

The props chief held out a silver bowl. She bunched rose petals in her hands as the music began for their Frühlingsstimmenwalzer. Jose lifted her, and they made their entrance. She let the petals drop as he carried her to the front of the stage before letting her down gently en pointe, from which she went into a series of pirouettes.

At the end of their dance, more petals dropped from the ceiling, and they were met with rapturous applause and shouts.

Sofia tried to look into the audience during the three bows they were forced to take, but she couldn't see further back than the fifth row. She wondered where Cate and Amber were sitting. Hailey was at the rear of the stalls. It had been difficult to find her a ticket for this sold-out performance. And the fact that she would skip the last act was not a fact Sofia wanted to advertise with an empty seat in the front row.

Before returning to take her final bow in front of the curtain with the singers, Sofia sat in her dressing room and changed her makeup back to normal.

"Mrs Kerr will be here during the last act, giving me a Russian lesson, so please don't gawp." Georgie swallowed a giggle. "What's that for?"

"Nothing. Of course."

"Georgie, please, please be discreet. I do not want to hear gossip, and if I admit it to you, then I'm trusting you."

"Sofia, I promise. Not a word. But she is so gorgeous."

"She is. And I don't know what is happening to me, which is why it is important not to spread rumours. I think I'm going to wake up and it's all a dream."

"It must be heaven to wake up with Mrs Kerr's head next to yours on the pillow."

"Hmm, yes...well..."

"Shall I fetch her from the stage door? While you get changed."

"Would you?"

"It will be my pleasure."

"Hands off."

"I'd like to keep my job. I'm not her type anyway."

"Meaning?"

"Look in the mirror. You've never been more beautiful, Sofia. Or sexier."

I suppose it's true.

She went back onto the stage to take the applause.

Jose met her in the wings. "Is it a Tadzia night?"

"She might just be coming to give me a Russian lesson, yes."

"You're outrageous, Sofia. So, I shouldn't come down for a chat in the third act."

"Don't you dare. Why aren't you going home now?"

"I have someone in the performance. And he wants to see the third act."

"Masochist."

"Night, darling. I must go to Paris early tomorrow. See you on Saturday. Pity it's the last of these. The fee is nice."

Her dressing room was empty as she quickly changed out of her costume and into her robe with clean underwear. She brushed out her hair as there was a knock on the door.

"It's me. Or rather...us."

"Come in...and then you can go, Georgie. I have everything I need. I mean..."

"I'll take your costume with me. Then you won't be disturbed. Night, Sofia.

Night, Mrs Kerr. I'll make sure nobody comes in. You have to concentrate on such a difficult language. Everyone will understand."

Sofia locked the door softly and turned to look at Hailey. She wore black jeans and an anthracite-coloured leather bomber jacket over a black V-necked top, which showed her cleavage.

She cleared her throat. "You can't do this to me."

"You like the look?"

"Oh, darling. Come here."

They moved together. The kiss was gentle at first. Sofia asked for entry, and it was granted. She felt her briefs dampen and moved her hips into Hailey's. "I want you."

"Then take me."

Her hand slid down over her top. She rubbed her fingers over the firm breast and felt the nipple harden. Hailey suppressed a moan. "I'm so ready for you. I have been since you danced."

"Are you, darling?" Sofia had to suppress her own groan as her hand landed on the front of Hailey's jeans. "Buttons?"

"Yeah."

She forced herself not to rip them apart and slowly undid them, button for button. Hailey's legs began to tremble. She slid her fingers under the briefs and into the slick folds. "Oh my, I wonder that you can walk."

"It was difficult."

She slowly moved up and down the folds, avoiding Hailey's clit.

"I need you in me."

"There's nothing I would like more."

Their lips met again, and Sofia gave her a bruising kiss as she entered her with two fingers. *It's the most natural thing in the world for me. She feels so tight, warm and welcoming.* She began to pump hard, glad of the strength in her wrist.

Hailey's hand wandered downwards in the direction of her own clit, but Sofia batted it away, sliding down onto her knees, and pulling the jeans down her long legs. She withdrew for a moment, as she slid the briefs down, before re-entering her and bringing the flat of her tongue into the folds in front of her. Hailey held her head and gripped her hair. She was panting.

Sofia thrust hard as she circled the hard nub of her clit with her tongue.

Hailey's hands flew to her mouth to stifle the scream as her legs stiffened, and Sofia felt the warm arousal gush onto her fingers as her walls undulated. She stood and held her as Hailey's head fell against her shoulder. She waited for the after waves to stop before slowly withdrawing her fingers and bringing them to her mouth to lick them.

"Phew. Imagining it is one thing. Your being in me is quite another." Her hand slipped into Sofia's robe and found her breast. Her index finger slid into her bra and found the already erect nipple. As she massaged it, Sofia's hips moved to Hailey's, trying to find purchase.

"You don't have to."

"But I really want to."

Sofia's consciousness tuned into the intercom relaying the performance. The irritating actor hamming up the drunken gaoler had mercifully stopped, and a high soprano sang about being a queen. She knew they were about fifteen minutes before the end of the performance.

"OK."

She expected Hailey to slip her hand into her already damp briefs, but she found herself walking rapidly back to her dressing table and turned round to face the mirror.

Hailey pushed her arms down and pulled up her robe. "Spread your legs, darling."

If loan had attempted this with her, she would have slapped him hard, but all she now felt was her arousal seeping into her briefs. Hailey did not pull them down but pushed them to one side as her fingers made contact with Sofia's wetness.

"You're ready for me."

She could only nod as their eyes made contact in the mirror. As she entered, she took in a breath. The penetration was deeper than before.

"I'm hurting you?"

"No." To prove her point, Sofia pushed back to deepen the next thrust. It released more arousal, and she bit down on her lip.

"Look at me."

Hailey gently took a handful of her hair and pulled her head up. Their eyes met again in the mirror. Her eyes are so full of love. She began to thrust steadily. Sofia felt a sensation in her vagina walls that she had never felt before.

"Harder, darling."

As Hailey powered into her, she felt her lower stomach pulled into a void, and as the fingers curled, the most powerful orgasm of her life erupted. She lowered her head and bit into her forearm to stop herself from wailing. Her legs twitched.

Hailey withdrew slowly, and pulled her robe down before gently raising her, turning her and kissing her softly. Sofia couldn't hold back the tears.

"Shhh."

She licked them up as they slid down the side of her nose.

"You know what you just gave me, don't you?"

"You are lucky. Not every woman can."

"Can you?"

"I...don't know."

"Hailey Summers, I now have a mission in life. To give you a vaginal orgasm."

"You don't want this to end, Sophie, do you?"

"My love, no."

They kissed again. Sofia again tuned into the relay. She heard a trio of voices.

"But now is unfortunately not the time. We have about seven minutes."

They squeezed into the small bathroom, quickly washing hands and faces.

Sofia dressed in her new jeans and shirt, while Hailey repaired her makeup and hair. Sofia did the same, and they were ready as they heard the applause over the relay system.

"No one can come in here. It smells of our sex." Sofia sprayed perfume

liberally around the room.

"What about Cate and Amber?"

"Don't worry, darling. They have gone ahead. I said we would wait for Thea, who promised to do the quickest change of her life."

The applause had stopped.

"Let's go down and wait."

She locked the door. The corridor was empty as the dressers were in with the singers.

She was glad. Georgie was bound to have made a remark about the Russian lesson.

They waited only a couple of minutes inside the stage door lobby before Thea rushed down to meet them, hugging them both.

"Where's Emma?"

"She took the children home this morning. School starts soon, and she has a date with Juliette Simon about the new film. I have only tomorrow to get through on my own, then the last performance, and I'll be on the first flight on Sunday. I have a full day of teaching on Monday. The new semester begins."

"That's some schedule."

"No, it isn't. This role doesn't stretch me at all. And it pays my golf club fees."

There were the inevitable fans waiting outside. All Thea's were gay girls.

They looked at Hailey with interest, presuming she was with the singer.

*I wish I could take her into my arms right now and show them that she belongs to me.*