to shake.

Maury was gorgeous when she came, but Carmen didn't get to enjoy it. Carmen arched up on trembling legs, pushing her clit against Maury's mouth until she was gasping Maury's name and shaking, her hips rolling on pure, pleasure-seeking instinct as she started to come.

When Carmen recovered, Maury was sitting back on her heels looking like the cat who'd got the cream, licking her cherry lips. She gave Carmen a wicked grin, and then slurped one of her fingers clean lasciviously. "Oh *dear*," she said, eyes wide. "I may have gotten a little sticky again."

A Little Burn

by Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

Natalie had assured Emma that her balcony was secluded enough that she never wore her swimsuit when she was sunbathing anymore. If someone saw her, she'd said, they had to be trying pretty hard. "It's safe," she told Emma. "I promise. No one's going to see but you and me." She wriggled out of her shorts and t-shirt, then dropped them on the chair in the living room on her way through to the bathroom to get sunscreen.

Emma bit her lip and looked around. She was a lot more shy than Natalie, in every way. It wasn't like they were going to be seen, Nat was right. She was so short, it wasn't like people would see much of her at all over the balcony rail. She shimmied out of her sundress and sandals, then laid down quickly on a towel laid out on the chaise.

Natalie came back out with the sunscreen and stopped by Emma's chaise. "Want me to do your back?" She knelt down and trailed sunscreen-slick fingers over Emma's shoulder. "You're so fair. I don't want you to burn out here."

"Oh, thanks." Emma blushed at that. It was embarrassing the way she burned when people like Natalie turned nut-brown and looked healthy and sexy all summer. Emma looked like a ghost or a tomato, no in between. She put her head down on her crossed arms and closed her eyes.

Natalie worked the lotion into Emma's shoulders and the back of her neck, pressing and rubbing like it was as much a massage as it was a sunscreen application. Slowly, she moved her hands lower, down Emma's spine and out from it on both sides. Getting to the base of Emma's back didn't slow her down at all; she just got more lotion on her hands and kept going, gently kneading Emma's ass.

Emma felt like melted butter by the time Natalie got to her hips, so much so that she didn't startle when Natalie kept touching. Her mind pointed out that her bum was bare and it would burn worse than anything if Natalie didn't put sunscreen on it. Natalie's strong hands felt so good, too. Who knew you could have a tense bum. Emma sighed happily; she felt wonderful and warm all over.

Natalie moved down to Emma's feet, next, and worked her way up. When she got to Emma's upper thighs, her fingers strayed down between them, teasing, but maybe that skin would get burnt, too, if she wasn't generous with the sunscreen.

Emma parted her thighs obligingly, not thinking about it at all. She was in a dreamy haze, happy with being touched. No one touched her, aside from occasional hugs, and she generally liked it that way. But she and Natalie were friends, practically forever, so it was all right.

Natalie made a soft sound, and then her lips were on Emma's skin, too, dragging lightly over Emma's thigh, pressing kisses up Emma's spine. "Em... Em, can I...?" Her fingers dipped between Emma's legs again.

The kisses woke Emma up entirely. She was frozen and shocked. Natalie was the athletic, popular, fun-time girl. Emma was the pale wallflower with her nose in a book to hide the fact that no one wanted to talk to her. As girls, they'd traded soft, dry kisses during sleepovers; just finding out what it was like, they told each other. Emma hadn't dared to want more.

"I... if you want..." She bit her lip, her cheeks on fire, and tried not to tremble with nerves.

Natalie nuzzled up against Emma's cheek and whispered. "I want. But if you don't, that's okay. I just... God, Em, you're so pretty. Let me touch you?"

Emma had a horrific pang that someone was hiding somewhere, filming this, that'd she'd get to school on Monday and see it everywhere, and people would be laughing at her for the rest of her life. It was ridiculous. This was Nat, Nat who didn't even laugh all the times Emma fell off her bike when Natalie was teaching her to ride it. Natalie who had more patience than Emma's own parents. Emma had been in university three years now, too; highschool was just a traumatic memory.

Emma took a deep breath and nodded. "Yes, I want you to." It wasn't like they'd stop being friends after. She trusted that much.

Natalie sighed and started kissing again, all the way down Emma's body. When she got to nuzzling between Emma's legs, she stopped for a moment, petting Emma's thighs, and asked, "Will you turn over? So I can..." Natalie made a soft little sound; Emma realized that Natalie was touching herself, that she must really be turned on by this.

"I, if you, I mean, yes," Emma said, realizing she wasn't making much sense. She felt so good, and knowing that Natalie was turned on was dizzying. "Nat, I didn't know..." She felt so terribly shy as soon as she turned over, pressing her legs together and hiding her breasts with her hands. She didn't know that Natalie felt like this.

"I didn't know how to tell you." Natalie was the confident one, fun and popular and easy-going, and she hadn't known how to tell Emma that she wanted her. Natalie leaned in, looking as hesitant and nervous as Emma had ever seen her, and brushed her lips over Emma's.

Oh. Emma had never been able to let Natalie feel bad, not even for a moment. She slid her arms around Natalie's neck and kissed her back, feeling like the sun had just come out from behind dark clouds. "I like you telling me this way," she said, stroking Natalie's hair to soothe her discomfort.

Natalie smiled and kissed her again, softly and slowly. Natalie's hands skimmed down Emma's body, just barely touching, warm and a little sticky with sunscreen. When Natalie drew her hands back up, she stopped to cup one of Emma's breasts, petting the nipple with her thumb.

Emma swallowed hard as she shivered. Natalie touch raised goosebumps all over her body. "Nat, I never..." She blushed fiercely. It was so embarrassing, never to have done *anything* with someone. Some guys had tried, but they were big and clumsy and hasty and Emma hated it.

"It's okay, Em." Natalie had been Emma's friend for just about forever; it made sense that maybe she already knew Emma hadn't really let anyone touch her. Natalie kissed her again, quick and light this time. "Just tell me if I do anything you don't like, okay?" She gave Emma a little smile, and then ducked her head to flick her tongue over Emma's nipple, where her thumb had been playing.

"Oka...oh." Emma liked that. She lay back in the chair and sighed, fingers winding in Natalie's beautiful hair. It felt so good, better than the tingle when Natalie used to practice-kiss her on the mouth.

Natalie spent a long time licking and mouthing at Emma's breasts. Everything was so soft and gentle, not like when guys used their big, rough hands to squeeze and pinch. Natalie was taking her time, too, like there was no hurry at all; that wasn't very much like the guys Emma had dated either. Slowly, Natalie kissed her way down Emma's belly, and her hands skimmed Emma's thighs, drawing them open so gently that Emma almost didn't realize until Natalie's lips were brushing over the blond curls between her legs.

When Natalie touched, Emma couldn't wait for more. She was shivering and made bold enough by desperation that she whispered, "Natalie, please." She didn't know what was polite here, but she wanted Natalie's touches and kisses. She was so wet and hot, she couldn't even remember to be embarrassed about it anymore.

Natalie didn't seem offended in the least, so Emma must have been doing something right. Natalie slid her hands back up the insides of Emma's thighs and her thumbs drew Emma open as Natalie's tongue slipped in, hot and soft and wet, to taste her.

"Oh, Nat." Emma was startled but managed not to come up off the chair. That felt *so* good. "Nat, please, more," she begged, before she knew what she was saying. Her cheeks were on fire and her whole body was tingling. There was sweat trickling down her cheek, but it just felt good, too.

Natalie hummed softly, and traced her fingers along the sensitive crease where Emma's thighs met her body, and further in, between the damp folds. After a moment, she dipped her head in again, and then her tongue was dragging up between Emma's folds, over and over, like she was licking Emma clean. Eventually, she settled in to tease at Emma's clitoris, licking and sucking the little bundle of nerves and flesh.

Emma hardly knew what she was doing; it was all she could do not to wrap her thighs around Natalie so she put her feet on the ground to try and stop it. She tried to remember if anyone was around, and couldn't because what Natalie was doing to her clit was so overwhelming. She gasped and cried out, shaking, her hands full of Natalie's hair.

The sounds Natalie was making were definitely moans of pleasure. She kept licking and sucking, and teased one finger into Emma's body, petting her gently from the inside.

Emma got a hand out of Natalie's hair to cover her mouth before she screamed. Coming had never been like this before, a whirlwind of pleasure that made her so wet and wild. She couldn't get enough of Natalie's mouth and touches, pushing against Natalie's mouth without knowing it.

Natalie didn't stop; she kept going until Emma felt like her skin wouldn't hold her together anymore, because everything was just so good. When Natalie finally pulled away and gave Emma a chance to breathe, she ducked her head down against Emma's thigh and rocked against her own hand. She was moaning softly, and then she shivered hard, and relaxed with a sigh.

"Oh, *Nat...*" Emma sat up, shivering still, to pet Natalie's hair. She was so warm all over and she felt so good and she wasn't even embarrassed, not even a tiny bit. She just wanted to laugh and sing and then learn how to make Natalie feel that good. And kissing. More kissing.

When Natalie sat up, she had a soft smile on her face, like she'd just shared the very best kind of secret. She leaned up and kissed Emma softly, and then pulled back again. Her mouth formed a perfect 'o' and her eyes widened. "Oh, Em. You're all pink already. The sunscreen..." Natalie had never gotten around to putting the sunscreen on the front of Emma's body; they'd both been a little distracted. As Natalie led Emma back inside with the promise of smoothing aloe all over her tender, sunburnt skin, Emma decided that it had been worth a little burn.

Polka-the-Dots

by Anah Crow & Dianne Fox

A little snuffle came from the doorway of the bedroom. Claire lifted her head from the pillow to see Sarah standing there, blankie in hand, looking miserable. "What's wrong, sweetie?" She nudged Pia with her elbow, waking her up. "Come here, tell Mama what's wrong."

Sarah came padding over in her My Little Pony nightgown and held out her arms. "I got skamito bites an' I can't sleep."

Pia yawned and reached for the bedside lamp, flicking it on to fill the room with a warm glow. "You have what, princesa?" She sat up, pulling the strap of her nightgown back up her shoulder.

"I got skamito bites." Sarah crawled up in bed, between Pia and Claire, to show off the little red welts on her arms. "See?"

"Oh, my poor Sarahcita." Pia kissed several bites and then pushed Sarah's bangs back to feel her forehead. "You're not warm, that's good. You cuddle Mama, I'll go get the calamine. Where on earth did you get bitten?" She pushed the covers back and got out of bed, smoothing her nightgown down over her hips as she headed for the bathroom.

"Field trip to the Nature Center this morning," Claire said, cuddling Sarah up in her arms. "That was probably it. They have that little wetland area, where they take the kids hiking, remember?"

"Oh, right. Can you get her out of her nightie?" Pia's voice echoed in the bathroom as she rummaged around for the calamine. "So much for that all-natural bug spray, right, girls?" She came back with a pink bottle and a handful of cotton balls. "It's back to the chemicals for us!" She sat down on the bed and opened the calamine. "Let's polka-the-dots." She gave Sarah and Claire each a calamine-soaked cotton ball and kept one for herself. It would go faster and cheer Sarah up at the same time.

Claire and Sarah both took their cotton balls and, taking Pia's lead, they started dabbing at the bites on Sarah's arms. By the time all the little marks were covered in pink lotion, Sarah was giggly and yawning again. "Let's get you back to bed, sweetie," Claire suggested, plucking the cotton ball from Sarah's hand and passing both over to Pia before scooping Sarah up in her arms and slipping out of bed.

"Thanks, honey." Pia closed up the bottle and started looking around for a cotton ball that had gotten lost during all of the fun, one hand full of soggy cotton, the other digging through the sheets.

Claire carried Sarah into her bedroom and tucked her back in bed. Extra hugs and kisses and another bedtime story were absolute musts, according to Sarah, but Claire didn't mind at all. By

the time she crawled back into bed with Pia, though, she was yawning again. "Hey, babe. Thanks for cleaning up." She rolled over to smile sleepily at Pia.

Pia rolled over to kiss her, then made a face. She dug under her shoulder and came up with the missing cotton ball. "Found it," she said with a sigh, then she dabbed Claire on the nose and giggled.

"Ew!" Claire laughed and grabbed for the cotton ball, snagging it out of Pia's hand and returning the attack. She caught Pia's chin with it, and her forehead.

Pia gasped. "You dotted your own wife!" She pouted but ruined it by laughing. "There's a penalty for dotting." She leaned in and caught Claire's mouth in a kiss.

"Oh, well, if there's a *penalty*..." Claire dotted Pia one more time, then tossed the cotton ball toward the bedside table and rolled up over Pia to kiss her some more.

Pia's laughter was lost in their kisses as she pulled Claire into her arms to make the most of being awakened for a midnight *skamito* bite emergency.

The Annual Aquarium Visit

by Anah Crow

"Go on." Sorcha thought she was going to cry but she wasn't going to make a big deal about being dumped in a place like this.

"Honey," Ellen said, all sympathy now that she'd delivered the bad news in one of Sorcha's favorite places in the world, ruining it forever. "I thought we could have one last nice day together here. I was going to wait, but I felt guilty..."

"You didn't feel guilty about dragging me to my favorite spot and dumping me, but you feel guilty about something else?" Sorcha hissed. "I do not think that word means what you think it means. You're confusing it with 'inconvenienced'."

"There's no need to be emotional." Now Ellen had her chilly face on. Why Sorcha thought dating someone ten years her senior was a good idea was beyond her.

"Speak for yourself." Sorcha regretted liking the manta rays too much to throw Ellen over the rail. She didn't want to scare them. They drifted through the water like kites on a breeze, passing under the bridge where Ellen was dumping her.

"If that's how you're going to be about it." Ellen slipped the bag off her shoulder and held it out to Sorcha. "There's a few things in there I thought you'd want. I was going to say we could keep in touch, but I can see that's not going to be possible."

"The only thing I want to touch you with right now..." Sorcha let it trail off and jerked the bag out of Ellen's hand. She'd get her stuff out and burn the bag.

"Definitely not possible," Ellen said loftily. She turned and left Sorcha there, holding the bag, literally and emotionally.

Sorcha sucked in a painful breath, shouldered the bag, and marched herself off to the ladies' room. There, she had a good cry in the stall farthest from the door, then put herself back together. There was no way she was carrying Ellen's damn fussy bag around. Fucking florals. She headed for the gift shop.

Every year for the past three years, she and Ellen had gone to the aquarium for their anniversary. This was the third time. It was almost a tradition, only now it was over. Sorcha was wounded and furious at once. She hardly noticed the security guard as she stalked in, bought a duffel with the aquarium logo, and then stormed out.

Plunking herself down on the bench, she started pulling things out of the bag. The first thing that came out was a stuffed otter. Ellen had given it to her after their first aquarium date, but they'd

had sex in Ellen's bed that night and Sorcha had stayed over. Oliver the Otter had lived on Ellen's bed ever since.

"Oliver the Evicted," Sorcha mumbled, shoving him into the new bag.

"Excuse me." The voice, though mellow, was authoritative. "We ask that all bags be placed in lockers at the front of the building."

Sorcha looked up to see a security guard, 'Mia Jones', looking down at her. "I know, I..." she started. "My girlfriend..."

"I know," Mia said. "You'll have to come bring your bag to the lockers."

"Can I just... I'm throwing this one out." Sorcha pointed at the floral one.

"Fine." Mia stood there with her hands behind her back.

She was the kind of girl Sorcha never liked, the field hockey player type. Then again, Ellen had been her type and look how that had gone. Sorcha kept stuffing things from one bag into the other. CDs, t-shirts, a bra (oh, God), underwear (Ellen could tell them apart?), pancake mix (who gave *food* back in a breakup?), a bright red dildo... Sorcha wished she'd thrown Ellen in with the mantas. Cheeks flaming, she glanced up to see if the guard had noticed and, to her horror, there was a little smile tugging at the corner of the woman's mouth.

Goddamnit. The back of Sorcha's head noted that Mia had the prettiest hazel eyes with bright copper flecks. She emptied the floral bag, and then crammed into the can by the bench. There was nothing she had to say to Mia as she stalked off to the lockers, carrying her new bag.

It wasn't a long drive home but Sorcha didn't want to spend the day crying in bed. She drifted between exhibits, feeling like a ghost in the dark of the aquarium halls. Once in a while she caught sight of herself in the glass, a waifish thing with plain brown hair, and she wondered who was going to want her now.

Watching the funny little fish play in the coral reef, Sorcha felt water dripping and realized she was crying. It wasn't because of Ellen. It was because the magic was gone out of things. She'd had an annual pass to the aquarium for years, she came all the time, but she loved it most when she had someone to share it with. Now, she felt discarded and foolish for sharing something she loved with someone who didn't care for it as much as she did.

"Are you all right?"

Sorcha sniffled and spun to see the security guard from before standing a little way away, hands behind her back.

"I'm not a terrorist or anything," she snapped.

"I didn't think you were." Mia dug in her pocket and came out with folded tissues. "Here."

"I'm not going to drown myself, either." Sorcha took the tissues and blew her nose on one. "Thanks."

"I know"

"So, why are you following me?" Sorcha wiped her cheeks and then glared at Mia.

"Well..." The tall woman looked uncomfortable. "I *was* going to ask if you wanted to get coffee some time. But, then you were crying, and..."

"You were going to ask me out?" Sorcha wondered if she'd cracked and were imagining things.

"Well, not exactly." Mia floundered, trying to explain. "I mean: you just broke up with your girlfriend, and..."

"Got dumped," Sorcha corrected.

"Okay, I wasn't going to say that," Mia said, rolling her eyes. "I was trying to be tactful."

"You don't even know me." Sorcha eyed her suspiciously.

"I know." Mia blushed. Sorcha could see it even in the blue light of the coral reef. "You come here twice a month, though. I mean, so far. I've only been here eight months. You always go to the manta rays first. And I'm not stalking you," she added hastily. "I just usually work the concourse first thing and you keep showing up."

"So if you weren't going to ask me out, then what?" Sorcha shoved the crumpled tissues in her purse.

"Okay. I was. But it was just for coffee," Mia said. "You know, not really a date, since you just... got dumped. I wanted to ask before, but I didn't know..."

Oh. Right. It wasn't like Sorcha wore an 'I Like The Ladies' T-shirt. "Coffee would be okay," she said cautiously. "Maybe at the Cove Cafe downstairs?"

"Um, sure." Mia lit up with a smile, but then it faded. "How long do you, I mean, do you need time?"

"Do you have more tissues?" Sorcha used the last one.

"In the office..." Mia looked lost.

"Well, I might need more." Sorcha sniffled and took a deep breath. "But if you wanted to meet me there on your break... sure. I love the aquarium too much to have even one bad day here."

The smile was right back on Mia's face and she bounced on her toes, making her dark ponytail swing friskily. It looked incongruous and endearing on someone in uniform. "I'm off in an hour," she said. "I'll meet you..."

"By the manta rays," Sorcha said firmly. "They're my favorites."

"Me too." Mia's radio crackled and someone muttered. "I've got to go. But... coffee. An hour. And maybe I'll see if the manta rays are hungry." She turned on her heel and strode off with a bounce in her step, looking back and waving at Sorcha over her shoulder, smiling.

Sorcha took another deep breath, then exhaled. Coffee. An hour. With someone who wanted to know her. When she looked back at the reef and the fish dancing in the anemones, the magic was right where she'd left it, in the water and all around.

Summer Stuntwriting 2

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