

"Cocky, I'd say."

'Oh, I don't have one of those. But I know a little shop where you can buy one--"

Mel swallowed. "Naughty."

"Very. I'd love to show how much."

Mel took a deep breath. "I can quite honestly say I have never had this conversation before in my entire life."

"Well," Jan gave what she hoped was her most seductively ingratiating smile. "Now, we've gotten that out of the way, think what other firsts we can tackle."

"Did you always know?"

"About myself? Always. When I was a kid. At the picture show, wanting to be Richard Barthelmess rescuing Lillian Gish on those ice floes, jumping from one to another before she would go over the falls. The hero got the girl. And that was what I wanted."

"And?"

"Not too much to tell...yet. No matter what you might think."

"First time?" Mel asked softly.

"I allowed one of my professors to seduce me. The older woman theory. Experience. In our case..."

"So, I have a few years of catching up to do. I'm not that much older than you. What if...I disappoint you?"

Jan gave her the most incredulous stare, they had to start laughing again. "Oh, my dear one, there is nothing you could do to disappoint me. Not if you tried."

Mel smiled nervously. "Your expectations are a little high. How could I ever fulfill your...dream image? I'm not like that. That's not me."

"I don't expect or want you to be any more or less than you have it within you to be. I know you're a soft, lovely, feminine woman, darling. I know we're both women, I am supremely aware of that scintillating fact. That's what I love about the situation, that's what gets me purring. We're not playing a theme on heterosexual romance, I am not the man in this relationship, despite the way I dress. Don't expect me to lead--not all the time anyway."

Jan moved against her sensuously. It was a dark little out of the way bistro and they were dancing. There were a few other couples, clinging and moving slowly around the floor, oblivious to their surroundings, besotted on a combination of love or lust and alcohol. Mel had never seen two men dancing together. That just didn't happen in the South. At least she didn't think it did. When she looked back into Jan's face from her brief reverie she was greeted by the most amused and charming grin. "What?"

"If you haven't noticed..and you haven't... you've been moving me around the floor quite nicely for the last ten minutes."

"I have?"

'You have. I know that must shake you to your southern core. But it's been very enjoyable and restful and even instructive for me."

Mel licked her lips, she'd removed her glasses and was wearing her hair loose to her shoulders, she was stunning. And now that it had been pointed out to her she suddenly found herself incapable of continuing to lead in the slow dream shuffle around the dance floor. Jan took control and steered her into an even darker alcove, pressed up against her, moving her hips, her pelvis, breathed into her jet black hair, "I'm going to take you back to our room, undress you slowly, though I'd really like to rip that blouse open and yank your bra off with my teeth, and I'll kiss you everywhere. Everywhere."

Mel felt the most extraordinary sensation as Jan's tongue slipped into the ear she'd been hotly whispering into. A breath that was more a moan was forced from her lips. "I'll make love to you all night long. You'll sit on the bed as I kneel to remove your silk stockings with my