

Genre: Original / Romance. This is a sequel to “Desperate Housewife.” It may be wise to read that story first.

Rated: R

Disclaimer: No disclaimers are required. The characters and this story are mine.

Sexual Content/Violence: Sex? Yes, absolutely.

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Chapter 9

Gillian closed her eyes, enjoying the wonderful pressure of strong fingers on her scalp.

They had come back to Sylvana's apartment some time ago. Now Gillian's head was cushioned on a soft lap, she was lying on a comfortable couch, music playing quietly in the background, the taste of the delicious food she had enjoyed earlier still lingering on her tongue. She couldn't possibly be any more comfortable... or content.

Doubts about their future still gnawed at her, but for tonight she had sworn herself to stay in the moment and to enjoy whatever the evening might bring. Tomorrow... well, tomorrow would be there soon enough, and then she could fret again. Tonight, she simply wanted to revel in the unexpected love and happiness she had found.

With a moan, Gillian snuggled deeper into Sylvana.

“Sounds like you're enjoying yourself.” Sylvana's smooth voice made Gillian smile and open her eyes.

“If you continue like this, I'll soon be asleep.” Gillian shifted until she was able to look into Sylvana's twinkling eyes.

“Oh, then I'll better stop.”

“No. Don't even think about stopping. I would have to hurt you.”

“Are we talking about good hurt or bad hurt?” Sylvana purred.

Usually not one to play or flirt a lot, Gillian surprised herself when she went along with Sylvana's teasing. “Want to find out?”

“Maybe.” Sylvana's fingers wandered lower and began to lightly caress Gillian's earlobe. The touch sent shivers down her spine. “Want to show me?”

Desire mixed with a sense of calm determination washed over Gillian. She scooted up until she faced Sylvana. The cocky smile she saw made her stomach flip-flop. “Hey, you. Fancy meeting you here.”

Sylvana chuckled. “Yeah, haven’t been here for a long time, but I thought that maybe I’d get lucky tonight.”

“What? Did you hope to find a hot date?” The playful banter between them dispersed the few dark clouds that had remained in Gillian’s soul. All complications, problems, and misgivings vanished when she looked into Sylvana’s eyes. Eyes that were filled with love and understanding – and a tiny bit of mischief.

“Yes, I did. And so much more.” Sylvana took Gillian’s hands and planted butterfly kisses on each palm. “Here I am with the most beautiful, wonderful, intriguing, and sexy woman I’ve ever met. Lucky, lucky me.” She gave Gillian a warm smile. “And to know that you love me, that this isn’t one-sided makes me deliriously happy.”

“Oh, Sylvana.” Something very warm and pleasant spread inside Gillian. She knew that Sylvana wasn’t a born sweet talker. All the more meant her words.

Gillian softly brushed her lips over Sylvana’s before drawing back.

“Mmmhhh... that was nice.” Sylvana licked her lips.

“You liked that?”

“I loved it. And I think I need more of where that came from.”

“Do you now?” Gillian’s lips again sought out Sylvana’s. But this time she didn’t draw away. She deepened the kiss, explored without haste the hot sweetness, encouraged by Sylvana’s moans. Their tongues were stroking, reaching, playing with each other. Skillful fingers found the sensitive skin behind her ears. Liquid heat scorched her from the inside. Breathing heavily, she broke the kiss. “Wow.”

A soft smile played around Sylvana’s lips. “Wow indeed. Anybody ever told you what a great kisser you are?”

Gillian laughed. “No. Never.” Her mood grew sober. “The things I remember went more along the line of me being a ‘cold fish.’”

Anger blazed in Sylvana’s eyes. “Who said that?”

“Derrick.” Gillian took a deep breath, not sure how much she should tell Sylvana. “He said that he ... well, he said that a blow-up doll had more fire.” She swallowed hard. “And one of the women I had a one-night stand with before we met said that it was no wonder that she wasn’t able to get an orgasm with someone who was such a bad lover.” Unable to look into Sylvana’s eyes, Gillian fingered a piece of lint on the couch.

“Stupid assholes. Both of them.” Gentle fingers cupped her jaw and turned her face upwards. “Gillian, I had many lovers. More than I could count. It’s not something I’m proud of. Not anymore. I’m proud that you’re the one loving me. And there is no one that ever made my

blood boil the way you do. I could explode from a simple touch of yours. You're a fantastic lover."

Tears sprung sprang into Gillian's eyes. "Oh God." She let her head fall against Sylvana's shoulder and burrowed into the contact. Soon a hand traced warm circles on her back. Slowly Sylvana's words penetrated Gillian's brain. As much as she had always enjoyed their times together, a part of her believed to be an inadequate lover. Sylvana had always been the one to take the initiative, to suggest things, or to inquire about Gillian's desires. Still a part of Gillian had held back. Maybe it was time to let go of the past in more ways than one.

Looking up from her safe spot, she asked, "One touch from me and you explode?"

Sylvana chuckled. "Yes. Sometimes simply watching you walk in front of me makes me itchy as hell. You have a beautiful ass."

Gillian felt heat rise on her cheeks. "Show me."

"What?" Sylvana looked confused down at her.

"Show me that one touch from me makes you explode." She rushed the words out so that she couldn't take them back anymore.

Sylvana regarded her with a combination of amusement and gentleness. "Does that mean you would like to see my etchings?"

Now Gillian wasn't sure if she had heard correctly. "What?"

"The drawings in my bedroom." A teasing grin played around Sylvana's mouth.

Gillian couldn't help giggling. "Give me a break. Did that line ever work for you?"

"As a matter of fact, yes. But I like that one even better." She pressed her hands to her heart. "Baby, your outfit would look great in a crumpled heap next to my bed."

Gillian took Sylvana's hands, unable to resist the urge to touch them, and rubbed her thumbs up and down the not so soft skin. "Gosh, that is so bad."

"No, it's true." Sylvana kissed Gillian's nose before she brushed her lips lightly over Gillian's. "And I really, really want to make love to and with you tonight. I need you, Gillian. All of you. Your heart, your mind, and your body."

A shiver of excitement spread through Gillian's body like a fire-breather's plume of flame. She lifted her head until she found Sylvana's lips. Her kiss was far from gentle and soon repaid in kind. A delicious heat bloomed between Gillian's legs. Maybe being daring wasn't a bad thing.

Sylvana broke the kiss. "Come." She held her hand out. "The etchings are in my bedroom."

Gillian's mouth curved into a smile. Willingly she took the offered hand and followed Sylvana.

When they entered the bedroom, her gaze wandered to the framed poster of Georgia O'Keeffe's *White Rose with Larkspur*. Not too long ago she had thought the poster unfitting for someone like Sylvana – someone so tough, so butch. Now she knew that the fragile and delicate flower simply mirrored a part of Sylvana's personality that she rarely showed to anyone. *But I'm allowed to see it.*

“Some years ago I saw the original in Boston.” Gillian pointed at the poster. “I think I stood nearly half an hour in front of the painting and marveled about Georgia O'Keeffe's ability to capture the essence of the rose. She was a marvelous artist.”

Sylvana shrugged. “I had no idea who the artist was when I bought the poster, but the vibrant colors got to me. It's a beautiful thing. I like looking at it when I lie in bed. It touches something inside me.” She brought her hands to Gillian's hips and drew her nearer. A smile spread over her face; her eyes were filled with a tender glow. “As do you, Gillian.”

Sylvana covered Gillian's mouth with her own.

Gillian wrapped her arms around Sylvana and was soon lost in the feel of soft lips. An enthusiastic whimper escaped when Sylvana nipped her bottom lip. Parting her lips, she allowed Sylvana's tongue inside. The sound of her blood pulsed in her ears. Her excitement surged with every stroke of their tongues. She didn't think she'd ever get enough of kissing Sylvana. This was what she wanted, whom she needed.

Gillian's body began to thrum like a high-tension wire when Sylvana cupped her breasts and began to softly knead them. A light, hot shock went through her.

Gillian's hand wandered to the inside of Sylvana's thigh and slowly higher to the crotch of the jeans. She began to massage the soft flesh under the stiff fabric, producing irresistible sounds from Sylvana. Sounds that affirmed the earlier spoken words about the power she held.

An idea formed in Gillian's head. Deciding to go with a spontaneous impulse for once in her life, she broke the kiss and took a step away from Sylvana.

“What? Everything okay, Gillian?” A confused look met Gillian's eyes.

Her chest quivered when Gillian took a breath. She could do it, could take the initiative. “I'll never forget the first time I saw you in that club,” she said, “all tough-looking and so very, very sexy.” She slowly opened her dress, slid out of it, and let the garment fall to the floor.

Sylvana's eyes widened. Her breathing hitched.

Knowing full well how much watching her strip turned Sylvana on, Gillian couldn't hide a smile. “I also remember you telling me to take my bra off.” Gillian undid her bra and let it drop next to her dress.

Sylvana's hungry gaze fixed on her breasts. Gillian's nipples hardened. Intoxicated by Sylvana's response, she felt herself getting wetter,

“And my panties.” She added her underwear to the pile on the floor and brushed her fingers over her belly, enjoying the little jolts that her own touch created. “Then you asked me how I wanted to come.” Gillian chuckled. “No one has ever asked me that before. I was so

perplexed and had no idea what to say.” She brought her hands to her breasts and, with slow movements, pinched her own nipples. Heat began to build all over her skin, inside her. Her voice sounded rough to her own ears when she said, “Tonight I know what I want.” And it was true. She did.

“Then tell me.” Sylvana licked her lips.

Gillian stepped closer and opened the two top buttons of Sylvana’s shirt with trembling fingers. She planted a gentle kiss on the soft flesh in front of her before she looked up into Sylvana’s eyes. “I want you to tell me what you want, what you like. You always put my needs first. Tonight I want you to tell me what you want.”

Sylvana stiffened.

Gillian’s stomach tightened to a knot. Had she overstepped a line? Gillian opened her mouth to take her words back.

But Sylvana beat her to it. “I,” she cleared her throat, “wow, this is a first.” A warm hand cupped Gillian’s cheek. “No one ever asked me that before.”

“Really?”

Sylvana nodded. “Really.”

Gathering her courage, Gillian said, “I really want to know. Please tell me.”

Hesitantly Sylvana bent her head and whispered into Gillian’s ear, “Actually, there is something I wanted to do since the first time we’ve met.” Gillian’s knees nearly buckled when Sylvana began to tease her earlobe with her tongue. Strong hands held her. The teasing stopped. “I would love to be inside you... as close to you as possible. So, if you’d really like to know what I want...” She hesitated for a moment, then dropped her voice. “I’d like to use a toy, a dildo. I want to be inside of you, want to look into your eyes. I love seeing you when you come... but it’s okay if you don’t want to.”

Surprised about the insecurity she heard in those last words, Gillian didn’t need to think twice. “I’d like to try it.” Truth was that she had thought about the possibilities of toys before. And the idea of Sylvana with a dildo... Gillian’s stomach did a little flip-flop. She’d love to give this a try.

“Yes?”

Gillian nodded. “Yes. I love making love with you. And this... well, it sounds as if it could be fun.”

“It can be. Absolutely. Wow.” Sylvana didn’t waste any time and stripped out of her shirt, naked underneath, without bra.

Gillian drank in the sight of the broad shoulders, the strong arms, and the proud breasts. A tribal tattoo covered most of Sylvana’s right upper arm. The need to touch the tattoo, to feel those pert breasts burned inside her, but she forced herself to stay still.

With lightning speed Sylvana stripped out of her jeans and out of her panties. She stood looking like a proud warrior of olden times.

Unable to hold back any longer, Gillian reached out and covered Sylvana's breasts. Hot, soft flesh filled her hands. "I love your breasts."

Sylvana sucked in a breath when Gillian began to trace circles around the tips of her breasts. Seeing how the buds tightened under her fingers, how affected Sylvana was by her touch... this was heaven.

"Oh, Gillian." Sylvana's face was flushed, eyes half closed. Unable to be still for a long time, one of her hands began to play through soft curls before tickling a sensitive spot beside Gillian's clit.

Gillian gasped.

"Lie down, honey."

Gillian's knees had turned to rubber, but she made it to the bed and lay down on the duvet. The cloth underneath felt rough on her sensitive skin. Impatiently she watched Sylvana go to a small wooden trunk that stood half-hidden beside the wardrobe and open the lid.

Her blood started to simmer when Sylvana took a harness, a bottle of lube, and a light blue dildo out of the trunk. She put them on the nightstand, then turned to Gillian. A soft smile played around her lips. "You take my breath away. You know that, right?"

Gillian nodded, unable to speak.

Sylvana's intense gaze hypnotized her when she crawled onto the bed with slow, graceful movements.

"Hi there." Sylvana bent down and planted a kiss on Gillian's knee. Goose bumps spread out all over Gillian's body. Her breathing hitched when a lick on the inside of the same knee followed the kiss.

Chuckling, Sylvana settled between Gillian thighs, supporting herself on her elbows. A beaming smile spread over her face. "You're adorable." A kiss on Gillian's nose followed. "I'm so thankful to have you in my life." A slow, soft kiss on her lips followed that statement.

Gillian needed this. Needed Sylvana. She swallowed against the knot in her throat. "I love you." Her hand trembled when she reached out to caress Sylvana's cheek. The skin under her fingers was smooth and warm. She gently guided Sylvana's face closer. "Totally."

The kiss that followed was warm, welcoming, and hot. The body above hers trembled mirroring her own overflowing emotions.

Soon Gillian's whole body burned from soft touches and hot kisses. Full naked breasts pressed against her own. Running her hands over Sylvana's back, she felt muscles flex and twitch. She loved the taste of earth and salt that was so typical of Sylvana. Soft flesh over muscles, hard as iron.

Hungry for Sylvana, for everything she had to offer, Gillian couldn't get enough of touching her. But soon, too soon, Sylvana dropped feather-light kisses down Gillian's breasts, her belly, her hips, the top of her thighs. Then fingers dipped into her wetness, swirling around her moist folds, the nub of her clitoris.

Gillian moaned, raising her hips to enhance the contact, but the fingers drew away.

"You're so wet. For me?" Sylvana asked.

"Only for you," Gillian replied, her mouth almost too dry for speech.

"Good answer." Sylvana's fingers returned to the needy spot, playing around her clit, driving her crazy. Good crazy, but crazy nevertheless.

Gillian's hands clenched the sheet when Sylvana's finger slid inside her vagina. Soon Sylvana followed with a second finger, hitting sensitive spots in deliberate teasing. Just when she got used to the sensation and wanted to get lost in the wild feelings, Sylvana withdrew both fingers.

A whimper of disappointment escaped Gillian. "No."

"Oh, baby, we've hardly started." Sylvana planted a soft kiss on Gillian's clit, followed by a gentle lick that made Gillian jump. "I want to take my time tonight. I'm just not sure if I can." Sylvana took the harness into her hands before she put the blue dildo into the harness. With experienced movements she strapped it on. Then she opened the drawer on the nightstand and took out a condom that she held out to Gillian. "Help me?"

Gillian took the condom with shaking hands and slowly rolled it over the dildo. With a pleasant shiver of anticipation, she applied plenty of lube around the head. Gillian accidentally put some pressure on the toy.

Sylvana's hissed.

Gillian flinched and let go of the dildo. "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"No. That was... wow. Nice."

"Oh." Encouraged by those words Gillian took the dildo in her hand again and pushed the base a bit more firmly before releasing the pressure again.

A gentle hand cupped hers. "You want to be careful here." Sylvana gasped. "I wanna make you come first. Lie back."

By now Gillian was so wet, moisture trickled down her thighs, and she knew the best was yet to come. She lay down. Soon tender fingers ran through her pubic hair and reached her clit. For a second, Gillian tensed, holding her breath. She didn't like to be touched directly there.

"Relax. Trust me." Sylvana slowly began a rubbing motion on the side of Gillian's clitoral shaft.

Gillian moaned. She closed her eyes. This was a stimulation she deeply enjoyed. Waves of pleasure began to build inside her.

“Open your eyes, baby.”

She did, instantly captured by a stormy blue gaze gone nearly black from arousal. The smooth head of the dildo slid through her wetness, making her gasp. Through heavy-lidded eyes, she watched Sylvana use her hand to guide the dildo slowly inside before she took her time and drew it out again. Gillian nearly cried out from the sensation of loss.

“Please.” Gillian moaned. “More.”

Sylvana grunted in reply, this time pushing steadily forward until the dildo was buried inside Gillian. It filled her, stretched her, then Sylvana slowly began to thrust. With each stroke, a new wave of pleasure sizzled through Gillian.

“You feel so damned hot.” Sylvana’s voice, almost a growl, penetrated Gillian’s fog of bliss.

She hissed when Sylvana hit an especially sensitive spot, a pleasure that only increased when Sylvana slowly rotated her hips during her thrusts. Gillian trembled.

Throughout it all, Sylvana’s gaze never left hers. At each new stroke, Gillian had to fight against the urge to close her eyes. The muscles of Sylvana’s back and shoulders quivered under Gillian’s hands. Soon she found the rhythm, anticipating each stroke, longing for it, grinding against the dildo as Sylvana thrust into her. It didn’t take long until the familiar fluttering in her belly began. An ocean of sensation emerged within her, overwhelmed her.

Clinging to Sylvana’s shoulders, she couldn’t delay it any longer. Fire ripped through her, shooting lightning through her body, wave after wave after wave until her bones and muscles seemed totally liquefied. At last, vaguely aware of Sylvana stopping her thrusts and withdrawing the toy, she let out her breath in a sigh. “Oh, dear Lord.”

Sylvana’s laugh was gentle. “Nope, not exactly.”

Her vision hazy, Gillian saw Sylvana get rid of the toy and the harness before joining her on the bed again.

“You’re so beautiful, so vulnerable when you come. I love to watch you.” Sylvana pushed some hair away from Gillian’s face and kissed her slowly. “You okay?”

“Yes. More than okay.” Gillian ran her thumb over Sylvana’s lips, her whole body sluggish and relaxed. A grin spread across her face when Sylvana took the thumb into her mouth and started to suck on it. “Come here.” She didn’t have to ask twice and soon was snuggled against Sylvana, who was stretched out full-length beside her. “I need a moment. That was... phenomenal. Thank you.”

“Mmmh... phenomenal indeed. That was unbelievable. I felt so close to you.”

For a moment, no more words were spoken. Gillian lightly caressed Sylvana’s skin, tracing the tendons in her arm, the small scars around her wrist, and the calluses on her hand. “I love touching you.” She took the hand and kissed every finger. “I love being with you.” She turned

and looked into Sylvana's eyes, a thought forming in her brain. "Tell me, is this harness a 'one size fits all' thing?"

* * *

Gillian slowly drifted awake. Reveling in the warmth and comfort of Sylvana's body tucked next to hers was like floating in warmth. Last night had been perfect. And, boy, had she rocked Sylvana's world with their little role reversal!

"You awake?" Sylvana asked, her voice rough from sleep.

Gillian chuckled. "No. I think I'm still dreaming. Reality can't be this good."

"Then don't wake me. I'm still floating in some kind of unbelievable bliss." Sylvana closed her eyes again.

Gillian ran her fingers up and down Sylvana's back until goose bumps followed her path. As much as she wanted to stay like that for the rest of the day or even better, the rest of her life, she couldn't. A glance at the alarm clock showed that it was already late morning. No wonder she was tired; sleep hadn't come for either of them until just a few hours ago. "Sylvana?"

"Mmmh? Just keep going."

"I'm sorry, honey, but I have to leave in two hours, and I thought...well, maybe you'd like to have breakfast together." She held her breath, unsure how much reality Sylvana was willing to accept. Instead of having another marathon sex session or at least spending the day together, they would have to work around Gillian's schedule and her kids' demands.

Sylvana gazed at her, a grin on her face. "Well, we could risk a look into my fridge."

"Yes, we could." Gillian grimaced. "But I'm not really that fond of pickled eggs."

"O ye of little faith. That was before I did some major shopping." Sylvana yawned heartily. "Good sex always leaves me starving the next morning. And I had some mind-blowing sex last night, let me tell ya."

Gillian touched Sylvana's face. "Yeah, me too. And the funny thing is... you were there, too." She rolled away from Sylvana's pinching fingers until she nearly fell out of bed. Laughter filled the room. "Stop it, Sylvana. I need to use the bathroom."

Sylvana slowly stretched her glorious body. "All right, I'll make coffee in the meantime."

"Thank you." Gillian got up from the bed, feeling slightly sore, but every little pain she felt today was worth the love she had found. For the first time she was really, truly positive that being with Sylvana would work out, and the thought was a damn good one.

Chapter 10

Four months later

The smell of grilled meat and charcoal hit Gillian's nose as she stepped through the double glass doors into the garden. Sunlight slid through the trees' canopy, bathing the newly installed wooden deck and the new teak furniture into a warm light. It was truly a wonderful late summer day with a slight breeze going. A perfect day for a family barbecue.

She walked over to where Sylvana and Michael stood at the glowing grill, shop talking about the perfect wooden deck they had installed over the past weeks. Michael sported two Band-Aids at his fingers but had otherwise escaped unharmed. He was as proud about their finished project as a boy his age could possibly be.

Thankfulness filled Gillian. The past weeks, they had spent at least one day of the weekend together. All four of them. Sylvana called it their "family training time." To see how easily Michael had welcomed Sylvana into their family was breathtaking. And even Angela had begun to open up toward her. Being the second deck-building assistant and spending a lot of time with Sylvana during their task had done wonders for their relationship.

"Here you go." Gillian handed Sylvana a cold beer and Michael his coke. "So, how much longer do those need? I'm starving." She pointed at the burgers that were slowly searing on the barbecue.

Sylvana took a gulp of her beer. "Ah, that hit the spot. The burgers are just about ready."

"Great. Michael, go and get Angela and Tilde, please. They are in the kitchen, working miracles on the dessert."

"Okay." Michael sat his glass down and hurried inside.

"You're a little troublemaker." A smile covered Sylvana's face.

"Me?" Gillian said in mock offence.

"Yes, you." With a twinkle in her eyes Sylvana tipped the bottle and emptied half of it in one swallow. "I could have used a glass, really."

Gillian took a glance toward where her mother sat with Winnie, Ben Cadwick's ex-wife. Winnie had gladly accepted the invitation. The only one missing was Gillian's father. Not surprisingly something at work had been more important than time with his family. But Gillian wouldn't let his absence spoil her day. It still hurt that work came before family but at least his absence had nothing to do with Sylvana being a woman. That much Gillian was sure of. *I bet he wouldn't care about my new partner being a woman if she could be useful in any future transactions he's involved with. Or if she were a partner in a law firm.* She swallowed down the bitterness that rose up inside her. She wouldn't change her father. But the one thing she could change was her life. And that was a change she was more than happy about.

With a smile on her face she turned back to Sylvana. "I'm not even sure Mother noticed you drinking beer out of a bottle like a construction worker. I guess she's still processing the fact that you stayed the night."

“Yeah.” Sylvana scratched her throat. A nervous gesture that by now Gillian was familiar with. “Maybe we should have told the children to be quiet about that. I really don’t want to cause problems—”

Gillian shook her head. “Shush. There is nothing to be sorry about. This is my home and my life. She has to get used to it. And honestly, having a sleepover with the kids in front of the TV with piles of popcorn around us is nothing to be quiet or ashamed about.” She chuckled and took a step closer to Sylvana. “Want a kiss?”

“No. Well, yes. But not here and now.” Sylvana took a step back. “Behave.”

“Coward.”

“As if you would like to put on a show for your mother or the neighbors.”

Sylvana was right. Angela and Michael had accepted her as Gillian’s partner with an ease that still surprised them both. And Tilde had been no problem at all. Scandinavians were a refreshingly liberal bunch. But not everybody was as accepting. Her mother had thrown several fits before agreeing to a truce. Still, she was here today which counted for a lot.

“You’re right. I was only teasing.”

Sylvana blew her a kiss, mischief twinkling in her eyes. “Later, honey. All right?”

“I take that as a promise.”

A smile spread across Sylvana’s face. “Good. And now sit down, woman.”

With lots of laughter Angela, Michael, and Tilde stepped out on the deck. Angela put down a bowl of tossed salad while Michael immediately walked over to Sylvana.

Gillian sat down at the table, next to her mother. Maybe her life wasn’t all happily ever after – but it was damn near perfect.

The End

Thanks for the ride. In case you want to let me know that you liked my story, please write to filfil67@yahoo.de and/or visit my website at www.filfil.de