

Since Kat was nervous about the upcoming scene she had to shoot, she did what anyone would do in a time of crisis. She decided to throw a small housewarming party. I was grateful that it was just a few of her friends and none of them were industry people. Her place was only partially decorated but enough to have a small gathering without too much distraction.

I arrived early, having secured a ride with my friend Bev. Her catering company was handling the affair. Changing at Kat's and getting ready for the party was easy once I was inside. We were in her bedroom when those eyes of hers fell upon me and warmed me from the inside out.

"It's amazing having you here with me."

"Thanks, kitty."

She walked over to me and wrapped her arms around my waist from behind, gently kissing my neck. It was so easy to melt into her, to just let myself feel every soft, gentle movement.

"I am really having trouble waiting to be with you, angel."

"It isn't easy for me either, Kat."

She turned me around and kissed me so sweetly that I felt as if I was floating and I certainly didn't want to ever stop. Her soft lips were upon mine and the kiss deepened, building further and further into such passion. Her hands were upon my face, pulling back slightly to look into my eyes.

When Kat and I were with each other the world seemed to disappear for both of us and we connected as two loving women. It was wonderful to feel like we did not have a care in the world other than being right in that moment with each other. When a tray crashed to the floor downstairs, we were both startled back into reality. We laughed.

"It's so easy to get lost in you, baby girl."

I could feel myself smiling. I loved it when she called me that and I suspected that she knew it. She was smiling back at me now. Her smile could light up the darkest night.

"I am going to finish getting ready," I said.

"I see you brought your pink heels. You know I love it when you wear those."

"You are a little devil, aren't you?"

“You should know; you spend enough time with me. I don’t hear you calling me ‘angel’ now, do I?”

“Well, you are an angel, Kat, just a naughty one.”

“Yes, this is true and very proud of it, too. Besides, you need someone to help you get those wings off.”

“In time, my dear, in time. You young ones are so impatient.”

“Oh yes, and you are so old, my dear.”

“Watch it, youngster. Respect your elders.” I grabbed a towel and snapped it on her ass which only made her bolder.

“Oh please, you are so full of it, you sexy woman.” Just then she flashed that gorgeous smile which always seemed to leave me breathless.

“Hmm, I could get used to that.”

“I am going to go find out what happened in the kitchen. I am sure Bev is beside herself by now.”

“Well, we did leave her with her staff. She should be fine.”

“Except, it’s a new kitchen to her and I am sure she is cursing me by now, trying to figure out where everything is.”

“That’s probably true. You aren’t exactly an organized cook.”

“Organized? I can barely make anything at all; you know that.”

“I was being nice.”

“Well, at least I know what room of the house I do my best work in.” Of course she was glancing at the huge four poster bed.

“That is yet to be seen now, isn’t it?”

“You doubt my abilities?” Her voice was mockingly incredulous.

“No, dear. After the way you kissed me I don’t doubt your abilities at all.”

“Good, I thought I was going to have to show you later and break our deal.”

“In that case, can I restate that? I doubt them, really, I do.” Of course, the fact that I was batting my eyelashes let her know that I was kidding, or was I?

She winked at me before leaving the room. I wasn't sure how much more of this teasing, hers or mine, I could take. It was getting harder to resist her and it had been so long now since I had felt that need satisfied. Oh, this was going to be a long night. I was on fire inside and now I had to go make nice with her friends, and with mine.

With Sam and Jo coming I knew I would have to keep Sam from annoying the hell out of Kat. It was nice of her to invite them. The truth was, she wanted Jo to come and knew that Sam was part of the deal. That kind of thing was always a problem when you liked one part of a couple more than the other. I was grateful that they would be here, though. I would welcome the familiar faces.

I understood why Kat and Sam didn't really relish the thought of spending time together. The truth was, they had a lot in common, yet they were completely different in many other ways. I was hoping that I wouldn't be running interference all night.

Kat's company started arriving around seven PM and I was introduced as her best friend, which suited me fine. I helped her play hostess and we were enjoying chatting with a few of her friends when Sam and Jo arrived.

Kat's warm greeting was either genuine or one hell of a good piece of acting. After getting them both drinks and introducing everyone we sat down and started enjoying Bev's delicious creations. Her mini asparagus quiches were scrumptious in addition to her freshly made guacamole with a beautiful array of fresh chips and vegetables. The display was a delicious feast for the eye as well as the palate. I knew dessert would be even more impressive later on in the evening.

"Kat, you have a lovely home here. Did Amanda help you decorate at all?" Sam asked as she stood up to look out the back patio door.

"Actually, she did. She helped me with the kitchen and living room and I am eternally grateful."

"No help in the bedroom?"

Kat smiled at that comment. "No, I don't need any help in that room."

"I am sure you don't."

I chimed in right after that comment because I really didn't want to hear any more of where this conversation was going.

"Okay, enough about my decorating skills."

They cooled it after that and I was grateful that the rest of night was easy and we were all able to relax. Kat and Sam didn't socialize much but that was just fine by me. They were both alpha females and they weren't crazy about sharing attention with each other. I really did adore Sam and of course I was falling deeper for Kat. It would have been

perfect if they had gotten along, but that was a lot to ask for out of these two women.

Jo pulled me aside later in the evening to talk. We walked out back by the pool to enjoy the night air.

“Thanks for talking to Sam last week, Amanda, about Ellen and all.”

“No problem, Jo, I understand.”

“I know you do and that makes it a lot easier for me.”

“How are things going?”

“Things are better. We are connecting again and I am feeling more comfortable with all of Sam’s affection. It’s strange to feel so close to her and then to feel that fear and want to pull away. But it does get better each day.”

“Good, I am glad to hear it. She really loves you, Jo.”

“I know and she has been so patient with me. I love her, too. I don’t know if I am in love yet.”

“‘In love’ takes time. Too many people mistake those first months of getting to know someone as being in love. ‘In love’ is something that takes real time and spending moments together, you know?”

“Yes, exactly. You know I love Sam, but she can be a handful.”

I laughed at her observation, “Well Jo, I have been saying that for years.”

“She is so full of life, affection and has such a big heart, but that jealousy of hers drives me nuts sometimes.”

“She is quite protective of what she thinks is hers and she still loves the spotlight; she probably always will. But all of her amazing traits make up for any ambition and jealousy...usually.”

“I agree. I am still amazed at how she loves. She treats me so well. I feel like a queen around her. She pampers me. She is so attentive you would never know she was a rock star.”

“Ah yes, my friend the rock star. She sure loves it when I call her that. I adore Sam. You know, Jo, she may be a handful but she is so worth it in so many ways. I hope you both stay together. I think you are good for each other.”

“I have no intention of letting her go, that’s for sure.”

“Good. I think she needs you in a really good way.”

“Thanks, Amanda. By the way, I think Kat’s fantastic. She is so kind, intelligent and, if you don’t mind me saying, hot as hell.”

We both burst into an easy laughter. It was kind of hard not to acknowledge that Kat was indeed a hot woman. What was funny to me was how I saw her so differently. I saw the woman inside whom I had come to know. I saw her as beautiful but from a very deep place, especially knowing how much she kept well hidden from most.

Just then I felt Kat’s arms snake around my waist again and she whispered in my ear. “So...do you think I’m hot?”

“You weren’t supposed to hear that!” Jo said, very embarrassed.

“Yes, I know but I did and I love it.”

“Well, look in the mirror. You are sexy, Kat,” I said to her as she held on tighter.

“Not as sensual or sexy as you are.”

“Oh my, we need to get your eyes checked.”

“Hey, I know beautiful when I see it and feel it, babe. These curves of yours are very, very sexy to me.”

“You sure know how to work it, don’t you?”

“On that note, I will be going back inside and give you two some privacy.” And Jo was quickly gone, leaving Kat and me to finish our talk.

“You feel so good, Amanda. I just want to forget everyone inside and take you to the bedroom and, well, you know.”

“I think I have a very good idea of ‘you know’. But remember our agreement.”

“Couldn’t you pretend we were teenagers?”

“And do what?”

“Well, you could let me at least get to second base.”

I started laughing. The thought of Kat even saying that, let alone actually doing it, made me laugh.

“Hmm, who knows, Ms. Lucette? Tonight you might actually get to second if you are lucky. That is if you could handle these.”

At that moment Kat let her hands drift up under my shirt from behind as we were facing away from the house. Her soft hands were on my stomach, moving to just under my breasts, making me shiver. She whispered in my ear next.

“I think I can handle these just fine. I know I can handle all of you, my curvy girl.”

I leaned back into her and her hands slipped over my bra and all I could do was whimper slightly at how amazing her hands felt on my breasts for the first time. I was eager to feel her hands without a bra on and without an audience.

Right then we heard a door open and Sam yelled out to us.

“Come on, you two. Dessert is ready.”

Kat leaned forward and into my ear she whispered, “That one has great timing.”

I laughed before she let go and we headed back inside.

The party started breaking up not long after dessert. I was not unhappy to see the evening end when it did. I enjoyed meeting some of Kat’s friends but, all in all, it was much better when it was just she and I with no one around to disturb the natural rhythm between us.

We picked up a bit after everyone left, even though her maid would be by the next afternoon. It felt right, getting things cleaned up and put back in place. It was a kind of therapy.

We sat in the living room once we were done.

“So, do you think Sam is ever going to stop blaming me for taking you away from her?”

“Kat, she doesn’t blame you.”

“Have you seen the way she looks at me?”

“Let’s just say Sam has always had a bit of jealous streak in her.”

“Oh, really? I hadn’t noticed.”

“Stop it. She is just used to being in the limelight.”

“Well, so am I but you don’t see me challenging her every chance I get.”

“That’s because you have something she wants.”

“Yes, that’s true and I don’t plan on losing that something, either.”

I smiled. I loved Kat's confidence. Just then she stood and offered me her hand. I took it as she pulled me up and held me.

"Time for bed, baby girl, and I don't mean sleep quite yet..."

I wondered just how warm this housewarming was going to get once we made it back to the bedroom. It didn't take me long to figure out that Kat was very intent on making good on her promise to show me that the bedroom was indeed where she was very much in control.

I was nervous, yet ready for whatever was going to happen next and, sure enough, I wasn't disappointed.