

Cheating Heart

(By: Ann Douglas)

"Excuse me, is this the room for the aerobics class?" asked a soft musical voice from behind Karen.

"That it is," Karen said as she started to turn around. "In fact, I'm your instructor, Karen..." The dark haired woman stopped in mid-sentence as she turned and looked into the most beautiful green eyes she have ever seen. They belonged to an oriental girl about 22, a few inches shorter than Karen's 5'7". Try as she could, Karen couldn't bring to mind a word to describe her features. Beautiful was not right, and cute not enough. Classic was the best Karen could do, and even that didn't seem really right.

"Excuse me," Karen said, realizing she was staring. "My name is Karen O'Brien, and like I started to say before I forgot how to speak was that I'm the instructor for the course."

"Keiko Yamaguchi," She smiled. "And I guess you're the person that I want to see. Is it ok to join in just for tonight's class. I'm only in town for a few days so I really don't want to have to join some kind of membership."

"Well, the people who run this YWCA usually from on that kind of thing, they're really big on collecting dues and such." Karen answered, finding herself getting lost in those emerald pools. "But I guess I can sneak you in, just don't mention it to anyone else ok?"

"Thanks, I appreciate it." The Japanese woman said and headed for the locker room. As she walked away, Karen found herself staring at her swaying ass. I'm getting as bad as those jocks in the gym, she thought to herself. Still, it was a really nice ass.

Halfway through the class, Karen was having a hard time keeping her mind on the exercise routines. She kept stealing glances at Keiko in the far end of the third row. This is silly, she told herself, I'm acting like a swooning teenage. Not only am I sixteen years older than her, but I've been in a relationship with Amanda for almost five years now. She's probably not even into girls anyway. After repeating all the arguments to herself, Karen still found Ms. Yamaguchi the center of her attention. True the age difference might be a dozen years, nearly double that which separated her and Amanda. Also true that she'd always been attracted to older women. Yet times and tastes change, and after all, Amanda had been gone for the last four months. It would still be another three weeks before she returned from the oceanic research cruise the College had sent her on. Then again, as in the past, this was after all just a harmless little fantasy.

Something to help keep her warm when she crawled into her empty bed later that night. Finally the class was over and the large group of women headed for the showers. Karen stood behind and picked up a few loose items. She was wiping the sweat from her face when she realized she wasn't alone. Turning, she was again face to face with Keiko Yamaguchi.

"I just wanted to thank you again for letting me into the class," She said, her voice like a musical instrument. "You're really very good at this, if I was going to be around longer I'd definitely sign up for the course."

"Thanks for the compliment," Karen smiled, trying very hard not to be aware of Keiko's sweat covered breasts a few feet in front of her. While not very large, they were in perfect proportion to her size. "I really only do this part time. During the daytime hours I'm usually a research assistant over at WRDJ, Channel 3. This just gives me a chance to keep in shape and make a little extra doing it."

"That's funny....." Keiko laughed. "I'm with Channel 8 out in Los Angeles, I was out here doing a feature piece on the trade conference and decided to stay the weekend. I've never been to New York before."

"You're a reporter?" Karen asked, suddenly interested in more than the young woman's breasts.

"Well feature stories only so far, but I'm working my way up. This was the first out of town assignment I've ever gotten. I take that as a big plus."

"I used to dream of being the person who actually went out and got the news," Karen said. "But research was as far as I ever got."

"Well I'm sure that was Channel 3's loss." Keiko replied.

"Everyone else's already showered," Karen said, changing the subject. "We'd better hurry before there's no more hot water."

As the two women showered, Karen's thoughts again turned erotic. She felt the little tingles from between her legs as she watched Keiko soap up her body. After watching dozens of out of shape housewives over the last few months, it was a joy to admire such a fine body. While Keiko had her back to her, Karen slid a wet soapy finger into her own pussy and softly rubbed against the clit, thinking how nice it would feel to help the golden skinned woman wash. A stream of soap tinged water ran down the crack of that beautiful ass as Karen wished she could just walk over and kiss her soapy box.

When the Japanese woman began to wash and squeeze those bouncy round breasts, Karen had to bite down to keep from moaning in admiration. She knew what the subject of her dreams tonight would be. Drying themselves in the locker room, Karen

kept her eyes on anything but Keiko. She was sure she had been too obvious in the shower and didn't want to compound it out here among the other women.

"Damn Amanda for going on the research trip," She thought, "Leaving me alone all this time." As a Professor of Oceanic Studies, Amanda Bishop could easily take six months off to engage in research, but Karen wasn't so lucky. That had always been one of the sticking points of their relationship - the difference in their economic and social standings. It had come up before, but had always vanished as soon as they were in bed together. That was one of the reasons Karen had taken this part time job at the Y, so she could pay an equal share of the expenses.

"Karen?" Keiko said as she walked over and sat down beside Karen who was trying her sneakers. "Do you have any dinner plans?"

"Dinner plans?" Karen asked questioningly.

"Well I was planning to go out to dinner after the class, and I really hate eating alone. Besides, I owe you for the class."

Karen thought about it for a few moments. Thought of what Amanda would think of her having dinner with a woman half the Oceanographer's age. She knew Amanda was always jealous of her spending time with other women, but then again, Amanda was over six thousand miles away. "No plans, I'd love to join you." Karen answered with a wide smile. "Just let me lock up and I'll be right with you."

Dinner turned out to be at Georgio's, one of the best Italian Restaurants on the Upper East Side. By the time the desert came, Karen felt like she'd know Keiko months instead of a few hours. At first she was worried how she'd skirt around the issue of her lesbianism. Normally she didn't care who knew it, but some people were very put off by it. Her usual attitude was, hey this is what I am, if you don't like it - tough! But she really didn't want Keiko to dislike her for any reason. For the first time in months, she was really enjoying herself. And the question of whether she had a man in her life never even came up.

"Will there be anything else?" The waiter asked?

"No, that will be it." Keiko said as the waiter placed the check on the table and she reached into her purse for her credit card.

"I wish you'd let me at least pay for my own dinner?" Karen said, her old habit of wanting to pay her own way cropping up.

"Nonsense," Keiko said as she placed her credit card on the small tray. "I did invite you after all. Besides, it all goes on my expense account."

As Keiko again reached for her card and the receipt upon the waiter's return, Karen spotted something she had totally overlooked earlier. There on the Japanese woman's slender left hand was a gold wedding band. She was married!

The black haired woman's heart sunk as her little bubble burst. Sure it had all been a fantasy, but she wanted it to end on a happy note. Why hadn't she spotted it earlier. As they left the restaurant and walked down the street, Keiko felt the change in Karen.

"Is there something wrong?"

"No, nothing," Karen answered, forcing a smile. "Its just been a long day and all."

"Oh, I'm so sorry I've kept you out so late." Keiko said apologetically. "I've been enjoying myself so much that I've completely lost track of the time."

"I guess it is kind of late and you must be wanting to get back to your hotel," Karen said as she looked at her watch and noted that it was almost 11. "Its about 08:00 in LA, you might want to call your husband before you turn in."

"Husband?" Keiko asked, a puzzled look on her face. "What makes you think I'm married?"

"Well the ring for one thing."

"The ring.... Omigosh I forgot I was even wearing it." Keiko exclaimed as she looked down at her hand. "I've been divorced for almost two years now."

"And you still wear his ring?"

"Well actually, this one's a family heirloom, it belonged to my grandmother. I usually wear it to discourage guys. You know, they find out your single and right away all you are is another skirt to get into. They have a hard time taking you serious after that."

"I know the feeling." Karen said, her smile returning with the news. As they walked and talked, Karen noted that they were only two blocks from her apartment.

"Since you bought the dinner, would you like to come up for a nightcap?" Karen asked apprehensively. "We can call you a cab from the apartment." After a long moment, Keiko said she would love to.

"Make yourself comfortable," Karen said as she turned to lock the door behind them.

"Nice place," Keiko said as she admired a row of photos on the mantelpiece. "Your roommate?" She asked as she spotted a photo of Karen and Amanda taken last year.

"Er yes..." Karen replied. "She's away right now."

"This really is a lovely apartment," Keiko said as she dropped the subject and moved on. "So unlike the decor you find in Los Angeles."

Karen quickly poured the nightcaps and handed one to Keiko. "New friends," She said raising her glass.

"Definitely!" Keiko responded as she took a drink. After they both finished the toast, Karen again looked into those haunting green eyes. Less than a foot separated them and she felt flush. She knew she should call for the cab, but she didn't want her fantasy evening to end. She then leaned forward and kissed Keiko on the lips. The kiss lasted just a second, and once it was done, Karen took a step back. She looked into the oriental girl's face for a reaction but found only the same calmness it had all evening. Then, suddenly, her face widened into a smile. "Oh God," Karen exclaimed. "I wanted to do that all evening. I just wasn't sure how you would take it."

"To tell the truth," Keiko answered. "Until this moment, neither did I." She then took a step forward and returned the kiss. This time they embraced and held the kiss much longer.

"This night has been so wonderful," Karen said, still holding her. "And I'll understand if you want to leave."

"Actually, I was thinking it might be pretty nice to stay." was Keiko's reply. Karen's face just glowed at the response.

Karen quickly led the short haired oriental to the couch and kissed her once again. This time the kiss was long and deep. She felt Keiko's mouth open, allowing her tongue easy access. Their tongues met and began to dart in and out of each others mouths. While this exchange took place, Karen began to unbutton Keiko's blouse, slipping her hand within. The Japanese woman's body trembled as she felt the Irish girl slip her hand inside her bra. Her hand cupped the small breasts and soon her fingers began to work their magic on the small nipples. Keiko let out a soft moan, just to let Karen know that she wanted her to continue. The rest of the buttons quickly followed and soon the light blue blouse was on the floor. The half cup bra joined it, giving Karen a good look at the golden mounds she had only glimpsed in the shower.

"They're beautiful...." Karen smiled.

"They're too small..." Keiko countered.

"Nonsense," Karen retorted as she cupped one in each hand. "Anything more than a mouthful goes to waste anyway." With that her mouth was on the dark brown nipples, her tongue covering the small protruding tips.

"Oh that's nice..." Keiko sighed as she felt the wetness of the white girl's mouth. Karen continued to make oral love to the Oriental's breasts, even as her hands moved down and undid the clips of Keiko's skirt. Keiko shifted a little, lifting her ass off the couch. With a quick tug, the skirt and panties now topped the growing pile of clothes.

Karen began to kiss downward, covering the golden belly, converging on the small triangle of hair below. She was fascinated by the absence of any real body hair. What little there was around Keiko's mound was trimmed tight against the skin. Her own bush was quite large and full, in preference to Amanda's taste. Her fingers stroked the outer walls of Keiko's pussy, then Karen moved closer and kissed it in the center. She could smell Keiko's perfume, it was obvious that she had put some there at the gym. As she continued to kiss the outer edges, she slipped a finger inside. Soon it was followed by a second, then a third. Finally it was followed by her probing tongue.

Keiko had stretched her legs as far apart as she could, balancing herself on the back of the couch. For the moment she was content to just lay back and enjoy Karen's ministrations. She couldn't help but note how much nicer it felt than any of the men who had eaten her. Those few who had been willing to even try she corrected herself. For a good ten minutes Karen thrust her eager tongue in and out of the cavity of oriental delight. Every woman tasted different, but Keiko was somehow ever more unique. Perhaps it was just her imagination, perhaps not.

"I want to see you naked!" Keiko said as she pulled Karen away. "I want to make love to you too." Karen stood and began to slowly pull her shirt over her head. She reached up and played with her large 36 inch breasts, still within the confines of her bra. Those beautiful emerald eyes were riveted on her hand as she undid the front clasp and sent the white material floating to the floor. As they popped free, she grabbed a breast in each hand and gave them a playful squeeze. She had never really been impressed by breast size, but she could tell Keiko was. She leaned forward, one knee on the couch and lifted her right breast to Keiko's mouth. The Japanese girl reached out with her tongue and lightly licked the already erect nipple. After a third pass with her tongue, she reached up and guided the whole of Karen's aureole into her waiting mouth.

Keiko sucked tenderly at first, like the newborn she in a way was. Then her motions became stronger and she pulled more and more flesh into her mouth. While she suckled at the first breasts, her free hand sought out the second and fondled it. Soon she switched positions and lifted the other nipple to her mouth. Karen let her take her time exploring the new sensation, remembering her own first experience with a woman. Her own delight at the first time she had actually touched another woman's body.

Running her fingers through Keiko's short almost boyish hair, she whispered sweet words of encouragement. Words that translated into an increased desire by Keiko to please her. Keiko then began to move her attentions down Karen's body, duplicating the motion Karen had used on her earlier. Have to give her credit,

Karen said to herself, she's a fast learner. Keiko's first attempts at cunnilingus were awkward, even a little rough. Karen reached down and pulled her own lips aside for the neophyte lover, giving her a clear view of her objective.

"Take your time," She whispered. "Just lick it softly, it'll come to you." Sure enough, after a few minutes, Keiko began to develop a rhythm of her own and began to send little sparks into the walls of Karen's love tunnel. I was right, Karen congratulated herself, defiantly a fast learner. Soon Keiko was rewarded with her first tastes of girl-cum as Karen's body began to respond in earnest.

"Let's move to the floor." Karen said as she guided Keiko into a 69 position. "That way we can both enjoy it."

For the next half hour, the two women lapped at each other, taking turns increasing and decreasing their passion. Karen knew she was close, but was determined to hold off until Keiko was ready. It wasn't long, and both women exploded in unison. Globes of hot cum gushed from each as they each buried their face in the other's mound. Keiko had never experienced an orgasm like this and she wanted it to go on and on. Her face was covered with love-juice, but she continued to lick away between Karen's legs. But all good things must end as they say and finally both were exhausted. For twenty minutes they laid entangled in each others arms. Their bodies covered with sweat and cum, they silently kissed and licked each other.

"I'm so glad I met you tonight," Keiko said softly. "I'd never have had the courage to try something like this back home."

"I'm just as glad to have met you," Karen replied as she kissed Keiko's breast. "It's been so long since I've felt this good. I wish I could....."

Just then she was interrupted by the ringing of the phone. She let it ring a second time, thinking she should let the machine pick it up. Then she decided to answer it.

"Hello?" She said, continuing to play with Keiko's breasts.

"Karen.....can you hear me?" Came the voice on the phone. It was a few seconds before Karen realized it was Amanda's voice.

"Amanda?"

"Hi lover, you don't know how delightful it is to hear your voice." replied the voice over the receiver. "I'm in Los Angeles."

"Is something wrong?" Karen asked as she let go of Keiko's breast and lifted herself into a sitting position. "I thought you would still be out at sea for another few weeks."

"We had engine problems and had to cut the trip short. I have to wrap up a few loose ends out here over the weekend, but I should be home by Sunday night."

"That's great..." Karen said, wondering if she really meant it.

"Karen, there's something I want to say, something I don't want to wait for Sunday for you to hear."

"Yes...."

"Baby, I love you, I don't think I've ever realized how much until the last few weeks. At first I was so involved in my work that I didn't see how much I hurt you by just up and leaving like that. Then as I began to miss you more and more, I knew that no work was worth leaving you again."

"Oh God Mandy, you don't know how long I've waited to hear you say that. I can't wait for you to get home."

"Well Sunday's only another day and a half, It'll go by quickly. I hope you've been taking care of yourself. I was passing a phone in the hotel lobby, we haven't even checked in yet, and I suddenly felt the need to call you. Have you eaten dinner? I know how you get after those Friday night classes at the Y, you get so worked up you forget to eat at all."

At Amanda's mention of the aerobic class, Karen suddenly remembered Keiko was lying beside her. For the moment she was at a loss for words.

"Karen...are you there?"

"Er yes.....I'm here," She said as she saw Keiko sit up and smile. "Must be the connection." Keiko brought her finger up to her lips and signaled silence. There was no need for Karen to mention her lapse of fidelity.

"I was asking if you've been remembering to eat?"

"Oh yes, don't worry about that, I brought a little Japanese home after the class, it was delicious." Karen said, smiling as Keiko.

"I didn't know you liked Japanese." Amanda said.

"It's a newly acquired taste." came Karen's answer.

"Honey, Dr. Walsh is calling for me to catch up. I have to go. I'll be on Continental Flight 203 on Sunday, we'll get in about 5:30."

"Fine, I'll pick you up then."

"Good-bye love, and when I get home I want to start over. As far as I'm concerned, anything that happened before 5:30 Sunday never existed."

"That's fine by me, I love you too."

"All right in the world with your lover? Keiko asked.

"Yeh," Karen said sheeplessly. "I guess Sunday will be a new beginning, this time maybe we can make it work."

"I'm glad, maybe when I get back to LA I'll be able to find someone as nice as you."

"I'm sure you will." Karen said, feeling a little awkward. "Listen, Keiko, about tonight....."

Keiko placed her outstretched finger on Karen's lips. "What happened within these four walls will always remain here." She said. "When I walk out that door, all that will bind us are memories. A memory I for one will cherish."

Karen just had to reach out and embrace Keiko. Another time and place things might've been very different. But deep down she knew she had to give Amanda her chance at that fresh start.

"You know, " Karen said in a quiet voice. "You don't have to walk out that door right this minute."

Keeping to her word, the Japanese woman never looked back when she walked out the door - early Sunday afternoon.

END