

# DESSALON'S DESIRE

*By Monica James*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## DESSALON'S DESIRE

Monica James

### Chapter One

*She has to be still alive*, Melanie told herself over and over as she sped headlong down the darkened country road. The beginning of rain sent wind-driven pellets snapping against her windshield. *She cannot die, not now; not because of me.*

Melanie cursed herself for being so abrupt, so abrasive, and impulsive. But, as was her nature, once her fear had burst forth in the form of hostility, it was over. She had called Tanya to be certain she was at the lake and was all right. No answer. She called on her cell phone when she left the city traffic circle but still no answer. She could feel it in her being; something was wrong.

*Telling Tanya about Ben hitting on me had not been a good tactic*, she considered. After all, Ben had been Tanya's boyfriend, not hers. Then there had been the argument. Tanya had accused Melanie of manipulating her life with designs on Ben while at the same time claiming she had no interest in him. It had appeared reasonable the way Tanya had voiced it but, Melanie thought further, *it was all so irrational.*

*Tanya was hurt, to be sure*, Melanie thought. It was an emotional outburst but when she tried to make amends, it didn't come out the way she had planned. She never meant to hurt Tanya. Not ever would she intentionally put Tanya down.

Now, with Tanya's last episode in her mind, Melanie feared for the depths of depression the quarrel had triggered.

Tanya had said she was sick of being second best. Tanya had said she wanted to 'end it all'.

"You can't mean that," Melanie had argued.

"But I do. I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired. Can you dig that?"

"I love you, Tanya. Please don't do anything foolish to hurt both of us."

Tanya had turned then and spit out the words. "Love. That isn't love. Can't you see what your love is doing to me?" She had been silent a moment, then, "It isn't just you, Melanie. It's Ben Rusher, too." The notion had struck Melanie out of the darkness. "Ben," she said aloud though there was nobody to hear. "Why is it always Ben?"

At last Melanie came to the turn on the familiar road to the lake. The solitary light, which always seemed a symbol of Tanya's loneliness still shone against the tree boughs and shrubs. There were no lights on in the cottage. She ran past Tanya's car and down the four steps to the lower level looking for some sign, some light, and some message. As with the telephone, there was nothing. She stopped to catch her breath at

the louvered door and reached for the knob. She hesitated for one more moment of indecision.

*This is crazy*, she told herself. Tanya could be playing games again. *She loves to get me upset just to get her way. Well, maybe she'll get her way this time, too. What if...?* But, she realized, she had to know.

"Tanya?" she asked meekly. She let the door close behind her until she heard the metallic click of the latch. "Tanya; Tanya Sharp, you OK?" In the enclosed porch area, a flickering light from the television cast eerie colors in the room. Stepping forward she could make out Tanya sitting in the overstuffed chair looking stolidly out at the water and the gathering night. Her miniskirt showed off her elegant legs, knees together, one foot twitching and pointing like the tail of an agitated cat.

There was not a sound as Tanya sat staring at the outdoors framed in the picture window. The gathering storm clouds set the mood and hastened the darkness. Then Melanie noticed the telephone that sat quietly at her side.

Melanie stopped short. "Tanya. Say something, please."

There was silence as if the tender moment could be a searching plea. Tender because she was contrite. The plea would be for Tanya to forgive her carping; allow her some space.

"Melanie. I knew you would come to me at last. You have come to me, haven't you?"

Melanie's gut froze in fear as she realized Tanya's voice was distant, a bare whisper, like a ghost crying. She ran to her side and quickly scooted the ottoman next to Tanya's chair. "I'm sorry, Tanya. Honest. I want to make it up to you."

Again, silence. Then Tanya moved her hand onto Melanie's knee and absently brushed the flesh there. "And you shall, darling. Tonight will be our night."

"Oh, Tanya, let's not go around on this obsession of yours again."

"Obsession. Interesting word; like, even more so coming from you. Very astute, I must say."

Melanie grasped Tanya's hand. It was limp. She noticed Tanya's deep breathing, the heaving of her breasts with each rasp. It concerned her. "What have you been taking?" she asked.

"Taking? Me? Oh, just a tranc or two; nothing heavy duty. Why?"

"Your breathing is labored."

"Now, Melanie, you're here and I won't take anything more. You can let me have that serene far-out trip. Give me what I need and no more trancs, OK?" Again, Melanie heard Tanya's obsession; even in her apparent drugged state, the sexual tension was a link between them.

Melanie looked at her reclining friend from a new viewpoint. The extra "uppers" Tanya had ingested worried her. 'Is it a risk? A threat? Is Tanya controlling me again?' Her thoughts wandered. Tanya was splayed on the chair, knees akimbo, arms loose as if they were not connected to her elbows, her near-perfect figure still packed with femi-

nine allure. Then, as Tanya rose up to face Melanie, she put one hand behind Melanie's neck and pulled the vulnerable girl to her.

The kiss was gentle at first, then more insistent and next Tanya explored Melanie's lips with an errant tongue tip. Melanie tried to resist but some chord in her sensual self took control and she returned the kiss with energy, opened her mouth to receive her friend's wet probe, and sighed as she felt Tanya's hand exploring beneath her skirt.

*This can't be right ...but what do I care?* Melanie reflected as the tickle of passion began to build. 'As long as she is all right; what do I care? I came here to be sure I hadn't killed her with my silliness. It's a kind of caring but... bitchy. Whew, what a relief. Poor Tanya; she can't be alone like I can; like...'

"Darling, come closer. You know something? With you here, now, I'm going to be just who you want me to be. You've saved me. Otherwise, well...like...if," her voice trailed off on a journey of its own.

"If?" Melanie countered. "If what? You're saying there would be a funeral tomorrow — yours. You shouldn't ever allow anyone, even me, have that kind of power over you."

Tanya hesitated and looked away. As if in a dream she said, "Some people try to get in my head without paying rent. You never do that because you love me. And, and, I love you. I need you, Melanie."

Melanie's knees weakened. She dropped, crumpled at Tanya's feet. The tears streaming down her face were the dew of despair. She let her head rest on Tanya's lap and sobbed. "Yes, Tanya, I hear you. I surrender."

Tanya giggled. "Don't surrender. Your spirit is too enticing. Just, well, like...uh."

She looked up at Tanya who was rising from the pillows with surprising vitality. Tanya let her head sway as if catching a scent then reached both hands down, captured Melanie's shoulders and stroked them lightly with her fingertips. Melanie froze in place and waited. The wandering caress rolled along her cheek, to her neck, then across her breasts.

"Lovely Melanie. Look at me."

"Yes?" Melanie knew Tanya was back to her obsession; the one about the two of them having a sexual interlude. It was to be an impulsive adventure, she knew, having nothing to do with family, friends, lovers, anybody. Just the two of them. And afterward, it would be over. Tanya had explained many times; it would be their secret. They could giggle about it or look knowingly at each other while at the sorority annual luncheon and nobody would know they'd been lovers.

"Do you like my mouth? My lips? Here, my tongue?" she asked as she let her tongue slide lazily around her lips, first the lower then, raising her chin, the upper. The sight was tantalizing. What had once been silly was a growing fascination. "Stay with me, keep me strong so I don't leave all this."

Melanie started to cry again. "Don't die, Tanya. I couldn't stand that, for true."

Tanya stood, weaved slightly, then regained her balance. "Let's go, Melanie," she said taking the kneeling girl's hand to lift her up.

"In a sec," she answered struggling to stand while Tanya kept pulling her arms. She felt awkward, unbalanced.

When Melanie came up onto her knees, Tanya reached over and unhooked her brassiere. Melanie threw both arms around Tanya's hips and hugged her, holding the svelte body for a tender moment. The feeling of freedom from the released bra was a relief to her and she stood next to Tanya, still just slightly taller in her bare feet, and lowered her head docily as Tanya led her to the sofa. Tanya captured a pillow and sat on it to give her extra height. She put her arm around Melanie's shoulders and tugged her close. In a quick movement she released the top button of Melanie's blouse. The steady rise and fall of Melanie's firm breasts was inviting.

"Did you really think I was going to kill myself?"

"You scare me sometimes. I mean, like, you're out of control."

"Not with you here. This is where you belong," Tanya said and undid another button. She slid her hand beneath Melanie's blouse and caressed the melon-mounds with her fingers. Melanie sat immobile and waiting. "Remember my mouth, Melanie; we can need each other." As Melanie nodded agreement, Tanya parted the blouse further and lifted the bra cups in a gentle motion like checking fresh eggs. Then she swiftly took Melanie's nipple to fondle with her tongue tip. Next she moved the flat of her tongue across Melanie's aureole. Her reward was a deep-seated moan of acceptance and the touch of Melanie's hand on her neck, then fingers in her hair holding her, guiding her, encouraging her. Tanya lifted her face and Melanie was instantly aware of the chill air on her dampened skin.

Tanya kissed her again, played with her lips and let the tip of her tongue linger a moment. Then she nibbled at Melanie's ear lobe. "Shall I take the other breast?" she asked.

Melanie nodded and waited. Nothing. It was the moment of trust. She called on a reserve of courage and whispered, "Yes."

Tanya licked and kissed little stretches of flesh, off the shoulder to the sweet hollow of her throat, lower to the waiting breast aching to be touched.

Melanie closed her eyes and savored the rush of sensual freedom that snapped through her sex. She consented, docile, when Tanya nudged her to lay supine.

Tanya slid one knee between Melanie's legs until her upper thigh put weight on her moist mons. "Oh, Tanya. You tricked me into doing this with you. But I'm going to try now. It feels so..."

"Sexy," Tanya answered. "You love it. Oh, I know what you're thinking. I did the same thing once. You are wondering what it will be like when my tongue starts to lap up your neat juices. You want to know."

"Tanya, don't be gross. I'm not curious about you. It's me I can't answer. What will I do when you ask me to do it, too?" The question hung between them.

Tanya, more delighted than ever, was ready to be aggressive. She kissed her again and waited until she knew Melanie accepted her hand frisking her skirt catch. In a moment the wraparound skirt was away and Tanya set it aside. Then she could freely

tease Melanie with her fingers on her ankle, her calf, over her knee and onto her smooth inner thigh. Her fingers found the elastic on Melanie's panty. She slid the silky material aside and brushed the sensitive vaginal lips.

Melanie squealed and wiggled. "Tanya, please don't sport with me."

Tanya kissed her again and moved to whisper in her ear. "Melanie, I just decided. I'm going to go down on you."

How can this be? I came here to be certain she hadn't killed herself and end up in bed getting frenched. What's worse, I want her to do it. It's that luscious mouth I've admired so often in so many ways and in such different moods. What is her height of passion going to be like? How many times have I listened to her obsess about my body and dismissed it? Did each time make this eventual sexual episode closer, inevitable like waves dissolving a sand castle at the beach?

"Lift up," Tanya said firmly. Melanie raised her hips so Tanya could slip off her panties. Then Tanya removed Melanie's blouse and bra, stopping briefly to cup both breasts in her hands. "Marvelous," she whispered.

Melanie started to sob again but this time it was from joy. The tears gathering in a flood in her eyes spilled over onto her cheeks, ran rivulets through her dimples as she smiled, as she kissed Tanya's shoulder, and as she raised her hips against Tanya's thigh. Tanya slid sideways and rested her head on Melanie's pillow. "Unhook my bra," she said softly.

Melanie, fingers trembling with anticipation, freed Tanya's bra and loosened the halter holding Tanya's ample breasts. "Well," Tanya said to her, "go ahead; feel them. You want to. See how they get firm from your touch." Next she raised up and caught Melanie's chin in her hand. She guided the aroused girl until her lips were so close Tanya could feel the warmth of Melanie's breath. "Take." Tanya said it like a command and Melanie dipped her head, brought her tongue out and plunged Tanya's breast into her mouth. "Umm, nice." It was an act of desperation, not of love or tenderness, or of the abject need to do what Tanya wished, but to be accepted. Her shapely lips and tongue fondling Tanya's breasts were from a repressed desire, often hidden, as often felt, but finally a reality.

I love this. Tanya's breast is like a water filled balloon, rubbery, firm but pliant. Soft, needy. Becoming attached to this. More kisses, tongue. My hand lingering on her leg just at the hemline of her mini skirt. So inviting, there. So this is the feminine mystique. Her sexual center is ready for capture, ripe to be caressed by my fingers, my lips, my tongue. No more arguments. Tanya was right all along.

Tanya has always been the force. Even in gym in high school she was the leader. I remember her frowning if she wasn't pleased with me, or engaging in self-indulgent congratulations if I somehow did the right thing. And I would smile and be Miss Nice Girl and hope everyone, especially Tanya, would like me. She was well built then; had much more of everything than I. But, through these years, she pressed me to make love to her, let me feed her hope. But I only thought of myself. I wasn't being fair. I should be complimented she would even involve me in her life, her mystery, her need. Instead, all I'm dealing with is my own guilt.

How can this be? Tanya is waiting as usual. I remember the times she stood next to my locker watching me dress, saying she liked my legs and my breast line and my mouth. I just laughed then. How could I know it would be like this? She is my mistress and I am her slave. A sex slave? More than that. She desires me, wants me to put her on the stage and tell her she is beautiful. Lots of lovely gals. The girls in that class at school, and in the swim instruction, so neat with their little bodies growing exuberant, not knowing how to fulfill their own destiny. Their legs and breasts, so pert yet so alluring.

How many will experience for themselves the kind of sex Tanya and I will share? What are they all doing right now? Why do the neatest ones fly into a jealous rage, go ballistic because something is a threat, a fear, a resentment? Certainly, in these few years they've all lost their cherry to some homespun stud they fancied. Some were seduced, some forced, maybe a few had to have cunnilingus before they would put their lover's throbbing cock in their mouth. Why me? Is it my smile or my sensual manner? When a boy sees my mouth he starts to get hard. When Tanya needs me, like now, will I always be there, be ready, be willing and accepting?

Am I fooling myself? Look, here is Tanya struggling with her sense of purpose. Off in a sensual land of her own, she waits for me. How many others have waited for her in the same way? What am I doing here? Is it that I want to please her so much? Am I willing to go down on her? Is that it? No, not really, not entirely. I need to exorcise the evil in me so I can't hurt anyone ever again. Tanya, great and beautiful, sensual but demanding, standing above our intellectual crowd, being the leader for those of us willing to be led. When this episode is over, will she pay homage to the lust building in my body? Will the emotion be complete when this erotic woman whom I've chosen to love accepts me, lies at my feet, fills me with wonder and loves me as I love her? Who is the fool? She thinks she knows who ... and I need to find out.

Melanie moved from one breast to the other and up to gather Tanya's lips in another lush tongue-invasive kiss. They lingered, holding each other, ready to start the journey from the beginning ...toward the end.

"Umm, Melanie. It is time." Tanya swept away her own skirt and panties with no more effort than turning back bed covers.

Tanya accepted Melanie's hands, one on each shoulder, pressing her to go down, go lower, past the rigid nipples and firm breasts, onto the flat tummy with a tongue tip lingering in the cute navel. There was a musky scent and Tanya was thrilled.

Tanya leaned closer to hear Melanie whisper, "Yes; yes to everything."

'Tanya had indeed conducted the seduction with skill', she considered. But in the last moment before her tongue grazed Melanie's mons, she felt it was Tanya at her mercy. Tanya had become her slave and it was Melanie's whim being served. An excitement began to build in both of them. Tanya snuggled and pressured Melanie to open her thighs wider to invite her caress. Melanie convulsed in a fit of lust . She positioned her hips and rushed to bury her fingers in Tanya's hair. She could envision that sexy mouth approaching her vaginal lips. She shivered and jiggled her breasts. She felt the wandering tongue find the clitoris and place a light sucking stroke there. Then it happened.



Tanya rammed her tongue into Melanie's vagina. Her reward was Melanie's moan and a hurried scream. Next she slid two fingers in and turned her focus to the erect clit. Melanie raised her hips to hasten the contact and Tanya took the opportunity to run her other hand along the crack of those beautiful buttocks, leaving a tickling trail and placing a firm pressure on Melanie's anus.

It was too much to hold back. Melanie built to the ultimate shattering orgasm and urged Tanya to continue. She called out like a mourning dove. She thrashed to one side and came quickly back. Tanya kept the pressure and the licking until she felt Melanie shudder again. And again, a new and deeper paroxysm. Tanya threw herself sideways to force her own sopping cunt lips to jam against Melanie's thigh. They both came at the same time.

"You were wonderful," Tanya whispered.

"That was the most thrilling ride I've ever taken. More than thrilling. Is this all you wanted to do to me?" She gathered Tanya in her arms and they held each other. She felt Tanya answer 'yes' with a nod. "Even way back in school when we fooled around?"

"You thought I was just hanging out but I wanted you then. It wasn't just the sex part. I needed to learn more about me before I carried you off to this sex adventure."

"So, how did you learn?"

Tanya caught her breath and began to explain. It would set the stage, she decided, for what was next on her agenda.

"I knew early on I was much more attracted to girls than to guys. But, I also learned that guys were necessary to get me to where the girls were. Hanging out, like here at the lake, proms, sorority and frat dances, like that. It was an early inclination, I guess, that I was bisexual, like, I felt good if a guy felt me up. Do you remember Ben with anger or pleasure?"

'Ben again', Melanie thought. "Pleasure, I guess. You and Ben were an intense item." She knew she had to be cautious to avoid another jealous outburst.

"Yes; it made me look like one of the straight set. That was good. Then it turned out Ben was a little difficult to handle. I could always relate to guys because down deep I wanted to be like them, needed that freedom, that masculine mystique. I've even dreamed about being a man, perhaps trapped in a woman's body. Anyhow, we were here at the lake one evening. Out there by the big willow tree, drinking beer and eating sandwiches as we watched the sun go down. The entire place was deserted except for the two of us. He began kissing me and, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had my bra unhooked and was nuzzling me with his nose. I lost patience with him when he took my breast in his mouth. I just didn't want him to do that. When he slid down a little and put his hand between my legs, I didn't want him to do that either. He got really mean: He called me a tease, forced me onto my back on the blanket and rolled on top of me. I could feel his hard-on through his slacks poking my tummy. Then I got really pissed and shoved him off me. He reminded me we were going steady and that if I wouldn't give him some satisfaction, we wouldn't be. Oh, the threat was very real. He was correct that there were plenty of sexually active girls, some even advertised it, in school waiting for me to cut him loose. It was a tough decision."

Melanie sighed and pressed Tanya's hand; a gesture of comfort. "Go on. What happened?"

"I sat up and let my hemline go up without covering myself. He licked his lips when he saw the dark triangle under my white panties. I asked him, 'Are you going to rape me?' thinking that maybe that would cool him down. No way. He looked at me strangely and let go of my arm. Then he said something I'll never forget because, naive I know, I didn't expect it. He said, 'All the guys tell me how great it is to have a girl give head; that's what I want you to do. Put this in your mouth and suck on it until I come.'"

Melanie listened with rapt involvement. She could easily relate to the episode as Tanya told it. She had been out several times with Ben. He had pressured her but she resisted because of Tanya, mostly. She figured in some fear of the unknown though it was no mystery what he was asking of her. Ben had told her he would not give up. He kissed her and said that one day he would have her mouth. Her experience with Ben connected so closely to Tanya's tale that the credibility was overwhelming. Yet, strangely enough, Ben had handled the sexual tension in such a way that Melanie was still in accord with him; not intimidated as she would have expected herself to be. She could hardly criticize him for going after what he wanted, needed, but his timing had been wrong; to Melanie, at that juncture, Tanya was still a player. Ben was, to her mind, not available.

The two girls were both buck-naked and the lure of their budding bodies was gathering awareness. Tanya stood up and tugged Melanie's hand.

"Come on, love. The bedroom awaits."

"Wait, Tanya. What happened? And how does you sucking off Ben affect us?"

"That was the night I learned about myself. Ben did me a favor and also a few other guys and gals along the way. When he came I swallowed some and then gagged. Not a good tactic. He kept spurting cum all over my face and chest. When it was over I promised myself it would never happen again. Pretty silly, saying that."

"Never? You mean you avoided that sort of situation?"

"Well, while we are rapping about it, yes; I did it a few times when it was to my advantage. I learned from that first scene what had to be done and how to get it over quick like."

Melanie shrugged. "You can tell me some time so I will know." She preferred to avoid discussing Ben but Tanya persisted.

"We need to talk about Ben, darling. He is important to both of us."

Melanie just shook her head; negative. There was the uncertainty again rearing an ugly thought. 'Why is it Ben between us?' Then she concentrated on the moment not wanting to break the mood and being careful not to rile up Tanya's jealousy.

Tanya let go when they entered the bedroom. She drew the drapes wide open so the evening moonlight spilled through to light the room. The early storm had moved on to be replaced by a scintillating night sky. It suit Melanie's mood. Next, Tanya pulled the

bed quilt into a pile at the foot of the bed in one swift movement. "There," she said to Melanie, "Comfort for the queen."

They moved pillows and snuggled against each other. Melanie sighed happily and let her hand rest on Tanya's hip. "This is so neat. Cool."

Tanya leaned over and kissed Melanie, wet and lingering, until Melanie furtively reached lower to paw at Tanya's sensitive mons. "Keep going," Tanya whispered and took Melanie's nipple between her lips. She moved up for another sensual kiss.

Melanie broke the kiss abruptly and touched her tongue tip to Tanya's cheek. "I don't think I could do this with another, like, some other girl," she said.

"Listen, darling. This is our night. Nobody has to know. It will be a precious memory for each of us to carry with us the rest of our lives. No matter what happens, other lovers or no, this is ours alone."

"You're so romantic," Melanie gushed and hugged the womanly body next to her. She could scent the sensual allure. Certainly the closeness of their skin was a feeling of erotic dimensions. Then: "Tanya. When you were telling me about you and Ben it was exciting for me. Sort of like it was my experience, too. I have to confess that Ben asked me out a couple times after you two broke up. I wanted to learn why you found him so, oh, interesting." She hesitated. "We had several dates."

"Now, you know, for me there is very little attraction there. I just wanted to be him. Since I couldn't, the interest died. Silly, I know. Well, other than him being varsity football, in all the important clubs and circles, like that. He would have had his big cock in your pretty mouth, too, you know. Or did he? How far did you two go?"

Melanie laughed. "We never got that involved. Maybe he was playing some kind of game to let me know he was OK and you were the one all bad. Do you think he knew about us?"

"Yes, he thinks like that. It was a good call on your part. Did you want him to feel you up? He does have inquisitive fingers that know where to ask questions."

"Mixed. I did and I didn't. Guess I wasn't ready or afraid or, like that."

"Are you afraid now?" Tanya turned Melanie's face toward her and kissed until the wanton girl moved closer against her. "Fearful? Of me? Of you?" Tanya held Melanie away from her and looked seriously into her eyes. Then said, as simply as a traffic direction, "Ben wants you to suck his cock."

After a long quiet moment, Melanie shook her head as if to say 'no; not that'. Some new force was building between them that had something to do with Ben. She didn't want the romance to stop. She certainly did not want to be thinking about Ben at a time like this.

But, strangely, Tanya again persisted. "Would you do it? I mean, like, do it if he was here? Or, is it just you and me? Do you think this is all there is? One day, someone, it could be Ben, will come along and you will use your sexy mouth to please him. Or her. Can you make a choice?"

Melanie moved to kiss Tanya. Her tongue lingered on the luscious lips and then entered to tease Tanya's tongue and mouth. Their kiss intermingled tongues and grasp-

ing fingers kept up an insistence. "I'm not afraid, Tanya. Let's not talk about Ben. I don't know about another girl. I want to do it to you. I hope I'll be good for you; like, good enough.

"You're beautiful," Melanie continued and slid down on the mattress to take Tanya's breast, one then the other, into her mouth. All else, the girls at school, Ben's designs, this seduction of which she was a part, was immersed in the lust of the moment. She licked the aureole and nipped at the nipple with her flashing teeth.

"Yes, go; give me some head," Tanya said firmly. She took Melanie's chin in her hand and led her down like teaching a dog to point. "Do it," she repeated.

And Melanie did. She wormed her way between Tanya's legs, ran the palms of her hands over Tanya's calf and, over knees, to the sleek thighs. She swept her hair back and meekly allowed Tanya to guide her mouth, leading her, petting her and encouraging her to go lower.

Tanya was near the edge of her long and patient seduction. Melanie moved with purpose as Tanya waited for Melanie to finally arrive, legs spread, mons moist with steamy sensual excitement. Their relationship became a panorama of feeling, of memory and aborted hurts and loves. A plethora of images flashed through Tanya's mind. Melanie in short-shorts at the picnic. Melanie bouncing her breasts, struggling on her side of the badminton net. It was always her beauty, her energy, her stubborn streak, her need to be forced to submit. Then the pink tongue so often admired was stroking languidly on her vaginal lips, kissing, snuggling, exploring and pursing to suck the sensitive flesh. Her clit was aroused to a firm point and she nearly fainted when Melanie found and fondled it with her tongue.

"That's it, love. Do it deep now. French me. I'm about to burst."

She grabbed Melanie's hair and pulled the hapless girl forward before she was ready. But, with a quick adjustment, Melanie entered Tanya's love hole. Her extended tongue was firm like an aroused penis and went easily to four or five inches. Tanya, astonished, quaked her desire. "Melanie, how can you DO that so deep?"

Encouraged, Melanie continued and, more than once, had to wrap her arms around Tanya's hips to calm her so she could focus her attentions. Tanya's orgasm was an eruption, a tidal wave of lust rippling through her body and smashing in a snap in her sexual center, vaginal and anal, across her pelvis, breasts and thighs. Melanie raised her head, swept one leg with her lips to wipe away the wetness, and grinned with the joy of her victory. She had brought a climax of satisfaction to Tanya's sexual need and the feeling of fulfillment was overwhelming. Again, she began to cry.

"Darling, don't. That was so beautiful. Don't cry. You were wonderful."

"I'm crying because I'm happy," Melanie said sniffing and reaching for a tissue. Then she heard a foreign sound from the entrance. A key rapped on the louvered door slats and, after that there was the door latch's metallic click. Footsteps; then the door swung open. She sat up in bed, back straight as a rod. Pinpricks of terror creased her skull.

"Somebody is here," she said to Tanya. She grasped the edge of the sheet and drew it up to her chin.