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by

Roberta Angela Dee

I have never been able to explain the intensity of the first night I saw Selena Lopez. That night will remain inscribed in my heart for all eternity. It was a moment filled with magic.

I had only recently moved into a fabulous house on the hills of Colfax, California, and was standing out by the pool. Beyond the pool, there was about 200 feet of vegetated terrain. It rose to an elevation about 20 feet above the level where I stood.

It was then that I noticed a woman strolling across the top of the hill, her exquisitely feminine physique silhouetted by a full moon. Her short Georgette dress draped delicately over the fullness of her unbound breasts and sculptured derriere. She was the essence of everything feminine, the core of feminine power, mystique and beauty.

At times, she would disappear briefly behind a tree. When she emerged, it was as if an angel had appeared out of the night, the darkness. I had never before witnessed a more beautiful vision.

The woman seemed oblivious to my standing there, although I was very well illuminated and clearly visible through the shrubbery and trees. I hoped she would look down and see me. Another hope was that her stroll was intentionally staged to capture my attention. Whatever her intent, the beautiful woman, silhouetted in her sheer dress, filled my thoughts and dreams for the remainder of that eventful night.

The next morning while I was sweeping leaves in the backyard, I noticed a woman descending along a cleared path on the hill. She carried a tray covered with a kitchen towel.

"Hello," she yelled from afar, perfectly enunciating the word with a melodious voice.

"Hi there," I replied, as I wondered who she was and why she had decided to approach me. Was she the same woman I had seen and fantasized about the night before?

"Hi, I'm Selena Lopez," she announced, sensuously. "You and I are neighbors. I'm in the next house moving up the hill -- the house next to yours."

"Pleased to meet you, Selena," I answered, somewhat apprehensively. "I'm Roberta Dee."

"Nice meeting you too," she said, then extended the pan. "I've baked some yeast rolls. Hope you like them."

"Why thank you, Ms. Lopez!"

"Please call me, Sel or Selena. I detest formality."

I removed the kitchen towel from the pan. The scent of the freshly baked yeast rolls filled the air around us. They looked delicious! I invited Selena into the house. She took a seat at the kitchen table while I removed the rolls from the aluminum pan and placed them in a Tupperware plastic container. I then folded the towel and placed it in the pan, and placed both items on the kitchen table.

As I moved to be seated, Selena said, "You certainly are a tall one! I'm 5-feet, 10-inches, and you're the first woman I've had to talk up to in quite some time."

I'm 6-feet tall, taller than most," I replied.

"You look familiar," she commented. "What type of work do you do?"

"I'm a writer," I answered while noticing that her breasts were quite visible -- not only because of the sheerness of her blouse, but also because her blouse was left unbuttoned nearly to her navel. The view was intoxicating. I especially took notice of her large and unusually elongated nipples.

"You have no tan lines on your breasts," I commented -- partly to alert her to the fact that she was so exposed, but also to change

the topic from my livelihood. "Don't you ever wear a bra?"

"Rarely," she answered, confidently. "I find that bras are usually uncomfortable and that their function can easily be replaced through proper diet and exercise."

"Well, you certainly appear to be in good shape -- and shaped well, too. But what about modesty?"

"Men bare their chests without being perceived as immodest," she replied. "What makes it immodest for a woman to exercise the same freedoms as a man? For me, the logic that makes it immoral for a woman to be as free as a man is nothing more than primitive and archaic."

"An interesting philosophy, Selena," I replied, then changing the subject asked, "Would you care to see the rest of the house?"

"I most certainly would, Roberta!" she confessed with an unexpected degree of enthusiasm. "I mean, I've seen the house before -- when it was occupied by that dreadful couple. I'm eager to see what you've done with it."

I hadn't done much, and told her so -- showing her each room and presenting it as a work in progress. I didn't inquire about what she meant by "dreadful couple."

Selena was not the least bit inhibited about offering suggestions. She seemed, however, to be most interested in my bedroom, especially the king size bed.

"A girl could reach multiple orgasms on a bed like this one, " she commented, "provided she had the right partner."

Selena then walked over to the sliding glass doors that opened to a balcony. "You can see my bedroom from here!" she shouted. "I'd better be careful to keep my curtains drawn," she added with a bit of girlish laughter, more sinful than feminine.

I did not reply but wondered whether she had sensed my physical attraction to her, my desire to bury my tongue into the very essence of her womanliness. It was, in the beginning, a quiet passion. Now, it shouted throughout my body, echoing in the hollow of my nerves like thunder echoes through a desert night. I embraced passion but dared not show it so near.

Selena turned from the window and said, "I'm 45 years old, never married, and I've never birthed a child. Makes you wonder, doesn't it?"

"Not necessarily," I answered. "I'm 48 years old, and I've never married, nor have I ever had a child. Perhaps it only means that we're birds of a feather." I then added, "You know what they say about birds of a feather, don't you?"

Selena smiled but didn't comment. I led her down stairs back to the kitchen. She left only a few minutes later. I again wondered whether she had been the woman I saw strolling along the hilltop. Frankly, I wondered about a lot of things -- most concerned Selena.

Later than evening, after I had taken a relaxing bubble bath, I slipped into a Kimono and entered the bedroom. As I walked towards the sliding doors, I saw Selena. She was quite nude and appeared to be fondling her breasts while standing on the balcony of her bedroom. In fact, she touched herself all over!

I quickly turned off the bedroom lights and, while standing in the darkness, watched her. Naturally, I felt like a voyeur but could not deny the erotic results.

The only illumination on her body came from the moon and her bedroom she seemed to emit only the flickering lights from several candles. We women do love our candles. Don't we?

The light was eerie and at times bathed her body in a soft light, while at other times it left her barely more defined than a shadow.

Selena paused for a minute and looked over towards my bedroom. She couldn't see me hidden in the darkness. A minute or two later, she disappeared into her house. Her performance, whether or not it had been intentionally staged, had come to an end. I retired and felt compelled to dream of the two of us intimately entwined on my king-size bed. I could not recall when I had ever craved for a woman as I craved for Selena that evening. Still, there was my concern as to how she might respond to a transgendered woman.

Whether Selena was gay or bisexual, was not as important as her willingness to have an open mind and an open heart.

However, as I was more than aware, if she shared the opinion of most women, she'd insist that once you're a man, you're always a man. She'd never really bother to think beyond that simple thought and never really bother to think of all that attributes that truly make a woman a woman.

The next morning, while I was again seated at the kitchen table, I nibbled on one of the yeast rolls Selena had baked, sipped a cup of tea, and watched Forrest Whitaker and Sandra Bullock discuss a new film. The film was titled "Hope Floats." Whitaker was the director, and Bullock was to have a leading role. Sandra had been one of my favorite actresses, along with Vivica Fox. And I believed Whitaker possessed enormous potential as a director. All he lacked was the right script. With the right material, I was certain he could take film into the next millennium.

Suddenly, there was tapping at the sliding door. I looked away from the television. It was Selena. She stood at the door, sporting a meek smile. I motioned for her to come in.

"I'm not interrupting anything, am I?" she asked, apologetically.

"No. Not at all," I answered. "I've just finished sampling one of your rolls. It was delicious. Can I offer you something to drink?"

"No thank you, she answered graciously. Then, she seated herself while staring at me intently.

"You seem disturbed about something," I commented.

"Not disturbed, merely curious," she replied, as though she had been saddened by something. "I did a little research on the internet last night, and I came ...," she began saying.

I interrupted her, saying, "Your nights are very active."

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"Well, the night before last, I could have sworn that I had seen a woman -- with a physique remarkably like yours -- strolling on the hill between our houses. She was wearing a very transparent dress. Was she you?"

"Yes," she answered without offering any apology or sense of embarrassment.

"And, last night, you were nude on the balcony, apparently fondling yourself."

Selena laughed. "Ah, so you were watching me as I attempted to become one with Nature. I'm sorry with my communion embarrassed you."

"Not at all," I replied. "Harmony with Nature is very beautiful. Harmony, or the lack of it, makes us who we are -- sometimes roses and sometimes weeds."

Suddenly, Selena was very quiet. The light that had always seemed to fill her eyes seemed diminished. I didn't know why.

"So, what did you come over to tell me?" I asked, hoping to coax her back into a happier mood.

"Well, as I was saying, I did a little snooping on the internet last night," she began, "and I discovered that you're Roberta Angela Dee."

"And you didn't already know that from my having introduced myself?" I asked somberly while a bit nervous.

"Yea, but I didn't know you were born a guy, a male," she said excitedly. It struck me as though I had been hit with a cannonball.

"You're transgendered. You're a transgendered woman," she continued. "Do you still have a dick? Does it work? I mean, look at you -- your tits, the way you present yourself. You're every bit as much woman as I! Well, almost. But, I mean, how do you do it? Why -- why do you do it? This blows my mind!"

My emotional reaction to Selena's outburst of questions and comments was decidedly mixed but not the least bit confused. I had been writing about my experiences for nearly a quarter of a century and had perhaps reached a million people through my photographs, articles, novellas -- in print as well as through the internet. I had succeeded socially, artistically and economically as a woman, and had done so in a culture that made success difficult for women, and most difficult of all for women of color. I had, for nearly a quarter of a century, helped in the struggle for the social equality of lesbians, as well as bisexual and transgendered women -- and had done so most often without

financial compensation, public acknowledgment, or even anything that could remotely resemble appreciation. Still, here I was being interviewed by a stranger in my own house -- a woman talking to me as though I were a bearded lady or some other sort of circus freak.

In my heart, of course, I understood that Selena did not intend to be disrespectful -- no more than the male co-worker who listens to a brilliant presentation by a female colleague, and then can only find it appropriate to compliment her attire or fragrance.

I understood that it was difficult for most people to understand how a male-born child could be so female in mind, heart and soul that 'he' could find no alternative as an adult save to live as a woman. Still, as I sat there, I hoped, desperately hoped, that this stranger -- this human being fortunate enough to have been born female -- would somehow see the woman in me.

"I'm not a freak, Selena," I finally replied. "I'm not your bearded lady. I'm not an animal."

Somehow I struck a nerve deep inside her being -- perhaps deeper than she herself knew existed. "I'm sorry, Roberta," she answered, profoundly apologetic. "I didn't mean anything like what you're suggesting. This is just so alien to me, and I'm simply trying to put it into some sort of perspective. I'm no one of those judgmental types of people. And I certainly didn't mean to be ugly."

I sensed Selena's sincerity. It did much to diminish my anger and hurt. I started by explaining that I could recall a desire to be a girl as early as 4 years of age, and that I had begun living as a woman as soon as I reached 25 years old and had graduated from college. I told her that the hormones had left me impotent and sterile but that I could reach an orgasm if I were stimulated as a woman.

No -- I could not become erect, ejaculate as a man could, or even begin to think of being intimate as a man. Masculinity was as foreign to me as it was to Selena.

Selena listened intently. She took my hand and attempted in her own way to comfort and console me. As the morning passed, Selena grew to understand that, in spite of our physical differences, the same attributes that made Selena a woman had made me a woman as well.

When we completed our conversation, Selena leaned forward and kissed me. I returned her kiss. Our differences melted away. They no longer mattered. It made no difference that her heritage was Latin, for that mine was African. We were simply women capable of loving each other -- women in love, prepared to embark on a long lesbian romance.

The End

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