

**CELEBRITY  
HUSSY**

An illustration of two young women in school uniforms kissing. They are wearing white short-sleeved shirts with rolled-up sleeves and purple and red plaid skirts. The woman on the left has brown hair in pigtails with pink bows, and the woman on the right has blonde hair in pigtails with pink bows. The background is a textured green.

**REED  
ROMAN**



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# Celebrity Hussy

By Reed Roman

## CHAPTER I Unemployed

The envelope dropped through her mail slot and fluttered to the floor. Toby, wagging his tail, barked and picked it up. He brought it to Reed expecting an affectionate scratch on the nose or between the front legs. After receiving his proper reward he retreated to the warmth of the hearth and stared at her.

She noted the personalized hand. "Urgent note for Reed Rainier from Juby Jacob." Reed tore it open. 'My publisher is up to something,' she thought absently, 'she doesn't usually send royalty checks with a personal note.'

"Reed, we've been together too long for this kind of letter but, alas!, here it is. Staff reviewed your last manuscript and found it unsatisfactory for our needs at this time. There seems to be little you can do in the way of rewrite; perhaps another publisher will see it differently. Keep in touch; love, Juby."

"I'll be damned," Reed said aloud. "After all I've done for them, made them a ton of money, they send me a rejection letter." She was indignant, then thoughtful.

Initially she considered a screenplay she'd been devising in her head but, truthfully, she knew she wasn't ready for that. She had sold one book for a movie which was a 'dog' at the box office. The experience was not just disappointing, it was unsavory.

'Rewrite a questionable book?' She dropped that as totally negative. 'Not worth the time and effort,' she thought. 'Already have too much invested with no return.'

She called her best friend in the world. Without a 'hello' she unloaded on the always supportive Dorothy.

"So, stop screaming; I can hear you fine. Calm down," Dorothy answered. "If you would only learn to step back and be objective, you wouldn't get thrown off the planet like this. Tess, lovely girl, would still be with you if you hadn't run her off with your histrionics."

"Well, that was different," she answered.

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“Oops, there goes my other line. Let’s have dinner tonight to celebrate your unemployed status.” She was gone. Reed stared at the phone until the phone company complained.

‘What new status?’ She considered Dorothy’s comment. ‘OK, let’s do it; accept it,’ she said to herself. ‘I need a break to clear the cobwebs from my brain. I’m unemployed.’

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Reed ducked into the restaurant alcove to get out of the misty rain. The weather did little to improve her spirits. She shook off the plastic rain cap, ran her fingers through her hair and accepted the open door offered by the maître d’hôtel.

“For a girl in trouble, you never looked lovelier,” Dorothy said as Reed sat down.

Reed winced. “Don’t talk like I’m pregnant at age fifteen. I’m in no mood to be patronized. Maybe a strong drink will ease the tension.”

“You can be pregnant at age twenty-six; would that help?”

“Wise ass! What’s on the menu?”

After dinner they relaxed in the lounge and nursed Courvoisier in a brandy snifter.

“So, what do you plan?” Dorothy asked. “No, delete that. What do you feel like doing? It’s time you gave yourself some time. You can certainly afford a year off to do something to regenerate that obstruction in your skull.”

Reed frowned. “It’s called writer’s block. Um, in addition to your status as my friend, you also read minds. I’ve decided to not write for awhile. Not sure I can do that but, we agree, I need a change of scene.”

“If you can’t stay away from the keyboard and the library, how about getting social with some other writers; maybe seek out some art devotees?”

Reed was silent for a long moment. When she decided to talk it was with a different tone. “Before getting serious about writing full time, if you’ll recall, I did some edit work, rewrite, critiques, like that. Looking back on it now, after all the heartbreak, the exploring unopened avenues, I remember that working with other writers, especially the media, was very satisfying. That’s what I feel like doing.”

Dorothy smiled and patted her hand. “There are some who say you can’t turn the clock back. Might you have out-grown that earlier affection?”



“One way to find out. It stands out in my mind; helping other writers. If someone would have told me, way back in the dark ages of growing up, about some of the pitfalls, the arm-wrestling with a demanding keyboard, I would have been grateful.”

Dorothy laughed. “And I’d bet even money you, of all people, would not have listened.”

“That’s the point. I would have listened if I had asked for help. A student who wants to learn is at a far advantage over the student who does not. I’ve decided to put an ad in the paper to see what will happen.”

Stepping out onto the sidewalk, Reed was pleased the rain had stopped. She accepted a kiss on each cheek from Dorothy and, Continental style, returned the gesture. She headed home without forgetting her small restaurant donation for Toby. “Doggie bags are aptly named,” she said aloud as she trudged to the corner and flagged a taxi..

## CHAPTER II The Students

Within a week after advertising her offer for literary assistance, Reed received messages on her answering machine. Taking the earliest contact first, she replied to make an appointment.

Promptly at four on a Friday afternoon, two girls rang the front doorbell. Reed opened to a pair of fresh faces from City Community College. They smiled and petted Toby. Reed led them into the study/library. They sat on the wide sofa, knees together, with their textbooks on their laps.

Reed smiled at a quick flashback that she herself could well have made precisely such a showing.

The redhead, a splash of freckles across her nose, spoke first. “We are both majoring in creative writing. We’ve not published anything yet but our third year instructor keeps encouraging us to develop new stories.”

Reed nodded. “Your instructor is correct; you must write every day. All else comes after that. It’s not as important as breathing but it is right up there with oxygen if you want to write.”

At that she had the feeling both girls were going to come off the sofa and land in her lap. ‘Guess I said the proper words’ she thought.

The second girl, tall, slender, with streaked dark hair that framed her face, nodded in agreement. “We were hoping you could help us there. We need to get a sense of direction. How much would you charge?”

Reed sighed. She outlined the charges, the services, the edit work, all the things a writer comes to rely on in an agent or publisher. That was acceptable and the two looked at each other.

The redhead spoke up. “Uh, this is awkward, Miss Rainier; we know you are an experienced story-teller and we want to be like you. You are a housewife’s idol both from books and talk shows. It’s your frank attitude about women that interests us. We both want to write about eroticism in women. We want your opinion.”

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"I do have an opinion; most people do. But, before you can start at the top of an intensely popular topic, it is best to have some knowledge. I'm sure you could write about a pretty girl just out of business school, starting in the secretarial pool. The story could center on how some girls use their knowledge of the work load to manipulate the new girl to make their own work easier. I'm sure you agree." She waited.

Both girls nodded that they understood. The redhead kept talking. "Yes, Miss, we see your point."

"Good, now you have to select a story line, an avenue your heroine must travel to fit in with the group. That yearning for acceptance is the story conflict. There are several plot decisions but, since you want your young innocent girl to fall into an erotic situation, the next move is sex. One of the girls is attracted to your new typist and approaches her ostensibly to be a champion of the underling."

The second girl grinned. "You've already gone farther than we have, just in these few minutes. Amazing."

"Awesome," the other girl said.

Reed crossed her legs and watched both girls very carefully. The second girl glanced at Reed's legs then up to her face.

Continuing to study their responses, Reed continued. "Have you both experienced sex with a girl, or a woman?"

The redhead's eyes widened. She shook her head 'no'. The other girl blushed, said nothing.

"We shall assume you understand the mechanics of a lesbian encounter. That part is easy. Of course, like the typist, it's best to know how to type before accepting the job."

"Yes, Miss. We both understand but have no experience."

Reed speculated, still studying them. "You already have a grasp of the principles of narrative. Women, more so than men, need to talk, verbalize. The communication strengthens the relationship as one woman touches on what she would like the other to think. At some point along, the aggressor, protagonist you call it, has to make a move. To make it too soon or too late can be fatal. Any questions?"

The two were hanging on every word. "Our instructor never even came close to that."

"Do you want to continue?"

They both nodded in unison.

"How long have you two been such close friends? I sense you have a bond with each other which is neat in girls so young."

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The redhead spoke first. "My name is Amy. I'm nineteen; Meghan is twenty. We knew each other in high school."

Reed looked carefully at Amy. By volunteering their names without being prompted, they indicated they wanted to continue. "Please put your arm around Meghan and kiss her on the lips. After that you must remember what reaction you felt; pay attention to your feelings so you can sketch the beginning of sensual contact."

Amy looked doubtful. Meghan slapped her on the arm. "Go ahead, I won't bite you."

Amy put one hand on Meghan's shoulder and pulled her closer. She moved until her face was inches away, eyes open, lips parted, and the other hand on Meghan's waist. Meghan lifted her chin proudly and their lips met in a gentle, tender, kiss. The contact continued until Amy discreetly backed away.

"Wow!" she said. "Meghan, you are hot." Meghan looked at the carpet and blushed.

Then they all three laughed. The levity took the edge off so Reed pressed on.

"OK, trade places on the sofa. Meghan, it's your turn to kiss Amy. You don't have to do exactly as she did to you, be yourself; do whatever feels natural to you."

Meghan nodded and reached for a very willing Amy. With her fingers she traced Amy's forehead and around to one ear and her neck. She closed Amy's eyes with a slight flourish of her finger tip. She sensed Amy's increased breathing before she had done anything at all. She touched Amy's lips with one finger and pressed tenderly. Amy parted her lips and, impulsively, wet them with a swift lick of her tongue.

Meghan pressed Amy's head, more a suggestion than a caress. She moved closer. She brought up her other hand and let it rest just below Amy's breast. The hand was poised, close enough to heighten awareness without actually touching the firm rise. The kiss was longer and deeper; they both parted slightly out of breath.

"Now, who is hot?" Meghan said grinning.

Reed took control. "So, listen up. Here is your assignment to bring to the next meeting. Each of you write in first person what you experienced by kissing the other girl. Then, write the same thing in third person as you would describe it in novel format. Any questions?"

Amy looked at Meghan. Next they shook their heads and stood up. They agreed to meet the next day, same time.

Later, Reed interviewed a young gay student from State University. He was doing a story for an elective class. It was about a gay man wanting to get out of the closet. Reed counseled him after learning he had, on several occasions,



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satisfied another guy. She gave him essentially the same assignment she had given Amy and Meghan. They agreed to meet earlier the following week.

After lunch the next day, Reed set up her easel on the sun porch to do a still life painting. She felt a little rusty but had wanted to pick up the painting again after too many years of neglect. The doorbell sounded and Toby did one bark for each circle.

"Amy, you're early, come in. Have you had lunch? Coffee maybe?"

Amy was obviously nervous. Her eyes fluttered and she spoke with a light stutter. "Miss Rainier. I have some concerns and decided to talk to you before keeping up the lessons."

Reed put her hand around Amy's waist and led her to the sun porch. "Sit out here, we can talk while I get my palette prepared."

Amy sat on the straight back chair. She adjusted the hem of her skirt when she noted Reed's interest in her figure. "Uh, I want to know where we are going with the next lesson," she blurted out.

Reed smiled. "First we'll discuss what you did following the two of you kissing. I want to talk about any problems you may have had in the writing. Next, I think you guessed this, we will go a little farther in the sexual experiment. Is that what's bothering you?"

Amy shifted in her chair, uncomfortable. "Yes; when I kissed Meghan yesterday it was more than a writing project. When she kissed me, she was so sensitive about it, I was aroused. I'm feeling a bit ashamed of my feelings."

Reed dabbed her paint brush. She looked at the vase of flowers on the table. "There is no harm in an honest emotion. Meghan is a lovely girl and, certainly, capable of genuine feeling. Are you questioning your sexual orientation? Do you think you are a lesbian ready to come out?"

"I'm not certain but, yes. How can I tell for sure?"

Reed smiled. "First, you can relax. This is not life-or-death, not in this age. Nobody is going to tattoo the letter 'L' on your forehead so you can see who will salute it."

"Somehow I can't get over the feelings I have. I don't want to hurt Meghan; that's most important."

"This afternoon, we'll do the writing critique. I'll ask for a more involved kiss with the same assignment. After that, you will touch each other's breasts, not in the flesh, but there are caresses we need to study. The touching is pre-biblical among women, men too as for that, but the fondling has a language all its own."

Amy glanced around the sun porch and smiled. "It's very pleasant here. Do you live alone?"

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Reed had to admire the courage. "Yes, for now it's just me and Toby. Toby has his ways just like anyone else."

They laughed together. "I mean, uh, oh, I'm doing this badly."

Reed smiled again. "No, you're not. I had a roommate for a while, her name is Tess, but she bailed on me because I scream too much. Histrionics, I'm told."

"I see. Pardon me if I've offended you. I'd no call to dredge up some personal trauma."

"It seems to me you are headed for some of your own if you don't get control of your feelings. There is nothing wrong with loving a girl. The rightness-or-wrongness is in society's viewpoint. What you want to do to that pretty girl is nothing short of beautiful. Letting the world condemn you for your honesty is the part that's tragic."

Amy stood up. "I was going to drop the lesson, to hide if I could. I've decided to stay with it. Maybe it will be good for both of us."

"Make that 'the three of us', dear girl. From what I can see you have a nice figure to offer pleasure to whoever selects you. Most of what will come will be natural."

Amy was so emotional she didn't answer. She went to the front of the house and, after petting Toby, was out the door.

Reed smiled. 'This is going to be more fun than I thought,' she considered.

The two girls, again, were prompt. Both handed Reed their papers and wandered slowly into the study. They took their regular places on the sofa. Reed gave them each a book of Sapphic pictures with some dialogue. She mentioned something about the Kama Sutra but there was no response.

The two girls reviewed the Erotic Art of the Masters; Reed concentrated on the writing they had provided. She was impressed on both counts. 'These gals can write better than I could at their age,' she thought. 'Budding talent'.

She looked up to find the two girls staring at her. It then occurred to her they were expecting a grade of some kind. "Relax, you two. No grades, no mid-term and no finals. What you turned in will guide our projects in the future. So, any questions? Do you like the Legend of Sappho?"

They both nodded. Meghan could hold her questions no longer. "If we did all right on the writing; what's next today for us to write about?"

Reed laughed. "Sounds like you are ready for another kiss. You don't need me for that. Your writing might be a little awkward in some places but, in all, very good. I did note nothing negative in the kiss; no bad vibes, right?"

"I asked Meghan about it on the walk back home last night. She said it was a nice way to learn our lessons."

Seeing the clock approaching the hour, Reed began again. "For the next writing which I want to see Monday, same time, we are going to explore some sensual touches so you can describe what you felt and what you thought about it. Anybody want to go first?"

They both raised their hands in unison. Reed laughed. "Same as yesterday, then. Amy, turn to face Meghan until your knees brace against her thighs. The contact is important because it is suggestive. Next, unbutton the top two-or-three buttons of Meghan's blouse, part the lapels to bare the skin. We are not going to touch breasts, only suggest that we might. That's what eroticism is all about. So, go ahead."

Amy gulped and moved her hands onto Meghan's blouse. She deftly parted the thin material so the cleavage was just visible. With her two finger tips she caressed the skin, first in a line then in gentle circles, coming closer to the slight rise of Meghan's breasts. By this time Meghan was breathing deeper and more rapidly. Amy sat back.

"Whew! You OK?" she asked Meghan.

Meghan nodded. "My turn, right?"

Amy relaxed and waited. Meghan brought her knees around to pressure Amy's thigh. At the same time she reached down and raised Amy's skirt just high enough to let her feel the knees against her flesh. She then unbuttoned Amy's blouse and sighed as she caressed the smooth skin. She let one finger go lower to touch the ridge of Amy's brassiere cup, then sat back. Her face was flushed.

"Writing what you felt is not easy. You can do it as a series of fleeting sensations, or with flashbacks that try to identify what you are now feeling. Anything goes but don't be gross; the reader wants some insight on how you feel or how your character felt, not a lot of pussy talk. The pussy is much too marvelous to belittle."

Amy moved to go. "Anything else?"

Reed stood. "Tell me; have either of you seen the other in a bathing suit or short-shorts?"

"Bulky gym sweats in high school but that was a while back," Meghan said.

Amy nodded agreement. "I know Meghan has a sweet figure if that's an apt description."

"Sweet has more to do with taste but it does get the message across that you admire her body." Reed glanced at the two of them. "Amy, you first. Raise up the hem of your skirt and tuck it into your belt. Ow, very pretty." She turned to the other girl. "Meghan, your turn. Very nice. Now, both of you; as you approach erotic thoughts, girl-on-girl, you will need to describe how you felt observing your potential lover showing off her body for you. How else that