



BEST
LESBIAN
EROTICA 2014

EDITED BY KATHLEEN WARNOCK

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EROTICA
2014

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KATHLEEN WARNOCK

CLEIS
PRESS

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CONTENTS

- vii Foreword: Editing a Life • KATHLEEN WARNOCK
- 1 A Good Workout • SINCLAIR SEXSMITH
- 7 Reunion at St. Mary's • CATHERINE LUNDOFF
- 20 Hey, Stranger • DIANA CAGE
- 30 Big Lesbo Cupcakery • D. L. KING
- 38 Lake Travis Steam • LUCIEN C. WEST
- 53 Imaging • SHARON WACHSLER
- 69 Birthday Butch • TERESA NOELLE ROBERTS
- 79 Nocturne • CHERYL JIMMERSON
- 88 Stitch and Bitch • A. L. SIMONDS
- 108 Call for Submission • NAIRNE HOLTZ
- 120 Run, Jo, Run • CHEYENNE BLUE
- 131 Tongue in Cheek • AMAL ARABI
- 140 What I Need • XAN WEST
- 147 Bridge Line • ANAMIKA
- 160 Who at My Door Is Standing • SAM TWEED
- 169 My Bagandan Princess • DOLAR VASANI
- 174 Mommy Is Coming • SARAH SCHULMAN
AND CHERYL DUNYE
- 233 About the Authors
- 239 About the Editor

FOREWORD: EDITING A LIFE

It's been half a decade since Tristan Taormino and Cleis handed the curating duties of this series on to me. Half a decade, and I've read well over five hundred stories, worked with six different judges, corresponded with writers whose work has been chosen (and not) from all over the globe, and spent many a late night line-editing, negotiating changes and sitting with the chosen stories before me like a jigsaw puzzle, fitting them into an order that makes sense, has an energy, an arc to it, and finishing up all the housekeeping tasks: assembling bios, noting which pieces have been published before, collecting contracts and turning it all in. And then I'm done...until it's time to look at the proof files, then the dummies (as we used to call them in publishing), and set up the first reading, and start visiting my PO box to collect next year's submissions.

I'm not complaining, mind you. I'm delineating the parts that make the whole. Sometimes, when I tell people that I edit lesbian erotica, they say: "Well that must be fun!" And I usually respond: "Well, when the stories are good, it is."

I am of the tribe that can appreciate a well-crafted piece of erotica, then sit there and debate if a word should be in italics, when to use the past perfect tense, or whether correcting a character's grammar changes the voice of the writer. I can also shout at my computer screen over the words of a would-be writer who can't tell the difference between "your" and "you're"; "their," "there" and "they're"; or "its" and "it's." It can grow into a personal grudge for a story full of spelling and grammatical errors, a story submitted in a funny font or a story that's by someone writing to "sell" a story rather than tell one.

I relish the exchanges with the writers who are just coming into their own: when I send them an edited version of their story, and break down what I did. Some may disagree with the changes, but others say: *I see what you were doing there. I know something about my own work that I didn't before, and I'm going to use it as I go on.*

It's because I tend to love writers, and want them to hear an encouraging word, want to let them know that someone else believes in their work, or perhaps give them permission to believe in it themselves. Oh sure, there are some crazy mean ones, and people I would prefer not to ride in a car with, but even then, I know that's the result of the journey they've been on, and their work is their way of trying to find some kind of meaning in a life that is sometimes awful or tragic.

I also make it a point to acknowledge people who are already good at what they do. Each year, I seek out the people whose work I published in previous years and ask them to submit something new. It's a mark of respect, letting them know that their work is something I look forward to reading. Of course that also means every year there is a larger pool of people to disappoint if their work isn't chosen.

And they sometimes email me afterward, frosty or penitent,

snarky or mock-carelessly, asking why their work wasn't picked. Because no matter how long you've been at this, no matter how good you know your own work is, rejection stinks. It's an arrow in the heart.

What makes it worth it?

I always say: try again next year. It has become my custom to take stories that I particularly like that didn't get in one year, and throw them into the pool of submissions for the next. What doesn't suit one volume might suit another. And I've been happy to see stories find a place in the series in later editions.

That's why it's always a pleasure to sit there puzzling over the final lineup, knowing that the stories chosen will become a new whole. And even though this is a "best of" book, there always seems to be a theme, something that's on everyone's mind. This year, there seems to be a lot of reaching, of needing, of people fighting themselves to get what they want or need. Maybe that's why this foreword is taking the shape it has.

Sometimes I think the writing of erotica is about being afraid of something, and needing to say it, to have it, to own it. No one can define it, except the person at the keyboard, who is by herself, even if her lover is asleep in the next room. No one can know if a story is the one that should be told, or how, except the one telling it.

And then sending it out, hoping to find someone to read it, to listen, to understand.

To me, that's an honorable life, well lived. That makes it worth it.

Kathleen Warnock
New York City

A GOOD WORKOUT

Sinclair Sexsmith

You check out my ass in the mirror across from mine, and that's when I know that you want me. I've got one of those too-small towels wrapped around my waist and another too-small towel draped over my shoulders, and so do you. The half-dozen girls in the locker room are wearing their towels up over their breasts, with a second one twisted up on their heads. But we don't need that. Your hair is the same length as mine, cut way above the ears, but yours has that faux-hawk, which tells me you might be a few years younger than I am. Mine I sweep up and over in a wave like I took a palm full of product and ran my hands over my head—which I did.

I wash my hands and head for the steam room, catching your eyes in the mirror for just the quickest inviting smile. I can feel the pulse in my muscles from the 5k run I just finished on the treadmill and the quick set of weights I lifted to keep my shoulders strong and open. My neck feels loose, my fingers feel heavy, my thighs feel solid.

When you chose the treadmill next to mine, I didn't think much of it. I read you as a guy for a full minute until you stopped walking and started running, and I stole a glance and noticed the smooth girl curve of your chin. Your run was lithe—supple and graceful, full of ease. I struggled with my breath and concentrated on my feet hitting the treadmill. I slowed down and caught my breath, sped up and pushed myself, slowed down again. You stayed steady, one foot in front of the other, sweating but not out of breath, listening to your iPod while I watched a rerun of "Sex and the City" on one of the flat screens.

When I left the weights to head down to the locker room, I thought I felt your eyes on me, but I didn't turn around to look. You were doing assisted pull-ups by then, your blue basketball shorts bunched by your knees as you knelt on the machine, your biceps popping. I heard you groan only once.

Not that I was watching.

And now I lay myself out on the high bench in the steam room. I'm the only one in here. I unwrap the towel and let my skin sweat the work out of me, feeling my muscles relax, the blood still pumping inside, the tingling sensation that rises after using my body. I breathe in and out, focusing on the place where my body hits the air, the place at my nasal septum where the air is leaving my body, cooler from inside my lungs than it is in the steam. I can't stay in here too long, but I love how it leaves my body supple. It feels like a cleanse, a good sweat, while working out feels like a release of toxins.

I always have the urge to run my hands over my body, feel my skin slick with sweat, open my legs and let everything get washed by the hot steamy air. I always think of that story from Nancy Friday's book, *My Secret Garden*, where two women in the steam room get it on—definitely a story that told me I liked what these women did together a little bit more than I expected.

I let my body sink into the tile bench, and for a short minute all is still; then the door opens, releasing a gush of steam and sucking in cool air in exchange. I don't have to look up to know it's you. It seems obvious in this moment that you'd follow me in here. You sit on the bench below mine, and your head is aligned with my knee. You sigh, hands on your thighs, legs parted. I can just make out your shape through the white steam. The back of your neck starts to drip. You take the towel from your shoulders and reveal your chest, small and tight and muscled, your nipples hard and pointed, rosy pink. I have the urge to reach out and twist them, feel them hard between my fingertips. I resist.

When you lean your head back and I feel your hair touch my knee, I take the hint and shift, bending my knee up over the edge of the upper bench. You sigh again, this time more of a groan, and your desire is palpable. Your eyes are closed, but you turn your head and your face is between my thighs. My heart pumps faster in my chest and my stomach rises and falls. You only wait a beat before turning your hips and gripping my inner thighs in each of your hands. You take a long inhale of the wetness that has gathered, my pubic hair thick and wet, already swelling. You take my clit in your mouth without fanfare, just slide it right in and run your tongue along the shaft. Your hands grip harder and your throat opens to take me deeper, your nose buried in my flesh. I know I must smell, musty and thick and sour, and you lap it up with your tongue, your lips pursed, shoved against me hard.

You bring one hand over to cup me underneath and I feel your fingers gently in my crack, palm against my opening, holding my lips like I have balls, high and tight and smooth. I feel your finger find my asshole and shift my body to give my consent, pushing gently against, and you slip inside, just to the first knuckle, easy with all this steam. I grip your hair, because

that's what a faux-hawk is for. Long enough to grab on top and move your mouth around how I want it, where I want to feel it. I fuck your mouth while keeping your head stationary and you work your finger gently and firmly in my tight hole, your tongue wide and throat open. My hips open and I thrust into you, ready to come, thinking about shooting as my clit pulses and contracts, my body shuddering.

I pull your head back as I get supersensitive to the touch and you wipe your mouth with the back of your hand, look up at me through the steam.

I grin. I breathe and feel my feet on the floor, get my bearings and don't waste time. You are on the edge of your seat; I easily grab your waist and flip you around, your ass against me, my arms around you, one hand pushed between your legs and the other twisting those pink nipples. As my fingers find you wet and open you bring my other hand up to your mouth and suck two of them down, tongue swollen, lips wet. I keep my grip around you as I plunge two fingers inside you deep and you groan again, that same release that all those pull-ups had you uttering, the same instinct to buckle and pulse overtaking you. I pull my fingers out slick with your juices and find your clit, start jacking you off, the shaft of it hard and swollen under my fingers, throbbing with my touch.

You quicken under me.

I pull you back against me and our bodies slide against each other, your back against my large chest, my nipples still hard, my stomach against your lower back, your ass against my pelvis. If I had a cock, it'd be in your ass right now, and as soon as I think that I can feel it, you press back against me as if opening up, squirming, and I keep my grip as I reach around you to jack you off. You aren't easy to get off, I can feel it, that barrier between us, but I can feel how you like to be taken, how you like

to be a boy under my touch, how you like to bend over and give it up for me, because that's how I like it, too.

Our bodies are talking to each other without our heads getting in the way. Our cocks are hard and thrusting, and I am thrusting, and you are thrusting into my palm. Your hand pushing my fingers deeper into your mouth though it is open and you're breathing around them; I feel your breath cooler than the air. My arms are dripping with sweat and steam; I can feel it rolling down my skin. You groan and I feel the vibration of your tongue on the pads of my fingers. You shudder and your back arches and I hold you up. Your other hand goes down on top of my hand between your legs and you start working it faster and faster, just a little bit up and right of where my fingers were, moving me over, until you stumble forward just a little and I feel your stomach crunch, tighten, your shoulders curl forward, your muscles shaking against me, and you come in my hand with a gush of heat and liquid.

You get ahold of your heavy breathing like you did on the treadmill and come back to a soft even in-and-out, your arms holding you up, bent forward over the low bench. You straighten up your body and lean back against mine for a moment, then grab your towels, wet and heavy on the tile bench of the steam room, and whip around. When your hand grips the handle of the door you catch my glance for a minute and give me that cute, sly boy half-smile, and then you're gone.

I sit on the lower bench for a moment, feeling my breath again, my body spent and tired and ready to go home. I rinse off quickly in the shower. You're in the stall two doors down when I enter, but you've left by the time I am done.

I do a quick fix to my hair in the mirror over the sink and you're almost done putting your faux-hawk back up in place behind me, our towels wrapped back around our waists, slung

over our shoulders, as if nothing happened, when a woman walks in with a start. “Am I...what are you...wrong...uh?”

We catch each other’s eyes in the mirror. Usually this type of thing gives me butterflies and cause for concern. Usually I am an impostor in women’s bathrooms and locker rooms; usually I am seen as an outsider, potential predator, problem, misfit, outlaw. But here there are two of us, and we just chuckle as she very obviously scans our bodies for signs of hips and breasts and then, embarrassed to be staring, scurries off.

By the time I’m done with my hair and emerge into the changing room where the lockers are, you’re dressed and shoving your gym clothes into a barrel bag. You make a point of coming over to get a tissue right next to where I’m standing, unlocking my locker.

“I don’t usually...uh...” you stammer, not talking to me but talking near me, keeping your chin low, shifting from foot to foot. Your handsome face gives you away: you’re a pretty boy, and you date pretty girls. Not hunky butches.

“I know,” I say. “Me either.”

Your eyes twinkle as you look at me one last time. “See you around,” you toss over your shoulder. “Good workout.”

REUNION AT ST. MARY'S

Catherine Lundoff

Bridget Marie Riordan O'Halloran was depressed. It wasn't so much that work was insanely stressful, though that was part of it. Or that Vic and all her friends seemed to have forgotten her birthday, though that didn't help. It was the clipping from the parish newspaper, sent by her mother, that put her over the edge. Sister Agnes Mercy Byrnes had been taken up to Heaven, or so it said. But from what Bridget remembered of her, she was more likely to be torturing the Devil below than hovering on a cloud above.

Where Sister Agnes was didn't matter as much as the fact that she was gone. It was the passing of an era. Agnes had been the terror, among other things, of Bridget's high school years. It was hard to forget the hours she had spent over the years masturbating over memories of the spanking the nun had once given her in the principal's office. Imagining those firm hands on her young flesh gave her a thrill even now. She pictured Sister Agnes pulling down her white virginal panties and... Vic walked

in a moment later to find her with her hand between her legs.

“Hi sweetie. Ooh, that looks like fun. What triggered this?” Vic grabbed the little clipping as Bridget jerked her hand out of her pants. Vic gave her a look of pure disbelief. “You’re jilling off to Sister Agnes’s obituary?”

Bridget turned red and tried to come up with a good explanation. Then she gave up and went on the attack instead. “You forgot my birthday! Some girlfriend you are.” She crossed her arms to hide the nipples showing through her shirt. Sister Agnes’s hands had been pretty amazing in that last fantasy.

“I knew you were going to say that,” Vic said with a triumphant grin as she dropped onto the couch. She ran one hand down Bridget’s thigh with a possessive pressure that never failed to make her pay attention. “I’ve got a little surprise for you, babe. Kind of appropriate too, given your new ghoulish hobby. We’re going to your tenth high school reunion. My treat.”

Bridget’s jaw dropped. *No way!* Sister Julia and Father Williams would run them out of Sacred Heart Parish at the head of a torch-wielding mob. Vic didn’t understand how things worked at a parochial school. But before Bridget could say a word, Vic had her in a lip-lock that soon turned to other things. Once Vic was holding Bridget down and pounding a fist into Bridget’s wet, desperate pussy, going home for the reunion sounded just fine. Besides, it was two months away; she had plenty of time to change Vic’s mind.

But somehow, they never got around to talking about it. Every time she tried, Vic was too busy or was all over her, so she gave up, resigning herself to the trip from hell. It would be worse if they ended up staying with her parents. She hoped her mother wouldn’t say the rosary over them when she thought they were sleeping (again).

Despite her worries, she began to wonder if some of her old

friends would be there. Monica had come out after graduation. That was inevitable. If James Dean had ever been reincarnated as a Catholic high school girl, Monica was it. Then there was Mary Eileen. Bridget had never forgotten that sleepover where they all decided to practice kissing. From what she could remember, Mary Eileen wanted to practice a few other things too, but they'd been too scared. As for the rest of the girls who ran around with them, well, if Bridget knew her budding Dykes on Bikes, they were the local chapter by now.

By the time they got ready to leave, Bridget was resigned to the trip. It made things easier that Vic was so obviously up to something. Bridget even resisted taking a peek in the toy bag when they loaded it in the car. No point in spoiling the surprise. At least they were staying at a hotel.

Vic wasn't letting anything slip. She was too tired for sex that night, which was weird. She didn't talk much during the drive the next day, which was weirder.

Bridget was getting antsy and it brought out the pushy bottom in her. She wheedled, she whined, she sulked; anything to get Vic to do something with or to her. Anything at all. She squirmed against the fabric of the car seat imagining a few of those things. But for the first time in years, Vic wasn't going for it. She smiled when Bridget pouted, and stonewalled when she whined, until Bridget thought she'd go nuts before they got there.

Finally, they pulled into the hotel parking lot a few blocks from St. Mary's. Vic slammed her door and headed over to check them in without a backward glance.

Bridget took this as a good sign. It meant she was well and truly annoyed and in full top mode. Maybe Vic would spank her. She loved that, especially if she had to confess her sins beforehand. Good Catholic girls never forget their early training, as Sister Agnes used to say.

Bridget grinned, her spirits lifting as she unpacked the car.

She hauled the bags into the lobby in time for Vic to get the key, then trailed after her up the stairs to the third floor. Evidently she hadn't earned the right to use the elevator. She grinned as she gasped for breath. This would be good.

But when they got upstairs and she got the bags lined up the way Vic liked them, her girlfriend disappeared into the bathroom to take a shower, leaving her to squirm on the bed. When she couldn't stand it anymore, she got up and checked the bathroom door. Vic had locked it. Bridget stared at it in disbelief and tried to think of what she'd done that was so awful.

By the time Vic came out, Bridget was feeling well and truly contrite and aching to atone for her sins. Especially since Vic was wearing her favorite suit, the black one that made her look hotter than...well, any other butch Bridget could think of. Vic grinned at her and grabbed one of the bags. Then she gestured at the bathroom, "Go hop in the shower, then put these on when you get out. Don't put on anything else. The dance is tonight and I've got a surprise or two for you."

Bridget took the bag, wondering if things would be better if she groveled. But Vic didn't seem interested, so she gave up and sulked her way into the bathroom. Even a halfhearted attempt at masturbating didn't help. Finally, she gave up and decided that she'd get seriously dolled up for the dance. Then maybe Vic would forgive her.

She was a little more optimistic when she stepped out of the shower. A few moments' work with a hair dryer, and she was feeling even better. That was when she opened the bag Vic had given her. A puddle of plaid in green and black stared back at her, and she almost shut the bag. No way. She reached into the bag and pulled out a Catholic school uniform. An old St. Mary's uniform, to be exact.

Under the jumper and white blouse that looked way too small, she found a bra with lace cups and a thong. And a pair of saddle shoes. These made her giggle. This was going to be some surprise after all. She pulled on the underwear, then the blouse. It barely buttoned across her breasts and the cloth gaped every time she took a deep breath, exposing the white lace bra. She pulled on the skirt and realized that it would just about cover her ass. Bridget grinned at her reflection in the mirror and grabbed her makeup.

A few moments later, a vision that would have made Sister Agnes turn over in her grave sauntered out of the bathroom to Vic's appreciative whistle. Bridget had made up her lips in a crimson that clashed violently with her red hair, then applied glowing blue eyeshadow from her lashes to her eyebrows. Her hair was done up in multiple little ponytails, just the sort of thing she might have tried in high school if she'd had the nerve.

Vic came over for an appreciative, giggly kiss. She ran one hand under the skirt and groped Bridget's ass in the thong just enough to get her attention before she pulled away. Then she grabbed a small bag from the bed. "C'mon let's go. Some folks are waiting for us. Oh wait, wear this." She handed Bridget a St. Mary's blazer.

Bridget gaped at it. "Where did you find all this stuff? Some kind of Sacred Heart garage sale or something?"

"I had help. Now, c'mon babe. We want to get there early. I hear they're doing dinner first."

"Oh yum, church suppers. I can't wait." Bridget rolled her eyes and tugged on the blazer. Vic was already holding the door open and ushering her out. Well, maybe the surprise would come afterward. Bridget got just a bit wetter thinking about all the possibilities.

By the time they pulled up in front of St. Mary's, the car

seat was getting damp under her. Not that Vic seemed to notice. She just looked as cool as could be as she pulled into the lot and came around to open Bridget's door. Bridget got out carefully, trying to hold the minuscule plaid skirt down so it sort of covered her butt. Vic watched her with a dangerous smile and leaned in close to whisper, "I'm planning on seeing a lot more of your ass and pussy tonight than that. But it's a start."

Bridget met her eyes and shivered. She'd been aching to be touched ever since her shower and that only made it worse. She wondered what it would take to get Vic to take her in the bathroom or maybe the girls' locker room. She'd always had a fantasy about that, one that involved the entire girls' field hockey team.

They passed under a big banner and some streamers welcoming them to the reunion. Bridget forced herself not to groan. Crepe paper. Did it get any cheesier than that? There was Betty Crane, waving at her from a registration table crowded with name tags. Bridget didn't recognize the woman next to her, or the guy hovering nearby, but she suspected she'd hear all about it when they got a bit closer. And she was willing to bet that no one would ask a thing about Vic.

Sure enough, Father William and Sister Julia were fussing with more crepe paper and balloons behind the table and carefully ignoring them. Bridget tugged the jacket closed over her gaping white blouse and grabbed Vic's hand. Time to get the evening's ostracism underway. "Hi Betty!" she chirped when they stopped in front of the table. "You look great." She grinned down at her least favorite former classmate and nearly collapsed laughing when she saw the look on her face.

"Hi Bridget. You look...umm...healthy. Let me introduce you to my husband." Betty grabbed for the bored-looking man lurking by the bulletin boards. He looked Bridget over and

leered, but only a little, which was better than she expected of any guy who'd marry Betty.

Vic stepped between the two of them, making it clear that she wasn't going to put up with much crap. Bridget watched Betty's uptight mouth tense as Vic reached out to shake her hand. She wondered if the reunion chair was wiping her hand off on her skirt under the table. At least the husband was polite about it.

A few other classmates came up behind them, and they were able to move on before Bridget gave Betty a piece of her mind. Maybe, she thought, as Vic towed her away, tonight would be a good night to tell Father William who had tried to out a third of the class with anonymous notes their senior year. She'd always suspected it was Betty, partially because a lot of the accusations had been wrong.

But once they walked inside, she forgot about her former foe. There was Monica waving at them from a side table, black hair cut short and spiky, black leather jacket draped on the back of her chair. There was another woman with her who looked familiar too. It took Bridget a full minute to recognize Mary Eileen. Who else would wear an outfit that looked suspiciously like an updated version of a field hockey uniform? Bridget was giggling when they sat down next to them. A few more friends from the old days and their girlfriends straggled in after that so it made for a full table.

In the end, there were eight of them, including almost every girl that Bridget ever wondered about when they were in school: Monica, Mary Eileen, Sharon, Elena, Kate, plus Vic and Kate's girlfriend Pam. She wondered what Sister Agnes would make of them now, but she thought she knew the answer to that one. Dinner was better than she expected, and everyone at the table was being nice to Vic. Especially since it turned out that Vic

seemed to know Monica and Elena from some email list, which was news to Bridget.

But apart from that, Bridget was still waiting to be surprised. Sure, Vic's hand was resting on her thigh under the table, but it wasn't working its way up like she expected. She wondered if anyone would notice if she ducked under the table and went down on her girlfriend. She wriggled impatiently.

Vic leaned over to whisper, "Meet me in the girl's locker room in ten minutes." Then she took off with Monica.

Bridget watched them walk away like a lost puppy. A wet, empty puppy whose thong was working its way up into places that wanted to be full of other things. Ten minutes had never taken so long, but she wanted to stay on Vic's good side so she didn't get up until nine and one half minutes after Vic and Monica left.

She caught Mary Eileen's knowing smile from the corner of her eye and pulled her friend's hair lightly as she walked past, for old times' sake. Then she made herself walk across the gym at a slow, ladylike pace toward the locker rooms, occasionally waving to an old schoolmate who wasn't too appalled to acknowledge her.

Eventually, she made it to the locker room door. She stopped in front of it, letting her fantasies run wild. She slipped the blazer off her shoulders and unbuttoned her blouse an extra button. Then she walked in, pussy muscles clenched with anticipation.

The second she walked in, someone dropped a bag over her head. Her arms were held behind her back, and she was marched over to what felt like a post. She could feel her hands being securely fastened behind her around the post while someone gave her nipple a wicked pinch.

Bridget whimpered happily and spread her legs, the cheerful grin on her face hidden by the black bag. A sharp slap with

something—a ruler?—on her bare thigh made the grin go away. Rough hands tugged off the bag leaving her face-to-face with Monica. Who kissed her, hard.

Uh-oh. Hope Vic doesn't see this. Monica's hand was squeezing her tit now too, with enough pressure to make her yelp around Monica's tongue in her mouth. Then Monica let go of her boob and stuck her hand between Bridget's legs, driving her fingers up around the thong until Bridget was gasping for air. "You were always such a little slut, Bridge. Now lick my fingers off." Monica added that last command right after she pulled her fingers out of Bridget's soaking pussy.

"I remember," Monica purred as she watched Bridget carefully suck off each finger on her right hand, "how you were always hanging out here after field hockey practice. What were you hoping for back then, Bridge?"

Bridget responded with an incoherent gurgle. How had Monica known? Monica wasn't telling, but she was pulling a largish knife out of her back pocket. She ran the blade down Bridget's ample cleavage and smiled as she squirmed. Bridget was wild eyed; where was Vic? Surely she hadn't left her alone with this crazy woman?

"Well, don't carve her up before I've had any," Mary Eileen said as she swept into the locker room, giving Bridget an evil grin. She leaned over and bit Bridget's nipple through the lace of her bra. Bridget yelped. Mary Eileen glanced at Monica. "You bring the ruler? Excellent. I've got my old field hockey stick too."

Bridget's eyes bulged. There was no way that Mary Eileen was going to follow through on that unspoken threat. Mary Eileen pulled a condom out of a bag and opened the package. Then she stretched it over the handle of the stick. She looked up and met Bridget's wide-eyed stare. "Oh, don't tell us you didn't dream about this back in the day, sweetie. I remember you practically

humping Monica in her uniform when you had a few beers.”

So could Bridget. Who could help it? Monica had been so hot. Come to think of it, so had Mary Eileen. And now she was going to get some of her favorite fantasies fulfilled. At least she hoped they were still favorites. She hadn't thought about the field hockey team in quite a few years, not since Vic came along. She closed her eyes and pictured Vic as the team goalie and a thin line of wetness ran down her thigh.

“I'd put that on her now,” Mary Eileen murmured to Monica as she ran a hand up Bridget's thigh and stuck two of her fingers inside her, then pulled them out. “I'm guessing our little Bridget's a shrieker, aren't you, sweetie?”

Bridget nodded like her head was on strings. Monica reached into a bag and came back with a thick, silky scarf in her hands. She covered Bridget's mouth and tied the scarf behind her head with deft precision. Then she pulled up Bridget's skirt and cut the thong off her. Bridget moaned, hoping that might be enough to get one of them to take her. She had never felt so empty.

Instead, Monica chuckled in Bridget's ear before running her tongue all the way down to her cleavage. She unfastened the bra and pulled it down so Bridget's breasts were exposed. Bridget started breathing faster. This was just like her field hockey fantasy. Vic had to be somewhere nearby, planning this whole thing. She was the only one Bridget had ever told about this. She squirmed happily. This was going to be the best belated birthday ever.

The door swung open as Mary Eileen braced the hockey stick on the floor and started working the edge of the handle up into Bridget's pussy. The smooth hardness of it stretched her out enough that she was making a whole series of protesting noises as the rest of their friends walked in. Elena gave Bridget a nasty grin as she sauntered up. “Our little hockey slut is finally getting her wish, huh?” She reached around Bridget and slipped

a finger up Bridget's ass just as Mary Eileen finally got the stick at a good angle. Elena leaned in and bit down on the tender skin over Bridget's collarbone.

Bridget writhed, every motion driving the stick a little farther inside her. Elena was giving her one hell of a hickey from the feel of things. She had also dropped her free hand to Bridget's clit. The others were either watching or starting to entertain themselves; Kate's girlfriend already had her shirt off and Kate stretched out on one of the locker room benches. Bridget found herself imagining Sister Agnes watching and surprised herself by coming with a muffled yell.

Elena grinned and pushed her legs a little farther apart. Then she twisted the hockey stick a little into her. It was too big to fit much more than the end, but that wasn't stopping her from trying. Bridget opened her eyes at the sound of a camera click. Monica was taking pictures of them. Elena leaned in close to Bridget's face and grinned at the camera while she pinched Bridget's nipples completely erect. Monica zoomed in on a close-up of the stick as Bridget wailed through the gag.

The door swung open behind Monica and Bridget gasped as a nun entered. Elena stepped away, an evil grin on her face. Bridget braced herself for outraged cries and threats to call the police. Instead the nun looked her straight in the eye and walked over, pulling a ruler out of her sleeve as she approached. Bridget gurgled behind the gag, gasping in shock at the sight of Vic in full Catholic drag, rosary and all.

She was in full character too. She looked at Bridget sternly and asked in a voice slightly deeper than her normal one, "Have you been tempting these innocents into sin? Have you? Have you exposed yourself in order to make your schoolmates think lustful thoughts?" Vic frowned fiercely as Bridget tried to look innocent.

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