

A thirteen thousand word, original work of lesbian erotic fiction. Lucy is a highly successful New York transplant working in the heart of Silicon Valley. Her brusque attitude and in your face, no nonsense, no patience style has left her in between boyfriends and frustrated. To have some girlish fun, she flirts with her friends wantonly when they are out for a night of drinking. Unfortunately, her friend takes the aggressive woman's behavior personally and leaves with the first hot guy she notices. Left with her few friends, who each end up coupling off with a handsome guy, the woman serving her drinks expresses both her interest and advice on flirting with other women. Curiosity gets the better of Lucy, and she invites the sultry brunette back to her place for a night she'll never, ever forget. Excerpt: Pulling her jacket tighter around her shoulders, Lucy made her way down the street, shivering slightly against the cold. Her best friends waited for her at the local bar, just a few blocks from her condo in Santana Row. San Jose never really got cold, unlike New York, where she was from originally. Still, after a few years adjusting to the warmer California climate, Lucy had no patience for anything below sixty degrees. The street was filled with other people walking, shopping and talking. Most of those wore less winter gear than the one time New Yorker, however, Lucy enjoyed her long overcoat too much to even consider downsizing to a smaller jacket. Average height, her heels made a clacking sound on the way to the bar. Her long black hair blew back in the wind, a raven colored banner which drew the attention of many passersby. She smiled at a few men and some women, giving one a wink which made her blush and look away. Sighing, when she reached the bar, she wondered what she could do to come across as less intimidating. Inside the restaurant, there were low tables aplenty, soft glowing lights and a long, dark wooden bar decorating the way. Towards the back the tables and chairs were more proper for dinner or lunch but in the front, setup for ample people watching the low slung tables and square sofas were organized to ensure patrons all had a great view of the other guests. Not to mention the many, many people walking by on the street. "Lucy," a familiar voice called and she turned to see Cindy, a friend since college, seated at the corner table with her other friends. Cindy was blonde haired and sexy, with a halter top and tight blue jeans. Completely inappropriate attire for the weather, which was typical Cindy. Farrah, a Singaporean woman they met through work a few years before, was seated at the table sipping a glass of champagne, her long black hair straight, framing her small chest. She was wearing a long black top and jeans, more conservative attire than Cindy and gave a friendly wave when she saw Lucy. Jade, her other Asian friend, was also seated at the table. Unlike Farrah, she had an ample chest and was a little on the plump side. Her long nails curled around a glass of champagne as well, while her long black hair had highlights and a slight curl. She was wearing a tight red blouse and a black mini skirt, flashing a large smile and laughing loud, making a few people from other tables around the bar glance in their direction. The crowd was not large, yet, as it was still early in the evening. Nearby, a group of guys were drinking beers and glancing at the table of women when Lucy sat down and hugged Cindy, then Farrah. She smiled at Jade and then grabbed the champagne bottle. "Empty already?" She asked in her clipped New York accent.

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