

Not Too High

Chelsea watched Rebecca as the woman took off her hard hat and rubbed the top of her brown hair covered head. She was so like a man in many ways, and yet there was no denying she was a woman.

Rebecca turned to look back at Chelsea and though Chelsea had the urge to turn away, she didn't.

“Very beautiful,” Rebecca said, licking her lips as she studied Chelsea's face with slightly squinted eyes.

“If you give it a chance, I suppose,” was Chelsea's response.

“I've always been a chance taker, Chelsea,” Rebecca said.

The taller woman turned now to face Chelsea completely, and the gesture made her gulp and clutch at her jacket. But Rebecca just smiled.

“You made it this far without chickening out,” the larger woman cooed, smiling.

Chelsea blushed. Was Rebecca talking about the building? or...something else?

“You can stop now, if you want. Or...”

“Or what?” she asked, almost too quickly.

Rebecca took a step closer to Chelsea.

“Or you can keep going. Come on, Chelsea. Let me show you.”

What ever it was Rebecca was going to show her, there was no strength in Chelsea left to make her say no. She put her hand in Rebecca's and let the woman lead her from the safety of the center of the structure out further near the bare steel beams. The sun was just beginning to rise, heating up the morning city below. The wind up here wasn't so harsh, nor was it as chill as it had been in the sunless pre-dawn of the day when Chelsea had arrived at the site. The orange orb was still somewhere behind them, but it was casting golden warmth-giving rays upon the girders and frames. The red steel suddenly reminded Chelsea of the red rock in a canyon she had visited in Mexico once. And she didn't feel as scared as she knew she should be.

“Follow me,” Rebecca said, “and be very careful of where you step.”

She turned and looked at Chelsea, stopping out on a beam that hung in mid-air, leading to nothingness.

“If you fall, I can't catch you. Not this high up.”

She winked and Chelsea shivered, more at the intimacy of the gesture and the possibility of her words having a secret meaning rather than at the more negative implications.

Chelsea's jacket flapped around her, making Rebecca tsk-tsk.

“You really need to just take that thing off,” she suggested.

Then she tossed her own hard hat back the way they had come, and Chelsea carefully turned to watch it go. The white helmet landed safely near the elevator cage. Chelsea sighed inwardly, wondering for a moment what made her so weak sometimes to the will of others. But it didn't matter. Her jacket was coming off. It was a good idea. It was part of moving forward.

She dropped the coat onto the beam and it stayed there, hanging limply over the edge and not falling at all. She turned around and looked at Rebecca, rubbing her upper arms through the sheer material of her expensive dress nervously. The other woman smiled and began to make her way back down the beam to stand in front of Chelsea. Then she put her hands on the smaller girl's shoulders, caressing and massaging gently.

“Cold?” she asked.

She knew it wasn't a chill that Chelsea had, it wasn't that chill that was making the nipples of her bare breasts turn pebble hard and protrude through her thin lace bra and the bodice of her dress. Chelsea didn't say a word, watching Rebecca's eyes wander down her form.

Then she looked at Chelsea's face, her large hands going behind her and pulling her carefully close, until their bodies met.

“I had thought you'd been someplace like this, before,” Rebecca whispered.

“No,” Chelsea answered softly.

“I've never been taken this high.”

Rebecca smiled a great big smile at those words. But Chelsea only had a moment to bask in it before suddenly, the other woman was kissing her, deeply, passionately.

Long moments passed as she let the woman kiss her, let her learn her mouth with her tongue. Rebecca's lips were experts, and Chelsea trembled in her arms. Then the kiss slowed, became much more delicate and sensitive. And finally, Chelsea realized she was kissing Rebecca back.

All her pent up desires and frustrations began to flow from her, into the hands of the woman who was holding her. Chelsea felt that as the sun began to rise, she was melting into Rebecca's embrace. And she hoped the woman wouldn't let go.

Finally Rebecca did release Chelsea from the heated kiss. She looked down at Chelsea, brown eyes into pale blue. She was panting, and the thought that she was half as turned on as Chelsea felt made the smaller girl shiver even more.

“You are a very pretty lady, Chelsea. And very sexy.”

No one had ever called her 'sexy' before. Beautiful, yes, especially naked. But sexy? That was a word reserved for women who were wild and free and hellions in bed. Chelsea blushed.

"I mean it, girl. The confident way you walk around here, as if you don't realize that every man in the place is watching the way your tight ass wiggles as you pass. Nothing is more sexy than a woman who doesn't realize her power over others, but flaunts it anyway."

Chelsea found she was panting now, too. It was wonderful, being this close to Rebecca after all this time. But what came next?

Again it was as if Rebecca was reading her thoughts. She held Chelsea close and kissed her again, this time her tongue invading Chelsea's mouth and teasing over her own as if encouraging it to come out and play. And Chelsea did what felt natural, sliding her own back inside Rebecca's mouth.

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