the way we make love

by catherinerussellstolemyheart

Summary

Different types of sex for Berena fans..
It had been a busy shift. Both had been like ships passing in the night, the only contact for days being accidental touches. The stolen glances were enough to have both women craving the other, Serena Campbell was an addiction - and she knew it.

'poor soul, to think he's only 50 and in this state. He's off the transplant list, doubt he'd make it any way. We're looking at palliative care' Serena said as they worked to reduce the pressure on the lungs of a chronic smoker

'why he didn't stop I don't know. I mean yes, it makes me want to quit, but 40 a day? After a COPD diagnosis?' Bernie replied, realising she sounded hypocritical

'funny thing addiction. No matter what your poison, you always want more' Serena replied, her eyes staring at Bernie, the unmistakable sign of a smirk behind her mask

'erm, well yes I suppose' the blonde was flustered. She knew this Serena, this was naughty Serena, the Serena who could somehow manage the impossible task of performing surgery, flirting with Bernie, building sexual tension without anyone noticing - accept Bernie of course who was trying to imagine a perforated bowel from earlier to push away the image of Serena pleasuring herself

'its all chemical, we have limited control. Our brains flood with dopamine and when that goes, we crave more. It stops just being pleasure, it becomes what we need. When we are forced to go without, our craving is unbearable, we would do anything anywhere to get that rush back, even for the slightest moment' Serena was positively oozing sex and Bernies mind was working over time trying to ignore the growing urge.

'yes Ms Campbell, addiction is hard to live with but harder without' Bernie blushed furiously while Serena cocked an eyebrow. There really was no point in trying to beat Serena at this game

'of course, any addict worth his...or her...merit would go to any lengths to appease their craving. Those desires are too powerful, they cause physical symptoms that can only be mediated one way' Serena was enjoying this immensely.

'ms Wolfe? Ms Wolfe its done?'

'wha.. Oh yes. Erm good work everyone, lets get him back to Darwin. Ms Campbell, a debrief please?' Bernie refused eye contact with anyone, the both scrubbed out without a single word, as they headed to the lockers, Bernie finally met Serenas eyes, fire visible between them.

'roof. Now'

This time it was Serenas turn to blush. The roof? Theres no privacy?

She shrugged and made her way to the roof, looking for that blonde care free hair she adored. She walked around, confused.

'I know you think your very clever, but I can promise you Ms Campbell I will always find a way to get my fix' Bernie purred into her ear, grabbing her from behind.

'Jesus Bernie! Here?'

'Im reliably informed, Ms Campbell, that an addict wil doing anything, anywhere. Its chemistry you
know? An absence of dopamine’ Bernie bit Serena’s ear bringing about a moan that screamed she was ready.

Within seconds Bernie pulled down Serena’s trousers, hoisting her up onto a container. Leaning down she wrapped Serena’s legs around her shoulders and without warning ran her tongue expertly through Serena’s folds, relishing the feeling of Serena clamping her thighs tight against Bernie’s ears. She continued liking all the way through Serena’s sex, flicking her clit as she reached the top.

She had planned to tease Serena but in that moment she needed her to come hard, not even a bomb would be able to tear Bernie from feasting on Serena right now. She sucked hard on Serena’s clit, feeling those strong thighs tremble against her. Skilled hands running through her hair as her lover cried out.

She continued her assault of Serena’s clit before swiftly plunging 3 fingers into her, she felt Serena tighten against her, thighs squeezing so hard she could only hear the muffled cries of pleasure she elicited. With one final suck Serena came, nails digging in to Bernie’s scalp as she continued to fuck Serena with her fingers.

Once her thighs relaxed, Bernie swiftly stood up. Serena made to kiss her but Bernie pulled back smirking

’had my fix now, levels restored. Late Ms Campbell’ and she left, her lover still panting unable to walk, burning with a need to taste her woman. Teasing at work Ms Campbell? Two can play that game, and actions speak louder than words
They both stood, nervously looking at one another, hands entwined. Their first time had been frantic, passionate and fuelled by wine on Bernies living room floor, the second a similar experience except on a chair in their office after a difficult shift led to shiraz in the office.

This was different. They had eaten together at Serenas. Bernie had been invited for the night, neither had drank more than a glass and now they stood, feeling like virgin teens again full of desire but fear.

'Serena, I.. Um... Shit how can it be this hard when we were naked in our office and...'

'I know. We've already done the most intimate err things, why do I feel like a scared teenager?'

'well, I think this is a different kind of intimacy. This is ... Well its us, not just sex'

'mmm, you're right. This feels so.. I don't know like so much is at stake?'

Bernie grasped Serenas hands and looked in to her eyes. 'this is a huge step, its not sex, this is making love and I don't think we are ready for that vulnerability'

'so what then? Get drunk' Serena said, only half joking, sex with Bernie was incredible.

'lets just cuddle, go to bed and cuddle and get used to being that close' she whispered planting a soft kiss on Serenas lips.

'id like that' Serena responded. Both looked relieved at the sudden loss of pressure.

Once in bed they lay in each others arms, gently stroking one another, delicate kisses being placed on temples and shoulders, sweet mutterings of love. Both aware of their increased longing to be closer, to be as one.

'bernie... I, this is, its just, I've never felt like this'

'I know, this is heaven, this is just right. Everything feels right'

'bernie... Make love to me'

Bernie reached her arm over Serena, bringing their lips together, strong, passionate but slowly they kissed, pausing to gaze and one another, to land soft kisses on the others forehead, jaw, neck, collar bones - anywhere. Each becoming more loving, communicating feelings that words were not adequate to describe.

Serenas hands gently lifted Bernies top, thumbs caressing her bare skin, Bernie breaking the kiss to help remove the clothing, sitting Serena up to do the same, she lovingly kissed Serenas shoulders as he lifted the top above her. Both looked at each other, drinking in the perfect images of beauty, each one considering the other a work of art, a goddess to be worshipped and adored.

They both removed their pants, kissing intermittently until both were make, Bernie n top. They lay, Bernies thigh between Serenas, kissing, allowing their hands to explore and marvel each others skin. Bernie placed soft kisses on Serenas nipples, delicately swirling her tongue, hearing Serena moan with longing. Serena moved so they lay facing one another, hands delicately stroking and cupping each others bodies. Serena gasped when she cupped Bernies breast, delivering a soft kiss causing
Bernie to whisper her name. Then Serena was on top, her thigh pressed against Bernies sex, her own sex pressed against Bernies thigh, they rocked, silent moans as they experienced the intensity of this moment, never breaking eye contact, feeding of each others looks of love and desire. Bernie asks if they can change position, Serena nods, wanting to experience everything Bernie.

Bernie sat, knees apart and asked Serena to sit facing away from her. Disappointed in the loss of eye contact she did as was asked, Bernie pulling her further back so her sex was flush against Serenas behind. It was then Serena realised they could see each other in the mirrored doors of her wardrobe. Bernie lifted Serenas hand, placing gentle kisses as she guide her hand to reach her neck. Bernie reached around softly stroking Serenas clit, relishing the moan that accompanied it. Serenas hand moved to cup Bernies head, her face turned at an angle that allowed her to look into bernies eyes. Bernies finger felt lower until they were touching serenas opening.

'is this ok my love' Bernie whispered

'yes' a breathless reply came

Bernie worked two fingers into Serena, who responded by moving her hips. Soon they had a rhythm.

'youre so perfect, I love you, I will never leave you' Bernie whispered repeatedly to Serena

'I...i love you, you are everything. This is perfect, you are perfect'

Both felt the orgasm building, bernies from the friction against her clit, Serena from Bernies fingers at such an angle.

Breathing increased, tears fell from Bernies eyes as the came, quietly together, rocking slowly as their breathing calmed. Bernie heard Serena sob

'serena? Serena please tell me'

'I just.. That was... It was beautiful. It was purely beautiful.'

'I kow' choked Bernie

'shhh, I've got you, I love you' Serena whispered, stroking Bernies face.

They lay once again each others arms. Both conflicted, they were tired but had both experienced the single most intimate, love filled and erotic moment of their lives.

Sex and making love were indeed separate acts. Both had their merits, but sex can be had with anyone, making love is reserved for your soul mate.
The instructions were clear. She had followed them to the letter. Excitement, fear, longing coursed through her veins as she waited.

She was knealt on her knees, her bottom resting on her heals. She was naked but for a pair of black French knickers. Hair tied back in a French plait, hands pressed beyond shoulder width apart against the wall, eyes down.

Its something they had both wanted to try. They had agreed a drunken attempt was a bad idea and both were too nervous to involve it in their usual love making. This was different, this was play - an escape. That's why she sat in the darkened spare room waiting, this would not invade the sensual place of their bedroom. They decided to plan, testing ard and soft limits, working out what they both wanted from this. Practicing safe words, agreeing and trialing things, discounting some and okaying others. They planned a night. Serena would go out for an hour, she would visit raf for a drink, keeping her trench coat tightly sealed hiding the black bodice, French knickers, suspenders and belt. The only thing on show was her fishnet clad calves and stiletto shoes.

Bernie waited, she had read and re read Serena's instructions on what to wear and how to be, how to respond. She rehearsed the words:

Red: Stop

Yellow: Reaching my limit

Green: Not enjoying

She heard the key in the lock, felt her heart beating so hard it might burst out of her chest. She tuned into every sound, the jingle of keys being placed in the cabinet. The muffle of a coat being removed. The squeak of the stairs as she counted the steps. The foot steps on the landing. The silence as they stopped by the door. The sound of a door knob being slowly turned, the light from the landing illuminating the room, the gasp of a satisfied mistress.

'well well well Wolfe. Good girl, I'm impressed'

'thankyou Seren... Ms Campbell'

'tut tut Wolfe, you were doing so well'

Serena walked slowly to Bernie, her fingers ghosting across Bernie's neck making her shiver.

'we must discipline you, we must learn respect'

'y..yes Ms Campbell'

'good. Wait'

She waited, eagerness and fear combining

'stand. Hands remain on the wall, eyes down'

She complied, feeling a cold firm leather paddle being drawn across her behind.

'im going to spank you Wolfe, and you are going to accept it yes'
'yes Ms Campbell'

'I will spank you 5 times, if you move or cry out I will spank you 10 times, ok?'

'ok Ms Campbell'

The anticipation caused Bernies sex to swell in anticipation, ears straining for any sound of movement. She hears the air move as the paddle is pulled back, feels the sting of the paddle as it hits her behind. The pain is delicious and Bernie fights the urge to scream, buck her hips out for more, she would take the extra spans but she must please Serena. The secong hit comes swiftly adding to the ecstacy, Bernie tries to ground herself but a small moan of exquisite pleasure escapes past mouth 'careful Wolfe, behave' Serena was smirking, the sight of her girlfriend trusting her so much, allowing her to feel control and to experience this together. When the final smack hit, Bernie was biting her lip to keep herself quiet. This was more than she could imagin. Serena taking control, giving herself fully to Serena... Exquisite 'very good Wolfe, I'm impressed, lets see if you can keep up the good work' Bernie felt soft fabric being tied around her eyes 'kneel' She complied. 'head up Wolfe' Bernes senses were on fire, unable to see 'hands behind your back' Bernie feels th cool metal of handcuffs behind her back 'yellow' Bernie chokes, they knew this position was a hard limit for Bernie, but one she trusted Serena with 'i hear you, but i wont stop' Bernie knew Serena was reminding her to use the safe word if it was too much Bernie took deep breathes, she trusted Serena 'good Wolfe, you have been very good. Would you like your reward? ' yes please Ms Campbell' her voice horse with longing 'good girl, open your mouth. Good, now suck' Bernie felt the fingers of her mistress enter her mouth, she sucked hard, relishing the taste she knew well, the taste of Serena Campbells juices. She groaned with pleasure... That sweet taste 'did you like that Wolfe?' 'yes. Yes Ms Campbell so much' 'good. But this isn't about you selfish girl, this is about me' With that Bernie felt Serenas hands guiding her head, she gasped with delight as she tasted that delicious juice of Serena 'remember Wolfe, I want you to lick my pussy with all your energy, if you do half a job then I will leave you with no release' Bernie set to work, pouring her desire into every movement. She wanted to communicate her love and devotion through pleasure. She licked and sucked and nibbled Serenas pussy until she heard her mistress call out in ecstasy. 'g..g..good job Wolfe' Serena managed to pant out, taking a moment to regain her composure. Bernie groaned with delight at the praise. Serena undid the cuffs, Bernie instinctively moved to remove her blindfold. 'WOLFE. What the hell do you think you are doing' 'i hear you, but it was too much Bernie took deep breathes, she trusted Serena goodness of being given the gift of control. 'so Wolfe. Eager to see are we?' 'sorry Ms Campbell' 'so you should be. I'm going to teach you the importance of following my instructions. You do nothing without my say so. Is that clear?' 'yes Ms Wolfe' 'good. I was going to use this on you, to bring you pleasure to fulfil my needs and treat you for good behaviour, but your keeness to see means you must watch me. If you look away, if you make a noise, I will handcuff you again and you will not get a release, understood?' Serena was holding a vibrator, a new one Bernie noticed, black with several grooves - god it looked exquisite and Bernie felt the need to have it completely fill her. She watched as Serena licked the vibrator, wishing she had been granted the honor of lubricating it for her mistress. She gulped hard as she watched Serena
place one foot on the nightstand, opening herself up deliciously. Bernie was hypnotised, watching Serena slowly tease her entrance whilst moaning. She would give anything to be the one pushing this into Serena, she gulped, eyes fixed. Serena began to push the vibrator in, moaning as the shaft stretched her, Bernies mouth watered as she watched Serena take the entire shaft, turning on the low hum of vibrations. 'mmm, this is good, oh Wolfe you are missing out' she groaned with a smirk Bernie was captivated, right now Serena looked like a goddess, she could feel her orgasm building as she watched, breathing laboured as she fought to stay focussed. Serenas movements quickened, she clocked eye contact with Bernie, she saw the tell tale signs Bernie was close, the power to have Bernie on the brink of orgasm without even touching her was almost too much. 'Wolfe, I want you to cum for me, I want you to cum loud. If you show me how sorry you are and how much you want to please me, I will reward you, ok?' 'y...yes Ms Campbell' Bernie knew she was about to cum Serena felt her muscles begin to contract. She looked straight into Bernies eyes. 'cum now WOLFE' That's all it took, the strange sensation of an orgasm with no contact to her sex was overwhelming, she could not quicken the release, just try to remain conscious as the waves built excruciatingly slowly, waves passing whilst new ones peaked. Serena climaxed with a violent shudder. God Bernie was incredible, she watched her come apart, not correcting her as she rolled her hips, arms leaning behind her, head thrown back, cries of frustration and pleasure filling the room. She waited until quiet descended. Saw tears in Bernies eyes. 'red, yellow or green Wolfe' 'red. I...I need. I need contact,' 'if you want it to stop Wolfe, it stops completely. I will not touch you until I need to. Do you want to stop?' Serena knew what she was doing. She would stop, hold Bernie and give her what she needed and she was confident Bernie new this, and that Serena was giving her the choice but still in the character of role play. Bernie's chest burnt from the desperate breaths. She understood Serena, she knew she could end this now and get her release, or continue. She remembered Serena saying how the submissive held the power really. She wanted her release, but this was so amazing, she wanted to push beyond her limits. 'Yellow Ms Campbell. Please don't stop' Serena fought to keep character, even at her limit Bernie trusted her to take care of her. The urge to wrap her arms around Bernie and shower her with love was hard to fight. 'good Wolfe, we are being an impressive subject today. Hands and knees Wolfe.' She complied. 'eyes down Wolfe' Serena walked around Bernie. Bernies eyes able to see Serenas stilettoed feet and fishnet clad calves. 'kiss my feet and legs Wolfe, but do not move anything but your head' Bernie didn't respond, the moment she got the permission her lips and tongue worshipped the perfect and erotic sight of Serena campbells legs perfectly framed by the 6 inch stilettoes. 'very good Wolfe. Now stay still' Serena walked around Bernie, nails lightly scratching her naked back. She reached the back of Bernie, enjoying the view of that perfect arse half contained by the lacey French knickers Serena had chosen. Oh yes, she had chosen well. She ran her nails from Bernies back to her arse, gripping the lace of her knickers and removed them, slowly, dragging her nails as she did down the backs of Bernies thighs. Bernie's head flew back, back arching slightly in ecstasy. Serena removed the underwear, deciding to rake her nails down Bernies body again, but harder this time, leaving red marks in her wake, Bernie didn't call out a colour, just moaned with pleasure. Serena decided one more time to rake her nails across Bernie Wolfe, this time delivering little bites and licks along the way. Bernie was shaking and Serena knew she couldn't hold back much longer. Serena took the vibrator in her hand, turning it on and enjoying the groan from Bernie as she realised what was coming. Serena slowly pushed the vibrator in to her opening, Bernies back arched in ecstasy 'oh fuck yes!' 'Wolfe! Where are your manners!' Serena delivered a series of three spanks across Bernies behind eliciting more cries of pleasure from Bernie 'ssssorry. Fuck yes Ms Campbell!' Serena began to fuck Bernie hard with the vibrator, talking as she did. 'good girl, take it all for Ms Campbell, enjoy it, you like being fucked hard don't you' Bernie's hips were gyrating in response to Serena, completely lost and at her mercy. This was what it was all about, she gave herself fully to Serena, right now she would do anything to please Serena, this pleasure and experience was phenomenal. 'thats it, that's it, cum for me Bernie' Serena thrust the vibrator even harder, Bernie's head flew back as she screamed her orgasm out, hands dropping to elbows, face hurried in the floor as multiple orgasms claimed her again and again. She soon became aware of soft kisses on her back. 'I have you, I've got you baby, I'm here' She
rolled over to see Serenas face full of love, she reached up, stroking Serenas cheek, wanting to talk but unable to form words. After a while of gentle caressing, Bernie managed to sit up. She had been worried about this, the embarrassment afterwards. There was no need, Serena pulled her into a tight embrace. 'god I love you' 'love you too' 'was that... I mean is that what you, did you...' Serena asked nervously 'it was everything I wanted, you?' 'perfect, unsure in places but that trust you gave me, my god it was erotic' 'would you want to do it again sometime?' 'would you? This really is about your needs, I said before, the sub holds the power really' Bernie blushed. 'yes, but not all the time, and only in this room. We could explore more...' 'agreed, 100%' Serena helped her to stand, 'lets go to bed, I have some nice oil to relax you after that'. Bernie smiled, she felt respected and safe
The split had been amicable in many ways. Following Elinor's death and Serena's grief, they had fallen apart. Still great friends and still living together (but separate rooms) they had begun to move on. Bernie had had a few dates, a disastrous one night stand with Alex and a heated kiss with an on call consultant. Serena had kissed another woman in a bar but met a new guy, Tony, who was nice, they'd had sex but it was so dull Serena faked it just so it was over quicker.

Both single they shared a bottle of wine toasting to spinsterhood, possessive psycho Alex and flaccid Tony.

'perhaps we are meant to be sexless. I mean we've both fucked up enough' resigned Bernie

'indeed, though if it gets too much we could be friends with benefits' Serena half joked

Bernie put her glass down shooting Serena a hurt look

'oh come on, its a joke, I thought we were over this. It ended, we are still friends'

Bernie tried to hold back but the hurt was too much

'you know how much it hurt me, that's not funny'

'come off it, we both agreed, we both moved on. Friends remember, we agreed'

'no Serena, you agreed. I agreed friends was preferable to losing you completely'

'oh, so finding Alex in your bed two days after we finished was you not moving on then' Serena spat back

'you spent weeks torturing Jasmine, treating me like shit and I was there through it all. You blamed me for Elinor's death, you told me it was unfair that you through yourself into motherhood and lost her while I ignored my children but got to keep them. Still I stayed and then you come back of rehab and tell me we should just be friends? What the fuck did you expect me to do? Beg? I'd run out of fight' Bernie shot back, voice shaking. This was the conversation they had avoided this past 2yrs

'I was grieving FOR MY CHILD! How can you pin all the blame on me? You sided with Naylor and Hanssen, nearly cost me my career. Friends was stretching it to my limit' Serena yelled back

'oh I'm sorry you have to be friends with the women who fractured her shoulder to get you off that roof top' Bernie had gone to far but she didn't care

'you. You. YOU PROMISED THAT YOU WOULD NEVER EVER USE THAT AGAINST ME!' Serena stood, eyes wide, hands shaking

'and you promised you loved me'

Both stood, staring at one another with such anger, such hatred.

'I think I'll stay with Charlotte tonight' Bernie spat

'oh goody, you can run away again, run away to your daughter. I'll stay here seeing as mine is in the ground' Serena was crying, when did Bernie become cruel?
Bernie left. The next few shifts together involved ignoring one another, snide remarks and ended on the third shift with Bernie yelling Serena to go fuck herself in front of the entire ward. 'ms Wolfe, Ms campbell. My office. Now' came the stern tone of Hanssen

'forget it Hanssen. I'm done, the self serving dictator can have the ward'. With that she left, a seething but embarrassed Serena left to deal with the stares.

She left early, couldn't concentrate. Hanssen wanted the incident documenting, she felt better able to do that from him without the whispers. She got in, shocked to find Bernie in the hallway, suitcases everywhere.

'I...i didn't think you were here' Serena said surprised

'I thought id be gone before you got back'

'bernie, about today, look Hanssen will go easy, we were both to blame'

'im not going back'

'bernie please, we run that ward so well, this is just a hiccup, both our faults'

'its my fault' Bernie mumbled

'well telling me to fuck myself was a little harsh, but Hanssen didn't hear my snide comments'

'I don't mean that. This whole thing is my fault'

'Come on, how is this your fault'

'I love you'

'what?'

'I love you, always will. When you left me, my heart broke, I did what I could to stay close. I lied, I thought after 2yrs I could handle my feelings well enough. But I couldn't' Bernie was crying

'bern, I thought, Alex? I mean, we hadn't been well, close, for months'

'your daughter died. You were in so much pain, I tried to help'

'bernie, I left because you deserved more. That night on the roof, I cant forgive myself, the fear in your eyes. At that point I knew I was capable of so many bad things. I still loved you. Still do. I cried for days when Alex happened.'

Bernie couldn't speak, she just stared.

'but all the things you said?'

'and you? Not particularly loving were they?'

'they were well deserved'

Serena launched herself at Bernie, Bernie thought for a moment Serena had lost it. Instead she found herself being kissed hard, pinned against the wall. Serena pulled back a fraction, flames in her eyes

'take that back'
'make me'

'fuck you Wolfe'

With that serenade hands pulled at Bernies hair as she bit passionately on her neck causing Bernie to groan

'I think its more fuck you Campbell' she replied, taking advantage of Serena's startled look to flip them around and pin Serena's hands above her head, kissing roughly along her jaw and throat

'all talk no action Wolfe, as usual' came the sarcastic reply. Suddenly Serena was dragged to the floor, Bernies hands under her trousers, her pants, and entering Serena hard as she thrust roughly inside

'to much talk Campbell, as usual' Serena groaned with longing, ripping Bernies shirt, undoing the bra and biting her nipple bringing a cry of pleasure

Soon Serena had turned so they were facing each other. Trousers quickly removed, pants discarded, fingers fucking each other hard. Both glaring intently at the other, refusing to be the first to give in, the first to look away. The first to cum. The first to fall apart.

Serena thought back to their arm wrestle, when she had needed to win. She knew she could have Bernie cum with the flick of her thumb, but realised Bernie needed to be in control right now, so she gave in to the desire, let herself free into the arms of an orgasm that shook her body, soon followed by the sound of Bernie coming apart.

They both lay there, not really knowing how they had got here.

'bernie. Are you ok?'

'I think so. You?'

'yes, forgot what a real orgasm was like'

They both laughed, much harder than necessary, the awkwardness and frustration falling out with laughter until they were kissing. Deeply, passionately, moans of longing for each other. They broke apart, noses touch, eyes fixed

'I love you Bernie'

'I love you serena'

'do you think we could start again'

'no. Too much has happened'

'right. Well I best...'

What I mean is, we should continue. We needed this talk and this time to process and work things out. You are all I want'

They kissed again, long lingering kisses

'though you might need to grovel to hanssen. About telling me to fuck myself'

'I can say I made it better, I fucked you instead?"
They both laughed. This was right where they belonged.
the 'what happened?' sex

She woke, groggy, mouth tasting like vomit, head banging like a live marching band was on procession. Water, she needed water, but she couldn't stand. Eurgh, she had drunk so much. She rolled over, to place her arm across Serena, stroking her muscly shoulders, stroking her strong arms, her hair elbows... WHAT THE FUCK!!

She leapt out of bed, unsteady on her feet. Peering through her limited vision she made out the form in her bed.

Raf. Raf di Luca. As in her junior Raf di Luca. Shit. Images flashed through her head, dancing with Raf, stumbling in to Raf, her head on Raf's shoulder, her arm on his waist. Raf dancing with Serena, Serena flirting with Raf, rafs hands on Serenas arse. Fuck, Serena! She moves to find Serena, is she even home? She spies Serena sleeping on the edge of the bed. Her, Serena and Raf had shared a bed. Ok, innocent? A million explanations, they were friends, friends share beds? A male friend, in just his boxers, in bed with her, in just a vest and pants and her girlfriend wrapped in a silk dressing gown.

Flashbacks. Sat in Albies, Bernie is drunk, she's been doing shots with fletch, ric starts a game, to win a row of 10 shots. Whoever has the naughtiest sex story. Serena refuses, Fletch tells a story about receiving oral sex in an alley way as a teen and running from an old man who spots them, pants half way down his legs as he tried to run away. Ric talks of sex with a stripper in Amsterdam, points out he didn't pay, the free flowing alcohol got him that experience, until he woke to find his passport and wallet gone. Raf says a gentleman never tells, Jas tells of giving an ex professor a lapdance, morven is horrified and hides her eyes. Then it gets to Bernie, Serena gives her a look that says 'Anything about us and theres no sex for a month'. Bernie grins.

'at uni. I was dating Marcus, had been for a couple of months. I was somewhat more experienced. Sex was a bit.... Lacking.'

Serena raised her eyebrows staring at Bernie, trying to telepathically remind her she is colead of the ward.

'we were at a party, it was too loud, I thought drunk Marcus might be more.... Adventurous. We stumbled into a room kissing and my mate Kate was there, laughing. I sort of said something about shutting her up, next thing I know we are kissing. Well that got Marcus interested and well.... We had a threesome. She left uni the next day, religious family, father was a vicar, came to collect her for morning mass but found her naked, wrapped around me and Marcus on the floor with an erection again.'

Serena spat her wine out choking, whilst fletch and ric applauded her, Jas shouting 'oh my god!' And Bernie downing the shots proud of her win. 'so, would you do it again?' A laughing Raf asked.

'if you play your cards right'

Serena had once again choked on her wine, grabbing Bernies hand and telling her to stop, if she carried on she could sleep in the shed tonight.

Fuck. What did she do? She didn't want this. Threesomes, whilst fun, were not her idea for a couple in love. This would ruin them, what would Serena say when she woke? Oh god, and a work colleague! She ran to the bathroom to throw up.
Retching until there was nothing left she heard a voice.

'Feeling a tad rough Berenice?' Serena stood with her arms crossed, eye brow cocked up looking like a school mistress.

'oh god Serena, oh god. What have we done?'

'we?'

'obviously my fault but still. Raf???'

'surprised you remember it'

'I don't! Well I remember Albies, sort of. Oh fuck. Tell me, please' Bernies stomach heaved again.

'well. You told our staff about your college threesome with bad-at-sex Marcus and a vicars daughter. Then you sort of promised Raf a threesome if he played his cards right. Bit of flirting, he came home with us'

'oh god. And??'

'you really don't remember?'

'no' Bernie said in shame

'sure you want to know?'

'yes'

'we got in. I thought you were bluffing. Then you stripped off and told us to follow. We sought of did asking if you were sure. You were naked on the bed. We just stood there confused. You told Raf to man up and kiss me, he did, we got in to it and realised it was quite good..

'and.. Please Serena tell me'

'we started to sex, Raf and me, you straddled my face, pleasuring yourself while I.. You know'

'oh my god'

'then you bent over to return the favour, and Raf and you... Well we all got something out of it. Don’t look like that, you wanted it'.

Bernie was pale. Serena had fucked Raf, she had fucked Raf, Raf had fucked them. This was a disaster and Serena was so calm.

'bernie, have a shower, you look like crap. I'll make breakfast'.

Bernie came down freshly washed and stopped at the door, Raf and Serena were eating toast and chatting as normal, she turned to leave but..

'bernie, dry toast I presume'

Bernies cheeks burnt with shame.

'morning Ms Wolfe. Hows the head? And the rest of you, your body took quite a battering last night’

Bernie nearly choked. 'fine. Every thing is erm... Fine'
Raf yawned. 'how? I hardly drank and you've worn me out! I wish I had your stamina, you carried on all night'

Serena chuckled. Bernie felt an inch tall, how could Serena be so calm?

'yes. About that...'  

'did you sleep well Raf?' Serena asked smirking

'Eventually , when we finally slept. Though thanks to a certain trauma surgeon, in some strange positions. I'll be sore for weeks'

Serena burst out laughing, Raf looked confused, Bernie decided to take control.

'mr di Luca, last night, I'm sorry...

'dont be, seriously, I just did what any gentleman would have done'

Serena as holding her sides, tears from laughter which annoyed Bernie. This was serious.

'well be that as it may, it shouldn't have happened and it wont happen again. I trust no one else needs to know'

Raf looked puzzled. 'well most the staff heard it at Albies, and Fletch was upstairs with us when it happened'

Bernie looked horrified. Serena was howling with laughter, Bernie was increasingly pissed off

'for god sake this is serious!'

'its not Bernie, everyones done it' said Raf, looking more and more confused

'not in my social circle' serena could no longer stand up for laughter

'we had sex with our colleague! A junior! Forget what the hell this means for our relationship, professionally we are screwed!'

Serena couldn't breathe for laughing

'you did what? Bloody hell Serena, who?' Cried Raf

'what?!!' Snapped Bernie looking from a shocked Raf to a hysterical Serena

'sorry sorry Raf. Bernie cant remember last night. I had to get my own back'

Bernie turned to Serena 'he...he was in bed with us, in underwear! I saw him with his hands on you, I had my arm around him. Wait. What happened!' Serena was still laughing hard

'eerr. Basically, you were drunk, Serena told you off for being so... Honest... With everyone during the game. You went off on one. I danced with Serena, she tripped, I caught her. You had a go at me for trying it on. We went outside to cool down. You cried and hugged me apologising. We decided to get you home. You me Serena and fletch got a taxi. You refused to leave the taxi, fletch and I carried you upstairs. You..... Errr well you threw up all over me'

Serena regained her composure. 'so I took Rafs clothes for the wash, seen it all before. We were worried about you choking in your sleep. Raf said he'd stay'
Raf continued, 'fletch went home and Serena got some sleep while I watched you. Then Serena came to take over so I could sleep'

Serena was smirking. 'but you didn't want the Scottish teddy bear to leave' she laughed. 'then you were snoring so we figured you were safe and just fell asleep exhausted'

Bernie was relieved and furious. 'WHY THE HELL DID YOU LET ME THINK...'

'bernie, you told all our friends about a threesome, told them my tongue was just as skilled as my hands, offered Raf a threesome if he played his cards right, promised to pole dance if Ric gave fletch a lap dance, accused Raf of hitting on me, got so drunk we had to pay the taxi a small fortune to agree to take you home. Had to be carried in, threw up on Raf and me and caused a sleepless night. You deserved it.'

Bernie just stared, a shy grin. 'ms Campbell you are cruel'

Raf chuckled. 'right, I'm off. Unless you fancy round 2?' He said with a wink

Bernie replied 'i think you should leave quickly mr di Luca, I think my partner needs a good telling off'

Serena grinned, 'would you have preferred the shed?'
when it goes wrong

Chapter Summary

Ok, please comment suggestions if you want more.

This is a more realistic version, lets face it, it doesn't always go to plan, there is not always an earth shattering orgasm but these events become a thing we laugh about fondly. All these things have happened for real to me

*thank you anonymous avatar

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'oh yes, thats it, your so good at that. I could never manage that on my own. Careful, dont push too hard, thats it, yes, turn a little, bit to the right, almost there, almost, no no dont move, careful, oh god not again'

Its glass shattering

Who knew changing a lightbulb would beat two world renowned surgeons. Who put the bastard thing in the middle of a high ceiling room.

They both sat on the bed.

'argh, who needs light anyway, just open the ensuite and turn the light on'

'so much for a big macho army medic. Scared of the dark?'

'nope, just prefer the view with the light on'

'flattery gets you everywhere Wolfe'

'even in your knickers?'

'you old romantic'

With that they were kissing, Bernie undoing Serenas blouse, getting more in to it.

Soon both were naked, bodies moving together. Bernie kissed down Serenas stomach, enjoying the groans from her partner as she settled between her thighs. Serenas hands found their way in to Bernies hair, pushing her closer.

' oh Bernie, yes, Bernie, Bernie.....' Bernie felt a tap on her head

'bernie!'

'kind of ruining the mood here Serena'

'we have an audience'
Bernie looked, clocking their cat sitting near Serena watching the show with indifference.

'ah, its just the cat, thought pussy was your thing?'

'hilarious. I'm not bloody having a threesome with the cat. Its bloody purring'

'so are you'

'bernie!'

'ok, ok.' She removed the cat from its front row seats, earning her self a scratched wrist from the pissed off feline. She lay on the bed, the passion had been dampened.

Serena reached over to her, kissed her gently, soon the were back in the moment, hands grasping each other, legs entwined.

Bernie grabs Serena flipping her on to her back. Sucking her nipple hard, fingers entering, earning a moan of pleasure. Serena was in heaven, feeling the orgasm building.

'are having milky aunty Bernie?'

'SHIT, FUCK, ALICE, erm...' Bernies niece, 3 years old had appeared. She'd been sound asleep, exhausted by nights of being woken by her new baby brother.

'err Alice, no, erm Aunty Serena doesn't have milk, I was just..'

'.... Checking I was Ok. Just making sure, I hurt my breast so Aunty Bernie kissed it better'

'I kiss it better too!'

'NO!' Both shouted, puzzeling the youngster.

'I mean, its all better now Alice, thankyou'

'back to bed Alice, let me grab my dressing gown'

'put jam jams on aunty Bernie and Serena or get cold'

'err yes, we will thankyou'.

Alice was fast asleep. Both women lay there, mortified.

'oh my god Serena. I cant believe that just...

'I know, but you face! She will forget about it'

'really?'

'yeah, until she enters therapy in her teens'

'not funny'

'is a bit. Come on, lets sleep. The Gods of orgasms are against us. Anyway, Fletch and Raf are here tomorrow, we can palm Alice off for a bit.'

....................
'thanks Fletch. I owe you, we've had tickets for ages, we wont be long. The monitors here so if she wakes you will know, but she mostly sleeps through'

'we will be fine, wont we Alice? Plus, we have Evie here to help!' Alice took no notice as she was too busy playing hide and seek with Evie.

'go on you two, go get ready or you will be late!' Both women gladly escaped the onslaught of mini humans to get ready.

'saves time if we share the shower?'

Bernie smirked. 'of course Ms Campbell'

Stripping off they looked at each other, unquenched thirst from last night, both giggling like teenagers.

'fancy a quicky before the parents get back?' Serena asked.

'im game if you are'

They kissed against the ensuite door. Serena moaning as Bernie licked her ear, nibbling her neck as she went.

'bernie, fuck me, please'

'hmmm, shall I use my tongue, or my fingers? Which would you like on your sweet clitoris?'

'mmm, decisions, I think Id like...

*knock knock*

'Serena, Bernie?' Fletch coughed

'one minute Fletch, just getting make up on' Serena said with a smirk

'how do I turn this baby monitor off?'

The blood drained from Bernies face

'SHIT!'

Serena looked puzzeled

'Alice had her nap in our bed remember?'

'so, what's the... OH SHIT!'

'erms, ladies, please, how do I turn it off?'

'flip the back Fletch, butons under there'

'got it. Err thanks...'

Both women got ready in complete silence. Cheeks not needing blusher, still glowing from earlier.

Serena decided to act like nothing happened as they headed to leave shouting 'bye'
A collection of 'byes' was returned, with Fletch not meeting their eyes, Evie fighting back a laugh and Mikey looking puzzled.

'have a great night Serna, Blondey, one thing though, what's a clitoress?'
'MIKEY!'  

They left, hastely as Fletch tried to explain this to Mikey.

..........  
The show was good, though neither women was able to relax. Both reeling from earlier. When they returned, awkward thanks and goodbyes were muttered. Neither breathing until the Fletchlings had left.

Serena and Bernie locked up, checking on Alice before going to bed.

'oh God Bernie, I'm so embarrassed'

Bernie smirked. 'come on, it will blow over. Anyway, the cat is locked in the conservatory, Alice is fast off and baby monitors are off... Sooo, let me take your mind off it'

'mmmmm, what did you have in mind?'

'well, actions speak louder than words

With that she kissed Serena, moving her backwards towards the bed. Serena lay back, pulling Bernie on top, bodies moving together, Serena felt herself getting wet.

Really wet.

'Bernie, stop'

'what?'

'the beds wet'

'what - is their a leak?'

'il check'

'serena, hang on'

Bernie leant closer to the bed, nose wrinkling.

'fucking CAT!'

Serena groaned. The sex was off the cards, replaced with laundry and a shower. Oh goody.

Chapter End Notes

My cat is an arse
'you will do well to remember who ran this ward without you, before you and perfectly well when you buggered off to Kiev'

'oh I remember. I remember the chaos trying to deal with traumas beyond a grumbling appendix, the backlog of patients when I got back from Kiev, but at least the paperwork was neatly filed'

'careful Ms Wolfe. You disregard for protocol and paperwork will have you shipped back to Ukraine. We managed before you and will not suffer without you'

'oh please. What happened to equal in every way? Or is years of trauma experience and medals too much of a strain on your ego Ms Campbell'

'hows dare you!'

'errr Ms Campbell, perhaps you should continue this in private' a nervous Morven interjected

'£20 on Serena emerging with Bernies head on a spike'

'bed plans need scrubbing nurse Fletcher' Serena sad, not hiding her satisfied smirk. 'unless someone is seconds from death, do not even think about disturbing me. Ms Wolfe, are you coming or too busy eyeing up an agency nurse? She's straight so I wouldn't bother'

'seriously Ms campbell, that is one step too far!'

Serena was already marching to their office, fists tight and a murderous look on her face. Bernie followed, stoney faced and ready for a fight.

Raised voices could be heard, the sound of something being thrown and several expletives. The radio came on so those hoping to catch the end of another epic Wolfe V Campbell match were dissapointed

***************

Serena flung the door open, Bernie slamming it on her way in, causing the wals to shake.

They stared at each other, neither break eye contact, until Bernie gave in, eyes crinkling as she stiffeled a laugh, Serena following suit.

'the ego thing was a good choice, I was genuinely ready to slap you!' Bernie let out a laugh, hands covering her mouth to keep the pretense.

"WOLFE, YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR, THIS IS MY WARD, I AM IN CHARGE ....' She yelled smirking, quietly adding 'today'

'I HAVE EXPERIENCE YOU CAN ONLY DREAM OF!' Bernie yelled, 'and benifit from' she
'I do dream of it often, all the time, especially when you...' Serena whispered 'PULL YOU BLOODY FINGER OUT AND DO THE JOB AT HAND!' that was it, Bernie couldn't carry on, swiping the trays off their desk and hitting the play button on the radio, she lifted Serena on to the desk, sucking and biting her neck as she went. Both frantically removed their scrubs, hungry for one another, desire had been building since they'd scrubbed out. Serena whispering 'tell me I'm not doing my job properly' with a wink. This new game involved the pretense of two professional women fighting for control, both frightening enough that no one without a death wish would follow them. Today was the second time in the office. An argument in the board meeting led to Hanssen locking them in his office to 'sort it out', Serena cue jumping in pulses got them 20 minutes in the on call room. Both marvelled at their acting abilities.

Bernie was quickly kissing Serena's breasts, moaning as Serena's fingers found their way in to her pants, making small circles on her clit. Bernie's fingers entered Serena and quickly both were brought to orgasm, Bernie burying her head in Serena's neck, Serena's free hand digging in to Bernie's hip.

They took 5 minutes to catch their breath, panting hard, before smiling and quickly replacing their clothes.

'friends again Campbell?' Bernie smirked, kissing her gently.

'don't push your luck' Serena replied, deepening the kiss.

They both did the usual, hair brushed, clothes neatened, office tidy, and then left, poker faces back on.

'....and we will say no more about it'

'of course Ms Campbell'

'ah good, you two have sorted it out beamed Fletch

'yes, we thrashed it out so to speak'

'I think we got to a satisfactory conclusion' Bernie replied

'brilliant' replied Fletch

The two women walked off smirking

'oh Ms Wolfe?' shouted Fletch

'yes?'

'you have your bra caught in the back of you scrubs' Fletch winked

'ermmm'

'Didn't mean to upset you Ms Wolfe, if you want to sort it out in private I'm game' he said with a wink

'nurse fletcher - rearrange the sluice please' Serena said raising an eye brow
Serena dreamt of the beach, perhaps Spain? Or France? maybe a romantic weekend in Italy? Or a city break? New York would be amazing for shopping! She text Bernie:

'I know its a surprise, but do I need my passport?'

'no x'

Ok, so not abroad then, they only have a weekend anyway. Perhaps that delightful spa she had been hinting at in Northampton?

'do I need a swimsuit?'

'no x'

Ok, not a spa but at least its not a haven holiday club she chuckled. Maybe her hinting for a theatre trip to see Les Mis had worked?

'do I need to bring fancy clothes?'

'no x'

This was frustrating. As romantic as being whisked away on a surprise holiday was, Serena liked to plan ahead and given Bernie once wore converse to a formal dinner she was concerned with Bernies understanding of etiquette.

'Bernie, I really need to know what to pack'

'warm clothes and that red satin slip I love x'

Well at least sex was on the cards. Perhaps they had a secluded cottage in York? Bernie was picking her up at 6 so she would know soon enough.

*************

Fashionably late, Bernie rang the doorbell at 6:40. Serena grabbed her bag, if they were going by train they were surely late?

Kissing Bernie she asked how they were getting to this mystery break.

'Im driving!' Bernie said triumphantly

'it better not be a bloody tent'

'its not, come on!'
'wheres your car?'

'here... Ta da!'

It was a van. A camper van to be precise.

'thats a camper van'

'you can tell your Harvard education paid off. Well spotted, its a camper van'

'....to drive us to a 5* hotel with a Michelin star restaurant and selection of shiraz?' She said it with a tiny glimmer of hope

'this IS our hotel. No Michelin stars but I once made paella in a tent in Baghdad so I promise topnotch cuisine'

'I am not sleeping in a vehicle'

'not planning on much sleep myself' Bernie replied winking

'I am not having sex in a vehicle'

'we had sex in your car last week. Twice'

'Bernie, this really isn't me. I said no camping. Please tell me this is a joke'
Bernie looked deflated, upset even

'I just thought a few days going where we want, doing what we want, just us would be romantic. I'm sorry, lets just stay here or, or I could call that spa you like?'

Serena felt like a spoiled child. Had Elinor been that ungrateful she would have been ashamed. She had to accept she would have to accommodate Bernies likes, as Bernie had done hers. After all, Bernie watched Swan lake with her and only made one joke about the male dancers stuffing their crotch.

'is there wine aboard hotel Wolfe?'

'the finest Tesco shiraz' Bernie said with a hopeful smile

'come on then major, lets go.'

***************

The drive was uncomfy, Serena felt every road bump, every dip, every pot hole. Bernie was in her element, more than once Serena had to remind her she was not in a tank. When they stopped some hours later, they were in Cornwall. Bernie was beaming as she parked the van up in their spot.

'here! Now allow me to cook you my famous Wolfe Wellington! The twist is, instead of beef we have sausages and instead of pastry we have bread rolls'

'thats a sausage cob'

'semantics. Open the wine'. Bernie busied round the tiny stove, Serena opened the wine taking a large mouthful directly from the bottle.

'wheres they glasses?'
'bottom cupboard on the left'

'Bernie, these are plastic cups. Kids cups. I used to put blackcurrant squash in them so Elinor thought she had wine'

'mothers daughter then'

Serena rolled her eyes, drank a good half bottle straight from the bottle then poured the wine into plastic party glasses. Despite her reservations, Wolfe Wellington and plastic cup shiraz with Bernie was fun. They watched ab fab - Bernie laughing at the film, Serena laughing at Bernies laugh. The four bottles of wine had also improved Serenas mood. After some heavy petting Serena whispered she would like to christen the van, and seductively asked Bernie to take her to bed.

'oh course my fine lady, allow me to escort you, though strip off here.'

Serena did as she was told, turning round to face Bernie in her sexy red slip.

'after you' purred Bernie, in nothing but her underwear looking hot

Serena glanced around, desperate not to break the mood

'errr, where?'

'up there!' Chirped Bernie, point to a pull out ladder leading to a cabin above the drivers seat.

Serena took a deep breath. Its fine. Its just two nights. She slept in worse as a student. She climbed up, any pretense she could make this seductive was quickly lost as she stumbled to manoeuvre herself into the cabin. Bernie climbing in looking like a child in a tree house.

They lay down, Serena on her back, Bernie on her side

'do you know how crazy that slip sends me' Bernie whispered

'im told it looks better off' Serena replied.

With that Bernie pulled her on top, kissing her hard, hands under the slip grasping at Serenas perfect arse

Serena threw her head back in pleasure

'argh!' She cried as her head hit the ceiling

'Serma! Are you ok?'

'mm mm. Fine, where were we?'

Back to kissing, Serena mindful of the throbbing in her head being over taken by the throbbing between her legs.

'Ive heard this looks better off' murmured Bernie

Serena sat up more carefully this time as Bernie lifted the slip. It got caught on Serenas elbows.

'just move that way'

'I cant, my elbows wedged here'
'umm, lean down and try that way?'
'ouch! Bernie you headbutted me!
'oops, sorry, just shuffle back a bit'
'I cant!' Serena replied through gritted teeth
'just a bit?'
'some of us have a bit more curve to their behind! Berenice stop giggling!'
'sorry. I love your curvy arse'
'wait, got it'
Serena managed to wiggle and shimmy the slip over her shoulders
'oooh a lap dance'
'shut up and get tis bloody thing off my head'
'its stuck, lean your head down. Ouch, you headbutted me'
'christ sake'
With a little luck Serena was finally free of the slip.

She lay above Bernie glaring
Bernie tried, she really did, but the hysterics came and she couldn't stop. Serena didn't find it funny, a grimace on her face, hair stuck out at odd angles, already sweaty from undressing

'lets call it a night'
'ni, no. Serena, please. You look so cute when you're pissed off'
'glad one of us is amused'
'you could wipe that smirk off my face?'
'im torn between killing you and fucking you. I'm trying to calculate which requires less room'
'well two fingers for fucking, all ten to strangle me so.... Juries out on that one'
'killing would be more satisfying'
'necrophillia?'
'shut up'

With that Serena kissed Bernie, enjoying the feeling of Bernies fingers entering her as she rode on Bernie, enjoying the friction it caused. She squeezed Bernies nipples, breathing becoming quicker. She reached behind her to touch Bernies sex. Bernie arched at the contact, both aware of their orgasms building. Serena ground down harder on Bernies fingers, pressing hard on Bernies clit, Serena felt herself clenching as Bernie threw back her arm in ecstasy...

CRASH

Fuck! Serena came, a weird sensation of a wonderful climax somewhat surreal with the unknown crash.

'fuck! Ouch!' 

Serena quickly realised Bernie had managed to hit the curtains in passion, and a rather heavy looking rail had hit her on the head.

'Bernie. BERNIE!' Serena yelled. Starting todo a quick medical check before realising her lovers fingers were still inside her.

Shit! She managed to ungracefully dismount in the tiny space.
'bernie!'
'mmm what? S'rena, that was amazing. Fuck, I'm seeing stars'

'Id love to take credit, but I think that's concussion, not post orgasm bliss'. 
The process of getting them both out of the cabin, dressed and finding the camp managers was a lengthy expletive filled event. Bernie insisting she was fine before vomiting on the poor manager. The poor chap drove them to the nearest a&e.

************

'Im sorry, I really am'
'its fine. But next holiday in booking'
'ive ruined it'
'hey, I had fine Wolfe cuisine, shiraz and an orgasm. That's a succes'
'and then the rest of the break in a&e'
'im sure they would have discharged you quicker if you hadn't told them nothing was wrong, you'd just climaxed hard'
'yeah. Sorry about that.'
'come on, lets get home. Sure you can drive?'
'yeah, you rest'

***************

Serena woke a few hours later.
'shhhh, go back to sleep'
'its freezing'
'I can pull over and warm you up'
'cant we stop in a hotel, finish the way back tomorrow?'
'no. Just have this blanket...'
'BERNIE THE ROAD'
'its fine, I can see' Bernies hands were behind her rooting for the blanket.
'thats my slip'
'oops. Here'
'this smells horrid? Ugh! Bernie theres rotten meat in here!'
'shit. I was going to cook steak, I thought they were in the cooler'

Serena fought back tears. This was a disaster, she was so disappointed, she was tired, cold and now smelt.

'here'
'we are not 'here' that's not home'

Bernie grinned. 'can I blindfold you'
'what about this situation screams kinky sex to you'
'filthy mind. I have one last surprise'
Please no thought Serena. What is it? Ghost walk? Mud trail? A tent? Oh god

She allowed the blindfold thinking at least she could delay the horror.

'ta da!'

'I don't get it?'

'hotel Eclipse, 5*'

'but?'

'come on!'
Serena folowed in a daze
They found their room. A luxury suite with rose petals on the bed and champagne on the dresser.

'Bernie, you didn't have to. I was fine going home. How did you get this last minute?'

'Who says it was last minute. Check the gift box'

Serena opened the beautifully wrapped box to find a stunning lace black dress, kitten heel shoes and two tickets to Les Mis.

'Oh Bernie!'
'have a word'
'no. No bloody way'
'he is your son!'
'exactly'
'Bernie please, I cant look Morven in the face!'
'its just sex Serena, we do it'
'its consideration! They are so.... Well loud!'
'his mothers son. Drives the women wild in bed'
'thats a little Freudian to brag about'
'is this some odd psychiatry kink?'
'shut it. So what do we do? Ear defenders?'
'we make a subtle point'
'how?'
'when we hear it, we drown them out. They will realise if they hear us, we hear them'
'thats a stupid idea'
'then you talk to them'

...............*
squeak squeak*
'oh Christ. They are at it again. Those bed springs will give out'
'soooo..... Lets rock our own springs'
Serena shifted uncomfortably. 'no. Its not right'
'I'll do that thing you love...'
'you do that anyway. I cant get in the mood with that going on next door'

Bernie planted soft kisses on Serena's neck

'cadet, we need to teach you stamina'
'don't...'
'cadet! You will address me as Major'
'Bernie! Dont' Serenas lust filled eyes told Bernie she had already won
'cadet, we need to practice your manoeuvres'
'......'
'cadet?'
'yes Major'
With that Bernie knew she had her. Major/cadet role play was Serenas favourite kink at the moment.
Bernie wasted no time in pinning Serena to the bed, earning a groan, seeing Serena automatically
open her legs.
'what do you want cadet?'
'training'
'what type of training?'
'I want to train... Well you know. Christ Bernie don't make me cringe'
Bernie bit then licked Serena's ear lobe, growling 'its Major. And this major thinks you should be strong completely. Every muscle. Have you worked out every muscle?' Serenas breath caught. 'not all my muscles'
'can I check?'
'please do' Bernie slipped to fingers into Serena, smirking as she arched her back and groaned at the touch.
'oh cadet, these muscles need work...'
With the use of their latest acquisition, a sizeable strap on, the women made short work of drowning out the squeaking. When both came they were aware that next door were no longer squeaking.

...........

'yes, yes, OH YEEEEESSSS!!!!*

'well you super plan didn't work. Morvens yelling like a banshee'
'I can make you scream louder'
'Bernie...' Serena said in a warning tone
'they stopped last time, it just takes a few attempts'
Serena shrugged. They had hardly seen each other and the heated kiss Bernie had given her in their office earlier left her pining for that skilled tongue somewhere other than her mouth. As if reading her mind, Bernie was already kissing down her stomach, trousers being unbuttoned, pants removed. There, half dressed, Serena gave in to Bernies actions, grabbing the sheets and crying out as Bernie licked and sucked her clit, alternating between light brushes and strong sucks.
'oh God! Bernie! Yes! Yes! I'm cum... Oh FUCK YEEES!

Once again, next doors performance had stopped, this time the occupants could be heard leaving the house. Result.

...........

*bang bang bang*

'Jesus Serena, that headboard will be through the wall!'

'hmmmm, but I do recall your marvelous plan has thus far been a successful and pleasurable experience'
'ms Campbell, what did you had in mind?'

'lie back'

Bernie did as she was told, biting her lips as Serena retrieved the hand cuffs, once secured to the bed Serena had her sit up a little before finding the double end dildo. Sucking it seductively she slowly pushed it in to her lovers vagina, feeling herself flood with desire at the whimper from Bernies mouth. Mounting her partner, she lowered herself on to the dildo, hissing slightly as the dildo stretched her, after a few slow motions to get comfy she began to fuck herself hard on top of Bernie, the fast and deep movements causing the baroque inspired metal bed frame to bang repeatedly against the walls. Both cumming within seconds of one another, they were aware next doors contribution had stopped, voices told them Cam and Morven were now down stairs.

.........................

*giggle, 'stop it! Cam, that's the spot!' 'I know' 'oh god!'*

'Serena, I know your weak spots'
'that you do'
'lets show the young ones what real pleasure sounds like'
'Freud would have a field day with you'
'come here!'
With nipples being sucked and pinched, Bernie knew she had hit Serenas sensitive spots. 'oh Bernie, right there. Don't stop, don't ever stop' With a thumb brushing against Serenas clit she brought her lover to climax. Again, the noise next door had ceased.

''erm, mum, Serena, can we talk?' A sheepish Cam asked, Bernie grinned, he wore the same look he used to wear when he would ask for desert after refusing dinner.

'yeah, course. What's up?'

Morven shifted on her feet looking anywhere but at Serena and Bernie directly.

'we, well Morven and I.... I'm not sure you realise... I mean its your house obviously and... Erm we are glad your happy..'

'Cameron, you've inherited your mothers conversation skills. Please, spit it out.'

'errr yeah, well. Um this is awkward, but... Well recently you've been really....loud? As in loud in the bedroom'

Both women smirked. Bernie responded

'yes, its a little inconsiderate to alert the entire house to the fact your having sex. Worse if its your mother doing it, but even worse if its your son and junior dr'

Cam and Morven looked puzzled

'Im not following mum'

'thursday, bed springs were telling the whole street you were at it.'

Morven looked confused. 'thursday? We had Theo for Fletch.? Morven looked at Cam who put his head in his hands. 'Theo was bouncing on the bed. Remember, you two had been on nights, we didn't want to wake you, so we had Theo until the nanny picked him up. We had to take him downstairs because he was gigling at your noises'

Serenas cheeks flushed Scarlett. But Bernie was not ready to give in to embarrasment

'well Theo wasn't voicing a female orgasm on Monday night was he?' Bernie said with a smirk as Morven frowned.

'was it loud and over the top mother?'

'it sounded a little exaggerated Cam but I don't want to hurt your ego'

'appreciate that mum. One more question, did it sound a bit like that scene from when Harry met Sally?'

Bernies cheeks burned now. Of course, she'd watched that film with Marcus, smirking as he insisted none of his conquests had 'faked' it. Bernie purposely went over the top in her performance that night, admiring the male egos ability to push aside doubt in place of his self professed penis skills.

'oh. Erm right. And um, the headboard banging on Weds...?"
'you have a dirty mind mum! I put those shelves and pictures up you were nagging me to do!'

Serena interrupted feeling victorious. 'well explain away the giggling and 'thats the spot cam' then?'

Cam didn't respond, just immediately poked Morvens side above her hips causing a squeal from her.

'yeah, she has hidden her ticklishness well but now I know how to shut her up.'

Cam and Morven were both holding back giggles.

Serena sighed. 'and all the sex sounds from the week before?' She was clutching at straws and she knew it.

'not 100% here but we did binge watch orange is the new black on your recommendation'

'ah.' Serena looked to Bernie as if to say 'your plan, your son, your problem!'

'Mmm well, yes, I ... Errr... I mean we are consenting adults in our own home but.. Errrr..... We are sorry if we... What I mean is...' 'she isn't having sex for a month' Serena shot
Bernie gave her those wounded puppy eyes
Serena sighed. 'we will be more considerate when you are here'

'good. Thanks' with that Cam and Morven made a hasty exit, leaving Bernie and Serena looking like school children who had been caught making out behind the bike sheds.

.......... 

Cam: 'I cant believe they bought that'
Morven: *laughing* 'you will have to put those shelves up promptly!'
Cam: 'you didn't really exaggerate that orgasm did you?'
Morven: 'oooo is that the time, sorry, got to go'
Prompt: Berena exploring safe words

Chapter Summary

'rescalpel'
'rems Campbell, scalpel'

'wha... What, oh, erm, yes, here you are Ns Wolfe' Serena, blushing furiously caught her partners knowing smirk. Right now, they were here, in theatre, operating. Not, as Serena's mind wandered too, at home with Bernie tied up having Serena bite her nipples. She grimaced, why the hell did Bernie think scalpel was a good safe word?

***********

'we need a new word'
'why? Scalpel is great! Sounds sexy but screams stop'
'because, Bernie, having bondage flashbacks mid surgery is distracting'
'mmmmmmmmm'
'BERNIE'
'just reliving it, give me a sec'
'wolfe, so help me if you even...'
Too late, she was biting her lip, eyes rolling back and with that Serena had to have her, dragging her into the store cupboard
'rescalpel' Bernie teased
'sod off'

After a quick but satisfying fumble they made their way to pulses for a caffeine fix.
'coffee'
'how observant of you. Bonus points if you know what the pastries are called'
'no, coffee!' Bernie said excitedly, 'our new word'
Serena looked at her like she had truly lost her mind. 'coffee?'
'a shag flashback with your morning espresso would wake you up'

Coffee it was, strong and hot to match their planned session that night.

***************

'It's a delicate matter Ms Campbell, requiring complete discretion'
'yes, fine Ric, just tell me'
'erm, not over the phone. Can you meet me on Keller, treatment room 3'
'for goodness sake Ric, just tell me'
'please Serena'
'fine' she had scribbled down 'keller, TR3' during their conversation and rushed off.
'Ric, what the on Earth?!'
'long story' Ric was clearly in pain, naked from the waist down with nothing but a hand towel
maintaining his dignity.
'you do realise I now prefer less appendage, more cleavage now?'
dont flatter yourself Serena, Its injured'
it?'
'yes, it'
'little Ric?'
'less of the little'
Serena cocked her eyebrow, 'all those conquests caught up with you? Thought it would drop off
eventually'
Ric shuffled uncomfortably, wincing in pain
'remember that agency nurse, dark hair, large breasts, Irish?'
'yes...?' Serena looked cautious
'well I didn't, remember her that is, this morning. She threw what she thought was orange juice at
me.... In the argument she accidentally grabbed my black coffee... And well....' Ric lifted his towel to
show a scolded....

'SERRNA? RIC? WHAT THE...'

'SERENA, I said descretion!'

A confused Bernie stop glaring, waiting for an explanation, until she noticed the scolded area... 'my
god, what happened'

'Ric and little Ric forgot a ladies name, mere hours after she became acquainted with little Ric.
Anyway, what are you doing here?'

Bernie suddenly looked shy, 'ummm, I was looking for you and found a note on the desk, very much
like the one last week that read, roof door 3, and led to...' 

Serena rolled her eyes. After patching Ric up she found Bernie again.

'we need a new word. I don't want that image haunting my mind if you say coffee'

******************
Pillow. The new word pillow worked well. Suited to the bedroom and thanks to their managerial
positions, they were not likely to be involved in changing a patients bed. It had lasted a couple of
sessions before....

'Weeeena! Weeeeen! Look! Look! Callo-pillow!' An excited Theo Fletcher yelled. He was
obsessed with caterpillars right now.

'lovely, you found a caterpillar!' Smiled Serena

'callo-pillow for you Weeeena' he proudly offered

Serena opened her hand to hold, and rescue, the poor caterpillar from Theos eager grasp

Almost as if time slowed down, Serena registered the giant maggot deposited on her hand. Serena
was not screamish, she was a surgeon! But maggots were her one weakness, flinging the hairless
creature in the air and running to the bin to vomit. Once recovered she had to console Theo over the
loss of his beloved 'callo-pillow'

Mid maggot funeral service she glanced at Bernie. 'pilow is out!'
It was a quiet dinner, just Serena, Bernie, Morven, Raf and fletch. A few glasses of wine and all were merry.... Until Serena became aware of Bernie coughing and grabbing her throat, Bernie staggered launching Serena in to action, she was choking. Her face was red, fastly becoming purple as she tried to suck air in her lungs. Serena was the first to reach her, whacking her back hard until the offending item was dislodged, Bernie falling to the ground gasping. 'you saved me from choking she gasped'
'are you ok? What was it?'

Fletch looked under the table to fond the offending object, chuckling he said 'poece of broccoli!'

Serena smiled hugging Bernie, then whispered 'broccoli, the perfect safe word'

Chapter End Notes

Maggot story was true, I hate the little gits, but rest in peace my sons beloved hairless caterpillar.

Also, broccoli is my safe word.....
phone sex

Chapter Summary

Ok, no prompt but following the totally awesome ending last night....

Oh god she missed Bernie, physically. They had spoken more the month she had been gone than in the previous months since Elinor's death. In those months interaction varied between Serena needing space, Bernie treading on egg shells not knowing what to say, Serena crying and being held by Bernie and snappy brief arguments. Now they spoke for hours, about their childhoods, ex husbands, funny university stories and Serena's time working with war orphans.

They also talked dirty. The first few times were awkward, Serena had to teach Bernie...

'so, I want to try something' Serena had purred
'ok?'
'well, I'm wearing that red satin slip you love... What are you wearing?'
'my grey hoody and jogging bottoms, it's freezing here'
'.......ok, what about underneath them?'
'erm, knickers and a bra. Oh wait, you've spoken to Jason - I admit it, I've stolen your socks. Sorry, I will learn to use your washing machine' 
'no Bernie. I'm trying to have phone sex'
'what? Oh, erm ok?'
'well?'
'errr I'm wearing my grey boxers and I lied, no bra'
'mmmmm, I an imagine squeezing those breasts, is that why your bra is off? Are you pinching those sweet nipples and gasping thinking its me...'
'no, my comfy bras are in the wash, I hate these underwired ones'
'berenice!' Serena let out an exasperated sigh
'oh, right. Urm, well I do feel turned on'
'good. I'm touching myself, are you'
Serena hears a shuffle if clothes and a muttered 'fucking joggers'
'I am now'
'good, I'm so wet, my fingers are lightly brushing my entrance'
'errrr, yeah Im... Errr stroking my labia?'
'not an anatomy class'
'oh, got it. Pussy?'
'better. Oh Bernie I'm so hot'
'have you been taking your HRT?'
........ She needed a lot of coaching

Soon Bernie had got the hang of it and now phone sex was good. Serena joked if big brother were rally monitoring their calls, they'd hit the jackpot with them.
Still, nothing had prepared her for the surprise call during Bernie's shift. She had called, from their office, and taken control. She had commanded Serena to fuck herself in various ways, Serena came three times just at the though of Bernie being dominant, and in the hospital. So she arranged a call.

.............
Serena saw her phone flash, it was Bernie 'still on for todays call? Just call the usual office num and I'll have it diverted x'

Serena grinned, they had agreed tomorrow but she could agree a day early, she knew what Bernies organisational skills were like.

'of course. Where are you diverting the call too? X'

'Hanssens office x'

Serena smirked, Bernie had been supporting the CEO in writing up their trauma bay protocol for other trusts. Bernie was off AAU every Wednesday to work on it, Hanssen had gifted his office while he kept an eye on AAU. The idea of making Bernie cum in Henriks office made Serena wet.

'cant wait. Know you cant see me, but I want u 2 know I'm wearing that fitted black skirt suit you love, the one that makes me look like a powerful business woman x'

'good idea, helps you slip in to character x'

Perfect! Bernie was clearly planning on Serena being in charge today. She was in for a treat. She dialled in at the agreed time

'hello, Bernie Wolfe, Trauma unit'

'Serena Campbell. On sabbatical, but strong aggressive business woman'

'good!' Said Bernie, she sounded relieved, she must need this release

'so Ms Wolfe, behaving yourself?'

Bernie laughed, 'ive not been sacked...yet'

'good. Now listen well as I will not repeat myself'

'ok.....?'

'right now I am on my balcony, my pussy is wet...'

'SERRNA!' Bernie sounded desperate. Serena chuckled, this would be quick

'quiet Wolfe! I already have my fingers brushing my delicious clit, just the way you like it' she could hear Bernie desperately pressing buttons on the phone

'in a mess already? We've only just started, I want you too...'

'Ms Campbell might I suggest we postpone this meeting?'

'.......Henrik?'

'yes, and the other leads, Mr Griffin and Ms Naylor and of course, Ms Wolfe'

'errrr, yes. Of course. Ummm sorry, just joking, been hitting the shiraz...'

No one bought it. Bernie was beetroot red, Jac was smirking, Rics eyes were like saucers and Henrik looked his usual uninterested expression.

Bernie spoke. 'm...ms Campbell, err I think I can manage to do myself. IT. Do IT myself and um send
'I think AAU need to reschedule and get a cold shower' jac suggested, smirk never leaving her face.

'I quite agree, with the rescheduling. Shower habits are beyond my scope as CEO' Henril added.

'yes. Um, I...i will check my diary.' Mumbled Serena

'good. Ms Naylor, Ms Wolfe, Mr griffin. Lets reconvene next week. Oh and Ms campbell? I am glad you are finding a way to relax. We will leave you and ms Wolfe to say your goodbyes'

Serena sat in silence hearing the movement of people leaving the room.

'rooms empty' Bernie said, still in shock

'oh bloody hell Bernie! Why did you put me on speaker!!'

'our private chat was tomorrow. Today was the leaders meeting, you wanted to join in by telecom remember? You said so when you left?'

'shit. But the texts?'

'I thought you were dressing like you were physically here to feel more involved'

'why didn't you stop me!'

'I did try... You just...

'Bernie. I'm going to get so drunk I forget this. If you mention it again I will refuse sex for a year, tell Naylor to remember what I saw in the store cupboard and who I saw in there with her and tell Ric I will give a vasectomy without anaesthetic if he breathes a word'

'ok....'

Bernie sat, trying to reduce her blushing. As she left the room she saw Jac.

'you were a while Ms Wolfe, did you finish your.... Conversation...'

'ms Campbell asked me to remind you, store cupboard and who was in there'

Jacs smirk dropped as she scurried off.

Serena Campbell. Lesbian. Also phone sex exhibitionist, who would have thought?
Dining Al Fresco

Chapter Summary

For Bezfezz. Prompt: Berena outdoors

‘Please Nanny, can we go to the park?’
‘Grandma, I really want to see the ducks!’
‘Grandma, Nanny. Pleeessaaaeee!’
Little Benjamin Dunn and Molly Dunn were pleading with their Nanny Serena and Grandma Bernie to enter the local nature reserve they were walking past.
‘Erm, I think it’s closed’ Bernie said in a panic
‘It not closed. Look!’ Molly pleaded
‘What Grandma means Molly, is it’s closed for children today because….. because….’
‘A tiger escaped from the zoo and is wandering around the park’
‘ARGHHHHHHH!’ screamed the children, suddenly clinging to their grandparents
‘Oh well played Bernie, terrify them why don’t you!’
‘Well Serena, if you want to explain to them how we got banned for life, be my guest’

*************************************************************************

It was a beautiful day and Serena had planned the perfect romantic escape for them both. A day beside the riverbank, a picnic and miles of beautiful scenery to explore. Serena loved seeing Bernie like this, the outdoors suited her. Her face always looked more relaxed, like the expanse of nature around her was freeing. Perhaps it was an army thing? Used to being outdoors? Bernie was always calculating exists, and Serena often wondered if the trauma of war had left internal as well as external scars, but Bernie would tell her in her own time if this was a problem. For now she was just content to watch Bernie, sitting on the picnic blanket, legs straight and leaning back on her arms, a gentle breeze causing her soft curls to flutter.

On days like this neither talked much, it wasn’t an awkward silence but a comfortable one, where they could both just bask in each other’s company, where words were unnecessary as they could feel what the other was feeling. They had enjoyed a picnic together. Bernie laughing at Serena’s idea of a picnic; olives, antipasti, fruit platters and shiraz; Bernie’s understanding of picnics was a ham sandwich and a bag of crisps….

The peaceful moment was broken by a shriek, Bernie looking over at a flailing Serena who looked like she was performing some odd interpretative dance.

‘Serena, what on Earth are you doing?’
‘Frog. Frog Bernie, on me. Jumped and shocked me and oh, bastard thing.’
Bernie was chuckling, ‘it’s just a frog’
‘Well ‘just a frog’ scared me half to death! There it is, look! It’s staring at me. Smug little git’
Bernie looked where Serena was pointing. ‘That’s a toad’
‘Same thing’
‘oooooo what would Jason say?’ Bernie was teasing, she knew Jason would spend the next few weeks describing in minute detail the differences between frogs and toads. ‘Any way, it’s staring at you, it’s a toad’. Bernie was looking at the offending toad, which to be fair to Serena, was pretty sizeable, but did not look smug.
‘How does a toad look smug?’
‘Alright, alright. You’ve had your fun. If you are going to laugh at me…’
Bernie moved closer to Serena. ‘I’m not laughing, really. I will defend your honour to the end, if that
Serena’s smirk told Bernie all was forgiven. She moved in closer to kiss Serena, gentle at first and soon becoming more passionate.

‘Want to wipe that smug look off that toad’s face’ she mumbled to Serena as they kissed. Bernie moved Serena backwards until she felt her back press against a tree, Bernie moving Serena’s hands above her as she kissed her more intensity. She thought briefly of all the romantic scenes in movies where passionate and intense love making took place against trees. It turns out that sex against a tree is much more difficult than it appeared.

The first obstacle was comfort. Despite melting into the kiss and embrace, rough bark and a thin cotton shirt did not mix well. Serena bucked her hips towards Bernie.

‘Ooo very keen’

‘Not exactly’ mumbled Serena wiggling her hips. ‘Just one moment’, she reached around and pulled her shirt down, wincing as she realised she had scratched on her back from where her shirt had been caught exposing her bare skin to the roughness of the bark.

Never one to give in, and very much enjoying the passionate embrace Bernie had her in, Serena soon returned to kiss her lover like her life depended on it. The heat increased and Bernie pressed her thigh between Serena’s leg, causing her to moan and arch her head up towards the sky. The resulting shower of blossom and twigs from a scampering squirrel immediately irritating Serena’s eyes and mouth. Blossom has a notion of romance, but seeing your lover splutter and cough it ruins that feeling somewhat. Both women giggled, able to enjoy the uniqueness of this moment. Bernie quickly moved her hand up Serena’s thigh, under her shirt, until she found where she wanted to be, where she always wanted to be. Slipping her fingers through Serena’s folds she made to enter her. The angle of their bodies made this awkward, with Bernie being taller than Serena, and Serena not having the strength to hold herself up on one foot, on her tip toes. Bernie bent down, to get a better angle, realising very quickly that at 51yrs old, this was not a sustainable position. Never one to back down from a challenge, she dropped to her knee’s, lifting her lovers skirt and using her skilled tongue to bring her to climax.

Serena leant against the tree for support as she regain her breath, laughing as she heard Bernie moaning about ‘old knee’s’ as she pulled herself up to standing. Serena looked at her lover, the woman so intent on bringing her pleasure that she would put herself in discomfort.

‘Stay there’ Serena commanded. Bernie did as she was told, still waiting for the blood to return to her calves as it was.

Serena returned with the picnic blanket which she lay down. Taking Bernie’s hand she walked her to the blanket.

‘Lay down my darling’ Bernie lay on the blanket, Serena soon following suit and lying on top of her. They kissed, deep and sensually, Serena stroking Bernie’s hair, tucking it behind her ear. She moved her hand to Bernie’s trousers, undoing the button and slowly pushing them down. She removed Bernie’s trousers, kissing up her legs, caressing her thighs and slowly bring her mouth to her lover clit, sucking and licking as her lover moaned. Serena could feel the earth beneath her pinching at the exposed flesh of her legs but that didn’t matter right now, because right now Bernie Wolfe was moaning and coming undone within moments of her mouth connecting where Bernie needed it most. As Bernie started to cum, Serena realised the pinching on her legs was becoming really uncomfortable. Then everything happened at once.

A collection of shrieks.

Serena screamed and jumped

Bernie orgasmed.

Eyes still blurry from pleasure, Bernie made out the figures of a group of ramblers. A group of women who she would have guessed were in their 80’s, each with wide eyes and open mouths looking horrified. She scrambled to hastily pull her trousers on, looking for Serena who appeared to be doing some sort of Irish dancing.

‘Serena, SERENA!’ she hissed

‘Ants. Red ants. Climbed up. OUCH!’
Bernie went to help brush any remaining insects off Serena, noticing the tiny red bumps where the creatures had retaliated – Serena it seems had chosen to kneel in an ants nest. It was there, while Bernie had her head under Serena’s skirt, hands moving frantically as Serena yelped that game keeper for the reserve they were visiting found them, after responding to the cries of the elderly rambler group. And that is why Bernie & Serena were banned for life.
As part of a community project, Holby City was to offer free first aid classes in Universities. The idea was to attract keen minds to a medical career. This month’s dynamic duo representing the hospital were Bernie Wolfe and Serena Campbell. Although Henrik had insisted that only one go so the ward would not lose both leads, Serena had insisted that the only way she would willingly do this (and in doing so protect Henriks reputation) was if Bernie was with her.

That’s how they found themselves at a University just south of Holby. Serena wrinkled her nose as hordes of adolescents pushed past them talking loudly, staring at phones or blaring music out of their Ipods.

‘Cheer up Campbell, could be worse?’

‘How so…’ Serena was not a fan of this new community reach project. She was a surgeon, not a babysitter.

‘You were meant to go with Ms Naylor’

‘That’s true. You are far better company. Although I have a feeling Ms Naylor would have had us forcibly removed from the classroom for terrifying students so this whole charade would be over’. Bernie smirked, she was actually quite looking forward to this, it reminded her of her army days, training young medics from lazy, undisciplined graduates into fine soldiers who could save lives and look sharp before 8am.

‘We have an hour before we have to actually be there – want to grab a coffee?’

‘Suppose so’ Serena grumbled.

As they made their way to the café a young man approached them.

‘Major Wolfe! Well, Ms Wolfe. Hi. Huge fan. Love your work of field trauma and amputation.’ Bernie looked uncomfortable at the flattery, which did come across a little too eager.

‘Sorry, sorry, I’m Tim. It’s my under grads you’ll be teaching today, so glad to have you on board.’

Bernie and Serena shook his hand and explained they would be with him after they had visited the café for a much needed injection of caffeine. Tim was having none of it, insisting he come to the department and make use of their coffee facilities. The women followed, walking past a field of doors that contained loud students.

‘OK, OK, OK ladies. The coffee machine is through there, and there’s refreshments through the door on your right’

Tim was already being pulled away by an anxious looking student waving a paper in his face.

Shrugging the women went to the coffee machine, then tried to locate the room with refreshments in.

‘Here Bernie, oooo, Brownies!’

‘But he said on the right Serena?’

‘He teaches sociology, not geography. Come on’

Grabbing a couple of brownies they made their way back to the office Tim had shown them, sitting down to enjoy a snack.

30 minutes later…….

‘Ah ladies! There you are, did you find everything OK?’

‘Mmm, yes! Brownies were lovely!’ Bernie said in a very animated way
‘Brownies? Wow, you impressed someone, normally it’s a few browning bananas and soft digestive biscuits!’ Tim chuckled.

Brownie Ms Wolfe?

Chapter Summary

Inspired by a trip to Amsterdam in my youth
‘Hahahahaha’ Serena too, it seemed, found this hilarious.
Tim regarded the women with a confused look, clearly deciding they were simply eccentric he shrugged. ‘This way ladies’.
The women were lead to a room full of students, some looking eager, some looking hungover and one who was actually asleep
‘Right, thank you for being here, I would like to introduce Ms Wolfe and Ms Campbell, Ms Wolfe and Ms Campbell are partners on the AAU unit at Holby City….’
‘….and in the bedroom’ Serena giggled. Bernie looking horrified doing an exaggerated movement where she covered her mouth with her hand before bursting out laughing.
Tim looked shocked, however all students were now definitely awake and paying attention.
‘Er yes, what Ms Campbell means is that were are also a couple. She means that in medicine you can work together and….’
‘Yeah yeah, we are lesbians. I think Tim is also…’
‘Serena! What Serena means is that urrrrrm, Holby City is all about Diversity and LGBTQ rights as we are sure Tim is. I very much think Tim likes lesbians’
Serena snorted. Tim went a funny shade of red
‘Ms Campbell, Ms Wolfe, are you feeling OK?’
‘Never better little Tim’ Serena replied
‘Little Tim! Ha! Are you the ghost of Christmas present?’ Bernie sniggered
‘Ladies?’ Tim was looking positively alarmed.
Bernie coughed and cleared her throat, suddenly aware of all the students smirks.
‘OK soldiers. Today we learn about CPR, Cardio Pulmonary what do you call it!’
‘Resurrection. No! Resuscitation!’ Serena replied, giggling away
‘Top marks. OK, Little Tim, where the bodies’
‘The bodies?’
‘Well we can’t practice on live students can we?’ Serena glared at him
Tim explained he would go to the medical annexe to find CPR dummies while the surgeons continued.
‘OK, OK. We are waiting for the Dummies, but until then I will be a dummy’ Bernie proclaimed
‘You called yourself a dummy!’ Both women laughed at this, whilst Bernie lay down on the floor.
‘Pretend I’m dead!’ she shouted, exaggerating with her eyes shut and tongue hanging out of her mouth. The students giggled, closely paying attention.
‘OK, here I come!’ Serena walked around Bernie explaining in an exaggerated tone ‘Oh no! I have found a collapsed person. I must be a first aider. Hello? Hello? Hello from the othersiiiiiiiiiiiiiiide, I must have called a thousand tiiiiiiiiiiimes’
With that Bernie broke character and burst out laughing.
‘Lesson one, if they respond to Adele, they are probably not dead and you can carry on your merry way’ Serena said triumphantly
The students were laughing, extremely engaged in this eccentric lesson before them.
‘Ok, ok, ok but I am really dead this time’ Bernie laughed, assuming the position again on the floor.
‘OK, make sure you are safe like not in a road or something because that would be stupid and stupid is as stupid does! Then kneel by the side of the person’ Serena aimed to kneel gracefully but in fact stumbled, landing on Bernie.
‘Oooo, later my love, not with an audience’ Bernie laughed
The students were crying tears of laughter at this point. None of them had thought this seminar would be so entertaining, they assumed some boring, posh consultants would waltz in and bore them to tears.
‘Right you are’ Said Serena, pecking a small kiss on Bernies cheek
‘OK, so you listen for the breathing and make sure the mouth is free from obstructions’ Serena said as she opened Bernies mouth.
Bernie gagged when Serena swirled her fingers in her mouth. ‘Oops, don’t deep throat them’ Serena
winked, winning her a round of applause from the group and a giggle from Bernie.

‘Next check for a pulse. So feel the neck here. Don’t strangle them, that’s BDSM not CPR’

Bernie snorted at this as the class continued to laugh

‘Oh shit! No breathing, no pulse! Now we get to the good stuff!’ Serena was really hamming up
their performance of a dead person and a non medic in this situation.

‘You place your hands one on top the other and place them just lower that the central part of
the chest.’ Serena did so, as Bernie giggled ‘That tickles!’

‘It’s hard on a woman because you don’t want to get the boobs’ she said with a wink at the class.

Bernie chuckled, ‘You are very good at getting boobs out of your way’

‘Yes, well, you can tell because the sternum is hard but the breasts’ Serena cupped Bernies breasts
giving a gentle squeeze, ‘are nice and squishy’

Bernie burst out laughing as a stern looking Tim entered the room with a CPR dummy

‘What on Earth are you two doing!?!’ He looked pretty pissed
Bernie tried to be calm, she tried to focus her brain, but all she could see was the dummy. She tried to
say ‘I don’t know what’s happening to us’ but all that came out was, ‘That dummy’s got bigger
boobs than me!’

‘BOOBS!’ Serena burst out laughing.

‘Out! Now! Everyone, please. We will reschedule’ The class emptied, students looking disappointed
that it was over. Tim approached the two women who were giggling on the floor.

‘Where did you find those brownies?’

‘In the room, like you said, but you said right and it was left so there’ Serena stuck her tongue out,
before giggling again

‘Christ. The room to the left belongs to our Post Grads, who have a habit of making brownies with
added herbs’

‘You don’t put herbs in brownies, do you?’ Bernie asked Serena

‘Illegal herbs’ Tim said, lowering his voice

‘Fuck. We’re stoned. We are stoned Serena. The police will come and get us!’ Bernie looked scared,
Serena burst out laughing, then Bernie did

‘It’s OK, look, lets get you to the medical annexe and you can sleep it off. We will sort this all when
you feel better.’

Tim led the two giggling, staggering women through the halls, they drew stares from students as
Serena kept grabbing Bernies breast shouting ‘honk!’.

Tim left them in a spare room in the medical annexe, telling them to sleep whilst he got a medical
professor to check them over. As soon as he left, Bernie decided she was hungry

‘I’ve got munchies. That’s a thing isn’t it? Munchies’

‘Lets find food like cave men’ Serena giggled, as they tip toed out the room in search of food.
The women wandered around many rooms looking in many cupboards before finding what they
assumed was their original room. Cuddling together in the small room they began to kiss.

‘Is this room shrinking?’ Serena mumbled

‘No, we are growing’ Bernie responded with certainty

They began to increase their kissing, Bernie getting hot so removing her clothes, Serena proceding to
caress her clit as they giggled. Bernie moaned louder until she was falling. Falling in the bliss of an
orgasm.

Actually no, she was just falling. She realised she was on the floor, Serena on top of her as a group
of students in lab coats stood open mouthed.

…….. The next day

‘So, Ms Wolfe, Ms Campbell. You embarrassed yourselves and this hospital. Whilst I accept you did
not willingly ingest the drugs, you should have noticed the symptoms. Instead you put on a strange
show for the class you were meant to teach, insulted an academic and fell out of the store cupboard
during an anatomy class, practically naked in front of a group of first years.’

Bernie and Serena felt their cheeks burn with shame.

‘As a result you are now banned from taking part in any further off site training until a full hearing
has been completed’

The women tried not to smirk. As mortifying as the experience had been, they were off the hook for community reach for the foreseeable future. Plus, they felt they had certainly inspired students. Applications for minor roles at Holby had gone through the roof, once word got round that two hot lesbian surgeons enjoyed pot and were prone to making out and having sex in public.
Chapter Summary

Serena's come back, Bernie's popped the question, Serena gets a little too impatient on the way to their honeymoon.

It had been Bernie’s idea upon Serena’s return from sabbatical. They had shared many tears about Serena’s absence, the reasons behind it and how tentative their relationship had been prior to her leaving. They had started to get to know each other again, becoming closer until they had finally made it as a couple. They had brought a house together; Serena felt the need to move on from the places that was hers and Elinors, and Bernie admitted she could never fully feel at home in a place that was Serena’s and not theirs. The move had gone well and inspired by Serena’s bravery, Bernie had decided to be brave.

They were sat in Albie’s together enjoying a drink in peace, having moved away from the AAU crowd when indiscretions were being discussed; Bernie was open minded and knew her son was an adult now, yet still hearing of his teenage conquests made her feel a little ill. Bernie had had the ring for about a week. She knew Serena liked grand gestures, but grand gestures were not Bernie and she couldn’t seem to find the right time to ask the question, always backing out at the last moment and making up some sort of excuse;

‘What did you want to ask Bernie?’ Serena had asked, puzzled as Bernie had approached the karaoke.

‘Erm, well Serena I wanted to ask… to ask… err… if you would consider, that is I would like it if… you….what I am trying to say is….. would you…erm… let me borrow your car tomorrow?’

‘Okay, though why you needed to announce it in front of the entire pub I have no idea, ah! Wait! You’ve scratched it haven’t you!’

Bernie mumbled something along the lines of yes, she had scratched it, wanted to get it repaired and asked publically so Serena wouldn’t tell her off.

There was the time at the Italian restaurant;

‘Bernie, what on earth are you doing?’ Serena looked puzzled as Bernie was doing some mad, flapping gestures with her hand

‘Nothing, just… errr…. Waving to the waiter’

Serena turned to see a confused looking waiter turn away from them with two glass of champagne.

‘Are you OK Bern? I’m sorry I told you about Edward, I just thought it was a funny story?’

‘No, no it’s fine. I can’t believe he thought proposing to you in a restaurant by putting a ring in your drink was a good idea. I’m glad you didn’t choke, though it might have been worse had you swallowed it!’ a red faced Bernie had asked

So here they were, in Albie’s, Bernie still trying to work out the perfect proposal and muster up the courage. They had been talking, just like they used too, before the kiss, before Elinor had died. It was nice, it was comfortable. They talked about those first few kisses,

‘…. And I just remember thinking. ‘OK, OK, she’s kissing me. What do I do? I should apologise and leave, oh, wait, this is kind of hot, I’ll kiss her back’ then I just wanted you so bad, I felt like a teenager again! I was desperate for you to take me home until Raf came barging back in. He would have had a coronary if he’d come in about 10 mins later, I planned for us to be naked’ Serena laughed, eyes crinkling. Bernie thought she had never seen her look so beautiful. That she had never loved her as much as she did now, and it just happened;

‘Marry me’
‘What?’
‘Oh shit, sorry, I didn’t mean to…’
‘Did you just ask me to marry you?’
‘Err…’
‘Berenice Bloody Wolfe, did you just ask me to marry you?’
‘Yes’ a suddenly shy Bernie said from beneath her fringe, ‘but if it’s not what you want, I mean I don’t want to make you feel…’
‘Yes.’
‘What?’
‘Yes, yes oh 1000 times yes!’
Serena had sprung to her feet, moving round the table to kiss Bernie. Breaking the kiss and aware of the AAU staff staring at this unusual display of public affection, Bernie fumbled in her jacket before dropping to one knee to show Serena the ring. Serena had cried as Bernie placed the ring on her finger before standing up and taking Serena in to a tight embrace as the rest of the pub cheered. The wedding itself had been very ‘Bernie’. Neither wanted a big affair, just Bernie & Serena, Cameron & Morven. Charlotte had refused to come which hurt Bernie immensely. It seemed since the divorce Charlottes new found love of religion was another way she could distance her mother. Despite this, they enjoyed the intimacy of the ceremony and were touched to arrive at Albies to see Fletch and Raf had arranged a large celebration for them.
They had left immediately from Albies to their honeymoon. Serena had drawn up a list of places she had visited that she had wanted Bernie to experience, a tour of Italy before moving on to Germany, then France, before they head back to Holby.
Unfortunately for Bernie, the drinks they had had at Albies had made Serena fairly tipsy, and the fact they had spent the night before the wedding apart had made her fairly horny.
‘Toilets’
‘What?’
‘Toilets. Give me a minute’
‘Serena, what are you…’
‘Mile high club’
‘No’
‘Yes’
‘No bloody way’
‘Yes, yes, yes all the way’
‘You can’t seriously…’
‘I can… don’t leave me waiting, wife’
Serena sauntered off down the aisle. Bernie watching her swing her hips before glancing over her shoulder with a wink.
Bernie would follow her, yes, but only to get her to sit back down. Bernie was not doing ‘that’ in ‘there’. She just had to make sure her wife was safe. After waiting a minute she made her way to the bathroom, knocking lightly until the door opened and she was pulled inside.
‘MMmmm, thought you weren’t going to come?’ Serena smiled, pressing up against her
‘I, err, I don’t think we should, I just came too’
Who was she kidding, she knew exactly how this was going to go as Serena pressed her thigh between Bernies, kissing her deeply. Soon, the passion took over, Bernie deepening the kiss as Sera’s hands tangled in her hair.
‘Be quick’ was all Bernie could mouth before Serena was undoing the buttons on her jeans, pulling them swiftly down allowing her access. Bernie did the same, hearing Serena moan as she moved her fingers to lightly brush her clit. They were both already wet, time apart and the flirting at Albie’s had them both on edge craving each other. They began rubbing one another quicker, with Bernie slipping two fingers in to Serena whose spare arm moved back to steady herself…
‘WOOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHH’
‘Shit!’
Serena had hit the flush button on the toilet – the loud suction sound startling both of them, momentarily breaking them apart.

‘Fucking hell Serena, you gave me a heart attack!’ Bernie panted, trying to recover.

Serena simply giggled, before dropping to her knees and licking the wetness from Bernies centre. Bernie moaned, canting her hips forward as she began to reach orgasm. She felt the usual waves of pleasure as Serena picked up the pace circling Bernies clit with her tongue. Both women were so focused on their pleasure they didn’t hear the announcement for people to make their way back to their seats and fasten their seat belts.

The women were aware of a knocking on the door of the toilet, ‘Hello, we really need you to return to your seats as we are approaching turbulence!’

The women looked at each other eyes wide.

‘Ermhm, yes, one moment’

They both clambered to get their clothing back on, they hit the turbulence, the plane shook, Serena stumbling, Bernie falling onto the door lock and falling out of the toilet onto an unsuspecting Air Hostess.

Bernie was frantically doing up her jeans as Serena stood bold as brass ‘Sorry, she’s hurt her leg, I’m a surgeon, was just checking it out’. The air hostess was glowering at them. ‘Ladies, seats now!’

Both women walked down the aisle of the plane, aware the entire air craft was staring at them. Some tutting, some looking embarrassed, some smirking, some raising eye brows. This walk of shame made them both feel like 12yr old girls, not middle aged professionals.

‘At least we are proud members of the mile high club’ Serena whispered to Bernie

‘You will be the death of me, you know that’ Bernie smirked, still bright red.
Sex and the Ex

Chapter Summary

Edward has found a way to protect his masculine status following his ex-wife engaging in a same sex relationship.

Chapter Notes

To add, inspired by various people I have encountered, good and bad. I refuse to be defined by my sexuality, I refuse to sit snugly in a pre-defined box and never venture out of it. I refuse to accept casual sexism, I refuse to accept the 'boys will be boys' culture. I refuse to accept the sexualisation of women and I refuse to support the notion that women like women because they've had bad sexual experiences with men.

Edward Campbell was at first dismissive of his ex-wife’s new found sexuality. He dismissed it as her trying to pretend she had moved on or as her trying to remove the attention from marrying Liberty. Then he decided she was doing it purely to try and upset him, as a way of dismissing his manhood and challenging his masculinity. He had taken some slack for her new found life, a few surgeons joking that he had always been ‘feminine’, one scorned ex-lover adding that he was such a disappointment in bed she considered ‘turning’ herself.

Edward Campbell could always find a way to make anything about Edward Campbell. He couldn’t accept that Serena had simply fallen in love with someone again, someone that just happened to be a woman. After their daughter had died Edward had kept his distance from Serena, both were hurting, but Serena’s looks and manners were too much a reminder of Elinor, and due to this they had hardly had contact. In recent months, after Serena had returned from sabbatical Edward had been in touch, they had begun to share texts/emails about Elinor and updating one another on their lives. They were re-establishing their relationship, not one of romance but a relationship other than that of two parents connected by a child. The relationship became one of friends who differed greatly, except for their deeply held love and memories of their child.

Serena Cambpell had warmed to Edward, though kept him at a distance, and the fact she only communicated via technology made it easier. Serena was becoming concerned with Edwards’s questions about Bernie. Why had she left Bernie? Why did she want him, not Bernie when ‘it’ happened? Was she back with Bernie now? Were they a real couple? Serena had responded as she always did that her and Bernie are still very much in a relationship and it is serious and had nothing to do with Edward.

Despite this, his ex-wife’s lesbian relationship still played on his mind and he still found the odd jibes from ignorant co-workers to be annoying. One such jibe came from a consultant colleague, he had joked to Edward that perhaps he should have stuck with Serena, as he’d probably be enjoying threesomes as she experimented with women – not one to admit that it was Serena who finished with him, Edward had smirked. Not saying anything but giving enough of a hint that made the consultants eyes widen ‘Edward Campbell, you dark horse! Seriously?’

‘Yes’ Edward replied smugly, ‘let’s just say Serena and I get on very well, and I get on even better with her new lover’

That’s how the lie began. Rumours spread and Edward was no longer the butt of jokes questioning
his masculinity, but idolised by the patriarchal culture he surrounded himself in, earning him pats on
the back, high fives and ‘you sly old dog!’ comments. Edward could deal with this, Bernie was
attractive and Serena had always been a looker, he was no longer the man who turned women gay,
but the man who regularly had sex with two hot women.
There was one problem, despite working in different hospitals, there was the occasion where they
would be at the same fundraising event or conference. The annual ‘NHS excellence’ ball was one of
those occasions. Edward was there with his colleagues to represent St James and immediately
grimaced as he saw that Serena and Bernie were there, and were being honoured for their work in
creating and maintaining a functional Trauma bay, soon to be extended to St James. Edward dealt
with the small elbows and winks from colleagues as they pointed at Serena and Bernie, but soon
began questioning Edward about why he was avoiding them – surely, they had said, Edward should
be in the middle of them showing the rest of the ball just how lucky he was. Never one to risk his
masculine identity, Edward approached the women.
‘Serena, Bernie, good to see you!’
‘Ah Edward, to what do we owe the pleasure of your unwelcome intrusion’
‘Cutting Serena, deeply wounding. I….errr…. I wanted tooo’ Edward looked to see his colleagues
fist bumping looking on eagerly.
‘I wanted to dance with Bernie, you know, I want to get to errr, to know you better’ Serena arched
an eye brow
‘You do realise that you are not her type right? I mean you may have the breasts since piling on the
pounds….’ Serena was smirking. If Edward Campbell really thought he had a chance with her
woman, he was clearly more desperate than he let on.
‘Actually Serena, we’ve been getting on so well recently, I wanted to know Bernie more, as your
partner, you two are serious and I want to know her intentions’ Edward winked.
Bernie, having been privy to this entire conversation took control. ‘It would be a pleasure Edward,
Serena, darling, could you fetch us more drinks whilst I dance with Edward?’
Serena eyed Bernie in a way that said ‘be careful’ and left them to dance. Edwards hands
immediately going to Bernies lower back and hand. They began to sway to the music.
‘You look beautiful, I can see what Serena likes about you’ Bernie’s skin crawled
‘Funny you should say that Edward, I’m still trying to work out what she saw in you? After all, she
has gone for the complete opposite. What do you want Edward?’
‘I just want to get to know you, if you are important to Serena then you are important to me’
‘Edward, I have over 25yrs of military experience and I swear to God if you so much as make her
frown tonight I will kick your arse’ Bernie finished the sentence with a sweet smile, all those
watching them dance would be sure she was whispering sweet nothings to him.
As they danced around in circles Edward caught sight of his colleagues, he gave a thumbs up behind
Bernies back, earning a cheer from his colleagues.
Serena was watching Edward and Bernie from the bar, hearing a cheer from Edwards colleagues she
saw Edward giving the thumbs up without Bernie’s knowledge. Determined to find out what he was
up to, she approached a colleague she knew from her married days to Edward.
‘Simon, nice to see you’
‘Serena, wow! You look as gorgeous as ever. I was so sorry to hear about, well you know’ Serena
swallowed hard, no matter how much time had passed, she still felt that raw grief when Elinor was
mentioned.
‘Thank you, I know you were there for Edward’
‘As were you. I have to say you are a dark horse Serena, never would have guessed you were into
both sexes’
‘Well, I’m in too whoever I fancy and subsequently fall in love with. Was Edward, the Shiraz and
now Bernie, though don’t tell her I’m still having an ongoing affair with the Shiraz’
‘I’m sure she wouldn’t mind sharing you though hey?’ Simon said with a wink
Serena looked intrigued, ‘I’m sure she wouldn’t, but why are you so sure?’
Simon blushed, ‘Well, I know about your ‘encounters’ with Edward. Best hope Liberty doesn’t
clock on, not that I’m judging, I mean Bernie is hot, you’re hot, Edwards a lucky man…’
‘Is he now. So, tell me more about what he’s told you about these encounters….’

‘Ladies and Gentleman, I give you the co-leads of the AAU and Trauma bay, Ms Serena Campbell and Berenice Wolfe’

The women entered the stage together, Serena with an air of confidence, enjoying the lime light, Bernie trailing slightly in her shadow clearly wishing she was in a tent in Kandahar rather than here.
‘Yes, thank you, thank you. May I just say that we are both delighted to be honoured for the work we have achieved with the trauma bay, although I have to say it is most definitely down to the amazing skills of my co-lead and life partner, Major Berenice Wolfe. Without her military experience this bay would not be in existence, although I do acknowledge my administrative and business acumen keeps it all a float, given my delightful spouse has neither the inclination nor organisational skills to do this.’

There was a collective giggle from the crowd as Bernie smiled with pride at how at ease Serena was with these kind of things, and being so open about her relationship.
‘Now, although I am here to talk about the Trauma bay, CEO Hanssen has also asked me to talk about LGBTQ and women in senior NHS positions. Still grossly under represented within the NHS, I am proud to be part of a growing number of both women, and LGBTQ senior NHS officials, as if my partner, Berenice.’

Bernie had knew this was coming, Hanssen had been so supportive of their relationship, but also saw an opportunity to brag on-masse about his equal opportunities at Holby City.
‘As a woman, I have had to fight harder than my male counter parts to achieve the level of senior consultant. Had to work harder to achieve my MBA and continue to work in a male dominated environment. Although I am lucky to have received the support of Henrik Hanssen and several other senior officials, it is still an environment full of sexism, discrimination and homophobia. Just tonight, I have learned that my loving relationship with Ms Wolfe has been twisted and exaggerated by a Mr Campbell, my delightful ex-husband. He has taken my beautiful relationship and turned it in to a sordid fantasy for which both he, and his male colleagues, delight in patting one another on the back about. To think it acceptable to create such rumours about sexual involvement with not one, but two senior consultants, one of who served her country in the military, one who has trained thousands of young minds, shows how far we still have to go. Being women, and being gay does not give one the right to create fantasy stories of sexual encounters. For those unsure, Mr Campbell has alluded to an adulterous sexual relationship with both myself and my partner. Something that has been encouraged by his colleagues from St James. I can only thank Holby City for being a more inclusive and educated and supportive of the equal rights of women.’

Bernie was just staring, mouth open, absolutely enthralled with the pure beauty of Serena. How on earth had Serena mustered the pride and entitlement to be treated equal in the few months she had been in a same sex relationship? Bernie had known her whole life; from that cute form teacher with the hazel eyes and ample breasts, to Mariska Hargitay in Law & Order. Yet she still struggled with the shame and stigma. Serena had pretty much gone ‘OK, I like a woman, so what?’ and that was it.
‘So in honour of this occasion, I would like to dispel some myths. 1) You don’t have to slap a label on yourself. You can call yourself gay, lesbian, Bi, Pan…. Or you can just do as I do and say ‘I love who I love!’’. 2) If someone identifies as bisexual, this means they like both men and women, not that they like threesomes, and finally 3) if an ex-partners sexuality threatens your sense of self, then the problem is yours. For example, if you feel like your ex-partners sexuality is as a result of your own sexual inadequacy – it probably is’

There were collective laughs from around the room, Edward stood like a rabbit in headlights, but Bernie only had eyes for this incredible, brave and fearless woman.
‘Yet in the spirit of inter-hospital co-operation, I would like to dedicate a song to my ex-husband, who I am definitely not sleeping with, performed with my partner, who I am most definitely sleeping with. Ladies and gentleman, thank you again, now enjoy my rendition of Lily Allen’s, It’s not fair’

Bernie just stood watching as Serena began to sing, the music coming on perfectly timed to greet her.
A smirking Ric Griffin appeared to be pushing Edward towards the stage, Edward stumbling up the steps as Serena sang. Bernie didn’t know the song and felt confused by the lyrics as Edward smiled, clearly thinking Serena was smoothing things over;

‘Oh he treats me with respect,
He says he loves me all the time,
He calls me 15 times a day,
He likes to make sure that I’m fine….’

Bernie stared at her partner, quite sure that the last hour had been, and continued to be, a very weird dream. Was Serena declaring her love for Edward? What the hell was going on.

As Serena reached the chorus, a collective cheer rang out from the Holby crew, Bernie choked in surprise before laughing and Edward looked horrified, as though he wanted the world to swallow him up.

‘There’s just one thing,
That’s getting in the way,
When we go up to bed you’re just no good it’s such a shame,
I look in to your eyes,
I want to get to know you,
And then you make this noise and it’s apparent it’s all over!’

Edward was stuck to the spot, horror on his face, his St James colleagues crying with laughter at his humiliation.

‘It’s not fair and I think you’re really mean, I think you’re really mean, I think you’re really mean,
Oh you’re supposed to care but you never made me scream, you never made me scream’

Edward suddenly stumbled to leave, all eyes on him as the room laughed. Bernie still hand covering her mouth until Serena broke character to say ‘Never, not even bloody once, but you Ms Wolfe’ with a cheeky glint in her eyes she kissed Bernie hard, earning them a large round of applause.

They left the stage leaving the music running, hands being shaken by all those they met. Colleagues they didn’t know telling them they now felt able to come out to their friends and co-workers.

‘Serena.. I… that was… you are…. How the hell…?’

‘Shut up Wolfe and tke me now’

‘Here?’

‘NOW WOLFE, I need it.’

Bernie couldn’t help but fall even more in love with Serena, kissing her deeply they ducked into an alcove away from the crowd.

‘Now Serena, you must be quiet, but I don’t want you to tell the world I never make you scream OK?’ Bernie said with a smirk

‘Bernie if you don’t fuck me right now I will scream from frustration’

Bernie smiled, she loved Serena when she was like this and knew it wouldn’t take much to get her partner to climax.

Running her hand up Serena’s thigh she could hear Lily Allen playing in the background, grateful for the cover of music, she began to stroke small circles up Serena’s thigh, hearing Serena groan and pant into her ear.

Bernie slowly stroked Serena through her knickers, feeling the heat and wetness build as Serena began to pant, bucking her hips to build the friction.

‘Now love, slow down, I’m in charge here, OK?’

‘Y..yes’

With that Bernie expertly moved the material aside, two fingers entering Serena as her palm rubbed against her clit. She increased the pace, hearing Serena increase her panting, and her hips moving to reach Bernie. Bernie could feel Serena beginning to clench around her fingers.

Serena dug her nails in to Bernies shoulders, shouting ‘God!’ through gritted teeth as she began to shake. Bernie worked keeping a steady rhythm, suddenly aware how loud Serena’s panting was. Serena bit her hand, muffling a ‘yeeeeessssss’, when Bernie realised the music had stopped and Serena’s muffled cries were echoing behind her. Before Bernie could react Serena clenched around
her fingers shouting ‘fuck yes!’ in to Bernie’s shoulder. The passionate cry echoing again behind her. She fumbled with Serena’s dress, ‘Oooo, round 2 is it…’ ‘Shhhhh!!!!!’ ‘What? I just…’ ‘SHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!’

Bernie found what she was looking for, the microphone they had attached to Serena before she went on stage to give her talk. ‘Shit’

Serena couldn’t help but smile, really smile. Bernie blushed furiously red as Serena clicked the tiny microphone to ‘off’, aware the voices from the ball had begun to awkwardly chatter again, clearly wondering where on earth the passionate moans coming out from the speakers above were being made.

Serena kissed Bernie hard before whispering, ‘I hope Edward heard that’. With a wink she sauntered back in to the ball, joining in with the collective chatter about where on earth those noises came from? Serena discussing a nurse she had seen getting very friendly with the audio guy….

Bernie shook her head in disbelief and admiration. Serena Campbell; women’s rights campaigner, LGBTQ advocate most efficient at putting ex-husbands back in their place.
sexting

BERNIE: Hey campbell, just checking in. Miss u, love u x

SERENA: Hey you. Miss u 2. Hows the ward? Love u x

BERNIE: Good. Hanssen asks after u. Think he feels he let you down. I feel I let u down. But will make it up 2 u I promise x

SERENA: U didn't let me down, either of u. I let myself down. But I will make it up 2 u. Its lonely with out u x

BERNIE: God I love u. We can make it up 2 each other x

........

BERNIE: At home. Bed is cold without u. Hope u ok x

SERENA: Had a few glasses sobmore than ok. U tried warming it up...

BERNIE: Campbell, are u drunk?

SERENA: I bloody hope so

BERNIE: U are so bad for me. I've been trying to drink all the shiraz at home before u get back!

SERENA: Bernie, u are meant to be taking care of urself!

BERNIE: Pot kettle darling

SERENA: ur smirking arnt u?

BERNIE: *picture message*

SERENA: Oh boy do I wanna wipe that smirk off ur face!

BERNIE: *pouting face selfie*

SERENA: God, u are making me dangerously horny Wolfe

BERNIE: *picture of cleavage*

SERENA: Oh god. I would love to run my tongue between them

BERNIE: *hint of a nipple*

SERENA: Stop it, I cant cope! I need my mouth around it

BERNIE: *hands squeezing nipple picture*

SERENA: Two can play thus game.....

SERENA: *up skirt picture*

BERNIE: Serena! Are they wet?
SERENA: Very. Very wet. Look

SERENA: *close up picture*

BERNIE: My god u are hot!

SERENA: How wet are ur panties?

BERNIE: What panties....

BERNIE: *vagina picture*

SERENA: Fucking hell! U look amazing

BERNIE: Hmmm. But lonely 😓

SERENA: Place ur hand on itself

BERNIE: OK

SERENA: Proof?

BERNIE: *picture*

SERENA: good. Now slide them in

BERNIE: *picture*

SERENA: Good. Wait.

SERENA: *picture of sucking her fingers* u taste so goof

BERNIE: Fuck Serena!

SERENA: Are u rubbing ur clit?

BERNIE: *picture*

SERENA: That's it. Keep going. I want u 2 cum 4 me

BERNIE:..............

SERENA: Cum 4 me

BERNIE: My god. I cant believe I came so quick. U my darling?

SERENA: Probably not a good idea darling. I'm in the middle of having tea with my great aunt. I think she would have a coronary and I'm on leave

BERNIE: Ur what?!?

SERENA: Relax, she's partially sighted and is telling me about the youth of 2day being glued to mobile phones. I'm classed as a youth!

BERNIE: U just sext during afternoon tea?

SERENA: I did
BERNIE: U are something ms campbell

SERENA: I'm a rebel. Old bat is homophobic and supports Donald Trump. I take delight in indulging in saphic texting while she tells me about the dyke next door being an abomination

BERNIE: She sounds delightful

SERENA: I know. Wait till I show her these pics

BERNIE: Don't u dare!

SERENA: JK. She thinks this Bernard I've told her about I amazing

BERNIE: BERNARD???? SERENA: Keep ur knickers on (or off) I'm calling u Bernie, she's not listening BERNIE:
Bernie shook head smiling. How, at the age of 51 was she not only the most sexually active and sexually aware she had ever been, but also with a sexy lover who had a sex drive to match her sex appeal! A gaggle of F1's and nurses in the Holby LGBTQ club had dubbed them 'Berena' and Serena was most definitely their idol - her flirtatious nature accounted for the bags of post and gifts deposited in their office. Bernie was helpless against her charms, the word Major in Serena's sultry tones could make her do anything. So with a shy smile, she opened the curtain of the dressing room a fraction, so Serena could glimpse the new underwear set she had chosen.

Emerald green with ivory lace, the bra fitted her breasts perfectly, giving them a little lift and impressive cleavage. The French knickers were tight, hugging her arse perfectly, her cheeks poking out from the delicate lace. The suspender belt hugged her hips, with the clasps on her strong thighs leading to ivory lace hold ups.

Serena just stared.

'well if I wasn't gay already Bernie, I bloody am now!'

Bernie blushed

'your not supposed to try the knickers on you know, need help removing them?' Serena said with a wink

'well I am definitely buying them after that reaction so no harm done. Now, what are we... SHIT! Serena, in here!' Bernie whispered dragging Serena into the dressing booth.

'well hello Major! What's got into....'

'shhhh!'

Serena looked concerned, 'darling, what is it?'

'Charlotte. Charlotte has just walked in!'

'and?' Serena cocked an eye brow

'and its not really somewhere I want to meet my daughter!'

'Bernie, I hate to break it to you but Charlotte has, by now, worked out you are the proud owner of breasts and therefor buy bras. In fact she probably knows you also have a v-a-g-i-n-a and wear pants'
'very funny. She'll expect I wear a perfectly functional but plain M&S bra and granny pants. Not that I wear these, for you!'

'she knows we have sex Bernie. She caught us remember?'

'yes, and didn't talk to me for a month'

Serena squeezed her hand. She had her own feelings about Charlotte; an immature whiny daddy's girl who emotionally manipulated Bernie to get what she wants. She could never say this to Bernie, so just squeezed her hand.

'fuck, she's coming over here!'

'shhh darling, its fine. We will just stay here, in the closet' Serena regretted her words immediately as she saw Bernies tears fall

'oh darling, I'm sorry, it was just a bad joke'

'its ok, I just... I finally get to be me and be happy but i still have to hide it. Is like being 13 again and the shame...'

Serena wrapped her arms around Bernie. Kissing her collar bones, her neck until pulling back, seeing the need in Bernies eyes - the ned to be reassured, to feel loved, to feel accepted. Serena began to kiss her, Bernie kissing her back.

'you do look very fuckable right now Major. We are definitely buying these!'

'we have too. You've made me wet!' Groaned Bernie.

'oh really, I should check that out. I am a Dr you know?'

Serena dropped to her knees, hooking one of Bernies legs over her shoulder. She nudged the pants down enough to give her access, flicking her tongue out to meet Bernies clit. Bernie arched her back, gasping as Serena made short work of bringing her to climax. Suddenly, Serena stopped, instead placing her mouth completely over Bernies vagina, sucking hard, nose brushing her clit. Bernie was panting. Struggling to remain upright. She bit her hand to muffle the cries, then Serena suddenly moved, grabbing her hips and sucking her clit hard. That was all it took and Bernie let out a muffled 'yesss!' As she collapsed to the ground.

'what was that?' Bernie heard Charlottes voice, Serena stumbling backwards, Bernie couldn't help it. She laughed.

'mum?'

Bernie looked over at Serena, eyes wide

'mum, its Charlotte. I know its you, noone else laughs like that!

Serena was quick to think..

'sorry darling, wrong person, my daughter is called...'

'MUM!'

'Elinor?'
Both women looked horrified as Bernie worked fast to get her clothes on

'just a minute girls...'

Serena and Bernie emerged, cheeks flushed to face two scoweling daughters.

'hi...' They both half whispered

'mum? What the hell are you doing here?'

'umm, I do wear underwear Charlotte'

'not this underwear you don't!'

Bernie blushed.

'and what were you doing in there mum?' Elinor asked sarcastically

'moral support, helping with the bra clasp, holding her coat, sapphic perving... You choose Ellie' Serena was more comfortable at dealing with these types of things

'what... What are you two doing here?' Bernie asked meekly

'oh you know, thought we would really see i Orange is the new black' Charlotte smirked, making her mother gulp

'wonderful darling. Welcome to the club, tip of the trade - keep your nails short' Serena quipped as Ellie nodded with Charlottes comment

'gross. Actually, Charlotte asked a friend to help' Elinor returned

'you see Serena, I have a date with this extremely hot guy who is 5yrsolder, i want him to like what he see's' charlotte added, every word aimed to hurt her mother, who put her head in her hands.

'excellent choice Bernie by the way, Charlotte chose the same set. He won't know what's hit him' Elinor was smirking as the girls turned to walk away mumbling things about mid life crisis.

'I cant wear it again Serena, not now. Oh god, she's parading for him, he's older, she's still so young!' Bernie had tears on her cheeks.

'darling, i doubt he exists. She's trying to hurt you and I've had enough of it.' Serena turned to face the girls at the counter

'oh Charlotte? A word?'

Elinor sniggered and Charlotte smirked

'sorry Serena, not my type. Have to rush, don't want to keep him waiting' she winked, enjoying hurting both their mothers. One thing neither realised was you can not out smut Serena Campbell

'ok, just warn him, if he goes down on you that lace is really scratchy, I swear I have a friction burn on my chin, but still, worth it'

Elinor and Charlotte looked mortified, staring at their mothers in horror before Charlotte threw her set down shouting
'thats disgusting! You both are so... So... Gross. I cant wear that now!'

'come on Char, lets go’ Elinor shot a look of anger at her mother

'enjoy your older lover!' Serena yelled after her. Bernie looking terrified

'oh god, she wont speak to me again!'

'oh she will. You just needed to take back control. Come on'

They paid for the set in silence as the young girl at the checkout avoided eye contact. They left the shop with Serena promising coffee. As the got to the shop Bernie felt her phone vibrate.

'its Charlotte!' Bernie looked scared, 'oh god, i don't want to read it!

Serena gave her a knowing stare and said 'read it. I'm here'

'hi mum. Sorry about that. Was a shock to see you there. Elinor was goading me, no date tonight, I'm meeting Joe for coffee, still together after 6 months. Record!'

'how did you know?' Bernie asked surprised

'Elinor text blaming Charlotte, they both bring out the worst in one another. Once one admits our relationship is fine, the other will. Funny thing being neither actually has a problem'

Bernie smiled, 'you are wonderful'

'ive been told. Now, lets get some sudocrem for my chin'

'oh god, did it really scratch you?'

'no, course not. Your botched attempt at trimming down there made you spikey'

Bernie coughed, choking on her coffee

'joke Wolfe. Its a joke'
They had barely seen each other, a CQC inspection was due so they had been working opposite shifts, stealing half an hour at the end of each shift to handover information on AAU and Jason.

Today was Easter, and for the first time in 2 weeks they were both off. Serena was working until 12 when she would finally be home with Bernie. They decided to celebrate Easter together; Serena had cried over memories of making Easter bonnets with Elinor, doing Easter egg hunts and the sort. Eventually tears of sadness became tears of fondness as she recalled Elinor, age 6, waking up early and devouring every Easter egg before her parents woke up to find her covered in chocolate. This year she would celebrate as a new person, as someone's partner, not mother, and Bernie new exactly how.

She felt a little ridiculous as she stood there:
- Bunny ears
- Black bralett with fluffy edges
- French knickers with a bunny tail
- Fishnet hold ups

She had laid Easter eggs up the stairs trailing to their room, the end of the trail being a box that read 'an Easter rabbit you will really like'. She had been online looking for new toys and this was perfect. Two weeks of sexual tension was about to be unleashed.

As the clock hit 12:30 she realised Serena was late, she lay down drifting off as she waited.....

' ***
'this way!'
'ooo theres one!'
'hey, I saw it first!'
'snooze you lose!'

Bernie was in that state of sleep consciousness where she wasn't entirely sure what was real and what was dream. She could have sworn she heard kids voices.

'kids, wait up! Aunty Serena isn't even here yet with the eggs! Wait, I thought we were doing the hunt when she got back? Bernie must have planned a head!'

Bernie shot up. That was Fletch. This was not a dream. Fletches kids were following her Serena egg hunt. SHIT!

She jumped out of bed, grabbing her dressing gown and rushing out the room to see Ella picking up Serenas gift box.

'ooo what rabbit is it! Face full of excitement

'Ella! Give that here! Please! Its... Ummmm its aunty Serenas. I'll buy you a bunny though?' Bernie said as Ella's bottom lip began to wobble

'yay! Daddy, Raf! Bernies getting me a real bunny!' Little Ella skipped downstairs closely followed by Bernie, pulling the dressing gown tight and hastily pulling off her hold ups stuffing them in a vase on the way down.
'Fletch! Raf! Good to see you, I was... Errr.. Sleeping!'

Fletch and Raf stared open mouthed at Bernie, before she heard Mikey shout 'nice ears Blondie!'

Bernie's cheeks flushed red as she realised she still had her bunny ears on and a face of make up - very unlike the Bernie both men knew.

'Bernie.... You look..... Mmmmmm...well hi, did Serena not text you?'

'errr phones on charge, give me a sec' Bernie found her phone, groaning as she read 'B, change of plan, Fletch and kids coming. Popping to shop to get some eggs, going to do Easter egg hunt. Will be fun, think it will help. Be home a little late. Love you x'

'oh yeah... That's why I have my bunny ears on, cant have Easter without the Easter bunny!' She tried to muster as much enthusiasm as possible

'well, if I knew the Easter bunny looked like that I would have set a trap!' Winked Fletch

'trying to woo my women Fletcher?' Came the amused tone of Serena. She took one look at Bernie and stiffened a giggle.

'omg Bernie! Are you auditioning to live with Hugh in his mansion?' Serena could barely contain herself as Raf and Fletch had the decency to feign interest in a newspaper article.

'I left my phone downstairs!' Bernie hissed

'evidently... Though I am keen to see the rest of your costume...'

'aunty Serena! Bernies going to buy me a real bunny! You got one too in a box, Bernie got you a rabbit! Go see! Its a bouncy rabbit, if you shake the box it goes 'bzzzzzzzzzzzz' and shakes!'

This time Serena blushed as Raf and Fletch giggled.

'serena, if you need to go tend to your new rabbit, we can wait?' Fletch winked

'Ella, how about two bunnys? A boy and a girl' Serena shot back

'err no, I don't think we can....' Fletch began

'yay! 2 bunnies!' Ella ran to tell the others

'carry on Fletch and I'll also get her a puppy' Serena warned.

Serena and Bernie decided to get changed whilst Raf hid the eggs around the house. Fletch made a joke of asking if any building sites were near by encase they heard buzzing, quickly shutting up when Serena mentioned getting Ella a pet snake.

'serena, I'm sorry! My phone was down stairs!' A mortified Bernie whispered as they walked up the stairs.

'im sorry I didn't give you more notice. Its just fletch hadn't got round to sorting Easter and well, I thought it would help to still do.... You know' Serena smiled sadly, Bernie understood

'its ok, its a lovely idea, would you like to see your new rabbit?' Bernie winked

'id rather see my play boy bunny' Serena purred. Locking the door Bernie threw off her dressing
'fucking hell. You look hot Bernie! Really hot!' Serena almost salivated

'glad you like it Serena. We can play bunnies later' Bernie winked

'shhhh.' Serena pushed Bernie until she was perched on the ledge of Serenas bay window, thankfully at the back of the house.

'serena, not now' Berne protested half heartedly

'just a taste, I've never eaten rabbit before, only pussy' with that Serena licked the middle of Bernies French knickers causing a moan.

Bernie gasped, arching her back before yelling
'shit! Windows open! I nearly fell! My tail fell off!' Serena giggled. 'oh Bernie, I am sorry. But you were delicious. Until later?' They closed the window hearing Ella shout ' Easter bunny tail falled from sky!'. Both women giggled as they got changed into more comfortable clothes.

Once they returned downstairs Raf announced the egg hunt was ready earning a cheer from the children. The adults made their way to the kitchen for a glass of wine enjoying hearing the children squealing with delight as they found chocolate.

They were just enjoying some grown up chatter when Mikey came in looking puzzled.

'found this in the vase?' He said holding up a pair of fishnet hold ups, Bernie blushing red and Serena jumping up yelling 'give them to me!'

Mikey shrugged and carried on searching whilst the men burst out laughing

'now I get why they say at it like rabbits!' Fletch grinned

'one more bloody sex joke fletch and Ella is getting a whole petting zoo!' Serena warned

The rest of the evening went well. The kids going home full to the brim of chocolate.

'so, my new pet rabbit with an anxiety disorder?' Serena whispered as she found Bernie in the lounge. Met only with a loud snore from the blonde surgeon Serena shrugged. It had been 2 weeks, might as well ride one rabbit whilst the other recharged her batteries...
girls on film

Chapter Summary

Thanks to Duran Duran for inspiring this....

SHIT! It was here, right here!

Bernie was wading through the piles of takeaway containers, empty coffee cups, doodles and paper work that now littered AAU’s lead office. Since Serena had left for sabbatical, Bernie had vowed to maintain Serenas standards, unfortunately this lasted a full 2 days before it became the chaos she was now searching through to find that bastard phone.

She tried ringing it before cursing herself for leaving it on silent. She searched her car, her bag and pulses - she had it with her this morning. She checked the nurses station but to no avail.

‘its insured though Ms Wolfe?’ Morven asked helpfully

‘yes, but its not the point’ Bernie sighed

‘I know, its the memories right?’ Morven guessed

‘something like that...’ Bernie answered, not entirely reaching Morvens gaze.

‘well! You're lucky. All your pictures will be backed up and stored through your Apple account!’ Morven said brightly

‘.....and videos?’ Bernie aske, feigning innocence

‘yeah, you can access everything, do you want me to show you how to do it?’

‘No! No. I mean, you are busy.’ Bernie replied, a little hasty

‘Rafs on his break, I'll get him too...’

‘no, no I've got it!’ Bernie flushed

Shit.

It had started innocently enough. Serena had sent a picture of her new necklace, Bernie complimented her with 'nice tits'. From there, a few picture messages progressed to videos. Bernie groaned remembering the video of Serena pleasuring herself on a large 4 poster bed. Bernie had found it the most erotic sight imaginable. This was how they kept their sexual relationship going. It was odd, Bernie ad been on tour for months, and bar Alex, completely ex free. She hadn't felt the need to 'sort' herself out even, accept for in the early flirtation stages with Alex, yet 1 month apart from Serena and the sexual frustration was killing her. These videos were a god send. Then there was Serena testing out a new toy she picked up in Amsterdam. The video of her calling out Bernies name as she came in the bath, her ample breasts shining from the wet soapy water. There was Serena pinching her nipples, rolling them between her manicured nails, red and long (hot as hell but most definitely being trimmed before she came any where near Bernie!) These videos were so far from
anything either woman had ever dreamt they would be doing, ever, let alone when they were in their 50's. Now Bernie had lost her phone. Full of those intimate videos, Serenas privacy invaded by her lack of organisational skills. Her eyes pricked with tears until she heard the ringing of the office phone. 'ms Wolfe, we have a delicate situation' Henrik Hanssen called. With a sense of dread Bernie dragged her feet to Hanssens office, feeling a mixture of shame and relief. If he had her phone, he would have no doubt unlocked it (1234 is not a good password!( to find the owners identity) but at least Serenas privacy was safe, bar Hanssen. 'ms Wolfe, I have your phone here' 'erm... Thanks Hanssen' 'it was handed in to HR, they had to look at the contents to find the owner' 'right.... About that...' 'ms Wolfe, I am flattered but it really isn't appropriate' 'I understand but... Wait, what?' Henrik handed her the phone She went to her photo albums and in place of Serenas pictures and videos were pictures of hanssen, photoshopped on to various muscled bodies. Bernie choked. 'errr... I don't think this is my phone?' Bernie said, holding back a giggle 'well I'm not sure anyone else texts Ms Campbell complimenting certain body parts and requesting self administered gynaecology exams?' Bernie flushed red, quickly checking her messages. In deed, this was her phone. Mumbling her apologies she escaped the office to find a happy looking Jason waiting for her. 'jason....' She asked apprehensively 'auntie Bernie. I heard you lost your phone. So I went on your account and removed your pictures and videos. I thought it would be better if Hanssen thought you looked up to him as the worlds strongest man!' Jason proudly announced 'errr thanks Jason. And... Mmmmm. .. Those videos...' 'I didn't watch them. I guessed they involved some form of masturbation I don't wish to see' he chuckled Bernie just stared at him 'its ok auntie Bernie. I share a house with you sometimes. I know you and aunty Serena have sex, even when you're apart!' Bernie was cherry red with embarrassment. Jason clearly heard their video sessions and hanssen was making an effort to avoid her. Bernie Wolfe, lesbian, loud masterbator and secret admirer of Henrick Hanssen
in the car

Chapter Summary

Huge thankyou for your comments. Sorry I haven't replied but they do make me smile! Any prompts welcome!

'Robbie, good to see you. I.... Errrr... It really is an honest mistake. Wrong place wrong time. There really is an explanation'

'Serena, I am open to hearing it. I really am, I cant bend the law for you. I wish I could but I can't let you go free when the others have been charged'

'its really quite simple... I errr, well we were...

***************************

8 hours ago

'Bernie, get a move on before the blasted red phone rings again!' Serena pleaded. They had planned an evening together, Jason wasn't home until 9, and since he had admitted very matter-of-fact to hearing their love making, neither woman had managed to have sex whilst he was there. It had been 10 days, 14 hours and 23 minutes - but who is counting? Serena still cringed at Jasons words over dinner...

'aunty Serena. Will you and Bernie marry?'

'Jason!' Serena had scolded as Bernie choked on her pie

'its a simple question?' Jason continued

'Its a bit soon Jason, we are still in the early stages' Bernie had diplomatically answered

Jason furrowed his brow

'It's just that you have sex, but you don't have sex unless you are married. But then women were not allowed to marry women so I don't know really know where the church stands on you two having sex outside of marriage'

'well Jason, just because we share a bed does not mean we are having sex' Serena replied foolishly whilst Bernie feigned deafness at the conversation.

'aunty Serena, I don't understand? I hear noises like 'oh Bernie, right there, that's it, don't stop' or 'Serena please don't tease, I'm coming' and 'Major, punish me, I've been a naughty soldier, yes, spank me' and...

'YES JASON, bless you for that. Well sex between consenting adults is ok, regardless of marital status' Serena replied. Jason shrugged, appeased and unaware of the women's discomfort.

Now, here they were for the first time in over 10 days, both had been held up, the clock read 7:15. 30 mins to get home, 15 mins to get in and undressed, then they had an hour.

'coning Sere....'

Ring ring

'oh fuck' Bernie yelled
'Raf can manage' Serena said optimistically

'RTC, 8 traumatic injuries, ETA 7 mins' Fletch called. Both women groaned, heading to scrub in.

3hrs later, exhausted, they were finally in the car.

'he'll be home now' Serena sighed

'we can be quiet?' Bernie asked

'after this long darling, I doubt it' Serena replied.

They began the drive home. Bernie was upset, its not that she couldn't wait, it was that she new Serena was frustrated. She'd worked so hard this week and had looked forward to tonight. Then Bernie had an idea, swerving to take a last minute left turn, she grinned.

'Bernie, wrong way!' Serena yelled

'quiet please. I'm driving' Bernie replied, a hand suggestively stroking up Serenas thigh, causing her to moan at the contact, shooting Bernie a suggestive smile the women continued until Bernie pulled in to a make shift car park in the local woods.

'no one can hear you here Ms Campbell' Bernie smirked

Serena didn't need telling twice, her lips crashing against Bernie, both moaning with desire. Bernie moved to straddle Serena. It was more tricky than imagined with trousers getting caught on gear sticks and heads hitting rear view mirrors.

'stop, STOP! Before you break something' Serena had said. Moving her chair back and reclining it. Bernie removed her trousers, straddling her lover with more ease this time. She held Serenas wrists firm

'so Ms Campbell you thought you were clever wearing a skirt today? Flashing those lacey knickers at me in the office?' Bernie purred.

She traced her fingers across Serenas collar bone, tracing them down her cleavage and eventually her fingers disappearing in to the cup of serenas bra, pinching her nipples as Serenas back arched with pleasure. Quickly, Bernies fingers left her breast, working her way up Serenas skirt, up her thigh torturously slow before lightly brushing her clit.

'god Bernie, please!' Serena pleaded

'hmmm lovely manners. Please what?'

'fuck me. Please'

'how?'

'Bernie Wolfe stop teasing and fuck me with those skilled fingers or so help me I will kill you!' Serena growled

'happy to oblige..'

'oh fuck. Fuck. Its been too long. Oh god, Bernie I'm close!'

Bernie smirked as Serena roughly thrusted her hips taking Bernies fingers as deep as possible. Bernie
marvelled at how wet Serena was, increasing her actions to four fingers.

'more, more! Please'

Bernie quirked her eye brow. This was new. She added her thumb, slowly curling her fingers in to a fist, slowly moving her fist forwards and backwards watching Serena for signs of discomfort. No need, Serena arched her back, her foot kicking out as her orgasm claimed her, she screamed Bernies name, foot making contact with the car dashboard causing the headlights to flash.

'was that ok?' Bernie asked, hoping she hadn't hurt Serena

'my god it was amazing Bernie, come here' they kissed until they were interrupted by a knock on the window.

Scrambling back to the drivers seat Serena pulled her skirt down bring her seat up as the wound down the steamed up windows. There stood a man, about 59, kind face with his arm round a blonde woman, probably 10 years his junior, wearing a leather bask and little else.

'hey, not seen you two before! I'm Eric, this is Tanya. So are you in to watching, being watched or happy for others to join in? Tanya has a lot of experience with women' Tanya flashed them a smile as Bernie and Serena stared open mouthed.

It dawned on them.

'oh god, no we're not... Its not for... Err'

'you flashed the lights?' Eric said confused

'oh that was, I just...' A blushing Serena was interrupted by the wail of sirens and flashing blue lights.

****************

'so you see Robbie, we were not dogging. God no!' Serena pleaded

'ok, ok. I believe no others arrested identified either of you. You can go, Raf is here to drive you home'

The blood drained from Serenas face. Bernie and Serena sheepishly made their way to the car park. Raf looked concerned 'are you two ok? Was there an accident?'

'errr we witnesed a crime' Serena quickly responded

Just as she was about to breathe a sigh of relief, Eric and Tanya came up to them. Bernies eyes were desperately trying to communicate to them to not say anything.

Tanya walked up to Raf, wrapping her arm around his waist. 'oooo good choice ladies!' Raf looked confused

'if you want to join us again, theres a dogging site just off the A50, at blackwell farm. Never get police around there’ he winked before walking off with Tanya leaving Bernie bright red, Raf looking wide eyed and embarrassed and Serena trying to coherently explain they were not dogging.
miss-heard moments

Chapter Summary

Several mini snippets

'serena, I don't think it will fit'
'relax darling, quickly, before we are missed'
'did you put Vaseline on?'
'yes, stay still darling and it will be easier'
'ouch, it stings'
'youre a grown woman, relax and the stretch wont sting'
'is it in yet?'
'halfway'
'it feels like the first time'
'well clearly its not your first time'
'mmmm ok, I felt that'
'almost done, then I'll kiss it better. There its all the way in'
'really?'
'how does it feel?'
'good, and strangely sexy'

A blushing Morven pulled her ear away from the office door running off.

Meanwhile Serena finished adding the ball to Bernies new belly bar. She would look great on holiday with her new camouflage jewellery.

*************

'what does it taste like?'
'Seriously Dom, you want to know?'
'Yes Ms Wolfe, come on!'
'sort of gamey I suppose, some are stronger than others'
'eeewwwwww. Never tried it, never will'
Bernie chuckled. 'the worse is when you get stray hairs, all prickly. Especially if they get stuck in your teeth'

'why on earth would you put it in your mouth?'

'need must Dr Copeland. When you're desperate enough you are not that picky'

'what about diseases?

'its one of those moments when you think its worth the risk'

'utterly vile. If I had any inclination to try it, you've stamped it out'

'all the more for me' Bernie laughed

'how do you even start, their fairly small right, and hidden?'

'well use nice food to trap them, or just dive under the foliage. Once you've got the one you want to dine on, you make sure its washed and preferably de-haired, make sure its thoroughly hot or when you first bit you get covered in juices'

They were interrupted by the sound of Sacha Levy dropping an arm full of files, bright red, and running from the ward.

'whats wrong with Levy?' Bernie asked

'well Ms Wolfe, hearing you ate rat, even if it were in the middle of war with no other food, kind of makes me want to run'

**********

'well first rule is nails trimmed and clean. Bernie would go mad if I turned up ay work with talons' Serena told Elinor

'so you really life put your whole hand in?'

'yes Elinor. Sometimes both.'

'what does it feel like'

'well, its like a warm gooey texture. Sometimes its a tight squeeze, sometimes its like waving your hand in a cave trying to find the right spot!'

'ewwwww'

'its not always hands Ellie. We have lots of state of the art machines and aids. Some slip in so easy, I can managed 3 in one go!'

'impressive. So how messy is it?'

'depends. Like, last week I used a camera and came away fresh as a daisy. But last night Bernie and I were at it for hours and by the end I was elbow deep in various bodily fluids, my fingers were completely dripping blood. Bernie was exhausted, nearly passed out'

'im not surprised mum. So, gross I know, but have you ever been covered in... Like.... Fecal matter?'
'oh god yes' Serena laughed

A pale looking Essie suddenly appeared, running in the direction of the ladies.

'oh dear. Someone was hitting the wine last week! Anyway, where were we? Oh yes, it was an emergency bowel repair gone wrong. Disgusting. So what's this paper called?'

'inside surgery - a messy affair, I'm hoping to use it as part of my NHS and its people work I'm doing'
best practice and research framework

Chapter Summary

Because I'm doing my doctorate and getting bogged down by protocols and procedures... This should make me chuckle during my viva

Serena Campbell was an academic. She was a scientist. She had been since the days of burning magnesium on a bunsen burner, a stickler for protocol. It grounded her and gave her a sense of control, and her new found sexuality was something she needed to have some form of control over.

Bernie had the experience with lesbian sex. She had her time with Alex, but crucially she had experimented with girls as a teenager, those years where everyone is discovering what to do, what they like and what they don't like. Despite Bernies assurances she still felt somewhat disadvantaged, and it embarrassed her. Bernie certainly came everytime they had sex, but Serena never took the lead. She wanted to feel equal so she did what Serena did best - she researched.

The systematic review:

Background:
Women have been having sex with other women since recorded behaviour began. Roman, ancient Greece, all anthropological evidence. Victorian era saw photographic evidence with public acceptability being a recent occurrence. Many a book have detailed sex between women, as has pornography.

Aims & objectives:
The aim of this review is to understand the most common sexual activities between women, rather than the more extreme r less frequent options.

Methods:
Google will be used to search terms in order to identify literature. Titles will be screened for relevance and the synopsis read.
Inclusion/exclusion criteria:
Any literature aimed at men will be excluded
Books, magazines and e-articles will be included
Anatomical description from a biophysiological perspective will be excluded
Any religious or homophobic writing will be excluded
Search terms:
Patient/population - Lesbians, women, gay
Intervention - sex aids, oral, fingers
Comparison - heter foreplay, porn
Outcome - frequent styles of lesbian sex

Results:

Of the thousands of google hits returned, searches were limited to use boolean command AND instead of OR.
Once duplicates were removed several titles and synopsis were screened. Due to characterisation, a number of Sarah Water novels, Lesbian magazines and e-articles were included in the review.
The over arching behaviours appear to include:
Nipple stimulation (fingers and oral)
Oral sex (with or without fingers)
Fingers (up to 3 fingers)
Use of vibrators/dildos (with lube)

When statistically analysing the use of the above behaviours with satisfying results and repeated intercourse, the use of fingers and oral sex is statistically significant in recurring intimacy when compared to fingers or oral alone (n=56, t=26, p=<.001)

Conclusions:

The use of fingers and oral sex appears to be the average expected sexual contact for lesbian sex. The use of nipple stimulation correlates with hetero foreplay (r=.26, p=.04). Sexual aids such as dildos are used, but tend to make an appearance later in the sexual relationship.

Implications:

From this, I will instigate sex with Bernie using my tongue and my fingers (up to 3). Further research is needed to assess less common used methods.

Evaluation:

3 times in 30 minutes, she came 3 times in 30 minutes.

A protocol for a quasi-experiment is underway
designing a controlled trial

Background:
A recent review by Campbell (2017), evaluated by Campbell & Wolfe (2017) found that the most common and gratifying sexual experience for lesbian sex is the use of fingers (inserted vaginally, up to 3) and oral sex combined. A follow up evaluation by Campbell & Wolfe (2017b) confirmed this is both a mutually gratifying experience requiring minimal time and effort. However, through extensive research including Orange is the New Black and Femme porn, there are a variety of other acts that may be mutually beneficial. The evidenced based theory comes from reading online experiences of real lesbians and therefore high in ecological validity and generalisability.

Aims:
To examine which additional sexual acts are enjoyable, possible without age restrictions, safe and result in multiple orgasms. Acts included are:
A) fisting
B) anal
C) strap on sex
D) tribbing

Method:
A single blind experiment will take place, each sexual condition will be individually tested to reduce experimental fatigue and reduce confounding variables. The use of lighting, high thread count sheets and sexy underwear will remain constant to improve validity and reliability. The participant has consented to these acts, although is blind to the experiments purposes of the study. The participant is aware of her right to withdraw from the study at any point.

The experiments will take place over a 4 week period. The use of additional lubrication will fluctuate in response to the participants needs.

Results:
Outcome measures will include observational data collected by the experimenter during and after the experimental conditions. Qualitative data will be collected after each condition via semi structured interviews and analysed thematically.

Implications:
This study has the possibility to inform new-to-this later life lesbians as to which sex acts may be enjoyably indulged in by consenting parties in addition to regular sexual encounters.
experimental condition 1

Background:

Fisting is the act of insert a fisted hand in to the vaginal canal to bring about pleasure for the recipient. The logistics are covered in the methodology.

Aims:

The aim of experimental condition 1 is to understand how fisting is possible, and whether this is enjoyable.

Ethics:

The participant has consented to the experiment. The use of lubrication will be employed for minimal discomfort, and the participant has the right to withdraw consent at any time.

Method:

The experimental environment will be the usual bedroom for sexual activities to improve validity. The experiment will begin in a local public house serving shiraz. Upon completion of one bottle of shiraz, the participant will be escorted to the experimental room and reminded of the right to withdraw at any point, consent will be confirms once more prior.

The participant will receive around 30 minutes of foreplay, including the use of fingers (up to 3) with the aim of achieving orgasm prior to fisting.

Once the participant has achieved orgasm, and consent is reaffirmed, lubrication will be applied to the experimenters hand. The experimenter will begin by entering 3 fingers in to the vaginal canal, increasing to 4. Once the participant has adjusted to this, the experimenter will withdraw the fingers, curling the thumb to form a fist. The fist will slowly and gently be eased into the vaginal canal until the participant is relaxed. The fist will then be rocked gently to induce pleasure.

Results:

Intense orgasm accompanied by multiple waves of pleasure. The participant easily accommodated the fist once orgasm had taken place. The follow up interview found three main themes: Overwhelming, unbelievable and after effects. The participant talked of overwhelming sensations of being filled, almost painful but completely enjoyable. The participant frequently mentioned disbelief, both at the instigation of the act, the logistics:

'I still cant believe that actual fits, let alone feels so good' Anon

As well as the enjoyment. The after effects included an inability to use ones legs for a period of 16 minutes, 42 seconds. The participant reported a whole body ache following the act.

Validation and reliability:

To increase generalisability, the participant repeated the experiment on the experimenter. Despite initial anxiousness, the act was an enjoyable experience.

Conclusions:

Despite being very gratifying, fisting is an act to be used occasionally and only after orgasm and/or
lubrication.

It may be a messy experience in places, but a shared bath after recovery attends to mess and aching muscles.

Implications:

The occasional use of fisting to spice up a lesbian sex life
experiment 2&3

Background:

Anal sex involves the penetration of the anus by an object or body part. Anal sex is used in other relationships and appears in many pornographic videos.

Unfortunately the experiment was cancelled due to participant declining consent. The participant relayed a traumatic experience of removing a tap from a male's anus that also made the experimenter unwilling to continue.

Experiment 2

Background:

The use of sexual aids dates back, phallic shaped instruments have been found throughout history. Various establishments exist to procure the instruments needed.

Materials:

One average length strap on imitation penis, sourced online to protect the anonymity of the participant and researcher.

Method:

The experimenter will again procure shiraz for mutual consumption. After this the participant will be escorted to the room, and surprised with the phallic object. Once consent is obtained, the experimenter will secure the strap on harness and use the insertion of fingers to prepare the participant for the experiment. Once sufficient lubrication and muscle relaxation the instrument will be inserted. The experimenter will then thrust in and out at the rhythm set by the participant.

Results:

Several orgasms, one which resulted in the damage of a head board. The participant preferred the instrument inserted from behind, as the participant was on hands and knees. The initial thrusting was too slow but soon a rhythm of fast or deep thrusts was established.

Although keen to repeat the experiment, it was clear the participant experienced fatigue. However, the movements and participant response was sufficient to induce the experimenter to achieve climax.

In follow up interview the participant did not say sufficient amounts to allow for objective scientific analysis. The participant exclaimed:

'fuck me, you can fuck me like that anytime. I cant wait to drive it into your pussy, its amazing'

Conclusions:

From this we can conclude that the use of a strap on is something to be regularly incorporated into a sexual relationship between women. Comparisons can be drawn to the male penis, however the consists hardness and the ability to maintain for a thoroughly enjoyable duration makes the comparisson wholey in favour of a strap on.

Implications:
Tomorrow night the experimenter is being fucked hard by the strap on
Serena was enjoying her new scientific approach to sex with Bernie Wolfe. Bernie had certainly been in an exemplary mood since their bedroom experimentation, although she was slightly bemused by Serena's questions after.

Serena woke slightly later than normal, panicking as she was presenting her research into the role of genetics in susceptibility to shock following trauma, to the entire board ahead of the trauma conference next week. She eventually found her research folder, flicked through ensuring it was the right one. She was supposed to have it to the board 20 minutes ago. She cursed, quickly making her way to work.

'Serena! What's going on!' Bernie looked worried.

Serena opened her mouth to speak, interrupted by Hanssen and Ric leaving the office, both wide eyed.

Hanssen cleared his throat, looked at the folder in Serena's hand. 'Ms Campbell, shall we errr.. Swap files?' Henrik was unusually flushed.

Serena blushed red, swapping the files as a confused Bernie looked on.

'Mr Griffin, please return Ms Campbell's protocol' Henrik said, regaining his composure.

'Mr Griffin!' Hanssen repeated as Ric seemed oblivious, just staring at Serena. He eventually fumbled with the papers in his hands, passing over the aforementioned protocol as Serena was beetroot in colour. Both men returned silently to the office as Bernie continued to look concerned.

Serena merely handed over the file. Bernie giggled at the literature review

'Oh Serena, sorry, it is a bit funny!'

Serena cocked her eye brow handing over her protocol, she stayed long enough to see Bernie place her handover her mouth, going very pale before turning to leave

'Positively hilarious' Serena replied.
Her scientific procedure had bitten her quite firmly on the arse. She paused, she could write a protocol for some s&m play
Chapter Summary

Pastoral care at Holby is being upgraded. Henrik Hanssen will never again allow an abusive relationship to exist in his hospital

Its something Serena wanted to try. She had taken the role of dominant in sex, but outside of sex Bernie wasn't keen. Working so hard on AAU, acting deputy CEO and managing a nephew with aspergers meant she was sick of being in control, she needed some relief from the overwhelming responsibility. She had spoken to Bernie, who had understood her need, and together they had made a plan.

Today was that day. Serena had woken to find herself presented with porridge, fruit and herbal tea. Pulling a face and looking hopefully for a hidden danish pastry and caffeine rich coffee.

'you will eat a nutritious breakfast Campbell. You are no use to me of your body and mind are not appropriately fuelled.' Bernie ordered

'come on Bernie...'

'its Ms Wolfe campbell, you will do well to remember who is in charge here. If you don't follow my directions there will be consequences. If you do however, I may decide to reward you tonight.'

Serena swallowed hard. Thoughts of reward, and knowing how generous Bernie could be with them caused a fire to burn with in her.

'yes Ms Wolfe' she said a little breathlessly

Bernie smirked

'good. Your clothes are in the ensuite, I require proof you have the correct underwear. I will see you at Holby in an hours time, I expect you to come straight to the office. You will then prove you are wearing the correct under wear, you will give me a list of your planned activities and I will decide how much you are allowed to do. You may kiss me on the cheek only to say goodbye'. Serena scrambled to kiss Bernies cheek, desperate for more and trying to communicate her desire through this limited contact.

Serena arrived at work on time, full of delicious nerves for the day a head. As she exited her car she saw the lanky form of Henrik Hanssen.

'ah, Ms Campbell. I trust you are well?'

'very well thankyou Henrik, hows Dr Copeland?' Serena glanced up, hiding a pleasured groan at the sight of Bernie stood at the window, arms crossed, waiting

'he is recovering as expected, I suspect the emotional scars will take longer to heal though. Would you mind coming to my office before you begin, I need to review the case'
Serena looked from Henrik, to Bernie waiting in the window.

'sorry Henrik. Bernie... Bernie.... I mean Ms Wolfe is expecting me' Serena fidgeted nervously as Henrik glanced up to see Bernie waiting.

'ms Wolfe can manage without you for 30 mins surely' he raised an eye brow

Serena squirmed. She wanted this submission so badly. 'no, I really must. I will come up in about an hour?' With that she moved quickly across the car park

............... 

'ms Campbell you are 15 minutes late'

'sorry Ms Wolfe, I was cornered by Henrik'

'I see. And is Henrik your mistress?'

'n...no Ms Wolfe' god Serena was finding this hot

'who is your mistress?'

'you are Ms Wolfe'

'I am indeed. And tardiness is not something I tolerate. Come here'

Serena half sprinted close to Bernie, eager to redeem herself.

'hands on the desk, feet apart' Bernie commanded

Serena complied.

'now, lets see shall we?'

Bernie ran her hands along the outside of Serenas legs, lofting her skirt as she did. Moving the skirt further up she smiled

'correct underwear Campbell' she said

'you didn't leave me any underwear'

'exactly' she ran her fingers up Serenas inner thigh to her exposed sex, Serena moving her hips to try and get Bernie to touch her where she needed her. Suddenly whimpering at protest as Bernie removed her hands.

'if you had been on time, I would have had time to touch you' she whispered in her ear, dropping Serenas skirt back down. Serena couldn't help herself, 'ms Wolfe PLEASE, I'm sorry I was late!'

The door flung open

'ms Campbell, is everything ok?'

'y..yes Henrik. Sorry, I will be with you shortly'

Hanssen glanced between the two women.

'may I remind you both that as CEO it is my place to admonish lateness, particularly relevant since it
was my interruption that caused delay.
Both women nodded, Bernies cheeks blushing.

'Of course, apologies Mr Hanssen' flushed Bernie.

............... 

'Im not eating that. That is rabbit food'
'Campbell, you will eat that' Bernie asserted, pushing the couscous salad at Serena who immediately pulled a face.

eat it Campbell, without the attitude and you will thank me for it. Or do I need to punish you again?' Bernie said, unaware of a figure eavesdropping in pulses.

'ms Campbell, would you like to have lunch?' A stern Henrik asked, purposely ignoring Bernie

'err... No thank you Henrik, Berni... Sorry I mean Ms Wolfe has sorted me lunch' Serena smiled

'indeed she has...' Henriks gaze lingered on Bernie before he swiftly left.

'he fancies you' Bernie smirked

dont be absurd'

'did you just question me Ms Campbell?'

'I may have...' Serena smirked

'on call room. Now.' Bernie marched off as if she hadn't just suggested a rendezvous in the on call room.

'so Campbell, you think its clever to answer back?'

'maybe Ms Wolfe' Serna was practically panting with anticipation.

'well I think we should find a better use for that mouth of yours if you cant control it!'

'well I haven't eaten yet...' Serena was salivating

'kneel' Bernie commanded, removing her bottoms and underwear.
She leant against the door, placing one foot on Serenas shoulder. Serena kept her eyes on Bernie, ready, she was desperate to taste her.

Bernie cocked her head to the side.

'you will lick my pussy until I say enough. Got it? I don't care if you ache, I don't care if you get tired. Understand?'

'yes' Serena whispered breathless

'good. Begin'

The anticipation made Bernie the most delicious taste she had ever tasted. Serena relished every drop of her arousal. Bernie began to rock her hips as Serena began to circle and suck her clit. Bernie had clearly felt to sexual tension this morning as within minutes she was gasping for breath, thighs tensing, leg shaking as she threw her head back yelling enough! As her clit became too sensitive.
She looked at Serena. 'v...very good campbell. As a reward you may kiss me'. Serena didn't need telling twice as she found Bernies mouth, moaning at finally kissing those lips.

Once both had recovered and Bernie had dressed, they opened the on call room, checking the way was clear before slipping out. Serena squealed in pain.

'my hip, think I've twisted it' she answered Bernies concerned face. 'shhh its ok Bern, its ok. I enjoyed it, please god don't stop' she comforted as Bernie immediately looked remorseful.

'ms Campbell, I would like to examine your leg please'

Bloody Hanssen Bernie thought, he was practically Serenas shadow. She looked at an embarrassed Serena who's hair was out of place and was limping.

'there's no need mr Hanssen, old legs is all' Serena joked

'ms Campbell, as a matter of occupational health I insist' henrik persisted

'I can check Ms campbell, she may prefer a woman' Bernie announced, suddenly aware of the double meaning of her words.

'I have no romantic interest in Serena, bar her well being. I am well aware she prefers women Ms wolfe' henrik seemed almost angry at Bernie

'I mean its nhs protocol mr Hanssen, not her sexuality' Bernie looked puzzled. He really did have the hots for Serena?

'given Ms campbells injuries occured during a private meeting in the on call room, I believe that breaches protocol' he was almost yelling now

'henrik, I hurt my hip, I got Bernie to look at it in thee away from prying eyes' she insisted, putting emphasis on 'prying eyes' to alert hanssen to the growing audience on AAU.

Hanssen didn't respond. Just left.

..............

Serena could barely contain herself as they pulled up at home.

'get inside, and upstairs' Bernie growelled.

Serena did as she was told. Bernie pushing her against the wall to kiss her hard. She removed Serenas clothes, biting at her neck and breasts as she did.

'get on the bed. Now. On all fours' Bernie ordered.

Serena complied, enjoying how exposed and vulnerable she felt. They had already discussed safe words and limits, she had complete trust in Bernie to take care of her.

She felt the cool leather of a paddle being stroked across her behind. Bernie slapped her arse lightly, Serena pushing her arse out for more.

'harder. Please. I didn't eat all the breakfast you made!' Bernie amirked. Serena wanted this.

She hit harder, hearing Serena cry out in pain and ecstasy.
Whack
Whack
Whack
Knock knock

'who the hell is at the door?' Bernie asked, breaking character

'it will be the Jehovahs witnesses again' Serena groaned

'well, I'm going to fuck you with this strap on, it will be hard. I want you to scream, scream my name, let them know what we are doing, I'm sure they will get the message' Bernie grinned.

Without warning, she pushed the dildo straight into Serena, knowing how wet and ready Serena was. 'arghhhh. Fuck. Ms Wolfe.' Serena cried in delight

Bernie began to thrust harder, firer causing Serena to scream at the intensity.

Serena was close, Bernie could feel it.

'leave her ALONE!' Henrik Hanssen stormed in to the room. He took in the scene before him. Serena was scrambling to cover herself with the blanket on the bed. Bernie had disappeared down the side of the bed. Presumably trying to find a way of making herself decent.

'HENRIK WHAT THE HELL!' Serena yelled

'I thought... You... Ms Wolfe. I should go' henrik stuttered.

Don't you bloody dare walk in my house, my room and then sod off without explanation!' Serena was furious.

'rught. I'll, errr... I'll Wait in the kitchen while you...mmm' henrik quickly left.

Both Bernie and Serena at stunned for a few minutes. Their boss, the CEO had walked in to their room, where they were naked, where Bernie was wearing a strap on and fucking Serena hard. This crush of henrik's had gone too far.

The eventually made their way down stairs, both simultaneously embarrassed and furious.

'henrik. I don't know where this sudden interest in me has come from, but you are so far out of order. At work was bad enough, but my home? My bedroom? I'm flattered but I AM WITH BERNIE AND YOU WALKED IN TO MY HOUSE!' Serena was shaking with anger.

Henrik looked deeply embarrassed. 'ms Campbell, you have it all wrong. I thought... Well...'

'well what? Spit it out!'

'after Dr Copeland, I thought... I just wanted too...'

It was Bernie who realised first. Softening her expression she smiled at henrik.

'you thought I was hurting her? Oh henrik it was a sort of... Game... I'm so sorry. Its so insensitive given what happened.' Bernie genuinely felt for him

'yes. Well. That's that. I didn't want to let another Dr in my hospital slip through the net. That's all. I'll be on my way.' Henrik regained his composure.
Serena walked up and hugged him. His discomfort at physical affection shoeing as he went rigid.

'henrik. It wasn't your fault. Thankyou for looking out for me' she squeezed his shoulder in reassurance. He gave her a kind smile, before nodding at Bernie and heading to the door.

'oh and henrik? Ever speak of this again and i will personally castrate you' Serena smiled sweetly, earning an embarrassed nod as he left.

'bernie, ever considered acting?

'what?'

'your role play was very convincing'

Bernie just grimaced.

The next ward lead meeting would be excruciating.
Serena lay there panting
'good god Bernie. I swear the sex gets better every time. I don't think you could top that - actually I'm scared if you do it would kill me. Bloody hell'

Bernie smirked, tracing her finger lightly down Serena's chest.

'glad you enjoyed it Ms campbell. Though I cant take all the credit, you are irresistibly fuckable. I cant help myself'

Serena was still seeing stars trying to catch her breath.

'where did you learn to do that? Your tongue is like a gymnast, synchronised swimmer and pro wrestler all in one. We should put you in the olympics'

'so you think id take the gold in eating you out?'

'id be your coach. Ensure you got a lot of practice in' Serena winked, leaning in to give Bernie a deep and passionate kiss.

She lay holding Bernie, hearing her breathing change to light snores whilst Serena tried to determine if the sex they had had only 20 mins ago was real, or if she was in some glorious saphic sex drenched coma. She thought back to their first time, laughing away her fears. If anyone had told her back then that she would have spent an evening driving a vibrator in to Bernie Wolfe, commanding her to come, then spend the rest of it sat on Bernies face whilst the blonde furiously licked her pussy before flipping her over and driving her fingers into her, licking her like .... What the hell would one use to describe it? She would have called you a peverted liar. Yet here she was, wrapped around Bernie, both naked, drenched with sweat (amongst other bodily fluids) having had sex for over 3 hours.

It had been after their kiss when Bernie got back from Ukraine. She had been so horny since their kiss before, before she left. She had dreamt, fantasised - oh god had she fantasised! She was an empowered woman. She accepted and embraced her sexual wants, so finally kissing Bernie in the safety of their office was too much. Bernie had run her hands over Serena's body, grabbing her breasts, before moving south. Serena felt her hesitation, she undid her trouser buttons and began to feel her way up Bernies shirt - god that woman had infuriatingly good abs after 2 babies and the ravages of age. Bernies hand slipped straight in to Serena's underwear, brushing her clit, both moaning at the contact, kissing, Serena moving her hips to encourage more action until -

'-not here. Serena not here. Its not right'

'its fucking perfect' Serena had deepened the kiss. Oh no Bernie Wolfe, you are not running from me this time because i will follow you on to the ward half dressed and insist you finish what you started!

'serena please. I want you so bad. But not here, at home, in a bed. I want to take my time, savour every bit of you'

Serena was torn between "very nice, but how about you lift me on the desk and fuck me quickly instead?" And "my place, now, all night. And morning. Probably lunch too."

They had both composed themselves before making a quiet exit from the ward. Driving to collect
Serenas things then straight on to Bernies. Bernie was struggling to concentrate on driving. She was counting to one hundred under her breath, occasionally glancing at Serena and exhaling loudly. Serena had time to think. In the office it was almost primal. Now it was planned. Her first time with a woman.

Her first time with a man had been disappointing. They had dated for a couple of months, both 16. The magical night had been fumbling with a blasted condom, not very sexy. About 5 minutes of logistics 'is that... No just move... WRONG PLACE! ... Yeah... Its in' discomfort, then 5 minutes of missionary while he happily pumped away whilst she lay there waiting for the magic to happen. Unlike the movies there was no cries of passion, no screams of yes, no writhing bodies, just an unflattering groan from the young fella before he collapsed on her, looking pleased and awaiting feedback. She had smiled, kissed him, and waited until he left to sort herself out.

This would be different, they were older, wiser and most notably was the absence of a penis (unless Bernie had another secret...)

What would they do? She'd watched enough tv shows, apparently they would bend like 18yr old hypermobile gymnasts to perform oral sex.. Oh God! What if she hated it! She never enjoyed giving blow jobs, the taste was odd and the surprise pre cum made her gag - what if she went down on Bernie and hated it? What would women taste like? Surely she should have tasted herself, or was that abnormal? Argh! Herself! It had been a long shift, what if she was..... A little less fragrant more vagrant? Oh god she blushed, she had never really given much thought to the presentation of her vagina. In fact, apart from a stint in gynae (which could be argued to not be the best sample of vaginas) she hadn't really seen another. She hadn't actually looked at hers in detail, could you tell from the episiotomy she had with Ellie? Dud Bernie have an episiotomy? She made a mental note not to question Bernie on her vaginal appearance.

Oh god, what if Serena was actually somehow abnormal, what if her vagina was a birth defect none of her smear examiners had the heart to mention.

What about her nails? They were short, but not completely. Bernies were chewed right down to the skin (she sighed with relief), but her own? She in conspicuously ran her nails over the inside of her arm, feigning an itch. They were rough - too rough? Shit. What if she slices Bernies vagina? She squeezes her legs and cringes, what if she had to call an ambulance and explain? Oh for goodness sake campbell, you are a bloody surgeon! Its hard enough to cut with the new budget saving scalpels, she didn't have raptor like talons, still she chewed her nails furiously.

'are you ok? Are you nervous? Do you want to go slower?' Bernie asked concerned

'nope! Fine!' Serena said all to cheerfully. 'why?'

'well we pulled up 5 mins ago and you just sat there wide eyed, scratching and biting your nails?'

Serena blushed. 'im just excited we are finlly getting there!'

Bernie smirked shyly at her. 'would you like to come?'

'thats why I'm here' Serena said in a sultry tone

'what? Oh no, I mean yes, but I mean can we get out the car now and in to the house?'

Serena flushed red. 'ofcourse that's what you meant. Just my little joke'

They made their way in. Bernie kissed her, Serena kissed her back, the desperation of earlier slowly returning.
'do you want to eat out?' Bernie mumbled
'err, umm, well its knew for me but I want to experience it with you.'

This time Bernie blushed. 'ohhhh. I meant as in go out for dinner or order takeaway. Only got inedible freezer meals in'

Serena swallowed. 'errr eat in, as in order in to eat in. Food. Ummm would you mind if I used your bathroom?'

Bernie cocked her head to the side. 'errr yeah, down the hall on the right.'

Serena shut herself in the bathroom taking deep calming breaths. She could do this. First stage, ensure and empty bladder, also ensure one is not likely to need to break wind. Second stage, quick clean. Running some warm water, using a tiny bit of hand soap, she freshened herself up. Cringing at the absurdity of this. Stage three, what does it look like? After a few seconds of trying to get the appropriate angle to Bernies mirror she admitted defeat, until she had an idea. Positioning her I phone correctly she snapped an image, cursing the fact it wasn't on silent.

'serena? Are you ok?'

'yes, fine, errr just... Texting Jason. Be right out'

Stage four, tidy up. She'd never shaved, ever down there. But as a thoughtful gesture, she grabbed her nail scissors from her bag, quickly trimming. Of god thugh, little hairs get everywhere, especially when your hand are still damp. She frantically cleaned up, washing the evidence down bernies sink. She plucked up the courage to look at her picture. She saw a text reply from jadon - oh no oh no oh no no, she had sent him the picture! Argh, oh no she hadnt, it was responding to an earlier text. She looked at her vagina selfie - not bad campbell, doesn't look too bad she congratulated herself.

'serena. This ha spooked you. Its ok, I just want to be with you. Kissing you is enough' Bernie whispered through the door.

Serena took a deep breath, she was prepared, always the girl scout.

She opened the door. 'well its not enough for me' she said before wrapping Bernie in to a frantic kiss.

The sex was good. The initial nakedness awkward, the 'ok so do I suck or lick the nipp- ooooo well sucking feels good, ill do that.'

Bernie checked in with Serena before they tried anything. When Bernie didn't recoil in horror at her vagina, she relaxed, god it was good with a woman! When Bernie had brought her to orgasm twice Serena felt brave. She pleased Bernie with her newly trimmed nails, surprised by how enjoyable it felt to do! After Bernie had come, clutching Serenas shoulders and hissing 'yessssss!', Serena decided to solve one more mystery, as she lifted her fingers to her lips, unknown to Bernie who was recovering. She smiled, Bernie tasted so good!

Serena stayed the night, Bernie got uo to brush her teeth leaving Serena to bask in her new found sapphic bubble.

'oh Serena. I'm so sorry. You must think I'm a right slob' Bernie said, looking embarassed.

'what?' Serena was confused
'cam stayed over last night and he's clearly had a shave and not cleaned the sink out, little hairs everywhere! That's why you were in there soling, right?'

'errr, yeah. Alls forgiven. Lets talk about it tomorrow’ Serena hid her scarlet face.
Serena had assumed they were dead. Bernie had never mentioned her parents, but Serena had never asked. So when Mr and Mrs Wolfe turned up on her door step she stuttered and stammered her way through introductions. She invited them in, promising to fetch Bernie who was sleeping off a night shift.


'bernie, I'm so wet'

Bernies eyes flew open with anticipation.

's'rena. Come here' she sleepily replied

'your parents are here.'

'my WHAT?'

'parents Bernie, genetic components of you, ones you have never sodding mentioned'

'shit. Tell them in not here'

'too late.'

'shit. Fuck. Of shit fuck'

'kiss your mother with that mouth?' Serena cocked her eye brow

'you don't understand Serena. They make republicans seem liberal. I don't see them, in fact when I left Marcus they didn't want anything more to do with me.'

Bernie looked afraid, too emotionally fragile. Serena felt her heart clench at what she said, but she needed to soothe Bernie.

'well they have enjoyed meeting your best friend, fellow divorcee and house mate' she smiled

'serena. I cant... You are too important to me' Bernie protested

'bernie, I'm yours and you are mine. Nothing changes that. Your parents are here, reconnect and then decide'

Bernie swallowed hard, nodding.

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Serena found Bernies parents rather nice. They were polite and asked about Serenas work. Serena talked, commented how proud they must be of bernies career. She knew she had said the wrong thing.

'berenice has certainly enjoyed hiding from us in war zones' mr Wolfe replied dryly

'what Greyson means is, Bernie was our only daughter. I suppose we both imagined a very.... Feminine? Woman? Sunday lunches around a large table in a rural house, grandchildren running around. Home made cakes, parties, mother daughter shopping trips...' Mrs Wolfe sighed.
Serena had to hold back a giggle picturing Bernie in a 50's style get up, Cath kidson apron, a bow in her hair as she cheerfully takes a home made loaf of bread out the oven whilst her 10 children sing doe-a-deer. Maria Von Trap indeed.

When Bernie joined them the atmosphere was so tense it almost made Serena wince.

'Berenice, your hair? Why oh why when blessed with angelic wavy locks do you insist on chopping it off! It looks so messy!'

'its practical mother. Less likely to get decorated in blood and guts'

Serena stared between mother and daughter, Bernie was goading her mother. Serena made an exaggerated effort to stir her tea.

'well. Its lovely to see you darling. Isn't it Greyson?'

'delightful'

There was no need to guess which set of genetics Bernie inherited in regards to utilising words

'why are you here? Last I spoke to you I was told not to bother contacting you again?' Bernie tried to sound indifferent, but Serena could tell she was hurt.

'darling, we were... Well it was a shock that's all. I mean Marcus has been part of your life for nearly 30yrs, and Cameron and Charlotte? He gave up so much Berenice. You know he wanted more children, wanted to live in the country, wanted a wife, but you prefered living in a tent in the desert!'

'fine man' Mr Wolfe replied

Serena breathed deeply. 'you know Bernie.. Err Berenice saved thousands of lives. She is quite the legend amongst medics, her reputation precedes her.'

'with all respect madam. Berenice had a duty to her parents, to her family.' Mr Wolfe answered

'speak to Serena like that again and I will demonstrate how to break a mans arm in one move' Bernie was angry. Serena was shocked, while greyson Wolfe was sharp towards her, Bernies anger seemed somewhat extreme

'berenice! That is so unlady like!' Her mother gasped, as if Bernies lapse in etiquette was a greater concern than her threat to cause grievous bodily harm to her father.

'Violet, we should go' mr Wolfe huffed

'Greyson, please. Lets calm down. This is Serena's house after all, Berenice would like you to respect that'

.......$

The rest of the afternoon was tense, but not completely unpleasant. Violet Wolfe was an animated affectionate women who enjoyed Serenas tales of America.

Greyson Wolfe had finally engaged with his daughter, bonding over the mutual dislike of a political party.

Serena found a way to relax Bernie. Whilst Mr and Mrs Wolfe toured the garden she whispered, 'Grey. Your dad is called Grey Wolfe. Your mother is Violet Wolfe. I thought Berenice was cruel, but thank god you weren't Brown, or Blue, or off-white Wolfe' this made Bernie smile. Even more
so when Serena elbowed her-

'whats the time mr Wolfe' Serena smiled, Bernie sniggering.

Greyson Wolfe did not get the joke a dutifully looked at his watch.

'ah, 8pm. Getting late in deed' he replied

'Berenice, we must be going. Please say you will come for dinner next week? Serena too. You can stay over so its not too much travel?' Violet Wolfe looked hopeful. 

'well..err we have that thing' she looked at Serena, who shook her head 

'that thing Serena, at the ummm hospital'

Serena looked at Bernie, she may regret it later but she was not going to give Bernie a get out clause.

'oh that thing!' Serena smiled, as Bernie sagged with relief. 'that thing is the week after. We would love to come, thankyou' Serena replied as Violet opened her arms with joy, Serena could feel Bernies eyes burning in to the back of her head.

......

'we are not going'

'yes we are'

'ok, I'm not going'

'yes you are'

'I am not. Its not your decision, your being cruel Serena, unsympathetic and selfish' Bernie spat

Serena held back tears. 'really. I'm selfish yet you were going to avoid going and get me to lie. I'm cruel despite how much it would have hurt your mother and I'm unsympathetic?" Serena was shaking slightly, 'unsympathetic - I watched my mother lose her whole identity, nursed her as she didn't recognise me before watching her die an awful death. Your mother is reaching out to you, you still have the chance, but I'm unsympathetic?'

Silence between them

'serma... I... I'm sorry I didn't think... Oh I'm...'

'dont. Just don't. Just pack your bag and we will get going'.

The journey to Wales was uncomfortably silent.

.... ...

They were greeted enthusiastically by Violet Wolfe who quickly showed Serena and Bernie to their guest rooms. Serena smirking as she noticed they were across the hall. Only one squeaky floor board to avoid...

Dinner came with a surprise as Greyson introduced an additional guest - a friend from his golf club, about their age, who Violet happily announced was divorced, making sure Mathew was awae that Bernie too was divorced
'what a coincidence!' Violet exclaimed to know ones surprise. Bernie glared through out their meal as Mathew showered her with compliments. Serena was quiet, chastising herself. She had brought her lover to a blind date!

After fending off Mathews requests for drinks the next day, Bernie exclaimed she had a migraine and was going to bed.

'ill look after her, I'm a dr' Serena assured a concerned Violet.

Once upstairs, Serena began profusely with her apologies, only to be silenced by Bernies mouth on hers.

'serena, I need this' she exclaimed. Serena nodded, Bernie needed a relief from her emotional pain, sex was that relief. Serena began to kiss her gently.

'no, Serena I need it rough. I need it fast' she gasped, undressing herself quickly. Serena followed suit, quickly bring Bernie to straddle her.

She roughly pushed two fingers in, Bernie hissing at the slight discomfort but rocking her hips for more. Serena roughly bit her nipple before pressing her thumb hard on Bernies clit.

'serena, serena, im... Oh my.... I think.... Fuck'

'shhh, ive got you baby, ive got you. Let go. Your safe, i have you, ill always have you'

Bernie came with a muffled sob against Serenas shoulder. Serena reassuringly rubbing her back as Bernie continued to sob. Serena felt tears prickling her eyes as she held a sobbing vulnerable Bernie.

'what the hell!' A shocked Mathew stood in the door way. 'I came to say good night, heard you crying and your... You were... I mean!'

'whats going on?' Mr and Mrs Wolfe cam running towards them. Both stood open mouthed at the sight of their daughter, naked, crying, in the arms of another naked women who was comforting her, as her would be suitor stood looking at her aghast.

'shes a dyke. Fuckung hell Greyson, you said she was difficult'

'lets calm down shall we' violet pleaded 'im sure theres an explaination' she smiled

'serena is my partner, my lover. We've been together 8 months. I'm a lesbian. No not a mid life crisis. Before Serena was Alex, female army medic, yes I had an affair, poor Marcus, before her was Sally in med school, before her was Lara from prep school, the one who used to sleep over alot....'

Violet stood open mouthed. 'well. Lets get some sleep' with that she left. Greyson looking once more at his daughter, before wrapping his arm round Mathew and not saying a word

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'berenice. Serena. Can you join us for tea?' Violet requested.

Bernie was still lay clutching Serena, neither had slept much, Serena reassuring Bernie he would be ok.

'come on darling. Lets say our goodbyes and get home' Bernie nodded as Serena helped her dress.
They entered the lounge to see greyson and violet Wolfe waiting.

'bernie is very special to me, if you upset her we will simply leave' Serena asserted.

'sit down. Please' Greyson Wolfe requested

'sorry' Bernie muttered like a small child

'no, I'm sorry' Greyson surprised them

'sorry you never told me' he confirmed

Bernie staring at him in disbelief

'darling, Serena is lovely! We love her! Much better than Marcus, much stronger, more fight!' Violet exclaimed

'indeed. Id say she had bigger balls if I hadn't seen her naked' both women choked at Greysons unusual crass humour.

'you..you don't mind?' Bernie asked, scarcely believing, 'bit..but Mathew?'

'got kicked out of the club. No one calls my daughter filthy names. Homophobic little cretin'

'dsrling its fine. In fact, aunty Jane was fond of tipping the velvet' violet said, as Bernie and Serena both choked on their tea.

'even I experimented as a girl, I still enjoy reading Sarah Waters now' Bernie stared at her parents as it they had sprouted antennas.

'didnt cousin Jim have an affair with the butler?' Greyson asked his wfe

'hang on. Hang on. Grandma used to shout 'queers and dykes' at half my uni friends!' Bernie shouted

'grandma was homophobic. Great aunt Esther however drank plenty from the fury cup'

Serena put her tea down to avoid urther choking.

'we don't care Berenice. We just want you to be happy' her mother smiled.

'but all your nagging for me to be like your friends daughters!'

'im the only one with a gay! Martha will be so jealous!' Violet cheered.

'now, Berenice, your father and I are going for a walk so enjoy your privacy' violet winked, 'oh and darling, theres lubricant in the bathroom cupboard and the lip service box set in your room' her mother whispered as Bernie flushed red.

Meet the Wolfes had certainly been an interesting event
She's tough, she's bloody tough, and she loves Serena.

She's a mother of 2 adults, a decorated Major in the RAMC, a gifted renowned trauma surgeon who can delve in to the mangled bodies inches from death and pull them back from the brink. She's a respected ward lead, F1's follow her like ducklings, even other consultants admire her. She is the perfect example of maturity.

Except she's not. Serena Campbell soon learnt that despite outward behaviours, Bernie Wolfe had the maturity of a teenage boy.

Which was why they were sat in a briefing, surrounded by 50 colleagues, glaring at them as Henrik Hanssen drew attention to them, asking them to please enlighten the rest of the room as to what joke had brought about such hysterics. Both women blushed, Serena apologising profusely, Bernie staring at her feet stifling giggle.

'we will continue' Henrik stated. 'as I was saying, I understand that right now things appear hard, but I am softer than you realise'
Bernie snorts, Serena shoots her a warning look
'while we all aspire to the gentler interactions with one another, I feel we should also embrace the rough, it adds a new dynamic to our relationships and indeed can encourage trust. Whilst the relinquishing of power may cause some apprehension I am confident it will be mutually satisfying for all who indulge me in this request.... Ms Wolfe! Care to share what is humorous?'

Bernie was fighting for breath. 'n..no Mr Hanssen, just a great initiative, really. I personally cannot wait to try these new bonds' this time Serena giggled.

'fantastic. AAU will be the first to trial our Better Departmental Sharing in Medicine initiative-
'sorry Mr Hanssen, just to clarify, we will be trialing the Better Departmental Sharing in Medicine? The BDSM initiative?' Bernie asked feigning innocence whilst Serena bit her lip to avoid laughing
'correct Ms Wolfe. Each ward lead will spend a shift co-leading another ward, sharing their expertise and knowledge. AAU will be first. Ms Naylor, you will join Ms Wolfe and Ms Campbell on AAU. I'm sure you can whip them in to shape- Ms Wolfe! What is so funny!'

'sorry Mr Hanssen, Ber... Ms Wolfe hasn't slept yet, long nightshift' Serena replied, coaxing Bernie out of the room.

'Bernie! For god sake, you are like a school boy in a sex ed class!’ Serena said exasperated.

'oh come on Serena, he's 'not hard but soft', for his rough BDSM initiative' Bernie laughed again as Serena shook her head.

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'Bernie, we are not on a battlefield now. We wait, if the bleeding persists then we will operate!
'im not waiting for him to bleed out Serena!' 

'it is too risky. This is an AAU decision not a trauma case! That's the end of it' Serena snapped.
They both glared at each other, the staff and patients were beginning to stare.

'err Ms Campbell, Ms Wolfe, I think you should continue this in private' a nervous Morven suggested

'Thank you Morven, Ms Wolfe and I are capable of making clinical decisions without thrashing it out in private' Serena response sharply

'oh no, its more exciting to thrash it out in public' Bernie sniggered

'Ms Wolfe!' Serena admonished as Morven looked confused

'its ok Morven, whenever we thrash it out we reach a satisfying conclusion' Bernie smirked as Serena blushed

'sorry Ms Wolfe, I didn't mean to interfere. I know you and ms Campbell always find away to come together again' Morven apologised

Bernie sniggered. 'it takes some skill'

Serena put her head in her hands whispering as Morven left, 'you have a one track mind Wolfe!'

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's...s...sorry, can you just go through it one more time?' Bernie was fighting back giggles as a perplexed Mr Levy began explaining again.

'its a tight fight, but if we enter here and manipulate our fist in to the cavity we an reduce trauma, course we must ensure we do not stretch the muscle to the point of tearing-'

'always a concern' Bernie responded, hand covering her mouth

'once in it will be tight, but if we go slowly the patient should come through relieved.'

'one moment mr Levy' Bernie excused herself, closed the office door and burst out laughing trying to explain though gasps to Serena who just shook her head in dismay.

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'so Mrs Smith, can you tell me what happened'

'I fell, as I was getting myself off' sweet 86yr old Mrs Smith replied

'excuse me?' Bernie choked.

'she fell getting off her stairlift' the carer explained.

'err, I need a consult. Ms Campbell? Can you assist. Please let Mrs Smith explain herself though, its ummm, very important' Bernie smirked

'what seems to be the problem Mrs Smith?' A bemused Serena asked

'my hip hurts'

'ok, can you yell me what happened?'

'I fell as I was getting myself off'
Bernie snorted

'right, was it a stair lift?' Serena asked....

...'oh come on Serena! Getting myself off!' Bernie had tears in her eyes explaining why she had called Serena over. Serena merely shook her head, the hint of a smirk on her face.

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'how is it then, living together?' Raf asked them in Albies one night

'it's going well actually! She's messy and doesn't know what a coaster is, but it's a bit like buying a puppy - train it with rewards, a glass of wine in this case!' Serena laughed

'ha! So if she doesn't tidy up do you put her outside and tie her up?' Raf chuckled

'oh yes, she ties me up to punish me' Bernie smiled sweetly as Serena blushed

'oh Bernie, poor you. Shall I call the rspca?' Raf joked, not noticing the hidden glances

'probably. She smacks me to! What can I say, you really can teach an old dog new tricks' Bernie was enjoying herself whilst Serena squirmed

'any way, it must be tough working and living together?' Raf asked

'indeed, we are handcuffed together' Bernie was talking as if she were insinuating completely innocent things whilst Serena choked on her wine.

'you sure are. So at home, who is the man?' Raf asked, suddenly aware that it was a stupid thing to say

'not sure, with you and Essie, which ones the lesbian?' Bernie quipped as Raf blushed, making his excuses to leave.

'bernie Wolfe you are a bloody nightmare!' Serena muttered

'ah, Serena!' Jasmine skipped over to say hi.

'hi jasmine' Serena smiled. 'how was surgery?'

'oh, it was a success but hard work. Everything was going south, I panicked as it was my first time doing it, but I did what you said, took a deep breath and dived right in! It was messy, just near the end I moved to quickly and got squirted in the face but I finished it off'

Bernie was shaking with laughter as Serena groaned

'you definately take after Ms campbell. She dives right in, no messing about. She's very quick, well you know that - that sharp tongue of hers gets things done, not forgetting those skilled hands. Don't worry, she's been squirted at before' Bernie sniggered

'thanks Bernie, I aim to be just like Ms Campbell - quick, to the point, nit afraid of new things. Like the knew equipment we have, I'm nervous using it but Ms campbell acts like its a new toy, I think she's excited about plunging it in to someone- Ms Wolfe? Are you ok?'

'u..y..yess. Fine. She does like new toys' Bernie was in fits of giggles.
'tio much wine' Serena explained to a perplexed Jasmine.

'hello, hello everybody' Ric Griffin stood up

'I would like to say a few words celebrating my last day as deputy CEO'

'I want to start by thanking you all, without your active involvement these months would have been difficult'
'I love your active involvement' Bernie whispered to Serena

'we have a hard and fast pace here at holby'

'...and at home, in the bedroom' Serena was blushing at Bernies ad lib commentary.

'there are times when we are frustrated, we know it will be worth it in the end, but each time we feel the end is near and we will see some relief from a busy shift, we end up back to square one. But remember, it is those days where the final relief is immense, it lasts, we feel able to do anything'

'like when I lick you untill I feel you contracting then stop, until you look ready to kill me, then I give in and you come so hard..' Serena's breath quickened.

'we know what to expect, but then we suddenly have someone who complicates things, an enigma to be solved. But through that we learn new things we scarced imagined doing'

'like falling for a hot big macho army medic and learning how amazing women are with their fingers and tongues' Serena gulped, making Bernie smirk

'but despite our differences, the real joy, and what I really love to witness is when we come together'

'shall invite him to watch?' Bernie whispered.

'you are impossible, toilets. Now' Serena commanded

The moment they were in the bathroom, Bernie was pinned up against the door.

'you have a filthy mind and a filthy mouth' Serena playfully admonished

'feel free to put my mouth to better uses' Bernie replied, moving the so Serena was pressed against the door. Bernie dank to her knees, able to smell how aroused Serena was instantly.

Grabbing Serena's arse she pulled her in, head burried between Serena's legs.

'god Bernie, don't tease' Serena begged

Bernie undid the button on Serena's trousers, pulling them down with her underwear, before removing them completely.

She burried her face in her lovers pussy, that familliar taste flooding her brain, and she licked, sucked, kissed and nipped hungrilly, wanting to taste every bit of that sweet pussy.

Serena was moaning, hips moving against Bernies face as she fucked herself on Bernies face. Bernie thrust two fingers in and that was all it took for Serena to moan louder, muscles contracting as her orgasm over took her.
Once she recovered they left the bathroom to make their excuses to leave, both red faced.

'oh Ms campbell! Your not still arguing are you' Morven asked concerned

'yes, we just went round 1, going home for round 2’ Bernie replied in a flat tone

'please don't fight, you are so good together'

'its my mouth Morven, I open it and she just moans at me' Serena giggled

'well maybe you should try communicating with each other more?' Morven suggested

'you are right, groaning, moaning and shouting expletives or taken the Lords name in vain only communicates on a primal level' Serena couldn't look Morven in the eye. The girl was too innocent.

'exactly Ms Wolfe. If you ever need a third person, just to be between you, I'm happy to be that person' Morven replied touching Bernies arm

'thank you, we've not discussed a third party but will bare you in mind. Depends on how well you handle a full fisted approach' Bernie added

'ok Ms Wolfe, home, now' Serena intervened

'good night, ad please know I would always be discrete' Morven added as Bernie collapsed into fits of giggles.

Once they got outside Serena glared at Bernie. 'you need to grow up. That was juvenile even for you.' Serena glared, wondering if she had been too hard.

'sounds like I need a good seeing too' Bernie smirked

'you are bloody impossible' Serena grinned
Serena remembered homophobia from her youth. Queers, fags, dykes - all words used and deemed acceptable. 'Don't be gay', 'That's so gay' were acceptable insults. 'So you're a dyke then?' She had been asked during a women's rights march.

These of course paled in significance to the horrific and violent hate crimes committed, but they did make Serena uncomfortable. That is why, 30yrs on, she is horrified to be talking to the tipsy gentleman propping up Albies bar.

'What do you mean you have a girlfriend? You can't be a lesbian, you're too pretty. Only the ugly ones that can't get men are dykes.'

He smiled at her, assuming he had paid her a compliment.

'I can assure you, after being married to a man, I am perfectly happy to be with my gorgeous partner.' She cut him off.

'Ahhh one bad experience is all it takes. Let me show you how a real man treats a lady.' He smirked.

'I warn you, my partner is ex military, she's a Major, so back off!' Serena was more insistent.

He held his hands out in surrender 'Ok, ok, I get the hint' he said mockingly.

'It wasn't a hint, more of an order' Bernie Wolfe approached the would be suitor of her partner.

He looked Bernie up and down smirking but backing off. She watched as he walked back to his jeering mates who were laughing at his rebuff. Listening as he joked to them 'She's a sodding dyke!' Bernie clenched her fists.

'Don't Bern, don't rise to it, just ignore them' Serena pleaded, and Bernie forced herself to relax. Determine not to let it ruin their evening.

The second time Serena experienced mild homophobia was more hurtful. She had been friends with Ric for a while, they were enjoying a drink together and he had asked her about Bernie, she filled him in but his respond made her uncomfortable. He had chuckled, 'See Serena, women would rather sleep with each other than sleep with me!' Serena thought about the implications of this, although Ric would not mean to offend, the suggestion that a woman falls for another woman because of a certain man, and not because they just fell in love, was further evidence of deep seated homophobia.

There was then the incident on the ward;
'I am not being treated by a sodding poofter! Who knows where his hands have been!' An angry middle aged man was arguing.

Serena intervened; 'Mr Greenfield, we operate a zero policy on homophobic abuse in the NHS, if you wish to leave here without your hernia I suggest you apologise to Dr Copeland this instant!'

'what? Its against my beliefs, I'm christian and I have to write to be treated according to my beliefs. Its discrimination!' He argued

'Mr Greenfield I am asking you to let him repair your hernia, not date him, so I fail to see how this upsets your beliefs' Serena responded, earning her a smirk from the young Dr.

'I am not risking being unconscious with his sort around. You do it.' he retorted

'well I could, but Id have to my girlfriend and lover Ms Wolfe to assist' she said

'what? Its over run here, all this bloody PC rubbish. Got a quota to fill? You can do it, at least I know you wont take advantage' he sneered

Serena whispered 'no, but I do control your post operative pain relief' and walked of as he yelled about condemnation and complaints.

Serena even faced this from her daughter. Elinor did not take the news of her mothers new partner well. Like many of Serena's social circle she didn accept her mother had simply fallen in love, instead describing it as a sapphic midlife crisis.

'Elinor, I think I know my own feelings better than you. I've found someone who makes me happy, surely her reproductive organs are irrelevant!' She had argued exasperatedly.

Whilst Elinor calmed down, she continued to have an issue.

'mum, don't kiss her in front of me. Its gross!'
'Ellie, I kissed Robbie in front of you and you were fine'
'mum do you have to hold hands, its like you are trying to provoke someone to say something!' Serena had felt so sad, that because her partner was a women, any affection shown was deemed provocative.

Serena had found that her choice of lover made others think it was acceptable to probe and pry in to her sex life. When she dated Robbie no one asked if they had consummated the relationship, no one asked her details or how good it was, noone asked her to compare to other lovers, yet now it was open season.

'so... Are you two serious?' Fletch had asked over drinks
'well, its early days, but I think so' Serena replied shyly
'yeah but have you... You know... Made it official?' He persisted
'well, everyone knows if that's what you mean?' Serena replied
'he means, have you decided orange is the new black!' Mo had elbowed her
'oh.. Right. Well, se stays over most nights' Serena blushed
'knew it!' Fletch offered her a high five which she returned half heartedly
'so, come on. What's it like?' Jasmine asked giggling
'err... Dr Burrows I don't think that's appropriate' Serena responded
'oh come on Serena, fill us in. What do you... How do you..?' Mo pushed
Serena felt trapped, uncomfortable and like her professional status had been diminished.
'you're not really a lesbian though Rena? You've had fellas!' Her friends had stated
'well, it's more complicated than that, some people like both... That is you can be attracted to both and
love both' Serena explained.
'so you're bisexual then? That's just greedy Rena' they had laughed
Again, Serena found herself having to explain and defend her relationship.

There were whispers if they went out for dinner, raised eye brows when they booked hotel rooms,
and jeers from drunken men about needing a 'real man'.

The final straw came when she met her Uncle and Aunt for lunch. They knew about Bernie, she was
talking about a trip they were planning when she noticed an uncomfortable silence descend.

'Everything ok?' Serena asked concerned

Her aunt pursed her lips, looking to her husband.
'look Serena, you've made your point and had your fun. Isn't it time you stopped this nonsense' her
uncle said gruffly

'what?' Serena was both shocked and heart broken

'its not natural! Women cant have babies with women, its not natural!' Her aunt said harshly

'well I know I'm the Dr here, but I assume you know the menopause put an end to reproduction a
few years back!' She argued

'you know what I mean! Serena, this is against the laws of nature. I know Edward was difficult but
this is beyond stupid. We can barely show our faces at church! People are whispering since you
waltzed in to our party hand in hand. Its a disgrace!'

Serena didn't respond. She simply stood up and left, breaking down in tears as she rounded the
corner.

Was it worth this? Was it worth the condemnation? Was it worth the questions, the defending, the
blushes? Surely it shouldn't be this hard. Was it worth it? Was Bernie worth it?

She decided, with a heavy heart, what she must do. She text Bernie:
'we need to talk asap. Can we meet tonight? S x

Bernie opened her door nervously. She was scared that Serena had had her fun and was going to
break her heart.

'Bernie' she smile sadly

'I'm struggling with the judgement, the stares, the questions. It just so hard. Its made me question, is it
worth it?'

Bernie swallowed hard, fighting back tears

'and it is'

'Serena, please don't...what?'
'its worth it, oh god is it worth it. Bernie I love you, these past few months have been amazing and I never want it to end'

Bernie wrapped her arms around Serena, breathing in her scent.

'Bernie, move in with me. Tonight.'

Bernie stared at her

'I never want to wake up with out you again'

'ok. Ok. Yes! Oh Serena yes!' She kissed her hard

'can we stay here for an hour though. I'll explain later' Serena asked

'yeah, of course. Err what do you want to do?'

'well, I can think of a few things' Serena smirked.

They kissed, deeply. Bernie began to remove her clothes.

'no. Let me' Serena began to slowly undress her lover, with such care and adoration. She took her time, placing small kisses as she went. She worshipped her, every inch. Bernie was panting, breathless with want.

Serena lay her down gently, kissing as she went. She removed her clothes and lay on top of her lover. She kissed her slowly, deeply and with passion. She moved her hand between Bernies thighs, swallowing the gasp she elicited. She kissed along her jaw, her neck and then pulled back, looking her lover in the eyes as she slipped her fingers in to her liver, the slight intake of breath making her moan. She ricked against her, rubbing herself on Bernies thigh as she moved her fingers in and out of her lover. There was no cries of passion, just the sound of breathing as they gazed at each other, each building up to climax.

'I love you' Bernie whispered as she came. They both rocked in unison as they worked through their orgasm together. Panting, never breaking eye contact. When they stilled, Serena lay against her love, 'I love you too. But please don't hate me when you see what I've done' she whispered fearfully causing Bernie to look scared.

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They arrived at Serenas hand in hand.

'ready?' Bernie said squeezing her hand

'ready' Serena replied.

They entered the house to be greeted by a group of blushing individuals. Their colleagues, children, Serenas aunt and uncle all looked awkward. They all approached the couple, embracing them and wishing them a good night. Once the house was empty, Bernie kissed her forehead.

'come on then. Show me' she said. Serena walked them through to the kitchen. She handed Bernie an envelope, identical to the envelopes the house guests received. She pulled out the first piece of paper:

'dear friend,
You will be aware that I have found love with another woman, Bernie Wolfe. I haven't felt this alive, this loved and this whole in my entire life. She makes me laugh so hard it hurts, she makes me feel so safe and loved, she picks me up when I'm down and makes me feel like the most treasured person in the world.

Yet today, I briefly considered giving it all up. Imagine that, holding such love yet feeling close to throwing it away. And why?

You.

Maybe not directly, but collectively.

You have made me defend my love
You have questioned how real it is
You have prered for personal details
You have joked
You have mocked

You have treated me like some senile woman with no mind of her own.

I can deal with idiots I don't know, their opinions don't hurt. Yours do, because each and everyone of you is dear to me.

I have supported, respected and loved all of you, but now I will be selfish.

Tonight I will ask my soul mate to live with me, I hope she says yes. You may stay to congratulate us, or you may leave. That is your choice, but know this. If you leave and continue your behaviour, our relationship will remain strictly confined to either the hospital or in the case of family, strained. If you stay, you accept my relationship end of. If you struggle, before you comment or ask anything, ask yourself - if she had a penis would I say this?

You will still have questions, in your packs are extracts from lesbian magazines and the box set for orange is the new black is playing in the lounge, Cameron will escort you through.

To put a full stop on this I will clarify: Yes we have sex, yes it is bloody fantastic (ask the neighbours), no I don't miss sex with men, yes we do "that" (and yes it is very good), no my sex with Bernie isn't a result of any mans lack of ability - we have sex because we love each other, and because lets face it, she is bloody hot (yes major!)

Yours
Serena Campbell, lesbian

Bernie chuckled, 'well that told them!' She exclaimed, still shocked.

'you don't mind? It just got too much' Serena said nervously

'not at all, come here' Bernie kissed her hard

'errr mum! This is nothing to do with Serena being a woman, but could you not neck each other till I leave!' Cameron appeared

Serena laughed, 'thank you Cam, for helping' she smiled

'no worries, I thought it was a great idea. Though your uncle got really in to orange is the new black!' He chuckled
Chapter Summary

Serenas first time going south....

I make no apologies

Despite her initial worries, sex with Bernie was mind blowing. Never had she climaxed so hard, in fact this past month with Bernie, she'd orgasmed more than her entire marriage to Edward. She didn't know it could be that good. More than that, she never thought she would derive such pleasure from giving another pleasure. With Edward his orgasm was generally the goal, once he had achieved it, sex was done. More often than not she learnt to pick up the pace and fake an Oscar worthy orgasm when she knew it was close just to get it over with. She didn't mind so much, she enjoyed sex and didn't necessarily need to orgasm to have fun - sometimes it was just more economically to let him think she was done, then finish herself off quickly as he snored.

With Robbie, he was more attentive and she achieved orgasm more often. But still, once he had cum it was over, Serena didn't realise it was normal to want more, let alone it was ok to communicate that. With Bernie however, she would feel fully sated. Bernie encouraged her to be verbal, to say what she wanted, what she needed. She found the sight of Bernie climaxing to be the most beautiful sight. The way her head flung back exposing her long neck. Her back arching showing her perfect breasts, nipples hard, the trembles of her body, the way she gasped Serena's name as she moaned, but the most beautiful and gratifying part was how she looked at Serena after. Her eyes were full of adoration, of lust. Every time it was like she was seeing Serena for the first time, like she was thankful for the pleasure Serena had bought about. She never expected anything from Serena, just appreciated whatever Serena did, like every touch was an unexpected gift. Seeing Bernie Wolfe come apart was amazing.

Serena had so far used her fingers to fuck Bernie, used her fingers to make love to her, used her thigh to cum together and a variety of positions. She would kiss Bernies neck, her breasts, she would lick and suck her nipples or palm her breasts, but she had never given oral sex to her. Serena had given blow jobs before; anniversary and birthdays or drunken ones so he'd sleep and she could enjoy alone time with her vibrating friend. She had received oral sex from men to mixed reviews; boring times with men who thought imitating a dog licking their own bollocks would do the trick, painful when someone had chin stubble and thought it was about smashing his face in to her, enjoyable when slowly kissed and licked but she never climaxed through it. However, the moment Bernie went down on her she realised what all the fuss was about. My god could that woman use her tongue. Bernie had kissed her all over between her thighs. She had slowly licked the length of her pussy, sucking her labia, flicking her tongue on serenas clit (she almost vaulted off the bed) she drew patterns with her tongue, licked her entrance, pushed her tongue in to Serena before sucking her clit and circling it with her tongue. Serena had never felt pleasure like it, it was so good. She was always torn between wanting to cum and wanting it to last forever. What's more, with men oral sex had either been in hope of reciprocity or to get her in the mood. Bernie loved it, she lavished being between Serena's thighs, she groaned as she did it, she lapped up whatever Serena gave, not once had she expected anything in return, she was grateful that Serena allowed her to be so intimate.

Serena wanted to give Bernie the same, however, she always backed out. She was afraid of boring Bernie, Bernie went down on her like it was the last feast on earth, what if Serena was rubbish? What if she hated it? What if she got down there and felt queasy? After all, blow jobs made her gag;
no matter how clean it was it still had a slightly weird sweaty smell, and she was placing an organ that piss came out of, not to mention the bodily fluids, swallowing made her sick, spitting made her wretch and scrub her mouth for days, even finishing them off with her hand, the pre cum would make her gag. She didn’t want that awkwardness, or her failure to hurt Bernies feelings. What sort of lesbian hates eating pussy?

She decided to give it a go. If she hated it, she'd reserve it for special occasions.

She invited Bernie to stay the night, Jason was out, so she began preparing.

She read up on it online, apparently the skin of the inside of your cheeks was similar in texture to the vagina. She had had to answer questions as to why he continually had her tongue bulging the side of her cheeks during work, feigning an ulcer by way of explanation.

She licked her hand, practicing the way her tongue moved, flicks, shapes, sucks, licks. She had to try and convince Hanssen that she had found a spot of salad cream from her lunch as he stared at her incredulously.

She had asked the land of google what to do, being caught by fletch asking what on earth she was doing looking in the mirror twisting her tongue in to shapes - she told him she thought she had chipped a tooth.

She found useful how to video's, quickly realising they were pornographic as she tried desperately to turn her phone off. Poor Morven looked horrified, Serenas haste to turn it off meant she locked her screen, as she frantically tried to unlock it as the exaggerated moans of pleasure rang out of her phone. She brushed it off, explaining Elli had put a joke ring tone on her phone, not meeting Morvens eyes.

Eventually the night came. She braced herself for it. She had some wine for courage and waited. They ate quietly. Bernie kept trying to engage conversation but with no luck.

'serena, is something wrong?' Bernie asked full of concern

'no no, just looking forward to tonight is all' she replied all too merrily

'serena, you seem nervous? We've slept together ALOT? We can just cuddle you know, I just like being with you' she smiled

Serena smiled, her heart sored, this was why she wanted tonight. She wanted to appreciate every part of this amazing woman. She squeezed Bernies hand.

'I love holding you, but I love having you cum for me more'

With that they were kissing. Hard, passionate and god! Bernie was making those little moans she did, Serena had to have her, had to have her now.

They stumbled up the stairs, kissing, grabbing until Bernie strips her and pushes her to the bed.

Serena pushes back, throwing a confused Bernie. She slowly undresses Bernie, kissing her exposed skin as she goes. Finally Bernie is naked. She pushes Bernie to the bed, kissing her, she kisses her jaw, that beautiful neck, her clavicle, between her breasts, her already hardnipple. Then, for the first time she kisses below her breasts, along her stomach causing Bernie to buck her hips and gasp

Serenas name. She continues to Bernies hip, kissing the sharp angles of her bones, she kisses the top of Bernies pubic bone as Bernie writhes beneath her. She kisses her thighs, open mouthed, she kisses and Bernie is trembling. She gets closer to her goal, Bernies breath hitches with anticipation. And she stops. She looks at Bernie up close, she looks beautiful, well as vaginas go hers is pretty gorgeous. She can see how wet Bernies is, smell how aroused she is. And she stops. She's scared, Bernie is shaking with anticipation, she might disappoint. She feels tears brimming, she would fail. Serena
Campbell' didn't fail. Especially when it involves something so special, so amazing-
'serena? Serena baby, what's wrong?' Bernie was sitting up, pulling Serena in to her.
'I just... I just..... Oh god Bernie I love you, I want you, I want all of you, but what if.... I don't know...'
'what? Tell me darling?'
you're so good at.... What if I'm no good, what if I don't like oh god Bernie! I hated blow jobs!

Bernie wrapped her arms round her.
'serena, you more than satisfy me, our sex is amazing, what you do to me is amazing! Its enough, its more than enough! I'm sorry if I made you feel like you had to... You know. I do it to you more for my benefit. I love it. Only for you... I...' She blushed, not wanting to mention the ex.
'look... I did it with Alex and it was ok, but for her pleasure, but you... God Serena the taste of you has me on the verge of orgasm! I'll stop if you...'

'no! God no! Don't you ever stop!' Serena cried causing Bernie to chuckle.
'ok, ok. Happy to oblige. But your skilled fingers are enough for me. That's always ben what gets me to climax' she blushed.

'...but, I want to. I really do. I just don't want to mess it up!' Serena pleaded

Bernie thought. 'ok, well if you want to, how about... Well you could kiss me there and then use your fingers, to try? If you want to that is' Bernie was blushing

Without another word Serena kissed, she worked her way down Bernies body. She didn't pause this time, she kissed Bernies course hair, she kissed her throbbing clit. She swiped her tongue through Bernies folds, Bernie gasped, arching off the bed. This was alright. Bernie tasted, well sweet, but salty, it was arousing - god this was the most amazing taste ever, this was better than shiraz! She forgot Bernie, she was lost in this. The softness and different textures, the tastes, the feel of her contracting, pulsating, the fingers in her hair, the desperate movement of bernies hips. She felt so alive, so wanted, so powerful. There it was, Bernies thighs were shaking, her fingers digging in to Serenas scalp, her hips bucking off the bed, she screamed Serenas name, the flood of her juices made Serena all the more hungry for her, she drank her fill until Bernie was twitching.

'f..f..fuck S...s...serena. That was... Where on earth... Fucking hell'

Serena smiled, she knew what Bernie meant, she knew merely brushing her clit would have her climaxing.

'serena, that was amazing. My god I have never climaxed like that. What was that'
'that my darling was tipping the velvet - care to return the favour' she winked

'up here now. On my face'

Serena thought for a moment, this was new.

But then, it would be rude to refuse
As Serena looked at her lover, stood waiting for her in the chapel, she recounted how lucky she was. She was marrying Bernie Wolfe - her Bernie. They were both 53, both divorced from heterosexual marriages and starting again. They had been together 2yrs now, and still, one glance from her woman and she was weak at the knees. What had Bernie called it? Their undeniable sexual chemistry.

They were friends before they were lovers, yet Serena thinks back, back to the beginning as she remembers falling for her big mach army medic, feelings that confused her.

As she walked to meet the love of her life to finally be bound legally as well as every other way, those months of tension flashed before her eyes.

'engine been growling or whining? Any intermittent smell of burning?'

Who was this woman? Fag in her mouth, effortless curls, and those legs! A patient perhaps? Or a relative?
No. This was Berenice Wolfe. Major Wolfe. World renowned trauma surgeon. She was hot. Serena could appreciate that. She found women attractive, there was nothing to it, she appreciated all forms of beauty. Something was different about her though, something stirred deep in Serena, she was aroused. It had been a while since she had enjoyed a really good bedroom session she reasoned.

She caught glimpses of the Major, eyeing up those legs, that figure. God it was not natural to look that good surely?

'next time you fancy a coffee and a chat, you should just call me' she flirted. Serena flirted with anyone, anything with a pulse. She knew she was attractive, though it was a defence mechanism, a reminder that despite Edwards many affairs, she had allure. It made her feel powerful and confident. With the major however, it crept in to her dreams. Those strong arms shoving her against a wall, kissing her hard. She would grasp the majors arse....

She would wake, sweaty and in need of release, quickly sorting herself out. She didn't feel bad about getting off imagining her colleague. It was natural, healthy even. She put it down to hormones, their friendship becoming closer and the woman's insanely good looks. No this was fine, meant nothing. Though she would need to pay close attention to the majors arse to gauge just what it would feel like.

Sometimes she felt that Bernie, now her friend and wine buddy, was looking at her with lust. She's married, to a man. She quit her career to save her marriage. It was just harmless flirting. Nothing to it.

Then she's getting divorced. She will be single. Single and straight but still - its better to furiously get yourself off over a single person. Plus, Serenas straight! It's just a bit of a crush. She supports her, and Bernie supports her in return.

Then her husband (to be ex) turns up. He's good looking. Serena can admire, but well below his wife in the looks stakes.

Then it comes out. Bernie cheated, with a woman. Serena is hurt. She feels betrayed. Bernie isn't this amazing, perfect in every bloody way person. She lied and it hurts.

It isn't until she's at home later that the implication of her cheating with a woman hit home. Serena dreams of Bernie Wolfe. What else could her smart mouth do?

Then she's on AAU. She's trying to cheer Serena up by presenting her with a gentleman suffering a
tap up his arse. She had driven Serena home the night before, Serena noticing those long agile fingers as she drives, they look like they could do some magic in the bedroom.

Now, as they arm wrestle for the privilege of removing said tap, Serena feels the electric between them. She feels her breaths deepen as she locks eyes with Bernie. What had she just said? 'big macho army medic? Bernie had shyly admitted to being a big macho liar. Serena waved off this, Bernie had more than made up for it, several times so, in Serenas dreams last night.

She could feel the intimacy of the arm wrestle, the usually touch-averse medic was gripping her hand. Oh how they could grip her hips, lift her on to the desk and fuck her senseless.

Serena is suspended. Stupid laptop. Bloody car. She's curious, downloads some lesbian porn. Finds it boring.reads some Sarah Waters, imagines her and Bernie in those roles.

She steals glances at that perfect arse, god when sh bends over pulling the fabric tight it gives Serena the perfect mental image for tonight's self love. But Bernie lied, she's spying. Only she's not. She's looking out for Serena. She's got Serena a gift, a survival pack. She cares.

So she gives up half her ward, she coleads. She shares an office with her. She swears she catches Bernie gazing at her. She makes sure to bend over at times, giving Bernie a perfect view.

But it unsettles Serena. What is she doing? This woman has her hormones raging, Serenas given her half her ward. Now she wants to replace Serenas relationships. She needs to back off from Morven. Plus Jason, she knows nothing. Serena is cruel to her. She knows she has been unfair. But Bernie apologises, sincerely. Serena sees she's in pain, she gives her a massage. God that woman's skin, touching her, hearing her soft moans as Serena lightly applies pressure, the slight movement of her neck. Serena feels hot, what if she over her arms around Bernies sides? Cupped her breasts. Kissed that neck. Mmm she could straddle her, kiss her, feel.... No! That was assault, and assault against a colleague nevertheless!

She comforts Bernie, openly. She defends her, she gives Bernie more remit to fuck up than she has ever done.

Bernie comforts her, at Arthurs funeral. She holds her, Serena feels safe. Like she could kiss her, have Bernie make love to her slowly, to make her feel safe and loved.

They build the trauma unit, Bernie in scrubs. Mmmm. She flirts with Bernie mercilessly. When Bernie is hurt by the kids involvement in her divorce. Serena wants to hold her. Then Jason turns up. Its bad. She just wants Bernie and their she is. Coaxing Serena to the roof for a breather. She advises Serena, Serena thanks her. Bernies smile as she says Serena is very welcome makes Serena realise. Its not just the sex appeal of Bernie. She's falling for her, badly.

When she resigns as CEO, Bernies flirtatious smile at lighting the touch paper has her immediately wet. She breathes hard. Does Bernie feel the same? Serena is going to need a lot of alone time tonight.

Her son turns up, she's scared, scared he's hurt, for his future and for their relationship. She rubs Bernies back, lingering on the small of her spine, memorising the curve. She's hurt when Bernie lies, but she forgives her. She tries to tel her she loves her, by defending the indefensible.

She's concerned for Bernie when the hellicopter hits the ed. She needs to know she's safe. She is, thank god. Despite an obsessed fan on the ward.

Then fletch is stabbed. They work together, as one.

Then they are alone, exhausted. Bernie is hurting. She feels responsible. It hurts Serena. She
comforts her until Bernie is smiling, she smiles back. There's something in Bernie's eyes. Bernie looks at her lips yet it is still a surprise as Bernie kisses her. She kisses her sensually, hand cupping Serena's face. Serena pulls back - is this real, Bernie's eyes are searching hers and she's kissing Bernie. Hands grasping at her, months of stares and groaning Bernie's name in to her pillow all poured in to this kiss. She wants more, she presses herself against Bernie, hands grasping, Bernie is moving forward, Serena is lying down, Bernie's thigh is... And then a sodding agency nurse is banging at the door.

No matter how many times Serena fucks herself that night, it is not enough. She fantasises about Bernie in so many ways.

She can barely look Bernie in the eye, knowing she's pictured her straddling vibrator for Serena's viewing. She lies, says this is old hat. She doesn't want Bernie to think the kiss was just an experiment. But it frightens her, the fantasy is one thing but this is real life. She admits this, when Bernie promises not to turn theatre into a sapphic angst fest, Serena is disappointed.

So she plans more, drinks for courage only for Bernie to toast their undeniable sexual chemistry and end it before its begun.

Serena feels lost, can't bring herself to orgasm. She had a tiny taste of her fantasy and now the fantasy is not enough.

It takes time but they get back to normal; teasing Ric, brushing past each other too often, they develop a serious staring problem. But confine it to theatre.

They go out for dinner, Serena gets drunk. At the end of the night she stumbles in to Bernie, who catches her, they hold each other that little bit too long before parting. Awkwardly.

The next day they joke, they shake hands and Serena feels the electricity shooting through them both as her breathing deepens. Bernie might leave. How can she. Its awful. She wants to explain but she just kisses her. Hands tangle in Bernie's hair, Bernie moans into her mouth, their bodies are pressed together. Serena feels an ache between her legs. She stops, embarrassed, apologies but the Bernie tells her she's wanted to kiss her for weeks!

She's so horny all day, when Bernie asks what will make her feel better she quirks an eyebrow, making Bernie blush. Bernie doesn't ravish her there and then (Serenas first thought) but she does find away to meet the patients end of life wishes. They are having dinner, alone, that night. What else? Well Serena had ideas!

But Bernie runs. Leaves her pleading, her sexuality now the talk of the ward. She needs Bernie, she hurt and frustrated. She fucks Robbie, but its the vision of those deeps eyes peering out from an overgrown fringe that has her climaxing. She tells Robbie its over the next day.

She emails. She texts. Nothing.

Then Bernie is back, and that law of attraction is just as strong. When they finally kiss Serena decides she might explode if Bernie didn't fuck her that night!

'serena? Serena ar you ok?'

'w..w.what?' Serena blinks, sees Bernie is her dress uniform looking concerned, Morven fussing over her. She glances around at their guests, clears her throat and looks at Bernie.

'I love you. That's all. I cant believe your mine' tears well in her eyes as Bernie smiles.
Morven sobs, 'the chemistry between you two is amazing' she sighs

'oh its undeniable.' Serena smirks as Bernie blushes.

When they kiss to mark the end of the ceremony Serena remembers something. She reaches round and gives Bernies arse a good squeeze. Bernie looks at her curiously.

'what? I just had to clarify something' Serena smirked.
'you are like bloody Snow White!' Bernie exclaimed as she found Serena taking a breather on the roof.

'I am, friend to all woodland creatures' Serena exclaimed

'its a pigeon Serena. Vermin, like a rat with wings' Bernie snorted

'he is called Icarus Bernie, don't hurt his feelings'

'how do you know its a he' Bernie raised her eye brow

'no tits'

'pigeons don't have tits'

'I will have you know pigeon breast is a delicacy'

'I love breasts as much as the next lesbian, but I don't think pigeons differ in breast size Serena'

'ok. Well he leaves his shit all over the place, gets his for from me then fucks off without so much as a goodbye'

'yep. He's a he'

Serena looked at the pigeon as it cocked its head. 'sorry Icarus' she said, throwing crumbs to him.

'how do you know its the same pigeon, could be any pigeon?'

'are you saying they all look the same? You're pigeon-ist'

'that's not a thing'

'you are the Donald Trump of the avian world'

'Campbell, are you drunk?'

'Sadly not. Come on, back to work. Bye Icarus'

Serena sauntered past Bernie who glanced back at the pigeon - she could have sworn it gave her a dirty look, how she didn't know.

............

They left work together, Bernie kissing Serena deeply as she unlocked the car, hearing a strange sound, like heavy rain drops..

'fucking pigeon!' She yelled as various white and brown patches peppered her freshly valeted car. Serena chuckled, 'you did call him vermin darling...'

........

Bernie had had a hellish morning; RTC involving a teenage boy. She fought but in the end death won. She had watched as his mothers world collapsed in on itself, she remembered that look on
Serenas face, that utter devastation, the raw, unending pain.

She retreated to the roof, she needed some space to calm down. She sat on the metal steps, head in her hands when she heard a 'coo coo' sound. Between her fingers she could see a fat little pigeon nearing her.

'and you can fuck off you disease infested fox lunch'

The pigeon continued to walk around, as if looking for someone

'shes not here so sod off' Bernie threw a stone causing the bird to fly off. She stood, composed, ready to start again.

'ms Wolfe?' Dom appeared. She smiled, 'here we are aga...'

She felt, rather than heard this time as the pigeon excrement landed on her head. She looked at Dom who was biting his lip.

'Dr Copeland, if you wish to keep all your teeth firmly rooted to your gums, you will hold back that laugh and tell no one' she said between gritted teeth before muttering 'fucking pigeon'.

........

It was late, at the end of a shift. She knew Serena enjoyed the freedom of the roof since she returned. She made her way up, finding the brunette looking peaceful as she gazed up at the moonlight. Wrapping her arms around her partner she nuzzled her neck, before Serena turned around, kissing her. It was slow, loving and emotional.

Until a flapping sound above their heads made them jump. The pigeon landed very ungracefully by their feet.

'oh hello you!' Serena said with fondness. 'do you think he's hurt?' She asked Bernie

'NO, he's fine. Gastrointestinal tract works perfectly well' she muttered

'maybe I should get him seen?'

'we are not taking that sodding pigeon to the vets!' Bernie exclaimed.

The pigeon hopped about on one leg, she saw the pleading look on Serenas face.

'Serena, its a pigeon'

'its Icarus'

'its vermin'

'dp not talk about Icarus Eddie Campbell -Wolfe in that way'

'for fucks sake'

'please?'

'fine. You get him'

Serena took off her scarf, picking up the injured pigeon.
'oh Bernie? I still have to hand in those reports to Hanssen, would you mind?'

'no, no bloody way am I holding that thing'

'oh but look at that little face, he looks sad'

Bernie looked, it was ugly, tiny eyes, beak, it looked like every other pigeon she had ever seen, so unless all pigeons were depressed, this pigeon was fine.

'please? It would mean a lot?'

'no, never going to happen. Ever. End of discussion'

....

'fucking pigeon' Bernie muttered as she stood in the elevator, Icarus Eddie Campbell-Wolfe wrapped in a scarf and hidden in her bag.

When they reached the out of hours vet, Bernie could die from embarrassment as the vet looked at them both like they had lost the plot.

'right.... And does this pigeon have a.... Name'

'no'

'yes. Icarus. Icarus Eddie Campbell-Wolfe. We sort of adopted him'

'right... You know that erm.. Same sex couples can adopt.. You know... Humans? The vet questioned

'we prefer our little Icarus don't we darling?' Serena answered as Bernie looked mortified.

'well, he's hurt his leg. Best to put him down' the vet replied

'oh dear, such a shame, but he's the professional, its the kindest wa....'

'no! There has to be another way?' Serena cried

'well if not, he needs to be kept immobile for a couple of days..

'ok!' Serena declared

'what? How can you... Wai. No. No Serena, no way!' Bernie protested

'come on Icarus, lets go home' Serena chirped, scooping up the pigeon up lovingly.

Bernie just shook her head, following Serena to the car.

.........

'there we are Iccy, nice and cosy' Serena cooed settling the pigeon in to a modified hamster cage that once belong to Ellies ill fated pet hamster.

'do you think he should be in our room?'

'no. No way! I seriously draw the line here Serena'

.....
Bernie didn't seep well. Icarus was indeed lovingly situated in their bedroom. Serena drifted off happily after settling the pigeon in his temporary lodgings. Bernie however heard every scratch, every flap and every coo. That fucking pigeon.

.......... 

'oh I don't know if he's ready!' Serena cried 
'h's fine, look, he's hopping around' Bernie reasoned 
'but what if he gets hurt?'
'its a pigeon' 
'its our pigeon'
'a pigeon none the less. He may have a family of pigeons'
'ok' Serena sighed. She opened the cage on the roof watching the pigeon hop out before taking flight. Bernie exhaled, finally, that fucking pigeon was gone.

.......... 

'come here you' Bernie muttered in her sultry tones.

Serena rolled over in bed, nose to nose with her lover. They kissed, slowly, hands softly stroking each others bodies. They press themselves together, the heat between them building. Serenas hand moved to Bernies arse, grabbing her, squeezing and pulling her closer.

Bernies fingers make quick work of finding Serenas wet and waiting pussy. She groans at the feel of the velvet slickness she found.

Serena canted her hips forward, moaning, grasping Bernies breast hard. Bernies fingers slip easily in to her partner, as she grinds against her.

'oh Bernie, Bernie, yes.... More.. God its good'
'mmm Serena, you feel so good, I love having you wrapped around my fingers'
'fuck... Yes'

Serena was sinking further on to Bernies fingers. Faster, grinding, moaning...

Tap. Tap. Tap.

'oh Bernie, Bernie, BERNIE........ Oh look!'
'err, Serena, ruining the moment'

'but look! Look who is here' Serena pointed at the window.

Bernie glared. Fucking pigeon.
caught in the act

There is something to be said for rediscovering sex in later life. As teens its awkward, expectations are built of films, pornography and the less than truthful tales of your friends. Its also hidden, embarrassing, something you think you shouldn't be doing.

In your 20/30's theres kids. If, by some miracle you still fancy a shag after pushing a human out of your vagina, your boobs squirting milk and feeling like someone has sand papered your nipples, that faint smell of sick that lingers, the fact you spent a good portion of your day being doused in another persons piss, shit and sick, not to mention all your clothes have suspicious stains on them, and yet you still feel up to some bedtime fun - you can guarantee the mini human will wail its lungs out the moment you start.

Even when the kids are older theres the 'silent sex' so you don't wake them, the mad dash to cover yourself when you hear little foot steps and the awkward conversations such as 'why were you two wrestling naked?'.

Once they hit teen years, in their eyes you are to old for sex, in your eyes they are too young for sex and so you enter that horrid war where anything remotely sexual and they call you gross, in return you embarrass them talking about contraception.

So Serena feels smug that she's found this mind blowing sex once the kids are grown up. It will be easy, she can have sex whenever and wherever she wants. Her house is detached so she can scream her lovers name as loud as she wants. And she's enjoying it.

However, she soon realised that later life sex comes with its own interruptions.

Particularly when one has a nephew with aspersers'.

It started innocently, snuggles and kisses on the sofa, but a combination of Serena wearing a skirt and Bernie being 50% whiskey had led to more. Serena was on her back, Bernie on top, they were kissing, Bernies hand up her skirt, her fingers expertly inside Serena as she moved them in and out hard but slow. Serena could feel the pleasure building, she bucked her hips desperate for more, she panted Bernies name over and over. She was in a dream, her senses on fire, the feel of Bernie in her, on her, the smell of sex, the increasing loudness of the tv....

The tv was getting louder, Serena assumed she was lying on the remote until the tv stopped.

'I really cannot hear the television even at its maximum setting. Can I ask you to be more quiet' the stern voice of Jason admonished.

Both women scrambled up to sitting, staring at the back of jasons head as he returned the volume to the tv.

'j..jason! Err how long have you err been here? What did you see?' Serena stuttered.

'well countdown is 20 minutes in and I was regrettably 10 minutes late so I would say 10 minutes. I saw you kissing so didn't interrupt' he responded as if it were an average occurance.

'but your at alans tonight?'

'no Aunty Serena, that was last Saturday, Alan is away this week'
'right. Well err Jason, if me and Bernie are. Well kissing, its polite to let us know you are there'

'but you said its rude to interrupt'

'not in this circumstance, we don't really want to err... Kiss... Whilst your in the same room'

'thats hard' Jason chuckled, 'you kiss every morning before you leave, you kiss when one of you leaves work, and in albies'

'well, theres different kisses Jason, quick ones are ok'

Jason furrowed his brow, 'i think I understand, if you kiss each other briefly its ok. If aunty Bernie has her hand up your skirt, its not' he smiled turning back to his program, leaving the two women embarrassed.

Being caught by Jason was understated, his literal approach made it into less of a fuss. Elinor, however, was experienced at turning the slightest thing into a full blown chaos.

This time they were in bed, Bernie had kissed her good morning and made quick work of bringing Serena to orgasm. A brief shower together had given her orgasm number two, and now she lay between Bernies thighs, returning the favour with her newly acquired oral skills. She was sucking Bernies clit, Bernies fingers tangleed in her hair, on the verge of orgasm when the bedroom door flew open.

'can you believe it? I mean Christies a bitch anyway and its not like they were really to-

-MUM!'

'Ellie!' Serena yelled as she jumped up, Bernie grabbing the covers to cover herself.

'oh fine I get it. I come to you in crisis because my lifes pretty much ruined and you're just... Doing.... Doing ....'

'oral sex darling'

'MUM! That's disgusting!'

'hardly, we just showered' Serena explained in a bored tone as she put her dressing gown on.

Ellie looked from her mum to Bernie then slammed the door. Serena quick after her.

'elinor Elizabeth campbell! You do not storm in to my bedroom without knocking and then play the victim because shock horror, I'm having sex!'

'youre too old for that, especially THAT! Oh I get it. Now she's here in not welcome in my own him. Fine, ill go todads'

'elinor, you only live here 2 weeks of the year when your not at uni or on holiday, you are always welcome, but you knock before you enter, id never walk in to your room. But if you would rather be at your fathers and hear Liberty’s totes amaze babes, awesome totes ridic orgasms, be my guest'

It was a good 30 minutes since Serena returned, luckily Bernie was now dressed as Serena pushed a reluctant Elinor in to the room.

Bernie blushed, 'hi Ellie..'
Serena glared at her daughter, 'Elinor'
'sorry' Elinor spat out like a petulant child.
"its ok. Erm. Did you sort the big problem you had?" Bernie asked, she saw Serena roll her eyes as Ellie suddenly became more friendly, telling Bernie about her best friend ditching her because Ellie had kissed this girls boyfriend but it didn't matter as they wernt even facebook official... Bernie just smiled and nodded.

At least when caught by Ellie they could talk to her about it, Charlotte was a different kettle of fish. She had come to see her mother at work, surprise her as they tried to fix their relationship. She found AAU and walked in to the office to see her mother sat on a chair, another woman (this must be Serena?) straddled across her lap. Although her back was to Charlotte, she could see the woman's shirt was open and ut appeared her mothers mouth was covering the woman's nipple.

'charlie!?' Bernie gasped, Serena trying to di her shirt up as she climbed off Bernie.

'mum....' Charlotte looked anywhere but her mother
"Charlie its not.... I just.... Errrr..... This is Serena!"

Charlotte muttered she had to go and backed out of the door.

'seriously Bernie? You forgot to lock the door and when she walks in on that you do meet the partner? Go find her'

Bernie found her daughter in the cafe nervously looking around.

'Charlie, I'm so sorry baby' Bernie pleaded

'no, its fine, I err shouldn't have just walked in'

'thats not how I wanted you to meet Serena'

'its ok. I'll see you soon'

'Charlie please, at least meet her properly?'

Charlotte nodded shyly.

Once back in the office Bernie introduced them both formally. Serena smiling and shaking charlottes hand. They stood in awkward silence.

'for good sake, two Wolfe women trying to communicate is painful. Bernie, regardless of gender or persuasion, seeing a parent in an intimate act is nightmare worthy, Charlotte, your mum thinks you will hate her for being gay. There, not that hard, I'll leave you to it' Serena cheerfully announced as she left mother and daughter to it.

It was a while before both women emerged smiling, charlotte giving her mother a hug before waving shyly to Serena.

'sorted?'

'yes, she said she's still adapting to the changes but doesn't care I'm gay, likes you and made me promise to pay for therapy if she has nightmares about me having sex'
dangerous games

'trauma patient, eta 7 mins. Head injury and suspected fracture of the right ulna'

Fletch had called out as Raf rushed to get ready.
The paramedics came rushing through with the trolly, the patient, a female, lay in full neck brace and spinal board.

Raf went pale. 'ms Wolfe? Bernie? Oh god its Bernie!'

He glanced to see a worried looking Serena, her eyes focussed on Bernie, tears on her cheeks.

'Serena! What happened?' He asked

She shook her head, trembling. 'I... I don't want to talk about it... Just please, make sure she's ok' Serena sobbed

'I will' he said in earnest, before looking at Serena properly, his eyes growing wide and the colour draining from his face.

'Fletch, Morven. Scrub in. NOW!'

........... 2hrs earlier ........

'ok? You sure?'

'yes, for the last time its fine. As much as I love how sweet you are darling, I think the aim of this is you are a little rougher!' Serena sighed

'I know, I know. I just want to make sure you're ok' Bernie replied shyly

'I know darling, but that's what safe words are for'

'ok' Bernie leant in to give het a kiss, 'but its Ms Wolfe to you'

Serena smirked, this was what she wanted, Bernie in military mode!

Bernie stood back from the bed, drinking in the sight of Serena in her underwear, lay on the bed waiting for her, she felt like a kid on Christmas.

'hands up, behind your head. NOW CAMPBELL'

'oh yes Ms Wolfe!' Serena complied.

Bernie handcuffed her wrists to the bed frame, standing back to admire once more.

She slowly began to remove her clothing, never breaking eye contact as she did, revelling in the gasps of approval it elicited. She was careful, buttons went torturously slowly as she saw Serena roll her hips, biting her bottom lip hard.

Bernie stood, naked, eyes blazing with desire.

'im going to fuck myself campbell, and you're going to watch, right?'

'yes Ms wolfe' Serena groaned
'but you are not allowed to make a noise. If you do, I will stop. Understand?'

........ 'I said do you understand Campbell?'

.....'serra! Are you ok?' Bernie broke character

'you told me not to make a sound!'

'oh, right. Erm. Good girl'

Bernie began by slowly drawing her fingers down her neck, lightly brushing her nipple, teasing it to a hard peak. She could see the colour rising in Serena face, Serena lived playing with her nipples, this was sweet torture.

She began to grab at her breasts firmly, throwing her head back in pleasure as she moaned. She could see Serena fighting back a groan.

Bernie slowly let one finger lightly brush down her stomach, teasing herself with small patterns until she lightly brushed her clit. Serena's hips jerked off the bed, as if feeling everything Bernie was doing somehow.

Bernie ran her finger through her folds, rolling her hips and moaning, before realising the logistics of fucking oneself standing up were not achievable.

She raised on leg, so it rested on the bed, opening her hip so Serena had an unobscured view. She slowly dipped her finger in to the opening, groaning as she did, Serena was panting hard, practically salivating like a pavlovian dog.

She teased herself in and out before suddenly plunging two fingers in deep, hissing at stretch. She heard a moan escape Serena's mouth but pretended not to hear it. She rocked her hips, using her palm to give the necessary pressure on her clit. She moved faster, harder against her hand, her other hand pinching her breasts.

It was good. Serena was certainly enjoying it, but she couldn't climax on this position. She stopped, hearing a whimper from Serena.

'youve been very good, so good I might let you finish me off. Would you like that?'

'yes Ms Wolfe!'

'how much?'

'sit on my fucking face Ms Wolfe!'

Bernie thought, really she should refuse and punish but she really, really liked sitting on Serena's face.

'I will Campbell, but because I want to. Not because you want it'

She mounted her lover, slowly crawling up her body until her thighs were either side of Serena's face. She lowered herself, instantly moaning as Serena's tongue darted out to meet her, licking and sucking until Bernie's thighs began to tremble. She came, with a soft cry of relief, shuddering as the aftershocks continued to rock through her.

She regained her breath, moving down Serena's body.

'are you ready Serena?'
'yes. God yes'
'hmmmm, we should check. What are the five senses?'
'err... Sight?'
'of course, lets see. Shall we? Are, your pussy is glistening, swollen, looks ready'
'oh god Wolfe!' Serena writhed

'next sense'
't...touch!'

'lets try' Bernie slipped a finger into her lover, Serena arched her back groaning, desperate for more. 'yes, that feels ready, next sense campbell?'

Serena smirked, two can pay games, try this one Wolfe. 'hearing' she smirked.

Bernie cocked an eye brow. 'Indeed. Best to be thorough '. She quickly moved her fingers through Serena's wetness, gasping at the sound of Serena's pussy against her fingers. 'sounds ready. Next sense?'

Serena could barely focus. 's...smell'

Bernie raised her fingers to her face, inhaling deeply, biting her lip, 'smells aroused and ready. Last sense?'

The expectation had Serena breathless, 'taste' she cried

With that Bernies head dropped straight to her pussy, as she licked every inch of that glorious pussy until Serena was crying out her name in ecstasy.

Once she had recovered she saw Bernie still had a glint on her eye. She undid the handcuffs, recuffing on arm to the bed.

'fuck yourself' Bernie commanded, Serena looked a little disappointed.

'dont look at me like that, fuck yourself whilst I get the strap on cock so I can fuck you into next week' 

Serena growled, hand moving between her thighs as she watched the smug look on Bernies face.

Then everything went in to slow motion. Bernie, bloody clumsy Berenice bloody Wolfe! She tripped, leg caught on the bed spread, arm coming out to break her fall as her head hit the radiator with a sickening crunch.

'BERNIE! Bernie!' Serena yelled jumping off the bed, before a sharp pain reminded her she was cuffed. The key was god knows where. She used he other hand to try and free herself but had no luck.

'bernie please, baby please say something, sweetheart, baby....'

'yellow'

'NOT A FUCKING SAFE WORD I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD'
'M' fine sreeena' she slurred
'god Bernie, we need to get you to a hospital'
'were in hospital reena'
'nowe are not. Where is the key '
'key?'
'yes! The fucking key!'
'I like cola bottles you know. Fizzy ones'
'BERNIE!' With that she collapsed again.
Serena steadied her breaths, she needed to help Bernie. She tried to reach across to her phone but it was no good. Think Serena, think!
She saw the thin vibrator Bernie had used on her before the role play, grabbing it she tried to get her phone. No luck.
She looked around, her home phone! Back from the days when her mother lived there, it had large print buttons. Had the situation not been so serious Serena would have laughed at the fact she was prodding 999 on her mothers phone with a shiny blue vibrator.
'999 what's you emergency'
Serena blurted out her address, 'please hurry, she's unconscious' she cried
'ok, can you check if she's breathing mam?'
'not really, I'm a little tied up. Just please-'
The phone fell, as did the vibrator, a horrid sound of buzzing as it danced over the plastic phone.
After what felt like years she heard the wail of blue sirens. She sighed in relief, 'bernie, its ok, they are here' she fought the urge to worry about being found in this manner, right now Bernie needed help.
She heard them banging on the door, tried to shout but her voice was horse.
'crank callers again' a male voice said
Serena began to cry, this was her last hope apart from chewing through her wrist.
'wait, this is that consultants house?'
'which one?'
'the hot gay one?'
'which one?'
'big tits, you know, does that little wiggle with her arse?'
'oh yeah! Give me a sec'
Serena was relieved, they were coming. She should be angry at the sexual objectification, but then as nice as 'the intelligent one with a Harvard MBA who is the backbone of this hospital' would be, 'hot gay consultant with big tits and an arse wiggle' did make her smirk.

Minutes later she heard the front door open, heard foot steps, braced her self for humiliation-

'serena?!? What... Who...i' Cameron stood, eyes wide at his unofficial step mother, handcuffed to the bed, half dressed whilst a vibrator danced around the floor.

'hmmm. Cameron, sorry, explain later, your mum, she...'

Cameron rushed to his mother, briefly shouting 'oh god shes-

Serena gasped, she was dead, Bernie was dead-

'naked. Ewwww'

'for god sake Cameron, you're a Dr. She's hit her head bad.

'rught.... Errr.. Ummm.... Up here guys, quick!'

He looked at Serena, 'Jez called me to see if I had a key as they had an odd call...' His eyes moved to the vibrator still dancing around.

'I should...'

'I wouldn't err touch it cameron' Serena gulped as two paramedics raced in. Both floored by what they found.

'dpnt fucking gawp! Serious head injury!!!' She yelled. They both averted their eyes, professionalism winning, as they dashed to Bernie.

Cameron cleared his throat, 'errrr Ms campbell, where's the key?' He swallowed hard

Serena sighed, 'cameron, given the circumstances Serena is fine. No idea, don't know where's she put it' she cried

'its ok, just, come here... Let me'

'I don't think a hug is appropriate'

'NO! God no, urmmm just...' He leaned over Serena before she heard a click. He hand dropped free. She looked at Cameron puzzled.

'they errr.... Have a safety latch you click if you.... Mislaid the key'

Serena sighed, head in her hands.

'ok, we need to get her to the ED now'

'no! AAU, trauma bay. Call a head. Connie is no where near this!' Serena sternly put.

'ms camp... I mean Serena, you might want to put some clothes on...' Cameron swallowed.

'right... Give me a sec'

Serena had little time, she needed to be with Bernie. She grabbed her knickers and silk robe, running
to meet the ambulance so they could leave.

..........

'ms Campbell?'

'yes' Serena asked nervously as Raf appeared

'just a simple concussion. Arm is fractured but not too badly, we are keeping her in over night for obs. She's awake and demanding otherwise.....'

'i'll talk to her Raf, thank you'

Raf was averting his eyes, 'would... Errr... Would you like me to take a look at your wrist Serena?'

He motioned to the visible sign of the handcuffs.

'no mr di Luca, its fine thank you. You can errrr get me son scrubs so I'm a little more decent though...' She blushed

He nodded and left. Serena sat with her head in her hands as fletch appeared with a set of scrubs.

'you ok Serena?' He said with concern

'fine.. Just, I'm fine' she said

He was fidgeting on the spot

'anything else nurse Fletcher?' She quipped

He was smirking, 'just that .... Now Bernies ok... Would you like a referal to sexual health?'

'WHAT!' Serena said warningly. He was trying not to say t, she could tell...

'just for advice on safe sex' he giggled, dodging the shoe Serena flung at him and scurrying from the room.

She got changed, deep breaths campbell. Step 1) tell Bernie if she leaves the hospital before her 24hrs are up she will ensure the entire ward know her fear of spiders will turn her in to a quivering wreck. 2) terrify the life out of AAU night staff to keep them quiet. 3) bribe the paramedics. 4) go him and bin that sodding vibrator and 5) sort therapy for Cameron
hiding in plain sight

No one dared ask. No one even hinted. It was the elephant in the room, well the ward, that everyone tiptoed around.

Bernie did not talk about Serena.

Bernie did not mention her name.

Bernie does not listen if others mention her.

Its as if she didn't exist, as if she never existed, as if she wasn't coming back.

Sometimes colleagues had to remind themselves, they HAD seen Bernie and Serena embrace in the car park, they HAD seen stolen kisses between the co-leads, HAD seen knowing glances and they HAD seen the two women bring light to each others words.

But now she didn't exist.

She was no longer mentioned.

The light had gone out.

There had been attempts early on:

'Ms Wolfe, might I ask how you are managing since Ms Campbell's departure?'

'We need a locum Mr Hanssen'

'I mean personally Ms Wolfe'

'Im busy Mr Hanssen, got to go'

.......  

'Mum, hey!'

'hey! Its good to see you Cam'

'how are you?'

'never mind me, hows London?'

'great, getting plenty of experience. How are you since Serena...'

'Well I think we should get some more trauma experience, it would boost your CV'

'Mum... Come on...'

'you can observe me in theatre. Sorry Cam, I have to go'

..........

'Any news on Ms Campbell Ms Wolfe?'
'Is the patient prepped and ready for theatre Dr Burrows'

'wha..? Err nearly. I just...'

'then you don't have for idle gossip'

.....

Bernie had managed to create enough discomfort around the conversation that no one dared ask any more.

But the worried. They knew the only likely link to the much loved Ms campbell would be her partner, or ex partner as it seems. They also worried for Bernie, she was known to build walls around herself when hurting.

They invited her out for drinks, she would attend, but would leave if Serena was mentioned.

They would invite her out for dinner, she would decline.

They would ask her to lunch, she would be too busy.

Tonight they were in Albies, however Bernie was constantly on her phone. Texting, smirking and blushing.

'care to share Ms Wolfe?' Dom asked

'mr Copeland it would make even you blush' she winked before grabbing her coat and leaving.

Her colleagues were deep in discussion the moment she left.

'I bet it was Ms campbell. I bet they were sexting!' Dom smirked

'I doubt it, if you so much as mention Serena you get the death stare' Jasmine warned

'What if she's met someone else?' Fletch chipped in

'no! Really? That soon?' Morven sighed sadly

'well she's not a nun, and surely a sexually satisfied boss is better than a sexually frustrated boss' Dom smirked

........

'Ms Wolfe... Are you...'

'sorry. Over slept' benie replied to a concerned Morven as she rushed past, hair un brushed, half eaten toast in her hand.

'ah Bernie, late night?' Ric quipped

'something like that' she hit back cramming in the last of her toast in to her mouth

'same shirt as yesterday, up late with company?' He smirked

'a lady never tells' she winked

........
'hi, yeh. I can’t really talk now, at work. Last night was amazing. Tonight? Errr, yeah. What time? Ok, 7 is good. Mmm yes, indeed. Ok, bye’ Bernie hung up the call realising Morven, Dom and Jasmine were all pretending not to listen to her conversation.

‘shouldn’t you be working?’ She cocked an eye brow, smiling as they scarpered in different directions.

...........

‘Wolfe? Ms Bernie Wolfe?’ A voice rang out

‘here’ she said, raising her hand but not looking for who was calling

She turned and instantly blushed as she saw a porter carrying a floral arrangement.

She whispered her thanks, moving the flowers into her office, purposely avoiding their eyes of her F1’s.

..........

‘Ms Wolfe, phone call’ Morven called.

As Bernie took the call Morven rushed to Jasmine.

‘omg. Jas! She’s Irish, Bernies new squeeze!’

‘ooioo, always been a sucker for an Irish accent myself! She deserves to be happy though’

‘I know, but I really thought her and Serena were the real thing’ Morven sighed

......

For the rest of the shift Bernie dodged questions and requests to go out after work.

She left the staff in wonder as she refused to give any details on this new chapter of her life.

She would still not mention Serena. Still not talk about her. Still not listen to her being mentioned because it was just too hard.

She was going home, not her home, but the small flat 5 minutes from hers. Where she had spent the past few nights. She had to thank the owner for the flowers.

She made it there in record time, already excited to relive their antics last night.

She knocked with anticipation. Waiting, the desire building.

‘hello?’ Came an Irish drawl

Bernie swallowed hard

‘did you like the flowers?’

‘I did, thank you’

‘how will you thank me?’

‘like this’ she said stepping through the door and kissing her passionately. With a swift movement she
lifted her lover up, thighs wrapping round her waist as she threw her on to the bed.

There was no romance, no pretence. This was pure lust. This was fucking.

Bernie fucked her hard without even removing their clothing, fingers magically manoeuvring themselves just as they were needed.

......1hr later......

Lying there, panting for breath, Bernie looked over at her lover

'Irish accent was genius' she smirked

'why thank you' Serena replied, naked with just-fucked hair and eyes full of lust

'they think I've moved on and forgotten you' Bernie said sadly

'I know darling. I know' Serena cupped her cheek with affection, 'but I couldn't stand to be away from you. That's why this works - I get space to heal and we have our own shag pad' Serena winked

'ill take whatever time I can get with you' Bernie cooed, kissing her softly

....

And this is why the Major refused to talk about her
Never mix your hobbies

Chapter Summary

Serena Campbell loved to shop.
Serena Campbell loved to drink wine.
Serena Campbell loved long, passionate bedroom sessions with Bernie.
Serena Campbell loved to combine her hobbies. But Serena Campbell shouldn’t.

It was whilst she was waiting for Bernie to finish her shift. She was waiting with some impatience –
Bernie had deliberately brushed past her several times that day, fingers ghosting over Serena’s lower
back, feigning complete innocence as Serena blushed furiously. It hadn’t been until Serena was
about to leave when she finally cornered her in the office, kissing her hard, squeezing her arse almost
to the point of pain and whispering in her ear, ‘later Campbell, tonight, I’m going to fuck you so hard
you’ll be begging me to stop’. With that she had left, face a picture of innocence, as though she had
just said ‘goodbye darling, drive carefully’. With her legs shaken and the intense throbbing of desire
that pooled between her legs, Serena had quickly made her way home. She thought of spending
some time indulging in self-love as she waited, only to hear the ‘ping’ of a text on her phone.
BMAM: Campbell. Don’t you dare touch yourself, I know you’re wet and throbbing but it’s all for
me
Damn it, she thought, this would be a long 4 hours until Bernie returned home. She poured herself a
health serving of shiraz, then another, then another….
2hrs in she was itching with want for Bernie, she decided to google some sex tips – she would
surprise Bernie with her Sapphic skills and leave her begging for more….
After another hour of browsing, some giggling (I am not doing that to anyone’s arsehole, regardless
of how sexy the owner is) and another glass of wine (was that 4 or 5 now? She couldn’t remember
or care), all her google activities had lead to pop up’s of suggested sites. One, Lovey Honey, seemed
interesting, so she visited the site. The next hour was a bit of a blur, she was aware her credit card
had taken a hammering, then within 5 minutes of Bernie arriving home her vagina had taken much
the same. Her idea of a night of non-stop shagging, ending with beautifully slow lovemaking was cut
short when three orgasms in she excused herself to be sick, as a smirking Bernie looked on.
‘You can stop bloody smirking, you left me pent up and if I’m not allowed to bring myself off, I will
get myself drunk!’
Serena didn’t remember much the next day – the hangover told her she had probably drunk a little bit
too much (perhaps she just hadn’t eaten much?), remembered giggling about something to do with
Bernie’s arsehole (what the hell?) and knew she had orgasmed within 5 minutes of Bernie’s return
(hardly surprising, she was a tightly coiled spring by this point!). Apart from that it was a bit of a
blur, perhaps she had watched a nice civilised program.
It remained a blur until 2 days later at the hospital.
‘Delivery for a Ms Campbell?’ a voice had called. Serena looked up from her work, ‘Ah! The new
trauma supplies I suspect! Should be for a Ms Wolfe though.’ Bernie appeared and signed for the
delivery, taking the box to the trauma bay.
‘Should be a bigger delivery Serena?’ She asked puzzled
'Maybe that’s the new suture kits you wanted?’ she answered with indifference
‘Maybe, they weren’t going to be here until next week, good service!’ she was excited now, new
toys to play with and fix broken bodies, Bernie was easily pleased.
‘Serena! What the actual f….’ She clasped her hand over her mouth
‘Hmm? What’s up?’ Serena frowned
‘Jesus Serena – pleasant surprise but what if the staff had seen me open it in here! You should have
insisted the office!’ her eyes were wide
‘Bernie, it’s a suture kit, no one will take your new toy, I promise’ Serena sighed, perhaps Bernie
was having a menopausal mood swing
‘New toy! Serena! I …. Errr… I love our S . E . X . life is so great, but this is not appropriate’
‘Seriously, aged nearly 52, 2 babies, an ex-husband and a couple of lesbian lovers and you still can’t
say sex. Wait – what does sex have to do with sutures?’
‘Shhh! Office!’ Bernie was blushing furiously and staff were beginning to stare.
‘Bernie for the love of god, why are you blushing a teenage boy in a bra shop?’ She quipped
Bernie just handed her the box
‘I don’t see what all the….. what the fuck!’ Serena now stared wide eyed at the box, or more
precisely it’s contents – a rather large vibrator (both in girt and length), pure black and textured.
‘Bernie! Where did you…. How did you… what the fuck!’ She exclaimed again.
‘Well it was addressed to you – do you think someone is playing a practical joke? Even Fletch
wouldn’t take it this far would he? It says you paid for it on the invoice, from a shop called Love
Honey?’

Suddenly Serena experienced a flash back of the other night, her, slightly drunk, with her laptop,
with her credit card, laughing as she clicked ‘buy’. She put her head in her hands.
‘Oh gawd Bernie! I’m so sorry. It was the other night when you… when I… you know…’
‘When you were so pissed you threw up during sex?’
‘After sex I will remind you, you make it sound sordid. Anyway, I had had a bit too much to drink
and accidentally found myself giggling at sex toys, and I must have brought this’ Serena pointed at
the offending item as if it were about to spring to life and bite her.
Bernie tried to hide a smirk, ‘Let’s just be thankful you didn’t select some large sadomasochistic
torture sex chair. That would be harder to hide… though this is pretty sizeable Serena’
‘Don’t! Oh gawd, what if I had – what if I’d ordered some really kinky stuff that was delivered by
leather clad swingers in gimp masks!’
‘That is quite an imagination you have there Ms Campbell. Look, it’s happened now, nothing bad
came of it, in fact, we may find your unexpected purchase to be rather enjoyable’ she winked at a
blushing Serena and sauntered off. ‘All your bloody fault Wolfe’ she muttered.

‘Ms Campbell – there’s a small package for you in with the usual post – do you want me to open it?’
Morven yelled as she sorted through the post delivered to AAU today.
Serena could not be doing with opening the endless samples of hand sanitizer, moisturiser and other
so called freebies that almost certainly would be followed up with an ill-timed sales call to pitch her
the latest offers.
‘Err Ms Campbell?’ Morven appeared, with a set of handcuffs precariously balanced on one of her
fingers as though it might be infectious. Serena sat up right, eyes widening before her. She saw the
handcuffs, saw the package in Morvens hand with what must be her receipt sticking out of the top.
She thought fast on her feet.
‘Ah! Finally! Robbie…. He left them when he went on holiday, asked if he could have them
returned here as…. Ummm…… well he’s out a lot and didn’t want to risk them falling in to the
wrong hands as… it’s a police disciplinary offence…’ She bluffed, trying to keep a sincere face.
‘Oh! Sorry – I didn’t realise! Here I am brandishing them around and he could lose his job!’ Morven
gasped
‘It’s OK Morven, all forgiven – just don’t mention them to anyone else or he really could get in
trouble’ Serena said kindly, knowing full well any other member of staff would see straight through
that excuse.
Bernie walked in as Morven was leaving, ‘So I was thinking about Mr Winczeski’s laparota…. What the hell?’ She suddenly noticed Serena swinging a pair of handcuffs around her finger. ‘It appears my online spending got a little more out of control than we first thought. I need to make sure anything addressed to me comes directly to me – not via anyone else.’ She sank in to her hands, a headache coming on.

Bernie chuckled, ‘Serena Campbell, seems there’s a kinky side to you shiraz brings out’ she stopped when she saw how stressed Serena looked. ‘I tell you what, I will tell everyone that I’ve ordered you a gift but accidentally used your name on delivery, and that all packages must come straight to me just in case. How’s that?’
‘Really? Oh Bernie, thank you. I just hope I didn’t order anything else….’
‘Delivery for a Ms Gyner? Ms V. Gyner? Care of a Ms Phisting?’ both sat wide eyed
‘Seem’s like drunk you is a kinky comedian’ Bernie sighed, looking at the tears welling up in Serena’s eyes – Serena’s status mattered to her.
‘Here!’ Yelled Bernie to everyone’s surprise, ‘Don’t look like that guys, it’s from my old squad – Army joke. You’re welcome to open it but I promise you it’s nothing but my old army boots’. A few wrinkled noses and looks of disappointment that the saucy gossip they assumed was coming failed to arrive.
‘Thank you’ Serena said meekly.
‘Bloody hell Serena, you’ve brought 12 tubes of edible body gel!’ Bernie exclaimed, Serena just sank further down in her chair, mortified.

*knock knock*
‘Oh god, not more?’ Serena groaned, ‘Come in’ She breathed a sigh of relief as the door opened to a single porter. Porters were not delivery guys.
‘Hello, I just need to check, do you have a Mr Gerhard on the ward?’
Both women frowned, ‘I don’t think so’ Bernie said, shrugging her shoulders at Serena
‘First name Finn? Mr Finn Gerhard C/O UUA? Must be some sort of autocorrect, but this is the only place I thought of.’

Bernie thought hard, ‘Mr Finn Gerhard’ why did that sound familiar? ‘Gerhard, Finn Gerhard, Finn ger- OH YES! Mr Gerhard is erm, he’s just been transferred, I’ll take it to him, lovely man’
‘No it’s fine Ms Wolfe, I’ll run it to the ward, which one’
‘Really, I insist.’
‘It’s against protocol Ms Wolfe’
‘He has a highly contagious infection which renders the patient in explicable pain in their groin region… it never recovers’ She bluffed
‘Well, I suppose, I mean he knows you… might be better’. She thanked him with a smile.
‘Oh, before you go – any other unusual or wayward parcels?’
‘Now you mention it, we have a package for a Ms Licker – Ms Fannie Licker. Unfortunate name, no ward written on it, I think we will have to open to return to the….’

‘NO! I mean, Ms erm Licker, is a geriatric patient. Same condition as Mr Gerhard I believe. Would happily take this to her myself’ She spluttered.
‘Oh thanks Ms Wolfe – saves me a job! Some clown has ordered Mr Hanssen several flavoured condoms from Sweden, he keeps getting tiny packets that read ‘little Henrik deserves a little treat’, so far he has received about 32, we keep delivering them and he’s not happy’ The porter chuckled as Bernie glared at Serena, who was so far sunk in her chair she was almost disappearing.
‘Condoms for Hanssen? Why Serena!?!’
‘Don’t know’ came the mumbled reply
‘Serena you better hope you didn’t give your details when ordering!’
‘Can we go home, please?’ She looked so sad Bernie couldn’t stay angry, after all, the thought of a confused Hanssen surrounded by flavoured condoms did make her giggle.

………………………………………..

‘Serena, come here. It’s OK, it’s actually quite funny really’ Bernie soothed
‘I’m such an idiot, I can’t believe I did that. Oh Bernie thank god you were there!’ Serena sobbed

‘Shhh. Come on, we all do daft things when drunk – remember that guy a few weeks back? Got
drunk, stuck a lightbulb up his arse because someone told him it would light up?’

‘Oh yes, idiot sat down to try and get it to work. The shredded sphincter man you called him!’

‘See, could have been worse’

‘I suppose’ Serena sighed

‘Plus, we still have some new toys to enjoy. We have that obscenely big vibrator which I think we
will only try when severely lubed up or we’ve had an epidural. The handcuffs, well they can be a lot
of fun.’ Bernie kissed Serena’s neck

‘O..oh yes, what type of fun?’ Serena stuttered, a familiar feeling of lust flooding her brain

‘Well, those naughty hands of yours caused some havoc today… seems only right I should ensure
they are restrained tonight’ Bernie purred

‘Oh god Bernie, yes’ Serena moaned as Bernies fingers lightly brushed over the crotch of her
trousers

‘But first, let’s see what other new toys we can play with’. She climbed off the sofa, Serena moaning
at the loss of contact, and she returned with an armful of packages.

So…. Mr Finn Gerhard has ordered…. Oh how apt, plenty of bottles of lube in exotic flavours. So I
can fuck you with my fingers and then lick you out – a mixture of you and fruits, my favourite
cocktail’

Serena groaned at Bernies words.

‘Ms V Gyner, c/o Ms Phisting has ordered…. Oooooh! I like these, edible underwear. I shall wear
them and let you slowly eat away until you’re buried in my pussy’

Serena gasped, suddenly very appreciative of drunk kinky comedian Serena – she had taste.

‘Ahhhh, Mr Dom. N. Atrix has brought a riding crop, what a kinky little man he is, I shall use this to
spank you for your misdemeanours Ms Campbell’

Serena was arching her back now, desperate for contact, she might just come at the sight of Bernie
opening the boxes like a child on Christmas morning, a glint in her eye.

Last, but of course not least, let’s see what Ms Fannie Licker has ordered shall we?’

Serena groaned in anticipation, this was the last box, then Bernie would fuck her senseless. Yet
Bernie was being deliberately slow in opening the box.

‘So…. Ms Licker has ordered……Huh?’

‘What?’ Serena tried to recall, please don’t let it be something terribly dodgy she wished

‘Dentures?’

‘Dentures? Why on earth would a sex shop sell dentures?’ Serena looked confused

Just then Bernies phone rang.

‘Hello….. yes…. Errr…. Oh yes…. I see…. What?….. no I errr…. Sorry I forgot….. now?….. yes…
of course…. right there’. She ended the call

‘Who was that?’ Serena asked

‘That was… errr …. That was Mr Tarryn from Geriatrics. He had been trying to track down a
patients dentures that were signed for today…. Porter told him I had taken them to deliver. Poor
Fannie Licker really does have an unfortunate name.’

‘No, no way. That is too…”

‘Oh it gets better, Mr Tarryn asked why the porter asked about how Ms Licker was coping with her
vagina.’

‘Shit. Sorry Bernie.’

‘It’s fine, could have been worse, what if you’d ordered a ball gag in that name and the poor old dear
was wearing that confused?’.

……

Bernie left to return the dentures to their unfortunately named patient whilst Serena waited.

She had a drink.

She loved shiraz

She loved shopping
She loved sex with Bernie
But she decided to keep these hobbies more separate – she could combine only two – drunk
shopping without sex, drunk sex, shopping for sex items sober – so as she drank she taped her laptop
shut – no more naughty surprises for her, Bernie or Hanssen.
Serena knew sex could be awkward: When you just don't feel it and decide to fake it, or you fall asleep.
Or when you have to tell another doctor 'wrong fucking hole' questioning either their anatomical knowledge or lack of sex etiquette.
Or when they come in less than a minute like its a race
Or when they are drunk and fall asleep
Or when they say the wrong lovers name

Lets face it - you're allowing someone to put a part of their body in to yours and swapping bodily fluids in the process, a degree of mishap is expected. But with a woman - surely it must be easier?

.......... 

A bloody mess:

Serena was clutching the bed sheets with one hand, the other buried in Bernies hair as Bernie licked and sucked her in the way that had her on edge, desperate for relief but not wanting it to be over. She was close and Bernies moans against her clit had her legs trembling as she gasped Bernies name.

Bernie pulled back, Serena didn't no whether to politely explain that her job was not done, half a job Wolfe needed to finish her shift so to speak, or killing her.

'serena, I can taste blood?'

Serena sat up, flicking the light on and screaming.

'Bernie! Theres blood everywhere!' Serena was a surgeon, blood was a daily occurance but Bernie currently resembled Hannibal Lecter crossed with the undead. Then it dawned on her.
'oh god, Bernie. I'm so sorry! Its been 8 months... Oh god' Serena was mortified.

'serena, its fine. Its normal. Just let me clean up' Bernie reassured

Serena felt awful, embarrassed and hid in the bathroom once Bernie went to the ensuite to clean up. She couldn't believe after 8 months mother nature decided now would be the best time to menstruate. She didn't even have any tampons or pads in.she settled on a bath.

She heard a light knock on the door.

'serena?...'

She pretended not to be there.

'serena clearly you are in there. We are the only ones home, and the door is locked.' She reminded Serena

'....I just want some time alone' she was mortified

'well ok, but just so you know, I've had a pretty bad nose bleed...'

'...what?'

'yep, its slowing down now'
'you mean I didn't.... I'm not?'

'no, but I'm a little light headed'

Serena scrambled out of the bath to find a pale looking Bernie with a tampon up her nose.

'what the...?'

'always carry supplies, ever the soldier' she quipped.

.............

Manicure

'serena, oh God yes!' Serena loved Bernie like this, at her mercy, begging Serena for release as she pushed her fingers inside her

'oh god, more... Please just... Don't... Stop...' Bernie panted.

Serena grinned, Bernie was close, so she bent her fingers slightly.

'oh god yesss.... Ouch! Fuck!'

Serena stopped immediately.

'Bernie? What's wrong?'

'nails, scratched' she panted.

Serena looked at her perfectly manicured nails. She usually had them practically short but in aid of the dinner they attended that night, she had allowed them to grow.

'sorry darling, are they really that bad?' She didn't want to hurt her lover, but that manicure cost a fortune.

'mm hmm. Like being fingered by Edward scissor hands'

'dont mention the male name that should not be mentioned please. Give me a second..'

Serena scurried round the room until she found a nail file.

'sorry darling, give me a few minutes' she beamed

'...i have clippers?' Bernie suggested

'darling, this manicure cost a small fortune, I shall file'

'the mood is sort of... Dampened?' Bernie said tentatively

'you make drinks while I file then' Serena suggested.

Bernie did... She knew that by 'drinks' Serena meant wine, hopefully to restore the ambiance.

..............

Eating out

They were meeting Elinor, Charlotte and Cameron at a new bistro cafe that had opened.
It was the first time since Christmas the kids were together.

Charlotte was still very quiet, she didn't want to like Serena but found no reason to dislike her.

Elinor was more annoyed her mothers love life was more exciting than her own.

Cameron was genuinely pleased for both.

They sat in an awkward silence, no one quite knowing how to begin a conversation. All politely sipping tea and eating cakes.

Cameron chuckled.

'Cam?' Bernie quizzed

'n...n...nothing. Nothing mum' he sniggered

'Cam!?' She repeated in the tone she used when he hid his school report

'its just.... Its....' He chuckled again. 'I can see why Serena has a smile on her face.'

'huh? Oh... Thank you Cam?' She said with some trepidation

She went back to eating her cake.

Cameroon burst out laughing.

'Cam! What is up with you?' She asked again

'Cam! That's disgusting!' Charlotte admonished

'what? Seriously?' Bernie was confused, licking some cream from her finger

Cameron was in hysterics

'oh you two! That's vile!' Elinor chimed in

'for god sake you three! What is it!' Serena exclaimed, annoyed

'its Bernie... She ... Errrr...' Elinor began

'Cams suggesting you err... Eat cake like you would... Errr.' Charlotte glanced at Serena, blushing

Then it dawned on both women.

'Cameron!' Bernie shouted, shocked, 'you shouldn't be thinking of me... You know!'

'oh trust me I don't want those images, but maybe stop licking that cake'

The next hour passed awkwardly as noone knew what to say, and noone knew how to eat their cream cakes without blushing.
Manchester

Chapter Summary

Not a story, but a letter to any Berena fans affected

Last night evil visited Manchester.

Evil does not know religion

Evil does not know race

Evil does not discriminate on age, colour or social status

How do we fight evil? With love.

They want us to be scared, but we are not

They want us fearful to have fun - but we will continue to live and love life

They want us to hate - but we only communicate love

They want to divide us, but we stand together- christians, Muslims, Hindus ect. We are holding hands to give love to a community.

Do not give in to hate, give in to love, use your energy to support and help recovery.

If you are affected in any way and you need an anonymous person to talk to - you can talk to me

I love you all x
The big day was here. They had been planning this pitch to the board for weeks; the chance to gain funding for a second trauma bay was at stake. They had planned every last second: Bernie would begin by explaining why the initial trauma unit was introduced and would explain how successful it had been and the lives they had saved as a result, then Serena would talk about the facts and figures to sell it to the less human, cost conscious board members.

Serena had even forced Bernie to buy a new outfit for the pitch, under the threat of withholding sex for a month. Bernie had, somewhat begrudgingly, agreed to a stretchy pencil skirt and silk shirt (the former was brought due to the look on Serena’s face when she saw her in it.)

The day had arrived and after completing their morning shift, they both headed to the lockers room to get changed. Serena collecting her carefully hung outfit from the office on the way.

‘Bernie, where’s your clothes!’ She admonished, finding Bernie idly waiting for her

‘Err, in my locker?’

‘In your… Bernie! They will be all screwed up!’

‘Nah, its fine’

‘Bernie!’

‘Ok, Ok, I’ll show you’ She sighed opening her locker, before closing it again very suddenly

‘Bernie!’ Serena warned

‘Err, remember how I brought that yogurt for lunch?’

‘You left it at home, hence the sulking at lunch’

‘I may have… err… accidentally… you see we were rushing’

‘Because someone decided morning sex was the only way to start the day’ Serena smirked, fondly remembering waking up to Bernie’s front pressed against her back, as her hands slowly made their way to her breasts, kneading them, breathing hot air on to Serena’s neck, her hand then travelling south until meeting her.. Serena snapped out of the thought.

‘Yeah, well it took two to tango’

‘Your point was?’

‘I may have accidentally chucked the yogurt in my bag, and…. Well, seems it’s burst and my clothes are covered’ Bernie bit her lip, trying to appear as contrite and pathetic as possible to limit the death stare she would inevitably get.

‘Christ Bernie, sometimes I think you’re actually a teenager! We have an hour before we have to actually be there, give it to me, I have incriminating evidence of stolen wash powder to blackmail laundry with’ Serena huffed, marching off with Bernie’s clothes.

……………….

‘Ah, Ms Wolfe – freshly laundered and ironed for you’ Serena quipped after retrieving the now dairy free clothes from the laundry.

‘Brilliant!’ Bernie exclaimed, with a little too much enthusiasm for it to be truthful.

‘Come on, we have 10 minutes!’ Serena quipped as Bernie began shrugging off her scrubs, covering herself in the process

‘Bernie, I had my mouth between your naked legs this morning, now is not the time for shyness, get ready’

‘Why Ms Campbell, I was simply trying to save your blushes’
‘Very vain Wolfe, get a move on’
Bernie clambered in to the new blouse before reaching for her skirt.
‘What the… fuck!’ Bernie said. Looking down at her mini skirt
‘Bernie! Bloody hell, did you pick up Charlottes skirt by accident?’
‘No! Oh bloody hell, I bet they stuck it in the dryer!’
‘Of course they did! How else would they get it clean in time’
‘Oh Serena, I cannot go in like this!’
‘I don’t know Wolfe, those legs…’ Serena raised an appreciative eye brow, those legs were
impossibly long and toned
‘Serena! Focus. They’ll think we’re trying to sell something other than the trauma bid!’
‘Times are hard Wolfe, funding is rare, the NHS is in crisis. We all have to go the extra mile’
‘Seriously! I’m just going to have to…’
‘No, no way. You are not wearing Jeans to this meeting’
‘But.. but Serena!’
‘Just pull it down a bit. You look fine’
‘Serena, this is fine for a gynae exam, not a board meeting’
‘5 minutes Wolfe. Just get going!’
They made their way hastily to the meeting room, Bernie’s cheeks flushing red as she kept her head
down moving as fast as she could. Serena a few steps behind, clearly appreciating the view.
‘Wow! Ms Wolfe’ Fletch wolf whistled
‘Objectify my partner like that again Fletch and I’ll send you on a full day diversity and harassment
course’ Serena quipped, not quite hiding the smirk that her staff were clearly staring at her woman,
who to be fair to them, had the most fuckable legs she had ever seen.
……………………
‘Ah, Ms Campbell, Ms Wol-’ Henrik cleared his throat, ‘Sorry, Ms Wolfe, nice of you to join us’
Ric raised an eyebrow at Serena smiling, Serena winked back at him. Let them stare, because my
god was she going to worship those legs later, she would run her tongue up each leg, nipping the
sensitive area of her thighs, before finally burying her face in..
‘Ms Campbell? Ms Campbell? May we start’ Henrik said frowning
‘Wha- oh yes, of course. Ms Wolfe’ Serena smiled
Bernie got up to face the panel, self-consciously tugging at the hem of her skirt to try and conceal
more thigh, with little progress. Serena could see one member of the panel obviously ogling Bernie,
not in a way that made her smile or laugh it off like she did with Fletch and Ric, but one that made
her suddenly feel angry.
Bernie began with her speech, Serena could see she was struggling. Bernie had this perfected this
speech, Serena knew that
When she noticed Bernie was still struggling, she went for plan B. Make her horny. If she riled
Bernie enough, Bernie would switch to competent professional to deal with it, as she always did
when Serena made her flustered. She stirred her coffee slowly, making eye contact with Bernie who
was looking a little confused, before she brought the teaspoon covered in frothed milk to her lips,
slowly sucking the spoon clean, her tongue darting out to clear the last spot – she saw Bernie’s
breath hitch at the sight. ‘God I’m good’ Serena thought. She then leant forward on her elbows
slightly, affording Bernie a perfect view of her cleavage. She knew that Bernie loved her tits, they
were so different to her own, and she would often joke about getting lost in them. She saw Bernie
lick her lips before breaking eye contact. Her back straightened, shoulders back, she cleared her
throat and professionally and confidently continued her talk. Mission accomplished, good old British
reserve had kicked in. Serena smiled.
When Bernie was finished there was a generally appreciative murmur in the room and she moved to
sit down by Serena, Serena noticed the man (appropriately called ‘the creep’ in her head’) turning to
get a better view of Bernie’s arse as she walked by, causing Serena to ball her fists.
‘You are terrible Campbell, absolutely terrible’ Bernie whispered
Serena smirking in reply before getting up to deliver her talk. But if Serena thought Bernie would let
her off the hook that easily, she was seriously mistaken. Unlike Bernie, if Serena became aroused by
Bernie’s actions, British reserve did not kick in. Serena’s primal part of her brain took over and more
or less just screamed ‘fuck her, fuck her right now!’
Serena began to talk, looking at Bernie for reassurance before her mouth dropped open and she
stumbled on her words. Bernie smiled, crossing, then uncrossing her legs, giving Serena a perfect
view up her skirt.
‘Ms Campbell? Are you OK?’ Hanssen asked, more annoyed than concerned
‘Err, yes. Sorry. It’s just… well we are very passionate about the trauma unit here, sometimes it
chokes me up’ she replied, trying not to remember Bernie’s skilled fingers around her neck during an
experimental bondage session that had Serena drench the bed in pleasure.
She continued, glancing back to see Bernie leaning forward on the table, her legs open and her skirt
hitched higher, Serena could see the gusset of her underwear, her mouth going dry.

After Serena’s presentation, she returned to her seat – Hanssen dimmed the lights so they could
watch a promotional video from Bernie’s work in the Ukraine. Any worry Bernie had about the
difficult feelings this would bring up were soon diminished – as soon as the lights went down, so did
Serena’s fingers. Down to the hem of Bernie’s skirt, softly drawing shapes on her inner thigh. Bernie
tried to shift herself to shake Serena away, but Serena simply placed her finger firmly on Bernie’s
clit, causing her to stifle a moan. She looked at Serena, eye’s wide, pleading for her to stop. Instead,
Serena’s fingers slipped under the material of her knickers, stroking through Bernie’s wet folds,
enjoying the sight of Bernie fighting to maintain her breathing and composure.
Just as it was getting too much, that Bernie thought she would cry out any minute, her worry about
what anyone else would say diminishing with each stroke, the film finished. As Hanssen returned the
lights, Serena removed her fingers, a face of innocence as she feigned chewing the end of her finger,
causing Bernie to swallow hard.
‘Ms Wolfe? Do you need a break? You look a little hot?’ Hanssen asked
‘No, no absolutely not. Everything is fine Mr Hanssen, thank you’ Bernie replied. She knew damn
well her skirt had ridden up a great deal, and standing on shaky legs, well aware of how wet she was
and trying to pull her skirt down as she stood was not the best idea right now.
Hanssen handed out proposal forms, graphs and economic data to everyone. ‘If you please take time
to read through the documents, make any notes and feel free to discuss between yourselves. We will
break for refreshments in 30 minutes, and anonymous feedback will then be shared with you all.’
‘Actually Mr Hanssen, I will take a short 5 minute break’ Bernie smiled, having corrected her skirt
during Hanssen’s distraction.
Serena smirked knowingly as Bernie returned, a faint whiff of cigarettes following her in. Bernie
looked at the paper, she could understand and interpret the graphs, but she really didn’t want to, and
when one lacks that motivation, one finds their mind wandering. She scribbled a note on her spare
paper.
‘Ms Campbell, what’s your opinion on this?’ Bernie asked. Surprising Serena who though Bernie
would simply be doodling terrible drawings and relying on her to do the boring stuff.
She was soon proven more or less right. On the paper Bernie had noted, ‘The hot brunette made
some really interesting points, so good I almost came in my pants’. Serena let out an audible gasp as
Bernie smiled innocently.
‘Ms Campbell?’ Henrik frowned
‘Err… I was… it’s just… erm… I… I. I didn’t realise that…errr.. how much economic sense and
additional bay would make?’ She blagged, relaxing when she saw a collective nod of agreement in
the room. She took the note from Bernie, scribbling her own notes.
‘But actually, the blonde one was better. That skirt, my god I could almost see how wet she was’
Bernie smirked, so Ms Campbell wanted to play.
‘Yes, her skirt was rather short, made worse by the fact she removed her pants when she went for a
Serena’s breath quickened.
‘I see, I would suggest that it was probably a sensible decision. Though now I wonder, if she gets wet again – will someone need to clean her up before she leaves? There’s no tissue here, I suggest the use of a tongue?’

Bernie bit her lip.
‘I agree. Excellent point Ms Campbell. I would like to draw your attention to the location of said pants, I believe it is a valid point for discussion’

‘Of course. I agree, it has been grossly overlooked’
‘I have heard from a reputable source that the soaked panties are being carefully stored’
‘That is a relief, though I think from a management perspective it would be good to include their actual location in our data?’
‘I quite agree. Luckily they are stored in the drawer of the AAU leads desk’

Serena groaned – what this woman did to her was bordering criminal.
‘Very good, in the interest of empirical and evidence based practice, I will personally check and confirm to location.’

‘5 minutes please, and then I would like you to submit your notes anonymously’ Hanssen called

‘Shit’ Bernie muttered, before Serena smiled jotting down random question marks and vague notes such as ‘valid method?’ and ‘reliability?’

After a brief break, they reconvened in the meeting room, Henrik stood with the notated forms in hand.
‘Thank you all for your feedback, unfortunately I will have to ask for your candour right now, a member of our board has made increasingly derogatory and sexist remarks about to of Holby’s top female surgeons. This is not tolerated’ Henrik admonished.

Bernie’s cheeks burned red, as Serena’s eyes went wide.
‘Bernie, what the fuck!’ she whispered
‘I didn’t hand them in! I chucked them in the bin!’ She cast her eyes over to the waste paper basket, seeing through its mesh structure that the bin was now in fact empty.

‘Should the author not own up, I will take this further. However, if they own I will leave it to the female subjects mentioned to decide on the course of action – once they have been consulted of course.’

‘Mr Hanssen – perhaps there has been a misunderstanding, I mean no harm can come from the odd thought?’ Serena flashed her dazzling smile
‘Ms Campbell, I assure you there has been no misunderstanding, and the harm is the underlying inference that it acceptable to focus on the body, or clothing, of a female surgeon instead of her impressive skill and knowledge.’

Bernie blushed.
‘Henrik, could we talk in private’ Serena asked, eyes not blinking, imploring him to understand
‘Ms Campbell, right now I….’

‘Me, it was me. It was just a laugh’ Serena was surprised to see Mr Creep waving his hands around as he explained
‘Yeah of course she’s a good surgeon, but she wears that skirt and people are bound to look right? To be honest Henrik, I hoped the comments would have been kept to yourself and you could have used it as an opportunity to discuss appropriate work wear’ he reasoned, looking around the room, trying to get someone to acknowledge his thought process and agree.
‘Mr Ericson, I require all surgeons, regardless of gender, to wear scrubs in theatre. Outside of that I have no opinion. I invite you to leave this room. Now!’ He bellowed. Serena and Bernie looked at one another puzzled.

…………………..

As the meeting ended, the women got up to leave.
‘Ms Wolfe? Ms Campbell? A word please’ Henrik asked
Both women nodded, and waited for the room to empty.
I would like to apologise for Mr Ericson, can I ask what course of action you would like taken?’
‘Errr, Henrik – are you sure it was him?’ Serena asked blushing
‘Positive’
‘Well, actually, you see, there might have been a mix up…’ Serena continued
‘No mix up Ms Campbell. The sexualised literature shared by yourself and Ms Wolfe was disposed of in the waste paper – I removed it and placed it in the larger bins to save your blushes. The cleaners can be very nosey at times.’ He said as a matter of fact.
The women stared at each other, eyes wide, both blushing furiously
‘There’s no need to look like that. We’ve all been in those early months of a relationship and the excitement it brings.’ He smiled
‘I should go, please do let me know how to proceed with Mr Ericson’s disciplinary’ He nodded, handing them the offending piece of paper.
They read it together as Henrik left:
‘Interesting proposition, though I can’t help but think the blonde is trying to proposition me! Either she got her wires crossed and thought she was visiting obs & gynae, or she’s just desperate for a man. Either way, it’s not professional for me to see both sets of lips on a woman during a business meeting, however attractive she is.’
Serena was fuming, she stormed out the room, Bernie hot on her tail. They found Mr Ericson in Pulses, regaling his story of Hanssen’s unfair behaviour and the leggy blonde.
He turned to look at them leering, ‘talk of the devil. So love, do you want my number? Go for a drink or skip the niceties?’ He jeered
Serena looked like she was about to punch him. ‘Actually no, she doesn’t, because she is the most fantastic, fearless doctor in this entire hospital!’ Serena yelled
‘Serena, don’t’ Bernie murmured, holding her arm
‘No Bernie, he needs to-’
‘He needs to know that I can’t go home with him, because I’m going home with you. My partner, my lover’, Bernie smiled as she saw Mr Creeps eyes grow wide. She leaned in to whisper, ‘and given se practically fucks me under the table whilst you were writing notes does make me giggle’. She turned to leave.
‘Fucking dykes – what a cock tease!’ he yelled, Serena turned, striding towards him, fist balled… Luckily Fletch and Raf, who had overheard the conversation and the rumours, got to him first.
‘Mr Ericson, I believe we need a chat?’ Fletch said, his grip on the man suggesting this wasn’t really a question. He winked at Serena, ‘We’ve got this Ms Campbell, go home’.
Serena smirked, she saw that naughty glint in Fletches eye, and she remembered Bernie was going commando.
‘Ms Wolfe, let’s go home shall we, I may need to help you clear up’ She smirked
‘Clean up? Wh- Oohhhhh, yes, yes you most definitely will’ Bernie smirked back
Chapter Summary

Prompt: three or four? Threesome?
Bernie is both excited and nervous when she meets Sian for the first time. They end up getting on well, very well.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

As usual, dinner and a (singular) drink had turned into dinner and several bottles of wine, a few double whiskeys and some vile concoction of e-numbers and alcohol forced upon them both my Serena’s long-time friend and terrible influence, Sian.
It had started as just a dinner date, Serena wanted to treat Bernie as it was always Bernie who courted her, Bernie who booked restaurants, Bernie who paid for meals. It was nice to be wined and dined, but Serena needed Bernie to realise that she too deserved to feel that special feeling a person gets when someone goes to great lengths just to see them smile. Unfortunately for Serena, midway through the main course they were interrupted by Sian.
‘Serena! Fancy seeing you here! Surprise!’ She chirped
‘Not really a surprise Sian, I saw your breasts coming through the door about 5 minutes before the rest of you did’ Serena quipped
‘Well, boobs are your speciality now aren’t they’ Sian threw back playfully, causing Bernie to choke
‘Sorry Bernie, Bernie this is Sian, Sian – Bernie’ Serena introduced
Bernie shyly offered her hand to Sian, aware of her extrovert nature and slightly scared by how loud and open she was. Sian was having none of it, she went straight in for a hug. Bernie, a well-known tactile-phobe froze as she stood pressed up against Sian, whose hands travelled south to pinch her bottom, causing Bernie to let out a little yelp.
‘Oooo Serena Ballerina! I’m not surprised you’re batting for the other team, she’s hot. What an arse! Have you had surgery?’
Bernie was flustered, Serena just held her forehead in her hands, both angry at Sian’s intrusion and enjoying seeing Bernie so flustered
Bernie cleared her throat, ‘Just an operation to fix a C5 fracture and aortic aneurysm from the IED?’ she said puzzled
‘She means cosmetic surgery Bernie, she’s admiring your body and is jealous that yours looks so good without implants, silicone, Botox or surgically having your skin stretched tightly round your muscular skeletal system.’ Serena replied dryly
‘Wha.. Oh, Oh no! Never. Erm… not that there’s anything wrong with you, it, us, I mean you look OK, well more than OK really, what I mean is..’ Bernie stuttered
‘Oooo Rena, looks like a threesome is on the cards’ Sian flirted, CAUSING Bernie to blush a deep red and choke again
‘Play nicely Sian, Bernie’s not used to your charms’ Serena retorted
‘Oh Rena, only having a laugh. Sorry Bernie, it’s nice to finally meet you! Serena’s told me so much about you, been trying to get to introduce us for ages, I don’t know why it’s taken so long!’ She playfully nudged Serena
‘I wonder why…’ Serena rolled her eyes
‘Well look, you’re here, I’m here, let’s make a night of it’ Sian grinned
‘Well really Sian, we were just…’
‘That would be lovely, Serena’s told me a lot about you, if I’m going to be part of her life I would like to get to know you better’ Bernie interrupted, regaining her composure and ability to speak English
Serena looked at Bernie with imploring eyes, they had plans tonight, plans that involved her, Bernie, a bed, a bottle of lube and making the most of no Jason all night long. Sian, as much as she would like to, does not feature in those plans.
‘Fab! I’m just going to get another bottle of wine for us’ Sian smiled, pinching a chip off Serena’s plate as she went
‘Bernie… you don’t know what Sian is like. We had plans’ Serena sighed
‘Serena, I want to be part of your life completely, and that means getting used to Sian’s….. Ways? Is that the word? Plus, the more the tension builds, the louder I know you’ll scream my name… Serena Ballerina’ she smirked
Serena groaned.
‘Interrupting something am I? You look a little flushed Rena’ Sian smiled
‘You are always interrupting something Sian, it’s your USP’
‘Ah yes, remember when I walked in on your and Edward at it?’ Sian quipped, causing Bernie to spray wine out of her mouth across the table.
‘Sian!’ Serena chastised
‘Oh sorry, no mentions of the ex. If it’s any consolation Bernie, even I could tell she was faking it. He was a shit lover, that’s why I dutifully kick started her rabbit collection.’ Sian smiled as Serena audibly sighed, being with Sian was fun, unless you were still sober. Serena downed her glass to remedy this fact.
‘Speaking of sex, so…. What’s it like’ Sian wiggled her eye brows, ‘With a woman’
‘Fabulous, enriching, exhausting and deeply satisfying. Satisfied your curiosity yet?’ Serena knew that if she admonished Sian for her bluntness, she would only get worse. She glanced at Bernie, who whilst still a deep shade of red, smirked at Serena’s description of their sex life.
‘Satisfied my curiosity, now that would be fun. Any gay bars round here?’ Sian smirked
‘Sian, we don’t tease the lesbians, it’s not nice’ Serena reminded her
‘Oh, but I promise to finish them off and not just tease’ She winked
‘You are awful, you know that?’ Serena smiled

Bernie’s idea of a civilised sit down drink, chatting to Sian and getting to know her actually transpired to be Bernie, Serena and Sian in a gay club, drinking brightly coloured and sickly sweet drinks as Sian gyrated on any woman who would let her. Several times Bernie had to remind her to keep her hands to herself as Sian allowed them to stray, professing she just had to know what Bernie’s breasts felt like – as hers were obviously fake. Kisses on Bernie’s cheek that were progressively getting closer to the corner of Bernie’s mouth, sloppier and more open mouthed. She was also flirting outrageously with Serena, but Serena mentioned that Sian burying her face in her friend’s cleavage or grabbing her arse repeatedly was typical Sian behaviour, to not read anything in to it. Still, Bernie couldn’t help but feel a little jealous as Sian groped her partner.
As the end of the night was nearing, Serena was desperate to go home, Bernie had been dancing so close to her, thigh pressed between her own, whispering all the things she was going to do to her, letting her finger tips brush Serena’s centre as they danced enjoying the obscurity of the crowd. Bernie as kissing Serena’s neck, telling Serena that she planned to kiss every inch of her tonight until she was begging for release…
‘Guys, or gals even! This is Jemima!’ Sian proudly announced, her arm wrapped around the waist of a younger woman with short, dark ginger hair and the perfect hourglass figure. Jemima looked at both Bernie and Serena, biting her lip.
‘Jemima is coming home with us, let’s have some fun!’ Sian exclaimed as young Jemima nodded, clearly very much OK with this plan.
Serena said nothing, just stared, shaking her head at Sian, so Bernie took the initiative.
‘Sian, can err… can we have a word?’ Bernie asked, ‘Alone?’ she added as Jemima went to go with them, instead she turned back to Serena, slung her arm over Serena’s shoulder and downed her drink.

Bernie and Sian went outside, Bernie shuffled on her feet uncertain of how to explain to Sian that Serena and she were not going to welcome Sian and Jemima (who was barely out of nappies for Christ sake) into their bed.

‘Sian, look. You’re Serena’s best friend but… err… we can’t, well know we won’t, don’t… Christ, Sian, you can’t bring Jemima the embryo back to ours! We are not… err… we are not into that sort of thing’ Bernie finished

‘You…you don’t like me do you’ Sian cried, dramatically

‘No you don’t, neither does Serena. You both think I’m ugly even with the surgery don’t you?’

‘Sian, you are beautiful, honestly, how else did you pull someone half our age! It’s just, Jemima can’t come back to ours, we don’t know her’ Bernie replied, her hand on Sian’s shoulder, the woman was clearly drunk

‘….So Jemima can’t come back to yours, but I can?’ She asked

‘Of course! Your Serena’s best friend. Who else can make her happy like I do? Who else knows her inside and out’ Bernie added

‘Really Bernie? And you… you would be OK with that? Another woman?’

Bernie laughed, ‘Sian, I was in the army, I’m used to being surrounded by women’

‘Oh wow. I wasn’t expecting that. OK, I’ll call a cab then?’

Bernie cocked her eyebrow, Sian was surely pissed. ‘OK, I’ll get Rena’ she called as she made her way back. Just in time as well, given Serena was trying to politely beat off Jemima’s clumsy advances.

‘Sorry, change of plan Jemima, but that group of women over there keep eyeing you up’ Bernie smiled, watching as Jemima shrugged her shoulder and sauntered over to another group of women.

‘Where’s Sian?’ Serena asked

‘She’s drunk and emotional, so I said she could stay with us… is that OK?’ Bernie asked shyly

‘…. Well there goes the idea of me screaming your name out.’ Serena huffed

‘Yes, but when you have to hold it in, you have to be quiet, it’s more intense..’ Bernie purred as Serena groaned and her touch.

The cab ride home was uneventful, except for Sian singing ‘I kissed a girl and I liked it….. the taste of her cherry clit…’ before Serena clamped her hand over her mouth and told her to sing the proper words or shut up, aware the cab driver was arching his eyebrows at the three women in the back of the cab.

Once home, they meandered Sian through the front door, Serena wanted to prepare for Bernie so kissed both women and left to get ready. Bernie explained she would get Sian to drink some water then get her settled before joining Serena.

‘You’re nice you know that?’ Sian slurred

‘You’re nice too, come on, drink this’ Bernie said, offering the pint of water to Sian, who took a sip

‘Are you sure about tonight? I don’t want to make things awkward for you and Rena’ Sian asked

‘Sian, Serena and I.. well we’ve survived a lot to be together and that’s not going to change because you’ve stayed the night’ Bernie reassured her

‘So… how do we do this? I mean how do I fit in so to say?’ Sian asked

‘Well, we both share Serena. I think that’s only fair?’ Bernie said kindly

‘What about… what about you and me? I like you’ Sian stuttered

‘I like you to, you’ll have to ask Serena if she’s willing to share me though’ Bernie laughed

‘I will, shall I ask her now?’ Sian asked

‘No, she’s getting ready for bed. Tell you what, I’ll ask her for you ok? Are you sure she won’t mind sharing you with me too’ Bernie smiled

‘Maybe you could check that as well?’ Sian smirked
‘I will. Right, I’m going to go to bed now with Serena, finish your water and then make your way up too – you know where everything is right?’ Bernie asked

‘I do’ Sian replied

‘Good, night Sian’ Bernie smiled

‘See you soon’ Sian shot back.

Bernie made her way upstairs, slowly opening their bedroom door and enjoying watching Serena lying in bed, waiting for her… always for her. She sighed with contentment. This was what she lived for, those moments where she could gaze and this spectacular woman. She made her way in the room and undressed under the watchful and appreciative eye of Serena Campbell.

‘Hello you’ Serena said

‘Hello you too. I know we had certain bedroom plans tonight but..’ Bernie began

‘Bernie.. darling if you’re tired we can just cuddle’ Serena smiled

‘Oh no! It’s not that it’s…’ Bernie was blushing again, ‘I… I want to make love to you tonight Serena, I don’t want to fuck you’ She didn’t meet Serena’s eyes. Serena didn’t respond, she just leaned across, pulling Bernie’s face towards her, kissed her gently and replied ‘make love to me Bernie, please’.

That was all the encouragement Bernie needed, she flipped Serena on to her back, kissing her softly, but with meaning.

‘You are perfect. I love you so much’ she whispered between kisses. She kissed her way down Serena’s neck, across her collar bones, before slipping her hand between them, entering Serena slowly. Placing her thigh between them she began to rock, both kept eye contact, kissing intermittently, breaths becoming ragged as they reached their orgasms, getting ever closer.

‘Oh Bernie, Bernie’s, I love you, that’s amazing. I love it when you stroke my nipples’ Serena groaned

‘Oh Serena I love you too… wait. I’m not stroking your nipples?’

‘I am’

Both women shot up, Serena flinging her arm out to turn their bedroom lamp on.

‘SIAN! WHAT THE FUCK?’ Serena yelled

‘What? Did I do it wrong?’ Sian replied

‘Get out!’ Serena shouted as Bernie looked on

‘What! You invited me, well Bernie did. I assumed she had cleared it with you?’ Sian angrily replied, not able to hide her embarrassment.

. Serena turned to look at Bernie, frowning


‘You said you didn’t mind me coming home as you’d slept with women when in the army, and you said we could share Serena and that you’d ask if she would share you, and share me!’ Sian replied

‘Oh gawd. Oh Sian, that is not what I meant. I meant as friends. Nothing more.’ Bernie groaned, she was too tired for Sians debate right now.

‘You said you fancied me!’ Sian retorted

‘No, I said you weren’t ugly and I said I liked you, as a friend. Sian you’ve got this all wrong!’ Bernie pleaded

The next day, hungover and embarrassed, the three women ate breakfast in silence.

‘Sian, I think we should talk’ Serena began

‘No, no need. I was drunk and stupid Rena, you know never to take me seriously when pissed’ she laughed

‘Well, I’m glad that’s all cleared up’ Bernie said, ‘We will say no more about it’

‘Agreed’ Sian said, getting up to leave. ‘My taxi is here, thanks for last night… well sort of. Don’t forget, if you ever need a third wheel, I’m your gal’ she winked before sauntering off. Leaving Bernie and Serena wondering how best to avoid drunk Sian for the rest of their lives.
OK, so slightly misled you. I tried, but I just don't see the characters as being into threesomes, but I totally see Sian's character having a go at convincing them
Jealousy

Chapter Summary

From a Twitter prompt from JessIsAHumanRainbow :)  

days after she ended it with Bernie, 10 days after she had stopped drinking to block out the pain of losing Elinor, that she became suspicious. She had “met” this gentleman through an online support group for bereaved parents. Neither of them had really found the group pages useful, but had chatted about their losses together. They talked of the impact it had on their wider social circles, and Serena confided about her relationship with Bernie. This man, Stanley, had told her all the things she wanted to hear. Told her it sounded like trouble followed Bernie, sounded like she needed someone who understood her pain, not someone who was not ‘maternal’ and who had no idea what it was like. When things became a little clearer, Stanley (after being grilled by Serena) admitted to being Edward. He said he was lonely, that Liberty didn’t understand him, that he wanted Elinor’s death to bring something positive, reconnect them as she would have wanted. Serena had slammed the phone down. She called Bernie, wanted to explain, to apologise, to hear a friendly voice. Instead she got Cameron. He was polite, he disguised the anger in his voice. He told her he knew she had suffered a lot, he understood, but he had found his mother collapsed on the floor having not moved from her bed for the best part of 3 days. She was only just recovering, he said Serena must decide what she wants truly, and then contact Bernie in a few months. Only when she turned up a few months later, Bernie was stuck to the hip of a very attractive red head. Serena didn’t feel sadness now. Once the tears came, she felt jealousy. How could this lanky red head (who was the opposite of Serena in many ways) have tamed the infamous commitment-phobe that was Berenice bloody Wolfe. Serena tried to bury the jealousy. She only had herself to blame after all (and Edward, she could count the stars for how many things he could be blamed for and still have a way to go). Bernie deserved happiness, Serena would accept that and be happy for her. Just smile Serena, she thought, just sodding smile.

‘Serena! Hi, you could have stayed for a drink you know? Josie wouldn’t mind’ Bernie smiled as she saw Serena sitting in their office.

‘Oh no, you don’t want me interrupting. You both looked happy and deep in conversation’ Serena tried to bite back that intense jealousy that flare up in the pit of her stomach.

‘Really, I’d…I’d like you and Josie to get on. It would make things easier… you see… well I’ve given up the flat and I’m going to live with Josie. It makes sense, her house is way too big and she’ll need some help once the baby is here’

Serena felt all the air knocked out of her.

‘Baby?’

‘Oh sorry! Yes, that was her news! Finally, 3rd round of IVF. Anonymous sperm donor so, you know, I want to…to be there for her, and the baby.’

Serena could feel the room spinning, she held on to the edge of her desk for support.

‘Wow. Umm. Playing mummy to a new born at our age, you’re brave’ She stuttered. Bernie Wolfe, Bernie blood Wolfe who runs away from emotions was having another baby with her younger female partner. Serena’s only child dies, Bernie has two, but still has another with that red headed string bean.

‘Well, given she’s 15yrs younger, I hope Josie is planning on playing mum, I’ll just be the fun one, fun aunty Bernie’ She smiled.
Serena felt sick. ‘Well, congratulations Bernie, I’m happy for you. I lose my only child, I lose my mind with grief, I get catfished by my cruel ex-husband, and once I’m sober enough to realise all I want in the whole world is you, no-one but you, your son, your child, tells me to give you time to heal and then find you, I do, it kills me but I do it for you, but I come home to find that you’ve moved on with a young skinny red head, you’re moving in together and having a FUCKING CHILD TOGETHER! Jesus Bernie, we finished 4 months ago. My fault I know, but to have another FUCKING CHILD when mine died in front of us with your new squeeze and casually announce it! Well bravo Major, got your own back didn’t you!’ Serena was crying, glaring and gasping for breath. Bernie just stood, shocked and silent.

‘S…Serena… I… you’

‘Leave it!’ She yelled, storming out of the office, aware her staff were staring.

‘Serena, what’s going…’ Guy Self began

‘Fuck off Guy’ She shouted

It was 4 days before Serena felt able to show her face again, and that only came about because she knew Bernie was off for the day. Her use of her infamous death glare kept people from trying to talk to her, even Guy Self was tiptoeing around her for fear of her wrath. When the end of the day came she headed to Albies, the rest of the shift would be there soon and she planned to be gone by the time they reached her, but she needed a scotch and her new rule about no alcohol in the house was checked by Jason upon his now bi-weekly visits.

She downed the amber liquid, savouring the burn in her throat before hastily making for the exit. As she got outside she stopped, there was Bernie and Josie, Bernie’s hand was on Josie’s stomach, she watched them hug before Bernie patted her stomach saying ‘behave for your mother little one!’. It was too much, she could not face Bernie’s new life. She would have to leave.

‘Serena!’

Damn it, Bernie had seen her, she walked away, as fast as she could. But she was wearing heels and Bernie was decidedly fitter than she was. She stopped, pinched the bridge of her nose and turned.

‘Bernie…I…I’m so sorry about yesterday’ She sighed

‘No Serena, no need. Look, Josie & I…’

‘Josie & I, Josie & I. Fuck Josie & I’ Serena didn’t know what on Earth had over taken her, she felt possessed, as if the jealously became so much she was no longer in control. She was kissing Bernie, hard and fierce. Bernie was kissing her back. Serena meandered them into the alley way behind Albies, still kissing Bernie with passion. She fumbled with the button on Bernie’s Jeans, tugging them open, her hand entering Bernie’s underwear within seconds. Bernie gasped at the contact, the noise bringing Serena back to the present.

‘Oh god.. Bernie I’m sorry, you’re…Josie…baby…I’

Bernie kissed her deeply.

‘Serena, please, please I need you now!’ Bernie was practically begging. Serena couldn’t resist, rubbing Bernie’s clit with two fingers she found Bernie coming within a few strokes. Bernie cried into Serena’s shoulder as waves of pleasure crashed through her.

‘S…sorry’ Bernie blushed, ‘It’s been so long… I haven’t… since we last…’ Serena furrowed her brow

‘Josie?’ Serena quipped

‘Oh god, I’ve been trying to tell you! Josie is my half-sister. She got in touch a couple of months ago, turns out Daddy dearest wasn’t as morally straight as he claimed. We realised we had so much in common, she’s gay as well. Her partner of 12yrs died last year, just after their second cycle of IVF – heart attack, no warning. She had their 3rd round not expecting it to work but then it did, now she’s actually expecting it’s scared her. We missed out on each other growing up so I thought we could live together whilst the baby is young, I suspect she will be grieving for Leanne more once the baby is born. I thought you had moved on?’ Bernie explained, suddenly realising she had forgotten to breath.

Serena just stared. ‘You…and…why didn’t you tell me sooner?’ She asked incredulously.
‘Just assumed you knew, it’s not a secret, everyone knows’ she shrugged
Serena couldn’t reply, she just kissed Bernie again.

Later that night they talked through everything, Serena told her all about Edward and how she
should never had ended things but she really wasn’t in a place to think rationally. Bernie understood,
kissing Serena’s knuckles, she was honest with how much it had hurt her, how much it destroyed her
at the time. She tried to apologise for Cams behaviour towards Serena, but Serena shook her head –
she claimed he was right, she had to get herself sorted before she deserved a second chance. They
talked about how daft Serena’s jealousy of Josie had seemed – Josie being more understanding of
Serena’s mistakes once Bernie explained, and being more civil to Serena.
‘Well, there was one good thing about you being jealous…’ Bernie smirked
‘What was that?’ Serena asked, brow furrowed
‘That was one hell of a good jealous fuck’
Serena smirked, ‘Well I’m still jealous you took her, sister or not, to our restaurant and sat in our
place’
‘I’m not surprised, prior to the baby announcement, I even brought her shiraz’
With that Serena was on top of Bernie. They had a lot of time to make up for after all.
The Holiday

Chapter Summary

Huge apologies for the last chapter - it only posted half of it, there was a whole beginning to it! Obviously, I'm a bit of an idiot and didn't save it, but will re-write it soon. Till then, enjoy this 2 parter (second part will be more humour)

The First Holiday

Getting your first holiday break together is always exciting, but it’s also a logistical nightmare if A) your partner is a surgeon and B) if your partner runs a ward. It is therefore twice as hard if both of you are surgeons, and both of you run a ward – in fact quadruple that when you are both specialists surgeons, top of your fields AND manage the same ward. That is why 2 years on, one lonely trip to Kiev, 1 messy divorce, 2 mother/child reunions, 1 terrible period of grief and 6 months of a sabbatical, Serena & Bernie were finally getting their holiday together.

They had tried before – whilst Serena was on sabbatical, they had arranged to meet in Poland, explore the historic sights together and (as Serena so elegantly put it) cram 3 months of shags into a week together. However, the day of her flight some idiot decides to try drinking and driving, ends up with a multi-car pileup involving a lorry and several cars. Bernie had been in surgery for 22hours, stopping only to drink a bottle of water and a couple of glucose tablets between surgeries. At the end of the hellish shift she had fallen asleep in her office, she woke to see a text from Serena:

‘Oh Bernie, I’m so sorry you couldn’t come, and I’m so sorry you have had such a hellish shift. I wish more than ever I was there with you, the dream team. I love you, and I miss you’

Bernie cried silent tears, they streamed down her face and she was too exhausted to work her stiff upper lip. She carried on reading the messages, Serena had clearly had some drinks, after that text there were declarations of love (all with questionable spelling, progressively getting worse), a few sorrowful ones, then some saucy texts that ended becoming quite frankly explicit. She smiled, although she wasn’t with Serena, and they were both disappointed, they were still strong, they would survive all of this.

It was 3 months later when Serena returned to AAU. They hadn’t planned another meet as the sheer heartbreak of last time was almost too much to handle. Bernie had been excitedly chatting away to her on the phone, tracking her flight, offering to collect her form the airport – which Serena had declined, stating she did not want Bernie to be under pressure to leave her shift on time. Serena noticed that Bernie was overly cheerful – she knew this Bernie Wolfe, this was ‘everything is OK, honest, 100%, I am not about to breakdown and flee the country, though everything really is shit and I want to hide in an isolated part of Antarctica’. Serena didn’t know it was apprehension of Serena’s return – things had been horribly strained before she left – or if it was something else.

When her plane landed remarkably on time, she saw a text from Bernie:

‘Serena, can’t wait to see you. I’m stuck at work, building site collapsed, won’t be back for 3 hours – do you want me to stay at the flat, give you some time?’

No, no she did not want Bernie at her flat. She wanted Bernie in her house, in her bed, in every room in the house, several times in several positions that would likely render one of them in need of some physio after, so Serena decided to surprise her. In the end it was Serena who was surprised.

‘Where’s Bernie?’ Serena asked puzzled, staring at the empty space that once held their trauma bay.

‘Serena! Your back! Oh we have missed you’ Fletch beamed

‘Thanks Fletch I missed you all too, I want updates on you and the kids – but first I have a certain surgeon to see – where have they moved the trauma bay too? Has it been extended?’
Fletch looked uneasy, ‘They haven’t moved it… it’s… well… it’s gone. Guy withdrew funding, the neuro units having an update and Nina, that’s the Italian dudes wife, she’s working with Guy. Bernie was devastated, especially when we couldn’t save…’ Fletches eyes widened in horror, if Serena didn’t know about the trauma bay, she probably didn’t know..

‘Jasmine, I know Fletch, she told me. I sent flowers but left it anonymous, I errr… I didn’t think jac would appreciate it. I was so sad to hear, honestly. We kept in touch you know? She would update me on her progress…’ Serena looked sad.

Fletch placed a reassuring hand on her arm. ‘Ms Wolves in theatre, she should be done in a mo’

‘Fletch, tell me honestly – how is she?’

‘She…well….she’s not been the same really. She seems down, the sparks gone from her eyes, she’s more mechanical now, no socialising or anything. She…she needs a bloody break’

‘Right…Fletch, do me a favour, don’t tell her you saw me OK?’

Fletch looked puzzled but shook his head in agreement as Serena turned and left. She quickly fired off a reply to Bernie:

‘Please come to the house, if you want to. If you are too tired, please just drop in, even briefly.’

It was a couple of hours later she heard a hesitant knock at the door, she leapt from her chair, all pretence of acting like a professional mature woman gone as she wrenched open the door and flung herself in to Bernie’s arms. She inhaled deeply, enjoying the familiar scent of Bernie, of home, of safety and comfort. Even in the darkest of hours after Elinor, Bernie had held her, she would breath in the smell of her and instantly feel calmed. Bernie burrowed her nose into the crook of Serena neck, Serena felt the tears, knew Bernie did not like crying in front of people, so held her until she was composed.

‘I’ve missed you, so, so, so much’ Bernie croaked, stroking her fingers through Serena’s hair, as if disbelieving she was finally there.

‘I have so much to tell you Serena, but I just… I just’

‘Shhh, Bernie. I want to hear all about it, but first I want to show you how much I’ve missed you’ and with that Serena kissed her deeply.

Bernie moaned in to the kiss, suddenly ravenous with the need to have Serena, to feel her, to feel safe once more. Serena pulled her through the door, which Bernie kicked shut, their lips never parting. Clothes were removed, hurriedly. Bernie had envisioned making slow, romantic love to Serena upon her return, but this was raw, passion, it was apologies, it was love, it was anger, it was forgiveness and it was wholeness.

They never made it upstairs, instead falling to Serena’s sofa naked. Bernie lay on top of her lover, thighs immediately moving to touch each other’s centres, they rubbed against one another with force, coming within seconds of each other, thighs trembling with the relief of finally being as one again. Once their breathing became more even, Bernie placed a hand between their bodies, both wet with perspiration, slowly entering her lover eliciting a wonderful groan. This time it was slow, she moved deeply and slowly, faces barely a hair width apart as they stared in to one another’s eyes.

‘I’ve missed you, I’ve missed this, oh Serena, I love you so much’ Bernie whispered over and over, seeing tears form in her lovers eyes as she edged her closer and closer to completion. She could see the effort in Serena’s eyes, she was ready, but holding on, not wanting to lose this wonderful connection, where nothing else in the world could possibly matter, it was only them, nothing else existed beyond the couch and their bodies.

‘Serena, I love you, I’m here forever, let go for me baby, let me feel you clench around my fingers, please Serena, come for me baby’

With that she felt her clench hard around her fingers, she moved slowly, working her through her climax.

‘Oh Serena, you’re so beautiful, but even more so when you come’

Then something happened that they hadn’t experienced before, Serena’s eye’s wide as she realised what was happening, she began to clench again as another orgasm ripped through her body, her back arching as Bernie sucked her nipples, marvelling at how responsive Serena’s body was to her.
When her body finally relaxed, she lay panting, trying to catch her breath, Bernie, still on top of her, fingers still buried deep, with her head against Serena’s chest, just enjoying the soothing sound of her heart beat, gradually returning to a steadier rhythm.

Serena kissed her, kissed her deeply, with meaning, but Bernie could feel the exhaustion radiating from her.

‘No darling, you need sleep, let me hold you, let us sleep’

On slightly shaky legs, Serena allowed herself to be led to her own room, both falling into place together, Bernie holding her from behind. She felt Serena shake, tears were falling, she shushed her gently, stroking her hair.

‘It’s OK, you’re OK’ unaware Serena could feel the fall of her own tears and her shoulder.

The next morning Bernie woke alone, struggling to get her bearings she realised she was in Serena’s bed, but Serena was not there. She padded down to the kitchen, still no Serena. She saw it was only 8am – Serena never willingly got out of bed before 9am if she wasn’t working, this worried Bernie. Had it been the other way round Serena would assume Bernie was out for a run, but the idea of Serena going for an early morning jog was completely ridiculous. She began to panic, trying to work out where she was when she heard the door open.

‘Serena!’ She half yelled

‘Bern…sorry! Oh god I’m sorry, I didn’t think you’d be awake before I got back’ She apologised, seeing the distress on Bernie’s face

‘No, no… it’s just…’ Bernie wrapped her in a hug and Serena understood, emotions were still difficult for Bernie, sometimes she relied on physical actions, which Serena didn’t mind, especially when Bernie was cross, oh boy those physical manifestations should come with an explicit warning enough to make a pornstar blush.

‘Bernie, I need to talk about work…’ Serena hesitated

Bernie stared awkwardly at her feet, biting her lip. ‘Serena, I need to tell you…’

‘I know Bernie, I know about the trauma unit. I know about how difficult it’s been’

‘You…you do? I mean how?’

‘That’s neither here nor there. But you need a break, so pack your bag Major, we’re off for 2 weeks in Poland, I know you’ve always wanted to visit the war memorials’

Bernie stood speechless. ‘The…what? Poland? Wha.. I can’t leave when you’ve just got back’

‘With me you idiot’ Serena chuckled

‘But you… you start back at work tomorrow, and so do I!’ She was still puzzled.

‘Yes…well…we are both on sabbatical, well mine is extended, we have a month…’

‘What?’

‘Don’t be mad Bernie…it’s just. look, you are the most important thing in my life apart from Jason, you are my everything, and I need you, I want you… but I want you well and happy, but you’re not. So let me take care of you? Please?’

‘That’s sweet, but I haven’t got a sabbatical and I doubt Hanssen…’

‘Yes, well…’ Serena pointedly refused to look Serena in the eye


‘I….I may have told Hanssen that the state of this hospital was a disaster, Guy Self has too much input and that pathetic whiny excuse that is the worse half of the Italian stallion has already pissed me off…so…well I told him St James’s had called enquiring about our skills and that Holby was set to lose both of us for good…unless he was able to allow us time to manage the chaos he’d made, use the month to get Ms Arsewipe away from AAU,……and re-divert the trauma funding.’

‘You…you WHAT!’ Bernie was shocked

‘Don’t be mad, I was angry, meant to just ask for a week off but sort of got carried away.
Anyway…. He agreed, we have a month together, mines unpaid but yours is full salary. When we return, Ms Twatfacedarsewipe…’

‘You really don’t like her do you?’

‘I’d rather shag Guy Self’
'Ooo, that bad?'
'Yes, anyway, she will be gone. He’s meeting with the board tomorrow to discuss the re-opening of the trauma unit, it will take a few months to get sorted, but it will happen thanks to a generous benefactor'
'A what?'
Serena again refused to meet her gaze
'Elinor…’ She swallowed hard, ‘Elinor had life insurance. Even after the funeral costs, my 6 months of travel… I still have a fair bit left over… I re-mortgaged the house yesterday… the donation means the board will definitely approve the trauma unit'
Bernie just stared at her, trying to process it all. ‘Serena…you..house…what?’
‘Don’t, don’t try and tell me to change what I’ve done, it’s done’
Bernie just embraced her, kissing her hard.
‘Less of that Major, Plane leaves in 3 hours’

Serena had packed the night before, leaving Bernie to just pack additional items she needed. They got to the airport in record time, excited for their first break together.
‘Ms Campbell, I’m sorry, we emailed you last night. Unfortunately the break you booked was oversubscribed, I’m afraid we had to cancel’ The customer service woman sheepishly said.
‘What!’ She said, in the usual Serena-don’t-fuck-with-me tone
‘I am sorry, it does state on our policy that…’
‘Fuck the policy!’ Serena slammed her fist, ‘Seriously, when the hell are things just going to be simple’
‘Ms Campbell, we’ve refunded the money and we can offer you an alternative holiday, leaving in 1hrs time, 2 weeks all-inclusive and 1000 euro’s as compensation’
‘The catch?’ Serena asked suspiciously
‘No catch, just a different location’
‘Where?’
‘Serena, wherever it is, we are going, I don’t care if we slum it in a hostel, I just want to go anywhere with you.’ Bernie pleaded, Serena reminded herself that Bernie slept in war zones, whatever it was, they would manage
‘So, where are we going then?’ Serena said with a false smile
‘Benidorm’

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tbc
The holiday - at the resort

Chapter Summary

I actually dreamt this, in my weird slightly confused subconscious this happened...so yeah...

“Come on, cheer up – it's Benidorm, not a slum, might be fun’
‘Might be noisy, might be tacky – you’ve seen the program I suppose?’
‘Yes! I love it, do you?’
Serena didn’t answer, just gave her a look that suggested she was not, in fact, a big fan.
‘Come on, the woman said it wasn’t a family resort, and if it’s that bad we can just stay in the hotel room, all fortnight, we do have a good few months to catch up on’ Bernie winked
Serena couldn’t help but smile, Bernie was right – not about the sex (well she was, and Serena had every intention of spending the first couple of days doing nothing but fucking Berenice bloody Wolfe in every way she possibly could, but they were not in some resort surrounded by hordes of screaming children, and they were together, that’s what mattered.
‘Your right, I’m just happy we’re together’ She replied
‘Mind telling your face that?’ Bernie replied with cheek
‘Watch it Wolfe’
‘Why, will you bend me over and spank me if I misbehave?’ Bernie whispered, watching Serena’s face flush

The flight was uneventful, they talked about their time apart, not just the hardships but the fun. Bernie told her about drinking Ric Griffin under the table with shots, a geriatric patient with an onion (yes, an onion) stuck in her rectum and a misunderstanding that left Sacha Levy dressed as a hooker for Mo’s leaving do (Serena told her she did not really need that mental image, but laughed anyway). The women felt a little apprehensive when they got on a transfer coach – they were joined by ‘Boss Babe Kerry’ and her ‘sexy hens’, four lads who’s t-shirts read ‘Goat fucker’ ‘Mr Lover lover’, ‘Stoned as fuck’ and ‘Fanny basher’, and a mixed group of youths wearing matching ‘eat, sleep, shag. Repeat’ T-shirts. Serena briefly sighed in relief when a couple in their 80’s boarded the coach, only to become concerned again when a further 4 couples around the same age boarded the bus.
‘Bernie, we are going to a geriatric retreat!’ Serena hissed
‘So? It will be quiet?’
‘Only because the residents are almost dead!’
‘Good job we’re Drs’
‘Oh god, this will be a holiday of country dancing, bingo, soft food and lost dentures’
‘No, wait! Their luggage says Sand Pastures Hotel, we’re at Blue Dolphin resort’
Serena breathed a sigh of relief, as just a few miles away the coach stopped, dropping off their elderly travellers. Suddenly Serena glanced around the coach again, horror in face as her eyes grew wide, mouth dropping open.
‘Serena, what is…?’
‘Shit, oh shit Bernie. I want to go to the old folk resort’
‘What?’
‘Bernie, you do realise we are on a…’
‘18-30’s holiday makers! Are. You. Ready!!!!!!!’ An over enthusiastic voice came
Bernie and Serena sank down in their seats.
‘Ladies, ladies – you missed your stop!’ A young man with the most ridiculous hair cut Bernie had ever seen said
‘Err….we’re at the Blue Dolphin Resort’ Bernie added, confident that her and Serena had boarded the wrong coach
‘Riiight…’ The man said in an annoying voice, ‘Your names?’
‘Wolfe, Ms Wolfe and Ms Campbell’ Bernie added
‘Welllllll! Folks! We have Mummy Wolfe & Mummy Campbell to take care of us at Blue Fucking Dolphin Resorrrrrttttt!’ He yelled to thunderous applause.
‘What??’ Both women said in unison
‘Oh come on Mummy dearest, who have you got staying at the resort you want to keep an eye on’ he winked
‘We haven’t’ said Serena bluntly
‘Oh come on, we see it all the time – send your little darling off on an 18-30 then accidentally book yourself in to the hotel. Come on, what’s your cheeky chap or dishy daughter called?’
Bernie swallowed hard
‘Elinor, but she’s not here’ Serena replied, breathing deeply
‘Come on, where’s Elinor – everybody! ELINOR ELINOR ELINOR…’
‘She’s dead.’ Serena replied
The young lad just stood, not knowing what to say, the entire bus had gone deathly silent as Bernie reached to hold Serena’s hands. She sat, staring straight ahead, unable to process what she had just yelled.
‘I..errr..I’m sorry..I..errr’ The lad stuttered
‘Listen you little dipshit. I’m Major Berenice Wolfe, highest ranking female RAMC in the entire country, highest decorated female soldier in history, and if you upset my beautiful partner one more time I will fucking treat you like a terrorist unwilling to give information’ Bernie sternly spoke
The lad opened his mouth a few times without sound coming out. ‘You…you too together – together together?’ He asked
‘Not that it’s any of your fucking business, but yes’ Bernie replied
He cleared his throat, ‘Ladies, gentleman, scoundrels and slags – put your hands together for the baddest fucking female army veteran EVER and her LESBIAN lovenrrrrr!’ he yelled to thunderous applause, whooping with his fist in the air as he returned the previous mood of drunken joy.
‘Give him his dues, he has energy’
‘He’s like a child with ADHD on acid’ Serena replied, but Bernie saw her face soften as they heard the chanting
‘I don’t know but I’ve been told, Major lesbians never get cold, when weathers bad then they’re not fussy, elbow deep in nice warm pussy’.
The hotel was nice, their bags were carried by the young lads who were in awe of Bernie’s military history, whilst the hen party complimented Serena saying she was a MILF (which Bernie had to explain, Serena thought it was an insult). Their room was gorgeous and they decided that they could order room service and keep to themselves.
However Bernie really fancied going out for a drink, so Serena agreed to brave the night life of Benidorm. The bar was packed, as they had assumed, full of sweaty young adults, chanting explicit rhymes and dancing to music Serena thought equated to torture. Serena was brought out of her thoughts by Bernie returning with two large, colourful cocktails, Serena quirked an eye brow, ‘Out of shiraz?’
‘I asked for a wine menu, they said red, white or pink, I thought no shiraz was better than bad shiraz?’ Bernie winked. Serena grimaced, sipping the concoction of e numbers and alcohol – surprisingly, it was delicious and somewhat refreshing.
12 cocktails later………………..
Bernie watched incredulously as Serena danced (well jumped up and down and threw her head about) blowing excitedly on a whistle procured from the hen party wearing a necklace with a large glow in the dark penis hanging from it. Bernie never thought she would see this in her lifetime,
Serena had been adopted by the hen party who nicknamed her a ‘complete ledge’. Bernie grinned as a sweaty Serena made her way over to her, hair sticking out at odd angles, face flushed and steps a little un-coordinated.

‘Having fun Campbell?’ Bernie quipped

‘More fun than you, you old fart, come on! Why aren’t you dancing’ Serena wiggled her hips in a way that was meant to be suggestive, but just knocked a drink off the table earning her a large cheer from the crowd.

‘Well this old fart has been on virgin cocktails so she could take care of her young-at-heart girlfriend’ Bernie smirked, trying to stifle a laugh as she watched Serena fight to keep her balance.

‘WHAT? VIRGIN VIRGIN VIRGIN, SHOTS SHOTS SHOTS’ Serena chanted as her new found fan club joined in, quickly bringing luminescent coloured shots and placing them in front of Bernie.

‘No, no. You enjoy them, ledge’ Bernie smirked

‘Booooooo! Grandma here is afraid she can’t handle a drink!’ Serena goaded as her followers cheered, ‘get it down you grandma, get it down you grandma’

‘Careful Campbell, you know I’m competitive’ Bernie added

‘drink drink drink’ Serena ignored her partner chanting away

‘Fine’ Bernie sighed – she knew that even with a few shots in her system she would be no-where near Serena-level intoxication.

The alcohol loosening her up a bit, Bernie danced with Serena, who became ecstatic when the DJ announced a snogging competition- the winner would win free drinks all night.

‘Campbell, were all inclusive, our drinks are free’ Bernie smiled

‘Total ledge Campbell does not give in. Come on soldier, military action required’ Serena saluted, almost falling over her own feet. The timer began and couples began kissing – it was clumsy, Serena was half being carried by Bernie who was trying to save both their teeth from the onslaught of drunken kissing, until…

‘Bern, I….I’

Bernie dodged out the way just in time as Serena vomited the concoction of drinks she had consumed. Bernie slowly rubbed her back, ‘come on party ledge, les get you some water and to bed’.

Once in the room, which had taken considerably longer than Bernie imagined due to Serena’s lack of coordination, she sat her partner on the bed whilst she went to fetch some water, returning to find Serena snoring, lying horizontal across the bed. Bernie smiled, taking herself for a shower. She was just finishing up in the shower when she heard Serena shouting. Jumping out the shower she rushed through to see what was going on, not pausing to grab a towel, only to find Serena shouting ‘PARTY!!!!’ whilst a group of youngsters wolf whistled at her naked partner.

‘S…Serena!’ Bernie stammered

‘Bernie, you’re, you’re…’

Bernie tried to find something to cover herself, settling on her hands since nothing else was in reach.

‘I know, I was just…’

‘SKINNY DIPPING!’

Before Bernie could protest, Serena was up and running out the room with her young entourage cheering and following. Quickly getting dressed, Bernie ran to the window in time to see Serena (plus hen party), jumping in the pool. A poor member of staff trying desperately to get the out shouting the pool was closed. Bernie sighed, heading down to the pool to retrieve her partner, 52yrs old and world renowned surgeon, from her partially clothed aquatic excursion.

……………………………………………………

‘Urgh, who…who put the light on’

‘That, my total ledge, is called the sun’ Bernie said, voice stern, lips pursed

‘Why’s it hurt s’much’ Serena groaned

‘Because, my dear, you got paralytic last night’

‘On’y had few’ Serena groaned, hiding her head in the pillow

‘Oh, so that wasn’t you who got so drunk they threw up on the dance floor and led a revolution of
half-dressed mini-adults into the pool at 3am?’ Bernie asked, arms crossed, trying not to laugh
‘Eurgh. I blame you’ Serena moaned, pouting

It was 6pm before Serena felt well enough to leave the hotel room, cheeks flushing red every time she saw someone from the night before who would high five her as Bernie smirked and rolled her eyes.

‘Ms Ledge! Hurry up, coach leaves in 15 mins!’ An excited lad of about 18 shouted
‘Coach?’ Serena and Bernie asked in unison
‘Yeah, for tonight’s lads and lezza’s night out? You booked it last night!’ The lad whooped before running off to her group
‘Campbell, what have you booked?’
‘Don’t know’ Serena whispered
‘Campbell?’
‘I don’t know OK, fine, I admit it. I may have had a little bit too much last night. We can just cancel whatever it is’ Serena blushed

Bernie thought for a moment, last night she had seen Serena be free, Serena wild, a Serena she had never seen before. They were in their 50’s, when would they ever do this again.
‘No, no I think we go’ Bernie said
‘What? God no, who knows what it could be. There’s swingers clubs and ladies firing ping pong balls from their…’
‘Serena, let’s just go. Let’s just have fun away from anyone who knows us’ Bernie smiled

Serena contemplated it for a moment, before shrugging. ‘Ok, I am the ledge after all’ she smirked
As they sat on the coach with about 15 men (well boys really) they tried to imagine what sort of club crawl they had gotten themselves in to…
‘Lads, Lezza’s, let’s get going on the STRIP CLUB TOUR!!!!’
Bernie and Serena looked at one another in horror, saying in unison ‘Oh fuck’ as the coach sped off.
Partly because I with the author of Tiny Dancer would just wrote none stop, all day every day. But here's a slightly funnier and much more sh*t strip club experience

‘We could pretend to feel ill? No one would question it, the amount of alcohol you put away yesterday?’ Bernie suggested
‘And do what? Stay on the coach? Apparently we will be visiting 4 clubs, traveling between each. We can’t just hop off the coach’
‘We could get a taxi?’
‘And face the lads when they get back? They’d be awful.’
‘Serena, do you actually want to go?’
‘What? No, why would I! I have the most beautiful woman at my disposal’
‘Why so reluctant to jump ships then?’
Serena blushed. ‘Well, it’s just…I’ve never…you know? Been to one of these..err clubs before. Have..have you?’
Bernie smirked, ‘A couple of times. My friend at Uni worked in one so we went to support her, and I supported her a lot…an awful lot’ Bernie blushed this time, ‘and once when we were back from tour, I went on a stag do for one of my men. I was a bit of a novelty, a woman there to watch, so I got loads of attention and free dances, the stag was a bit disappointed.’ Bernie shrugged her shoulders
‘Major Wolfe, you dark horse!’ Serena giggled
‘It’s fun, not as smutty as you think, a lot of the girls are genuinely having fun and they make quite good money.’
‘So you’d be ok if we…go?’
Bernie smirked, she didn’t know where this particular side of Serena had been hiding, but she liked it. ‘Of course, just don’t ditch me for a younger more flexible model’
‘As if they could ever live up to my sexy big macho army medic’

When the coach stopped the women got off, somewhat less enthusiastically than young lads who practically dance doff the coach in excitement. The first club was called ‘enchantment’, Serena raised her eyebrows – the club form the outside was entirely black with pink writing, the guy on the door looked like a sleaze as he leered at Bernie & Serena. The entry fee was covered in their tour tickets so both women just stood and listened to the rules – no touching, hands to yourselves, break the rules and you get kicked out.
Serena was pleasantly surprised, she expected to find a dirty, grotty bar full of desperate women performing for even more desperate men, instead she found a classy interior with groups of men chatting and drinking. Confident women strutted around in minimal clothes on towering heels and there were 3 poles central to the club, where a dark haired woman twirled seductively, grinding the pole.
‘Drink?’ Bernie asked, faking confidence in the club
‘Please’ Serena said, her mouth a little dry. What would her staff think if they knew that right now, Serena Campbell was sat in a strip club, with a group of lads, watching half naked women gyrate and perform. She argued internally with herself – was this an affront to her feminist views, or was the fact these women were allowed to use their body as they pleased and earn an income, it soon didn’t matter when the dark haired pole dancer removed her bra. Serena’s mouth dropped open, this was
‘You can tell she never breastfed’ Bernie’s voice came in her ear
‘Wha..what?’ Serena stuttered
‘Tits like that have never breastfed a baby’
‘How do you know she’s even had a baby’
‘Caesarean scar’ Bernie nodded
‘Bernie, please can we not start looking for surgical scars, particularly related to childbirth’ Serena chastised
‘You think that’s bad, I just saw her episiotomy scar, not very neat work I tell you’
‘Bernie, seriously, I don’t want to look that close at anyone else’s vagina but yours, you’re sort of ruining the mood’
‘Sorry, I get nervous and start body mapping for surgery scars’ She blushed
‘Why on earth are you nervous?’ Serena said incredulously
‘It’s…just..you know. I know I’m older and I have lots of scars and I’ll never look like that for you’ Bernie blushed

Serena turned to face her, held Bernie’s cheek in her hand and moved to kiss her gently. ‘You’re perfect’ she whispered, moving her hand between Bernie’s thighs and teasing her entrance, unseen and masked by the proximity of their bodies. ‘I wouldn’t trade this for any other’ she smirked, as Bernie gulped, blinking hard, trying to dampen her own arousal.

‘Hi, I’m Shimmer. Would you like a private dance?’ A young blonde asked in broken English, draping her arm suggestively across Serena’s shoulders
‘Err…no thank you’ Serena stuttered in shock, this time Bernie smirked at Serena’s blushing.

After about an hour in the club the tour continued, both women were fairly tipsy now and beginning to enjoy the company of young lads they had befriended.

The next club was bigger than the first, Playthings, it had a central bar with 4 poles dotted around the room, each with a young topless woman gyrating on it. Bernie and Serena had been talked in to doing a round of shots with the lads and were decidedly drunk by the time ‘Tigress’ approached them to offer a dance. Bernie went to decline but Serena shocked her by interrupting. ‘Yes, but both of us.. please’ she suddenly became shy, glowing red. Bernie stood slightly open mouthed – Serena Campbell was about to pay for a couples lap dance.

‘OK ladies, follow me – do you want topless or completely naked?’ she asked as though asking if they took milk in their coffee’s
‘Errr…I don’t know..we err..’
‘First time?’
‘Yes’
‘Bless, don’t worry, I’ll take care of you. Let’s go topless for now’ she winked suggestively. Serena paid the fee before nervously following the young woman to a curtained booth.

‘OK, you sit that side, and you sit the other’ She said
She began to dance and Serena giggled, she couldn’t believe she was here and doing this. She was enjoying it, not so much the sexual aspect, but the fun aspect. Bernie chuckled at how wide and panicked Serena’s eyes went when Tigress straddled her and became dancing – her tits just millimetres from Serena’s mouth, Serena was flushed, bright red, as Tigress stepped off her, twirled and rand her hands seductively over her body before stalking up slowly to Bernie, who looked non-phased, as the young woman contorted her body, touching herself seductively.

Suddenly Serena was aware of a feeling washing over her. Not fun, not excitement, not lust, but jealousy. She watched Bernie watching the other woman dance, suddenly feeling self-conscious. She felt like she couldn’t breathe, the room was spinning and she needed to escape. She saw Bernie’s eyes move to her, her brow furrowed – se saw Bernie’s mouth moving but she heard nothing but the thumping of her own heart. She ran, out of the booth, out of the club, outside sucking in deep breaths of air.

‘Serena!’ She could hear Bernie’s voice, as if she were under water
‘Serena, Serena! It’s OK, I’m here, and you’re OK’ She soothed, rubbing Serena’s back. ‘Deep
breathe with me, in for 4, out for 6, that’s it’
It wasn’t long before Serena’s breathing has resumed to normal, tears were spilling from her eyes
‘Shhh, it’s OK, you had a panic attack, that’s all. Come on, your OK’
‘I’m…I’m so sorry. I just. It was. I don’t know. Since Ellie-I. I don’t manage things well and I…I hated seeing her dance on you…and then I just…it…I couldn’t.’
‘It’s OK, it’s OK. I’m here’ Bernie soothed, ‘Shall we go back to the hotel?’
‘We can’t, they’d take the micky out of us’ She sniffed sadly.
Bernie smiled, ‘Give me a sec’.
‘Lads, Oi! Lads!’ She hollered
‘Major’ the lads (rather drunkenly saluted0
‘I’m taking the missus back to the hotel’
‘Noooo! Come on! Light weights, light weights, lightweights!’ They chanted
‘No guys, seriously, I’m taking my partner back to the privacy of our room’ she winked, the lads or cheering once they cottoned on

Once back at the hotel, Serena couldn’t stop apologising, ‘I’m sorry Bernie, it was stupid, I mean it was my idea, normally the jealousy would have just made me…you know…turned on. I just freaked’
‘Shhh, Serena, it’s fine. I wasn’t enjoying it really. Not my type. Not enough curves, too blonde’ Serena chuckled, ‘So what is your type Major?’
‘Brunette, but short haired, preferably flecked with silver. A curvy body that oozes sex, a mind so bright it could accomplish an MBA from Harvard, eyes so kind they make you want to be a better person, hands so adept at saving lives….and other things’ She smirked
‘Hmmm, I think there was a dancer who fits that description, if you want her to dance for you?’ Bernie furrowed her brow, ‘No Serena, no I was describing yo- oh!’ She finally cottoned on when Serena straddled her.

‘For a world renowned surgeon, you’re quite dim, you know that?’ Serena laughed as she rolled her hips.
‘For a lap dancer your quite over dressed, you know that?’ She quipped back.
With that Serena undressed herself, straddling her partner again and gyrating her hips, ensuring her breasts were level with Bernie’s mouth, as she took a nipple between her teeth and gently teased.
‘Mmmmm, what about the no touching policy?’ Serena groaned
‘You’re going to seriously expect me not to touch this fucking naked goddess bouncing in my lap?’ Bernie quirked an eyebrow
‘Hmmm, maybe I should, rules are rules after all-’
Serena giggled as Bernie flipped her expertly on to the bed, kissing her hard, her fingers entering Serena straight away.
‘My god Serena, you’re so ready for me, you feel so good. Fuck you’re so wet!’ She gasped ‘All for you’ Serena purred.
With that Bernie stopped, Serena protesting only momentarily once she realised the direction Bernie was heading. Bernie stripped her dress over her head, underwear coming off in just seconds as she came to rest her chin between Serena’s thighs.
‘Mmmm, you’re dripping for me, my favourite taste in the world’ She moaned as she swipe her tongue the length of her lover.
‘Stop. I said stop!’ Bernie stopped, looking confused
‘Come here’ Serena ordered, Bernie shuffled up the bed unsure what was wrong
‘Lie down’ Serena commanded, s she did
‘I think it’s rather unfair that you get all the fun Major’ she purred as she brushed her hands up and down Bernie’s torso.
‘I…I want to try something, a position if that’s OK?’ Serena asked, confidence suddenly lost
‘Anything, as long as I get to taste you’
‘Oh you will’ Serena smirked. She turned, facing a way from Bernie on all fours, lowering her head
to lick over Bernie’s clit
‘O fucking god Serena!’ Bernie cried, realising the position she was in. She pulled on Serena’s hips until she could reach her tongue where needed. The sensation of tasting Serena as she herself was tasted was almost too much. They were both greedy, hungrily devouring one another until Serena felt Bernie’s sex twitching, felt her head move back as she came hard. The movement of Bernie’s tongue from her clit to her entrance was all that Serena needed before she too was moaning into her lovers cunt.

They lay together, cuddling, Serena wrapped in Bernie’s arms.
‘Well, you’ve explored some unknown Sapphic territory today Campbell’ She smirked
The Holiday - Sex on beach

Chapter Summary

Basically I am a bad human

‘This is more age appropriate don’t you think?’ Bernie smirked as they lay, side by side on the beach, enjoying nothing but the sounds of seagulls and the gentle lapping of the sea,
‘Age appropriate?’ Serena glared
‘Well, compared to binge drinking with embryos, skinny dipping, snogging contests and strip clubs, I think this is more appropriate for two 50 somethings?’ Bernie smirked, rolling on her side and propping her head up on her elbow.
‘Well for those of us young at heart, this is merely a rest in between excursions, but you’re welcome to play bridge tomorrow whilst I party if it’s too much for you grandma?’ Serena quipped
‘Less of the grandma, I’ll have you know I have the strength and stamina of a teenager – you can ask my missus, I can go all night’ Bernie returned
‘I will, when I meet her, my missus prefers a Horlicks and cuddle’ Serena responded
‘Right, that’s it Campbell, you’re for it now’ Bernie giggled, rolling on top of Serena as she squealed
‘And, Granny Wolfe, just what are you going to do about it?’ Serena smirked, eyes immediately growing darker
‘This’ Bernie replied, kissing her hard and passionately
Serena’s hand moved to wrap themselves around Bernie’s back, pulling them closer, Bernie’s thigh naturally slipping between them, Serena groaned as she rolled her hips, feeling Bernie just where she needed her.
‘Bern…Bernie. Let’s got back to the hotel’ Serena gasped, already feeling the wetness pool between her thighs
‘Hotel? I think not Campbell, unless you’re actually granny Campbell? In which case I may need a younger more adventurous missus’ Bernie smirked
‘H..H..Here?’ Serena gasped, eyes wide, hips betraying her protest as they continued to move against Bernie’s thigh
‘Why? You too old for this Ms Campbell?’ Bernie quirked her eyebrow as she pushed her thigh harder against her lover.
‘What if someone see’s?’ Serena gasped, moaning as she felt Bernie increase the pressure
‘It’s late, it’s already getting dark and we’re behind these rocks. Now are you game Campbell, or should we get you back to the old folks home?’ Bernie whispered, before nibbling Serena’s ear lobe
‘Oh gawd, what you do to me!’ Serena moaned as Bernie began kissing her neck
‘Shhh my love, I have you’ She replied
Soon bikini bottoms were removed, Bernie’s bikini top also removed, Serena’s pulled under her breasts. Bernie made short work of finding her entrance, pushing one finger in, then quickly adding another. She slowly curled her fingers, working Serena deep and slow, rolling her own hips in time with her fingers, the back of her hand brushing her clit making her moan. She licked around Serena’s nipples, the soft moans she elicited the most erotic music she had ever heard.
She was shocked when Serena rolled them over, her fingers still inside Serena as Serena’s fingers entered her, three fingers slowly stretching her, as Bernie gasped in pleasure, rocking her hips, desperate for more.
‘More darling?’ Serena asked
‘Y..yes. Yes, oh god yes’ Bernie moaned
'You’re so wet darling’ Serena moaned
‘I’m wet, omg Serena I’m wet!’
‘I know baby, all for me…’
‘No! Serena my feet!’
It took a moment for Bernie’s words to filter through to her brain, Serena almost responded with an anatomy lesson for Bernie, before she too felt the flow of water lapping her feet.
‘Shit’ She hissed, ‘The tides coming in, come on soldier, lets continue this at the hotel’ Serena managed
‘Serena…. We’re trapped’
‘Fuck’ Serena looked around, aware that they were indeed, surrounded by a body of water
‘OK, Ok, we’ll be OK’ Bernie said, more too herself than Serena
‘We’ll have to swim along to the shore’ Serena replied
‘No, we can’t. It’s too dangerous, we won’t know how deep it is, the current is strong and we could be pushed against the rocks’ Bernie responded, suddenly feeling the panic kick in, a claustrophobic feeling of being trapped on an increasingly smaller piece of land.
‘Yes, hello! We’re err… trapped’ Serena replied
‘Right, one mo! Just stay there’ The guy called
‘Just stay here, what a twat’ Bernie muttered, receiving a glare from Serena

Eventually a boat arrived to escort the women, now knee deep in sea water, to safety.
‘Did you not read the warnings?’ The sailor asked them, clearly annoyed
‘We err… got distracted’ Serena blushed
‘Fell asleep’ Bernie smiled, a little too widely to be true
Bernie furrowed her brow, ‘Serena – are you OK?’ She asked, the concern in her voice evident
‘Mmm. Fine’ Serena said, squirming on her seat
‘Are you in pain?’ Bernie asked
‘No, I. Am. Fine.’ Serena said harshly
‘Serena, I’m sorry OK? I know you’re mad at-’
‘I’m not mad Berenice, I am fine. Drop it’
‘No, I won’t. You’re upset with me, I can see it in your face’
‘I. am. Damn. Well. Fine. Drop. It. PLEASE’ Serena spoke slowly, eyes wide trying to communicate to Bernie her need to shut the hell up
‘Serena, please, you look uncomfortable-‘
‘Give me a hug’
‘What?’ Bernie was taken a back
‘I said. Give me a hug’ Serena replied firmly
Confused, Bernie wrapped her arms around her lover in comfort. Serena pressed her mouth against Bernie’s ear
‘I have sand…you know’
‘What sand?’ Bernie said loudly
‘Shut the fuck up! I have sand in my… you know…’ Serena hissed in to her ear
‘In your’ Bernie started loudly, ‘Ooohhhhh’ she then whispered, cottoning on to Serena’s discomfort
She sat back, she tried to look sympathetic, but couldn’t hold back. She bit her lip.
‘Don’t even think about it’ Serena warned
Bernie was biting hard on her lip now, tears forming in her eyes, concentration etched on her face
‘I mean it. Don’t you dare’
Bernie was now shaking with the effort of holding everything in
‘Berenice if you even-‘
It was too much, and soon Bernie’s honking laugh could be heard across the sounds of the sea, startling the sailors and earning her a deathly stare from Serena. Once she had started, she could not stop, the more she tried not to laugh, the more she laughed.
Soon Serena’s disapproving frown, began to waver, her lips twitching until she too was laughing at the absurdity of it all. A cultural trip to Poland had turned into a binge drinking, skinny dipping 18-30’s break in Benidorm, strip clubs, a lap dance, sex on the beach, stranded by the tide and a sandy vagina.
Guess who's back...back again...yes I'm back...tell a friend (if you didn't read that in the tune of Without me by Eminem then just what are you actually doing with your life...)

Anyway, I digress. Many thanks for the words of support during such a difficult time, and thanks again for the comments asking for more - they do cheer me up and the boost my ego which can only ever help.... so.....

Everybody just follow me, cuz we need a little controversy, and it feels so empty without meehee........

The box arrived on AAU. Bernie noticed the handwriting, her heart rate suddenly increasing. She was aware she was staring, her fingers trembled as she opened the box. Inside were an assortment of gifts – oils, wine, cheeses etc. Bernie smiled, very Serena.

She opened a note – it was addressed to the ‘AAU’ family, Serena talked of missing Marmite and her plans to lease a vineyard for the next season. Bernie smiled, she was relieved Serena was clearly feeling better than when she had left. They had spoken, but it had been brief, almost awkward. Bernie found it strange that they had managed the most intimate acts together, they had shared passionate fucks with which neither had cared how loud or wanton they sounded, they had made love, slow sex where they never broke eye contact, seeing the light in each other’s eyes as they’re climax hit, seeing each other through it – fingers, tongues, hands and thighs had brought each other pleasure, yet a phone call was awkward. Awkward because there was so much that needed to be discussed, yet neither knew how.

Bernie wanted to ask if Serena was coming back.
Serena wanted to ask if Bernie forgave her.
Both wanted to know if they were still a couple, or if they were planning on reconnecting on Serena’s return? Were either of them seeing other people?
They needed to ask these questions, but neither were ready to deal with the consequences of the others answers. Phone calls boarded on formal acknowledgments of one another, and had, to a degree, fizzled out to occasional texts.

Still, Bernie couldn’t help but swallow hurt as she read Serena’s note – she missed marmite, not Bernie. She wrote a letter to AAU, not Bernie. Bernie could smell her perfume on the letter, could imagine her smile as she wrote the note, she slowly brushed her thumb across the paper, tracing where she knew Serena’s fingers would have touched. Serena was OK, and Bernie felt bad for being disappointed that Serena clearly wasn’t missing her as desperately as she was missing Serena.

Her day was full of highs and lows; receiving the package from Serena, realising their relationship was probably over, feeling relieved Serena was OK, Nina telling her the trauma unit was closing, feeling strong as she powered on refusing to accept defeat, then accepting there was nothing she could do.

As she told Hanssen she was leaving, effect of immediately given the annual leave owed to her, he smiled,
‘I see Ms Wolfe, am I right in guessing that the South of France may be your destination of choice?’
Bernie furrowed her brow, ‘No, my plans at the moment are up in arms. I may be going back on tour to train new recruits’
‘May I suggest you rethink the decision and look at perhaps taking a holiday, and nice relaxing
holiday, on a Vineyard somewhere?’ He continued
‘Mr Hanssen, I appreciate you mean well, but Serena and I are not together, Serena will not want to see me, Serena hasn’t given me a second thought, and unless you are suggesting I deliver a tub of marmite before re-enlisting, I think you have the wrong idea."
He just smiled, ‘funny, Ms Wolfe, I always thought Serena detested marmite, found it to be quite vile from my understanding. I wish you good luck wherever your new venture takes you, remember there is always a place for you in Holby, even without the trauma unit.’
Bernie left more confused about Serena when she went in. Hanssen was right, Serena hated marmite – why on earth was she missing it. Bernie shrugged and went to collect her belongings, she didn’t tell anyone she was going, and didn’t plan on telling anyone. Mo’s leaving drinks had been wonderful, as much as she wasn’t the singing/dancing type, the love and adoration for Mo was evident, Mo was loved and respected, she left on a high. Bernie, on the other hand, was a reminder of their beloved Serena, Bernie was the leader of the Trauma unit. Now Serena was gone, the Trauma unit was gone, she was nothing. There’s no high to leave on, there’s no fond memories to share because all her memories of Holby linked right back to Serena. So she calmly collected her things. She sat in Serena’s chair, smiled sadly as she remembered the stolen kisses and shameless flirting over their office desk. She remembered their arm wrestle, Serena rubbing her back. She remembered them locking the door, drinking red wine and sharing funny stories on the floor, hidden from the ward, just enjoying one another’s company. She reached in to Serena’s desk drawer and retrieved her signature scrub cap – leopard print. She breathed in the smell of Serena, before placing the cap in with her belongings. She felt bad, hesitated, but decided if this was all she would have to remind her of Serena for the rest of her life, she could deal with the karma from stealing.
She left the office, a few curious glances from the nursing staff as they clocked the box of belongings. It was Fletch who approached her,
‘Major? What’s with the box? Surely he hasn’t… has Hanssen sacked you because of the trauma bay because I swear if he has we will….’
She cut him off with a grateful smile, ‘No, no he hasn’t. I’m leaving, I have enough annual leave to cover my notice.’
‘Right, well, I don’t really know what we will do. I mean it’s been tough without Serena but now…… oh hang on – you wouldn’t be jetting off to the South of France would you?’ he said with a smirk.
‘No. I’ll likely be training new medic recruits though I’m waiting on the final approval’ she said firmly. She didn’t want to discuss it, and as Fletch had the gossip area the size of the ward, she would like to leave before more well-meaning staff came up to question her.
‘Does Serena know?’ Fletch asked, the shock displayed on his face
‘No, Serena does not know. Serena does not need to know’ the last thing she wanted was to force Serena to contact her through guilt.
‘Doesn’t need to know? After what she’s been through you’d just leave? She was a mess last time you did this, but now…… oh hang on – you wouldn’t be jetting off to the South of France would you?’ he said with a smirk.
Bernie stood, in shock. ‘Excuse me nurse Fletcher, but until I exit this ward I am still your boss and you do not get to talk to me this way, or comment on my personal life. Ms Campbell and I are no longer together, she has made that clear, so why stay and hurt us both?’ with that she walked off, not willing to carry on a discussion that would no doubt leave her emotional, and Bernie Wolfe doesn’t do emotions, especially in front of others. Except Serena, but then Serena was always the exception.
She felt her phone vibrate in her pocket as she left, cursing whomever was calling her as she tried to wedge her box of belongings between her and the car. She answered without looking.
‘Berenice bloody Wolfe, what the hell are you doing!’ The unmistakable voice of a very annoyed Serena Campbell played out through her phone. Bernie felt her heart ache, she would take whatever Serena wanted to give, and if that was anger, she’d absorb every second of it.
‘I’m…it’s…it’s for the best Ms Campbell’ She replied
‘Ms Campbell? I tell you I love you, that I want you to come stay with me, and this is what I get?
Fuck the formalities, just say ‘Serena, I’m sorry but I can’t join you as I’m moving on’ it’s not that hard is it? And it’s the least I bloody deserve!’

‘I…you don’t…’ She took a deep breath, ‘This is why I didn’t call you. I don’t want you to want me because of a sense of guilt, or a sense of duty. I wanted you to want me because you missed me’ She said, her voice suddenly childlike

“What? I ASKED YOU TO JOIN ME! YOU GOT THE LETTER TODAY AND I KNOW YOU DID BECAUSE RIC CALLED ME!!!!!!”

“I got your letter, it wasn’t for me, it was for all the staff and I’m sorry you’re missing marmite so much despite the fact you actually hate it, but I didn’t see a coded message to join you.’ Bernie felt angry now, yes Serena was grieving but it didn’t give her the right to continue to dictate Bernie’s life. ‘WHAT? You absolute bloody idiot. I don’t miss marmite, I miss you you bloody fool! Remember, we talked about your disgusting love of marmite and you said you were like marmite, people loved you or hated you, I said you were my marmite and I loved you!”

‘Serena, how on earth was I meant to guess you missed, loved and wanted me from a tiny quote about marmite!”

‘I wrote you a letter you dozy fool’

“You wrote a letter to AAU”

‘Yes…and a letter to you!’

“What?”

“I said, I wrote a let-”

The phone went dead. Bernie dropped her belongings and raced back to the ward.

‘Fletch, Fletch…not now Fletch, where’s the box Ms Campbell sent? Fletch, stop gawping where is it!’ She knew she sounded frantic, but she didn’t care. He pointed to the porter carrying the remnants of several boxes.

She flagged down the porter, snatched the box from his hand and pulled it apart. There, tucked under the bottom flap of the box with ‘My Berenice’ written on it in Serena’s handwriting. With shaking hands she opened the letter;

‘Dear Bernie,

There’s so many things I need to say and ask you, but I just can’t seem to find the words. I want you to know that of all the things I said and did whilst in the depths of grief, I regret most pushing you away. I never thanked you for how supportive and patient you were. I know the nights you stayed over you didn’t sleep, I knew you sat watching me. I know you tried to hide how tired you were, I knew you ached to hold me as I pushed you further and further away. The fact is Bernie, in all this endless grief, you were the only thing that kept me going. I love you, and I miss you. God do I miss you, and not just the sex (which, by the way is incredible), but you. Your smile, your bloody fringe, your inability to converse with humans, your terrible but incredible laugh, your messy hair, your eyes and the way they always seem to communicate whatever words can’t say. I can’t ask you to wait for me, nor can I say when I will be back, but I can say this. I’m moving on to a leased vineyard where I plan to spend the next 6 months, and selfishly I want you to be with me. I want us to grow grapes, sit outside wen it’s dark tucked under a blanket holding hands, I want strolls down the French rivers, lunches in quaint little bistro’s, I want us to drink all the wine we make together and I want us to rediscover one another in bed. I hope you don’t find this intrusive, but as a gesture (and to make you blush that adorable blush you do), the Olive oil marked ‘Sapphic Oil’ is actually a rather fine lubricant I would very much like to enjoy with you – I hope you manage to retrieve it form the box before someone else does. If you wish to join me, please call my darling, I love and miss you.

Yours, always and forever, Serena’

Bernie could barely see through the tears clouding her eyes. She tried to call Serena – but the call went straight to voicemail. So she booked a flight to France, the Southern region.

……………………………………

The next morning she woke, tried Serena multiple times only to be met with an answer phone each time she called, so she tried Ric.

‘Ric, hi, it’s Bernie’
‘Ah, the heartbreaker herself?’
‘I take it you’ve heard from Serena then?’
‘Yes, soon after she spoke to you I presume’
‘Ric, I got confused, I really need to talk to her’
‘You’ll have a problem, she errr, she may have not entirely dealt with her lingering anger issues’
‘What?’
‘She threw her phone at a wall. She called me from a pay phone to advise me she would contact me with her new number’
‘Great, can you give it to me please?’
‘I was under strict instructions not too. Look Bernie, she doesn’t deserve this, let her move on, why prolong the torture’
‘Ric, you don’t understand, I need to see her. I really do’
‘I can’t give you her number but I can give you her address…?’ He offered hesitantly
‘That’s, that’s wonderful. Thank you’
‘No problem, I’ll text it to you. Oh, and tell Serena this Sapphic cooking oil is weird, it tastes fruity, ruined dinner last night…’
Bernie swallowed hard, ‘Err, yeah…. I will. Thanks Ric’

Serena lay across the bench, a glass of Shiraz in her hand as she soaked up the last remains of the day’s sun. She looked so peaceful, she looked exquisite in fact. Bernie stood, her rucksack slung over one shoulder, hair untameable as usual, and she just worshiped the beauty that lay before her. She took a few moments to savour the image before she broke the peace.
‘Engine been growling or whining?’
Serena startled, shiraz spilling everywhere as she fought to get herself in to a seating position.
‘Bern…Bernie?’
‘Any intermittent smell of burning?’
‘Define intermittent’ Serena looked at Bernie with caution, unsure as to whether she had drank too much, or if Bernie was really here.
Bernie’s bravado suddenly dissipated, ‘I got your letter’ she mumbled shyly
‘You..you read it?’
‘Yes, and.. I’m sorry I mean, it was lost in the box and oh by the way, Ric tried to cook stir fry with the lube you sent, but anyway, yeah I read it and I… well I’m here if you’ll have me, and please have me because I’ve given Cameron my flat, I’ve quit Holby and I’m sort of stranded in the South of France because I forgot to get Euro’s sorted on the way.’
Serena stood, taking slow, trembling steps forward, before she ran, wrapping her arms around Bernie and kissing her deeply.
‘Wow, Serena Campbell, wasting shiraz AND running. You’re a new woman’
‘Shut up with your smart mouth, unless you plan to put it to better use’ Serena growled into the kiss. And she did. Several times, the other occupants of Serena’s villa were clearly relieved to see the couple departing for their vineyard the next morning, apparently there had been several complaints about loud sex, foul language, and a naked middle aged woman yelling out the window at people to stop cheering (well, they were rude, Bernie thought).
Old McKinnie had a farm

Chapter Summary

Bernie joins Serena on the Vineyard, but she's not sure their new home is very Serena?

‘This is…. Very… ummmmm… well isn’t this more my sort of thing Ms Campbell?’ Bernie asked as she made her way around Serena’s new home – their new home for the summer at least.

‘Excuse me, it’s McKinnie.’ Serena admonished, since Elinor was gone, Serena had decided in order to have her fresh start, she would return to her maiden name. ‘Any way, why? It’s perfect’ Serena replied with some indignation

‘Oh no, I love it. It’s rustic… it’s just… well you’re a home comforts, 5 star kind of girl, and this is…’

‘It’s a farm’

‘Yes, exactly’ Bernie smiled. She was no good with words but figured if she stopped talking now, she could at least stop digging herself in deeper.

‘I’ll have you know, Berenice, that I happen to adore this place, the surroundings, the fresh air. The Vineyard is to the south, we have chickens over here, and a few cattle in the next field. Come on, I’ll show you’

Bernie shrugged, she never thought she would see the day Serena was on a farm, let alone living on one – by choice.

‘Ok, our little hens’ Serena smiled fondly, ‘see that one there – the one that won’t stop clucking – that’s ‘Fletch’, oh and look! Over there! That one running around and looks like it’s smiling, that’s ‘Morven’, and this little one preening itself is ‘Dom’, not forgetting our little ‘Raf’, that’s Raf over there look, following Fletch around

‘Serena… you named your chickens after our staff?’

‘I named OUR chickens after OUR staff’

‘You missed Ric?’

‘Nope, see that cockerel over there? Made his way through most the hens and he’s still after more, meet ‘Ric’, lady killer’

Bernie laughed, a huge honking laugh that made Serena smile, she missed that laugh.

‘So, what about me, did I not make the chicken family?’

‘Oh I have a Bernie’

‘Where?’ Bernie looked around trying to locate a stray chicken, no doubt her name sake would be running away from the others.
‘It’s not a chicken’
‘Serena?’
‘Come on’

Bernie still had a quizzical look in her eye,

‘That’s Hanssen’
‘Where?’
‘There, in the vineyard’

Bernie squinted, looking for a chicken roaming the vines.

‘There, watching everyone with a sullen silence, trying to appear stern and serious with little effect’
‘It’s the scarecrow isn’t it?’
‘Yup’
‘Oh gosh now I’m really worried who is named after me.’
‘You’ll see! Oh hi Jason love’
‘Jason? You named the dog Jason?’
‘He’s very quirky, quite set in his ways, but I adore him’
‘Makes sense’ Bernie shrugged – who was she to argue with Serena’s choice of names.

‘Well now I really am OUCH!’ Bernie jumped, looking down at the hissing cat responsible for the bright red scratch on her leg.

‘Jac! That bloody cat is evil!’

‘Now for once, I’m quite in agreement on the name’
‘Ahh Jac acts all mean, spits and hisses a lot, but sometimes she gets all sweet and you can pet her’
‘Do not ever let Naylor hear you say you named a passive aggressive cat after her’
‘Come on, keep going. You will love it I promise – ooo there’s Sacha!’
‘Sacha… as in that cow is Sacha’

‘Yes, looks big and hard, but Sacha is such a softy. I milked Sacha the other day and I swear she smiled’

‘Please don’t ever say you milked Sacha and made him smile, I feel queasy’

‘Mind out the gutter Wolfe’

‘I’m a horse aren’t I? As in runs away from things?’

‘Nope, I don’t have a horse, but if I did it would Matteo – I mean stallion or what?’
Alright, I am still here as you perve over a hunky Italian

‘A girl can window shop’

‘Serena, how much further’

‘Nearly there, watch out for Guy’

‘What?’

‘Guy, down there’

‘A frog’

‘It’s a toad, a slimy toad’

‘How can you tell which toad is Guy?’

‘All toads are Guy, or rather all Guy Self’s are toads, either way the analogy works and… ahh! There she is, my Berenice’

‘Where?’

‘There, look’

Bernie gazed in the direction Serena pointed her in, seeing a beautiful swan nesting by the pond.

‘A…a swan? Serena she’s beautiful’

‘She is, and see there – her two cygnets, Charlotte & Cameron’

Bernie gulped, this must be hard for Serena, to be reminded that Bernie was a mother to two children who were still alive, whilst Serena’s only child no longer lived.

‘Serena, I…’

‘Shhh. She’s Berenice, I came across her when I first found this place. She was injured, every time I approached she withdrew. Occasionally she hissed, but she made this most harrowing sound. I couldn’t get close enough to see if I could help. I carried on walking and heard this noise about a mile down the river, and then I saw them, two little Cygnets in a nest. A third had…’ Serena swallowed hard, ‘A third had passed. I used my cardigan to carry these two and there unfortunate sister…’

Bernie didn’t comment on the fact Serena referred to the deceased cygnet as a girl, she was pretty sure this Cygnet had been named Elinor.

‘When I got to the mother, I placed them near her. They waddled over to her, but I could see she was looking at the third baby. So sad, instead of becoming a beautiful swan, this little one had passed. I know by now Bernie you will have guessed I felt that this Cygnet was Elinor. I moved closer to Berenice and showed her the baby, she nudged it, before she got back to snuggling her two living babies. I buried the little cygnet and watched her further. Soon she moved slightly towards me, I could see her foot was trapped on some wire. I freed her, brought hr food and now…’

Bernie watched in awe as Serena approached the swan, gently laying her hand on the bird’s neck, which turned affectionately in to her.

‘So you see, this beautiful swan was injured, she was hurt, she was scared, she didn’t want to let me
in. But once she reconnected with her children, she was brave. When I freed her she briefly left, she was scared as I’m sure she may have been hurt by humans, but she came back to me, and now she’s healed both physically and emotionally.’

Bernie had tears in her eyes, ‘Serena…I…I don’t know…I just…I love you, oh god do I love you’

Bernie kissed Serena, deep and passionately, hands in each other’s hair pulling them closer together.

‘Bernie..Bernie’ Serena mumbled against her lips, ‘Not in front of the children’. Bernie honked her laugh again, earning a curious look from the swan and her cygnets.

They began to walk back, before Serena quipped, ‘You know, errr, just over there in the barn is… err.. well there is a hay loft…’

‘hay loft?’ Bernie smirked

‘Yes, and seeing as I’m the farmer, neither of us will be chased with a pitchfork’ Serena smirked.

There was no need to tell Bernie twice, then made their way in to the barn, the ladder looked suspiciously unsteady so Bernie suggested (since no one else was on the farm) they make use of the hay on the bottom of the barn. Before they knew it, both women were naked, rolling around in the hay. It wasn’t as romantic as it appeared in the films - bits of hay getting stuck places where no hay should go. Still, it was with Bernie’s fingers deep inside her that Serena panted out desperate breaths getting closer and closer to climax, Bernie herself breathing ragged as she ground down on Serena’s thigh.

‘Yes…Bernie…Yes….oh gawd I’m soo..’

Both jumped at loud squeal, suddenly two pigs came charging through the barn, narrowly missing the two women.

‘For fucks sake! Edward, Marcus, I am so turning you in to sausages!’

Bernie looked at her, ‘Edward? Marcus? Serena…. You named pigs after our ex-husbands?’

Serena shrugged, ‘Edward got in to a cider barrel and drank the lot before crashing through his fence and Marcus just rolled around in his own filth feeling sorry for himself. The names suited’

Bernie honked her laugh again as Serena herded the filthy pigs back to their pen, only half wishing they could indeed place both their ex-husbands in a shit filled pen.
When only half returns, nothing is whole

Chapter Summary

Serena returns, but where is Bernie?

*****Chapter 50 celebrations - fluffy smut***********

When Serena returned to Holby, she was met with a mixture of welcomed affections, but unwelcome questions.

'Where is Bernie?'
'Ms Wolfe not with you?'
'Is Bernie coming back?'
'I thought she'd be back by your side'

Serena ended the questions with her infamous, 'can we please go 5 minutes without someone mentioning Berenice Bloody Wolfe!'

That was enough to shut people up, but Serena knew it was only temporary, she knew she'd have to answer their questions soon enough, but right now she didn't want to. In the months prior to her leaving, her entire life was laid bare to all of AAU, and thanks to the rumour mill, the rest of the hospital. First, her kissing Bernie (Serena Campbell, pudding and pie, kissed the girl and made her cry - she still cringed at that), then Robbie being back on the scene and the subsequent 'make out' session in Albies that everyone knew ended with Serena taking Robbie home, and not for a coffee as she insisted whilst winking in her inebriated state. Then Bernie returned, everyone knew she and Bernie were locked in their office (everyone was secretly relieved), the kiss that ensued was witnessed by half the ward who were peeping from a distance - it was obvious exactly where that kiss was heading, even when they arrived early the next day, in the same car, to avoid gossip. Plus, Serena noted, no one could have not noticed her extra spring in her step. Then Elinor... her darling daughter. She died, on the ward. Her staff saw her face as she raced to see her daughter, they watched her grip Bernies hands, crushing them, hoping to wake up from what was surely a nightmare. They saw her leave the building, the last time she entered the building as the mother of a living child then leaving for the first time as a mother who's arms would forever remain empty. They heard about Elinors drug use, what felt like Serena's failing as a parent. They saw her descend in front of them into a state of utter despair, becoming a bully, over bearing and nasty. They saw her on the roof, absolutely full to the brim with shiraz, smoking on a deck chair with her music playing, they had thought they may find her ready to end her life. They heard of her departure. They heard Bernie was joining her. Now, just now she wanted to claw back a little bit of her privacy. She would tell them, she would tell them when she was ready. On her terms now, she decided.

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When Bernie had arrived in France, Serena felt whole. She had ran over to her partner, breathed in her scent, clung to her frame. Bernie had smiled, tears filling her eyes, she had touched Serena's hair, 'you've changed it'
'Yes, well, why not? I thought why should we have to dye our hair when the likes of Ric & Sacha embrace the grey?'
'I love it. I really love it, and the length is beautiful on you.'
They had stood like this as the train station for a good 30 minutes, just stroking each others faces, little kisses, murmers of 'I love you' and 'I missed you'.

Serena had half been expecting it when Bernie announced her stay in France was temporary, she would be heading off to Sudan to deliver humanitarian aid. Serena had been crushed inside at the thought. Bernie leaving her. Bernie going to a war zone. Bernie leaving, Bernie being gone, Bernie not coming back.

She knew why ofcourse, she still had to heal, she needed more time to come to terms with her loss, she had to learn how to live a life beyond Elinor, and whilst Bernie's presence was comforting, she knew that she would rely on Bernie too much, Bernie would become her crutch, an escape from dealing with her demons.

That night they spent hours kissing each other, caressing each others bodies. It was Bernie who deepened the kiss first, a moan escaping as she did. Serena felt her hesitate, pull back a fraction, unsure what Serena would want, Serena stroked her face before pulling her back, kissing her again, humming with the pleasure it brought her. She had learnt, since leaving, that enjoying herself was OK, experiencing love, and the physical release of an orgasm was OK, she wasn't ruining her daughters memory by continuing to live. She had indeed indulged in a few self-love escapades, but it was nothing to how she felt now, with Bernies mouth on hers, their bodies pressing together, the increasing desperation for more, countered by neither wish to rush this moment. She slowly peeled Bernie's shirt from her body, never breaking the kiss, gasping as she felt Bernie's hands glide smoothly under her camisole, Bernie pushed the material up, breaking the kiss to pull the top over Serena's head, before they were kissing again, Serena pushing Bernie's shirt from her shoulders. Bernie reached round, unclasping Serena's bra, her hands immediately wrapping round to feel the press of Serena's bosom against her body, Serena shifted, rolling so Bernie was on top of her, straddling her, she reached behind her unclasping her bra, quickly moving her lips to suck and lick those nipples she had missed. Bernie rolled her hips, arching her back, gasping 'argh' in pleasure, she felt Serena's fingers fiddling with the button to her trousers, she shifted off Serena, standing to remove her trousers, before pulling Serena up to join her. She undid Serenas trousers, removing them swiftly along with her pants. She made Serena squeal when she lifted her against the dressing table, Serena groaning as she felt Bernie's fingers deep inside her, building a rhythm as she rocked her hips in response, arms around Bernie's neck so Bernie had access to her breasts, until she was close, then Bernie moved her so their foreheads were touching, both panting for breath as bernie felt Serena clenching around her fingers, a low strangled sound came from Serena as the climax over took her, she rocked her hips, drawing out every last wave of pleasure until she stilled, trying to recover her breath, Bernie lifted her, laying her down on the bed gently. Then she began kissing her, starting at Serena's neck, working her way down. Serena could hear her murmuring 'so beautiful, so perfect' into her skin as she went, and Serena found herself desperate for more, she was sobbing with want by the time Bernie reached her center, she cried out as she felt Bernie place wet, hot kisses on her, cried 'god' as Bernie entered her with three fingers whilst gently licking her clitoris, it was only a short time before Serena was gasping, clenching, she could feel how wet Bernie had made her. She closed her eyes trying to focus....

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It was a matter of 3 days before Hanssen finally asked her what he had been dancing around since her return.

'Ms Campbell, as you are aware, with the new funding we wish to reinstate the trauma bay.... of course it would be detrimental to do so without Ms Wolfe's expertise...'

'Well Henrick, if it's Ms Wolfe you are after, you'll need to contact her, somewhere in Sudan I believe'
'You're not in contact with Ms Wolfe?'

'Henrick, who I am in contact with is not yours - or the hospitals - business. I think given all I experienced over the past year, and all Ms Wolfe went through with your little cost saving drive, Holby City can sort it's own problems without prying into staff's lives. Good day Henrick'.

He had turned and left sharply, the door slamming as he left. Serena sighed, she opened her top drawer with tears in her eyes. She looked at the picture, her face beaming as she held her arm around Bernie's waist. Bernie, wearing a white shirt with her hair hanging slightly in her eyes, her face wearing the biggest smile Serena had ever seen her make, skin tanned from the French sun. That day was perfect, so perfect, too perfect. She allowed one or two tears to fall before pulling herself together.

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Bernie's month in France went far to quickly for Serena's liking. As they lay in bed, knowing that in less than four days, there would be countries between them. Serena had cried, allowed Bernie to comfort her. But now, as they lay together, Serena felt the need to communicate how much she loved this woman, she kissed her. She pulled Bernie on to her lap, allowing Bernie to lower herself on to Serena's fingers. Bernie groaned at the stretch, rolling her hips as Serena kissed her, moaning into her mouth. As Serena felt her pace quicken, she could feel the tension building in Bernie, ready to explode, she was ready for this, and as Bernie came hard, saying Serena's name like a prayer, she soon collapsed forward, the tears finally falling as she sobbed into the crook of Serena's neck. Serena, expecting this, just stroked her back dropping kisses to the side of her face. Bernie didn't do vulnerable, so Serena just waited, waited until she felt able to look at Serena again, and when she did Serena just kissed her, a kiss that said 'no words are necessary. I love you, you love me'.

Later that day they stood, hand in hand. Bernie in her white shirt, Serena in a royal blue top that flowed beautifully. 'Ready?' Bernie asked, 'Ready' Serena replied squeezing her hand, as they walked in the sun.

*********************************************************************

It was three months after Serena's return that she heard Bernie was coming back to Holby, from a suspicious looking Fletch who was clearly trying to extract a reaction.

'Good, about time too' Serena replied curtly. Rumour had it Bernie would be back in 3 days time, she had three days left to enjoy the peace an obscurity she had built for herself. Until Bernie returned, and would tell the entire ward why Serena refused to discuss her. Why Serena returned alone. Why Serena had remained alone. Until then, she would enjoy the quiet. Or so she thought.

'Ms Wolfses back! She's hear! Ms Wolfses back' Morven squealed her delight. Serena dropped the papers in her hand, frozen to the spot.

'She...she's back. here? Now? Right now?' Serena stuttered

She heard Bernie's honking laugh and raced out of the office at top speed to see her. Stood surrounded by her adoring staff, skin tanned dark, hair bleached by the Sudanese sun.

'Ms Wolfe?' Serena whispered

'Mrs Wolfe?' Bernie replied
The day was not what either would have planned, but it was perfect regardless. They had stood in the French sun, overlooking the beach. Just them, Serena's gardener and maid as witnesses, as they promised to love and care for one another for the rest of their lives. It was Bernies idea, she couldn't bare the thought of 'I hope so' another time, so she had asked, in a stumbling shy way, if Serena would marry her. When Serena replied, 'only if it's before you leave' they had kissed, and a plan was formed. They know it would be difficult, 6 months apart, but they would write and talk on the phone. When bernie heard Serena was returning to Holby she was both excited and cautious. Serena assured her she was ready for it. Still, Bernie questioned whether going back to Holby, married but minus a wife would do her any good. It was then decided that they would keep it between themselves. That way Serena had nothing to answer, no questions, until her wife joined her again.

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'Mrs Wolfe?' A collection of confused replies came from the AAU staff, the confusion only lasted as long as it took Serena to cry, 'You're early!', to which Bernie replied, 'I thought I'd surprise my wife', before Serena kissed her hard, both women oblivious to the rest of the world. Serena reached for the chain around her neck, unclasping it she removed Bernie's wedding ring, placing it on her finger, as Bernie retrieved Serena's from round her neck, placing it on her wifes finger. Cheers were heard among the AAU staff as the penny dropped.

'Congratulations Ms Campbell!' Raf cheered

'That's Mrs Wolfe I'll have you know' Serena smiled back
Serena liked breasts, well more specifically Bernie’s breasts. She liked the curve of them, the shadows cast just underneath, she liked the contrast of her dark rose nipples, to her pale skin, she loved the way they fitted so perfectly in the palm of her hand. She loved how sensitive they were, how responsive Bernie was to having them touched. She loved how a feather light touch would have her gasp, and she loved how a hard pinch or bite would make her groan. Indeed she spent quite a lot of time getting acquainted with Bernie’s breasts.

It wasn’t the first time Serena had enjoyed breasts, despite her ample bosom she had been a late developer. She remembered sneaking her mother’s bras to try on, imagining what her body would look like once her breasts finally caught up with the rest of her body. She envied and admired the other girls as they blossomed before her, careful not to get caught staring during P.E sessions. When they finally made an appearance she seemed to go from absolutely flat to heaving bosom in a matter of weeks. She was proud of them, used them to her advantage and took pleasure in displaying them as so. When Elinor was born she found a new respect for her breasts, they fed her child. She knew ‘breast is best’ and accepted breastfeeding was natural, she wasn’t prepared for how unnatural it would actually feel though. Never one to give up she persevered through the sore, cracked nipples, the thrush and mastitis until she found breastfeeding a joy rather than a chore. Of course, Edward didn’t like it, claimed that her breasts were his before the baby came along – she took great joy in explaining if he really wanted some milk, he could go to the shops, and to stop acting like a toddler. After she finished feeding Ellie, her breasts lost their fullness, their shape and ability to defy gravity. It took her a long time to come to terms with her new breasts, and she lacked confidence in showing them to new partners, favouring a decent bra and low cut tops to reclaim some of their glory days. It wasn’t until Bernie worshipped them that she began to truly love them again. Her nipple were no longer sensitive (well breastfeeding through teething will make any nipple tough as iron), but Bernie had shown her that with patience and heightened arousal she could reclaim the sensitivity she had missed.

But aside from her breasts (and possibly Helen Mirrens), her favourite breasts were Bernie’s.

When Bernie was in the shower, and she snuck in (her favourite tactic to see the Major at her most vulnerable) I saw her partner touching her breasts she felt herself flood with arousal, until she noticed Bernie had a look of intense concern on her face, she realised Bernie was performing a self-check.

‘I can help you know, purely as a medical professional’ she licked her lips, expecting Bernie to flash her one of those wolfish grins that made Serena’s knee’s go weak. She was shocked, instead when Bernie turned to her, eyes wide, face stern.

‘For god sake Serena, can’t I have a bit of privacy? This isn’t a bit of fun you know!’

Serena had been taken a back, tears threatening to fall at any moment, she swallowed hard.

‘Right, well I apologise for intruding in my own bathroom. I’ll see you later, I was planning on
getting to work early. You can see yourself out’ she quipped, turning to leave instantly.

She didn’t know why she felt so crushed, she felt embarrassed for sure. Bernie was right, she did deserve some privacy, perhaps Serena had over stepped the mark, perhaps she had misread Bernie’s usual joy at being surprised (pleasantly so) when her partner joined her in the mornings. All Serena knew for sure was that she needed to leave the house, she couldn’t face Bernie just yet, and she flushed with embarrassment and hurt and left, hearing Bernie call after her but refusing to look back.

Bernie arrived at work as usual, just on time and looking like she hadn’t brushed her hair (but still looking like a goddess in Serena’s eyes). She tried to catch Serena, but Serena wasn’t ready.

‘Serena…’

‘Not now Ms Wolfe, I’m busy’ with that she bustled off, she saw the hurt in Bernie’s eyes at the formal use of ‘Ms Wolfe’ and instantly felt awful.

She managed to keep herself busy for most of the morning in theatre, accepting menial surgeries she could easily entrust to her juniors, but she preferred to keep herself occupied. However once the red phone rang, she knew she would be forced to work in close proximity with Bernie – how odd that last night she had had her head buried between Bernie’s legs, tasting every inch of her, she had felt Bernie coat her hand in her cum as she had climaxed, heard the soft moans, tasted the sweet juices that flowed freely because of the pleasure she brought….

Serena flushed, now was not the time to be reminiscing, but the fact she could barely look Bernie in eyes not after their love making last night, but because of their little spat this morning, made her feel even more foolish.

‘Ms Campbell, I need you to manage the leg injury, I’ll focus on thoracic’

‘Mm hmm’

They worked in tandem as usual, Bernie trying to meet her gaze, Serena actively avoiding eye contact. When the surgery was successful they went to scrub out.

‘Serena, can we please talk about..’

‘No need, you made yourself clear, I’m sorry I intruded’ Serena knew she was being sharp, but she was embarrassed and did not want to be forced in to this conversation.

‘No, it isn’t like that, please let me…’

‘No, you don’t have to explain. I’m..I’m sorry, I never meant to make you uncomfortable or…or to not give you space..I’m sorry’

‘Serena, please just…’

‘Sorry, I have a meeting in 10 minutes’ with that Serena left. She had apologised, and wished Bernie would just let it drop.

They continued like this for the rest of the day, Bernie trying to talk and Serena shutting her down. The fact that it was Bernie trying to talk and Serena doing the avoidance was also not lost on her – Bernie Wolfe desperate to talk and Serena Campbell desperate to avoid – how things change.

By the end of the day Bernie had given up, she responded to Serena in the same way Serena responded to her, clipped responses, avoiding eye contact. Serena internally chastised herself for
causing Bernie to withdraw in to herself once more. She tried to convey her feelings in small brushes on the arm, hands on backs and pieces of physical contacts, but each time Bernie found an excuse to move away. Serena was at the point of tears, she’s ruined everything because of her own stupid pride, now she would lose the woman who had taught her so much and given so freely. She sighed, head in her hands as Bernie appeared in the office, immediately locking their door.

‘Bernie, wha….’

She continued to stare as Bernie closed the blinds, before taking a deep breath and removing her scrub top. Serena could only stare as she watched Bernie swiftly unclip her bra and toss it to the side. Bernie stood there, eyes cast downwards, completely topless. This wasn’t an invitation, this wasn’t sexual, Serena could tell, this was Bernie communicating.

After a few minutes of Bernie’s awkward silence and Serena’s gaping jaw, Bernie cleared her throat. She moved her hands to her right breast, Serena could see her hands shaking and she leapt up immediately to comfort her.

‘Wait… look’ Bernie said, with sad eyes. Serena looked at the small scar, a small indent in Bernie’s perfect breast, one she had seen and in fact worshipped.

‘2011, I was on base and found a lump. Had a scan, biopsy confirmed it was cancerous. I was lucky, caught it early, they removed the lump and a few lymph node sin the region, no need for chemotherapy and minimal reconstruction’

Serena felt tears running down her cheek, ‘Bernie, I know… darling I know, I knew from the shape of the scar that you’d clearly had something removed, benign or malignant, I knew you would talk about it when you felt ready.’ She gently brushed her hand over the side of Bernie’s breast, suddenly aware Bernie was crying silent tears.

‘18 years ago today I lost my mother. Breast cancer, 9 years ago my aunt passed away from breast cancer. My grandmother died in her early 50’s form breast cancer. I don’t have the gene, but I still got it, Charlotte has never been tested, refuses to. When I found the lump 6 years ago I knew it had got me, I thought it was ironic – I worked in a terrain where I could be killed at any moment and it didn’t frighten me, but this tiny lump, barely the size of a pea, had me frozen in fear.’

‘Oh Bernie, I’m so sorry, I’m so, so sorry’ Serena kissed her jaw.

‘I love my breasts, well I love breasts as much as the next lesbian, it’s just mine might kill me’

They stood in silence for a while, before Bernie cleared her throat,

‘This morning’

‘Forget it Bernie, its fine’

‘No, it’s just I check weekly for any changes. Today I thought I felt something, with it being mother’s anniversary I panicked and that’s when you walked in. I…I was embarrassed…I didn’t want you to find out. I was going to get a biopsy done and then tell you if I needed to’

‘Bernie, please – never ever try to protect me form these things. If I found a lump you would be the first person I spoke to, because you’re my partner and my rock. Let me be yours, please? Now, we can get the biopsy done on Keller if you want?’

Bernie smiled, ‘there’s no need, realised I had a small bit of Bombay mix stuck under my breast from our midnight snack last night, realised as soon as you left the room.’
Serena bit her lip, now was not the time to laugh, but Bernie beat her to it, her wonderful honking laugh and they were both laughing.

‘Serena, I’m sorry I snapped’

‘Don’t be, and if you ever do need your privacy, that’s fine’ Serena smiled

‘Oh no, I have to admit I’d much prefer it if you gave my breasts a thorough examination. Which is good I suppose’

‘Why is it good?’ Serena smirked

‘Well, you’ve been stroking my breast for the past 5 minutes and I…’

Serena blushed slightly, until she realised Bernie’s nipple was very much appreciative of the attention being doled out, she made to stop.

‘..dddon’t stop. Please’

Serena was happy to oblige.

After Bernie’s second orgasm, Serena remembered she was meant to be meeting Henrik 5 minutes prior. Extracting herself from her (now naked) heavily panting girlfriend, she gave her one last kiss, a kiss that promised more, because Serena Campbell had not finished worshiping those breasts, not at all.

Meeting with Henrik was typically boring, and Serena found her mind wandering to those soft breasts that she had worshipped just minutes ago, she idly took notes while glossing over whatever Henrik was harping on about.

‘Ms Campbell? Ms Campbell?’

‘Errr…sorry Henrik what?’

‘Ms Campbell, you’re distracted?’

‘No, no, of course not, just tired Henrik’ she smiled, looking a little confused at the blush creeping across his cheek.

She saw him glance down, and her eye’s followed his trail, she immediately gasped in horror, grabbing the ‘notes she had been making and scrambling to her feet.

‘Goodbye Ms Campbell’ Henrik excused her

She rushed to her office, finding Bernie smiling at her desk, her face suddenly looking concerned.

‘Serena? What’s wrong?’

‘It appears I was a little distracted during my meeting’ Serena blushed

‘Distracted? Wha..’

Serena simply placed her ‘note’s’ in front of Bernie, who immediately recognised the shapes and curves…and the tiny scar.

‘You…you drew my breasts? You’re like a cave man, drawing your property on things’ Bernie
giggled.

‘You can laugh Wolfe, Henrik saw them. And I think he guessed who my Mona Lisa was’ this time Serena smirked as Bernie blushed

She really did worship Bernie’s breasts.
Serena waited, eye’s wide, scanning the area for those dark brown eyes, the dirty blonde hair no doubt escaping whatever hairdo the wearer had attempted. It had been 9 months, 9 long months of stolen whispered phone calls, of lovingly written letters on dirty bits of paper, of dread and fear whenever the doorbell rang unexpectedly, of avoiding the news for fear of hearing something that could mean her love was gone, knowing she had no way to contact her to find out.

There she was, head to toe in camo, hair escaping her army grade bun, her tight smile breaking into one that could light up a room, her steps quickening and arms opening expectedly before she reached her. Serena felt herself be lifted off the ground and spun around, as Bernie nuzzled into the crook of her neck, holding her tightly, and breathing in the familiar scent of home, of love and of comfort. This tour had been difficult for many reasons, it was the longest she had been away since they had met and the absence had hurt her more than she ever imagined. She knew, also, that Serena had been going through various IVF cycles, trying to conceive their child. Each time her period would be a few days late and then it would be over, and she could hear the pain in her wife’s voice when she talked about the first two attempts, they hadn’t spoken about further attempts but Bernie knew her wife, knew she would have attempted many rounds in the time she had been away.

Collecting Bernie’s bags, kissing every few minutes and both wiping away the others tears they headed to the car, lovingly driven by Serna’s father so the two women could hold each other in the back of the car. It had taken Alfred McKinnie mere weeks to come to terms with his only daughter being a lesbian, and although he still felt a stab of discomfort when the two women embraced, he refused to let it show, knowing that this feeling was the result of years of prejudice force fed to him from birth. His daughter was happy and that was all he could ask for.

Once home, Alfred (as usual), gave both women a fond hug before leaving them to be together. This was standard now, after a tour they would spend the first few days together, both to get reacquainted but also to allow Bernie to adjust to being back in the civilian fold, and allow her to process whatever horrors she had witnessed safely with her wife’s support. What Mr McKinnie didn’t know, or at least did not entertain the thought this would happen, was the way they would use sex to accomplish the above.

Serena was used to how this would go now, but it still took her breath away when her wife grabbed her by the thighs, lifting her and pushing her hard against the wall as soon as the front door closed. She kissed her with passion, she kissed her in a way that communicated how much she had missed her, and how much she needed her. The camo uniform causing friction against Serena’s thighs that had her moan into her wife’s mouth, knowing she would take care of her. She didn’t undress Bernie, this was not how the evening went and Serena knew it, but she felt her wife’s hand travel between her thighs, her fingers making short work of the lacy knickers Serena had chosen especially for the occasion. She entered her wife firmly, but with care, causing Serena to gasp. Of course she had taken care of herself occasionally during Bernie’s tour, but this always reminded her of how Bernie knew her body better than she did, she knew exactly what force to use, the speed Serena needed, she sucked at her pulse point, gently grazing her teeth down her wife’s neck until Serena was panting, rocking her hips in time to meet her wife’s movements until she felt the herself falling over the edge,
she moaned her wife’s name over and over as she climaxed, shaking with the aftershocks as her wife slowly brought her back down to Earth. Bernie then kissed her, this was more loving than passionate and Serena knew it was time to head upstairs as. Once upstairs Bernie undressed her wife, slowly, like she was unwrapping the most precious gift ever given to her, kissing each piece of skin she unveiled with adoration. Once her wife was naked she gently lay her down, kissing her from the top of her head, down to her thighs. Once there she wasted no time in gently licking and sucking her wife, before bringing her fingers in to play until her wife was moaning, gasping, her hands in her hair pulling on those messy blonde locks until she came, feeling herself gush as she did, knowing her wife loved it when made her that wet. They then kissed, sweetly, caressing each other’s cheeks. Then Serena saw it in her wife’s eyes, the tears and she knew it was time, Bernie was ready to be loved and cared for. So she did what she always did. She undressed her wife slowly, kissing and caressing every new mark, bruise or scar on her body. She muttered words of encouragement, ‘so brave. So fearless. My hero. My Bernie, my beautiful strong wife’, before she moved up her wife’s body again, kissing her as she gently eased 2 fingers inside her wife, with her free hand she caressed her wife’s cheek as her wife cried silent tears, gasping occasionally, murmuring words of love. This was how her wife let go of all she saw, this was how she allowed the tears to fall as she felt the complete and unconditional love, as her wife made slow love to her, and by the time Bernie was on the verge of her orgasm, the sadness was replaced by tears of joy as she moaned loudly, shuddering as she came for her wife.

Afterwards they lay, cuddled up in post orgasmic bliss. ‘Time for presents?’ Bernie smiled, brushing her thumb across her wife’s face as if to prove to herself she was really there. Serena chuckled, this was another little tradition they had created.

Bernie reached into her jacket pocket retrieving three stones. ‘This one is from October 7th, I was watching the sunset and it just looked so beautiful, it reminded me of you’ she handed her wife the small white rock. ‘This one, November 2nd, just after you told me the second IVF hadn’t worked, I just wanted to be there to hold you and support you through it, I cried and a tear landed on this rock, and I knew I could share my pain with you, that we were facing this as a couple’ she handed a now crying Serena a slightly larger rock, grey with sandy colours running through it. ‘This one is from February 22nd, when we managed to save a child we found injured from a falling building, his mother told me she would always pray for me and my love, so here’s your gifts’ she kissed her wife’s nose as she handed her the sandy coloured rock. Bernie would collect small rocks on her travels that would mean something to her wife. They were then added to their garden, no rock particularly memorable enough to be spotted amongst the masses, but the fact they were there was all that mattered.

Serena, in return always got her wife a novelty gift of sorts – a hairbrush, or deodorant to freshen up after a long tour. She handed Bernie the box, carefully wrapped with a bow. Bernie smiled shyly, she could never guess what Serena would get her. As she opened the box everything went silent. ‘S..Serena?’ she gasped, tears in her eyes and she searched her wife’s face for signs she had read the present wrong, her wife wouldn’t be cruel enough to joke about this.

‘Congratulations Mummy Wolfe’ Serena cried. The pregnancy test discarded as she wrapped her wife’s in her arms, both crying and kissing.

‘When? How long?’ Bernie asked through tears.

‘4 months tomorrow, I didn’t want to say anything until we were passed the 3 month mark, I didn’t think we both needed to feel the pain every time I… well you know. Then I thought if you knew it was really happening you would be fretting every day about me… so here we are. Would you like to see our babies?’ Serena handed her a scan, Bernie turning her head at different angles to try and make out the picture.

Serena laughed, ‘even with a rotation in maternity you can’t read these things. There’s the head, and that’s one leg, two legs, three legs…’

‘Three legs? What? What’s wrong?’

‘And the forth leg, that’s baby number 1’s placenta, and that’s baby number 2’s’ Serena said, her face lighting up as she saw her wife suddenly catch up with the news.
‘Two… as in… twins?’
‘Yes, two as in twins’ Serena smiled
Dear Serena

Chapter Summary

Bernie writes to Serena

Dearest Serena

Words cannot express how much I miss you. Every day without you feels like an eternity. I miss your eyes, the warmth that shines from them, the kindness they express, the way they make me feel safe. I never knew how much you could communicate through eyes alone until I met you, and I know you dislike the creases that have formed in the far corners, but Serena, oh Serena when you smile and I see those fine lines form, it fills me with happiness.

I miss the feel of your hair between my fingers, thicker yet softer than my own, how silky it feels between my fingers, the faint smell of coconut… I even brought coconut conditioner that I spray on to my pillow so in those glorious few minutes between sleep and wakefulness I can relive the mornings we woke up, entwined together.

I miss the blush of your cheeks, your girlish grin when I compliment you causing rosy hue to spread across those glorious apples. I miss the softness of you face when I stroke your cheek, silently, it comforts me.

I miss your lips, how full they are compared to mine. How soft they are against my own, the way they quirk in to a smile as I moan against you. I miss the way they kiss me expertly all over, knowing my body better than I do, mapping out every part of me like Descartes mapped the stars.

I miss your chin, so cute and so you, your dimples making you even cuter than you already are. I miss your neck, kissing along it hearing you moan my name like a whisper or praise or prayer. The way you groan if I lightly bite you, the way you shudder as I soothe the bite marks with my tongue. I miss your clavicles, as I kiss along them before descending further downwards, the sharp angles a beautiful contrast to your soft and curvy frame.

I miss your breasts, the weight of them in my hands, how big and soft they are compared to mine, that despite the size they remain so full. I miss the pink of your nipples, how they harden as a kiss closer, the way they feel against my tongue, the way your back arches when I finally take them into my mouth, the gaps it elicits when I lightly bite them, the way your hands come into my hair to hold me closer to your breast.

I miss your stomach, the fine lines that you proudly display, the creaminess of your skin and the softness that exists there. The way your navel dips in slightly, the way you writhe beneath me as I map out your glorious stomach with my tongue.

I miss your hips, the fullness when I hold them tight against me, when I grip them as I lift you, when I hold them as I rock against you, digging my fingers in so your moan.

I miss your strong thighs, the way they grip me, pulling me in closer, asking for more, deeper, harder, closer. I miss the way they wrap around me as I hold you against the bedroom door, bringing you pleasure after pleasure.

I miss your calves, how you gaps my name, how you groan with frustration when I lightly graze my nails up them, as I kiss slowly along each one, moving closer to where I know you want me. I miss your fingers, how dextrous you are, how they can touch me as light as a feather and have me moaning like a mad woman, or they can be firm and pinch me, making me scream your name. The way they enter me, knowing exactly what I need and how I need it, feeling the tips of your fingers as they press inside me, the feel of your thumb as it brushes against my clitoris. The way you suck your fingers deep whilst moaning when they’ve made me cum.
I miss that place between your thighs, so wet and ready for me. I love the taste of you on my tongue, the smoothness of your clit when I suck it into my mouth, the cries you give when I flick my tongue against it, the way you grasp my hair, fist tight if I lightly graze my teeth along it. The way your vagina welcomes me, open and glistening, desperate for my fingers, the way you clench the moment I enter you, as you moan my name like your worshiping me. I miss the way you clench and buck against me as I make you come again and again, and the sweet taste of your juices after orgasm.

Oh Serena, I missed you so much, I can’t wait until you are back in my arms, and I am back in your bed.

Love Bernie

*Knock Knock*

‘Ms Karnick?’

‘Erm…. hmmmm. Yes… err, Serena… hi…’

Serena paused, taking in the flushed appearance of the unflappable Ms Karnick. She smirked, her guess being that a certain Italian surgeon was most likely beneath her desk, probably nestled somewhere between her thighs. Still, Serena knew Nina was the reason Bernie lost her trauma unit, so she wasn’t about to let her off the hook that easy.

‘Everything OK Ms Karnick, you seem to be a little…flushed?’

‘Oh…it’s the…err…the weather here is so…’

‘Really, maybe it’s due to my time in France, but I’m sure there’s more a chill that a heat wave’

Serena smirked, watching Nina squirm – Matteao was even more skilled than she had imagined (briefly of course…)

‘Right, well yes. Erm, could you err…give me just a moment..’

‘Oh I could Ms Karnick, but I am most concerned for your health right now, I could check your blood pressure?’ Serena smiled sweetly

‘No it…..it really is fin-‘

‘How is your “oral” health Ms Karnick? Any deep throat issues?’

‘wha- no I err…’

‘Ms Karnick, we must be professional here. Any pressure in your lower abdomen, or lower? Oh-that’s it. It’s a female problem’

‘Female prob- no it… I’m err’

‘Oh there’s no need to be coy. I could perform the exam myself, I’ve performed many times this process’

At this Nina choked eyes wide

‘Ms Karnick, your mind is in the gutter, I was referring to my stint in gynae, not my relationship with Bernie – but I must say Nina, I always thing you should never send a man to do a woman’s job – Bernie would be finished by now’

Serena turned to leave with a smug look on her face, before remembering why she had actually gone to Nina’s office.

‘Oh Ms Karnick, I have a letter here for you – it came addressed to me for some reason, but that’s Berenice’s organisational skills for you. I believe it’s her intention to return from what I’ve read. Perhaps she wanted me to know first so assumed I’d give it to you – unless there was a mix-up and you have a letter meant for me’ Serena laughed, before laying the letter on the desk and smiling at the blush still evident on Nina’s face as she left the office.

Once the door had closed Nina hastily pulled the now scrunched up note from her lap – there was no way she could pretend she hadn’t read it, she could not return it to Ms Campbell.

One thing was for sure though, she now truly believed you should not send a man to do a woman’s job.
Chapter Summary

If your first time using a strap-on went smoothly, then you can just STFU ;-) Also, anyone who's worn one and not danced about in front of a mirror giggling at it waggling is either boring, or just much more mature than me.... I'll let you decide.

It had been a drunken conversation that led to this very situation. Bernie had all but forgotten, well put it to the back of her mind, but she should have known that once Serena had an idea, there was no getting away from it. She loved how open and sexually aware Serena was, indeed her willingness to try anything was a huge turn on. However none of that dulled the sheer embarrassment or ridiculousness she felt as she stood in their ensuite, straps firmly secured with a dildo protruding from between her thighs.

She suddenly had a rush of appreciation for all those teenage boys she trained who had tried to hide their erections in their cargo pants, these things were bloody annoying. She took a deep breath and went to move, but noticing how the strap on wiggled as she did made her laugh. She swished her hips side to side, chuckling at how ridiculous she felt with a penis. She placed her hands on her hips, doing an exaggerated flirty eyebrow wiggle at herself in the mirror, giggling again.

‘Hate to interrupt you playing with your new toy, but it’s OUR new toy and I would very much like to play too’ Serena’s voice drawled form the bedroom, making Bernie flush with embarrassment once again. She took a deep breath and opened the door just a slither.

‘Campbell, if you laugh I swear I’m not coming out’

‘Darling, your already out remember?’

‘You know exactly what I mean!’

‘Why would I laugh? You’re gorgeous and I can’t wait to try this with you’

‘I look stupid with this thing sticking out’

‘Bern, I hate to bring up ex-lovers but we’ve both been on the receiving end of an erect penis before’

‘Well it’s the first time I’ve personally had an erect penis to use’ Bernie pouted

‘Come on, I bet you look hot’

Bernie took a deep breath before stepping out in to the bedroom.

Serena bit her lip

‘I told you! No laughing’

‘I’m…I’m no…’ too late, Serena was sniggering

‘Right, I’m taking this stupid bloody thing…’
‘No, no, sorry, it’s just… different. Don’t take it off, I still want to… if you want to…’
‘Different? I look stupid’
‘Well, it’s just the way it waggles side to side’
‘I know, do you think guys have this much laughter about their penises waggling?’
‘Probably, Edward used to try and make his dance… it wasn’t very good but still his most talented activity with it’
‘Oi oi’ Bernie smirked, wiggling her hips as both women dissolved in to fits of laughter.
‘Oh gawd, this is not sexy is it?’
‘It’s… well it’s..’
‘We’re laughing, not shagging. Let’s take it off and..’
‘No, no, come on. Let’s try it. It’s fun to try new things together’ Serena pouted

Bernie huffed, unsure how either would get in the mood with this ridiculous contraption between them.
Serena guided her to the bed, before encouraging Bernie to lie on top of her. She began kissing her, raking her nails up and down Bernie’s back. To both their surprise, the need to have one another over took any previous hilarity at their new appendage.
Serena cupped Bernie’s breasts, gently flicking her thumb over Bernie’s nipples, causing her to gasp and buck her hips a little.

‘Ouch, slow down soldier’ Serena said through gritted teeth, ‘I’m not err.. ready. I’m not used to … that’
‘oh, oh right, err ok, what do I? Lube?’
‘Yes, or well, you know you could use your…err..fingers before you… you know’
‘OK’ Bernie huffed. This wasn’t as passionate as their drunken fantasy plan they had devilishly whispered to one another during a shiraz fuelled sex session prior.
She moved her hand between them, gently entering Serena with one finger, before increasing to two, allowing her to become accustomed to the stretch.
It was awkward to say the least, usually when they were in this position her hand fit snugly between them, her palm pressing against Serena’s clit, her fingers delving deep inside until both were crying out with pleasure. This time however, she had to hold her hips at an awkward angle, the strap-on hurting her knuckles if she let any kind of pressure down, her movements not as fluid or as deep as usual. She was becoming frustrated until she heard Serena whimper.

‘Try… try now’

Bernie withdrew her fingers, briefly inhaling the smell of her lover as she lined the head of the dildo with her lover, she exhaled slowly before thrusting her hips slowly forward

‘Err, wrong hole Major!’ Serena squealed
‘Oh fuck, sorry! How the hell do men…’
‘Guide it in with your hand’
‘Oh, erm, OK’

She took the shaft of the dildo and pressed the head against Serena’s entrance, before slowly easing the dildo in. They had used vibrators and dildos before, but never with straps, never without their hands.

‘Ooof, that’s good’ Serena moaned, as Bernie watched mesmerised as the whole toy disappeared inch by inch into her lover. They lay still for a moment, Serena adjusting to the stretch of the toy and Bernie breathing deeply, trying to work out what to do. She suddenly felt sorry for her first lover, Dan, when they were 17. Both lost their virginities to each other, she remembered the nerves she felt and all she did was lie there, she wondered if he had felt this level of apprehension and confusion about what-the-fuck-do-I-do-now-it’s-in.

‘Erm… I’m no expert but I think you’re supposed to move?’ Serena interrupted her thoughts

‘Shit, I mean, OK’ Bernie began to move her hips, forwards and backwards, she could hear Serena panting, she knew she was doing something right.

‘Harder, please Bernie, harder’ Serena gasped

Bernie nodded, thrusting her hips harder – wondering how the fuck men kept this pace up, her hips were already aching, but the pressure form the base of the strap-on on her clt was delicious and she soon found herself forgetting any discomfort and thrusting harder

‘Ouch, not that hard…’ Serena gasped at one particularly hard thrust

‘Shit, I’m so sorry!’ Bernie paused her actions, ‘this is really, I don’t know what I’m doing Serena, I…’

‘Shhh, you’re doing fine. It is a bit awkward though, I can imagine your hips hurt’

Bernie smiled shyly, ‘But I’m OK to carry on, I just don’t want to hurt you’ she mumbled

She began again, gentler this time, but she could tell Serena wasn’t getting what she needed, but she was too scared to go harder, she could see the frustration on Serena’s face as she tried to take Bernie deeper.

‘Stop, stop’ Serena sighed.

Bernie looked heartbroken, crestfallen, that she wasn’t able to perform what Serena needed

‘I’m sorry, I tried I just don’t think I’m any good at…’

‘No, no, shhh. None of that. We try something, sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn’t but that’s OK. I…I have something I would like to try…if that’s OK?’

‘…OK’ Bernie was apprehensive

‘Sit on the bed for me, against the headboard’

Bernie made to remove the harness

‘No, leave it on..if..if it’s OK?’

Bernie looked at her with curiosity but left the strap on in place, feeling a bit daft to be sat there with this ridiculous thing sticking up.

Serena straddled her thighs, hovering above the dildo, kissing Bernie deeply, allowing Bernie to run
her hands over her curves, to cup those delicious breasts, she barely registered Serena lowering herself on to the dildo, until they both moaned at the friction, Serena set a steady pace, each thrust delivering the desired pressure to Bernie’s clit. Both were panting harsher, as Serena increased the pace, Bernie held her hips firm as she watched Serena fuck herself, kissing Bernie interminently. It surprised Bernie when she began to feel the familiar building of tension, as she bucked her hips involuntarily against Serena, for a second she was concerned about hurting Serena again, but the moan of delight that came from her instead only spurred her on.

Soon they were bucking together erratically, both crying out until they came together, Serena gently rocking on the dildo, drawing out every last wave of pleasure for both of them. They stayed in this position for a while, regaining their breaths, foreheads touching until Serena gently lifted herself off Bernie. Kissing her gently as she did.

‘Well, thoughts?’

‘What?’ Bernie replied, still slightly mesmerised by the glistening appendage standing to attention between her thighs.

‘How was it… I mean I enjoyed it but I know you were unsure…’

‘Do you want a product review or are you fishing for compliments Ms Campbell?’ Bernie said with a smirk as she undid the harness.

‘Neither, I just… it matters to me that things are enjoyable for you too…’

‘Well if the orgasm didn’t persuade you, I suggest we try again tomorrow, and probably the day after as well to be sure. We are scientists after all’ she said with a little smirk, ‘But, if you laugh at my waggling cock again, I’ll finish myself off’
The sound of a subtle but intrusive vibration rumbled breaking Bernie out of a half slumber. She groaned as she reached over for Serena, remembering they weren’t spending that night together. She fumbled for her phone, smiling when she saw a text from Serena:

‘Can I see your pussy?’

Bernie did a double take, re-reading the message before replying the only way she could

‘WHAT?’

*buzz buzz*

‘Can I see your pussy, please?’

Serena had never even suggested something like this before, this was the sort of thing teenagers who didn’t know better did!

‘What on earth… why?’

*buzz buzz*

‘Because I love pussies. I need to see yours’

Bernie frowned, Serena had never openly said she was a lesbian, Bernie assumed she was bisexual, of pansexual, or as Elinor had called it ‘straight but for Bernie sexual’. Was this her way of saying she identified as gay? She didn’t want to say anything that would make Serena feel shame.

‘Well you can see the real thing later!’

*buzz buzz*

‘OK, that sounds fantastic. Can I have a picture of your pussy now?’

Bernie scrunched her face up – seriously, Serena was really asking her to do this. Bernie thought about it briefly, she wasn’t great at this whole dating business, nor was she any good at understanding social cues, maybe this was normal now? When she was dating Marcus (because Alex fucked her, not dated her) mobile phones weren’t around. She thought about it, but decided if it was something she felt uncomfortable with, then she wouldn’t do it.

‘No!’

*buzz buzz*
‘Why?’

She was feeling a little put out now, she had said no yet Serena was still pushing her. Serena sometimes would push Bernie out of her comfort zone, but if she ever firmly said no, Serena respected it.

‘It’s not appropriate!’

*buzz buzz*

‘I suppose, you don’t want Hanssen to see pictures of your pussy on your work phone’

Finally, Bernie thought, she was seeing sense now. Bernie had only really got to grips with the basics of dating, handling this was way outside of her expertise, but it appeared Serena’s moment of madness had passed. Still, Bernie was a little hurt by Serena’s continued insistence she do something she wasn’t comfortable with, that’s not a respectful or equal relationship.

‘No. No I do not. What’s got in to you?’

*buzz buzz*

‘I’m just curious. I used to stroke my pussy all the time, I want to stroke yours’

She’s drunk. This must be it. Drunk Serena is very sexual, more than once Bernie had had to forcefully remind her to keep her hands above the table if they were drinking with their staff in Albies, Serena’s wandering hands seem to find her phone if Bernie isn’t within groping distance, she smiles a little, remembering Serena’s drunk pout whenever Bernie playfully reprimands her for her drunken displays of sexual affection.

‘I’m ending this conversation now, you are clearly drunk’

*buzz buzz*

‘I’m not drunk. I’m at work’

Bernie was taken a back. Aside from the odd stolen kiss, and one hurried (but admittedly mind blowing) experience in the on call shower room, they always kept work and their relationship as separate affairs. Bernie’s original annoyance returned.

‘EVEN WORSE. Seriously, I’m not into ‘that’ sort of thing’

*buzz buzz*

‘OK you don’t want to send me a picture of your pussy – would you like a picture of my old pussy?’

She spat some of the water she’d just drank out in surprise. Serena wanted to send her dirty pictures, whilst at work! Old? They were the same age? Was Serena annoyed at Bernie’s reluctance? Was she suggesting Bernie’s reluctance was her being boring and old?

‘Conversation over. I’ll see you later’

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2hrs later

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*buzz buzz*

‘Bernie?’
Bernie looked at the message concerned – Serena hadn’t called or text her since their earlier conversation, she normally called her during her break. Still, she had done nothing wrong, she wasn’t going to apologise.

‘Yes? Not requesting more inappropriate pictures are you?’

*buzz buzz*

‘No, I have reflected on my earlier requests and it appears they were inappropriate and I apologise’

Bernie smiled, she knew it was a moment of madness

‘Glad we agree  What time tonight?’

*buzz buzz*

‘Well the sooner the better’

Bernie smirked. She wasn’t one for sending naked pictures, but she could tease

‘Well I’m washing my hair so you might have to wait..’

*buzz buzz*

‘You don’t brush your hair, so why bother washing it? I can wait if I must’

Bernie smirked, she knew Serena secretly loved her untamed locks, took great pleasure in running her fingers through them. She re-wrote the message a few times, she felt uncomfortable with what she was writing, but then any relationship involved compromise…

‘Play nice, if you want to stroke my ‘pussy’ you should be kind’

*buzz buzz*

‘I didn’t mean to offend, you know I can be very direct and abrupt without meaning too. I would very much like to stroke your pussy so I will try to be extra kind.’

Bernie chuckled, two can play this game Campbell

‘Apology accepted, and for the record, my pussy would love to be stroked by you’

*buzz buzz*

‘Well I didn’t actually apologise but that’s OK. I’m glad your pussy likes to be stroked, are you stroking it now? What’s it called?’

Bernie shifted uncomfortably, she could do this sexy text thing, but naming her vagina was another bag altogether.

‘It doesn’t have a name as you well know’

*buzz buzz*

‘Sorry, I was unaware, you should name it. Anyway, give it a stroke for me’

Bernie frowned slightly, but was relieved Serena hadn’t pushed this like she had with the pictures. She was again messaging outside her comfort zone, but ‘compromise Bernie, compromise’ she
thought.

‘I’m cleaning at the moment, so can’t stroke it for you, but I promise you it’s wet’

*buzz buzz*

‘Is it wet because you are cleaning? Does it like being wet? I have to go now, my shifts just got busy’

Bernie laughed, Serena was just as bad at this sexy texting stuff as she was. Still, they would laugh about it together that night.

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5 hours later

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Bernie parked in her usual spot on Serena’s drive, quickly checking her hair (and attempting unsuccessfully to flatten it down) before knocking delicately on the door.

‘Bernie!’ Serena beamed, leaning in for a kiss, ‘I missed you’ she whispered ‘I missed you too’ Bernie mumbled against her lips, her hands resting on Serena’s waist, thumbs gently making small motions as they smiled at one another.

‘How was work?’ Bernie asked

‘Work? Well I finished later than anticipated, but I only left an hour after you’ Serena frowned ‘I thought you were doing a double? You were at work today?’

Serena chuckled, ‘Do we need a dementia check Wolfe?’

Bernie looked confused, Serena had definitely said she was at work on her texts? Was that out of embarrassment? Still, there was an issue Bernie needed to address, and now was as good a time as any.

‘Serena, we…err…we need to talk’

‘Bernie Wolfe, wanting to talk. Never thought I’d see the day!’ Serena chuckled, as she carried on pottering about the kitchen.

‘Well, yes…but…Serena I love you and I…I always want to make you happy but not if it’s something that makes me uncomfortable, I want to feel able to say No, and you accept that’ She didn’t realise she had been holding her breath until she had finished speaking

‘Bern…what on Earth? I’ve never, never would, asked you to be anything you’re not. Even with emotions, I had to make do with ‘more than like’ for months, never hearing ‘I love you’ back but I didn’t push you, because I wouldn’t!’ The hurt that flashed in Serena’s eyes made Bernie feel 2 inches tall

‘I know, I know, it’s just today when you…. Well I said no and you…. you were sort of pushy? I don’t know if it was just flirting or fun but I felt uncomfortable.’

Serena looked crestfallen. ‘Bernie Wolfe, when I asked you to dinner, you said yes. You never said no and if I’m being so pushy, feel free to leave’ she snapped

‘No, no Serena please don’t be like that’
'Well how should I be? Everything has been at your pace, when you are ready, when you feel able. I’ve always let you do things in your own time, you let me get this close, you let me get used to you being around and then you decide you need more space and I’m pushy. I thought you were different from Edward, that was his excuse for affairs, I pushed him into family life!’ Serena had tears in her eyes as she spat out the words

‘Serena you are taking this the wrong way! I want to be here, I want to be around you all the time, I want to fall asleep with you every night, wake up with you each morning for the rest of my life! I’d move in with you this very night if I could!’ Bernie clamped her hand over her mouth, realising just what she had said.

‘You…you would?’ Serena stuttered

‘Yes’ Bernie whispered

‘Move in with me’

‘What?’

‘Move in with me?’ Bernie could hear the anxiousness in Serena’s voice

‘Yes. Yes, oh a thousand times yes!’ She cried, flinging her arms around Serena, kissing her passionately.

‘Wow, well that was a turnaround!’ Serena chuckled, ‘So what was all that about then?’

‘Oh, it was just the texts this morning’

‘Texts?’

‘Aunty Bernie! Where is it?’

‘Jason?’ Both women looked at him in confusion

‘Your pussy! Where is it?’

Both women choked slightly on their wine

‘My..my what?!’ Bernie gasped

‘Your cat. Please don’t be daft Bernie, you said I could stroke it?’

‘I don’t…I don’t have a cat…’ Bernie said, a horrible realisation washing over her

‘Aunty Serena told Sian you had the sweetest pussy in the world? Sian asked if it was hairy or not, I think she thought you had an Sphynx cat, but Aunty Serena told her not to ask such questions before laughing and saying yes. Where is it?’ Jason eagerly asked

‘Jason… erm… did you borrow your aunties phone?’

‘Yes, mine was broken. But you know that because we were texting today’

Bernie was beetroot red, and after witnessing the conversation, Serena gathered a rough idea of what had happened.

‘Jason, you do not take my work phone just because yours is broken, that is not OK. Give it back
please, and could you kindly give me and Bernie a few minutes to talk in private?’

‘But I want to stroke Bernie’s pussy!’

Bernied again choked on her wine, her face getting redder by the second.

‘Jason, you took my property without permission, I would like you to give me a few minutes with Bernie, plus I’m sure your DVD’s are not in correct alphabetical order’

Jason huffed, but turned and left.

‘God Serena, I… he…Oh my god! Fuck!’

Serena read the messages on her phone, gasping and giggling.

‘Well well well, I have to say it’s good that you are both pretty clueless about social etiquette, and that you are truly atrocious at sexting.’

‘Serena, but…. Oh my god this is bad! How do we, what do we? I’m going to have to get a fucking cat!’

‘Leave it to me’ Serena said smiling

‘Jason? Come here love’

Jason shuffled in to the room, ‘my DVD collection is in perfect order aunty Serena, maybe you need an eye test? It could be your age’

‘Bless you for that… Jason, Bernie’s pussy…CAT, pussy cat is actually a…errr.. stray. Bernie feeds it but it doesn’t really come in the house and Bernie tried to bring it here for you, but that cat ran off. Cats are fickle like that. I hope you’re not too disappointed?’ Serena said kindly

‘It’s OK aunty Serena, I called Raf because I didn’t know what I’d done wrong, I told him Bernie said I could stroke her pussy, then denied she had one. He said maybe I had misunderstood or it was a stray, anyway Ella is getting a kitten and I can visit, Raf said he will call you tomorrow. Oh, and he said to remember if Bernie’s pussy gets poorly, as a doctor you can give it a thorough examination.’

Serena and Bernie stared at each other.

‘I will bloody kill Raf’ Bernie glared

‘Yes, well before you do that, we are definitely buying you a fucking cat!’ Serena glared

‘Us. Us a cat, we are living together now’

‘Two lesbians and a cat. There’s a sitcom in that’ Serena laughed
Bernie overhears Serena, Serena wants the real thing. Ric offers to help, Fletch eventually gives her what she craves

‘It’s not that I don’t like it… it’s just…. I don’t know, very…. I just… Oh OK I hate it! I feel awful, I can’t tell her? How? Oh yes that would go down a treat wouldn’t it…. What do I say? No, no way I’ll just have to grin and bear it. It’s not that bad, it’s just the… oh Sian I can’t! It’s the… well it’s the taste, and the texture it’s just… well, it’s different isn’t it? Have you tried it? Really! You like it? Well, it’s just it tastes a little… off? Gawd that sounds awful doesn’t it? You are right, I need to give it time. Please don’t say anything to Bernie, I know what you’re like, I don’t want to hurt her feelings or make her think I’m not interested in trying this and making it work. Robbie? Well yes, but I’m more used to the taste and texture of that now aren’t I? Well it was good, but he was so boring I ended up stuffing the whole thing in my mouth and gagging! Alright, yes, see you soon.’

Bernie quickly busied herself so that Serena wouldn’t know she had been eavesdropping. She tried to hide her shame, the tears forming in her eyes. Serena had never said anything to her, she never asked for anything and certainly never pushed Serena in to anything, quite the opposite. Was it her? Or was it women in general?

‘Bernie? Are you OK?’ Serena said, frown lines showing she had easily read the hurt on the blondes face.

‘Fine. I’m fine I just… I’m fine’ Bernie mumbled, both angry at herself for thinking that this was what Serena wanted, and angry at Serena for talking to Sian about it rather than herself.

Serena wrapped her arms around Bernie’s back, ‘You are not OK Wolfe, and you are clearly not going to tell me, so maybe we can find something else to do whilst Jason is out?’

Serena smirked, thumbs lightly brushing over Bernie’s breasts.

Bernie gasped at the contact, momentarily melting into the feeling before quickly tensing. ‘No, not… not right now, I have to do.. err.. something’, she raced off grabbing her shoes, leaving a bewildered Serena to watch her leave.

‘Don’t get me wrong Essie, Bernie is trying, I just don’t enjoy it!’

‘Serena, talk to her, she would like to know’

‘No, no I can’t. I’ve committed to this so that’s it’

‘Serena, she won’t think any less of you’

‘No, I can’t Essie, I really can’t’

‘Is it that bad? I mean do you really hate it so much?’
‘Yes, it just doesn’t do anything for me’

‘She hasn’t noticed?’

‘Oh I am very good at faking it, make the right noises, say the right thing, act all excited for it’

‘Oh Serena!’

‘I don’t know, maybe it’s just because it’s all still new? Not what I’m used to? It might just take some getting used to, you know, the more you try something?’

‘Is it just when it’s your turn or is it when Bernie does it too?’

‘Oh gawd, it’s worse when Bernie does it, I literally have to force myself not to heave, it just feels so unnatural!’

‘Serena, I think you should tell her, the longer it goes on the harder it will be’

‘No, I think I just need to stick it out a bit longer, try to stop comparing it to the real deal! Thanks Essie’

Bernie felt sick to her stomach, how had she missed the signs? She knew Serena had never had a female lover before, but Serena had said that sex with Bernie was better than anything she had ever experienced, but then by her own admission she was good at ‘faking it’. Worst, it seemed she was intent on ensuring everyone else knew before Bernie. When she bumped in to Essie later that day, she could sense the awkwardness.

‘Ms Wolfe, are you feeling OK?’

‘Never better’ Bernie said, that her smile remained a thin line across her face

‘Are you sure? If you need to talk you can always-‘

‘No thankyou Nurse Harrison, if I have anything to say to anyone I say it to their face. I’m not one for gossip’ with that she stormed off, she knew it wasn’t Essie’s fault, in fact Essie had encouraged Serena to talk to her but the shame of it brought up a rage that Bernie was struggling to contain.

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‘Oh Ric, stop it! I’m sure I will get used to it’

‘Well Serena, you know if you ever want a sneaky bit of the real thing, you can drop by my house, Ms Wolfe will never know’

‘Oh Ric, I’m getting that desperate I might even take you up on that!’

‘I warn you though, I’m a bit of a perfectionist in that department’

‘And yet still, 6 wives down – maybe your technique isn’t as good as you profess’

‘There is nothing wrong with my technique, they just can’t handle my spices’

‘Ha! Maybe I should get testimonials from the previous Mrs Griffins! If I’m going to cheat on my partner I better make it worth it’

‘Well tonight I promise extra-large portions’
‘Behave Griffin’

‘S...sorry, I just left.. these’ Bernie stuttered as she grabbed her files off the desk and tried to leave

‘Bernie, is everything OK?’ Serena asked concerned, noticing the tears begin to track down her partner’s cheeks

‘Ms Wolfe, are you-’ Ric began

‘I’m fine! Absolutely fine!’ She yelled

Ric looked between the women, ‘I’ll leave you to it…’ He said arching his eye brows

‘Oh on the contrary Ric, you two continue, I’ll leave you to it.’

With that she stormed off, leaving a shocked Serena and Ric in her wake.

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‘Shhhh, she might hear you’

‘Well? I don’t see why we should have to cover for Serena?’

‘You know Ms Campbell, she just needs to get this out of her system and then she can float back to lesbian bliss’

‘Lesbian bliss? Dom!’

‘Morv, I’m being honest with you. She won’t take long. Serena looked ravenous, and hopefully she’ll feel sated enough to convince Ms Wolfe that she’s OK to carry on with all this’

‘But she’s lying, and I like Ms Wolfe’

‘Which is why we are all lying, because we don’t want to hurt her’

‘But Dom, she will guess! Surely she will smell it on her, taste it on her even’

‘Well that’s up to Ms Campbell to deal with, we stay out of it’

‘It doesn’t seem right, where are we supposed to say Serena is?’

‘Surgery? Meeting? I don’t know. Just keep her away from the on call room for the time being. Fletch is sorting her out, he said they won’t be long and then we can all get back to normal, Ms Campbell feeling better and Ms Wolf none the wiser’

Bernie slammed down the pile of files she had in her hand. This had gone too far now. Yes, it hurt her that Serena wasn’t enjoying their sex life, it hurt she had been lied too but for her to go this far? With a junior member of staff? In the hospital? During a shift? Whilst she was there! This ended now.

She paused at the door to the on call room, trying to steady her breathing and heart rate. She knew there was no coming back from this. Once she confronted Serena, her perfect world would shatter. She felt the lump in her throat at the thought that within the next few minutes, she would lose the love of her life.

She listened carefully before she opened the door…
‘Gawd Fletch, that is good. Mmmmm! It’s huge though!’

‘What can I say? I’m a man of my word’

‘Oh gawd I’ve missed this! It’s just not the same’

‘We could tell, that’s why I offered my services, you looked so frustrated’

‘Ooo, more, a bit more please’

‘Wow, you did need this’

‘I feel so dirty and guilty, but god this is good’

‘Do you want more?’

‘Maybe later, this could be a regular thing if you are up for earning a few quid every lunch time’

‘Bloody hell, seriously? Every lunch time?’

‘Maybe twice if it’s a long shift. You won’t say anything to Bernie?’

‘If my services keep you and Ms Wolfe blissfully happy, I’m more than happy to oblige, though how will you explain you are clearly stuffed’

‘I’ll fake a headache’ they both laughed

‘Was that good?’

‘Mmmmm very, though it’s dropped on my top, she will know this stain!’

‘Nah she won’t’

‘She’s raised a teenage boy, trust me she will know this stain’

‘She’ll more likely notice the evidence round your mouth and one your chin’

That was it, Bernie could take no more, she flung the door open.

‘I know everything and I can’t believe you would’ Bernie paused, looking at the scene in front of her. Fletch and Serena, both eyes wide, faces full of guilt, the remnants of quarter pounder burgers in front of them, Serena hastily wiping grease from her top.

‘Serena you… I thought, why? You said?’

‘Oh Bernie, I’m sorry. I’ve really tried but quorn is just… it’s not the same. It has a weird texture and taste. I’ve missed real meat, I didn’t want to let you down as I know we both committed to this ‘Veggie-tober’ thing, but I’m starting to wish we’d just given up alcohol like everyone else’ Serena looked embarrassed.

‘Meat, you’ve… you’ve missed meat as in, food?’

‘What other kind of meat is there?’

‘You said to Sian… about Robbie… I thought…’

‘You were spying! Yes, Sian reminded me of the they £75 steak Robbie took me out for, that I
couldn’t enjoy because I just wanted to get away as soon as possible, ended up choking I ate so fast.’

‘Oh, ohhhhh. Oh gawd, and with Essie?’
‘Bernie have you been spying on me!? I din’t want to hurt your feelings but when it’s your turn, the quorn is even dryer than normal!’

‘No, I, well yes. I just, I heard you tell Sian…and then I heard with Essie and… Ric offered you the chance to cheat on me and you accepted and then… I heard Dom, and thought you and Fletch, and I…’

‘What on earth are you…’

‘I thought you were talking about S. E. X. Bernie hissed the letters as Fletch retreated from the room

‘Sex? What does me hating fake meat have to do with sex? You weren’t planning on using quorn fillets n our sex life were you, because I really draw the line at-

‘I thought you meant you missed real sex, with a man. Not a woman’

‘Bernie, we have real sex. Why on Earth would you think otherwise?’

‘I just… when I heard…’ Bernie blushed furiously

‘You daft idiot, come here!’ Serena said, wrapping her arms around Bernie, she linked their fingers together and whispered sweetly in her ear

‘As if there could ever be anyone as good as you’ she gently kissed Bernie’s cheek, before smirking as she pushed Bernie’s hands in to her knickers, causing Bernie to gasp at the unexpected movement

‘Feel that? That is how wet, how hot you make me every. Single. Day.’

‘S…Serena, are you sure…’

‘What? You think a greasy dirty burger did that’

‘Someone could walk in and I… I can’t’

‘Can’t what?’

‘Stop myself’ she growled, kissing Serena hard, pinning her to the door and making sure Serena remembered (3 times, not that anyone was counting) why she now fucked women.

'B..Bernie’ Serena panted

'Mm? Surprised you can still talk Campbell' Bernie muttered, still holding Serena against the door as she got her breath back.

'I just thought'

'Yes?'

'I may have failed as a vegetarian'

'That doesn't matter, I just-

'But I am a fully committed Vagitarian'


'Oh for fucks sake' Bernie laughed, 'that you are'
'I'll wipe that smirk off your face'

The first time she noticed it was during a shift. An interesting patient presented – she was adamant he was bed blocking and a hypochondriac, Bernie was adamant there was more to this case. It was through Bernie’s terrible drawing that she had drawn the conclusion that this man was indeed suffering from a little known and highly debated allergy to electromagnetic waves. It was when they decided to test this theory that she first saw it:

‘But I bet a certain someone’s nephew does’

There. Right there. There it was. That smirk, such a tiny quiver of the lips, careful creasing of the eyes – such micro movements that communicated so much. The tiny bite of the lip, the glint in her eyes that screamed mischief. As they stood, shoulder to shoulder (because personal space is over rated when you have an attractive, devastatingly gorgeous army medic pressed against you) she saw the smirk play over her face again, as her eye brows arched at Jason’s typical abrupt manner about neither of them moving particularly quickly.

It was that moment a thought flashed through her head – ‘I could kiss that smirk right off your face and you’d thank me for it’. Serena blushed, cleared her throat a little. She of course found Bernie attractive, it was only natural to appreciate the sheer beauty and strength of such a woman, but to consider it more than a passing appreciation for another’s physical form? Surely not.

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She sees that look again after surgery, when they’d been at odds about the best course of action. As usual, things got a little heated but in the end Serena had conceded that Bernie’s plan of action had been the better option (albeit outside of normal protocol). She apologised in a roundabout way to Bernie, when she saw it – that maddening smirk, whilst initially it roused anger in Serena that Bernie could be so smug, she found her mind wandering again – ‘I bet you smirked like that when you brought a woman to climax’. Again she blushed, despite logically knowing no one could read another’s mind, but simultaneously being sure Bernie could tell she was thinking about her – about her smirk, peering up beneath the trembling thighs of a woman, a woman panting whose delicate fingers caressed Bernie’s untamed locks, the owner of said hands fighting for breath, the swell of their stomach fighting for breath, their heart beat visible through skin and muscle, their dark short hair splayed out- damn it Campbell! She again blushed, hoping beyond hope that this was all some terrible hormonal surge.

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The next time she saw that smirk was when she bought Bernie a coffee. Long shifts, early starts and emotionally and physically draining surgeries took their toll. It was after such surgery that she appeared, in their office, cup of strong hot coffee in both hands. She handed one to Bernie, watched her take a sip, eyes fluttering closed as she smirked.

‘mmmmm’

Oh god, that noise with the smirk! It was too much and Serena let out a little whine, immediately covering it up with a fake cough as Bernie looked at her, eyes creased slightly, lips curled just the tiniest bit. She went back to drinking her coffee and Serena could have sworn this was better than any porn.

When she had finished her coffee, Bernie licked her lips looking at Serena appreciatively. ‘mmmm,
thank you’ she smiled.

Serena gulped, mind once again wandering. ‘I bet that’s the sound you’d make after I fucked you senseless in my lap’.

For one horrible moment Serena thought she’d said the words out loud, eyes wide with terror until Bernie asked if she was alright – she quickly excused herself and left the office to go home. There was no alternative tonight, she was getting herself off with Bernie in mind, morals and feelings of guilt aside, she needed this desperately, she’d manage her guilt by telling herself this was all hormones, Bernie would understand…

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She saw that smirk again, after she had massaged Bernie’s back. She had offered without even thinking about it, she had hoped for a moment Bernie would refuse, she expected Bernie would refuse if she was totally honest, when Bernie accepted – gratefully even, Serena felt the nerves build. Touching Bernie’s skin would surely be too much – but she did it. She felt the tension, she clenched her thighs at every moan and sigh she drew from the trauma medic. Those little noises, she was mentally filing them away for an occasion where she needed them – ‘I bet you would moan softly like this as I curled my fingers inside you’, she couldn’t help the little whimper that escaped her lips at the thought. For her part, Bernie was too engrossed in the massage to notice, though Serena worried her rapid heartbeat would pulse through her finger tips.

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The next time she saw that smirk was magical. They hadn’t had much to smile about that day – a helicopter crash and multiple casualties plus a wandering traumatised ex-soldier who’s Bernie obsession rivalled only that of Serena (although she carefully kept her obsession hidden). She had smiled herself, smiled with pride as she watched Bernie take on the Major persona, triaging and managing the situation with enthusiasm and gusto. It was whilst watching the Major do her thing that Serena first realised her attraction wasn’t purely hormonal surges – as she watched her field patients and command staff she realised all she wanted to do in that moment was to throw her arms around her, kiss her sweetly and tell anyone who would listen that she loved her – she LOVED her. She quickly hid those feelings, Serena had never been more than friends with another woman and Bernie was a best friend, her closest ally!

The day got worst, the traumatised soldier stabbing Fletch with a screwdriver. Her and Bernie working in tandem to stabilise their friend, to keep him alive, to deliver him back to his children. They were exhausted, physically and emotionally. As they sat on the floor of the scrub room, Serena could tell Bernie was trying to keep it together, holding back the emotions and not allowing them to spill over. As Raf left she could physically see the Major fade and the vulnerable, insecure woman full of self-loathing take over, as her shoulders dropped, she blinked back tears-

‘Our friend and colleague is fighting for his life’

‘And he would be the first to say that you are the most fantastic, fearless Doctor in this entire hospital…’

There it is, that smile, the smallest curl of the lips, the glint in her eye – ‘I caused that’ Serena fills her heart fill with adoration for that one smile, she smiles back. Bernie is looking at her lips, surely not? Tears still glisten in her eyes, ‘I could kiss each tear away like a gift of love for each and every one’. Except this time Bernie leans in and kisses her, Serena is taken aback – ‘She feels the same, what am I doing? But she feels the same’ and she brings their lips together once more, smashes them together in fact as she gasps her friend close. It’s messy, it’s inelegant and she’s sure her hips and back will be
sore tomorrow but it’s perfect and she can FEEL Bernie’s smile against her lips and she deepens the kiss more. When Bernie pulls back, she is still smiling.

‘I have to go… but thank you’

‘…. Yes, err, me to’ it’s all she can say. She can’t say ‘just once more’ or ‘my place?’ because it’s her friend, and she’s in shock.

***

She’d given up on seeing that smile again. She’s seen it of course, but she never lets herself really see it. Confined to theatre Bernie had said, say no more about it. Easier said than done, when it’s your best friend.

Serena knows the Italian is a bad idea, a terrible idea in fact. She knows what she wants, and she wants to feel that smile against her lips, to have Bernie pressed against her, to hear those soft, beautiful moans she makes. They go to the Italian, Serena drinks wine to dull the images that flash through her mind, Bernie naked and writing beneath her, Bernie’s eyes glinting and her smirk from between Serena’s thighs, Bernie straddling her face, Serena straddling Bernie’s thighs…

The wine also makes her looser in her behaviours, when they go to leave and she notices a smidge of sauce on the corners of Bernie’s mouth, she leans in to brush it off with her thumb and that smirk is there, eyes lock for seconds, Bernie’s half closed as she inhales deeply, and Serena knows she has never seen anyone so beautiful in her entire life, and it’s devastating because she can never have her, and it makes her swallow hard – to watch this marvellous creature, to know what it’s like to feel her lips on her own and then e forced to watch from afar is akin to torture, but not as bad as the torture of never seeing her, Serena moves away and they make their way home.

It’s not until Bernie tells her about the secondment opportunity that Serena cannot hold back any more. There’s no smirk as Bernie approaches her

‘Serena… I…’ just fear in her eyes

‘It’s just….’ And she just does it, she just leans in and kisses her, arms snaking round the woman she loves, and she feels the smile against her lips and – my god she can hear the moans, and she could die right now and feel happy. The small gasps of pleasure as she slides her tongue against Bernie’s, whose hands have found their way to the nape of her neck.

Then she realises what she is doing. Bernie doesn’t want this. She stops, surprised as Bernie places a small, ghosting kiss on her lips. She apologises ‘sorry’, but she can’t help the smile on her own face.

Bernie is glowing, eyes sparkling, ‘are you kidding? I’ve been wanting to do that for weeks!’

She moves forwards, she wants more – but sweet, bloody infuriating stupid bad timing Raf walks in and the moment is lost.

Later that day she sees the smirk, full of promise of so much more and Serena feels like a child on Christmas Eve, waiting to unwrap something she has longed for so much.

‘Dinner?’

‘Tonight?’

‘My place?’

‘OK’

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There’s no smirk, no smile, no sparkle in Bernie’s eyes when she returns from Ukraine. The Major bites her lip, but not in fun or lust, but to quash her feelings of anger and resentment about Robbie. Serena feels both ashamed and angry – yes Robbie was a mistake, but Bernie left her in the middle of the ward, left her to deal with her new revelations about her sexuality, publically and at the mercy of hospital gossip.

Bernie doesn’t smile, she doesn’t smirk, she doesn’t say anything. Serena feels lost, disheartened and hurt.

‘Just so you know, I might be moving on’

‘Again? You’ve only just got back?’

‘Ric’s promised to look into getting me transferred’

Then Jason locks them in, and Serena is furious. Bernie is leaving her again, Bernie has no desire to sort things out. This is over and she needs to fucking well cry but not in front of Bernie.

‘I’ll call security, they’ll get us-‘

‘No. Wait. I haven’t been entirely honest with you’

She listens, she pretends to think it through in her head but she knows damn well her response will always be to kiss Bernie.

‘Not very good given you’re leaving’

‘I won’t, if you give me a reason to stay..’

That smirk, Serena briefly see’s it and she can’t hold back any longer.

‘Will this do?’

She kisses her, and she kisses her, hands searching, grabbing. The soft moans Bernie makes almost as soft as the hairs at the base of her head. Briefly seeing Jason she manages to mumble ‘ignore him’, and she feels Bernie smile against her lips as she shuts the blinds, kisses becoming more frantic.

***

She had never wanted to leave that office, that day. But Jason needed to go home, and Serena needed to clear her head, and Bernie needed to sleep (and shower). Now Jason is at work, Serena is at home and Bernie is on her door step.

‘I was worried you might not come’

Bernie shrugs, hands in her pockets, a shy smile on her lips, ‘I wanted to’

‘Good’.

They stand for a moment, Bernie outside and Serena inside before Serena steps aside and waves the blonde in.

They talk, they talk for hours, difficult conversations giving way to laughter and happiness.

‘I thought about you a lot you know, when I was away’
‘Well needless to say I also thought a lot about you, a hell of a lot’

‘Oh really Ms Campbell’

There it is, that smirk, that damn maddening, highly erotic, knicker ruining smirk. She has to have her now.

With that she kisses her, kisses her hard, Bernie kisses back. She mumbles, barely separating their lips. ‘upstairs…mmm…now…you….we….bed…’ and they are fumbling up the stairs, not breaking kisses, pressing each other against walls intermittently and Serena is pleasantly surprised and impressed that Bernie has managed to undo her blouse expertly without Serena realising. They are in the bedroom when they finally separate, both breathing hard, looking at each other with such want.

‘Serena…’ oh god the breathless way she says her name

‘Bernie’

‘I want you’

‘Then have me’

With that Bernie is back on her, kissing, they undress each other with speed – those damn skinny jeans she wears being a barrier but one they overcome, and then they are in their under wear, Bernie’s hand cupping Serena’s breasts causing her to moan, it’s Serena you undoes Bernie’s bra first, taking a nipple in her mouth and Bernie actually gasps, her hands squeezing Serena’s breast hard, then she pushing Serena on to the bed, climbing on top of her, her eyes almost black, as she claims Serena’s breasts and neck with her mouth. She moves down her body, slowly, it’s exquisite torture as she peels Serena’s underwear. Serena is right.

Bernie’s smirk, her eyes glinting between her thighs.

Bernie’s subtle ‘Mmmmm’ as she tastes her for the first time.

Bernie groaning as she delves deeper into Serena

Bernie licking her lips as Serena comes for the first time against her mouth.

Bernie biting her lip as she drives her fingers into Serena.

Bernie’s smirk as she feels Serena contract around her fingers (for the forth time thank you very much)

Bernie’s shy smile as Serena touches her for the first time.

Those same moans only louder as she caresses her inside.

Bernie’s mouth open, eyes creased shut as she comes screaming Serena’s name.

Bernie’s smile, that genuine, heartfelt smile as they lay entwined, naked, sweaty, sated trading same kisses and caresses.

Serena knows now she would spend a life time kissing that smirk, just to hear those moans, just to see that smile.
Serena's turn

Chapter Summary

By popular demand. Serena wears the strap on

There are many things over the years that Serena Campbell has fantasised about doing. She’s fantasised about threesomes, group sex, sex with colleagues. She’s even fantasised about sex with women. But she never really imagined any of them coming true, they were fantasies, purely made to stay in her head, her guilty pleasures as she managed the loneliness of singledom. They were hers, and whilst some would make her blush if the object of her fantasy was sat across from her in a boardroom meeting, she embraced them as nothing more than harmless self indulgence which she enjoyed, very much so.

When she first fantasised about Bernie, it was after their first meeting – ‘engine been growling or whining?’ ‘I’ll be growling and whining later’ she had thought to herself – and she did, several times actually, so much in fact the next time they met Serena felt herself flush from the memories. When she found out about Bernie’s affair with a woman, she was angry. Partly at what felt like a lack of candour, but more because of the sudden realisation that THIS particular fantasy could become real. That went against the rules, that made what she was doing at night wrong, in many ways she felt she was the one betraying their fragile friendship.

Of course, the fantasy did come real, and as she came apart with Bernies fingers deep inside her, she realised that this was so much more intense than any of her fantasy’s had been. When she first felt Bernie against her, when she first felt the slick heat of another woman on her fingers, when she felt the sheer pleasure of bringing Bernie over the edge as she through back her head and gasped ‘serena’, she realised no fantasy on Earth could hold a torch to this very experience.

One thing she had never fantasised about, however, was having a penis. She enjoyed a decent penis, really enjoyed it on several occasions but preferred to receive one, than actually have one, but when she’d read up on ‘lesbian sex tips for first time lesbians’, the idea of a strap on had stuck in her mind. In her fantasy, she had imagined Bernie as the wearer – usually in her military fatigues – roughly fucking her in every position imaginable, but she didn’t ask for it, because she was worried Bernie would think the things they did were not enough, which wasn’t true.

This is how Serena found herself, stood in the middle of the day with a strap on penis protruding from her groin. It was damn annoying, she wondered how those boys who were ‘well endowed’ managed to stay standing upright, surely their centre of balance must be thrown off when they get….excited? The straps were loose and she could feel what she assumed was too much movement – she couldn’t very well fuck Bernie if the damn thing was wobbling all over the place. This was ridiculous, she was a 52yr old woman, who had gone from heterosexual to lesbian all of a sudden, and now she was stood wearing a strap on cock, she flushed with embarrassment – what would her friends say if they saw her now? What would Bernie say? She shrugged and set about undoing the straps.

‘Serena I forgot the…’
‘Fucking stupid straps…’
‘What the…’
‘Bernie, fuck I…’
‘When did…’
‘I just…’
‘Stop talking!’
They both stood in silence. Serena flushed in embarrassment, Bernie stood eye’s wide, jaw almost hitting the floor.
‘I..I just.. curious…stupid fool… please’ Serena stuttered
‘You… is this something you.. want?’ Bernie whispered
‘No. Yes. Maybe. I don’t know I was just.. can we forget..’
‘No.’
‘No?’
‘No, we can’t forget it’
Serena felt her chest tighten, this was exactly why she hadn’t mentioned it to Bernie, would Bernie think her a pervert?
Serena started to protest, try to salvage some dignity when she stopped staring at Bernie.
‘What are you doing?’
‘What does it look like?’ Bernie winked, as she hurriedly removed her trousers, her top flying off within seconds.
‘You..you want this?’
‘Serena I want you in every way I can have you and…. Oh god if you don’t fuck me right now I will fucking explode!’
The raw, primal need in Bernie’s voice shook Serena to her core, both suddenly breathing heavy.
‘Bend over’
‘What?’
‘Bend over, now.’
Bernie saw a flash of desire in Serena she had yet to encounter, doing as requested, she leant over the bed.
‘Spread your legs’
‘Yes ma’am’ was all Bernie could whisper
Serena stroked her hand across Bernies firm behind.
‘So you like this do you?’
‘Y..Yes’ Bernie gasped in anticipation
‘Louder Wolfe’
‘Yes! Yes I like this!’ Bernie cried as Serena’s hand made a sharp smack across her arse.
‘Look at you, all open and ready for me, do you want this Bernie?’
Bernie rocked her hips backwards, desperate to feel Serena inside her. ‘So badly!’
She gasped loudly as she felt Serena inch the toy into her, slowly but firmly.
‘Fuck, fuck, fuck’ was all Bernie could chant as Serena pushed the toy fully inside her.
Bernie let out a deep breath, this was more than she could ever imagine. She had fantasised about Bernie taking her with this toy, but never imagine the thrill she would get from being the wearer. The base of the cock gave her a lovely dose of friction against her clit, but Bernie’s submission lit something far more erotic with in her.
She began to thrust, slow, but firm, until she heard Bernie crying out for faster, harder, more!
She reached for Bernie’s hair, gripping it firmly before leaning over and whispering in her ear, ‘you really want a good fucking don’t you?’
When Bernie cried yes, Serena couldn’t stop herself from driving the toy deeper, faster and firmer into her lover, hearing Bernie cry out louder than she had ever heard before.
When she felt Bernie tremble, heard the tell tale gasps of her orgasm she was completely surprised to find herself so over come she came as well.
They both remained in position, panting heavily as they each tried to catch their breath.
‘That was’
‘I know’
‘God Serena..’
‘Fuck Bernie’
‘You, you’re incredible’
‘I’m still inside you, is that weird?’
‘Kind of? But I’m not complaining’

Then it happened, Serena burst out laughing at the absurdity of it all. She was 52yrs old, stood panting from one hell of an orgasm wearing a penis still buried deep inside her female lover.

‘What’s so funny’ Bernie giggled as Serena withdrew the cock.

‘Just this. Us. Life in the old dogs yet eh?’
‘Who you calling old?’
‘Well someones hip just creaked and it wasn’t mine!’

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