

A lesbian erotic novelette

*Silver
Linings*

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SILVER LININGS

A Lesbian Erotic Romance Set in Britain

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Chapter 1: Last Minute

It'll be an easy job.

That was what Evelyn's best friend had told her. Just take the train down from Lincoln to London, check in with the young woman she was to stay with for the week, then be at Pinewood Studios the next morning at seven sharp. Easy as pie.

Yeah, easy enough for her confident and outgoing friend Marina, who was presently in Japan on a big and important shoot with the model agency she worked for. It was less easy for a shy and still semi-gothic girl who was in the middle of a crisis of sexuality.

Evelyn Carmilla Drake had, until recently, been a gothic chick. Or at least, that was what she told herself. In reality she had been what her friends sometimes called Gothic Lite; pale-skinned, interested in horror movies (but not *too* horrific!), and a fan of dark clothes and silver jewellery.

Where Evelyn had failed was in being really quite a pleasant girl to be around, completely lacking in angst. Plenty of the other girls at her old secondary school had been crawling in their skin, to borrow a song from a band Evelyn had never listened to all that much. The band in question hadn't been relevant in a decade or more, but she still heard their songs every once in a while.

Evelyn Carmilla Drake. She might as well have called herself Edgy McEdgelord. Well, the Evelyn was real, at least, and she counted herself fortunate to have a slightly more unusual name than some of her friends at school who'd had less imaginative parents.

As a young woman of nineteen, she figured it was probably long past time to put silly names like that to bed. To be brutally honest, it had probably been time to do so four years ago when she was still fifteen and working out who the hell she was and wanted to be, and had decided that an edgy name was needed if she wanted to be a goth girl.

Getting side-tracked...

Standing up straight, Evelyn went back to the task at hand, to wit, packing a suitcase for a weeklong stay in London, a city she absolutely despised. But if you wanted to break into movies and TV, it was also an essential location, considering how much was filmed at the famous Pinewood Studios, even big budget Hollywood productions.

Running a hand through her midnight hair, Evelyn scratched her head and looked around the room. Her little apartment in Lincoln was... okay. Nothing special, and being a rental meant she couldn't decorate it how she pleased. This was probably just as well, given that she likely would have painted everything black.

She might not have been morose as a teenager playing at being a goth, but living in an apartment painted to be reminiscent of the blackness of space would probably have changed that quite quickly.

Instead, the place was painted a bland cream colour. Nice enough, and it gave the place a pleasant warm feel in winter, but that was about the best she could say about it. Grasping half a dozen sets of underwear (in varying shades of black and red, naturally) and neatly folding them, she idly wondered what sort of room a young lady like the one she was due to stay with might have...

Marina, who was a few years older than Evelyn, had told her that Laura was an old friend and acquaintance, and was already involved in the production Evelyn was due to appear in. Given that Marina was also openly lesbian, Evelyn had a feeling she meant something else entirely when she used a term like *acquaintance*.

After all, Evelyn had personal experience of this very thing. Just once, after a few drinks together with her playful best friend, a romantic movie, a few touches here and there, an unconscious holding of hands, and then...

Evelyn frantically shook her head. It had been a once-off. A brief moment of weakness as curiosity took a hold of her, pushing in a direction she had never considered before. Yep. Once-off, nothing more. Probably.

Pressing a hand into her crotch, Evelyn took a few breaths and did her best to settle down. She didn't need to leave for a few hours yet, as much as this had

been a last-minute thing, but getting into the mood to give herself a tickle wouldn't help her schedule any.

Hah, last minute. That was one way to put it. She had recently auditioned for a part in a new weekly drama titled *Shades*, as in grey. It was going to be similar to an older show called *Heroes* that Evelyn had watched during one of its re-runs; an ensemble cast production with good, bad, and neutral people with different viewpoints clashing in spectacular fashion. One of the big features of both shows was how they regularly hopped around different countries.

Unfortunately she had failed the audition, though Marina—who had connections in the business—had told her she had placed in the top three potential candidates. The role in question was nothing too amazing, just a relatively minor bit part for a gothic female character who was due to be killed off in the pilot episode, but it would have been a foot in the door.

And then the accident had happened. The girl who had been chosen was now off with a broken leg and filming couldn't be halted just for a bit part character, so they had contacted Evelyn and asked her to take the role.

Naturally, she had jumped at the chance. Which now meant that she was frantically packing a suitcase, completely unprepared, and had to memorise her lines in less than twenty-four hours. The hour-long trip on the train would at least give her a head start on that, assuming her knotted stomach would allow her to concentrate for long enough...

Well, if she wanted to be an actress, she couldn't go getting butterflies every time she was called upon to actually do her job, so she took one more deep breath and got back to the task of packing.

Chapter 2: Stranger in a Strange Land

It was early evening by the time Evelyn arrived at her destination, though in deference to the fact that it was July, it was still bright and sunny. This was small consolation when the train carriage had no air conditioning, making for a supremely hot and sweaty Evelyn as she stepped off the train at Kings Cross Station.

As much as she disliked the hustle and bustle of this city, at least it was cooler than the train, albeit not by much. The humid British summer heat lay over her like a blanket, bathing everything in the horrible, sticky feeling of a glasshouse.

Perhaps she shouldn't have worn black? The loose, sleeveless one-piece dress reaching to her lower thighs was one of her favourites, even accounting for the amount of cleavage it showed (far beyond what she was normally comfortable with), but black also held the heat and she was now regretting this decision.

Well, she was here now, no point complaining. With any luck, she could meet Laura, get to her place, and take a quick shower to freshen up. And on that subject, Evelyn exited the station and scanned the carpark outside for any sign of this young woman her best friend had quite possibly slept with...

Along one of these hallowed paths jogged one Laura Everhart, a fresh-faced twenty-two year old currently dressed in a sunflower yellow tracksuit. Her corn blonde hair had a few streaks of deeper orange dyed throughout and was presently tied up into two ponytails, one to either side of her head, which bounced up and down as she ran.

Making her way towards the station, she finally reached her destination and made for the entrance, keeping her eyes peeled for her guest. Marina had supplied her with a picture for reference purposes, but even without this aid, Laura would easily have spotted the black-haired beauty. Evelyn tended to stand out in all the right ways.

Laura spotted the girl wandering aimlessly across the carpark dragging a small suitcase and looking about the area, so she ran across and jumped in front of her. “Hey. You must be Evelyn?” she said, noting with interest how Evelyn had jumped several inches off the floor.

“H-Hello,” Evelyn said, clutching at her chest in hopes of calming her thundering heart. “Are you Laura?”

“That’s me,” Laura replied with a nod. “Come on, let’s find a cab and get you settled in.”

Making their way through the packed streets, it was all Evelyn could do to avoid stopping off at every cute café, bonny bar, and fabulous fashion parlour she came across. While she generally disliked London, it was always difficult to avoid going nuts buying new outfits and sampling the foods on the rare occasions she found herself here.

Half an hour of walking eventually left them in a side street lined with a variety of shops; florists, specialist food stores filling the street with the scents of exotic cheeses and meats and spices, a few small fashion shops, and roughly halfway down, a single shop that had been shuttered.

“Here we are,” Laura said, waving Evelyn to a halt beside her. “My little shop-to-be.”

“You’re opening a store?” Evelyn said, aghast. “Marina told me you work in costume and makeup?”

“Yup, I’m doing some work for the pilot you’re going to be acting in, but I’ve also been itching to open a souvenir shop with movie paraphernalia and all that good stuff,” Laura said. “Finally got my store, but no merch yet. Need to hire someone to run the place, too. Come on, my apartment is above the shop.”

Embedded in the right side of the shop’s frontage was a door leading up a flight of stairs, which Laura bounded up three at a time. Rounding a bend at the top of the stairs, she moved into a pleasant and airy living room overlooking the street, situated directly above the shop. To the rear of the room, a door opened into the kitchen and bathroom at the back of the building. “Come in, come in! I’ll make us drinks.”

Evelyn followed her into the kitchen. “This is nice.”

“I worked my butt off for this. It was kind of old and rundown when I bought it, but I guess that’s why it was also going pretty cheap, especially in London. Tea?” Laura said, pointing at her black kettle.

“I’d prefer a hot chocolate, if you have any? Caffeine doesn’t agree with me,” Evelyn said.

“I reckon that can be arranged,” Laura said, fussing about the kitchen counter, finding two mugs and offering some snacky things, a type of chilli pretzel she had recently acquired a taste for. She turned to Evelyn. “So yeah, I guess we should discuss the production, huh? Ain’t gonna lie to you, it hasn’t been pretty.”

“Can I ask why? All I know is that the girl I’m replacing had an accident,” Evelyn said, leaning against the kitchen counter and hesitantly eating one of the snacks. It was hot, but not painfully so. She had another.

“Just one of those things, you know the type? Where absolutely everything that can go wrong does?” Laura said, and began counting on her fingers. “We’ve had a set collapse, a fire, a wrong outfit delivered, the accident that resulted in you being here, one of the props got smashed by some idiot not being careful enough... yeah, it’s a mess. Everyone’s saying the whole production is cursed. Didn’t they tell you any of this?”

“No...” Evelyn murmured. The message she had received had just said that they needed a replacement, nothing about a production curse. But then, mentioning something like that would likely result in no one wanting to take the role. This didn’t make her feel any better, however.

“Uh... you’re a gothic girl, huh? You uh... you’re not superstitious or anything, are you?” Laura added, worried that she might have just put the new girl off before they had even started.

“Not really. I like festivals and folklore, but I’m not one to believe ghosts or curses are real,” Evelyn said.

“Sweet, that’s good, then. Speaking of sweet, sugar? Oh, guess not if you’re having hot chocolate,” Laura said, pointing at the mugs.

“Unsweetened, thank you.”

Laura dropped a single cube into her own mug, and waited for the tea to steep in its pot while simultaneously stirring her guest's chocolate drink. "Anyway, I don't want to put you off, so let's talk about something else." She handed the chocolate over and poured her tea. "Wanna take a quick look at the shop? It's kind of empty right now, but that'll change soon enough."

"Sure," Evelyn said, grasping the mug in both hands and taking a sip of malty goodness.

Laura headed over to another set of stairs leading down, and wandered down with mug in-hand. They were deposited in a backroom behind the store itself. Walking through an open doorway, sans door, Laura entered the store area, currently bare, but with plenty of potential. The walls were a gentle pastel yellow, the floor made from interlocking slats of polished wood, and at this end there stood a counter a stool tucked underneath.

"Are you doing this in addition to your regular work?" Evelyn asked, looking around the room.

"Yup. Always wanted to open my own shop, so I've been working towards it over the last few months," Laura said. She waved her mug at the area before them. "Tons of people visit London every year, and they normally want nice souvenirs to take home with them, so I'm going to make sure they have the best choice possible."

"Won't that leave you exhausted?" Evelyn added. "Working in movies is already a busy job, right?"

"That's why I'll be hiring someone. I work part-time in costume and makeup for movies and TV, mostly because I like it," Laura said. "My main career is as a model, though."

Evelyn's face morphed to one of understanding. "Oh, that's how you know Marina?"

"Surprised?"

"She didn't mention much about you."

"That naughty girl..." Laura said, shaking her head. "We've modelled together a few times, as well as some other fun things." She walked to the front of the shop. "It doesn't really look right with the blinds down." Opening the door

in the centre of the wood and glass frontage, she tapped the metal shutters just beyond.

“It’ll be lovely and airy with the front open to the outside,” Evelyn said.

“You bet. I’ve had it open a few times to air the place out, but having people nosing while I was painting got a bit annoying,” Laura laughed. “Getting everything worked out for the shop is a nightmare, but after the screw up on the production, maybe I shouldn’t complain too much. Ain’t no easy thing, starting a business, but it’s not too bad when compared to what’s happened this last week.”

“You’re not filling me with confidence,” Evelyn said with a quiet giggle.

“You’ll be fine,” Laura assured her. Back upstairs, she entered the living room and crashed on the sofa. “In any case, let’s chill. Early night tonight, can’t go turning up late tomorrow.”

Evelyn agreed this sounded like a good plan, so she dropped her luggage by the sofa and was about to take a seat next to her host when a big framed photo on the wall distracted her. “Is that you?”

Laura craned her head around to look. “Ah, yeah, couple of years ago.”

The photo featured four young women, one of whom was clearly Laura, all of them dressed in outfits that might be considered outlandish to anyone who didn’t know what a *gyaru* was.

A subculture in Japan, the *gyaru*—which was the Japanese phonetic pronunciation of the slang word *gal*—scene was going as strong as ever.

Gyaru culture was defined by its fashion, which included and combined a number of notable styles into something flashy, fabulous, and unique even by fashion standards. Contrasting schemes of white, pink, and black were common, leopard print featured heavily in some circles, and corn blonde or bleached hair were a regular sight, plus a heavy emphasis on deeply tanned skin, sometimes fully, and sometimes using intentionally created tan lines for extra effect.

Each of the four girls in the photo hanging over the sofa exemplified the *gyaru* subculture, wearing skimpy outfits in two cases, and more reserved clothes in the other two. The skimpier outfits featured leopard print miniskirts

or boob tubes, and in one case her black bra and panties clearly visible behind the thin material of the outfit itself.

Laura's outfit, while also skimpy, had a certain *class* to it, regardless of how sexy it also appeared. A silver waistcoat cut to just below her chest contrasted with a jet black crop top which had sparkly glitter all over it, and her hair had been styled to be wavy and voluminous, rather than the casual twintails style she currently sported.

"You're into gyaru subculture?" Evelyn said, her whole face radiating interest. As someone who was into gothic subculture herself—albeit fairly casually—she had a particular appreciation and feeling of solidarity for other groups who had historically been marginalised by society.

"I said I'm a model, right? Well, that's what I used to model," Laura said, nodding at the photo. "Still do sometimes, but I've gone over to Western fashions now. I'd love to move back to Japan and get back to my roots one day, though."

Evelyn dragged her gaze away from the photo for long enough to comment. "I actually thought of becoming a model when I was younger. Then I decided that acting was more interesting."

Laura chuckled at this. "They're similar in a lot of ways. I probably could've gone into acting, but I like fashion and design, so I figured the costume department was a better bet." She glanced up at the photo again. "And really, I had some great times with the girls, wearing whatever the hell we pleased and just having a blast together. Would've missed out on that experience if I'd gone into acting."

"Where was that photo taken?" Evelyn asked.

"Tokyo," Laura said. "I was there for a year, working as a model. There's nowhere better for a gyaru." She let out a light sigh and got to her feet. "Anyway, as much as I'd love to talk all night about my love of gyaru culture, we'd best get to bed soon."

"Shall I leave my luggage here?" Evelyn said, pointing to where she had left her things.

“Yeah, fine there for now. You okay sleeping on the sofa? I’ve only got the one bed, sorry. Unless you fancy sleeping together,” Laura laughed.

Evelyn almost, *almost* agreed that she might not mind that. Marina’s influence was rubbing off on her, it seemed. Instead, she sat on the sofa and nodded. “This is fine, thanks, I realise it was pretty last minute.”

“They were going to book a hotel for you, but I thought it’d be better to have you here, since you’re new to the whole thing, right?”

Evelyn gave her a relieved smile. “I appreciate it, Laura.”

“Any time,” Laura said, and ran for the kitchen. “Let’s have something to eat, then we’ll crash.”

Pulling the script out of carry bag, Evelin flipped through it again. *Shades* seemed interesting enough, going by the few lines she had in the pilot. Admittedly, her character was due to die during one of the initial inciting incidents, but all in all it fell into the kind of programming she liked, the darker, more realistic and raw drama type.

With any luck, this small role could springboard her to further work in the future.

Chapter 3: Production Pandemonium

Up early the next morning, Evelyn jumped into the shower first at her host's urging, before enjoying a glass of fresh orange juice while Laura herself freshened up. This was followed by a bite to eat while watching some awful morning television of the talk show variety.

Laura was crashed out on the floor with her legs crossed and a low table before her, upon which she had her bacon and eggs plus a glass of juice. She stared at the screen hanging on the living room's end wall. "You ever wonder why morning TV is such crap?" she asked, finishing up the last rasher of bacon and patting her tummy with a contented sigh.

"Honestly, it feels like they just want everyone to be miserable before going to work," Evelyn said in a low tone.

This made Laura crack up. "I've had similar thoughts."

Seated on the sofa, Evelyn smiled and went back to scanning the script, hoping to get it fully memorised by the time they got to the set.

"Wouldn't be so bad if the few good bits, like the weather news, were actually *accurate*," Laura said, taking her plate to the kitchen. With breakfast out of the way, she ran to the bedroom, got dressed, and returned to the living room wearing a pair of short denim hotpants plus a half-length white T-shirt which revealed her bellybutton.

Glancing up at this, Evelyn almost fainted. *Midriff* was one of those things she had discovered she very much liked seeing on other girls, ever since Marina had given her the initial taste for such delights.

While Evelyn was still fairly unsure on the whole subject of her sexuality, a smoking hot girl like Laura scored for midriff bypassed her conscious brain and went straight to her naughty bits. This was not helpful when she had an important first day on a new job to attend.

Laura gestured towards the door. "Ready?"

With a hesitant nod, Evelyn got to her feet and joined her. "I think so."

“Good luck. I hope you won’t need it, but... well, you know,” Laura laughed.



Arriving at Pinewood Studios in a London cab, they jumped out and Evelyn immediately took in the scene before her. A hangar-like structure stood before them, its single door open to let some air circulate, which did little more than allow anyone walking by to hear the cursing coming from within.

“Jeez, is she *still* at it?” Laura muttered, taking her new friend inside and over to the set. She caught Evelyn’s eye. “Marna, the director. Doubt I need to say, but she’s not been too happy this past week. Anyway, I’ve gotta go check over the costumes and all that, hope it goes okay for you today.”

“Thanks,” Evelyn said, bobbing her head and turning to face the current pandemonium on-set. She took in the scene; several dozen members of the production staff, presently rushing back and forth like headless chickens; both the producer and the director, arguing over what they were doing today; set dressers and some of the other costume staff standing around with neutral expressions, happy that they were at least being paid. It was a mess.

Stepping closer to one of the other actors, a young man with ginger hair, Evelyn kept her voice low and introduced herself. “M-Morning. I’m Evelyn, nice to meet you?”

He glanced at her with a weary expression and managed a vague nod. “Hey, how’s it going? Welcome to Hell.”

“Seems pretty bad,” Evelyn continued.

“Understatement of the century, but yeah, it’s pretty bad,” he said, with a shrug this time. “I’m Jim, by the way. Hope you like standing around, ‘cus that’s about all we’ve been doing this last week.”

Evelyn could *feel* the tension in the air, it was so thick that she almost felt like she could swim through it. While a lot of the staff had neutral expressions—the sort of facial stance that gives precisely nothing away and, with any luck, can’t be taken the wrong way by an annoyed director or other higher-up—

several of the cast looked distinctly annoyed, openly so, and the day had only just begun.

Back during her school days, Evelyn had once taken part in a play, something involving a coven of three witches. She had been volunteered by the other kids to play one of the three witches, an experience she hadn't especially enjoyed at the time. The tension she had felt then, given her general shyness and young age, was close to how the set felt here, today.

"Uh-oh," Jim muttered, noting that the director had apparently won whatever argument they had been having. "Hope you've got the script down, looks like we're shooting a scene from later in the episode. They've been arguing over it for the last hour."

"Oh..." Evelyn mumbled. Her stomach felt like it was filled with several dozen imps having a party. With alcohol. And dancing. And probably stiletto heels, going by how uncomfortable it was. All that time spent memorising lines for the scene she expected them to be filming, only to find it had probably been changed at the last minute.

The director, a mid-twenties brunette woman with a permanent frown, strode across and addressed the assembled cast. "All right, everyone, we're doing the London street scenes today, let's get this shit-show on the road." She noticed Evelyn. "Ah, the new girl. I'm Marna, good to have you here."

"Morning, Marna," Evelyn said with a deferential head bob. "Um, I'm not sure I've got the lines fully memorised for the street scenes yet, I thought we were doing the facility scene, sorry..."

"Eh? Oh right. Let's have a look at the script," Marna said, swiping the item in question from Evelyn's shaking hands. "Page twenty, if I recall... yeah, here we are. You've got... fifteen lines for this scene. Easy enough, right? I'll find someone to go over them with you while you're in make-up."

"Okay," Evelyn said. Well, if she wanted to be an actress, this was the kind of thing she would have to get used to dealing with, so she did her best to put the butterflies and lack of confidence out of mind.

In the background, Laura had been keeping an ear open while simultaneously keeping a low profile, so she wandered across and grabbed the

script. "I'll help her, Marna, I'm free until this afternoon, if we're doing different scenes now."

Marna tapped her on the shoulder. "I'll leave Evelyn with you, then, cheers." She rushed away to harangue the crew on another set across the other side of the hangar.

"What a shambles, eh?" Laura continued with a vague chuckle.

"After you mentioned all the problems last night, I didn't really expect anything else, to be fair," Evelyn laughed. She was taken off to makeup to get prepared for filming her part; her own scene wouldn't be for an hour or so yet, so she focused on memorising the lines while the makeup girls worked their magic.

With these initial hiccups out of the way, it seemed like the production was finally back on track after a week of absolute disasters.

Chapter 4: Weekend Retreat

With makeup applied and her gothic costume for the episode worn on her slight frame, Evelyn now stood in a recreation of a London street in one of the many studio lots outside the hanger.

Depending on the needs of any given production, budgetary issues, and other concerns, a shoot might take place on a constructed set like this, or potentially be filmed on a real street, once all the relevant permits had been acquired.

Today's shoot was of the constructed set variety simply because this street was due to be blown up, and people had this strange aversion to having their property and businesses exploded for no good reason.

All in all, the set carpenters and other people involved in the construction of a large-scale outdoors set like this had done a good job. It felt accurate enough to be authentic, and with any luck would be used for a number of scenes before its ultimate fate was meted out.

Unfortunately, luck was about the last thing this production had on its side...

"Positions, everyone!" Marna called across from her directing chair.

Evelyn stood outside a shop frontage in her dark and gothic one-piece dress, heavy shadow and glossy black lipstick applied to her features, and prepared to give her lines. In theory, a role like this, playing an evil villain-cum-anti-hero with a penchant for the morbid and dark should be a dream come true. Certainly, on any other production it would've been.

"And, action!" Marna yelled.

Walking along the paved street, Evelyn weaved her way through a couple of dozen extras who were taking the roles of random people in the bustle of the city. She reached a junction and crossed over, ignoring the left turning which led to little more than a green screen; the rest of that particular street would be filled in with CG in post production.

On the other side, she stood outside a corner shop with a large, overhanging awning made from wood and some synthetic stone-effect material. She opened her mouth to deliver the first of her lines, heard a creak from somewhere above, and only *just* managed to jump backwards as the awning collapsed and crashed to the floor, smashing the pavement apart and flinging bits of debris across the set.

“What the hell happened?” Marna yelled, waving at the cameras to stop recording and rushing across with the set carpenters. She looked up at a broken support strut which had apparently buckled under too much weight. “You okay?” she asked Evelyn, who was sitting in the middle of the road and panting.

“I... I think so, yes,” Evelyn murmured, clutching at her chest as her heart attempted to forcibly leave her body through her ribcage. Several of the crew, including the on-set medic, had rushed across to help and were now fussing around her, making her feel even worse.

“Someone care to explain how the bloody hell that just collapsed?” Marna snapped at the carpenters, who sheepishly shook their heads. Turning to the rest of the crew, she clapped her hands. “We’re done here. Everyone head home and get some rest while I get this shit sorted out. We’ll aim to resume tomorrow.”

The crew headed out, shutting all the cameras and other equipment off on the way through. All except the carpenters and others involved in constructing the sets.

“We’ll talk more about this later,” Marna growled at them, then walked back to Evelyn. “No injuries?”

“I think I’m okay,” Evelyn said, though she was still visibly shaking, and receiving a confirmation nod from the medic.

“I won’t blame you if you want to head home and call it quits,” Marna added.

Evelyn shook her head. “No, I want to finish the job. A professional doesn’t complain, she just gets on with it.”

Marna touched a hand to her shoulder and smiled, then headed off to chew out the carpenters. “That’s what I like to hear. See you tomorrow, then.”

With their director gone—though they could still *hear* her as she thoroughly dressed down those responsible for the accident—Laura crouched next to Evelyn and rubbed her arm. “Let’s head back to my place? I can call a cab if you like?”

“That’s okay, I’d rather walk, it calms me down,” Evelyn said, getting to her unsteady feet.

“Sure thing,” Laura said, giving her house guest a shoulder to lean on until her feet were a little more steady.



Back at Laura’s flat, she had Evelyn crash on the sofa in the living room and made them a drink each, filling two glass tumblers with a generous pouring of Irish Cream from her fridge. Poking her head into the living room, she checked on her guest. “All okay for now?”

“Ah, I’m fine, really!” Evelyn said, waving her hands.

“In that case, how about we hit the town for an hour when we’ve finished our drinks?” Laura suggested. “Here you go, that should help settle the nerves a bit.”

“Thanks,” Evelyn said, grasping the proffered glass and having a sniff. “I recognise that smell.”

“Irish Cream, the *best* liqueur, bar none,” Laura said, tapping her glass to Evelyn’s.

“It’s one of my favourite drinks, too,” Evelyn said, downing most of the glass in one go. The warmth of the alcohol soon had her feeling a little livelier.

“Honestly, it seems the production really *is* cursed,” Laura murmured.

“It’s probably because so many things already went wrong. People get on edge because they’re always waiting for the next thing to happen.”

“And that makes them more likely to make mistakes? Kinda like a self-fulfilling prophesy?” Laura mused. “Hah... you might not be far off.” Downing the rest of her drink, she leaned over to brush shoulders with her guest. “Righto, let’s work on the script for a while, then hit the town. Sound good?”

Evelyn agreed it did indeed sound good, given she still had to memorise some of her lines, so she pulled the script out and settled down for a couple of hours of work before they could enjoy some play.

Chapter 5: Getting Wet

As early evening rolled around and her lines settled into her memory, Evelyn put the script away in her little backpack and stretched her legs in the kitchen, where her host was busy pouring them another glass of Irish Cream each.

“Where are we going tonight?”

“Oasis!” Laura said, handing over a glass and offering a toast. “Ever been to a pool bar?”

“I’m not very good at games like that,” Evelyn said, shaking her head and clinking her glass to Laura’s.

“Nah, not *that* kind of pool,” Laura laughed. “I mean like swimming pool.”

“Oh... um, can’t say I have, I’ve never really considered that you might put those two things together,” Evelyn said.

“It’s the *best*. Oasis is my favourite bar, it’s amazing. Open air, bar right next to the pool so you don’t need to get out for a drink, awesome atmosphere. You’ll love it, trust me.”

“Only one problem...”

Laura cocked her head. “What’s that?”

“I don’t have a swimsuit with me.”

“You can borrow one of mine, we’re pretty similarly sized,” Laura said, looking her guest up and down and nodding a few times in an approving manner.

“I’m not sure how well I’ll suit your tastes,” Evelyn laughed. “Gyaru and gothic don’t really mix.”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Laura said, and ran to her little bedroom just off the living room. She returned carrying a one-piece swimsuit in a deep crimson colour. “Have a look.”

Evelyn took the item and held it up to herself. “This is really nice.”

“Judge not the book by its cover, Evelyn,” Laura said, wagging a finger. “I know how I look, but I actually really like dark and gothic stuff.”

“Can I borrow this, then?”

“I insist,” Laura said with a wink.

They spent half an hour having a little something to eat and getting ready, then hit the town in casual outfits plus some towels and toiletries in a small bag carried by Laura. Unlike earlier, Laura had also left her hair loose so that it fell around her shoulders like wavy duvet of purest corn.

The streets were already thronged, resulting in a degree of delicate dancing to move in and around all the people. London was always an incredibly bustling place, but on a weekend it was even worse. Fortunately, Evelyn was more than used to dealing with city life back in Lincoln, though it was admittedly nowhere near the same level of packed even on the busiest Saturday nights.

Arriving at an archway made from sandy stone, they entered the bar’s grounds and headed inside the spacious foyer. Laura paid for a ticket each and they got changed in the locker room. From there, it was a short trip through a tiled hall to arrive in the pool bar itself.

It was, as Laura had intimated, *awesome*. Evelyn was stunned that something like this could exist right here in the middle of a huge city. Cool blues and warm oranges combined with the water of the pool itself to create a harmony of stylish sophistication. Palm trees dotted the tiled walkways between the pool areas, and no less than three separate bars served customers.

“Pretty sweet, huh?” Laura said, posing in her own swimsuit, a sexy bikini in onyx black and royal purple contrasting wonderfully with her hair.

“Y-Yes...” Evelyn murmured, wondering if her new friend meant the pool or herself.

They ended up at one of the bars, which had the customer side facing the pool so that people could relax in the water while enjoying a cool cocktail or a glass of wine. Ordering a drink each, they waded through the hip-height water to the opposite end of the pool and hopped up to sit on the edge.

Laura raised her glass. “To an exciting day!”

“More of a terrifying one,” Evelyn said, raising her own glass in response. “I’m not sure what I expected from this job. But it probably wasn’t this.”

“That’s life. Rarely turns out like you think it will,” Laura said, hoping to appear wise. “Though hey, it’s also true that this is kind of the exception. Productions aren’t normally *this* plagued with problems.”

“I wonder if I should’ve accepted it. I didn’t really think much about it when I got the call, just that it seemed like a perfect opportunity. I didn’t stop to consider that an accident being the reason I was needed might indicate bigger problems.” Evelyn leaned back on an arm and stared at the sky. “Marina said it’d be an easy job, hah.”

Laura glanced beside her. “You trust her?”

“Of course, she’s my best friend. But maybe I need to think more carefully before accepting just any job.”

“Balance is key,” Laura said, waggling her hands in an attempt to mimic a set of scales.

“It’s not always possible to maintain a balance when it’s something outside of your control,” Evelyn said with a shrug. “At least it’s a once-off, I’m not expected to be around for longer than this episode. It’s been a learning experience, I know that much.”

“That’s it, stay positive. Or just curse and swear until you feel better, that also works.”

A few minutes of silence as they sipped at their drinks and watched the world go by while splashing their feet in the water was followed by getting another glass each.

Evelyn was now staring at the sky, apparently thinking hard about something and completely failing to notice that Laura had seated herself a lot closer this time, so their legs touched. A couple of glasses of Irish Cream, which did bad things to her in any case, plus the current drinks meant she wasn’t as alert as she might otherwise be.

“Something on your mind?” Laura asked.

“Something I’ve thought of before, but never got an answer to,” Evelyn said, dropping her gaze back down to look at Laura. “Why are movies so localised?”

“Localised? You mean all in one place?”

“Yeah. Like, everything seems to happen in LA or here in London, they’re both full of movie studios and writers and all that.”

Laura winked at her. “Kinda answered your own question.”

“Oh... because it’s useful having everyone in one place?” Evelyn hazarded.

“Yup. Producers, actors, writers, studios, sets, all that stuff. Studios rent from each other for different productions because it’s cheaper than building their own just for one particular project. Having writers and actors in one place means casting and shopping spec scripts around is easier. It’s just more efficient for everyone involved.”

“I see. That makes sense,” Evelyn nodded.

“It’s not all good, though,” Laura added. “It can get insular and a bit incestuous if you ain’t careful, though that’s true of anything where the rich and powerful gather, heh.”

Evelyn looked down to her side for a place to stand her glass for a moment, then looked back up and turned her head to the *other* side... where she almost gave Laura an accidental kiss. “O-Oh, sorry about that.”

“Nothing to apologise over,” Laura said. “Do it again if you like.” She dropped a hand down to rest on Evelyn’s thigh, sliding up and down a few times, creeping closer to an area she probably shouldn’t be playing around with in the middle of a bar in the city.

Forgetting herself for a moment, Evelyn let herself be carried away by the forward momentum of her partner—in no small part thanks to the alcohol loosening her inhibitions a little—tilting her head back and closing her eyes.

Laura leaned in and touched lips with her, enjoying a minute or two tongue-tied, continuing her leg rubbing, sliding up, up, up...

Evelyn pulled away as reality returned in a rush and clamped her legs shut, trapping Laura’s hand. “Ah, we can’t do that here!” said her anxiety.

Laura seemingly awakened from her own lust-induced trance, pulling her hand back and issuing a brief cough. “My bad.” She gave Evelyn an oblique glance. “I note that you haven’t actually rebuffed my attempt...”

“Ah, no...” Evelyn stuttered. “I... might like to, um... you know. Just... not here.”

“You’re potentially interested, then?” Laura said, her pulse kicking up a few notches further. “I confess that Marina might’ve hinted you’re maybe that way inclined, so I figured it was worth the risk...”

“Marina...” Evelyn sighed. Then she shrugged and let out a cute giggle. “I guess she thought I might need a push again.” Yes... alcohol, a cute girl, a romantic atmosphere or location... it appeared she was weak to these things. Not that this was a *bad* thing, per se...

“She said you can be kinda shy,” Laura added. “Which for a girl who wants to be an actress is frankly adorable.”

“It’s something I’m working to overcome. That’s why I’m here, to be honest, I thought it might help.” Evelyn stared at the bar for a moment, contemplating, then turned to look at the slightly older girl sitting next to her. “I still don’t really get how I feel about... well, this type of thing. But that doesn’t mean I’ll turn down a fun experience if it’s available.”

“Well, we can do whatever you like, no pressure either way,” Laura nodded. “Doesn’t need to be more than a night of fun, but if you’re not into that kind of casual relationship, that’s cool.” She gave Evelyn a peck on the cheek. “Shall we head back? Can’t be out too late, back to work tomorrow, right?”

Clambering to her feet, Evelyn held a hand out. “I can’t promise anything, but... maybe we could revisit your suggestion from last night?”

“Last night? Oh, sharing the bed? Now you’re talking,” Laura said, grasping the proffered appendage and hauling herself upright.

They took their glasses across to the bar, got showered and dressed, then strolled back through the sultry night-time streets.

Chapter 6: Helping Hands

At the flat, Laura loitered around the doorway into her bedroom. “So... bed? Or we could watch something first? Movie or whatever?”

“Bed sounds good,” Evelyn said, pointing to the door and doing her best to keep her urges in check; the whole Marina thing had happened quite a few months ago now, and Evelyn was only mildly ashamed to admit that she really missed the feeling of warmth she’d had from another girl in her bed.

Laura grinned and jumped onto the bed’s thick, comfy mattress, where she sat cross-legged right in the centre. “Careful, Evelyn, once you lie in this bed you might never want to leave,” she said, unsuccessfully attempting to conceal the desire in her voice.

“I’ve only got a single back home,” Evelyn said, eyeing up her host’s double bed. She retrieved her pyjamas from her luggage and returned to the bedroom. Normally she wore a sexy one-piece nightgown, but on a trip like this she had decided that functional pyjamas would be the better bet. She was now regretting this decision.

Slowly, carefully they began undressing. Despite having been in general proximity at the bar pool when they changed, this time it felt... different. Sexier, more intimate.

Laura had to exercise every bit of willpower she possessed to not stare openly at Evelyn’s beautifully slender body.

“It’s okay to look,” Evelyn said. She slipped her socks off and now stood in nothing but her underwear, a dark blue set with cute little ribbons adorning the material covering her nipples.

Laura couldn’t tear her gaze away from this blue beauty, freezing halfway through sliding her miniskirt down. With a brief little ‘*ahem*’, she managed to finish changing into her own jammies, a pair similar in style to the swimsuit Evelyn had borrowed; dark, sexy, and stylish, again leaving her hair loose.

Tossing her clothes onto the floor, she slid under the sheets and patted next to her.

Evelyn spent a moment folding her clothes, placed them on a wooden chair by the door, and jumped into bed, ducking under the sheets and snuggling close. “Um, it’s okay to do this, yes?”

“Hell yeah,” Laura said, grinning. With their legs touching, though not entangled yet, she shuffled around a little until she was comfy, mostly in order to hide something else; she had dropped a hand down somewhere below and was presently rubbing herself through the fabric of her pyjamas, figuring her partner for the evening probably wouldn’t mind if she engaged in a little solo fun.

“You remind me of Marina,” Evelyn giggled, fully aware of what was happening beneath the sheets. Her best friend had slept over fairly frequently, and sometimes needed to relieve a few tensions when she thought Evelyn was asleep.

“We get along well, let’s just say that,” Laura murmured, eyes closed as the tingles of pleasure built.

“Have you and her...?” Evelyn said, studying her partner’s face.

“Yeah... few times,” Laura said in a low tone, her breathing already a little laboured. “It’s a not a problem, right?”

“Not at all.”

“Perfect. In that case... mind giving me a hand? Just... I dunno, touch me or something? Whatever you’re comfy with,” Laura whispered.

Thinking for a second, Evelyn shuffled closer and gave her an extended kiss with a side of tongue.

This surprised Laura to the point of having to open her eyes. “I... honestly didn’t expect you to be quite so forward. Marina mentioned you were shy. This is exact opposite of shy!”

“I can stop if you prefer?” Evelyn said, nibbling her partner’s lips.

“Oh hell, no,” Laura chuckled, closing her eyes and going back to work.

Stroking Laura’s exposed shoulder where the sleeve had ridden up, Evelyn slid her hand down the arm all the way to her partner’s hand—the occupied

one—and helped her along a little, resting her hand on top of Laura’s, guiding rather than being directly involved. “Turn over, please?” she added in a low tone.

Laura did so, lying on her side so that she faced away from her bed buddy. “Like this?”

“Yes,” Evelyn murmured, snuggling up to her back and wrapping an arm around her waist. Kissing her partner’s neck, she nibbled up and down while making sure never to bite hard enough to leave marks, sliding her free hand up and down Laura’s tummy, gently cupping her shapely breasts and tweaking her erect nipples, perfectly visible and obvious through the thin pyjama fabric. Without realising it, she was also breathing heavily into Laura’s ear.

“I like that...” Laura mumbled.

“Which bit?”

“Having you breathe in my ear, it’s super sexy! Never had a girl do that before.”

“In that case...” Evelyn whispered, and positioned her head so she was right next to Laura’s ear, face buried in that gorgeous corn blonde hair, letting herself go entirely. She was immensely turned on in any case, and breathing heavily while intimately touching this lovely gal was sending her over the edge.

It seemed she wasn’t the only one being pushed over the edge, as Laura rolled onto her back and opened her legs wide. “E-Eat me out, Evelyn, please! I need your tongue...!”

Evelyn giggled and disappeared under the sheets, all anxieties and worries forgotten as her libido took full control. Shifting the sheets to one side so she could get a proper look, she positioned herself before her partner’s gushing tunnel, sliding Laura’s pyjama bottoms off and tossing them out of bed. She tugged Laura’s fingers out and replaced them with her tongue, hesitantly licking and taking her partner’s unique flavour into her mouth.

“Ah...!” Laura cried out, the pleasure almost reaching unbearable levels. She spread her legs as far as they could go. “Keep it up, Evelyn...!”

While she was inexperienced, Evelyn knew how her own body worked, and used this as her basis for pleasuring Laura, utilising her tongue to, flicking up

and down her slit, licking around the outsides of her lips, and using her fingers to stimulate the throbbing clit.

And all the while her own wetness ached for some action of its own. She used her free hand to slide under her own body and give herself a gentle rub in hopes of calming her bits a little, doing little more than increase her own frustration levels.

It was clear that Laura was getting closer to something Evelyn had only experienced a limited number of times herself, and after a short time she came long, wet, and hard. Evelyn felt Laura's body shuddering as her partner did her best to stifle a cry of pleasure by burying her face in the pillow, the pleasurable jolts being transferred through to Evelyn's own body in turn.

Rubbing over Laura's clit until she had thoroughly enjoyed her orgasm, Evelyn slid back up and collapsed beside her panting partner, noting that she now had very wet and sticky fingers. "How was it?" she whispered into her host's ear, followed by stealthily sucking her fingers clean; it was something Marina had done after their one and only dalliance, and Evelyn had been curious ever since. After getting a mouthful of muff, she figured licking her fingers clean afterward wasn't such a big deal any more.

Laura grinned, still short of breath. "Amazing! Aaah, seriously, Marina knows how to pick 'em." She heaved a sigh of utter contentedness and gave Evelyn a wet kiss, enjoying the hint of her own flavour on her partner's tongue, before slumping back and staring at the ceiling. "I could get used to having a cute girl breathing in my ear like that, yep."

"You said earlier not to judge a book by its cover," Evelyn said, giving her another kiss. "I'm not as innocent as Marina might have made me out to be." Actually, she probably *was* that innocent, but she didn't feel like admitting it.

This cracked Laura up. "Yeah, seems like it. Mm, I've not had an orgasm that good in at least a year. I feel bad not giving you anything in return, though."

"There's still time," Evelyn murmured, giggling and lying back down.

With a pleased smile, Laura closed her own eyes and let out a contented sigh, quickly nodding off in a happy little post-orgasmic glow, leaving Evelyn to once again study her face.



After an hour of being completely unable to sleep, Evelyn carefully shuffled out of bed and padded through to the bathroom, a small yet surprisingly pleasant little space, given the size of the apartment. Here, she took a deep breath, dropped her pyjama bottoms and panties—and the wooden toilet seat—and sat with her legs open.

Laura's naughtiness had already had an incredible effect, but giving herself a tickle in the process had done nothing beyond make Evelyn super frustrated and in need of some proper release. And with them back to work in the morning, that sort of frustration wouldn't do at all. Eagerly she pushed two fingers inside her hot and hungry tunnel, insanely turned on to the point where she felt it probably wasn't going to take long.

A few minutes ticked past as she played with herself, thinking that she should pick the pace up a bit in case Laura noticed the absence of extra warmth in her bed. Evelyn knew how easy it was to be awoken by that cold feeling her partner no longer being there, it happened whenever Marina slept over after having a few drinks, and needed to visit the bathroom more than usual.

Unfortunately—or fortunately, as the case may be—it seemed that point had just been reached.

Laura poked her head into the room and grinned. “Had a feeling you might need a bit of alone time.” Her face lit up even further as Evelyn merely smiled and continued as though nothing had happened.

“Sorry, couldn't wait any longer, and you were asleep, so...” Evelyn mumbled between gentle moans.

“Here, let me help! I owe you for earlier,” Laura said, rushing in and putting a leg up and over the toilet to sit with Evelyn between her legs. She reached a hand around to the girl's crotch and took over for her, softly pushing a finger inside her partner's smooth wetness, then a second, hooking them up inside and beginning a gentle rhythm. She whistled. “Wouldn't have pegged you for a girl who shaves.”

Evelyn merely smiled. “Book, cover, remember?”

“Fair point,” Laura laughed, enjoying this gothic girl’s cute moans. “You’re single, right?”

Evelyn nodded, spreading her legs a little wider and letting her arms dangle to the sides, staring vaguely at the wall with half-open eyes. “Single... and probably not that sure about... things.”

“Things, as in... whether you’re into girls?” Laura delicately probed at the same time as her fingers probed her partner’s hot honey pot.

“Things like that, yes,” Evelyn laughed, before letting out a gasp as a shock of pleasure ran through her; Laura had quite the dextrous hand, and she had now added her thumb into the mix, rubbing it over her clit while keeping both fingers deep inside. It reminded her of that rhythm challenge where you had to tap the top of your head with one hand while making circular motions over your tummy with the other. Evelyn had never got the hang of it.

“So... a girlfriend probably isn’t on the cards?”

“Maybe... a partner who could guide me through my confusion?” Evelyn slurred, her mind filled with the cotton wool feeling of sleepy pleasure, which felt like it was about to reach a gentle crescendo any moment now.

“Given we live a fair way from each other, that might be best for both of us,” Laura whispered, unwilling to break her partner out the euphoric trance she had apparently slipped into.

“Faster... please...”

Laura obliged, while privately resolving to set aside some time in the near future to visit Lincoln, for completely innocent reasons, of course.

“Ah...!” Evelyn gasped, shuddering as her body let go, letting out a brief cry of pleasure, stretching her legs out and her toes curling involuntarily.

“Shall I continue?” Laura asked with a low giggle.

“N-No, that’s plenty, thank you,” Evelyn breathed as her body gradually chilled out again, now she had given it what it was after. “Mmm... that felt great...”

“Let the record show that I still owe you a damn good tonguing,” Laura said, absentmindedly licking her fingers and climbing off the toilet again.

“Haha... haha... not tonight, you don’t,” Evelyn giggled. “Just give me a minute, I’ll be there soon...”

“Don’t take too long. It’s cold without you,” Laura said, and exited. In reality it was anything but cold, what with it being the height of summer and all, but it sounded good regardless of accuracy.

Gradually coming back down to Earth, Evelyn took a few final breaths to steady her heart, cleaned her bits and pieces, and pulled her panties and pyjama bottoms back up, then wandered back through to the bedroom where she slid into bed, snuggled up, gave Laura a kiss as thanks for the lovely evening, and closed her eyes.

She wasn’t out of the woods yet, after all. There was still the small matter of finishing up a production that, by all accounts, was *actually* cursed.

Chapter 7: Back on Track?

At the studio next day, they arrived and split up, with Evelyn giving an embarrassed little wave and receiving a happy grin in response. Taking a deep breath, she headed over to find Marna in hopes that maybe, just maybe they could get back on track today. She found her at the London street set where the accident had occurred. Marna was staring at the scenery and shaking her head.

“Morning, Marna. Are we filming today?” Evelyn asked, coming to a halt behind her.

“Mm?” Marna murmured, turning to face her. “Oh, uh... Evelyn, wasn’t it? Wasn’t expecting to see you. Didn’t you get the message?”

“I don’t think so?” Evelyn said.

“I sent a message to Laura, maybe she didn’t check her phone this morning,” Marna said.

Evelyn’s cheeks warmed at this. Yeah... Laura probably hadn’t thought to look at her phone, what with them being in bed together. “Is there a problem?”

“You could say that. The pilot’s been cancelled,” Marna sighed. “After all the problems, having to find a replacement after an accident, *another* accident yesterday, and everything else... well, let’s just say the investors in this little production got skittish and pulled their funding.” She sighed again. “Looks like the production really was cursed, hah.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Evelyn said, her own face dropping in solidarity. Her first chance at an acting role gone, just like that. What was that word Laura had used? Shambles? Evelyn hadn’t heard it before, but it seemed appropriate. It was one of those words that managed to put across its meaning without the need for a formal definition.

“It happens,” Marna said, shrugging and aiming a kick at the faux pavement. “I hope you at least learned something useful here. Mostly how badly everything can go wrong, eh?”

Evelyn had to stifle a low laugh. “That’s true, yes. It was a fun experience either way, thanks.”

“That’s all that matters, then,” Marna added, rearranging her face into something a little sunnier. “Learn from it and move on, that’s the way. Who knows, I might even hire you for something else down the line. You certainly look the part for a few things I might have in mind.”

“I-I’d love to give it another try, thank you,” Evelyn said.

“No worries. Leave me your number and we’ll see what happens,” Marna said, taking Evelyn’s details before wandering off to find something stiff to drink.

This left Evelyn to head in the direction of the costume department.



Through a variety of plain-looking hallways, Evelyn eventually came face to face with an equally plain wooden door where Laura had told her she worked. She knocked.

“*Come in!*” came the response from inside.

Evelyn opened the door into a wonderland of movie costumes. Tables and workbenches filled the room in the centre and around two of the edges. Against the two free walls, rows of wheeled clothing racks stood, each filled to the brim with several dozen costumes in a variety of styles.

And standing at one of the benches in the centre of the room, Laura herself, hunched over a laptop. She waved Evelyn across. “Sucks to hear about the project, huh?”

“In a way, I’m kind of relieved,” Evelyn said, a little embarrassed.

“You are?”

“Going by how bad everything was already, I’m not sure I’d have wanted it to be my first ever appearance in something.”

“Aaah, I getcha,” Laura said, nodding once or twice. “Even if they’d finished the episode, there’s no guarantees it’d do well or be picked up for a full run.”

“Yes... still, it’s a bit depressing as well.”

Laura shrugged. “Nature of the business, all kinds of things can go wrong on such a collaborative work.”

“That’s life, I suppose, though I can’t say I’ve personally had something go bad to quite *this* extent,” Evelyn giggled.

“This gives you some experience for when it does, then,” Laura said. “Guess you’re heading off soon?”

“Today. Though... maybe not for a few hours.” Evelyn produced her phone and opened an app she had installed for purchasing train tickets. Poking the screen a few times, she nodded. “There. I’m due to leave at three.”

Tugging her own phone out, Laura noticed an unread message from Marna, which she ignored for now; she knew the score already, after all. Instead, she checked the time. “Hmm, well I’m busy for a couple of hours, but I’ll be free around eleven...”

“I’ll go do some sightseeing, or check out a café or something,” Evelyn said. She cocked her head slightly. “Meet me at eleven, then?”

“You bet your cute little ass I will!” Laura said, giving her an okay symbol and a suggestive wink.



Heading back to Laura’s place to get changed into a short skirt and a loose blouse, Evelyn spent the next few hours doing nothing much of anything. London wasn’t a place she liked all that much, and her mind was full of Laura in any case, so sightseeing or enjoying a nice café probably wouldn’t have the usual impact.

Instead, she found a park and sat on a bench, watching the clouds drift by overhead, or gazing at the ever-present pigeons as they fought over the various weekend garbage people had dropped. But mostly she daydreamed about potential directions her life might take once she got home.

With any luck, Marna would give her a ring and she might get her foot in the door this time. Or perhaps someone else, another audition, another production. Hopefully one that wasn’t cursed this time, too.

She glanced at her phone and noted that it was nearly time to meet up with the girl she was fairly certain she liked. Beyond the obvious physical pleasure, anyway. That was fun and sexy, sure, but Laura's outgoing personality tickled Evelyn's fancy as well. And the feeling of having someone like her in bed, before or after the naughty stuff... yeah, that felt good. Really good.

Getting to her feet, she made for the meeting point they had arranged, just at the end of the street where Laura lived. Upon arriving, she saw that Laura had tied her hair up into a wavy ponytail that looked... far, *far* too good on her.

"I could get used to this new look," Evelyn said, coming to a halt and daringly running her fingers through the ponytail.

"You like?" Laura said, beaming.

"It suits you," Evelyn said. It was presently just after eleven in the morning, broad daylight, and her stomach was rumbling a little. This therefore seemed like the *perfect* time to completely ignore all of those and simply have some fun. She took Laura's hand. "So, um... your place?"

"If that's what you want," Laura said, strolling along beside her gothic companion and idly wondering how long they would manage to stay clothed.

Chapter 8: Killing Time

Evelyn's butterflies returned with a vengeance the moment they reached the door leading up to the kitchen. With each successive step, her heart rate peaked a little more. They only had a few hours until she had to be back at King's Cross, so really... it was inevitable.

Laura's resistance broke first, surprising no one. The very instant they stepped into the kitchen, she grabbed Evelyn, wrapped both arms firmly around her waist, pushed her back towards the kitchen units... and then did something that resulted in her partner gasping.

"L-Laura?!" Evelyn squeaked as she was lifted off the ground and deposited on the edge of the cabinet behind her.

"Time to repay you for last night!" Laura grinned, and gently spread her lover's legs to reveal the silky and jet black panties she had on today. She whistled. "You know, as a gyaru model I've worn all kinds of sexy lingerie, but I reckon you'd give the best of 'em a run for their money."

"I... almost considered not wearing any at all," Evelyn mumbled, her cheeks glowing like miniature suns.

"That's hot as fuck, but I prefer to peel 'em off so I can get a good look, you get me?" Laura said with a suggestive eyebrow waggle.

"Ah, I... I think so, yes," Evelyn said, spreading her legs a little further and tugging her short skirt up. Her panties were silky, yes, but also *quite* transparent in all the right areas, giving her partner a hint at things to come while not revealing everything at once. She lifted herself on both hands so Laura could slide them down a little.

"Alrighty, then," Laura said, eyes locked onto her partner's secret garden as the black material gradually gave way to eager, waiting lips and an already throbbing magic button that Evelyn desperately wanted her lover to press. She slipped the items off and tossed them on the surface next to Evelyn, then wasted no time at all in going in for her first taste.

“Ah!” Evelyn said in a voice that barely registered. The fingers the previous evening had felt great. Amazing, even. But finally getting to experience a girl’s tongue down there... yes, this was something else she felt she could probably get used to, if given half a chance.

“First time?” Laura asked, her voice a little muffled.

“Yes...”

“In that case,” Laura said, and ramped up her action a little, flicking her tongue back and forth across this lovely girl’s already damp bits, focusing on the clit to the exclusion of all else.

For her part, Evelyn wrapped her legs around her host’s neck, closed her eyes, and simply let herself be carried on wings of ecstasy for the next few minutes, her body responding in ways she had no idea were even *possible*. Fingering didn’t even come *close*.

Laura gave her one last lick, all the way from the bottom of her pussy to the clit, then stood up straight and beamed. She licked her lips and nodded. “Perfect, just like you.”

This made Evelyn blush, attempting to formulate an appropriate response between heavy breaths. “I... um, thank you?”

Chuckling at her partner’s flustered state, Laura grabbed her around the thighs and tugged her down from the kitchen units, then wrapped her arms around her waist and began manoeuvring Evelyn in the direction of somewhere a little more intimate.

Walking her backwards in the general direction of the bed, carefully manoeuvring her through the living room and into the bedroom, Laura attempted to remove pieces of both her own and Evelyn’s clothing, fumbling in her haste.

Evelyn’s legs bumped against the end of the bed and gave out, depositing her onto the soft mattress in just her skirt and blouse, legs splayed and her wetness clearly still eager for some further action.

Leaving the curtains closed and the room dim, Laura jumped up and straddling her lover’s midsection, bending right down cup her face, whereupon

she suffocated her with lust, gently using her tongue to tickle her partner's lips. "I actually feel kinda nervous," she whispered. "Bugged if I know why."

"Um, we don't need to be anxious around each other any more, right?" Evelyn said, waggling her legs in hopes that this might result in more tonguing.

"Talk about role reversal," Laura laughed, relaxing a bit.

Unbuttoning her blouse to reveal her bra, Evelyn smiled. "Looks like we're both books that shouldn't be judged solely on their covers."

Laura's face glowed. "You bet!" She shuffled back a little way and tugged her partner's skirt off, followed by the blouse, and took in this girl's utter perfection. She touched a finger to the equally black and silky bra, running over the material and circling an erect nipple.

Lifting her up slightly, she slipped a hand around and unhooked the bra, tossing it over the side of the bed without a care. Gazing up and down, from breasts to pussy, face to legs... Laura shivered. "The pictures Marina sent seriously don't do you justice."

"I'm quite sure she doesn't have any nudes of me, so I wouldn't expect them to," Evelyn giggled.

"Nudes, you say?" Laura said, jumping up and balancing easily on the mattress. She held a pretend camera up to her face and flicked her right index finger a few times. "It gets lonely at night without a steady girlfriend, know what I mean?"

Demurely crossing her arms over her chest, Evelyn avoided eye contact for a moment. "I... might let you have some one day."

Tossing the imaginary camera to the side, Laura gave a double thumbs-up and immediately dived forward to get another helping of muffin surprise.

"Better make the most of you while you're here, huh?"

"Mm, that's right," Evelyn moaned as the gentle euphoria peaked again and her body signalled its approval as every single nerve ending twanged in delight. There was something about her partner's ever so slightly rough tongue that seemed to magnify the experience beyond anything fingers were capable of. Even rubbing over her clit with KY couldn't compare to a girl's tongue.

Laura switched target to the insides of the thighs next, licking *all* the way up to Evelyn's dripping pussy, giving her a quick one-two lick from bottom to top, making her yelp in surprise, and working back down the other thigh.

"That's ticklish!" Evelyn said, giggling like mad. It was an odd feeling, frustrating but in a good way, mostly because she was desperate for some release and anything that didn't involve Laura's tongue on her pussy was of lower priority at present.

"Ticklish, you say?" Laura said, and went into overdrive with her tongue, making Evelyn giggle even harder as the wonderfully ticklish and rough sensations made her lightheaded.

"Jeez, Laura," Evelyn said, dropping her left hand down to give herself a rub in lieu of her partner's tongue. "I'm going to have to..."

Laura cocked her head. "To?"

"To give you a good seeing-to!" Evelyn said, and turned the tables, sitting up and tipping her lover onto her back, lying *down* the bed with her ponytail dangling over the edge.

"Well, this is new..." Laura muttered, laughing and simply letting her partner have her way.

First up, Evelyn returned the favour by spreading Laura's legs wide, taking in her flower motif leaf green panties, which were both sexy and cute, and currently featured a sizeable wet patch. "Are we excited?"

Laura chuckled, feeling a little lightheaded. "Never mind excited, I'm desperate! Finger me, Evelyn... actually, no! *Tongue* me!"

"How about both?" Evelyn said, and peeled the panties down to reveal Laura's moistness. Going forward on all-fours, she gingerly licked and flicked, side to side and up and down. There was no alcohol to help with the anxiety this time, and her mind had just come to the full and total realisation that yes, she *did* in fact have her face in this beautiful young woman's private garden. So much for not being anxious around each other.

"Ngh... I figured this'd happen..." Laura murmured. A few seconds later she had a restrained little orgasm, moaning and writhing around on the bed as Evelyn added her fingers into the delicious mix.

A brief giggle emanated from Laura's nether regions. "That was fast."

Sitting bolt upright, Laura threw her arms around Evelyn and gave her a kiss, enjoying their combined flavours as though it were some sexy new cocktail. "You just turn me on way too much..." With that, she dropped her left hand down to rub Evelyn's pussy. "Still good and wet, I see."

"Mm," Evelyn moaned, closing her eyes and resting her face in Laura's sweet and slightly sweaty shoulder.

Glancing down at her own bits, Laura's lips mouth split into a cheesy grin. "Man, I've not been this wet in ages. It's like a damn slip 'n' slide down there," she laughed.

This made Evelyn crack up, leaving her wide open to attack. She was once again surprised at finding herself flat on her back, but with one leg pointed skyward this time.

"Just roll over a bit," Laura said, positioning herself between her partner's legs so that they could slot together in the proverbial—and, indeed, very enjoyable—scissors position. "Let me give you a special going away present!" With that, she began grinding, slowly at first, then faster and faster, rubbing her slippery opening against Evelyn's equally liquid canal and getting into a groove that was likely to see them both explode in short order.

"Oh...!" Evelyn cried, muffling it on her wrist to the best of her ability. Once upon a time she had tried giving herself a going over using KY jelly. More than once, actually, it had felt so nice. The extra lubrication and the coolness of the gel on her clit had felt *incredible*.

Similarly, having another girl's juices combining with her own to the point where they could almost swim in their combined pleasure resulted in a heightened pleasure that was unlike anything she had experienced. And it was *way* better than KY.

Laura concentrated on keeping their lower lips locked in their lustful tango, her breath stuttering in and out like a sexy machinegun as she closed in on her messy endgame. She glanced at her lover's sweaty features and grinned. "Looks like you're about to make a mess of my bed?"

“Yeah...!” Evelyn managed, just as the orgasm triggered and knocked her flat, rushing through her body with all the energy of an electrical circuit during a thunderstorm. It was so intense that she couldn’t even vocalise it, instead enjoying it with her mouth open as she cried out silently until finally her voice caught up with events and she managed a quiet ‘*aaan...!*’ that instantly triggered Laura’s body in return.

Grinding her pelvis in circular motions to the best of her ability, Laura let out a continual moan of abject ecstasy as her second orgasm of the morning washed over her. Collapsing forward, she rested her face in Evelyn’s soft and inviting breasts and panted her way back to something approaching a lucid state.

Bringing her hands up, Evelyn wrapped them around her lover’s neck and let out a happy little sigh. Unlike that first time she had slept with Marina, when they’d both been a bit drunk, this time she was clear-headed and capable of processing in full the wonderful experience she had just enjoyed.

Right at the top of her brain’s list of things to process was the fact that sex between two girls could get *quite* messy. Directly after that came the realisation that, to her own mild embarrassment, she actually rather enjoyed the mess...

“Mmmm,” Laura mumbled as she floated her way back down to earth. “I reckon that might just be my favourite position, yep...”

“Yes... it’s good... really good...” Evelyn murmured in response, gently running her fingers through Laura’s ponytail before tugging it down in order to burn this image into her mind for future use. Closing her eyes for a time, and remaining painfully aware that they only had a couple of hours before she needed to head to the station, she simply enjoyed the afterglow.

Chapter 9: Homeward Bound

“Ah well, I guess we’d better get up, huh?” Laura eventually said. She lifted her head enough to place a delicate peck on both of Evelyn’s nipples, eliciting an adorable yelp, indicating that her partner was a little sensitive, and sat up. “Well, that was officially awesome. We should do it again sometime. Maybe next time I’ll give you a double orgasm!”

“I’m not keeping count, don’t worry!” Evelyn laughed, and unwillingly joined Laura in the upright club. “Besides, I tend to have, um... one large one?”

“Maybe I’ll experiment with giving you multiple one day soon.”

“I’ll happily make this sacrifice in the name of science, Laura. Fortunately I don’t have work tomorrow.”

Laura exploded into laughter. “Perfect!” She shifted position slightly. “We’re kind of wet, huh? I should probably clean up, but I really can’t be arsed right now.”

Looking down at their naked forms, wet and sexy as they were, Evelyn shrugged. “I... barely paid it any mind, to be honest. I like it, actually.”

“It’s pretty sexy, for sure,” Laura said, nodding sagely.

Evelyn’s cheeks glowed a little, but she nodded and smiled. “It is. Um... do you think we have time for a quick shower?”

“Worried the other passengers might be able to smell us?” Laura grinned.

Giving her a gentle ding on the arm, Evelyn slid out of bed and stretched. “I was just thinking... that if you visited me for a weekend we could stay like this and enjoy it fully?”

“Now that’s a suggestion I can fully get behind,” Laura said, jumping off the mattress and giving her a peck on the lips. “It’s only an hour or two from London, right? I should be able to find time fairly often. If you’re interested in something a bit more... firm?”

“I guess we’ll have to see how it goes, won’t we?” Evelyn whispered, and gave her a tight and affectionate hug.

“I guess we will, yeah,” Laura laughed. She pulled away. “So... shower?”

This sounded like an excellent plan, so that was what they did. For the next hour or so, thanks in no small part to Laura deciding that she didn't want to be on the hook for that extra orgasm until they next met. By the time they were done, Evelyn could barely walk.



At Kings Cross Station, Laura stood with the young lady who was probably now her girlfriend. It always sucked having to say goodbye to a friend, as she had learned upon leaving both Japan and her gyaru friends behind. But leaving a girlfriend? That was just the *worst*.

Something appeared to strike Laura. She poked her new girlfriend in the side. “You know... you never properly introduced yourself to me?”

“Was I supposed to?” Evelyn asked, raising an eyebrow.

“I mean... I only know your first name. Bit silly, when we're seeing each other now, right?”

Turning to face her, Evelyn held a hand out. “Pleased to meet you. I'm Evelyn Tanner.”

Laura grinned. “Figured you'd have some crazy gothic name or something. I'm Laura Haart. Nice to meet'cha!”

Smiling as the intercity train pulled into the station, Evelyn grabbed her luggage, gave her girlfriend a kiss on the lips, and went to step aboard.

“Don't be a stranger, got it?” Laura added, walking with her.

“I'd like to visit the shop when it's open, so I'll definitely be back one day,” Evelyn said, nodding. “Or you could visit me first? I'll take you to my favourite bar. I owe you after Oasis.” Her cheeks flushed ever so slightly. “And... I believe you owe me an extra orgasm?”

“I'll give you two!” Laura grinned, giving her a last hug and a delicate kiss on the lips. “Hope things go more smoothly when you get home. Marna said she might give you a chance at something else, right?”

“With any luck,” Evelyn said.

“Nah, just make your own luck, much more efficient that way.”

This made Evelyn laugh. “I don’t know about that, I think it’s quite romantic leaving it to chance. I might not have met you otherwise.” With that, she touched her fingers to her lips and held the hand out to her girlfriend, then stepped back as the door closed and the train got underway.

At first, this little weekend adventure had seemed like an absolute disaster, what with the cursed production and everything. But it was true what they said. Even the worst storm cloud held a silver lining.

-END-

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Lily Lancaster