

middle of the night. She tentatively fingered a nipple and when there was no protest she took the other in her mouth.

Mel's sharp intake of breath as Jan enfolded the soft full breast in her palm quickened something sequestered deep and anciently hiding within her, within them both. There was a flash of colored light behind her lids and some nebulous image of a savage woman in black leather lost in her own sensuous reverie.

You were my teacher once, Jan thought. Strong and proud. How many times have we changed places?

She was atop this glorious woman now. Her thigh moving against Mel's sex, drawing divine moisture, feeling her own wetness beginning to drip from her lips as she moved against the woman's firm, soft thigh. The cool blue eyes had become warm and inviting, never left hers as they writhed in this sinuous dance.

"Oh...my... Ah could just let go now and never come down again."

"Not yet," Jan urged. "This is very nice, but we're just beginning." She kissed the dark-haired woman tenderly, time for passion later. Her tongue opened the beautiful pink mouth and Mel sobbed deep in her throat and accepted another tongue in her mouth, fencing with it delightedly, moaning low. Gasping for air, they reluctantly broke the embrace and Jan smiled, sliding down to nibble on a nipple as she lightly pinched the other between thumb and forefinger. She seemed to do this forever until the woman was almost too heated to handle. The younger woman's small, strong hand parted her legs and stroked her there, opening the lips, slowly penetrating. Mel's head flailed, she thrashed in unbearable excitement.

"Fingers are very good, but tongues are better," Jan promised as she continued to move her hand between those luscious thighs. Jan seemed to take her to the edge, but always let up just as she was about to fall over. And then, salvation, the dear blonde head was between her thighs, pressed tight against her open sex.

Mel sat up on her elbows compelled to watch as the glistening tongue slid into her body. This was heaven. Bliss. No one else had ever made her feel this way. That sweet mouth on her swollen bud, fingers filling her, two, three at a time and the woman's tongue inside her, moving as she came explosively against that lovely face. The release was glorious. She wanted to shout. And did. A strange ululating cry torn from her very soul. She never would've thought herself capable of making such a sound as that under any circumstances. She wanted to let go. And cry. But stopped herself. She didn't want to discomfort Jan with a weeping female. Not now. Not just yet. She would be strong for her. Would show her she could handle the emotion after all. Her breathing slowed by degrees and she stroked lovingly the long blonde hair fanned across her stomach.

"You've almost worn me out."

Jan kissed the woman's navel, replied dreamily, "You don't have to do anything you're not ready for."

"I said 'almost.'"

Mel's mouth was pressing hard against the smaller woman beneath her now. Undeniable passion and promise. Jan broke away, breathing deep, then shallow. Voice deserting her. "Good," Mel almost gloated at the effect. "It takes a lot for me to be so...forward. It's not in my nature--at least, I didn't think it was. Your brashness must be wearing off on me. I suppose we're destined to learn from each other--whether in this lifetime or another. Jan, when I said 'I can't' I meant I couldn't breathe. There was too much emotion. I've never felt this before. Not with anyone. It's new to me. I always thought I was...well, 'destined' to be cool and somewhat aloof, you know, like a proper little Southern girl. I'd flutter my lashes and pretend to swoon whenever a man paid attention. It's ingrained. Second nature. But...maybe there's a deeper nature. I was never fully aware of. Until now. I didn't mean to hurt you then. I'm just so...filled with the emotion of it that I'm afraid I'll..." Mel propped up on an elbow, gazed at the woman