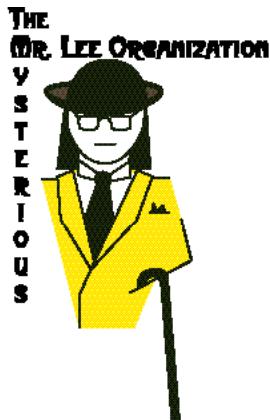


Missy, Jd, and the Night



"Let's watch it up in my room," Melissa says as they walk in her house with the video.

"Okay."

Melissa smiles at her. "Will you carry the tv set up? I think you're stronger than me."

Jackie Lee holds her arms out and flexes her muscles in a hammy body builder pose. Melissa reaches out and feels her bicep, running her finger slowly along the depression between the bicep and tricep. "Wow. You've really got great definition."

They bring the tv and vcr up to Melissa's room and place them on the table across from the bed. Melissa grabs her bounty of pillows and throws them against the wall, so they can lean back against them and face the tv. Jackie Lee puts in the tape—*Thelma and Louise*.

"I love this tape. Do you want some Diet Coke and popcorn?" Melissa has a sneaky smile on, as if there were something nefarious about Diet Coke and popcorn.

"Sure. Do you have regular Coke or orange?"

"Probably," Melissa comes up behind Jackie Lee and says quietly, "but do you want to put jd in your orange pop?"

"You have Jack Daniels?" Jackie Lee is surprised, but she doesn't know why, exactly, since she's seen Melissa getting stoned at parties before.

Melissa leans against her and says in her ear, "Do you want some?"

Jackie Lee feels weird. Melissa is right next to her, wanting her to drink. When she was a stoner, she'd always drink with a friend, but now that she's not a stoner, it feels like cheating to drink. On the other hand, Melissa is a straight-a student, so drinking with her wouldn't be like drinking with Steve or Jamie. She bites her lip.

"Maybe a little bit."

Melissa squeezes her hand. "Cool."

They go down to the kitchen. Mrs. Vulpino is in the kitchen, drinking a glass of water. She's wearing a fancy fancy dress and looks as beautiful as Melissa, but even more elegant. Mr. Vulpino isn't very attractive at all—he has some kind of skin condition and a ugly nose. Melissa's lucky that she looks like her mom.

"Hi, Jackie Lee. Melissa, we're going to Eugene for a movie, so we won't be home until late. Are you and Jackie Lee going out tonight?"

"No, we rented a movie. We're going to hang out here. Can Jackie Lee stay over if it gets late?"

"Sure. Do you want pancakes in the morning?" Mrs. Vulpino washes her glass in the sink and puts it in the dish drainer.

"Yeah. Have a good time, mom." She kisses her mom on the cheek. She puts a bag of popcorn in the microwave and grabs four Diet Cokes from the refrigerator.

They bring the snacks up to Melissa's room. Melissa goes into her closet and pulls down a shoe box. She opens it up and takes out a half-empty fifth of Jack Daniels.

"This seems like the *Thelma and Louise* thing." Melissa pours a big shot into each of their glasses and fills them up with Diet Coke. "Shit. I didn't bring any ice up. Do you mind?" Melissa looks at her with puppy dog eyes.

Jackie Lee laughs. "No. I've never seen this flick. You like it a lot?"

Melissa hands her a drink, turns off the light and sits down next to her on the bed. "Yeah, this is my favorite film. Thelma and Louise just kick ass on all these sleezy guys. I won't tell you the rest, but its pretty stoned."

Jackie Lee tastes her drink. It's incredibly stiff, like the drinks Steve makes when he wants to get drunk as fast as he can without resorting to shots. Melissa swirls her drink around in her mouth before swallowing. She leans over towards Jackie Lee and breathes on her, the smell of jd overwhelming. "I guess it's a good thing my parents are gone, huh?"

Jackie Lee laughs and starts the vcr.

By the time the movie is over, Jackie Lee is feeling buzzed, even a little bit drunk. Melissa's probably beyond buzzed. She's leaning her head on Jackie Lee's shoulder and laughs much louder than she normally does at the jokes towards the end of the film. She wipes her eyes when Thelma and Louise go over the canyon edge at the end.

She pulls her head up and grins at Jackie Lee. "Did you like it?"

Jackie Lee nods her head and stretches her arms. "Yeah. I thought it was stoned, but it seemed kind of stupid that they didn't give themselves up. That cop guy acted like he was pretty cool."

Melissa sinks down on the bed, lying next to Jackie Lee. "I guess you're right. But it wouldn't have been as good if they did that. I like how in the end they have to go over the cliff together. Its kind of romantic, like a chicks version of Bonnie and Clyde."

Jackie Lee lays down and faces Melissa. "Kind of. But, like they were straight, so I don't see how it was romantic."

Melissa touches her shoulder. "You think they were straight?"

"Weren't they? They did it with guys, right?"

"Sure they slept with guys, but this was a Hollywood movie, right? So they can't actually show that the characters are queer, they just suggest it. Would you go and jump a car off a cliff with your friend?"

Jackie Lee moves her pillow to try to get more comfortable. "I guess not." Melissa seems to know things she doesn't. She wishes she could be as smart as her.

Melissa rolls towards her, her feet and knees touching Jackie Lee's. "I think it would have been better if they kissed and didn't pick up that cowboy. But I guess they wouldn't have lost all of that money."

"If they kissed, they'd have to get K.D. Lang and Missy Giove to star in it." Melissa probably doesn't know that Missy Giove's a lesbian.

Melissa moves her feet between Jackie Lee's. "Missy's a queer? Does that bother you? She's your hero, right?"

"I never thought about it. I guess it doesn't. I don't know why anybody'd care, anyway. Like my friend Chelle, she got really sick of men and decided it would be better to be a lesbian. She told me she tried having all of these dykey fantasies, but it didn't work."

"Wow. That's cool."

Jackie Lee bites her lip. "Hey, Melis? Like don't tell anyone this, but she told me she had dreams about kissing this girl she knows. Do you think that makes her gay?"

Melissa touches her hand and then moves her pillow closer to Jackie Lee's. "I don't know. You said her trying to fantasize about women didn't work, so I guess not. Maybe she's just really repressed. Have you ever thought about what it would be like to kiss a girl?"

Jackie Lee looks down at their feet. They both have their shoes off. Her feet are rough and her right foot still has a pink scar from when she crashed on Staley. Melissa's feet are smooth and soft. Did Melissa guess that she was lying about Chelle having those dreams?

"No."

Melissa touches her shoulder and smiles at her. "What do you think it would be like to kiss a girl?"

Jackie Lee looks down again. "I don't know. Soft, I guess. You know, Steve was hard and kind of rough. I guess a girl would be more gentle."

"Mike kisses kind of softly. I've never been kissed roughly. What's it like?"

"I don't know. He just shoves his tongue in a lot. He has a little stubble sometimes. Mainly, I think it's that his skin's not as soft as your skin is."

Melissa takes two of Jackie Lee's fingers and holds them, gently rubbing their tips. "Did you like it?"

"Sometimes. Sometimes I wanted him to be nicer."

Melissa starts massaging Jackie Lee's hand. The pressure of Melissa's thumb on her palm and fingers feels so good. Steve never did anything like this. She not sure if she should just let Melissa do it or if she should rub her hands or shoulders or something.

"Will you show me how you wanted him to kiss you?"

Jackie Lee closes her eyes and turns her head down. She pictures kissing Melissa, putting her fingers into her curls and drawing her head to her lips. She feels Melissa's fingers on her hand and forearm and it feels so good. But she's afraid that if she shows Melissa how she wants to kiss, Melissa will figure out how much she wants to spend the night holding and kissing her.

She bites her lip. Melissa puts a hand on her waist and rubs her side. Why would Melissa ask her this if she didn't want her to? She pulls her hands from Melissa's and pulls Melissa's face to hers, opens her eyes to see Melissa smiling at her. She kisses Melissa's lips quickly, like she saw the Russian gymnasts do at the Olympics, then she kisses her cheeks. Melissa puts her hands around her waist and pulls Jackie Lee towards her.

"Just like that? Kind of a peck on the lips?" Melissa says so softly Jackie Lee can barely hear it.

Jackie Lee looks down and says, "No." She pulls Melissa's face to hers again and presses her lips against Melissa's, parting them slightly. Melissa's lips are soft and warm and even better than her dreams. She sucks Melissa's lower lip between her own and bites it gently. She kisses her again and feels Melissa's tongue softly enter her mouth, gliding over her teeth. Melissa's mouth tastes like Jack Daniels.

Melissa rolls on top of Jackie Lee and kisses her neck. She sucks on Jackie Lee's earlobe and Jackie Lee takes in her breath suddenly, it feels so good.

"Is that the way you think girls kiss?" Melissa says, smiling, just before kissing Jackie Lee's lips again. Jackie Lee closes her eyes as Melissa kisses her lips and neck. Melissa strokes her hair and ears softly.

Melissa runs her hand down the side of Jackie Lee's jersey. Through the silky material, it feels almost as if Melissa is touching her skin. She rubs Jackie Lee's belly while kissing her ears. She runs her fingers along the zipper as she kisses her neck.

"Does this mean we're queer?" Jackie Lee turns her head away from Melissa.

Melissa pulls Jackie Lee's lips to her own and kisses her, her tongue slowly sliding between Jackie Lee's teeth, softly caressing Jackie Lee's tongue.

"I am. I want you, Jackie Lee." Melissa unzips the jersey four or five inches and pulls it away from her shoulder. She kisses Jackie Lee's shoulder and neck while her other hand moves down towards Jackie Lee's small breasts.

Jackie Lee grabs her hand and pulls it towards her neck. "I'm not sure, Melissa."

"Okay." She strokes Jackie Lee's shoulder and upper arm. "I love how muscled you are."

Jackie Lee puts her arms around Melissa and holds her tightly, burying her face in Melissa's neck. "Melissa, I lied about not thinking about kissing girls." She kisses Melissa's neck. "I dreamed about kissing you."

Melissa kisses her forehead. "I did too."

They roll to their sides and lie still together.

Jackie Lee starts falling asleep, smiling. Melissa is massaging her back and softly kissing her face. She's half-asleep, and not sure if Melissa is kissing her shoulder or dreaming it. It feels so good, Melissa's warm lips on her skin, on her muscles. Melissa's hand, or Jackie Lee's dream, runs through her hair and she

dreams that Melissa kisses her lips again. She parts her lips and finds Melissa's tongue with her own. Melissa pulls away from their kiss and kisses her neck and then follows the open zipper down Jackie Lee's chest to the edge of her sport bra.

Melissa or her dream kisses her neck and slowly rubs her nipples with her fingers. She moans—out loud or just in her dream?—and Melissa covers her mouth with her own, pushing her hips into Jackie Lee's.

Melissa unzips the jersey, pulling its sides open to reveal Jackie Lee's skin. Her moist kisses go from her belly button along the bottom of her ribs to her breastbone, and then over the sport bra and her breasts. It feels so good, that when Melissa's damp voice says "sit up a little so I can take this off," and she knows that she's awake, she sits up. Melissa pulls the bra off her and kisses her nipples, pulling each into her mouth. Jackie Lee lets out a soft moan and pulls Melissa's head to her chest. She runs her fingers through Melissa's dark curls and pushes Melissa down on the bed, sitting over her waist.

Jackie Lee kisses her passionately and unbuttons her blouse. Melissa's body is so different from her own. Melissa's breasts are full and spread when she undoes her bra. Her nipples aren't as prominent and her stomach isn't as hard. She takes a breast in each hand and gently squeezes them, feeling the difference between Melissa's and her own. Melissa moans as Jackie Lee licks the underside of each breast and then kisses her nipples.

"You're so beautiful," she says in awe. Melissa's skin is perfect; not a single flaw mars its surface. She runs her hand from Melissa's neck down to her pants, the skin all soft and giving, yet never showing signs of undue fat. As Melissa's hands caress her she sees how flawed and imperfect her own skin is, weather-beaten and scarred, her muscles uneven and hard.

Melissa unbuttons her jeans and slides them off her narrow hips. Jackie Lee's wearing ratty underwear, but her concerns disappear as Melissa slides a finger under them and strokes her labia. She shudders as the electricity of Melissa's touch rushes through her.

"You're so wet." Melissa leans forward and kisses Jackie Lee's nipple as she rolls Jackie Lee's underwear down her legs to her knees. She slides two fingers up and down Jackie Lee, brushing her clit with each stroke.

"I've wanted to do this for so long." Melissa says as she pulls Jackie Lee to the side and kisses her clit. Her tongue flicks up and down her clit and labia. She pulls Jackie Lee's labia open and pushes a finger into her while licking her. Jackie Lee feels an orgasm building as Melissa inserts another finger into her and concentrates her tongue on Jackie Lee's clit.

"Oh, yes." Jackie Lee holds Melissa's head in place as the orgasm whips through her.

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