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## **Room with a View**

Ceilia had never had an orgasm.

Oh, she'd had plenty of sex, but had never reached that ultimate, gut wrenching feeling that a climax brought. I was going to be the one that gave it to her. I had a deep-seated desire to hear her sigh out my name on her breath as she slammed over the wall of one.

Where that desire came from, I have no clue. I just knew I wanted to be the one who pushed her up the side of that wall, the one who single handedly gave her something she had never experienced before.

She was the first woman I'd been with that didn't even know what her body was capable of. After several frustrating times earlier this evening in my apartment, we had decided a break was in order and had dragged ourselves to the pub at the corner of my building.

We were both brooding, nursing drinks that we ordered but didn't really want. I could see Ceilia's tear stained cheeks out of the corner of my eye. Her frustration was still evident, both with me and with herself. This latest time she had literally thrown up her hands and told me to forget it. It just wasn't possible.

However, if I was anything, I was damn persistent. And stubborn. I wasn't going to give up without a fight. I was going to have to be dragged off of her kicking and screaming. For me, it wasn't a matter of if, it was simply when.

Ceilia excused herself to the bathroom and I watched her quietly as she threaded her way through the crowd. She ignored the advances of the few men that were frequenting the bar tonight.

Jackasses, all of them.

Usually the men that came here, that weren't gay, had the typical male attitude toward two women being together. All the more for them. They simply were there to try to wrangle their way into a one night threesome.

Getting their rocks off on the thought of two women servicing them at one time. Like I said, typical jackasses.

Me?

I had given up on men years before. There was something to be said about having their weight pressing you against something, their hips pistoning their thick, meaty flesh inside of you, don't get me wrong. I had enjoyed the pleasure of a man's company many times over. But I had discovered that I simply preferred the company of women more and had tossed my label of bisexual out of the door without a backward glance.

I nodded and smiled as Ceilia made her way back to where I was seated.

The tearstains on her face were gone, instead replaced by a faint pink blush. "There's a couple of women in the bathroom."

I snorted and ran a hand through my hair. "Looked around lately Ceilia? That's all there pretty much is here tonight."

She slapped at my arm. "That's not what I meant. It's just..." Her words trailed off and she averted her eyes from me.

Enlightened, I reached out and turned her face around to me again. "Turned you on, did it?" I questioned, already knowing the answer without a word from her. She nodded though and I spun her fully around to face me.

Her bare thighs were hot against mine, the heat of her flesh seared through the denim of my jeans. I wiggled my knee, pushed frantically at her legs in an effort to spread them apart to be even closer to her.

The soft fabric of her skirt slid up her thighs as she parted her legs, her breath blowing hot across my cheek as I brought us even closer together. It was a surprise to us both, but I could tell she wanted me now as much as I wanted her.

Surroundings be damned.

Instantly, I decided to use those surroundings to my advantage. "Tell me," I said to her as I slid my hand back and forth against her thigh, scraping my short nails lightly against her skin.

She blushed and nervously laced and unlaced her fingers together. My hand moved further up her thigh, the light fabric of her skirt now brushing against my forearm. "Go on," I encouraged, kissing her pink tinged cheek lightly.

She stammered a few times, stumbling over the words as she tried to get them all out at once. Collecting herself with three deep breaths, she wet her lips and found them finally ready to cooperate. "They didn't even pay attention to me when I walked in. Didn't even hesitate for a second."

"What were they doing?"

"There was a redhead with her back up against the wall. A blonde, just a little shorter than her, was pressed up against her and I could see the blonde's arm moving."

"Did you see anything?"

She shook her head; inhaling sharply when my fingers brushed through the pubic hair low on her abdomen. Tripping over her words again, she inhaled sharply. "No. The blonde was standing right in front of her."

"Did you stop and stare at them?" My eyebrows raised in question when she blushed again.

"Not until later." She swallowed hard and shifted her hips against the barstool. "I could still hear them though when I went into the stall. They were whispering to each other, but I could hear every word they said because it sounded like the bathrooms are soundproofed. There was no other sound in the room except for them."

"What were they saying to each other?"

She shrugged and I dipped my fingers between her legs, dragging through her soft folds. Her eyes fluttered closed and she swallowed hard again. I slowly dragged my hand away but stopped when her thighs clamped around it.

The silver gray of her eyes were clouded when she opened them again. "The blonde spoke the most. She was explaining in detail what she was doing."

"Which was?" I nudged her thighs with my fingers and they spread for me once again.

“She had two or three fingers inside of her and forcing the redhead’s hips in the motion she wanted with her freehand.”

“Dexterous. Always handy in a woman.”

“I could hear the redhead begging for more and she started moaning loudly when the blonde told her she was going to slide another finger inside of her.”

My own finger had worked its way between her folds and flicked gently against Ceilia’s clitoris. Her hand gripped tight to the bar and I smiled smugly. “And?”

“I had finished up by then and decided to hurry as much as I could to allow them some privacy.”

“And did you?”

“No.”

“You stopped to wash your hands didn’t you? Damn hygiene.”

We both giggled softly and my finger dipped lower, her grip becoming even tighter on the bar.

“You watched in the mirror, didn’t you?”

She smiled shyly and nodded. “The redhead had a leg draped around the hip of the blonde by this point. I swear she had to have all four fingers working inside of her.”

“Why’s that?”

“With her leg up like that, I could see everything. The blonde fingers were inside of her all the way up to her knuckles. She was describing in intricate detail what she was doing even though the redhead could surely feel it all.”

“Sometimes, just feeling isn’t enough.” I dipped my finger inside of her, smiling as the muscles in her jaw flinched as she struggled to maintain her composure. Her muscles clenched around my finger and Ceilia exhaled slowly as I began pulling my finger toward me. Her frown was met by my devious smile.

“So what happened next?” I asked as my finger sat unmoving as I waited for her answer.

“The redhead came.” She paused, waiting for me to continue since she had seemingly concluded her story, but she was going to be sorely disappointed if she thought I was going to settle for that sort of ending.

I stared back at her, waiting. When a faint pout turned down the corners of her mouth, I couldn't help but smile. “You don't really think I'm going to let you off that easy do you?”

She sighed and shifted against my hand.

“I could see the blonde's hand, could watch every movement she made. I couldn't help but watch. Seeing all of those fingers disappearing into the redhead's body, in and out so easily.” Her eyes quickly scanned the bar and she shifted her hips, pushing my finger deep inside of her. The wetness of her muscles against my skin surprised me. She certainly had enjoyed what she saw. As if she could read my mind, her legs parted and I was easily able to slide another finger inside. My nimble fingers curved upward and I wiggled them slightly to her delight.

“Go on,” I urged, her description of the events turning me on as much as knowing I was so openly performing a sex act on her in public. Better yet was that no one seemed to care.

“I watched her fingers slow, trailing in and out of the redhead. She kept whispering to her, taunting her with threats of slowing down or even stopping all together. Just to hear the redhead beg.”

“But she didn't, did she?”

Ceilia shook her head. “No. She just kept going. The redhead's hips started moving around and the blonde leveraged against her using it to drive her fingers even deeper inside of the redhead. From my vantage point, I could really see everything.”

My fingers flicked twice and she paused in her words to inhale sharply. She continued on now without my further encouragement.

“The redhead was shaved nearly bare between her legs. A thin strip of hair allowed for the perfect viewing access. She whispered something I

couldn't hear, but the blonde obviously did. She slowly lowered herself down to her knees and slid her tongue just to the side of that strip of hair."

Ceilias muscles clamped hungrily around my fingers as I began moving them, tapping against the muscles that were straining against my skin.

I hear a deep voice in my ear, offering encouragement when none was needed. My free arm shot back and I grinned in satisfaction when I felt my elbow connect with soft gut. *Piss off*, I thought to the man and focused my attention back to Ceilia.

"The blonde saw me out of the corner of her eye and she smiled. Winked at me without wavering her pace while giving her lover pleasure. I blushed in return but couldn't tear my eyes away as she trailed her tongue back down and kissed her partner ever so delicately. Her tongue flicked expertly over the other woman's clit."

Ceilias breathing intensified as she spoke, her words becoming forced as she tried to maintain her composure. My fingers alternately pressed against her muscles, working them as she spoke.

I could feel the climax near even as her eyes flashed toward me, filled with curiosity. Foreign territory for her, triumphant celebration for me.

"The redhead's hips bucked against her tongue, but the blonde never missed a beat. She kept thrusting her fingers in and out. Faster and faster." Ceilias voice became nothing more than a hushed whisper now, her focus restricted to the new sensations inside of her. "I've never seen such an unabashed and open display before. It took my breath away."

I leaned forward then, my lips brushing gently against her ear as I whispered to her. "Did she scream when she came?"

The question evoked images that sent Ceilia over the edge. Her muscles milked my fingers and her teeth latched onto the flesh of my shoulder as she buried her head there. It was as if the floodgates had been opened and every frustration she'd ever had to get to this point poured into my hand.

She sighed heavily as the waves ebbed and she began to return to herself. I flicked my stilled fingers and she jumped in shock as her pleasure spiked again.

Delicately, I withdrew my fingers, slowly drawing the tips of both of them over my lips. Hunger reared in her eyes and she launched herself forward to climb into my lap, clamping her lips over mine. Tastes mingled and I groaned inwardly at my own desire shooting to staggering levels.

We parted and I could see her own satisfaction filling her eyes. Smiling, we turned our attention back to the business going on around us. Ceilia tapped my arm to get my attention and I turned my head to see the two females she had been so enamored with by the bathroom. We watched them exit the establishment all but crawling over each other and I leaned toward Ceilia. "So, you never answered me."

"I was a little preoccupied."

"That's an excuse?"

"Yes, she screamed."

I tossed a twenty and nodded at the bartender when she came by, indicating she should keep the change. The noise level was deafening at this point and there was something that I was dying to find out now. I grabbed Ceilia's hand and pulled her behind me, exiting the pub.

"Rachel, what the hell are you doing?"

Ceilia's back contacted sharply with the bricks of the alley wall as I pushed her up against them. "So, we know that you are capable, very well in fact, of having an orgasm."

"What does that have to do with us leav--"

"We also know the redhead is screamer," I whispered, cutting her off.

"Rachel, stop being so cryptic."

Her words died on the wind swirling around us as I swung her leg around my hip and dove inside of her with my fingers. "The question remains Ceilia – are you?"