

ORGASMS WOULD BE GREAT, Taryn thought, trying to catch her breath, *if only the guy would vanish right after*. She felt warm, bathing in her afterglow and staring at the light green stars on her ceiling. The bed moved, and she realized that Mr. Right Now was still there. Glancing over, she gave him a crooked smile. “Ok, Prince Charming, time to go,” she said.

“Go? Go where? I thought we were just getting started. We could cuddle.”

He reached for her, and she turned and got out of the bed. “Sorry, hon. I’m a one shot a night kind of girl. And, I don’t cuddle.”

Straightening her t-shirt, and silently wishing it covered more of her chubby figure, she walked into her bathroom and shut the door. She sat on the edge of the tub, arms crossed over her chest, rocking back and forth until she heard him start to shuffle around in the next room. *If I just stay really quiet, then he won’t keep trying to stay*. Her legs, cold against the porcelain, started to shake, sending chills through her.

She wasn’t sure why she continued to pick up guys in bars. The sex was awkward and lousy most of the time. *Why should I have to concentrate that hard to climax? I could get myself off easier*. All she did know was that she wanted the closeness of a human body next to her, that skin on skin connection was something she craved. When she heard the sound she had been waiting for—footsteps down the stairs and a slamming front door—she got up, took off her shirt, and started the water in the shower.

“Maybe there’s something wrong with me,” she said, staring into the mirror until the fog took over the face and she couldn’t see anything but the blur that she felt through her body and mind. Then she stepped into the tub and let the water run over her, washing away all the sins of the night.

“She just threw me out!” Terrance said the next day at his office. “I couldn’t believe it. We had sex; I barely caught my breath, and she was telling me to leave.”

Aaron leaned back in his chair.

“Did you offend her? I’ve never had a girl ask me to leave that suddenly. Usually they want to cuddle all night, and then I have to slip out before they wake up in the morning.”

“Hell, I didn’t say anything. I moaned her name a few times, but I don’t see how someone could take offense to that. No sooner had I pulled out and taken off the condom and she said, ‘leave.’”

“Man, that is really cold. What did you do?”

“When she walked into the bathroom, I waited a few minutes to see if she was just being catty. When she didn’t come out, I got dressed and left. What else could I have done?”

“Did you think about calling her, Romeo?” Sasha leaned against the door, her thin lips upturned in a smirk. “See, this is exactly why I don’t date men. You are clueless. Women are much easier to please. Call them, tell them they’re special, sing to them occasionally, and they are yours.”

Aaron let out a chuckle. “You think it’s that easy, huh?”

“Actually, I do. I can let you in on a little secret too. Every woman is at least bi-curious. With the right approach, I could probably pick up a woman faster than you. And I can tell you this – I’ve never been thrown out before the sun comes up.”

“Want to make a bet on that one?” Terrance came up and put his arm around her.

Sasha shrugged him off. “Terrance, how many times have I told you? Please don’t touch me. I don’t want your smarmy, used-car-salesman nature to rub off on me.”

“Um, Sasha,” Aaron whispered, “we are car salesmen.”

“Actually, I am a car saleswoman. But, that’s not the point, Aaron. You don’t have to act like it.” She turned to Terrance. “Let me guess, you went into the bar, you said and did all the right things to get in her pants, and then she took you home.”

Terrance stood silent in the doorway, his foot playing with the edge of the carpet.

Sasha's eyes got wide and put her hand over her heart, mocking him.

"And then she threw you out?"

She threw her hands up in the air, exasperated. "Hell, of course she threw you out. Did you even take the chance to get to know her at all? What do you know about her? Do you know her middle name, her age? Hell, what is her last name?"

"I don't know, ok? I don't know. I guess that makes me a pig, right? What about her? She wanted to screw me as much as I wanted her. She didn't try to get to know me either."

"She followed your lead. This is probably a woman who isn't all that together when it comes to self image. If I had to guess, I would say she was a little overweight, and looked at the floor quite a bit when you spoke. Am I right?"

Terrance continued to kick the carpet, not wanting to look into the eyes of either of his colleagues. He tucked his long, brown hair behind

his left ear, only shifting his gaze when he heard the click-clack of heels on the showroom floor. "The sale is mine. I saw her f-fir-." Terrance stopped and stared into the showroom.

"Hello, Earth to Terrance." Sasha waved her hand in front of her friend's face. "Man, you can have the sale. What's wrong?" She followed Terrance's eyes to the fiery redhead who was circling around a 2009 Dodge Challenger. "I like her style—cherry with some power under the hood. That's what I like in a woman too."

"That's her..." was all Terrance managed to whisper before the woman started to make her way toward them. He ducked into the office and hid. "You take it Sasha."

"Scared of a girl, huh? I have to meet this one." She left the office and approached the woman. "Is there anything I can help you with today, miss?" Sasha would have said more, but she was hit with the scent of lavender and pumpkin pie and couldn't remember how to speak for a moment.

The shorter woman looked up at her, eyes blue like icicles, and smiled. "Maybe you can. I've been thinking about buying something new."

Sasha took a deep breath, trying to collect herself. *I could get lost in those eyes*, she thought and then shook her head. *What in the hell is wrong with me! Sasha, sell the damn car!* "Are you interested in trying out the Challenger? Most would say that it isn't something suitable for a woman, but I love this car."

"No, I don't think so. It is beautiful, and it has such a great engine, but I don't need something this unconventional."

"Maybe unconventional is just what you need," Sasha said under her breath.

Taryn heard her and turned around. "Maybe you're right," she said with a slight twinkle in her eye.

Sasha began to get a little nervous. "Well, ma'am, if there is anything you are interested in test driving, or any information you need, please

let me know. My name is Sasha." She shook the redhead's hand, and a jolt of electricity travelled through her body.

"I'm Taryn," the redhead said in a quiet voice before walking away from the Challenger to look for a more conservative model.

Taryn stared at the Dodge Caliber for a long time, longer than she should have considering she had no interest whatsoever in buying the car. She had no need for an SRT anything, nor did she want a turbo charged "grocery getter." She was using the car to stare at the woman across the showroom. Something inside kept screaming "*Her!*" *This is not like me*, she thought. *I'm not attracted to women. So why can't I stop staring at this woman? But, she is so amazing. This is silly. Then again, maybe I just need a change of pace.*

She straightened herself, and then proceeded to walk as slowly as possible across the room. She didn't know if she was asking this woman out on a date or not, but she knew

she had to get to know her. She'd never felt this unexplainable pull before. She tapped the blonde woman on the shoulder. "Excuse me, Sasha?"

Sasha turned around, and flashed a smile that looked genuine, instead of the usual smarmy "I get paid when you leave with a car" smile. "Yes Ma'am?"

"I want to test drive that Challenger. You may be right. Something a little less conservative may be just what I need. Will you take a test drive with me?"

"Of course I will. Just let me grab the keys, Ma'am."

Sasha grabbed the keys out of the box in the showroom and walked out to the front of the dealership. "Ready to go?"

"Yes I am. But, Sasha, this isn't going to work if you keep calling me Ma'am."

Taryn looked over at Sasha's smiling face and hoped that she had interpreted that statement correctly.

Three hours later, Taryn laid on her back, looking up at her glow in the dark stars that were now cream colored because of the light streaming through her blinds. *So that's what it's supposed to feel like.* She turned over on her side and saw Sasha's smiling face.

"What time is it?" Sasha asked while stretching and curling toes.

"It's five o'clock," Taryn answered. "Why?"

"Five o'clock! Oh my goodness! I have to get back before I get fired!"

"Oh, don't leave yet. Just tell the dealership that I want to keep the car for an overnight test drive." Taryn slid her fingers down Sasha's arm and over her ribs. "Because I do. I want to keep the 'car' here all night."

Sasha got up, rummaging around to find her suit. "The 'car' needs to go back to the dealership where it belongs, Taryn. It can't just stay out all night. Besides, I thought you were looking for something more

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conservative.”

“Conservative has its perks, but I think I want unconventional.”

Sasha put on her pants and began tucking in her blouse. Taryn got up from the bed, not bothering to cover herself with anything. “Please don’t go. Please? I want you to stay.”

“Taryn, I have to go. You’re a one shot a night kind of girl, right? You don’t want people to stay.”

“How do you know that?”

“I work with Terrance. He told me everything about last night. I was hoping I would be better to you than he was, but maybe I wasn’t. I criticized him for not taking time to get to know you, and then I slept with you after an hour long test drive. What’s your last name?”

“Shipley. My name is Taryn Shipley, and I’m asking you to stay. I

want you to stay with me, Sasha.”

“Taryn, I can’t stay.” She started toward the door and Taryn blocked her path.

“Yes you can.” She put her hands on Sasha’s face and gently kissed her. “Stay.”

Sasha’s green eyes started to tear.

“Taryn,” she whispered, “I have a girlfriend.” She turned away from the speechless, naked woman and walked out the door.