

Kat led me by the hand to her bedroom. Suddenly I felt like I was in high school again—nervous, flustered, and very shy. My change in demeanor must have been terribly apparent as she swept me into a beautifully warm hug and whispered, “It’s okay, angel. I adore you. We don’t have to do anything tonight.”

I buried my head in her hair and allowed her to comfort me and hold me close. I began to relax in her arms and looked up to see the most loving eyes, full of concern and compassion. It made all the difference, seeing her look at me that way. Nothing rushed, just she and I and our feelings flowing out to the surface.

“Let’s get changed, Kat.”

“You first, angel. You know where everything is. I am going to go make sure I locked up and that the alarm is set. Take your time.” She kissed me softly on the forehead. The gesture had always made me feel safe and loved, and it worked again that night.

I took my time changing. I had purchased a beautiful nightgown that was pink and lace. I started to take my hair down from being pulled up in the back but then remembered how much Kat loved to brush it for me, an act which was sweet and sensual at the same time. I left it the way it was. When I walked out to the bedroom Kat was there on the bed, already changed into a pair of cute soft blue pajama shorts and a white tank top. Designer gowns had nothing on that simple outfit she wore. She was so beautiful she literally took my breath away.

She rose from the bed with a big smile upon her face. I had come to love that smile and couldn’t get enough of it.

“You should sleep over more often, angel.”

“Kat please...”

“Please what, sweetheart?”

With that she walked over and undid my hair so that it cascaded down beyond my shoulders. “I love this gown, babe. Pink is oh-so-you.” Her smile softened and her voice became huskier, “you look beautiful.”

Normally, I never believed someone when they said that to me. What was it about Kat that made me trust her, believed that she really did think I was beautiful?

Then her arms were around me and her lips were upon mine. It was the sweetest, most gentle kiss I had ever remembered in my life. I melted into her arms, into her lips and it seemed to go on forever. When we finally broke away she led me over to the bed.

Kat sat behind me and picked a brush up off the nightstand. She started brushing my hair with long, sweeping strokes. Her gentleness made me smile and made me feel very comfortable. There was no rushing, no awkward movement. It was the most loving, sensual act to be with her in her bedroom that night.

After she was done she picked up my hair and started kissing my neck, shoulders, and back. I felt as if I was floating on a cloud and she was the navigator. No more nervousness, no more shyness, just feeling wonderful feelings, her lips upon my body.

“Mmm, you smell so good, angel. What is that scent?”

“Crabtree and Evelyn’s Summer Hill. I changed from Spring Rain tonight.”

“Well, it suits you and my senses. Just like all of you.” And with that Kat wrapped her arms around my waist, turning me toward her as we lay down. I lay in her arms while she played with my hair and kept placing soft, butterfly kisses on my forehead, my cheeks and finally upon my lips.

We stayed like that for a long time, just toying with each other’s hair, touching gently. Kisses that were easy, sweet and playful. She nuzzled into my neck and then near my ear she put more kisses before finally looking into my eyes. Then, her lips were on mine in a very passionate kiss, soft at first, then more needful, more full as her lips traced mine. She finally entered my mouth—her tongue playing with my own. Her passionate kisses were sweeping, exploratory and very sensuous.

Kat surely was in control in the bedroom. She knew exactly how to get me to relax and to be slow and gentle before ever going in for such an amazing kiss. For the second time that night, I felt utterly breathless.

“You are amazing, Amanda. I love being with you. I am glad we waited for this.”

“Thanks for being so patient, Kat. I feel so safe with you.”

She smiled one of those amazing smiles of hers. Clearly she was proud of herself.

“You know, this gown of yours is beautiful but I would really like to see what’s underneath it.”

“Kat...only the top.”

“That works for me!”

“You first,” I said.

With that I reached over and took her white tank off and, for the first time, gazed upon her breasts and, of course, her scars. She watched my eyes trace the marks she had made on her own stomach and when I looked up I saw her own eyes start to well with

tears.

“It’s okay, I knew. It changes nothing. You are so beautiful.”

I took her face in my hands and kissed her gently—my lips brushing away the single tear that slid down her cheek. At that moment I realized that she was just as vulnerable as I was. Of course she was; it was just difficult to get out of one’s own mind and realize that even one of the most beautiful women in the world, like my sweet kitty, could be so very fragile. We all were, at some level.

Her breasts were beautiful, but I started along her side—kissing those scars, lightly running my fingers along the marks of her past. She ran her hand through my hair as she watched me kiss her where she felt the most sensitive. It was a healing ritual between her and me right now.

I felt so connected to her, so close, as if we were touching spirit. As I was about to touch her breasts her cell phone rang.

“Who in the hell would be calling me at this hour?”

It was already 4:00 in the morning. We had lost all track of time in each other’s sweet embraces.

All of a sudden the house phone was ringing too. It was crazy, her cell phone and her house phone interrupting a very special and tender moment.

“Angel, I am sorry. I don’t know what is going on.”

She looked at her caller ID and realized it was her publicist calling from her house in Los Angeles.

“What the hell could be so important that she would call at this time?”

She decided to answer it.

She looked at me, crestfallen, about the interruption, yet she was angry about it too. She picked up her cell phone and almost yelled into it.

“Okay, what the hell is going on?”

“Well, that’s a lovely way to greet me.” I was sitting so close to Kat that I could hear every word her publicist was saying on the other end of the line.

“It’s four AM! Are you kidding me?”

“Turn on E!”

“What! You called me to tell me to turn on E! television? Are you out of your mind?”

“Just do it now.”

“You have no idea what you just interrupted.”

“With you I could guess.”

“Damn, where is the remote?” Kat said to herself, apparently.

She finally found it where it should have been, in her nightstand drawer. Suddenly the room was filled with brightness as she turned on the big built-in television at the other side of the room. Sure enough, she had no idea what channel E! was on, so she just finally gave up.

“I can’t find it.”

“Here, give it to me.”

I took the remote and found the guide, then the channel.

What I saw surprised me; it shouldn’t have but it did. There was a picture of Kat on the screen with an announcer saying that she had been nominated for Best Actress for her latest movie, just out a few months ago. It was the movie that she had been promoting not that long ago, another trip in which we had gotten closer by cell phone, talking into the early morning hours.

I had never been so proud. She was clearly stunned and dropped the phone. I picked it up and gave it back to her.

“Oh my God! Oh my God!”

“Glad I woke you now?”

“Yes, oh yes. Lisa, you are the best.”

“Get ready, Kat. The next two months are going to be a whirlwind. I already have designers on the line asking about you. Call me later and we can discuss it all. And I would suggest you take your phone off the hook and turn off your cell if you want some privacy.”

“Thanks, Lisa. So sorry I was so rude.”

“It’s okay. Sounds like you have someone pretty important there. And Kat, I don’t know how much longer you can hide your sexuality, you know? This might be a good time to, well, you know.”

“Come out to the world?”

My eyes certainly told her all she needed to know at that moment: her coming out would mean mine. I was already basically out, but not to the world. The consequences of being with Kat were coming down around me. It started to dawn on me that I was about to enter a world I had tried so hard to stay out of for so long. That was, if we continued our relationship.

“The world basically knows, Kat. Would it be so bad?”

“Lisa...I have others to consider now,” she looked directly at me when she said “others.” It made me feel hopeful and sad at the same time. I didn’t want to impact Kat’s life in any way but a positive one, yet I didn’t want to give up mine completely to be with her.

“I understand, get back to me. We have a lot of planning to do.”

“I will call you tomorrow. I promise.”

“Congratulations, Kat, you deserve it. Bye, now.”

“Thanks, bye.”

“Quite an evening, morning, and life, huh?”

I smiled at my lovely Best Actress and knew that I had a very tough decision ahead of me. Would it be possible to keep my private life private while still pursuing our growing, deepening relationship? I had no idea. I was touched at all we had just shared, yet scared at what the future might hold. I knew that I didn’t want to be without Kat’s friendship, but becoming lovers meant something so much more now.

“Quite, kitty, quite. Congratulations. You have worked so hard; it’s about time.”

“It means nothing if I can’t share it with you.”

Our eyes met and in that perfect moment, as her eyes pleaded with mine, I knew that my life was about to change. I couldn’t imagine my life now without her.

“Thank you, sweetheart. I am so proud of you and I am honored to experience this moment with you.”

“You don’t have to go public, Amanda, but I need you here for me, with me. I want you here with me, always, actually.”

Tears suddenly spilled down my face. I had no words, just tears. We were here now, the two of us, apparently talking about a lot more than just her award. We were talking about her possible disclosure and deciding things about where we were headed as a couple.

We tried to snuggle but the phones were ringing off the hook. Finally Kat turned off her cell and unplugged the house phone. She turned her attention to me as I cuddled up in her arms. We lay there, feeling each other's soft skin and hair and quietly contemplating what was next.

This time we were jolted by the sound of *my* phone. I picked it up to see that it was Sam.

"Sam, what the hell?"

"So, your girl has been nominated for an award."

"Yes, she has," I said as I motioned for Kat to be quiet. She rolled her eyes.

"So, congratulate me."

"What?"

"Well, it is a big nomination. I mean, Best Song."

It was then I realized that Sam was apparently referring to her own nomination.

"I am so excited for you, Sam. It is such a beautiful song."

"I am going to be there to perform it, isn't that a trip? I can't wait to see what Jo says."

"You haven't told her yet?"

"No, Mimi, you were the first. I didn't want to wake her."

"Oh, but thanks for waking me."

"No problem. Talk to you later, Mimi."

"Bye, Sam, and again, I am so proud of you."

I looked at Kat and she just smiled.

"So, your friend was nominated too, huh? My, oh my, Miss Amanda, who will you go with to this Award show?"

I playfully tickled her.

"Oh wait, you don't expect me to go to this with you, do you?" As our eyes met I knew Kat could see my fear. Was she ready to go public? Was I ready for all that this meant?

"No, darling, you don't have to, but if you wanted to I would be honored."

“Sorry, Kat, not even these perfect breasts are getting me to do that.” I wanted to lighten up the mood again and my sense of humor seemed to make her smile. Then again, it could have been more of her bad girl side coming out.

“Speaking of breasts, how about showing a Best Actress nominee yours?”

My mouth hung open.

“Oh, nice way to kill the mood.” Before the phone rang the mood had been so romantic, so close to spiritual. Feeling like a teenager now I decided to pick up one of the over-stuffed pillows and hit her with it. I was gentle but persuasive.

“I think Lisa and Sam already did that. In fact, Sam has a way with interrupting things, doesn’t she?”

“She does seem to be multi-talented, yes.”

“Well, I could do without that talent of hers.”

“Kat, you are so bad. Are you excited?”

“Yes, and no. It can make a big difference in the amount of money one can make, but honestly, it does throw a wrench in my plans.”

“What plans, Kat?”

“I have been doing a lot of thinking lately about how long I want to continue making movies. It’s not the money; I have more than I will ever need. I just am starting to think of other priorities now. I don’t know, I need to be done with this shoot and see where things go.”

“You will have even more roles offered to you now.”

“Yes, but it’s the quality roles that matter the most.”

“I couldn’t agree more.”

“And quite frankly, being here with you is the only one that matters.”

“Why thank you, Ms. Best Actress nominee. It’s all in the breasts, isn’t it?”

“Well, you know, I am a breast girl and I still haven’t seen yours yet.” Her fingers toyed with the lace at the top of my gown. I grabbed her hand and held it. I looked into her eyes pleading with her to go slowly. I didn’t want our first time to be about just sex. I wanted to continue to connect with Kat emotionally and let our sexual experiences at least start out sensually, romantically, and deeply connected. I needed to know I could fully trust her, and in a way I was sure that she needed the same.

“Snuggle up, darling. That’s all you’re getting for now.”

We burrowed under the covers and just enjoyed each other that morning without going any further. I wanted to really hold to our deal. Kat needed to get through this shoot and we had a lot to discuss before we went any further.

Our perfect night was still perfect; it was just intruded upon by the reality of our lives. As I lay with Kat we were sharing so much, and it seemed to be nothing but pure magic between us. The announcement was special, yet Kat seemed to know how to place its importance in her life. Her maturity about the business was just one of the many things I admired about her.

Being in her arms and having her in mine was better than any award. It was the reward for waiting, for being patient, for knowing when it was right. No acting required between us. Ever.