



## **A Wee Bit of Belated Seasonal Fluff...**

**By Kelly Blake**

**“I** love your shoes.”

I heard her sweet voice and it took maybe a few moments to realize she was addressing me. I blushed as I glanced up and into the face of Bryanna Poers.

There always seems to be an event that triggers something deep within us at one time or another. My event was a picture in a fashion magazine. I was eleven at the time and the magazine belonged to my mom. I retrieved it from the recycle bin after she had discarded it. The picture of the very sophisticated woman on the cover had drawn me to perform my own recycling act.

I was curious. I hated the things I had to wear and envied the clothing of the women I saw from day to day. Whether they wore a house dress, jeans and a brightly colored tee, or shorts and a camisole top, I envied them. I mean a skirt seemed so easy. Why couldn't I wear those things?

Bryanna Poers is an amazing woman. At twenty six years old she was not only an associate in a most prestigious law firm, but she was on the fast track for partnership. She was bringing in clients and sending out amazing amounts of billing.

Bryanna only had one flaw to those in power; she was slightly more than hunky chunky. She was definitely curvy and proportioned properly in a truly lush and plush manner. She was a size fourteen I guessed and about five feet eight inches in height.

She was otherwise gorgeous...amazingly gorgeous. At least I thought so. I mean it's not like I'm a stalker or anything. But whenever I saw her I had to steal a glimpse. Those apple cheeks and naturally pouting lips were offset by her pale green eyes and strawberry blond hair...with an

emphasis on the strawberry. Her hair was shoulder length; just long enough for her natural wave to be seen.

Being a brilliant litigator, I've rarely seen her in anything but a woman's dark pinstriped suit. But when Bryanna had an office day, she would wear these amazing silk or linen maxi dresses or mid-calf skirts with colorful blouses. In short...I adored and idolized her femininity and her extraordinary sense of style. So for her to notice and actually compliment me on my shoes totally stunned me.

"Ummm..." I blushed a deep new shade of red and cleared my throat. "Thank you Ms. Poers."

I could barely look her in the eyes. I did manage to smile. Bryanna folded her hands just below the waist line of the lovely silk Kelly green skirt she wore. It was quite in keeping with the season what with Christmas a mere day off.

"You always appear to be so well put together." Bryanna spoke with honest conviction...or the silver tongue of a litigator. I wasn't sure.

"Thank you Ms. Poers." I, of course, could not speak with her honesty. I never thought of myself as being 'well put together'. Anyway, I couldn't even believe she was speaking to me.

"I bet you put a lot of thought into what you wear from day to day."

"Well... I do try to keep within the..." I glanced around the hallway as I spoke. I still had trouble meeting her stare. "... the general decorum of the firm Ms. Poers."

I began to become a bit ruffled at the idea that she's been taking notice of me. I mean we've only had the slightest of dealings and that was normally an e-mail request to search out a particular file. I would find the file and personally deliver it to her office. There are certain things I simply didn't trust to interoffice mail or our couriers.

"Come..." She held her hand out in a gesturing motion toward the far end of the hallway. "Walk with me. You do have time I hope?"

Time...? Me...? How could I possibly say no? This woman had a reputation for getting whatever she wanted...even from the senior partners. I would've made time if I needed to. I just couldn't believe she was...approachable?

"Sure..." I smiled, my reddened face not changing its lovely shade.

As we walked she continued to compliment me on a plethora of qualities I didn't even realize I processed at the time. My use of cosmetics was amazing because I always looked good with a hint of help. My work was perfect. She'd never had files personally delivered by the clerk and she appreciated the fact that I wanted to be sure she received whatever was wanted in such a timely manner. As if...

As we approached her office and arrived at the desk of her administrative assistant, Bryanna stopped and glanced at her wrist watch. I couldn't help but notice it was a gorgeous Tag Heuer that was stainless with gold trim and diamonds around the bezel. I couldn't imagine what she wore for more formal events.

"I'm glad we spoke." Bryanna turned to face me. Not more than two or three feet separated us. "I know almost everyone but we've never had the chance before." She laughed. "We should go for a drink."

Oh...my...God...

"Yes... That would be nice." Could you imagine?

"Good...!" She grinned. "I should be done in an hour. This place will be empty by three anyway. Why don't we meet by the elevators in say..." She finally glanced elsewhere giving my somewhat frazzled spirit a microsecond of rest. "...an hour?"

I was speechless. She smiled gently and began to turn to her office. Whilst still in her view she spoke.

"Good... See you then." And she walked into her inner sanctum and closed the door.

I looked at her assistant. She smiled sympathetically and simply shrugged her shoulders. I turned slowly and began the long walk back to the other side where the clerks sat. I was totally stunned. I felt as if I was walking through a fog as my vision narrowed and my tummy began to slightly revolt. I had no idea of what we would have to talk about.

I sat at my work station and tried, quite unsuccessfully to calm myself. I stared at the clock on my book shelf and then at my blank computer screen. I suddenly found myself having to use the Lady's Lounge.

I went and did my 'business'. As I stood at the mirror after washing, it suddenly occurred to me how totally natural being in there was. Thought it had been only six years since I left home, well, was asked to leave anyway, I felt totally secure and at ease being who I was.

I closely inspected my face and decided to do more of an after work look. I reached into my shoulder bag and brought out the few things I had with me. After all, I'm never invited out after work these days. And, to be perfectly honest, a part of me is very happy with that.

There were the in between years when I had to do things...things I wasn't proud of...to survive and continue on my journey. It was no longer acceptable to steal birth control pills as I had done whilst still at home and just shy of being a teen. I knew enough from what little reading I could follow that male puberty had to be avoided like the plague.

That seems like such a long time ago. I had never been asked out by a woman before. In fact I'd never even been with a woman. They simply didn't interest me in 'that manner'. It was always boys...men. I loved that way they adored my femininity and could even accept...indeed relish my boy bits. I enjoyed their forcefulness as they would mount me.

The fact that they would pay for spending a mere few hours with me was strictly a bonus; a much needed bonus I might add. During that period of my life there wasn't much I wouldn't do to make ends meet and still be able to legally get what I needed. Though I didn't make nearly as much doing the paralegal thing, at least I could feel good about myself and live my life quietly and sanely.

I washed off what I had on my face and began with a clean canvas...so to speak. I had a quite functional palette of colors with me and I was able to make myself appear a little more decent for an afternoon drink with Ms. Bryanna Poers. I quickly ran my brush through my hair and my pixie-wedge cut looked reasonably good.

I grabbed my coat and scarf about five minutes before our designated meeting time, grasped the strap of my shoulder bag and headed out toward the elevators. My mind seemed to shut down and I was functioning on automatic.

"Leaving early?"

I heard a coworker say as she passed me in the hallway. I smiled and nodded.

"Well... Merry Christmas..."

I uttered the same without even thinking about it. Merry Christmas indeed! I would be alone yet again this evening. I would curl up on my couch, wrapped in my comforter, and watch some Kevin Costner chick flick or something equally capable of giving me yet another reason to cry.

As I approached the elevators I saw Bryanna already waiting. She was speaking to the receptionist and they both seemed to be laughing. When she saw me coming, she turned back to the receptionist and, I would guess, wished her the season's greetings. The receptionist got up and they both cheek kissed one another.

I admired her lovely shearling full length wrap coat as Bryanna walked several steps toward me. I noticed that she had changed her shoes from the usual office flats to a pine green silk pump with no more than maybe a two or two and a half inch heel. God... It must be nice to have that kind of money to spend on wardrobe.

"I'm so glad you could make it." She spoke and was all smiles.

"I love your shoes. The stacked heel looks great against the green." I felt a little stupid saying that but I had to acknowledge her somehow. "I want to thank you for inviting me. This is a real treat for me." I giggled like a fool.

**B**eing on the top floor did give us the advantage of having an empty elevator to get onto.

Several other people joined us as they too were on their way home, or to parties, or both. As the elevator filled, we were suddenly pushed close together. I loved the aroma of her scent and told her so. She smiled modestly and told me the name of it.

She blushed and I loved how her face colored. Her naturally rosy cheeks grew more so and I could see the top of her neck flush as well. I felt good knowing that maybe Bryanna was actually human after all. By the time we exited on the ground floor the car was so packed that Bryanna had put her arm around my waist to get even closer.

“I know a nice place uptown we could go to. Everywhere down here will be packed.” She was slow in removing her arm from my waist.

“Okay... That sounds great.”

I could feel the spirit of the eve as we exited the building. People were smiling and seemed in a rush to be somewhere. The sky was overcast and there was the kind of damp chill that always indicated the possibility of snow. I was gazing around taking in the street scene when I felt Bryanna take hold of my arm.

“This way...”

She led me to a waiting car. The driver got out and opened the door for us. Bryanna let me get in first and followed. The driver closed the door, got in front behind the wheel, and we were off. She loosened the tie belt of her coat and made herself comfortable.

“It belongs to the company. Jeffries decided that I merited a car ride home.” She giggled. “I told him that I’ll take it for a start.”

I giggled with her. Jeffries was one of the senior partners in the firm. Approval for anything by him was more than a rarity. I looked at Bryanna with admiration. After all, she was only a few years older than I was and she was already making more in one year than I could even dream of.

But now, outside the office, I could almost see the child in her. She had this innocent twinkle in her eyes and a blinding smile on her face.

“I was actually invited to Gorman’s party but I always hate these ‘plus one’ deals.” She glanced out the window at the city passing us by as we rode up the East River Drive. “Plus which...” She turned to look at me. “I really don’t have a plus one...you how?”

“Yeah...” I actually felt for her. I felt for myself as well. At least she gets ‘plus one’ invites. “I know exactly what you mean.” I guess my own sadness came through my voice as I looked away. She clasped my hand in hers and gave it a gentle squeeze and then let go.

“It’s a tough time of year. My folks are on the other side of the country and I do miss seeing them. I wish I could be there.” Now sadness filled her voice.

“Mine are...” How do explain this to her. How do I explain that they can’t stand the sight of me. “They’re unavailable?”

“I am so sorry.” She grasped my hand again. “I am so very sorry.” She held it. “That must be very difficult.” I could feel her sincerity.

“Yeah...” I felt a tear welling up but I forced myself to hold on.

“Where do they live?”

“They live out in Huntington?”

“Oh my God... And they’re so close.” She suddenly realized that this was a difficult situation for me. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to pry.”

“That’s okay. I guess it’s a natural thing to ask. Where do your folks live?”

“They’re out in Seattle. My dad’s a computer scientist...a real scientist.” She chuckled.

That kind of broke the ice. Bryanna began to tell me about them without becoming too detailed about the relationship she had with them. I could just sense the love and respect that was mutual between them. That made me smile. At least one person I knew had good parents in the traditional sense; the kind that showed up at every after school event.

She spoke the rest of the way uptown till we got off at the Fifty Ninth Street bridge exit and headed across the city. We finally pulled up to a hotel on Fifth Avenue and sixty first street; The Pierre. I had heard of the place from others in the office. They seemed to think it was extremely expensive and kind of exclusive. I suddenly began to worry about my portion of the bill...even just for a drink...or maybe even two.

The driver opened our door and we exited. Bryanna held her hand out to me as I began to get out. I took it of course. The feeling of her hand on mine for nearly the entire trip as she talked was still fresh. She took my arm after releasing the driver for the rest of the day. I was shocked, though I shouldn’t have been, when the door man greeted her formally by name and wished both of us a merry Christmas.

As if on automatic pilot, Bryanna directed me into the elegant lobby as she spoke. I barely heard a word. I was so busy being super impressed by my surroundings. I’d been in hotels before and

certainly high rises. But my experiences had been more the back seat of the car type or an overnigher at some flat and I was usually under the influence of something to dull the pain.

Opposite the reservation desk was the entrance to the bar. We walked down the few steps and Bryanna directed me to a half circle upholstered loveseat with a table and two chairs opposite. She seated me on the loveseat and after removing her coat and placing it, her bag, and attaché on one of the chairs, took a seat next to me.

A waiter came to our table and greeted Bryanna just as the doorman had. I don't know why I should have been surprised...but I was. I mean...just looking around the intimate décor was enough to tell me that she spent a bit of time and money here if they knew her that well. I didn't know whether to feel important or merely a beneficiary of chance.

"I'm starving." Bryanna spoke and giggled. I could see the delight in her eyes at the prospect of having something. "Do you mind if I order?"

"Uhhh... No..."

Bryanna ordered a Royal Tea Service with pink champagne. Then, without the benefit of the menu, she proceeded to order tea sandwiches? She ordered chicken, Caviar, deviled eggs, smoked salmon, and a cheese thing. It sounded like what I eat in a week! Though the sandwiches were small, she added that this should start us off. Oh my God...

At Bryanna's request, the champagne was first up. I normally don't drink at all these days. And though I've had champagne before, I'd never had anything as good as what she ordered. We both finished our first glass when the food began to appear. Bryanna dug right in. For every piece of something I had, she ate two. And the waiter saw that our glasses were never empty. We were the only ones in the bar so he could afford us the attention though I think she always got it anyway.

I was quite sated by the third flute of the amazing wine. Between bites of food Bryanna made me laugh with forbidden tales of the partners and associates. She insisted I call her Bry (as in Brie). After all, she said quite grandly, we weren't in the office.

She had moved a wee bit closer to me to the point that our thighs touched. I didn't mind at all. Between the intimate setting, the waiter's discretion, and the wine and food, I was feeling quite relaxed and...disarmed? We even linked our arms to toast the day. That's when she dropped the first bomb.

"So... Do you still have it?"

"Have what?" I was clueless.

"Your dick..."

I choked on the sip of champagne I was imbibing. I flushed an even deeper red than the wine produced and stared at her. I must have looked like the proverbial deer caught in the headlights. I felt my entire existence begin to crumble and my vision begin to narrow. I thought I might even faint.

“Uhhh...” I cleared my throat and looked down at my flute of wine. “Yes...” My voice was barely a whisper.

“Does it work?”

I thought I might die. A tear did flow down my cheek. Bryanna was quick to blot it carefully with her linen napkin. I cleared my throat yet again. I looked up at her and her gaze was fixed upon me as if she was watching every little part of my expression.

“Not really.”

I couldn't believe she was asking me those questions and that I was even answering. I probably should have been insulted and gotten up to leave. But something kept me there; Bryanna!

“How did you know?” Another tear rolled down my cheek and again she caught it.

“I didn't. Well...at least not for sure.” She picked up my hand and kissed it. “I believe that there shouldn't be secrets between friends. Don't you think so?” I nodded. “Good... You're little secret is safe with me. I also believe friends need to protect one another.” I nodded in agreement yet again. “Good...”

Bry poured the last of the champagne bottle into our flutes and signaled the waiter. She ordered yet another bottle of the stuff. I had suddenly sobered under her questioning and definitely wanted at least another glass.

“The moment I noticed you...I don't know...I couldn't get you out of my mind.” Bry lifted her glass and sipped the wine. “I'd wanted to meet you but...”

Her voice trailed off. The thought that she might have been as intimidated of meeting me as I was in meeting her never occurred to me before. After all, she was who she was and I was who I was. We lived and functioned in two different worlds.

“It wasn't until I caught you copping looks at me that I began to kind of obsess? I mean you were so cute.” Bry chuckled. “You'd glance at me and then, the very moment I'd spot you you'd look somewhere else. Of course I didn't miss the fact that you were blushing.”

I was blushing again. I smiled and looked at her hand holding mine. I was even trembling at this point. I felt where this was going but I wasn't so sure that I knew.

“I even had you checked out.”



She had to feel my hand tense.

“Oh... It was all very discrete I promise you. Everyone thought I was simply looking for my own paralegal because it's coming to that. You never had any personal calls. You don't even have a cell phone. That meant there was nobody in your life; no boyfriends and no girlfriends.”

I looked at her questioningly. I was trying to understand how she thought. Her way of thinking, of reasoning, was so very different than mine.

“What that meant was you were either asexual or you were...what's the word...in transition? Certainly your look and the way you effected yourself weren't a giveaway. So I checked a little further.”

Oh my God... I know she could see I was upset. I tensed again.

“I promise you that...” I couldn't face her. “Look at me...” Her voice was pleading and sincere. “I wouldn't hurt you for the world. I simply wanted to know if I could trust you. That's why I asked you those very embarrassing questions.”

She gazed at me so...so...sincerely that I couldn't help but believe her. I saw something in her eyes that struck me to my core. I was no longer with a smart lawyer on the fast track to partnership. I was with a little girl crying out to another for...understanding? I almost felt embarrassed for any doubts I might have had.

“Okay...” I smiled and felt another tear begin to form. “I do believe you.”

“You must understand that I deal with thieves and liars every single day. I just want... I just want someone in my life that I can trust...someone who doesn't want...”

“Please...” Now I was pleading. “I do understand.”

I grasp our hands with my other hand. For the first time I look to notice how perfectly manicured her nails were. Everything about her was simply...amazing...so totally femme.

“What I don't understand is why...” Oh my God... Now it was my turn to ask something that would be embarrassing. “...why hasn't anyone found you yet?”

“You're kidding...right?” Bry laughed but there was a cynical sound to it.

“No... I mean seriously... You're so beautiful...so...perfect. I don't see how any man could possibly not see that.”

“Well...” She giggled with a wicked smile. “I don't confine myself to men honey.”

Oh my God... She called me honey.

“Look... Whenever my...friends...” She was being sarcastic. “...tried to fix me up, I either got guys with a fat fetish or guys who wanted to feed me...and I must say I have no problem doing that myself...or some other kind of loser.”

“Well...I don’t think you’re fat at all. You have an amazing figure I would die to have.”

“Really...?” Her face lit up. Her hand left mine and she kind of smoothed out her skirt.

“I couldn’t take my eyes off of you because you’re so incredibly feminine. And I really think you need to maybe examine your own definition. That’s kind of what I had to do when I was quite young.”

I smiled and leaned my head against my hand, my elbow now on the table. I simply smiled and gazed at her. She mimicked what I had done and we both sat there gazing at one another for the longest moment.

We sat and talked and I told her about my...my ugly days? And I told her about the drugs. She understood. Bry certainly knew what it took to accomplish one’s dreams. Without the drugs I never would have been able to do my ugliness.

“I smoke pot on occasion. Will that bother you?”

“Pot is not drugs.” I laughed. “But I never injected anything. And I was always so very careful because of all the disease going around.”

“My God... That must have been awful. I once screwed these three guys from a frat.”

“No way...!” I giggled I couldn’t imagine someone as proper could possibly do that.

“Way...! And then they went and told their brothers?”

“Oh my God...no...”

“Yeah...” She giggled and leaned in toward me very conspiratorially. We were nearly face to face. “So you know what I did?” I shook my head trying to hide my snickering with my hand. “I slept with their girlfriends.”

I burst out laughing.

“And when they found out, after I told everyone I knew, they were basically dead on campus.”

We continued to tell our secrets and to sip on the champagne. We had desserts and topped it all off with Irish coffees. Before either of us realized it, the afternoon was nearly gone. There were actually others in the lounge and we didn’t even notice.

“Oh my God...! I’m going to be late.” Bry was actually upset. “I can’t be late. Not for this.”

“Do you have a party or something?”

“No...” She dabbed at her mouth with her napkin. “I’m sort of in this...sorority?”

“Are you serious?” Somehow I couldn’t see Bry as being a sorority girl; at least not as an adult? But what do I know anyway?

“Yeah...” She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I was asked to join. Later, around five, there is a charity drive and I promised to donate to it. I’m not really a member yet? But I’ve been going to the...house and slowly meeting everyone.”

I listened to Bry speak. I watched her lips. They seemed so...inviting?

“Anyway... I’m a little too young to be a full member but I am being considered for an associate membership.” She giggled. “I guess I’m going to be an associate something for a while.”

“Do you need to be there? Can’t you mail it in or something?”

“Yeah... I really should be there.” Bry looked at me for the longest moment. She was in deep thought and then she smiled. “Would you like to come along?”

“Oh God... I really don’t know. I’ve intruded on your day enough and I wouldn’t want to be in the way.”

“Don’t be silly.” Bry giggled and rolled her eyes. “I think you’ll find it very interesting. There are amazing women at the club and I promise you won’t feel out of place.” She laughed. “I’ll protect you. I promise.”

That was the second time she said that. And I believed her.

“Okay...” I giggled. “It should be interesting.”

“No... It’ll be fun.”

Bry signaled the waiter for the check. I reflexively reached for my bag knowing that I only had a small amount of cash with me. But I did have my check book and that would have to do.

“What are you doing?”

“I would like to pay...”

“Oh no you don’t...!” Cry sounded a wee bit angry although she was having trouble controlling a giggle. “I invited you so you’re my guest. Secondly...” She grabbed her bag and took out a must smaller clutch type of bag. “Anyway...I have an account here so I don’t pay till the end of

the month.” Small wonder they all knew her. “Listen...I’m going to freshen up. Want to come along?”

“Uhhh...sure...” I stood up and immediately felt the effects of the alcohol. I had to place both my hands upon the table top to steady myself for a moment. I couldn’t help giggling.

“Here...” Bry held out her arm. “Let me help you.”

“I think I’m a little...drunk?” I giggled.

“Well hopefully so.” Bry laughed. “I always like to get them drunk first.”

“Well thank you for this treat.” I thought a moment as we strolled to the ladies lounge. I looked at her. “You know... I’ve never been with a...” I started in a whisper leaning close to her ear. I was going to say girl but thought better of it. After all, Bry certainly was no girl. “...with a woman before.”

“Oh my God...! You’re kidding me!”

She spoke a little too loudly for my taste. I quickly looked around. I turned back to face Bry only to see her eyes wide and an incredible grin.

“Shhh...” I whispered again in her ear. Bry had her arm linked with mine. “I don’t want the world to know.”

“Oh honey...” She laughed again. “If you only knew a quarter of the secrets that go on in this bar...” She laughed and. “Anyway... I like a challenge.”

“What...?”

Bry laughed the rest of the way to the lounge. We both found ourselves in dire need of relief. Fortunately there was nobody else around because Bry continued to talk about the fact that the menu and prices were what they were to keep people with lesser senses of discretion out.

“I know that at least two of the men in there were with their mistresses. They’re dropping off the ‘Christmas present’ apology for not being able to spend the evening with them.” She laughed. “Everyone has secrets and I want to tell you all of mine and I want you to tell me yours.”

I felt a bit strange speaking with another woman through the wall of a toilet stall. I’d never had the opportunity before. I never really had that kind of friend; an intimate friend. And yet I felt it to be a very natural act. I always tried to avoid hearing the chatter between women in the toilets. This was especially true during the...’troubled times’? The chatter was usually vulgar or the hustle type of talk.

We finished our business just about the same time and went to the basin to wash our hands. I carefully examined my face carefully. I opened my cosmetics bag and repaired my lips and eyes

where I was smudged from my tears. I suddenly noticed out of the corner of my eye that Bry was watching me. I looked at her and smiled.

“What...?” I asked.

Bry simply shook her head. “I simply can’t believe you...well...were born with a...” She looked a bit embarrassed. “You know...a dick.” I blushed and lost my smile. “Oh no...” Bry quickly took my hand in both of hers. “I mean I never would have guessed otherwise. Everything about you screams femme. And I adore that about you. You’re so unassuming and unpretentious. And I do love your honesty and openness.”

My blush and smile came back. I actually instinctively looked down rather coyly. Bry leaned in toward me again and I met her half way.

“And I can’t believe you’ve never been with a girl before.”

“It just never...came up?” When I thought about what I had just said I began to giggle. “Maybe that was the problem?”

Bry laughed. “But you do like the boys?”

I giggled as I put my lipstick back into my bag. I thought about what she had asked and I didn’t want to stand in the lounge and talk about it. My head was still spinning a wee bit and I was beginning to perhaps develop a headache.

“I’ll tell you all about it. But maybe we can walk a little?”

“We can walk up to where I need to go if you’d like.”

I thought about it for a moment and decided that I wanted to spend more time with this woman. Indeed the reality of my life is that she was my only friend and we only just met?

“Yes... That would be nice.”

We got back to our table to collect our things. The maître de was now on duty and he rushed over to help us on with our coats.

“It is so good to see you Ms. Poers. I want to wish you and your friend...”

“Ms. Doyle...” Bry said.

“And Ms. Doyle a very merry Christmas.” His smile was big and quite gratuitous.

“And I wish you and your family the same.” Bry took an envelope from her bag and handed it to him. He thanked her for thinking of him and added several other praising epithets including saint?

“There is one thing.”

“Anything Ms. Poers.”

“I wish to add Ms. Doyle’s name to my account?”

“Bryanna...” I was stunned. I felt like I needed to do more business in the ladies lounge.

“Not a word from you!”

She was good at faking anger but the corners of her mouth gave her away as she fought off a grin. I smiled. I would thank her outside. The maître de took my work identification and, after making a copy and amending the account on his computer, he gave Bry a stylus and she signed the screen approving the change.

**W**e exited the hotel and began to walk arm in arm up Fifth Avenue. The festive aire of the evening was even more evident than before. Now people were rushing home, some with last minute things for the occasion. Bouquets of flowers were everywhere.

People were rushing home to their families. That’s something that I haven’t done in years. The few times I rushed ‘home’ to someone it was another whore and we were changing our cloths for yet another evening of defilement.

“You must have really rewarded him handsomely.” I was curious. “The envelope was thicker than simply a few bills.

Without losing a stride Bry spoke. “I never discuss those kinds of things. In fact I like to be anonymous in these matters.” There was a sad edge to her voice. “I have so much and there are those who have so very little. He has three little ones. His wife ran out on him last year.”

I nodded and we strolled arm in arm in silence for a while. Bry seemed to be as lost in her thoughts as I was in what she had said. Suddenly she perked up and grinned.

“So...boys...tell me about the boys.” She laughed.

“Oh God...” I should have been prepared for the question.

“Tell me about your first.” Bry said with a somewhat lewd look.

“That was back in seventh grade.” I took a moment to recall everything I could. It seemed like so very long ago. “He was very cute.” I smiled and looked at Bry. “Very cute... And very gay though I didn’t know it at the time. He was also a year ahead of me.”

“Ahhh...” Bry laughed. “The allure of an older man.”

“Yeah... I guess you could actually say that. We kind of became friends. He was a lot bigger than me and he kept the haters off my back...at least in school.” I took a moment. “One day he invited me over to his house. His parents weren’t home of course.”

“Of course...” Bry laughed knowingly. “They rarely are when these things happen.”

“Anyway...” I giggled. “We were laying on his bed just talking. We were on our sides with pillows under our heads. Suddenly he leaned over and kissed me. I can’t say I was totally surprised because we had been kind of staring at one another for a few moments first.”

“Ah ha...! His look said yes and yours said why not.”

“Yeah... Truly...” I laughed. “It was nice. I mean really nice. His lips touched mine and it was all over. It was only his lips and we held the kiss for more than a mere moment. Of course I was somewhat shocked but a large part of me really liked it and wanted to his him more.”

“Okay... So what turned you on to him before the kiss?”

“Now that’s a probing question.” I laughed. “I don’t know. Maybe it was his maleness...just something about him? You know?”

“Oh yes...” She laughed. “I know all too well. It’s the old endorphin thing. It’s just something about them. They don’t even have to be all that cute...although it does help.”

“So one thing led to another and suddenly I had his dick in my hand.”

“What did you think about all that?”

I turned head to face her and stopped for walking for a moment.

“It’s totally amazing the power you have when you’re holding their dick.”

“So you noticed.” Bry sounded a bit sarcastic and laughed. “Their world ends when you’ve got them by the balls...so to speak. And yours ends when you let go.”

“Yes...” She was so right! “Exactly... It’s like they’re done with you and you can go now.”

“But you continued with guys.”

“I guess I liked the dick.”

“Did you fuck him?”

I was a bit stunned by her...her clinical use of the word?

“Yeah... I did shortly after that one day. I sucked him off a lot though. Even at school... We’d kind of disappear under the bleachers at the football field between classes and I’d do him.”

“Did he ever do you?”

“No...” I suddenly saddened remembering all the excuses he’d used. “Sadly not...”

“Guys are like that.” Bry sounded cynical now. “They want what they want.”

“Yeah...”

She turned to me as we slowly strolled. “I hope you don’t mind me asking?”

“No... I really don’t.”

In truth I felt like telling her. Every time I admitted something I felt a little bit closer to her. And there were no judgments. Indeed she would always seem to have gone through a similar experience. And she’d been so open to me about her...adventures...with frat boys and sorority girls?

Before we knew it we stood in front of a rather imposing townhouse. It was actually more like a mansion with neighbors? The iron gates across the front, though open, were almost forbidding and there was a simple polished brass plaque on the door with the letters ‘SOS’.

“Okay...” Bry said. “We’re here. Are you ready?”

“Oh my God... We’re going into this place? Who lives here?” I was still struck by the size and height of the building.

“Uh... This is the sorority house?” Bry giggled. “Isn’t it amazing?”

Bry now took my hand and we walked up the few steps to the large imposing double doors. Bry pressed the doorbell and I could hear real chimes ring. One of the huge doors swung inward and a rather large imposing man in a tuxedo stood before us. Suddenly he smiled.

“Good evening to you Ms. Poers. And a very merry Christmas.” He motioned us in with a sweep of his arm.

“Thank you Mister Bowman. This is my friend Ms. Doyle.”

He wished me the very same greeting and then he helped me off with my coat first. Then he did the same for Bry.



“Ms. Grey and Ms. Addams are in the library. They requested you join them when you arrived.”

“Thanks Mister Bowman.”

Bry turned to me and grasped my hand. I, inversely, was busy taking the center atrium in. There was marble and gilt and everything that denoted wealth all around me. The Persian carpets on the stone floors looked quite aged yet elegant and costly. All the paintings on the walls were of women...very stately women. I felt so very small and insignificant amongst all of that.

Bry led me across the center of the atrium and off to the side. We walked through an opened double door that appeared to be walnut and into a subdued room lined with bookcases. Leather arm chairs and end tables with reading lamps abounded yet the room wasn't crowded with furniture. Fine drawings and lithographs hung on the spaces between shelving and ceramics of various types decorated some of the shelves.

But the center piece of the room was an enormous fireplace with a large fire in progress. The ornately carved sandstone mantle was adorned with brass and the tools on either side stood in brass holders. There were winged back chairs on either side of the fireplace. I could barely discern their faces against the light of the fire. As we approached I could see that they had drinks on their end tables.

“Ahhh... Bry...how very good to see you.”

The rich contralto voice had a smoky quality to it. The woman's inflection and diction was that of someone who would be born to wealth but acquired power on her own.

“Hi Martha... Merry Christmas to you.” Bry sounded truly happy to see Martha.

“Who is that with you dear?”

“Oh... I'm sorry. This is my dear...” Oh my God... She said dear? “...friend Ryanna Doyle. Ryann, this is Martha Grey and...” Bry looked curiously at the woman who was sitting with Martha. “I'm afraid we haven't met.” Bry extended her hand to the athletic woman with the short blond hair. “I'm...”

“Yes...” She spoke also with a voice similar to Martha's but with a more distinct accent. “I'm Martina Adams. Do call me Marti.”

They shook hands. Marti seemed to shake Bry's hand more vigorously than expected.

“I'm so glad to meet you.”

“Do join us dear. I've been telling Marti all about you.”

Quickly looking at me, Martha asked me to join them as well. Bry seemed pleased that Martha was discussing her so freely.

“Marti is president of our little company and a new board member of Sisters of Sappho.”

“I’m glad we’re meeting then.” Bry then turned back to Martha. “And I’d hardly call your firm ‘little’.”

Martha chuckled. “Marti agrees with me on two points of interest to you. Firstly she thinks that you would make a fine addition to our little...group? And she also agrees to let your firm represent our company and the sisterhood.”

Bry’s face lit up with excitement.

“Yes...” Marti said as she turned slightly in her chair. “We do have one proviso.” Marti gazed at Martha quickly enough to catch the slightest of nods. “You must be the one to handle our business. We will not deal with anyone else.” Marti grinned.

“And I believe we might have at least one other...” Martha looked off with a grin. “...little corporation that might be in need of a general counsel.”

Bry’s hand flew to her mouth. She hopped up and quickly went to Martha and bent over to hug and kiss her. And then she did the same to Marti. What was amazing to me was the true affection I could see in Bry’s face; especially toward Martha. Thus far the day has been totally amazing. I’ve seen more than a few different sides of Bry and I kind of liked them all.

“So...” Martha looked at me in a very scrutinizing manner. “Ryanna is it? How did you happen to meet Bry?”

Martha’s smile was quite open and without a trace of guile. I noticed that her hair, a lovely chestnut color, had more than a few grey hairs. She was elegantly dressed in a simple manner; a simple skirt and top. But she was almost totally without makeup. However, the paleness of her blue eyes was quite piercing.

“Ummm... We met at work? I’m a paralegal and I sometimes receive assignments from Bry.”

“I suppose you do your work quite efficiently.” Martha made more of a statement than a question.

“Yes ma’am. I do my best.

“And so polite as well...” Martha chuckled. “I suppose you learned that from your mother.”

I thought it so interesting that she seemed to again make a statement rather than ask a question. I’ve only ever heard the managing partner at the firm do that. Martha was obviously accustomed to having her way but she seemed kinder than that partner. Marti sat and listened quite intently.

“Uhhh... Yes ma’am.”

“Please... Call me Martha. ‘Ma’am seems to make me older than I already am. And anyway, you’re not in my employment.” Martha chuckled. “And of course Marti is...Marti.” Marti smiled and nodded to me. “So you enjoy working for Bry.”

“Actually I’m part of the pool? But I do try to get her work whenever I can. It’s always a little more interesting.” I loved hearing Martha speak. The sound of her voice was so strong and confident and yet not condescending.

“Well dear... Hopefully that will change soon. So...are you close to your family? That is important you know.”

I looked down at my nails and blushed. However would I...could I...explain my situation to her. Thankfully Bry spoke up for me. She reached over and took my hand in hers.

“Ryanna has a...situation?”

Martha leaned forward in her chair as did Marti. Both grinned.

“Oh do tell...” Martha crooned.

Bry looked at me as she began to speak.

“Ryanna once was known as...” She smiled at me and gently squeezed my hand. “...Ryan?”

“Ahhh... I see.” Martha gazed into my eyes which were about to begin to flow a tear or two. “Well you needn’t fret at all. You’re in good hands.”

“There is one thing I need to attend to though.”

“And what is that dear.” I kind of loved the way Martha called us ‘dear’. She sounded quite sincere.

“The transition papers were not handled as properly as I would have liked to see. I need to revise several of the forms.”

“Oh don’t bother yourself with such trivial things.” Martha chuckled. “I have people who can handle this for you...Ryanna.” Martha turned her gaze toward me. I smiled quite diffidently. “These people are quite specialized at just this sort of thing. Anyway Bry...it’s a perk of membership...having these little things taken care of so please do not hesitate.”

“Oh thanks so very much Martha.” Bry gazed at me, still holding my hand. “I was concerned about her ability to get a license and passport and that sort of thing.”

“Ahhh... She still has her...” Martha simply gestured with her hand.

“Uh huh...” Bry nodded. “Oh yes... Before I forget...”

Bry reached into her bag and pulled out a letter sized envelope. She handed it over to Martha who then gave it to Marti.

“Do you mind?” Marti asked Bry as she began to open the envelope.

“Uhhh... No...” Bry seemed a bit embarrassed for a change.

Marti opened the envelope whilst her gaze not leaving Bry. She pulled out a check and then looked down at it. Shaking her head as she read the check the corners of her mouth turned down into a frown. She then handed the check to Martha.

“Is it not sufficient?” Bry seemed almost on the edge of...panic?

Martha looked at the check and smiled. Then she looked up at Bry.

“This is quite generous my dear. But I must caution you against being too generous.”

“I don’t understand?” Bry seemed...disappointed?

“Well... This is not some sort of social event charity in which the amount of the donation will determine the amount of space you receive in the social column.” I knew Marti was disturbed from the look on her face when she opened the envelope. But really...that was a little harsh.

“Look sweet heart...” Martha began in her very rich voice and a very warm smile. “We have four seasonal charities and any number of other causes our members champion. Now we realize that you sympathize with those less fortunate than yourself...just as we do. Both Marti and I have great hopes for you which is why you’re here in the first place.” Martha chuckled.

“I don’t understand.” Bry seemed to be on the verge of tears.

“If you gave like this for every charity we support you would become one of charities.”

“Really Marti...” Martha scowled at her. This wasn’t lost on Marti. Martha turned back to Bry.

“Look dear... One eighth this amount would be more than generous and quite in keeping with the rest of us.”

“Oh...” Bry smiled and giggled. “I guess I should check with you for what would be an appropriate amount.”

“We think you will do great things. It’s important for us...and for you. Not many people have your abilities and we’ve watched you very closely for the past several years.” Marti took a deep breath. “If we weren’t concerned...if we didn’t think so highly of you...” She left the rest up to Bry’s imagination.

“And as for you my dear child...” Martha was speaking to me. “Are you being medically supervised?”

“Uhhh... Sort of...?” Well...kind of sort of anyway.

“That will change immediately. We wouldn’t want any friend of Bry’s to go wanting in anything as important as your physical well being.”

“Well I...” I had no money for that kind of thing.

“Don’t worry about a thing. I made you a promise and I do keep my promises.” Bry took my hand in hers.

It suddenly felt quite natural... very...normal. I had no idea of how we would treat one another on Monday morning when everything returned to its drab normalcy. I would become Ryanna the ‘go for’ and Bry would become ‘Ms. Associate’: soon to become ‘Ms. Partner’.

“If both of you have nothing special planned, why not join us for dinner?” This was definitely a command from Martha. “The children are there and...” Gazing at me... “I know you would love to meet Pet...Petra.”

“Yes...” Marti grinned and her voice suddenly changed from her commanding tone to a softer more comforting one. “And you can meet Drew...and our children.”

I looked questioningly at Bry. Right at that moment I would have gone just about anywhere with her. Whilst I couldn’t say I was...well...physically attracted to her, I definitely found her to be wonderful and very comforting to be with. She looked back at me and smiled her most beaming smile.

“Absolutely...! We’d love to...”

“Well then... It’s settled.” Martha smiled and stood up.

**M**artha’s double lot town house was just down the street from the ‘club’. I was not prepared for the elegance that even exceeded the club. The atrium had a stairway going up on both sides. The Persian carpet runners were held in place by brass rods across the steps. Everywhere my eyes looked there was marble and stone of different colors laid in a pattern the was perfectly symmetrical. And that was only the beginning!

An enormous tree stood in the center. It was carefully and very tastefully decorated with ornamentation; most of which appeared to be antique. There were no electrical lights or

anything that appeared to be ‘modern’? And beneath its spread lower branches were gift-wrapped presents of all shapes and sizes.

I was nearly in tears. I felt like I was in an old time Christmas movie. Our coats and bags were taken by two young women and hung in a cloak room just off the entrance. I could smell the wonderful aroma of food coming from...from where ever. There were portraits hanging on the walls and paintings lining the stairways up to the second floor.

“Sweet heart...?” I felt a hand on my arm. “Sweet heart...?”

It was Bry speaking to me. I was so lost in my surroundings that I didn’t even hear her voice. I turned to face her. I felt all aglow with awe and wonder at where I was.

“We need to spend a few minutes with Martha’s...guests?”

I let her lead me into an ante chamber that was just off of Martha’s office. We were confronted with two very big men. They looked...capable?

“Dear...” Martha spoke to me. “This is Mister Stone and Mister Davis.” I looked at each man and smiled. “They handle...” Martha looked off for a moment, deep in thought. “How shall I put this?” She muttered almost under her breath. “They deal with special projects and can be helpful to us.”

I nodded and smiled at each man. They didn’t smile back. But I had the distinct impression that they didn’t smile very much. Martha turned toward Mister Stone.

“This...” She nodded toward me. “...is Ryanna Doyle. She is special to us and her records need...amendments. The original name is Ryan Doyle and she was born and grew up in...” Martha turned to me. “...Huntington is it?”

“Yes...” I smiled demurely.

“Could you see to it for us?”

“Of course... We’ll take care of everything...as usual.” Now Mister Stone smiled...wryly.

The dinner, in an amazingly ornate dinner room, was a whirlwind of different wonderfully new experiences. Again I felt as though I was in an old movie featuring a classic sort of Christmas feast. Aside from Martha and Marti’s wives were their children; four in total.

Then there was Andi, Martha’s niece and Allie, her mate. Andi evidently was a world renowned artist whose works fetched astronomical prices. Allie, also a member of the Society of Sappho, was extraordinarily gorgeous and was pregnant with their second child. And, of course, Misters Stone and Davis, who were also ‘married’.

The food and drink, fine wines and champagne, were served by the two servants who met us at the door. There was a third servant who did most of the bussing. Platter after platter of culinary delights were served under the candle lit crystal chandelier and the matching wall sconces.

My head was spinning from all this whilst Bry held my hand beneath the table. We even sang a few Christmas carols whilst desserts, coffees and teas, and after dinner ports and liquors were being served. As the evening progressed, everyone moved into the parlour where a very large and ornate fire place housed a wonderful fire.

The aroma of the burning wood and the ambience of the room itself relaxed me more than anything had in the past few years. Of course the wines helped a great deal. Bry and I were sitting on one of the loveseats; my head upon her shoulder. She had become, in a very short time, very familiar to me and she seemed quite content with our posture.

During the course of the evening I almost felt like I was being vetted by everyone. I mean they were discrete and caring for sure. But for sure they were also checking me out. And no doubt if Mister Stone could... 'fix things'... then he would check me out for sure. After all, I seemed to have fallen in with a very exclusive crowd.

And yet they made me feel quite at home. As it turned out, Petra...Pet...Andi, and Drew were like me? Though Andi and Drew had gotten 'the cut', Pet hadn't. She stated that it wasn't important to her and that there wasn't all that much to cut anyway. Martha also seemed to prefer her that way.

Meeting them made me feel much less out of the stream. They lived perfectly normal and unassuming lives and the women of the Society not only accepted them, they were actually thought of as treasures. I actually shed a tear or two thinking of how...how accepting these people were.

I had often stayed in and rarely ventured into bars and clubs. Though the natural need for companionship sometimes made this very difficult for me, I also knew what could possibly await me. I still had memories, and sometimes not so pretty dreams, of my past life. I didn't want to feel, or be, used as I had when money was so very important to my survival. And although I was out in the working world every day, the fear of being 'read' or outed was ever present. I was always in stealth mode.

As the night wore on, I found myself closing my eyes ever so often. I felt so comfortable and protected in Bry's company that I actually fell asleep for a few moments several times. It wasn't until Bry spoke up that awakened enough to straighten myself.

"Forgive us..." She actually said 'us'. Though what else would she say. "The day's been long and we really must be going."

“Well then...” Martha stood and came over to take hold of Bry and hug her. “Please do remember brunch tomorrow. Say...oh...about eleven? We do have the unwrapping and we do have a little something for you my dear.”

She then turned to me and, with a hug and a kiss to both my cheeks, said: “And I truly hope you can join us as well. You are an unexpected treat and I’m sure Santa has left a little something for you as well.”

She smiled so warmly into my eyes that I shed a tear with my smile. Martha then turned back to Bry.

“Oh this one is a treasure.”

We made our way around the room from Marti, who was also very warm and gracious, to the children who played in the corner under the careful eyes of their parents. Martha and Pet walked us to the door and one of the young girls retrieved our coats and bags. With one final hug and kiss to each of them, we were out the door and down the steps.

As the great front door closed and we ventured out into the cold, I felt the first few snowflakes. I smiled, closed my eyes, and turned my face up toward the sky. I felt Bry’s arm encircle my waist as we stood still for a moment.

“I don’t want this night to end.”

I had to say what was in my heart. This was the best day I’d ever had. From the time we left the office till now, everything was so...so...perfect. That in itself was a Christmas present beyond belief. I’d felt as though I had fallen into a new family. I’d experienced a way of life I hadn’t even dreamed existed.

Bry suddenly embraced me with both her arms around my waist. I looked down and into her eyes. I could see a tear welling up in both her eyes. She smiled in a manner that I hadn’t seen in a very long time.

“It doesn’t have to...end...ever.”

She leaned in and kissed me softly on my lips. I instinctively put both my arms around her neck.

“But I need to go home.” I know I sounded sad at that prospect.

Bry giggled as the two tears fell. “Then let’s go home. It’s only a few blocks away.”

“But I have nothing with me.” I was stunned at the offer even though I felt it might come.

“You do have an extra panty with you?” Now she sounded a bit like Martha; making a statement rather than asking a question.



“Ummm...” I blushed and smiled and I looked down even as we held one another.

“Then you have everything you’ll need.” Bry smiled as another tear fell from her eyes. “I am so glad we finally met and I really don’t want to be alone tonight and there’s nobody I’d rather be with than you.”

“I...” Before I could say more Bry spoke again.

“There’s no pressure. I simply want to feel your body next to mine tonight...and when we wake up. After all, we do have a date for brunch.”

We both laughed. She then cupped my face in her hands and kissed me a little more...intensely? And I kissed her back. We laid our head upon one another’s shoulders for a moment as the snow began to fall in big white flakes. Then we link arms and I let her lead me east toward Second Avenue.

Bry’s apartment happened to be a duplex on the top floor of a modern hi-rise apartment building. I was so involved in the moment, and with gazing at Bry, that I never noticed the doorman or the security guard at his desk. I barely remember the elevator ride to the top floor. My eyes were fixed on Bry’s and hers on mine.

Bry shed her coat and dropped her bag just inside her apartment. I followed with my coat but retained my bag. The apartment was dimly lit and the view out the wall to wall glass window was breath taking. I walked straight to it and viewed the entire downtown area. Bry came up behind me and embraced me. She nuzzled my ear and gently pulled on my ear lobe with her teeth sending shivers throughout my body and eliciting a giggle out of me.

“Come on upstairs.”

She took my hand and led me up the circular staircase near the wall. I noticed the other glass wall as we ascended. She had a wonderful southern and western exposure. I was led into her bedroom which was much larger than my miserable studio walk up on the lower east side.

“Please... Make yourself at home.”

Bry smiled and went to turn on the bathroom light. I put my bag down on her king sized bed and walked to the window once again. Bry came back in and lit several candles around the room.

“Here sweet heart... I have this towel for you and feel free to use any of the soaps. Shower if you wish and take whatever time you need.”

I grabbed my bag and went into her bathroom. I thought her bathroom was larger than my miserable studio walk up! There was a shower and a separate tiled tub for two with Jacuzzi jets. A bidet stood next to the toilet in a separate enclosed room? And her mirrored vanity area and sink ran the length of one wall. A small chair was in place at the counter.

Of course everything that could be marbled was and the fixtures were golden. I shed my shoes near the bed and I sat on her vanity chair to remove my stockings when Bry knocked at the door. I answered that she could come in.

“I thought you would want a sleeping tee and a robe? They may be a bit large on you but...” She giggled and withdrew closing the door behind her.

I quickly shed the rest of my clothing carefully placing each piece on the counter top. I went to the shower. It was door less. There was simply a tiled wall opened at one end and ending about a foot or two below the ceiling. There were nozzles on three of the walls and as I entered I saw a stone shelf with a variety of soaps and lotions and shampoos.

I lifted the bar of soap that looked more used than the others and held it to my nose. I just knew this was what she would smell like after she bathed or showered. It was spicy and yet had a hint of the floral. I turned on the water and, after a short time, figured out how to work the nozzles. I felt such...such relief as the very warm water struck my body.

I began to soap myself down even using the bar on my face and hair. I was luxuriating being encased in the aroma when suddenly I felt Bry come up behind me. I nearly jumped out of my skin. She hugged me from behind wrapping her arms around me just below my boobs.

“Remember...” She whispered in my ear as she kissed it as well. “No secrets...”

I turned to face her. I was so surprised and it showed on my face. Bry’s eyes were so...so alive with...passion? But there was something else in them. She took the bar of soap and began to soap me down yet again. Our eyes never lost contact as she gently rubbed her hands over my small but very sensitive boobs.

“God...you’re so beautiful.” I also whispered under my breath.

I took the bar of soap and proceeded to copy her every move on me. My head was a swim with every touch of my hands. Her body was so lush...so plush...so...female. As she worked her way down my belly to finally cup my boy bits in her hands, I did the same and cupped, for the very first time, a woman’s pubic mound and vagina in my hands. Bry put her hand over mine and pushed my index finger between the folds of her vagina.

“Oh my God that feels so...creamy.” Bry then moaned.

As she moved my finger I felt the depths of her vagina and then a plump protrusion that was her clit. Bry moaned deeply again as I flicked it slightly. She leaned in and kissed me deeply. She completely took my breath away. I felt my legs getting weak and she put her arm around my waist to hold me up.

When our lips finally parted my eyes were still closed and my mouth opened. She smiled at me and turned me around. She soaped down my back beginning at my shoulders. Bry slowly

worked her way down to my butt cheeks. She massaged them with the tips of her fingers and I closed my eyes to simply stand and feel the wonderful motion of her hands.

I never expected her to then shove two of her fingers up my butt. I groaned quite loudly as she began to push her finger tips and my prostate and take hold of my nipple at the same time. I fell back against her and Bry licked the inside of my ear. I thought I would die! When she gently removed her fingers from within me I spun around and, throwing my arms around her neck, I kissed her with everything I had within my soul.

Our lips parted and I know, in spite of the running shower, Bry could see the tears in my eyes. Never had anyone ever been so gentle yet so intense. I continued to hold her with my arms around her neck and she smiled gently at me.

“It’s not about sex.” Bry spoke as she gazed into my eyes.

“I know.” I spoke through my tears.

“No need to cry baby.” Bry crooned.

“I know. I’m just so...happy.”

We finally got around to shampooing each other’s hair and then put on a conditioner. We washed one another off with a hand shower head and stepped out onto the mat. Bry had two large bath towels waiting as well as one for her hair. We then went to her vanity chair and she sat as I helped her dry her gorgeous hair. She then did the same for me which certainly was a lot quicker.

We then donned our panties and tees and headed for the bedroom, our arms around each other’s waist. Bry had been busy whilst I began to shower. Aside from candles being lit, she had wonderfully scented incense burning. The blanket and sheet were turned down and a cruet of flavored water with two glasses stood on one of her night stands.

“I’m on the left side.” She smiled so...well...almost maternally as she got on the bed and began to pull up the sheet and blanket.

I stood for a moment on the right side and watched her as she settled in on her back. I couldn’t get enough of gazing at her; her movements and her looking so...beautiful.

“Come on in. The water’s fine.” She chuckled at my timidity.

I knelt on the bed and carefully slipped between the sheets. I rested on my side staring at her. She finally turned her head to look at me. Then Bry raised her arm and waved me over with her finger tips. I slid over further until I was nestled against her side; my head resting just to the side of her lush boobs.

Bry's arm came down to caress me and pull me even closer. I suddenly realized just how tired I was. Bry grabbed my hand and pulled it across her soft and cushiony tummy.

"This is where you belong." Bry whispered to me. "You're mine. And I'm yours. And this is your place; next to me."

She then kissed the top of my head. I looked up at her and our lips met for one last good night kiss.

I woke up sometime during the middle of the night. Bry was snoring softly like a large, very contented kitten. I had turned on my other side but I was still curled up against Bry's warm body. The scent of her...of us...was everywhere. I began to silently weep.

I truly whispered under my breath. "I love you."

She suddenly slowly rolled over to spoon up behind me.

"I know."

### **Epilogue:**

We've been living happily together ever since that night. Bryanna Poers was the greatest Christmas present I could ever receive. And she says the same about me. No doubt I was the fastest 'u-haul' ever. Anyway...what else could you possibly expect from a wee bit of seasonal fluff.

Fini