

Adelle

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I WAS ADELLE'S diversion. Her life with her husband was stable. Stable and dull. They had married right out of high school and were plodding towards their eighth anniversary.

Kisses with women were an intense experience for me; I'd had that pleasure with several of them. A first kiss at a club in Chicago. Cindy with the U.S. Army. Mandy on scaffolding at a rave. Claudia on the floor of my apartment. I was intoxicated by the way women smelled, how soft they were and the knowledge that they wanted to kiss me too. But it was only play ...Sex? Actual orgasmic sex? Never.

I let anyone who asked believe I had days upon days of experiences. Somehow, if I had kissed a woman, she became one of my numbers. The idea of women was so divine, and my experience so pathetically limited ... well, I just added the kisses to the list. If you asked me today how many women I've slept with I would answer honestly - two. But I had told so many tales during my days of exaggerations, sometimes it was six or seven.

My fiancé introduced me to Adelle at a dive where we'd gone to hear a band. He and Adelle had known each other since school. I sat across the booth from her

and her mismatch of a husband, a big man whose size made her seem tiny and breakable.

I remember her bright eyes and deep mahogany hair. She smiled with a vibrancy that was the opposite of her subdued, potato-like husband. We got drunk on malt drinks and wine and laughed and danced. All these years later, I remember she had just lost her wedding ring while camping. I think, if pressed, I could tell you what she was wearing.

We began to do everything with each other. We met and walked every morning. She attended my wedding. When my daughter was a baby, she would go as easily to Adelle as she did to me. Adelle and I would fall into each other every so often in the bathrooms of bars, but not so much that it could be called anything besides drunken mischief between friends. On the way home, we would sit in the back seat and hold hands while the guys talked up front.

We knew everything there was to know about each other, we could talk about anything. We loved each other. We joked that we would be old ladies together after our men had passed on; that my daughter would always wonder about Mom and 'Aunt' Adelle living together at eighty-five.

Eighty-five. Our relationship didn't even make it to thirty-five.

Adelle's husband was a good man. Hard working, devoted. He was Adelle's biggest fan and dull as stale toast. He was so afraid of losing his greatest

possession that he exerted strange little ways of controlling her. But I allowed Adelle everything. He saw me as a bad influence. I found it funny and Adelle and I laughed and laughed.

We laughed as our men played pool and we escaped to the ladies' room to kiss and to brush our hands along the clothes that hid each other's breasts and curves – never more than that. We laughed at everything as we took our long walks and discussed the intricacies of her family, my past, and our all-important views of the world.

My husband was well aware of my uninhibited bisexuality from the beginning of our relationship. He amazed me by being the first man I had been with who didn't ask me to bring my lover home to share. He allowed me my kisses, when I was lucky enough to meet someone undeniable. I told him all about my moments alone with Adelle. He distracted her husband with “man talk” as we drove from bar to bar so that we could fondle each other in the back seat.

Adelle and I were rarely alone. The only times we were able to be on our own were during our walks, a few lunches and the occasional girls-only party. We found particular enjoyment in the sex toy party that we went to one winter evening.

We passed around dildos and vibrators, whips and oils, and indulgences for the body. As Adelle and I sat pressed together on a too-small couch with too many

people, I felt her hand caressing my lower back. I shivered as she reached beneath the back of my sweater. I looked at her and she smiled so sweetly that anyone watching wouldn't have had the slightest idea what she was doing.

I slid my hand behind her and mimicked the soft touches on the curve of her back.

A new toy was passed our in direction and I felt chilled when Adelle removed her warm fingers from my body to examine it. After she handed me the vibrating rabbit, she secured her hand in the small space between our thighs, and waited for my hand to join hers. I brought my fingers to hers and we sat there in silent enjoyment.

In the car, we held hands like schoolgirls. We were on our way to have a few drinks with friends, and Adelle wanted to stop to pick up cigarettes at her office. She couldn't smoke around her husband. She liked to believe that he didn't know that she sneaked cigarettes. Even he wasn't that dim.

Adelle led me into the unlit office. Street lights and passing cars gave occasional stark light to the shadowed chairs and reception desk. I sat as she shuffled around her work space for the hidden cigarettes. She joined me in the closest chair and slowly enjoyed her smoke.

She asked me how many women I had been with. I honestly couldn't remember how many I had told her and stumbled over my answer. Adelle noticed and pressed for clarification. I tried to find a way to back pedal. It was time to admit my fertile imagination. We began talking of past lovers and escapades.

Adelle told me that as a very young woman, she had had her first female lover. Youth and inexperience drove them to fumbling acts. First in a barn, Adelle's young neighbor pawed her developing breasts. Later, Adelle had her first feel of a girl's mouth between her legs.

We began kissing as we always did when we were drunk and alone. Beautiful, long kisses. Everything was warm and wet. Adelle's lips were full like mine and they mingled deliciously, even through the shadow of cigarette taste in her mouth.

Adelle grabbed me and pulled me into the adjacent meeting room. Together, we sank to the moonlit carpet. I was vaguely aware that we would be discovered if anyone came into the office, but I didn't protest. All I could do was hold onto Adelle ... tasting her kisses, feeling her lips.

We kissed and rolled about on the carpet in a crazed rush. Adelle tugged my sweater over my head. My fingers shook fumbled with the buttons of her top. I wanted to expose her body. I had waited so long to see what belonged to another. At that moment, she was all mine.

I pushed Adelle to the floor and straddled her narrow hips. I will never forget how she looked - hair tumbled back, eyes smoldering, hand searing across my belly. I flung our bras away, and leaned down to taste her skin, her breasts. That was when she started to make those sounds. Her deep moans and small cries pierced me.

Adelle sat up and wrapped her slender arms around me, our heated skin coming together. The smooth softness of her body was overwhelming. We held onto one another for a long quiet moment, coming to a certainty of what we were about to do.

Adelle rolled me onto my back and began to pull at my jeans and panties. Soon I was naked under her, her thigh pressed between my legs. She rose up on her arms, staring at me for a moment. I would have done anything that she asked. She crawled down my body, licking and biting me, and nestled her mouth between my legs.

Dear God.

I buried my hands in her hair and let go to the delight. Her fingers pressed into me, rubbing that perfect spot inside. I felt my orgasm grow, then explode. Her lust ran through my body with every wave of my own.

I wanted her to come too. How she would taste and how wet she might be to my touch made my breath catch. I was near panic, vividly aware that this would be the first time I would feel a woman in my mouth. As quickly as my anxiety overwhelmed me, I became determined to please Adelle.

I flipped her over and tore at her jeans and thong. Before fear enveloped me, I brought my mouth down to her shaved pussy. She wriggled as I ran my fingers through her folds and then into her. I clasped my lips around her clit and sucked, pumping my hand. She was much sweeter tasting than I expected a woman would be. So warm and wet.

I will never forget how she sounded when she came. Adelle's light voice had become deep with a low moan that grew to a lusty cry to her god and his son. I felt powerful and potent in my place between her legs.

We gathered ourselves, our clothes and gently touched each other as we dressed. Adelle sat in the large chair at the head of the table and enjoyed a smoke. I sat on the floor at her feet and wrapped my arms around her calves. Leaning my head into her knees, I felt her stroke my hair. We talked of devotion to one another. I promised with all I had that I would never be with another woman. We swore to each other that we would have this forever. We would grow old together. I believed it.

Over the next few months we enjoyed our affair. The repressed atmosphere of our little town made us cautious, and we were careful to maintain the ignorance of Adelle's husband; only my husband was aware of our secret acts. Adelle and I reveled in our hidden love. Discreet around others, we would sneak off to darkened rooms to kiss and touch. We managed to be alone a few times. We made love on my bed, on my living room floor and held each other in my kitchen.

My ever increasing involvement in Adelle's life made her husband uncomfortable. Without knowing how true his statement was, he told Adelle that he thought I would steal her from him. Adelle's fear of losing the life she had created with him drove a wedge between us.

Ultimately, the time arrived when she kissed me lightly on my lips and said that we could only be friends. That she couldn't be unfaithful him. She chose him and their mainstream life. I bit my tongue and gave her the smile that she wanted to see.

I pretended to take her news in stride, telling her that another woman wanted to be with me and that I would go that direction. I let Adelle off the hook and made myself as the bad guy. I thought it would be easier for us and allow her to gracefully return to being "just friends." I was wrong. Instead of helping Adelle

with her needed distance, she saw me as tainted and our love affair as shallow. I was easily dismissed from her life.

Now, several years later, I still miss her. I think of the times that we laughed more than the times our bodies met. I miss her presence. The way we loved each other. I have not been able to dismiss her from my life.