



A.L. BROOKS

THE
CLUB
REVISITED



CHAPTER 1

MANDY

MANDY STOOD IN THE MIDDLE of the Green Room and inhaled deeply. Her heart raced, but she understood why—this view just couldn't get old. Nor could her pride at what she'd achieved here.

But it was almost opening time for the night, and she couldn't stand here wallowing in emotion.

She gazed around her club's main room, running a critical eye over every detail. The room was spotless; minutes earlier she'd inspected every nook and cranny and found nothing awry. Chairs and stools had been positioned in a seemingly random pattern against the walls, but there was still plenty of room for people to stand if they preferred. The centre bar, like every item of furniture, was clean but also sanitized with its stools lined up like regimental soldiers.

She frowned. That seemed almost too perfect. People needed to feel comfortable here if they were going to consider taking their clothes off. She walked over to the bar and rearranged a couple of the tall stools, leaving them at slight angles to each other. Better.

The Blue Room was next and passed her usual inspection with flying colours, as did the Red Room, where the cross was polished to a deep shine and the leather on the spanking benches gleamed in the full lights she currently had switched on. Thank God for the well-paid but extremely discreet cleaning company. Over the past eighteen months or so that the club had been open, she'd never found fault with their work, and their prices were worth it.

She walked back towards the room's bar and over to the control panel to dim the lights to their standard, sultry evening setting, glancing back into the room once she'd done so. *Perfect.*

"Hey." Dee's voice came from behind her.

Mandy turned and smiled at her assistant. "Good evening." But then she frowned at Dee's serious expression. "Everything okay?" The way Dee bit at her lip seemed like something was much more wrong than a malfunctioning bar tap or whatever she might have found in the club that Mandy had somehow missed. *Is she ill? Facing a crisis at home?* Her obvious worry was mystifying.

Dee ran a hand through her short blonde hair. "Um, yeah. Sort of." She puffed out a breath. "So, I need to talk to you."

Mandy's concern spiked. "Just tell me. Are you all right?"

"I am!" Dee placed one hand on Mandy's arm. "But I have some news. I...I've been... Well, I'm just going to come out and say it: I got offered a position on a lesbian cruise ship."

Mandy blinked at her. "A cruise ship?" she echoed dumbly. Did she mean what Mandy thought...?

Dee's gaze suddenly flew to her feet. "Yeah," she said after a long moment. "Entertainment manager. It's a big step up in responsibility, and, of course, there's loads of travel."

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She's been with us since we opened; the random thought occurred to her out of nowhere. "This isn't you asking for a vacation, is it?" she said finally, a bit helplessly. A moment ago, everything in her world had been lined up to perfection. She liked the orderly little world she'd created here, and now it was suddenly all being disrupted by one decision made by someone else and completely out of Mandy's control.

"You know I've always wanted to see more of the world..." Dee had managed to look up at Mandy, her expression hopeful.

Well, fuck. Mandy sighed. From somewhere inside her, she summoned up a smile. "It sounds perfect for you." Her stomach twisted at the thought of losing Dee; she'd been with Mandy even before the club's opening night, now that she thought about it, helping her with the final four weeks of setup and finishing touches. Dee had been nearly as invested in the club as Mandy was herself, and the thought of not having her by her side—

"I just don't think I can pass it up." Dee was fidgeting with the hem of her shirt, but at least she kept her view on Mandy now, which was a good sign.

"And you shouldn't." Mandy gave her a quick hug, something they rarely shared, but clearly, the situation warranted it. She didn't want to make Dee feel guilty over this. She had every right to leave, of course, even if it was going to inconvenience Mandy to hell. "I'm very happy for you."

Dee relaxed her shoulders. "I'm not going for another couple of months, don't worry. And I already had a thought about who could take my position."

Mandy quirked an eyebrow.

“Nina,” Dee said confidently. “You should promote her. She knows this place like the back of her hand. And she *loves* it here, you know that.”

Mandy nodded slowly, musing over the idea. She wouldn’t have thought of it herself—Nina was such a high-spirited personality, maybe even a bit distractible—but once she learned a task, she was solid. It definitely had some promise, given Nina was so familiar with the setup, the clientele. Maybe she could do it.

“And, I thought,” Dee continued, her words coming out a bit faster, “you could also use the opportunity to maybe recruit another one or two people to help out around here. You know how successful we’ve been lately, and only having the two of us always running the office stretches us all a bit. Especially you.” Dee paused, then plunged on. “I thought you might want some time free at the weekends. To get out a bit. I know you’ve been pretty lonely since Rebecca died. You haven’t dated anyone since, and—”

Mandy held up one hand. “Rebecca and I never dated. We were only ever friends.” Well, that was a nugget of information she’d never meant to share with Dee.

Dee’s mouth fell open. “You and she weren’t a couple? But I thought...I thought you were in love with her?” She frowned in confusion.

Mandy threw her a rueful smile. “Those statements are not mutually exclusive.” She shook her head; might as well explain it all now—Dee was leaving in a couple of months, what did secrecy matter anymore? “She was my best friend, but she was straight, and I committed the cardinal lesbian sin of falling in love with her.”

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“Oh, Mandy, no way! Did you even get a chance to tell her?”

“She knew.” Now it was Mandy’s turn to look away uncomfortably. “She knew, and she never said a word about it—until she was dying.” She couldn’t help it: her voice cracked.

“Fuck, Mandy, I had no idea.” Dee hooked her thumbs in her jeans pockets. “Sorry.”

Mandy waved off her apology. “And as for me hiring extra staff so that I can date again, well, I haven’t dated anyone in years. And I can’t imagine I’m going to start now.” She chuckled hoarsely. “I think that boat has sailed. I’m too set in my ways to go through all of that nonsense of getting to know someone.”

Her chest tightened a tad as the vision of being on her own for the rest of her days flashed before her; it suddenly didn’t seem so appealing. *Odd.* “But I do like your idea of talking to Nina about taking over. Thank you for suggesting it.”

Dee nodded, exhaling deeply again, but this time it seemed more from relief than from dread.

Mandy took advantage of the moment and clapped her hands together. “Now, we need to get on with our night’s work,” she said. “Thank you for the heads-up and for giving me such a good amount of notice. I will miss you, very much, but I am very excited for what this opportunity can give you, so grab it with both hands and don’t let go, okay?”

Dee’s eyes glistened. “I will. And... Well, please, just think about the extra staff idea, will you?” She grinned. “*And* the dating. There’s a lot left in you to give someone, you know. You’re not *that* old.”

The cheeky little... Mandy made to slap her butt, and Dee deftly skipped out of the way.

“Downstairs. Now!” Mandy pointed at the door to the hallway, struggling to contain her own laughter.

“Yes, ma’am!” Dee winked and strode off.

And just like that, things were back to normal between them. Really, she reflected, it could be worse. Dee had given her lots of time to get used to the idea of her not being around. And Nina would learn quickly, especially with Dee training her. That thought alone gave her comfort.

By the time they opened the club at nine on the dot, Mandy was back on track, which was a good thing because two women were already waiting to gain entry. From then on, it was the usual slow but steady build-up toward ten, when most women started to appear.

She had just returned from her first business-hours tour of the rooms a little after ten when the door buzzer sounded behind her, prompting her to swivel in the office doorway and step out into the dimly lit hall. As always, readying to greet a new visitor, she got a buzz at what she’d created here at the club and the number of women who wanted to use it. She’d definitely created something her younger self would have loved. A rueful smile twisted her lips as she walked to the door—it was a shame her older self was rather past all this. Not only was Mandy not about to start dating, she was not about to go looking for fleeting pleasures—not at her own club nor anyone else’s.

Of course, she took a moment to proudly note, no one else’s club in the UK was like hers—created specifically for women looking to satisfy their needs in a safe, consensual space where no one would ever, ever judge them.

She slid back the small shutter that covered an opening in the door at eye-height. The simple security measure ensured

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that no visitors could enter unless she wanted them to. The club wasn't widely advertised, and she'd been careful to make it clear it was only for women, cis or trans, and non-binary identifying lovers of women only, but it paid to be cautious. Her worst nightmare had always been a group of aggressive drunken men trying to gain entry. Thankfully, that had never happened.

"Hi," the woman on the other side of the door said, her voice timid. "Am I in the right place?"

Mandy took a couple of seconds to assess her, experience counting for everything each time she did this. "Yes, you are. Come on in."

She stepped back, pulled back the security bar and opened the door.

The woman walked into the hallway. She was probably late forties, about five or six years younger than Mandy's fifty-five, with nondescript light brown hair that held a little natural curl, and she was dressed in a plain blue shirt over jeans.

Mandy shut the door behind her and turned to face her. "Welcome to the club. My name's Mandy, and I'm the owner."

"H-hello. I'm-I'm Lindsey."

Nervous as hell. "Hi, Lindsey. It's nice to meet you. You're new here, right?"

The woman nodded, her eyes wide as she cast glances all around her. Her gaze landed on Dee in the office, and she blinked a couple of times.

"My assistant, Dee." Mandy was pleased when Dee looked up at the sound of her name, and, as always, waved in a casual, friendly manner. Mandy had trained all her staff to be welcoming and easy-going with every customer, but it was still lovely to see it in action.

Lindsey lifted a shaking hand in response.

Oh, wow, she's beyond nervous. Hm, is she really ready for this?

“So, shall I tell you how this all works?”

Lindsey looked back at her and licked her lips. “Yes, please.”

“We are classified as a private club, for which you will pay a membership fee to use the facilities on offer. This membership is for one evening only and costs twenty pounds.” She waited until Lindsey nodded her understanding before continuing. “There are three rooms, identified by the colour of the light above their doors—green, blue, and red. The Green Room is the one you will enter first; the others lead off from that so you can't stumble into them by accident. Okay so far?”

“Yes. Okay.” Lindsey's posture eased a tad.

“The Green Room is what we call the vanilla room, but by that we simply mean no strap-ons and no BDSM. Strap-ons can be used in Blue, and BDSM is restricted to the Red Room.”

Lindsey's eyes widened at *strap-on* and *BDSM*, and Mandy would have bet her house Lindsey would only be visiting Green tonight.

“In each room, there's a bar with a full range of non-alcoholic and alcoholic drinks. Our bartenders are also there to act as, shall we say, security—if anything happens that you are not comfortable with, or they see something happening that is outside the rules, they will step in. Sitting at the bar, or at the centre table in each room, is a safe zone. You cannot touch or initiate contact with anyone there.”

Lindsey nodded. “Good to know.”

Mandy smiled. “Everyone new says that, and, trust me, everyone respects it, so please do let me know if anyone suddenly doesn't. Now, if you are interested in contact with someone, you can either approach them or wait for them to

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approach you. Anyone standing along one of the walls is giving their consent to be approached, however they are *not* giving consent for sexual contact until that's been negotiated and agreed between the parties. Understood?"

Her visitor relaxed her shoulders. "Yes. That's all really clear, thanks." Her voice was a little stronger now.

Good. "Any other questions?"

Lindsey flushed and looked at her feet. "Do I—do I *have* to do anything?"

"Absolutely not," Mandy said gently and waited until Lindsey met her eye once more before continuing. "If you just want to watch, even for just ten minutes and then leave, you go right ahead." She paused, then offered a final piece of advice that she reserved only for these most nervous of newbies. "But remember, this is one place where you can find very like-minded souls and be free to try out something new without any fear of recrimination or embarrassment. Everyone here wants exactly the same thing, in essence—the freedom to be as sexual as they like on their own terms."

Lindsey's wide smile at that moment lit up Mandy's whole week.

The door buzzed again before she could say anything else. "One moment, let me just get that." Even though Dee could get the door this time, she thought the pause would do Lindsey good, give her some thinking time. "Why don't you wait a little over there and I'll be right back?"

Lindsey nodded enthusiastically and stepped to the side.

Mandy waved Dee away as she approached the door. "No worries, I've got this."

She opened the shutter and saw a handsome woman about her own age on the step. The woman seemed startled to see

Mandy peering back at her through the gap in the door and Mandy bit back a smile. “Hi, do you know where you are?”

The woman stared for a moment, then seemed to remember she needed to speak. “Yes, uh, yes I do.”

“Good.” Mandy opened the door and let the woman in. “I’ll be with you in just one moment, okay?”

“Sure.” The woman stepped into the hallway, her gaze pinned on Mandy.

Why is she staring at me like that?

Granted, many of the women who walked through the door to the club would stare at Mandy, their nerves plain to see in the way their gazes seemed to beseech Mandy to put them at ease—not unlike Lindsey over there in the corner. But there was something different about the way this woman looked at her, her green-eyed gaze holding Mandy’s. She felt the urge to ask, “Do I know you?” but that was ridiculous. She didn’t do much socialising outside the club, not even with her fellow neighbourhood business owners. After all, the point of the club was its discretion.

“Right, um, one moment.” Mandy stepped back, flustered but not sure why.

She turned to Lindsey. “So, how are you doing? Think you’ll stay with us a little while?”

Lindsey’s blush this time was softer, not quite covering her whole face. “Yes, I’d like to.” She handed over a twenty and smiled shyly. “Thank you so much for explaining everything.”

“You’re welcome. And remember, sitting at the bar or centre table is your safe zone, okay?”

“Got it.”

“Excellent.” Mandy pointed at the green light above the door at the end of the hallway. “The Green Room is that way. Enjoy your evening.”

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Lindsey managed a small smile, took a visible breath, then turned towards the door.

Mandy smiled to herself, then turned back to her other visitor, startled to see those green eyes boring into her own once more. *What is it with this woman?* For a moment she wondered if she should call Dee over, whose height and broad shoulders intimidated most people.

But then the woman gave a soft smile, one that nonetheless lit up her whole face. The creases around her eyes widened, and her entire demeanour somehow projected nothing but warmth and gentleness.

Something stirred inside her as she gazed into those eyes, something she thought was long dead and buried. Attraction.

Blimey.

A gentle shiver skittered down her spine as they blinked at each other for a moment.

“You don’t remember me, do you?” the blonde asked eventually, her voice as soft as her smile—and holding a hint of self-deprecation.

Mandy wracked her brain, flashing through the clientele she’d seen pass through the club’s door in the last year or so, then back further to her times working in other, less specialised clubs. “No, I’m sorry, I don’t. Where did we—?”

“Brixton. Maybe twenty-five years ago. At a dance club.” The woman grinned sheepishly. “That skanky woman got mad at us for, you know, getting it on in the toilet, and smacked you one. The last time I saw you, you were sat on a bench down the street, trying to fix your bleeding cut lip and—”

Mandy’s breath caught. Her mind whirled as her past caught up with her present.

CHAPTER 2

LINDSEY

AS SHE WALKED THROUGH THE door from the main entranceway, leaving Mandy's steadying presence behind, Lindsey willed her heart to stop trying to beat its way out of her chest.

Come on, you've been planning this all week. You can't back out now.

Of course, planning something and then carrying it out was sometimes easier said than done.

Still, she *was* here, and she *was* about to walk into a room where women were openly having sex with each other, just as she'd planned. *Oh my God.*

The lighting in the short hallway that led to the room was dimmer than in the main entranceway, but that was understandable. The professional in her admired the setup, and she nodded in approval at the tones Mandy had chosen, the frosted glass globes unobtrusive and ensuring that the light was soft and gentle. She nearly snorted with laughter at the notion of the hallway lit up by fluorescent lights, highlighting absolutely everything. Talk about mood killer. She vaguely

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wondered if the lighting company she worked for had supplied any of the gear. Wouldn't that be a hilarious coincidence?

She turned a corner, and suddenly the room was in front of her. Her steps faltered as she took a moment to allow her eyes and ears to assess what faced her. A low hum of sultry music played in the background. Over that came the sounds of passion from every corner. The same dim lighting, used in spots along the walls, gave her glimpses of clothed, semi-clothed and, *oh holy shit*, naked women at various points around the room.

Her breathing quickened in pace, and she clenched one hand into a fist and out again to try to release some of her body's tension.

The bar. Get to the bar.

Her legs moved, jerkily at first, and finally she was on a stool at the bar, her shaky legs no longer needing to support her weight.

"Hey," the bartender, a cute, young blonde with a winning dimpled smile, greeted her. "What can I get you?"

"A sparkling water, please." Maybe alcohol later, but now Lindsey wanted her wits about her while she figured out how long she would stay. Even five minutes seemed as if it would be too much, but she also knew, deep down, that leaving so quickly would be a waste of the opportunity. God knew she'd been thinking about this for long enough. Twenty-seven years, to be precise.

"Here you go." The bartender placed the drink on the bar. "Feel free to stay here or move to the centre table with that, if you like. Or, if you head to the wall, you'll find alcoves at shoulder height for drinks and other things."

"Oh. Okay, good to know, thanks." Yeah, like she'd be heading to the wall any time soon.

But maybe the centre table would be a nice idea? Or would that be too pervy, sitting there, watching what everyone else was up to?

She swallowed hard before leaning in to ask quietly, “Is it okay to watch like that?”

The blonde gave her a gentle smile. “Absolutely. It’s not considered rude or disgusting. Quite the opposite actually. A lot of customers like to watch to get in the mood before they initiate anything. A lot of customers like to *be* watched to heighten their pleasure. And those who don’t, well they generally head for the corners, where it’s darkest, for an element of privacy. We have some regulars who come in and all they do is watch, for whatever reason. Nobody minds.”

Lindsey absorbed the information, nodding slowly. “Okay, that helps. Thanks.”

“You’re welcome. By the way, I’m Cassie, and you can ask me anything, okay? I’ve worked here for a year now, in all rooms, and there’s not a lot I don’t know about what people want when they come here. And I also know how nervy it can be when you’re here for the first time. You should have seen me on my first shift.” She dropped her tone to a conspiratorial low. “I honestly didn’t know where to look. I think my eyeballs ached for about a week afterwards.”

Lindsey laughed, and her shoulders relaxed. She took a sip of her water. “Is it obvious how new I am?”

“Yeah, but that’s okay. We all start somewhere.”

“Even at my age?”

“Trust me, you’re not the oldest newbie I’ve seen here. At all.”

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Relief washed through her. “You know, I was told about this place by someone who used to work here. A woman called Jennifer?”

“Oh! Yeah, she’s who I took over from. She had to leave because the shift times didn’t fit with looking after her kid.”

“Yes, that’s what she told me. She pulls pints at my local gay bar now, and we got talking one night.” Lindsey pulled at the cuffs of her shirt. “I’m newly out as lesbian. I was married to a man for years, but it was, well, pretty awful. And now that I’m out, I don’t actually have a clue how to really connect with a woman. I go to the bars and pubs, but the women are all so much younger than me.”

Cassie nodded. “The club scene is definitely young. Even I feel a bit out of place sometimes on the rare occasion I head out to one with my girlfriend.”

“I did meet one woman more my age one night, but she was super experienced, and I just felt like an idiot around her. Then Jennifer told me about this place. Suggested it might help me get some confidence, or at least knowledge, before I tried actually dating someone.”

“Not a bad theory.”

“Yeah, I thought so. But it’s still pretty daunting being here and thinking about starting something.” Lindsey glanced down at herself. “I’m not exactly a supermodel.”

“No one here cares about that.” Cassie gave her a gentle smile. “They care about who they have sex with. The women who come here, well, most of them just appreciate woman of all ages, shapes, and sizes. They just love women, full stop. Honestly, I’ve never seen anyone stand against the wall and not hook up.” She tilted her head. “But, I mean, let’s be honest about that, though: ninety-nine percent of what happens in

here is only hook-ups. You're not going to meet the love of your life here."

"Oh, yes! Don't worry, I didn't come in here with that expectation." To be fair, she didn't imagine she'd ever be lucky enough to fall in love with a woman, but she was trying not to be too pessimistic.

"Good." Cassie glanced around as a couple of women approached the bar. "Look, I need to serve them. But can I suggest you head to the centre table? And maybe sit next to that woman with the long auburn hair?"

Lindsey peered over to the table. "Um, why?"

"Let's just say she's a good person to talk to." Cassie gave her an enigmatic smile. "Say hi. See what happens." She tapped the bar with the flat of her hand, held Lindsey's gaze for a moment, then walked down the bar to her new customers.

After another mouthful of her drink, Lindsey turned once more to look towards the centre of the room. The woman Cassie had mentioned sat on the end stool at the table, sipping occasionally from a glass of white wine. She was curvy with deliciously wide hips encased in tight jeans, and she had on a cream, or maybe white, top made of some silky-looking material that swished as she moved.

Should I? Somehow, she didn't think Cassie would have made her suggestion if she didn't think it would be okay. *All right, so let's try it.*

Taking one more fortifying deep breath, she stood and walked over to the empty stool next to the redhead. "Is this seat taken?" Her voice wobbled, of course, but she couldn't help that.

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The woman turned to her, and Lindsey realised with a flush of pleasure that the woman was definitely in her age bracket, possibly even a few years older.

Is that why Cassie suggested I talk to her?

The woman smiled. "It is now." Her voice was husky, in a way that sent very pleasurable shivers down Lindsey's spine. *Oh my.* "Please." The woman gestured to the stool.

Lindsey pulled it out and sat, once again grateful that her trembling legs didn't need to hold her up. The woman next to her exuded the kind of earthy sexiness Lindsey had only ever read about in trashy novels. She'd never known it really existed until now.

"I'm Vivian. You're new here, aren't you?"

Am I wearing a badge? "Yes, I am. Lindsey. Nice to meet you."

Vivian looked her up and down and smiled in a way that made Lindsey's breath catch in her throat. "Likewise." She took a sip of her wine. "I'm *not* new here." She winked at Lindsey.

Vivian's flirty sexiness was incredibly easy to respond to, much to her surprise. She smiled. "So you recommend it?"

"Oh, yes." She smiled again. "I have to say, it's delightful to be talking to someone more my own age for once."

"Same." Lindsey chuckled. "All the women I meet in the clubs and bars are so young!"

The throaty chuckle did all sorts of nice things to Lindsey's insides. "Hell, yes. Give me an older, more experienced woman any time."

Cheeks heating with her embarrassment, Lindsey froze. There it was: the conclusion that because she was older, she must be more experienced than she was. *Damn.*

Vivian blinked, then shook her head. "Forgive me, that was a crass assumption. I should have known better."

“That obvious?”

“I am very good at reading body language once I get my head out of my arse.”

Lindsey leaned in a little. “You’re forgiven.” God, this woman was so easy to talk to!

“Good. Now, tell me, what are you here for? I do have a lot of experience, so I’m very willing to help you if you have questions.”

“Are you always so forthright?” Lindsey kept her tone light, even though Vivian’s directness was rather unsettling.

Vivian waved her free hand. “Oh God, yes. Life is far too short to beat around the bush.”

Well, that was one way of looking at it. Hell, why not tell her? It’s not like they ever had to meet again after this interaction. “Well, um, I’m very newly out as lesbian. Was married to a man for years. I’ve, er, never been with a woman, never even kissed one.” Her hands twitched at the admissions. “Just spent a *lot* of time fantasising. So I’m here to see if I can fix that so I can gain some confidence in actually trying to meet someone and talking to them and being physical with them and... Well, I suppose I thought doing this might help.”

Was this club really the answer?

“I see. Well, you definitely came to the right place for that.” Vivian finished her wine, her gaze locked on Lindsey’s as she drained the glass.

Lindsey sat stock still, hypnotised by the strength in Vivian’s chocolate-brown eyes.

“Mandy explained the rules, yes?” She placed her empty glass on the table. “That someone advertises their interest by finding a point along the wall?”

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Her attention drawn to the fullness of Vivian's mouth as it moved, the way her lips glistened in the low light, Lindsey nodded.

"Good." And with that, Vivian slipped off her stool and headed for a space on the wall directly to the left of where she had been sitting.

Fuck. What did I do wrong? Why did she walk aw—?

Vivian looked back over her shoulder as she reached the wall and crooked a finger, beckoning.

Lindsey blinked.

Oh.

Hoping her legs wouldn't betray her, she hurried off her stool, her heart thudding.

When she reached the wall, she swallowed hard before speaking. "Is this... Did you really mean for me to come over?"

"That's exactly what I meant." Vivian winked at her again, then leaned back against the wall. "Are you happy to be over here or...?"

Her mouth was too dry to speak. Somewhere a part of Lindsey's brain wanted to thank Vivian for taking the initiative, for taking away her need to think—or panic.

"Excellent." Vivian's voice had become a purr. "Now, I'll be honest; I'm normally one for getting down to it good and quick, but for you, I'd like to make an exception. I think a little slower would suit you better, hm?"

Oh my God. Lindsey's heart thumped. "Y-yes. Please."

"And I'm also a woman who likes to give the orders. Something tells me that also might suit you—some instruction, perhaps, just to get you started?" She ran one gentle fingertip over Lindsey's cheek and across her lips.

“Yes.” Lindsey sucked in a breath as molten desire flooded her body with that one touch. “Instruction. Perfect.”

Vivian leaned closer; a hint of her musky perfume teased Lindsey. “I’m also prepared to make another exception for you, just because that mouth of yours looks so ridiculously tempting. I don’t usually do such things here, but, Lindsey, would you like to kiss me?”

Wetness coated her. Even the thought of it made Lindsey’s cunt clench tightly. “Yes.” The word came out as a whisper—all she could manage.

Vivian grabbed the bottom of Lindsey’s shirt and tugged her closer. “Slow, remember? Only as far as you’re comfortable. Take your time. I know I’m going to enjoy that.” She winked again, then placed one hand on the back of Lindsey’s neck and pulled her head closer, near enough for Lindsey to smell the hint of wine on Vivian’s warm breath as it ghosted over Lindsey’s lips.

She shivered, then carefully placed her hands on Vivian’s hips. Heat radiated from her ample chest, her stomach, her thighs, all parts of her body which were almost, but not quite, touching Lindsey’s. The proximity was dizzying, but even more so was the voluptuousness of Vivian’s lips, scant millimetres away from her own.

At Vivian’s quick tug on her shirt, Lindsey stopped thinking about those lips and did something about them instead.

The kiss was probably the softest, sexiest thing she had ever experienced. Vivian’s mouth was hot on hers, and when her tongue gently licked at Lindsey’s bottom lip, she couldn’t have stopped opening her mouth if she’d tried.

Vivian’s tongue met hers—slowly, languidly—and Lindsey groaned, a sound she felt all the way down to her boots. So

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this was what kissing was supposed to feel like. Holy mother of God. Everything about it was soft and yet full of passion. It was tender but strong. Everything she'd dreamed of, fantasised about, but never known before.

Those arms wrapped around her waist and finally, thank God, pressed their bodies together. Lindsey was almost overwhelmed with the sensation of Vivian's curves pressed against her own. Vivian's tongue plundering her mouth, diving deep, then out again, then back for more, sent her knees shaking. She was wet, Jesus, so wet! And suddenly her hands had to move, had to touch, had to—

Vivian moaned. Lindsey realised she was cupping the woman's breasts; they were heavy in her hands, so deliciously heavy. The nipples were hard through the softness of the shirt's fabric, pressing into her palms, and she had to pull back from the kiss to look down, to actually see her hands holding a woman's breasts for the first time.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" Vivian's voice was quiet, filled with understanding.

"Yes." Lindsey looked up, wonder coursing through her. "Is this okay?"

"Oh, yes, sweetheart. *Very* okay. Squeeze them. You can be a little rough; I like that."

Lindsey closed her eyes for a moment as yet more heat flashed through her, then did as she was told, kneading the soft mounds between her fingers, pushing into Vivian as she did so. Vivian's breasts were much more than a handful, and all that weight was incredible to play with.

"Fuck, yes, that's it." Vivian threw her head back and pressed herself more into Lindsey's touch. "You can undo my blouse and bra, if you like. Really feel them."

“God, yes, please.” It was all still Vivian commanding and her following, but she was okay with that. God knew there was lots she probably wanted to try, but she had no idea how to verbalise any of it right now. Besides, Vivian telling her what to do to her was such a turn-on.

She shifted position, her cunt throbbing as she carefully undid all the buttons down the front of Vivian’s silky blouse. A lacy bra peeked out when she parted the two halves of the shirt, and she couldn’t resist pinching at the nipples through the fabric, loving the contrast between their hardness and the soft lace.

Vivian sucked in a breath through her teeth. “Yes, perfect. Harder!”

Lindsey took each nipple between her forefingers and thumbs and squeezed, increasing the pressure the more Vivian moaned and writhed. As someone who loved breast play herself, she could well imagine what this was doing to Vivian. Her thighs squeezed together at the thought of Vivian returning the attention on her own breasts.

She momentarily let go so that she could unsnap the bra. It took a couple of goes, and she flushed a little at not getting it the first time, but Vivian’s soft kisses on her neck, and her whispered, “Don’t worry, I can’t even get myself out of my bra sometimes,” eased her discomfort.

At the third try, the bra opened, and she swept her hands back around Vivian’s ribcage to her breasts, slowly moving over the warm flesh, her heart racing as she cupped them in all their naked glory.

“Jesus, that feels so good,” she whispered against Vivian’s mouth.

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Vivian moaned and kissed her deeply, thrusting her tongue hard into Lindsey's mouth as if she wished to devour her.

Lindsey would be happy to let her.

They stayed like that for who knew how long, kissing intensely, all the while Lindsey stroking, squeezing, and caressing Vivian's abundant breasts.

"God, Lindsey," Vivian finally said in between the hot kisses, "I know I said slow, but you've got me *so* wet and aching. Do you want to touch my pussy? I'd love it if you did, but if not, I can easily take care of things myself."

While the thought of watching Vivian touch herself almost fried Lindsey's brain, she knew she was very ready to do the touching. Desperate to do it, in fact.

"I want to," she said, her voice a rasp she didn't recognise. "So much."

"I am so glad." Vivian gave that throaty chuckle once more. "Undo my jeans and get your hand inside. Now, please."

Lindsey didn't understand how she was still standing, she was so turned on. She could barely move, her cunt aching for something, anything, and as much as she wanted to touch Vivian, she wanted *her* touch too. "Can we—can we touch each other? At the same time?"

Vivian's feral expression made Lindsey's heart skip a beat. "Fuck, yes."

They eased back from each other and simultaneously reached for the buttons on their own jeans. In tandem, they unbuttoned, unzipped, and eased their jeans open.

Lindsey was aware of the roundness of her own belly, until now somewhat disguised by the jeans, but looking down, she saw Vivian's equally soft belly hanging over the top of her lacy underwear and relaxed. She didn't have to pretend. This

woman, built the same way as her, wanted Lindsey just the way she was.

“Let me show you what your touches have done to me.” Vivian took Lindsey’s hand and pulled it to her stomach, easing it inside her underwear. “Just so you know what power you have, no matter how little experience you’ve had up until now.”

She pushed Lindsey’s hand down firmly over her crisp hairs and into the soaking wet folds beneath.

Lindsey feared her heart might stop. “Oh my God, that’s...” Tears pricked at her eyes. Twenty-seven years waiting, but, by God, it had been worth it for this moment right now. “You feel amazing.”

She let herself explore, and the more she did so, sliding her fingers over labia and through copious wetness, the less Vivian held her hand until Lindsey was flying solo, running her fingers over the slipperiness of Vivian’s cunt. She’d touched her own pussy, many times over the years, but touching Vivian was familiar and yet so very new all at the same time. She closed her eyes and concentrated on what her fingers could feel: the heat, the wetness, the incredible textures beneath them.

And then, as if her pleasure wasn’t enough at the sensation of touching Vivian so intimately, Vivian eased her own hand into Lindsey’s cotton underwear and hissed when she encountered the wetness that had pooled there. “All this for me?” she purred, gazing into Lindsey’s eyes. “You’re spoiling me.”

Lindsey grinned, her entire being suddenly infused with such joy that tears threatened once more. “Thank you,” she said softly. “For this. For initiating it and—”

But after another of Vivian’s deep kisses, Lindsey no longer needed words, just a hungry mouth on hers and strong fingers

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easing their way along her cunt to her entrance as she did the same to Vivian.

“Yes?” Vivian raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, yes.” Lindsey parted her legs. She was so ready to be fucked by this woman.

Vivian nodded. “Me too. Two fingers, hard as you like.”

With a groan, she pushed inside Vivian, just as instructed, and Vivian’s one finger pushed inside her simultaneously. Their loud, long joint moans hung in the air.

Lindsey dropped her head to lean on Vivian’s forehead, her breathing heavy as every push of Vivian’s fingers inside her unravelled her that little bit more.

Vivian’s breathing was just as loud, her hips canting up to meet each of Lindsey’s thrusts. Her choppy breaths were interspersed with “Fuck!” repeated over and over. “More,” she said on a grunt. “Three! Now!”

Lindsey obliged, astonished at the heat inside of Vivian, at how tightly she clenched around Lindsey’s fingers, at how utterly right it felt to be inside a woman at last. Whatever Vivian was doing to her, she felt filled enough with just one finger, and although she wasn’t likely to come from that alone, the fact that Vivian’s palm was now flat against her clit and rubbing it so deliciously meant she’d probably reach orgasm soon.

She angled her own hand as much as she could to mirror the position, hoping that it would please Vivian, and bit her lip as Vivian’s other hand gripped her waist so tightly, she knew she’d have bruises in the morning. But who the hell cared?

“Yes, yes, yes!” Vivian gasped. “Do that. Faster. Faster!”

Lindsay pumped in and out of Vivian, keeping her palm pressed as tight as she could to the hard clit beneath it. The idea

that this sexy woman was riding her hand in wanton pleasure was mind-blowing but oh-so-satisfying. Lindsey had no idea if what she herself was doing was what got Vivian off or if it was more that Vivian could use her, grinding against her to get the purchase she needed. It didn't matter. Not having to particularly worry about technique or finesse meant the fears she'd brought with her to the club tonight stayed locked out of the way.

She lifted her head, watched Vivian as her pleasure played out over her face. She had her eyes shut tight, her mouth slightly open, and even in the dim light, Lindsey could see the flush on her cheeks and neck. "Beautiful," she whispered. "Fuck, you're beautiful like this."

With another moan, Vivian ground down on Lindsey's hand even harder, then came with a keening sound that almost tipped her over the edge herself.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Vivian chanted, head tilted back against the wall; her own hand had stilled inside Lindsey.

She didn't mind. Watching Vivian come was thrilling enough, and she drank in the sight, knowing she would never, ever forget this experience, no matter what else happened in her new life.

"Oh, honey," Vivian said after a minute or two, slowly opening her eyes and smiling lasciviously. "You fucked me good."

Pride rippled through her, and Lindsey carefully withdrew her fingers from their hot, swollen encasement. "I'm glad to hear it."

Vivian leaned forward and kissed a sensual line up Lindsey's neck to her ear, then twitched her fingers inside her, making

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Lindsey gasp. “But now,” she whispered, “we mustn’t forget about you, must we?”

Oh, Jesus. That voice. That sound of intent.

“N-no. Please.”

Vivian smiled. “Mm, I’ll take care of you.” She removed her finger from inside Lindsey and slowly stroked up and over her labia to her clit, where she made small, slow circles that tortured Lindsey into breathlessness.

“Oh God, so good.” Lindsey didn’t recognise her own voice, the strangled, half-moan of a sound it made.

“Uh-huh.” Vivian looked down between them at her hand stroking back and forth between Lindsey’s legs. “Tell me, sweetheart, do you like to be licked?”

Lindsey froze and stared at her. “I—it’s—”

“Hey, it’s okay if not,” Vivian said softly, “I just thought I’d offer and—”

“I don’t know,” Lindsey blurted out. “I mean, I don’t know if I like it because no one’s ever done it to me.”

Vivian stilled her hand and blinked a couple of times. “No one?”

Sighing, Lindsey shook her head. “My husband thought it was disgusting.”

“What a fool.” Vivian’s voice dripped with scorn. Then she leaned in and kissed Lindsey softly. “Want to find out what you’ve been missing?”

There was that seductive purr again, and then Vivian’s tongue was licking delicately at Lindsey’s ear lobe, then the shell of her ear. Suddenly all Lindsey could imagine was that tongue working elsewhere, and heat shot through her in such a rush, she was light-headed. She nodded, not trusting her voice.

Vivian kissed her, languid but deep, then took a step back. "I suggest we swap positions so you can lean against the wall."

Her mind was still trying to process just what was about to happen to her, but she obeyed.

Vivian took hold of Lindsey's jeans where they were bunched around her hips. "And let's push these down a little too." With a sharp tug, they fell to Lindsey's knees along with her underwear.

She glanced around quickly, feeling exposed. She'd never been so publicly intimate, and she wasn't sure how she felt about it.

"Are we in a dark enough spot for you? We can move to the corner if you wish."

There was only one person Lindsey could see, seated at the table in the centre of the room, but she couldn't see the woman's features at all. *Okay, so if I can't see her clearly, she can't see me.* "No, this is fine." At Vivian's raised eyebrow, she squeezed her waist. "Really. It's good. You can, you know, start."

The grin she got in return was so dirty, it made shivers trickle down Lindsey's spine and all across the back of her thighs. "Yes, ma'am," Vivian said and sank to her knees.

Lindsey dropped her gaze to the woman between her legs, her face so close to Lindsey that she could feel her hot breath skating over her wet pussy. *Oh. My. God.*

Vivian leaned in a little and planted a gentle kiss on Lindsey's mound, just above her clit. "Remember to breathe, honey," she said but didn't wait for any response before moving in just a little farther.

The first touch of Vivian's tongue on Lindsey's labia was probably the most exquisite sensation she'd ever experienced. She couldn't find any word to describe it other than *unbelievable*, and then, as Vivian began to lick more firmly and more rapidly

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over all of Lindsey's pussy, she gave up on thinking altogether and simply dropped her head back against the wall, eyes closed, her entire body trembling.

Now there were hands cupped on Lindsey's ass, and Vivian pulled her forwards a tad, bringing her pussy closer to her exploring tongue.

Lindsey bent her knees a little—*God, this is going to hurt in the morning but who the fuck cares?*—and opened her legs a little more, as much as her jeans around her knees would allow.

Vivian groaned and dipped her tongue deeper, running it through the creases and folds between Lindsey's labia, lapping softly at her entrance, then swooping back up and, for the first time, running it over her clit. It made Lindsey's hips jerk, and Vivian's chuckle against her wet clit vibrated throughout her body.

“Do you like that?” Vivian asked, gazing up at Lindsey.

The sight of Vivian's lips and chin glistening wet in the dim glow of the room was almost as arousing as what her tongue had just been doing.

Lindsey nodded frantically. “Please don't stop.”

“Oh, sweetheart, I'm not stopping until you tell me to.” Vivian dipped her head once more.

This time when she licked Lindsey, it was with firmness and more purpose. Now she set a rhythm, a constant, steady one that made pulses of heavy need throb through Lindsey's entire cunt, generating more slick juices that Vivian lapped up with a satisfied moan.

Bracing her hands against the wall, Lindsey surrendered to the pleasure that coursed through her. She'd never known it could be like this, as if her entire body was melting yet turning rigid at the same time. She ached with it, but in the best of

ways. Her breathing hitched repeatedly as each turn and twist of Vivian's tongue found new spots that aroused her, new little places that caused her to tremble even more.

She gasped as Vivian slipped one finger inside her. "Oh, *fuuuuuuck*." It was almost too much, the sensations firing off pulses in every nerve of her body.

And then Vivian made some kind of twist with her hand that changed the angle inside her, simultaneously pressing down firmly on Lindsey's clit with her tongue, licking faster and harder.

Suddenly, Lindsey's arousal was through the roof. "Oh my God, that's... Don't stop!" She swallowed, her pulse so fast she feared she'd have a heart attack but, fuck, she didn't care.

Vivian's hand pumped faster, and her pressure and speed on Lindsey's clit increased even more and, oh God, that was it, that was what she needed and—

Lindsey came with a shout, gritting her teeth to keep from howling, although she was dimly aware that probably no one would care if she did. She ground down on Vivian's face, unable to help herself, milking her pleasure for as long as she possibly could. She'd never come so hard in her life, not even touching herself.

This was what sex was all about it, what she'd been missing all this time, and she knew she'd never settle for anything less again.

"Oh, honey." Vivian nuzzled at Lindsey's mound, dropping soft kisses here and there, her hands still holding Lindsey's ass tightly. "Oh, yes."

Lindsey heaved in a huge breath; her heart beat so hard, she was sure Vivian could hear it.

When she released her grip, Vivian gently stroked Lindsey's ass and kissed her belly before standing. She helped Lindsey

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pull up her clothes, and once the jeans were done up, Vivian pressed her body to her and wrapped her arms around her. When they kissed, Lindsey could taste herself on Vivian's lips and was astonished at how much the flavour and scent stirred a different kind of need in her.

"How are you doing?" Vivian asked when she pulled back.

"Amazing," Lindsey managed to whisper.

Vivian smiled. "I thought so."

Lindsey laughed. "Yes, you can pat yourself on the back."

"Oh, I will." She pinched Lindsey's ass.

"Ow!"

They laughed.

"How's your energy level?" There was an intriguing glint in Vivian's eyes.

She had some aches in unusual places, but generally the euphoria of her orgasm had given her body a wonderful lassitude that didn't seem to want to diminish any time soon. She wasn't sure of the drift of Vivian's question. "Pretty good. Why?"

"Because." Vivian kissed her, still hard and demanding. "Doing that to you has got me all worked up again. I would very much appreciate it," she said with a smirk, "if you'd help an old woman out once more."

Lindsey nodded slowly. "Ah, I see." She loved how playful this woman was. "Well, I'm sure *something* can be arranged." She swallowed. "In fact, I'd love it if...if I could do that to you. Lick you, I mean." Because, oh God yes, she wanted to know what a woman tasted like, what it would feel like to lick all those places. To make Vivian come apart just the way she had done so only minutes before.

The intensity of Vivian's gaze took her breath away. "Are you sure?"

“One hundred percent.”

Vivian spun them around so that she was now leaning against the wall, then shoved her own jeans and underwear down, wriggling until they hit her ankles. She opened her legs and placed her hands on Lindsey’s shoulders. “Ready when you are, sweetheart.”

She pressed gently on Lindsey’s shoulders, and that was all the hint Lindsey needed.

Heart thudding once more, she carefully knelt at Vivian’s feet. *I’m on my knees in front of a stranger, about to lick her pussy, and nothing has ever felt more right in my life.*

“If you don’t like it, stop,” Vivian said quietly. “Don’t ever do something you don’t want, okay?”

“Okay. But I doubt I’m going to be stopping anything for a while.”

Vivian smiled.

Lindsey dropped her gaze to the sight before her. Vivian’s pubic hair was neatly trimmed and shaved into a petite triangle that left her outer lips bare. They were swollen with her arousal, and the scent of her juices was intoxicating. Sweet and heady, it made Lindsey’s mouth water at the prospect of tasting her.

So she wasted no time in doing so. As she dragged her mouth over Vivian’s outer labia, and that first tangy taste hit her tongue, her knees almost buckled. “Fuck, that’s incredible,” she said against Vivian’s flesh.

“Oh, yes,” came the breathy response from above her.

The power of her situation rushed through her. Vivian was already in delicious turmoil at her touch, and Lindsey only wanted to give her more. She bent her head and used the flat of her tongue to lick the entire length of Vivian’s cunt. It was hot and messy and so sexy that it made her own cunt start

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clenching again. She gripped Vivian's thighs, revelling in the sounds that this woman made, in the thrust of her hips, in the dirty words that fell from her lips.

Lindsey took her time, yet was mindful of Vivian's need, her obvious rising desire and building arousal. Vivian's hands became frantic on Lindsey's shoulders the more Lindsey delved into the folds of Vivian's pussy. She could have spent many happy hours exploring and tasting, but she knew Vivian was close, and it was the least she could do to help the woman come. She lapped up to Vivian's clit, the shaft of it long and swollen, the head hard and so easy to latch onto with her lips.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" Vivian cried, pushing her hips forward, forcing her clit deeper between Lindsey's lips.

Lindsey sucked and licked, determined to give her absolute best to Vivian, to show her just how much everything they'd shared tonight, how much Vivian had taught her, meant to her. She buried her face deeper, loving how her chin and face were smeared with Vivian's arousal, how much Vivian bucked against her as she did so.

And then, after a few more hard and fast licks against that beautifully hard nub, Vivian's thighs trembled in Lindsey's hands and she cried out, humping against Lindsey's face.

Lindsey kept her tongue firm on the clit as Vivian ground against her, aware that her face was a mess of Vivian's juices and her own saliva, and smiling inside at the situation. If someone had told her even a year ago, when she was finalising her divorce, that she'd be here now, like this, she would have thought they were mad.

Vivian squeezed her shoulders. "You can stop now."

Lindsey leaned away from her, licking her lips, loving the taste that still coated her tongue. She helped Vivian pull up her trousers, then stood, wincing a little as her knees complained.

“Sore?” Vivian gave her a sultry smile before dropping a soft kiss on her lips.

“Yes. But very much worth it.”

“Oh, I agree.”

Lindsey smiled and kissed Vivian again. “Thank you.”

Vivian patted Lindsey’s hip. “Likewise.” She tilted her head. “How’s your confidence level now?” Amusement danced in her eyes.

“Amazing.” Lindsey grinned.

“So it should be. You have nothing to worry about, honey. Get on out there. Whichever woman you set your sights on, she’s going to be very lucky to have you.” Vivian winked once more, then strolled off without another word.

Lindsey watched her go, not feeling sad or deflated that their time had come to an end. Vivian had given her a valuable gift, but she also knew Vivian had got exactly what she needed from it to.

Oh yes, she certainly did.

Lindsey grinned as she headed towards the toilets to get cleaned up. *I made a woman come! Twice!*

She strode across the darkened room, her head high, her blood singing in her veins.

CHAPTER 3

LAURA

MANDY'S HANDS SHOOK A LITTLE as she stared at the green-eyed woman in front of her. "That was you that night in Brixton? Oh my God."

The woman smiled and nodded. "I'm Laura." She shook her head. "This is wild. I always wanted to apologise to you for not making sure you got home okay that night. And now I can." Her smile widened. "I don't remember your name, but I'm sorry for abandoning you."

Mandy laughed. Her heart beat just a tad faster than normal, but she didn't know why. "It's Mandy. And hey, come on, no apology necessary. That was a crazy scene that night, but we were okay."

"Good, I'm glad. I always wondered."

The door buzzer sounded before Mandy could respond.

"I'll get that." Dee stood in the office doorway to Mandy's right. "Why don't you guys come in here?" She gestured to the office behind her.

"Oh, yeah. That's...thanks." *Why am I so flustered?* Mandy shuffled around Dee, leaving her free to get to the door, and motioned for Laura to follow her into the office.

The sounds of their next visitors being greeted drifted through the doorway, but Mandy found she couldn't pay attention. Her gaze was drawn once more to this woman from her past.

Laura was still an attractive woman, although Mandy had to admit she could barely remember what she'd looked like back then. The bleached-blond hair seemed vaguely familiar, but that was all. But no matter the past, the woman stood before her now was very easy on the eye.

"So, this place is yours?" Laura glanced around the office and gestured with one hand to encompass all she couldn't see.

"It is." Mandy's voice croaked; she cleared her throat. "We opened eighteen months ago."

"That's great." Laura ran a hand through the back of her hair, and Mandy noticed the strength in her fingers, the creases and scars that dotted the back of her hand, which spoke of some kind of manual work in Laura's past or present. "I always wanted a place like this to exist back in the day. You know, back when we..." She blushed.

Mandy's own cheeks warmed, much to her surprise. Yes, the last time she had been in Laura's presence, Laura had only minutes before had two fingers buried deep inside Mandy. *This is so bizarre.* "Yeah, well, those days were the inspiration for this. There were only so many toilets I wanted to fuck in, you know?"

Laura's laugh burst out. "God, yeah." She shuffled her feet. "I looked for you. After that night. Every time I went out to one of the clubs, I was hoping I'd run into you again. Have the chance to apologise, if nothing else. But I never saw you."

"I left the country. I was so fed up with sneaking around, not being able to live as I wanted." Not even Dee knew this

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about her past. But somehow, meeting a person from that past made it easy to explain. “I worked and partied my way around the world for a few years, learning as much as I could along the way about what places worked and why.” She opened her arms. “And here I am.”

They stared at each other for a few moments.

“So, you live in Manchester?” Mandy wondered why she hoped the answer would be yes.

“No. Just up for the weekend. I live in Brighton now. Left London when I met—” She took half a step back, her eyes seeming haunted. “Well, I should let you get back to work.” Her voice was rough.

“I suppose so. And I should let you get on and enjoy your evening.” She stood up straighter and switched into full business mode. “Do you know much about how the club works and what to expect?”

* * *

As part of Laura listened to Mandy explaining the basic premise of the three rooms she could explore at the club, the rest of her was mesmerised by those blue eyes, by the confidence Mandy exuded, and by the soft curves of her figure. She had longer hair than Laura remembered. Of course, its mid-brown colour was now shot through with grey, but the loose, slightly shaggy style suited her.

Mandy was maybe three or four years older than her. Like Laura, her figure had softened with age, but she wore it well. She also looked incredible in the black dress pants and dark blue, open-necked shirt she wore tucked into them. Small diamond earrings, two pairs in each ear, were her only jewellery. She exuded a casual classiness that was ridiculously attractive.

“All okay?” Mandy tilted her head.

Embarrassed at being caught staring, Laura nodded sharply. “Yeah, all good. Twenty quid, yes?”

“That’s right.” Mandy’s eyes sparkled. “Sorry, no mates’ rates.”

Laura laughed. “No worries.” She dug in her wallet for a twenty and handed it over.

The money was tucked into a cashbox on the desk. “Need a locker for your jacket?”

“That would be great.” Laura followed her down a dim hallway to a small room lined with lockers and pocketed the key once her jacket was safely stowed away.

“Well.” Mandy gestured to the door at the end of the hallway. “Enjoy your evening.” Her gaze met Laura’s, then flitted away.

“Yeah, uh, thanks.” *Okay, now this feels really weird.* “It was...it was good to see you again.”

“And you.” Mandy flushed a little and took a step back.

Laura wanted to say something but had no idea what. Somehow, the thought of stepping through the door into the heart of the club to find whatever excitement awaited her no longer held the same appeal as it had on the doorstep some fifteen minutes before. Strangely, all she wanted to do now was sit down with Mandy and talk, reminisce some, find out more about how Mandy had come to own this club.

Don’t be ridiculous. You barely know the woman! And Mandy had a business to run. She threw Mandy a smile and walked away.

The door from the hallway opened into a short passage that led to what Mandy had called the Green Room. While the lighting was dim, there was enough illumination to see that the

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room held at least twenty women, some of whom were already coupled up and hard at work along the walls and in the far corners.

Laura stood still for a moment, letting her eyes adjust to the new light level, then breathed in deeply before striding over to the bar. Maybe a drink would help, take her mind off her unexpected meeting just now.

“Hi, what can I get you?” The woman behind the bar had blonde curls which bounced as she moved and a welcoming smile.

“A white wine, if you have it.” Laura eased onto the tall stool at the far end of the bar; the seat gave her the best view of the room.

“Sure thing.”

A minute later, a chilled glass of wine was placed next to Laura’s elbow. After she’d paid, she swivelled in her seat to take in her surroundings. A high table stood in the centre of the room and a few women sat along its length, also watching the events round them. Some of the women seemed to be together, while the rest were clearly on their own.

She let her gaze roam. Cool music piped in from somewhere. Despite her strange mood following the interaction with Mandy, she couldn’t help but be aroused by everything around her. A couple to her left were fucking each other, if her eyesight didn’t fail her. The rhythm they set, the familiar in and out motion of their moving hands, stirred a longing in her that surprised her with its intensity.

As she sipped her wine, her face warmed the longer she stared at the couple. Was it okay to watch like this? To stare so openly? She looked around. Well, everyone else was watching someone just as intently as she was.

The couple ramped up their energy, their cries of ecstasy spilling into the room and causing hot and cold shivers to break out all over Laura's body. Her breathing had quickened in pace; she took a long slug of her wine to cool down. *Okay, good. Not dead yet, as suspected.*

She turned her attention to the rest of the room. There were four women leaning casually against the walls in various spots. Mandy had said leaning against a wall signalled your availability. *Could I do that? Just send that message out there?*

Not likely. What if no one gave her a second glance? No, if she was going to do anything, she'd have to be the one taking charge.

Yeah, that's how she'd played in the past, always being the one to step forward, to make the first move—like she'd done with Mandy that night back in Brixton.

The memory was stronger than she expected—it was those damn eyes of Mandy's. They'd pulled at her from across that dance floor back then, and with the way she moved her body to the music, it had been a no-brainer to stride over there, slip her arms around her and start grinding out the beat together—and, a few minutes later, to dip her head and kiss her, taste those full lips and know what that mouth felt like pressed against hers.

Come on, you're not here to look back. Tonight was supposed to be about moving on, looking ahead, about leaving the past behind. And, if it were possible, all the hurt.

Could she do it? Could she walk across the room, pick some cute thing and just get at it? The last woman she'd touched had been Kelly, over four years ago. They'd been so good together in bed. She'd never imagined then she'd be thinking one day about getting physical with someone else than her wife. Kelly's death

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had sent Laura's life on a path she didn't remotely want but had to walk anyway.

She couldn't ignore what her body had been telling her for a few months though. Or what it told her now, watching the women around her fuck at will. She thought about the hot kiss she'd seen in a lesbian romantic comedy on Netflix a few months previously and how the guilt had gnawed at her, as if she were betraying Kelly somehow by being aroused by it. But life had to go on, didn't it?

So here she was. This club was the best way to test out those desires—and those feelings of guilt—without risking her heart or anyone else's.

There was one spare stool at the centre table, so she claimed it quickly. The room had filled up while she'd mused at the bar, and she found herself pleased for Mandy that she'd created such a popular space. Good for her with going through with it.

She wondered if Mandy had a partner, either in the business or in life. That tall blonde in the office? Nah. Somehow, that didn't fit. *Wonder what her type is?* If she did have a life partner, what did they think of her running such a place? And if she didn't, did that mean she indulged here in the club whenever she felt the urge?

Okay, wait, why are you thinking about Mandy?

She inhaled deeply, then let her breath out slowly. Focus. She swept her gaze around the room. Too tall. Too skinny. Too young. Too redheaded.

She wanted to roll her eyes. *What are you, Goldilocks?* Surely anyone who looked nothing like Kelly would be good enough to not fuck with her mind, right?

Yeah, but I at least have to find them physically attractive, don't I?

To her left, someone walked into the main part of the room from the bar area, and Laura sat up a little in her seat. *Wow.* The newcomer was blonde, and the soft lighting in the ceiling picked out the highlights in her long hair, giving it the look of a golden halo around her head. She was curvaceous in a way that reminded Laura of those glamorous movie stars from the fifties and sixties. And she wore a dress which clung to all those curves. The top cut low into her cleavage with the thin straps probably working overtime to keep the whole thing up.

Please stay in this room, Laura found herself mentally chanting. *And please go lean up against a wall.* Vaguely, she noted that she now seemed to have no doubts about what she would do, given the chance. Clearly it had just needed someone with the right looks to banish her remaining doubts. She hadn't thought she was that shallow a person, not generally, but these were special circumstances, after all.

As soon as the blonde took up a spot at the wall towards the right side of the room, Laura strode across to meet her, single-minded in her purpose, her head held high. It almost felt like the old days, and that gave her even more confidence.

"Hi," the blonde said as Laura reached her.

"Hi yourself." Laura smiled at her. Inside, she quivered, but she hoped it didn't show in her expression.

The woman looked her up and down. "What's your name?"

Well, okay. Clearly, she'd seen something she liked. Laura's spine straightened even further. "Laura. You?"

"Toni."

Laura stared into her hazel eyes, then let her gaze roam over Toni's flawless skin, the pert little nose, the small dimple in the centre of her chin. She was perhaps in her mid-thirties, so at

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least not so young that Laura would feel odd about the age gap between them.

Toni let out a breath, then caught her bottom lip between her teeth. That lip was plump, deep pink with lipstick. The way Toni tugged on it sent a spike of desire rushing straight to Laura's clit.

It made her breath catch.

"What do you want?" Toni asked into the charged silence between them, her voice low and a little husky.

"I want...skin and to...feel you." Words weren't coming easily, but Toni's hum of pleasure told Laura she didn't need to worry.

She placed her hands on Toni's waist; warmth met her fingertips and seared through her.

Toni wet her lips.

Another wave of desire washed through Laura. Those lips looked so tempting. She'd thought kissing would be off the table tonight. Too intimate, personal. But looking at Toni's lips now, she wondered: would it feel that odd?

Toni kissed her, her lips tender but eager, and Laura didn't know whether to freeze or melt. The next moment, her body made it very clear she was overthinking everything, and she sank into Toni's caress. She placed her hands flat on the small of the woman's back and tugged her in closer. When Toni's hand cupped the back of her neck, pressing their mouths tight together, she surrendered to the hot wetness of that luscious mouth and parted her own lips.

The heat engendered by their tongues touching, then stroking, nearly made her knees buckle. Yes, kissing was an intimate thing, and yes, kissing a stranger in a darkened club full of anonymous people didn't compare to kissing the woman

she'd loved and married. But in this moment, with want aching through her pussy, Laura didn't care. Demons were being exorcised with every second, and she welcomed it.

Toni moaned and deepened the kiss when Laura wrapped her arms fully around her, melding their breasts, bellies, and thighs together.

The need inside her climbed to staggering proportions. She was on fire. She yearned to reach inside Toni's dress, cup her breasts, stroke through the wetness she hoped to find between her thighs. She shifted position to bring her thigh between Toni's legs and pushed gently against her. Her reward was a sucked-in breath and Toni's other hand clutching at her bicep.

"I really need to touch your skin." Laura stared into Toni's eyes. "Can I?"

Toni nodded, and before Laura could decide which part of skin she wanted to touch first, she grabbed one of Laura's hands and pulled it down towards the hemline of her dress.

Message received loud and clear. She ran her hand firmly up the bare thigh that awaited her. The warm skin that greeted her was almost softer than the fabric over it, and she groaned at the touch. She swept her hand upwards. A thin wisp of underwear greeted her fingertips, and she enjoyed slipping those same fingertips underneath it. It generated a soft gasp and a shudder.

She ran her hand around Toni's hip, beneath her underwear, and round to cup her ass, stroking and kneading the rounded globe. Toni's curves were sinfully sexy, and although desperation for things far more intimate coursed through Laura's veins, she wanted to enjoy as much of Toni as she could.

She seemed to be of the same mind, thrusting her ass back into Laura's hand. "Love that," she hissed into Laura's ear. "Use both hands."

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Laura did, cupping Toni's full behind and alternating soft strokes with firm grabs. She parted the cheeks, which provoked increasingly loud groans. After kissing Toni's neck, she dipped her head to lick across her collarbone, the bare skin of her upper chest, down into her cleavage. The heat there was incredible, the valley created by her breasts deep and enticing.

Thoughts of Kelly's breasts, full and so responsive, threatened to push their way to the forefront, and she almost physically shook her head to send them away. *No, not now.* Now was simply about enjoying being this physical again. It didn't mean anything more than that, and she didn't need to feel guilty about it.

Toni snaked a hand between them and up to one of the dress straps. She slid it off her shoulder and shimmied a little until it dropped past her bicep. She pulled the dress back from her breast, and Laura watched entranced as she let the full mound pop free of the fabric a few tantalising inches from Laura's mouth. A rosy-pink hard nipple stood to attention, signalling Toni's need better than words could.

Laura didn't waste any time answering that call; she bent farther, her hands still clasping Toni's ass, and swiped her tongue over the nipple.

"Fuuuuuck." Toni arched into her, pushing her breast against Laura's face.

She took full advantage, enclosing the nipple and a satisfying portion of breast with her mouth. She sucked hard, then pulled back a little and licked all around the nipple and areola before taking the nipple between her teeth. She didn't bite, merely held.

"Please," Toni begged, her voice a ragged whisper.

Laura bit—gently at first, then increasing the pressure the more Toni writhed against her. Her satisfaction at hearing the effect her touch had on Toni was probably out of proportion to events, but she smiled anyway.

Okay, none of the important stuff forgotten. And she was okay with this. More than okay—a fact which held more meaning. She wanted it, wanted to go further, to see if she could make Toni completely unravel.

She laved her tongue over the nipple, then went back again with her teeth, this time forceful before softening to a gentle nip.

“So good. Don’t stop that.” Toni looked down at her, and their gazes locked. “But if you want to move your hands to other places, that would also be good.” She grinned.

Laura chuckled against Toni’s breast but did as the lady asked. She gave her ass cheeks one last deep squeeze, then slid her hands around inside the skimpy underwear to the front of Toni’s body. A short fuzz of hair greeted her fingertips along with an exceptional amount of heat. “Mm, someone’s hot.”

She smiled up at Toni, whose eyes were heavy-lidded with desire. Laura stood, needing a break from the stooped position required to service Toni’s breasts.

As soon as she did, Toni lunged for her mouth once more, her kiss hungry and demanding, her tongue pushing deep. Laura answered with equal need, her pussy soaking wet, her clit throbbing against the confines of her tight boy shorts.

With her right hand on Toni’s hip, she held the fingertips of her left hand just above Toni’s clit, wanting to prolong the moment before she dipped into the wetness she was sure awaited her.

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Toni tensed a little, pulling back from the kiss, her breathing heavy. She licked her lips. There was an uncertainty in her eyes that hadn't been there before.

"You okay?" Laura stilled everything in her body and held her gaze. "Want to stop?"

Toni shook her head, licked her lips once more. "No, it's..." Her gaze darted away, and she exhaled deeply. "Can you not...go inside me?" She spoke so quietly, Laura was sure she wouldn't have heard her if they hadn't been pressed so close together.

"Of course." Laura waited until Toni met her eyes once more. "If that's not something you want, I totally respect that."

The relief was obvious, not only in Toni's eyes but in the way her body relaxed, as if a moment before she had been made of steel and now was purely jelly. She shook a little as she leaned in for a soft kiss.

"Hey." Laura pressed a little closer. "You okay?"

Toni nodded, but her blush was obvious even in this dim light. "Yes. I... Everyone always seems to expect it, and I really don't like it. It's always so awkward bringing it up, and sometimes I've had women here get really weird with me about it."

"Jesus." Laura stared at her. "Seriously? God, I'm so sorry about that. You have every right to say what you want or don't want, and anyone who doesn't respect that is an asshole." Coming here, it had never occurred to her that everyone wouldn't be that respectful of each other's wishes. *Christ, how naive of me.*

"Thank you." Toni smiled, then puffed out a breath. "Didn't mean to spoil the moment."

“You didn’t.” Laura kissed her, a rush of tenderness filling her at the courage of this woman she didn’t know. “So, what *do* you like?”

“Well”—Toni wrapped her arms around Laura’s shoulders—
“I have very sensitive labia, and I love having them stroked.”

Laura’s entire pussy clenched at the thought.

“And my clit, although a little on the small side, is super sensitive, so if you use some of my wetness to coat it thoroughly before you start rubbing it, that helps to, um, prolong things.”

Laura groaned. “Oh my God, you’re killing me.”

The look of pride on Toni’s face was exactly what Laura wanted to see. Given that Toni had not had the best of times here before, it amazed Laura that she was back and willing to try again. She was going to give Toni everything she wanted. Whatever that was, she knew it would completely satisfy her too.

“You’ll be killing me too.” Toni’s expression turned sultry. “If you don’t move your fingers soon...”

Smiling, Laura once again gave Toni what she asked for. Spreading her forefinger and middle finger wide, she caressed lightly over Toni’s outer labia. The lips were bare, and the softness of them was a delight to her senses.

Toni moaned and her eyelids fluttered shut. “Yes...”

Laura swept equally slowly and lightly back along those same labia until her fingertips hovered once more just above Toni’s trimmed pubic hair.

Toni pushed towards her hand.

“More?” Laura teased, licking at Toni’s bottom lip before kissing her again.

Toni’s hips thrust even harder in the direction of Laura’s hand.

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“Well, okay, then. If you feel that strongly about it.” Laura smirked.

Toni’s chuckle transformed into a husky groan as Laura brushed her two fingers down the length of the woman’s labia, then dipped quickly into the copious, warm wetness that had pooled between them. She dragged that wetness back with her fingers as she reversed her path, and this time Toni gasped.

“Good?” Laura was determined to regularly check in, something she had been prone to do with Kelly. With what Toni had shared with her, it seemed even more important to do so in this encounter.

“Very.” Toni’s voice was a rasp against Laura’s mouth. “Fuck, I’m so wet.”

“Yes, you are. It’s fantastic.” And it was. Knowing she could make someone feel like this made *her* feel about ten feet tall.

Toni kissed her hard.

She stroked Toni’s tongue with her own, stroking her pussy lips at the same time. The smoothness of them, lubricated with Toni’s juices, nearly robbed Laura of breath. She coated her fingers with even more fluid, then traced circles and figures of eight over Toni’s labia, loving the soft whimpers and moans her actions elicited. When she slid both fingers into the hot, wet channel between the outer and inner labia, both of them groaned into each other’s mouths.

“Fuck, that’s hot.” Laura’s voice was a hoarse, desire-filled croak. She was so turned on it was painful. And yet, she knew she still wasn’t quite ready to be touched herself. It was easy to gently nudge Toni’s hands away when she made to slip them under Laura’s shirt. “I’m good,” she said, making sure to look into her eyes as she said it. “I just want to touch you, okay?”

Toni pouted, then smiled. “If you’re sure.”

“Totally.” Laura shifted position so she could take her free hand up to Toni’s exposed breast. She pinched the nipple, rolling it between her fingers, and then rubbed into Toni’s wetness again with the other hand.

Toni’s eyes closed as her head tipped back. “Yes. Fuck, *yes*.”

Laura began a steady rhythm, rolling the nipple while stroking back and forth through Toni’s wet pussy. She kept away from her clit for now, although it was hard to resist. Toni’s swollen labia cocooned her fingers in their wet warmth and set her blood racing. She massaged Toni’s breast, the fullness of it just enough to fill her hand, the nipple a hard bud pushing into her palm.

“Please, now.” Toni’s voice was strained, her fingers frantic, as she clasped Laura’s hips.

“Now?” Laura prolonged the moment, dipping once more into Toni’s wetness, dragging her fingers once more up and down her drenched pussy.

“Oh God, yes!”

Laura watched Toni’s face as she moved her fingers up to her clit. Her pleasure was evident; her cheeks had flushed, her eyelids fluttered and her lips stayed parted. She found Toni’s clit hard and ready—small, as Toni had said, but standing up eager for some attention.

The sound that escaped Toni’s throat as Laura slowly stroked up her clit, then down, was part gasp, part groan. Laura pressed harder, rubbed a little faster, and Toni bucked against her. She moved her fingers even faster, using two pressed flatly against the hard nub to apply even pressure while she upped her pace.

Toni gasped for breath, her lips close to Laura’s ear.

The sound spurred Laura on, as did the thrusting of Toni’s hips. She briefly left Toni’s clit to coat her fingers again, then

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returned to her mission of making Toni come apart all over her hand. Her fingers were so wet, slipping over Toni with ease, sometimes stroking the hood, sometimes parting and rubbing the sides. Whatever she did, Toni responded with moans and thrusts, but when she pressed more firmly with the flats of her fingers, she knew she'd found exactly the right spot.

Toni sucked in a breath and went rigid in her arms. In the next moment, she let out a low, keening cry. She humped against Laura's hand as her orgasm took hold and pressed her lips to Laura's ear. "Yes. Yes. Yes."

Laura kept up her movement, keeping up the pressure. Her entire body strained with the effort of holding Toni against her, fearing she'd slide down the wall if she didn't. The heat and wetness between Toni's legs seemed to increase tenfold, but that was a burden Laura was happy to bear. She'd never thought she'd experience the feel of a woman coming in her arms again, and certainly not with a complete stranger she'd met only twenty minutes before. That life was supposed to have been gone, and she'd been okay with that.

"You can stop now." Toni's voice was hoarse.

Laura stilled her fingers; she'd tuned Toni out while pondering her own reactions. "Want me to stay there or move away?"

"Away would be good. Super sensitive now."

Laura eased her fingers away from that lovely wet heat, then out of Toni's underwear altogether. She held her hand away from them, not wanting either of them to have to wear the evidence of Toni's pleasure on their clothes.

"That was pretty amazing." Toni leaned in to kiss her. "Thank you."

“You’re very welcome. I’m glad I could do that for you.” *And for me.* Confirmation her sex life didn’t have to be over was gratefully received. The tricky thing would be working out what this meant for her longer term.

More of this? Quick, relatively unemotional encounters in this club? Or use this as a stepping stone to something more meaningful? But that would involve her heart once more, something she really wasn’t sure she had the strength for yet.

“Are you sure you’re okay? Need anything?” Toni’s voice was a mix of sexy come-on and concern.

Laura blinked, then shook her head. “No, honestly. I’m good. That was... Thank you.” What could she say? Thanks for letting me blow away the cobwebs? Scratch an itch?

“Well, okay.” Toni let go of Laura’s hips and straightened slightly. She reached for her dress strap still hanging down around her elbow.

Laura blushed. She still held Toni’s breast in her hand. She dropped her hold with a sheepish grin.

Toni chuckled, fixed her dress back into place, then gave Laura a quick peck on her lips. “Thanks. I’m going to wash up now. Enjoy the rest of your night.”

The words were said with some warmth, but it was still a dismissal.

Laura backed away and made room for Toni to be able to walk past her. She watched her go, these curvy hips swaying with a natural sass and grace. “Thanks,” she murmured after her before flopping against the wall. She’d head to the bathrooms too in a moment, but she’d give Toni some time alone in there first. It would seem even more strange to make small talk as they cleaned up.

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She found a tissue in her pocket and cleaned up her fingers as best she could while she waited. Her thoughts buzzed as she replayed what had happened and how it had all made her feel. Satisfied, yes. Relieved too. But also, somehow, strangely empty. Apart from the moment of tenderness she'd felt when assuring Toni it was okay to ask for what she did—and didn't—want, what they'd shared had been quick, physical, enjoyable but singularly lacking in shared emotions. She'd done that many times in the past, and it had been just what she needed...then. Now, twenty years older and wiser, her emotional landscape filled with remembered love and pain, it was easy to see that encounters like tonight's weren't a long-term option.

The club had been good to her for one night, but that was all she wanted.

* * *

Mandy drummed her fingers on the desk, then realised what she was doing and snatched her hand away. *You're being ridiculous.*

"You okay?" Dee asked.

"Fine." She reached for her tea but grimaced when she found it cold. Well, at least making a fresh cup would give her something to do and stop her thinking about Laura.

There, she'd admitted it to herself. She was thinking about Laura, and she had no idea why.

After Laura had disappeared into the Green Room, Mandy had taken a moment in the office, waiting for her heated face to cool. Blushing over the haziest memories of a quick fuck with the woman twenty-five years previously was beyond silly. But the last thing she wanted was for Dee to see that blush and think—well, whatever she'd think.

“She someone you know? I haven’t seen her here before, and I’m pretty sure I’d remember because she’s hot.” Dee’s tone was playful.

Mandy’s blush deepened, and she silently cursed her observant assistant. Then her brain decided to go on a quest down memory lane and see what it could dig up from that night all those years ago.

She spoke before she could think about whether it was a good idea or not. “Yes, Laura and I knew each other many years ago, although only briefly.”

Dee grinned. “Yeah?”

Mandy snorted. “All right, I’ll tell you. She was the woman I was with the night I got hit by that homophobe. Remember, I told you?”

“Oh yeah! Right, okay, it’s all clicking into place now—the thing you said was the last straw for you and London.”

“Yes. I never hit the clubs again and left the country a few weeks later.”

“And Laura?”

“Well, obviously I never saw her again, although, apparently, she hunted for me in those weeks after, hoping to see I was okay and apologise for not doing more that night.”

“Ah, sweet! She sounds nice. Like someone you should get to know again. And you know, she *is* hot.” She mimed wiping her brow.

“Shut up.”

Dee laughed. “Oh, come on. I saw the way you were looking at her just now.”

Mandy scowled. *I’m fifty-five years old. Crushes like this were supposed to have been left behind in my teens.* “I was not.” *Oh, good, now I even sound like a teenager.*

“Hey.” Dee’s voice was soft.

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Mandy raised a quizzical eyebrow.

“What would be the harm in it?” She tilted her head. “I saw the way she looked at you too.”

“I don’t have time for any...entanglements. I run a business that needs all of my attention. You know about Rebecca and how that left me feeling. Never mind the fact that I’ve never done an actual relationship in my whole life. It’s a bit late to start that now, isn’t it? So, it doesn’t matter how attractive Laura is or how she looks at me.”

And she is currently getting down and dirty with someone else only a few metres away. So it was even more silly to think about Laura that way, wasn’t it?

“Mandy, at the risk of embarrassing you more, I think you have a lot to offer someone, no matter your past or how busy you think you are now. Because this place does *not* take up all your time. I get that you might be nervous starting over with someone at your age, but if you’d just try...”

Mandy sighed. “It’s not that easy.” She hadn’t told Dee the whole truth, but their friendship didn’t run quite deep enough for her to reveal everything about how she was feeling lately.

They looked at each other in silence for a moment, then Dee stood. “I’ll leave you alone for a little while. Check on the bars.”

Mandy nodded but didn’t say anything; her brain was too full of thoughts of the past and how she’d managed her life up this point.

She finished making her tea and returned to her desk. She’d only just sat down when she heard Dee say to someone, “Sure, I’ll just see if she’s free.”

Dee poked her head round the door to the office. Her eyes sparkled with suppressed mirth. "Laura's wondering if you have a minute to chat."

Mandy swallowed and admonished her heart for beating so fast. She stood, straightened her shirt, and walked to the door.

Laura hovered in the hallway, away from the front door, her hands tucked into her jacket pockets.

Oh, leaving so soon? Did that mean she hadn't...?

"Hey." Laura gave Mandy a small, nervous smile.

"Hello, again." Mandy smiled back; she couldn't help it, even as her rational brain wondered why she wasn't being professional and aloof. She motioned for Laura to join her in the office. "So, um, how was your evening?"

Laura's blush was sweet and told Mandy everything she needed to know. Irritation spiked in her at the flicker of jealousy curling in her belly.

"It's a great club. You should be really proud of yourself." Laura pulled her hands from her pockets and meshed her fingers together, twisting and turning them.

"I am." Mandy smiled. "I'm glad you like it." She was, no matter her irrational reaction to Laura actually enjoying herself here.

"Listen." Laura took one step forward, her gaze darting away then back again. "I don't know if this will sound a bit odd, but..." She licked her lips. "I'm here all weekend, and I wondered if you maybe fancied meeting for lunch, or just a coffee, tomorrow? If you have time? I'd love to catch up, talk with someone from the old days and all that." Her hands twisted even more fervently in front of her.

If she said no, that would be the end of it. It was highly unlikely Laura would return, and even if she did, it would

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be purely as a punter. She'd probably never see Laura again, and she could forget all about these strange feelings seeing her tonight had produced.

"Yes, *but...*" she could imagine Dee saying. "*What if?*"

Mandy had never yearned for a relationship as her acquaintances did. She'd never been into all the hearts and flowers romantic stuff, or even the idea of monogamy—except when she'd fallen in love with the unattainable Rebecca. But somehow, in her fifties, after the heartbreak of losing Rebecca, she'd found herself sometimes wondering what it would be like to actually date someone. To learn about a new person and discover what kind of woman she would fit with, could perhaps build something with. Share more than just sex with.

It was odd that—as the owner of a club offering women the opportunity to indulge in just sex with anyone they wanted, any way they wanted—she should suddenly be shying away from that for herself. But she'd also been someone who'd always listened to her body and her needs. And lately, her body—and soul, for want of a better word—had been telling her she was lonely, no matter what half-truths she'd told Dee only minutes before.

"I think lunch sounds like a great idea." She smiled when Laura's eyes widened in surprise. "I know a great place, if you don't mind me recommending?"

"Not at all." Laura cleared her throat, and finally a smile graced her lips. "Just say when and where and I'll be there, ready and willing."

It was so wrong that those eager words conjured up all sorts of possibilities in Mandy's head that had nothing to do with lunch.

Wasn't it?

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THE CLUB
REVISITED

BY A.L. BROOKS

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