

Some like it butch

by Christina

They had been sitting at the candlelight, briefly holding hands across the table, as the evening breeze caught them, briefly shook their hair, but rendering their bodies as solid and true as eternal stone formations. Time passed, but they had entered their own bubble, indisruptable out of love and all of the mutuality. Sandra held Ellie's hands, she then pulled one of them closer and placed a kiss there, like a soft mouthprint.

"I love you so much, Ellie", Sandra whispered, still holding Ellie's hand.

"I love you too, Sandra. I love this evening out but really wish we could go home and do more." Ellie smiled and let out a giggling sound.

"Well of course, my love. Be my guest." Sandra snapped her fingers and the waiter looked their way.

He approached with his notepaper.

"Yes, my ladies? Anything more we can do for you?" He looked polite but somewhat detached.

Ellie wondered what he really thought about lesbian couples, was he interested or disgusted or what? "Well, never mind", she figured. "As long as we get home soon, he could be the real Casanova for all I care."

"Check, please."

Sandra looked cool and very firm in her suit and tie. Ellie liked her butch ways, she wanted to be with that kind of strong woman who would always protect her and care for her, make a sort of love stronghold, a harness to feel really safe and true. It was not solely her personality, though, that made her attractive to Ellie, it was also those stunning blue eyes, which shone clearly now in the evening light. Sandra waited impatiently for the check, she had taken out a cigarette from her slick case and lit it also with a lot of style, Ellie thought. Sandra looked at her and smiled, then turned to see what the waiter was up to. She could not make out what he was doing,

probably getting something printed out, a receipt from the cash register. Ellie was getting anxious and Sandra's look was making her even hotter, now that she turned to her anew and licked her lips slightly, with a gleam in her eye.

"Ellie, baby, just wait a sec. I can fetch that son of a bitch."

Sandra was determined to leave quickly.

"Eh, well, no, please stay. He'll be here shortly, I know."

"OK, OK. You always know, don't you?"

It was true, Ellie seemed to be very good at guessing what people would do next. Maybe she had a sixth sense or something. That amazed Sandra. And it was right once more, the waiter appeared after only a couple of minutes more.

"So sorry, ladies, I had to change cassettes back there. Toner cassettes, that is."

"Hope so, dude." Sandra was getting pissed at this guy. "Well, here is my card, and ok, you did all right. Put up an extra ten, please, but make this snappy. We just ain't got all night, sonny."

"Right, ladies, thank you, right back."

"Sandra, oh thank you darling, this has been so wonderful. I love the place, and the food."

"You're welcome, sweetheart."

They kissed and Ellie so wished it could have been longer, that sweet meeting of their tongues, the softness of their lips. The waiter was back now, however, and they made their final courtesy phrases.

"Good evening, ladies, love to have you back again."

"Yeah, I bet", Sandra whispered.

They walked hand in hand, passing the beaches. Ellie wanted to feel the sand and the evening waves, she darted down to the waterline, dragging Sandra along.

"Hey, you know the currents are strong now, baby. Just a tiny feel then. Please."

"I'll be careful", Ellie said. "Wow, here is a seashell! I love it!"

"That's a pretty one", Sandra said. "Just like you."

They kissed, deeply, eagerly and now without any restraint. Sandra felt like she would not have minded getting her clothes damp

and sandy, really, this seemed like a perfect spot for making love. There was just the matter of the disturbance, as they moved apart slightly and Ellie looked at her again:

“Sandra, honey, you won't be gone for long, will you? And who are you seeing?”

“Gahh, baby love, it's no big deal. Just a client I need to talk to, and yes, sometimes it takes some travelling. But hey, it won't be more than a week, my darling girl.”

Ellie felt herself weakening as Sandra held her cheeks and pulled her closer again, giving her another sweet kiss that made her hungry for more.

“I really couldn't stand it if you were on the road all the time, you know. I don't want to end up like Francesca.”

Francesca was Ellie's friend who married a travelling salesman. She often complained about him never being home when she needed him. And by the sound of his jolly ramblings on the phone, she suspected he wasn't merely reading and watching TV at the hotels along the road. There was even an instance when somebody else answered, she had told Ellie. “It was downright horrible, I was just about to tell her to tell him I broke up, when he came on. And sweet-talked me again of course. And I relented. Again.”

“Ellie, my love, look at me. I am negotiating some contracts, details that have to be agreed upon, I have to make some inspections, but do believe me, there is no hokey-pokey going on. Ever. You are the one I love, the one I want to come home to, you are my treasure of life.”

