

# **WICKED LACE**

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*(featuring side characters from LANDSLIDE)*

**BLAIR**

I was here at this swanky roof-top restaurant for one thing - and one thing only.

*Seduction.*

My target was the woman at the far end of the bar, running her fingers up and down the stem of her martini glass. Light brown skin, black braids, and a dress so short I could see the curve of her ass when she crossed one leg over the other.

And the shoes.

My target wore red stilettos that laced all the way up to her knees. *Lady-killers.* And as our eyes met through the crowd of well-dressed professionals my stomach hollowed out with desire.

She was heart-achingly beautiful.

I let the handsome concierge slide my jacket from my arms and hang it to the right of the entrance in the private coat room. This was a velvet-rope-VIP-section kind of place, with a pool in the middle that twinkled with floating candles. The city of San Francisco beckoned from the edge – glowing windows and glimmering bay water and the Golden Gate Bridge looking especially glamorous in the twilight.

My eyes searched for dark spaces and intimate hide-outs, sexy corners where I could let my mouth seduce, my fingers wander. With purposeful flair, I flipped my long blond hair over one shoulder, adjusted my own short skirt, and slinked my way through groups of talkative patrons.

Something low and dreamy played overhead. And when I arched my eyebrow at the beautiful woman, she swallowed hard, tightening her fingers on the martini glass.

There was a liquid effect as I made my way closer - an ocean-like quality as I wove through bodies with my eyes locked on hers. Everything around me settled into a dull roar that mimicked the blood pounding in my ears. Her head tilted in slow motion, one long braid sliding off her shoulder.

“Is this seat taken?” I asked, surprised that my voice didn’t waver. She shook her head, nodded at the empty bar stool.

“It’s all yours.” Her voice was melodic, a little husky. Beautiful, just like she was. I slid gracefully onto the stool and crossed one leg over the other, letting the silk material of my skirt glide high. I was wearing a black garter belt that hooked into the top of my lacy stockings - her eyes landed on the strip of bare thigh immediately.

“Do you want another drink?” I asked, raising a finger at the bartender.

“Please.”

I ordered two martinis and her lifted brow showed her approval.

“I’m...” I paused. “Blair.”

“Nice to meet you Blair,” she murmured. Her fingers stroked around the glass in a sensuous, teasing pattern.

“And you are?”

The woman bit her lip, as if assessing me.

“Juliet,” she said. It suited her - a famous beauty.

“Juliet,” I repeated. “It’s lovely to meet you.” We clinked glasses and I enjoyed the taste of gin as it slid down my throat. There was a burn at the edges of my nerves, an ardent longing. “I

want to ask you something cliched like *do you come here often* but you look like the kind of woman who gets that a lot.”

Juliet’s smile was dazzling. “You would be right, Blair.”

“So why are you here?” I held her gaze as I placed my red lips on the glass. Juliet watched me sip, dark eyes luminous.

“I’m here to fuck a stranger.”

It took extreme effort to keep the gin down - although I coughed enough that Juliet laughed.

“Did I surprise you?”

“A little,” I admitted. I leaned forward and placed just the tip of my finger on her bare knee, tracing one giant circle around it. “Although I’m here for that too.”

“Is that so?” she drawled. “Why tonight? Why a stranger?”

My finger traced down her shin, stroked the side of her ankle, then traveled oh-so-slowly back up. Her skin was pure velvet. “Isn’t it the filthiest fantasy? No knowledge of the other person. No idea of their inner thoughts, their past, their present. The only thing you know is their raw, animal desire.”

“It’s not very romantic though,” Juliet said. She twirled her finger in her martini; licked it into her mouth. Her lips were wet.

“Who says?” I grinned. “You think orgasms aren’t romantic?”

“You think true strangers can make each other come?”

I tipped my head, let the strap of my dress slide off the ball of my shoulder. The tops of my breasts were spilling over, just a little, and those mysterious eyes landed there hungrily.

“Of course, they can,” I replied. My other hand landed on her other knee. With an arch of my brow I gave a tiny, slightly rough shove.

Her gorgeous legs fell open.

Hidden by the bar and the backs of our chairs, I let myself peruse the poetic shape of her inner thighs, the dark shadows that hid something I wanted very much.

“Doubt it,” she said, and her voice was all taunt.

“What makes fucking a stranger so appealing? Since you’re here for the same reason.”

Juliet leaned an inch closer, tilting forward on the stool. I slid the entirety of my palm up her thigh and her breathing hitched.

“Maybe a girl just wants to be used?”

My eyes narrowed. “Objectified?”

“Call it what you want.” Juliet lifted one shoulder. My fingers landed at the edge of her underwear.

She was wet.

“A nameless stranger can fuck me hard and send me out into the night.”

“Ah,” I said, letting my thumb stroke over the fabric, “so that’s what you’re looking for. You want a quick fuck in a bathroom and to walk home with a smile on that gorgeous face.”

Juliet arched her brow. “You know me so well, Blair.”

“That’s the thing, princess,” I said, pressing my thumb to her clit, “I don’t know you at all.”

My thumb stroked an even, teasing pattern and her eyelids fluttered. “You’re so confident - you think...you think you’re the woman I need tonight?”

“Maybe,” I said, coy. She was hot beneath that dress and my thumb worked a sure rhythm over that bundle of nerves. Juliet spread her legs further, dipped her fingers into her martini and held them out to me.

I leaned forward, eyes locked, and sucked her fingers between my lips.

“Tell me more about this stranger kink,” I said. “The more you tell me, the likelier it is that I’ll let you come on my hand right now.”

Juliet’s nostrils flared in challenge - but her chest was starting to move in short, rapid breaths.

“It’s pure, animal biology,” she whispered. “No feelings, no strings - just the hottest woman in the room dragging you into the coat closet for raw sex.”

“The coat closet?” I teased, working her clit faster. “That’s intriguing.” And I didn’t miss that this beauty had called me *the hottest woman in the room*.

“Isn’t it?” she purred. “Would make a convenient location for me to fuck that gorgeous mouth.”

I almost fell off my stool - but I kept my hand under her skirt. As if choreographed, we both looked down, both watched my hand disappearing between her thighs. The muscles of my forearm flexed as I rubbed quick, perfect circles right where she needed it. If she was going to try and shock me with dirty talk, I was going to shock her by making her orgasm in front of these people.

“Just bodies and desire, slick skin and moans,” she said, but her voice was thready. I leaned forward until my mouth grazed her ear. Juliet smelled like wildflowers and sunshine, and from this angle I could see the curve of her breasts in her dress.

“I’m going to drag you into that coat closet, Juliet,” I promised, kissing the spot right below her ear. “And I’m going to fuck you so thoroughly you’ll remember this stranger forever.”

“Yes,” she whispered. “Harder, please.”

I complied, taking the tip of my tongue from the crook of her shoulder back up to her ear. Pressing wet, open-mouthed kisses and alternating with bites. My thumb slipped beneath the fabric of her panties, connecting with soft, wet flesh and the moment I touched her clit her legs started to vibrate.

“Oh...” she gasped, “oh...Blair...*oh god*.”

“Shhh, princess.” I kissed her cheek. Then I wrapped an arm around her and brought her close – just two women giving each other an intimate hug. Juliet brought her mouth to my collarbone and bit, smothering a cry as she climaxed. She drenched my fingers, almost shaking off the stool, and it was so sweet and sexy and *good* I knew I had to get her into that closet now. I gave her a few minutes to calm down, stroking my hand over her hair. When she finally sat back up, her eyes were filled with lust.

Juliet was my kind of girl.

“I’m going to go pay off that coat room attendant,” I said. “So you need to meet me there in five minutes, okay?”

Juliet nodded, teeth snagging her lip. And then I slid off the stool and stalked back through the crowd confidently - turning once to glance behind me at the woman I’d just made come in public.

When our eyes met, she winked at me.

## JULIET

I was about to fuck the hottest woman in the room in a coat closet.

And how could I not? The gorgeous blond radiated a sultry confidence - wavy hair, wide dark eyes, and enough freckles to give her a slightly innocent look. But she wasn't innocent - she was a blond bombshell sent to seduce me and I was eager to spread my legs for her.

Plus, she'd worked some kind of erotic magic just now, bringing forth a quick, bright orgasm while I sipped a martini in front of hundreds of people. Skilled hands, pink lips and a black lace garter belt - she was my dream woman, come to life.

A total stranger I felt completely comfortable losing myself in front of.

Once I saw the red-faced attendant sneak away towards the elevators, I placed my martini back on the bar and left a generous tip. Found my way to the coat closet with shaking fingers and a racing heart. And I'd barely stepped inside before I was slammed back against the door by Blair - who was claiming my mouth in a kiss that sent my head spinning. Soft lips, sweet tongue, hands on my face - she tasted like sex and gin and I couldn't stop fisting handfuls of that sun-kissed hair. She wrapped fingers into my braids and yanked my head to the side, dragging her teeth up my throat. But I flipped us, her back to the door, our breasts pressed together.

"You sure you don't want to know anything about me?" Blair panted. I slid my thigh up to press between her legs, gripping her full hips. She rolled her body expertly, seeking friction.

"I don't want to know a damn thing," I said. I let her grind herself on my leg as I worked the straps of her slinky dress down, exposing full, gorgeous breasts. Her body worked against mine as I sucked her nipple between my teeth; licking, pulling, teasing as my palm squeezed her other one.

"You have perfect tits, you know that?" I sighed, switching to the other side; unable to keep my face and mouth and hands from her gorgeous breasts. Blair was moaning, head back against the wall, fully exposed. My hand wandered up to her throat and I wrapped my fingers around it, giving her the slightest amount of pressure.

Blair bit her lip, rolled her hips harder, and I tugged her nipple between my teeth.

"Who said you weren't a romantic?" she laughed out, but it ended in a moan. I moved my leg and she hissed out a *please*. I liked seeing this sultry siren brought to her knees by lust.

Which is why I dropped to mine.

My palm slid up her black stockings, stopping at the bare skin between the garter and the lace top. I licked my way around it, continuing to push her skirt up-up-up until it hitched around her waist. She was bare beneath the garter belt, pussy glistening, begging me to taste it.

I looked up at her - breasts exposed, mouth open, all that hair around her face. "What did you say about orgasms again?" I kissed her inner thigh and she shivered.

"They're very romantic," she moaned.

I hooked her leg over my shoulder and ran my tongue through her folds, drinking her in, breathing her in. I found her clit easily, giving it soft, gentle kisses. Exploring, seeking, enjoying this delicious first time. Her hands landed on my hair almost tenderly as I worked my tongue over her clit, gave her light strokes. My fingers found her entrance, dipping inside her heat, curling up. Her inner muscles clenched, fluttered; my movements were lazy, deliberate - timed

perfectly. Tongue and fingers working in erotic symmetry. Blair was rolling her hips, begging for more.

And so I decided to give it to her.

“Face the wall, gorgeous,” I said from my knees. When her eyes lit in challenge, I moved her myself - shifting the fabric over the swell of her round ass and pressing her cheek to the wall. Blair was a blond bombshell in stockings and a garter belt, bent over for my enjoyment.

“You’re the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen,” I rasped. I bit the swell of her ass and she whimpered. Dropped back to my knees, spread her cheeks, licked inside her cunt as her whimpers became moans. My tongue searched and found her g-spot, licking it, teasing; my hands gripped her cheeks. She was panting now, legs shaking, and when my tongue descended back on her clit I had her climaxing within seconds with quick, hard strokes.

“Yes, yes *fuck oh god yes*,” she cried, slapping her own hand over her mouth to stifle the sounds of her pleasure. And it was so goddamn *hot* to tongue-fuck a stranger in the middle of a bar; to taste her, to inhale her, to let myself bask in her scent. I bit her ass again, licked my way up her spine, grasping handfuls of her dress and handfuls of her hair and tonguing drops of her sweat from the back of her neck.

“Jesus Christ,” she panted. “Some stranger you are.”

I chuckled softly against her ear. “How romantic was that?”

Blair turned, looking flushed and beautiful. She dragged me against her body, giving me a hard grind for good measure. I was back against the wall in moments as Blair reached down and tore my underwear in two.

“Dirty girl,” she said, nipping my throat. “My plan was to come here and fuck you and instead you ate my pussy. That wasn’t very nice.”

“Says the woman who just came on my tongue,” I sighed, head back. Blair dragged my thigh high on her hip and pressed her pussy hard to mine. She gave me a sinuous rock of clit-against-clit and we both moaned.

“Yes baby,” I sighed.

“What?” she said in my ear.

“Yes *Blair*,” I moaned, feeling the edges of my sanity start to slip. Her pussy was hot and wet from my ministrations and she was gliding it so smoothly against mine. Blair was fucking me with precision, licking into my mouth, kissing me with real passion. I thread my fingers into her hair, held her mouth to mine, moaned into her lips as she fucked me. I was close again, still sensitive from earlier. My hands gripped and spread her bare ass, dragging her harder against me, my fingers sliding through her ass cheeks. And when she stepped away to slip two fingers inside of me, my vision darkened.

“Such a tight, wet pussy,” Blair praised. “Why are you so beautiful, Juliet? *Everywhere*.” She was stroking my g-spot and a constellation of stars was dancing in front of my eyes. I held her wrist, keeping her hand between my legs, starting to ride her fingers. I was babbling now, barely words, mostly groans. I licked between her breasts, tasting sweat again. Her nipples were tight pebbles between my lips as I pulled on them - I was in heaven, in *paradise* being finger-fucked so good I could feel sensation from the top of my head to the tips of my toes.

It was a glorious, decadent tightening that had me whispering sweet nothings against Blair’s skin.

“I need...I need...”

But Blair knew just what I needed.

## BLAIR

With a teasing smile, I pulled us both to the ground, pushing Juliet on her back and spreading her legs wide. Before we came together - and we *were* going to come together - I needed to indulge.

“Oh yes,” she hissed, hips rolling as my tongue danced circles over her clit. “Fuck *fuck Blair.*”

That name falling from her lips shouldn't have been such a turn-on, but it was, *it was*, and I all-but-growled against her skin. I sucked the bud of nerves between my mouth gently, gave pulsing motions that had Juliet arching off the ground, fingers grasping at my hair. And just as she was about to climax again I swung myself around and pressed my cunt to her mouth. She cried out in pleasure, grabbing my ass and licking my clit so fast an orgasm beckoned almost immediately.

“Is this what you wanted,” I groaned against her thighs, biting her there. We were writhing on top of each other, fucking each other's mouths, and I knew now why stranger sex was so hot. *This* was the hottest thing I'd ever done, this wild, animal fucking on a floor without a care in the world.

“You know it is.” Juliet gave me a ringing *slap* on my ass that had me groaning.

“With me,” I demanded. “You come with me princess or not at all.”

“Oh—okay,” she panted. “Yes, I will *please just don't stop.*”

And then Juliet and I lowered our mouths at the same time - I licked her clit as she tongued mine. We twirled and fluttered and sucked and lapped in unison. I rode Juliet's tongue as I ate her pussy and it wasn't long before we were climaxing, together, screaming with pleasure.

It took a long time to float gently back to earth - both of us flat on our backs, panting, hands entwined. I could hear the buzz of the bar outside as I stared up into a sea of jackets and hangers.

“How was that?” I asked, voice hoarse.

“Good,” she said, and then laughed. “And when I say *good* I mean *life-changing.*”

I grinned, rolled to my side. Pressed a kiss to her palm. “Who knew stranger sex would be so hot?”

I traced a finger down her cheek, enjoyed the curve of her throat, the soft feel of her lips.

I'd loved this face for a long, long time.

“The babysitter will be back soon,” I said.

She clapped a hand to her forehead, sighing. “I almost forgot.”

“You almost forgot our *baby?*” I teased, laughing now.

“Does *Blair* have a baby?” she said, biting her lip.

“You'll have to find out next time,” I promised. Maya kissed me then, dropping the act, placing Juliet back in the box of fantasies we'd continue to explore later. No more stranger, but my wife and the mother of my child.

“Take me home, Isabelle,” she said. “Also...we have to figure out a way to exit this coat closet with some dignity.”

“Let 'em guess,” I said. “They wish they'd had sex that good.”

**ISABELLE**

Gabe and Josie were already waiting for us at our house in Monterey. As soon as Maya and I got out, Lola raced towards us, black curls flying. She jumped, and I caught her, and for a moment I just breathed in the simple joy of this reunion, my wife by my side, my brother and sister-in-law beaming.

“Hey,” I said. Gabe was at least a foot taller than me and broad as a house. With his beard and bun, he looked like a modern-day Viking - but his heart was made of pure gold. His wife, Josie, was a tattooed makeup-artist and his soulmate in every single way.

“How was she?” I asked, kissing the top of Lola’s head.

“Perfect,” Josie said. “We played pirates and princesses. I was the pirate, Gabe was the princess. And Lola was a school of fish.”

Maya laughed. “I would love for you to film that next time.”

“Aye aye,” Josie winked.

Gabe wrapped a giant arm around her, pulling her close. “We’ll babysit any time, you know that. We’re back in Big Sur for the summer. Lucia and Cal would come too. Seems like these date nights are pretty fun?”

His face was innocent, but Josie gave me a knowing smirk.

“Yeah,” Maya said. “They really are.”

In the car, we’d both changed back into our usual jeans-and-tee-shirt look, ditching the heels and the garter belts for the next time we wanted to play. “Nothing fancy, just nice to get away for a night.”

“What’d you guys do?” Gabe asked.

“Dinner-and-a-movie,” Maya and I said in unison.

I hid my smile but reached down to squeeze Maya’s hand.

They stayed for a drink - playing with our daughter as Maya and I sipped wine and loved our life. Adopting Lola two years ago had brought us our greatest joy, but also some of our biggest challenges – tension, stress and an isolation we hadn’t expected. We’d always wanted to be parents and so never anticipated the hard days woven in between the beautiful ones.

Gabe, and then Josie, had always been there to help - and their love for us, and love for their niece, was the strength Maya and I had needed to keep going. Keep parenting, keep loving, keep laughing and trying.

And whenever we needed a sexy break...Blair and Juliet would be there.

**THE END**