The Khamsa

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by JessicaX

Summary

After a few years of absence, Elsa's estranged, globetrotting sister blows back into town to turn her dull, comfortable life upside-down, as usual. But that's just the beginning this time. Somehow, Anna sets off a chain reaction that gradually alters everything about her life and her sexuality. [icest, modern AU, kinks abound]

Notes

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WARNINGS: Explicit sexuality, though very little smut. Weird kinks; warnings in the chapter notes. Belsa (Belle/Elsa) moments, minor Helsa (Hans/Elsa) moments, Cinderelle (Cinderella/Belle) moments; related!Elsanna endgame.

[More author notes after the chapter.]
To say "it was a typical day for Elsa Nieves" was not hyperbole in the case of the Thursday in question. It really was. Her days seldom had enough differences from each other to make them at all remarkable. They were interchangeable with each other; her weekdays were identical, and her weekends were identical. Swapping a Thursday for a Saturday would be a significant change, but only in a respective sense.

Wake up. Shower. Coffee. Work, work, work. Home. Dinner. TV for an hour or two. Rinse and repeat. On the weekends, she did her shopping, but there was little passion to the activity. She also found time to read those days, and at night just before falling asleep. During her lunch at work, all she did was eat and allow her mind to wander. A stagnant, homogenous life.

There had been no man in her life for several years. Not even a passing interest in a year or more. Every date also went the same; young professionals who dazzled her with perfectly white teeth and perfectly white resumes, making the same comments about how she "didn't look Mexican" when they found out her last name. The shine wore off so quickly she had started to wonder if it was ever there to begin with.

Other than that, she had no real friends. The woman in the nearest cubicle to hers, Belle Des Rosiers, provided a sort of camaraderie in that they both enjoyed working in silence. Then there was Cindy, the new girl who was always inviting her out to dinners and events, no matter how often she declined; she could count her as a friend, even if their friendship was rather strained because of that.

Perhaps the closest thing to an actual friend she had was Tiana. The woman ran the local diner that Elsa would allow herself to stop in on Friday evenings, after her workday was finished. Beyond names and a few surface details of each other's lives, they weren't all that close. The rest of the time, she would go home and make herself a bland, inexpensive meal, but this was one of the small frivolities she allowed herself. That, and her ever-growing library of romance novels.

All of her childhood friends and her family were gone. Some passed, like her parents, and the rest just drifted away. Now it was only her, alone in sleepy little Arendelle Cove.

Yes, it really was a typical day for Elsa Nieves when she got off the elevator onto her floor, walked down the hallway, and found a small pile of duffel bags in front of her apartment. One of them, as it turned out, was actually not a duffel bag at all; it had red hair poking out of a cap made of the exact same material as the bags, which had made it harder to distinguish them at first. The old, scuffed Birkenstock sandals stretching out into the hallway were poking out of the bottom of dingy olive-green capris, and the rest of the figure was hidden by the bags themselves.

Elsa was just reaching for her phone to call security, or maybe even the police, when the red hair twirled a memory. Of course. Her mouth set; she knew who this was. Unbelievable that it would be her, but she did know.
"Hey," Elsa snapped, kicking at the leg. "Quit loitering, you wino."

A loud snort signalled that the figure had awoken. The bags rustled, and a tired, apple-cheeked face dusted with freckles turned up from amongst them, blinking blearily in the soft lighting of the hallway. After two or three seconds, the face lit up with recognition — quite a lot.

"Elsa?"

"Yes? And who might you be? Gulliver on one of his travels?"

Scrambling to her feet, the grimy form just barely managed to reach a standing position before she was throwing her arms around the baffled blonde's torso, grabbing on and squeezing tightly as she could. "Ohhhh, Elsa, it's so good to see you! Namaste!"

"Namawha?" When the redhead didn't answer, she grunted and rolled her eyes, patting her back gingerly. "Fine. Hi, Anna."

"I really missed you," Anna breathed into Elsa's shoulder, so earnest that she almost couldn't ignore it — despite how tempting it would be to focus on the overpowering stench of her clothing. "It's been so long, God… how are you?"

"Fine, fine. How are you, stranger? I mean, I might already know if you ever called, or wrote…"

"Yeah, yeah," Anna laughed as she finally pulled back, still gripping her sister's shoulders. "You know, I lost your number somewhere between Nepal and Kenya. My whole phone, really."

Again, Elsa fought the desire to roll her eyes. "Sure you did. You could have tried to look it up."

"Who would I call? Mom and Dad? Kinda hard to do that now without a Ouija board."

"You could have looked me up online," Elsa said as she moved to unlock the door. "LinkedIn, Facebook… all of those things exist here in the civilised world."

"Africa is civilised," she shot right back. Once the door was open, she began to drag her things inside. "It's just not the same kind of civilisation as we have in the West, you pampered American. Plus, they do have big cities there that are just like ours. Well, not just like ours, but equal in their own way."

"I'm a pampered- wait, what are you doing?" When Anna didn't respond, she yelped, "Why are you taking all this into my apartment?!!"

Laughing, she barely glanced at Elsa as she grabbed another bag to heave over the threshold. "Come on, Sis, why do you think? I'm gonna stay with you!"

Definitely no longer a typical day.
By the time Anna had all her duffel bags piled in a corner, Elsa had stopped sneering and hating the situation. Clearly, this fell under the umbrella of "familial obligation"; Anna needed to stop over, and Elsa would provide that service. When she moved on, she would be absolved of all responsibility regarding her wayward sister. It was the only way to get out of this without being perceived as a completely cold-hearted bitch.

"There," the redhead sighed, dusting her hands as she walked back over to Elsa. "Now I'm all settled in and we can start getting caught up!"

"Wrong," Elsa grunted, holding her nose. "Now you can take a shower so I can be in the same room with you."

To her mounting horror, Anna lifted the front of her shirt, pushed her face down into it, and
inhaled. "Huh," she said with a shrug. "I can't even tell. Guess that's what happens when you live off the grid for a while."

"God, listen to you! 'Off the grid', as if any such thing exists. Please, just… into the shower, now! Come on!"

"But all my clothes are dirty, too," Anna grumbled as she was chivvied through the spacious living room. Though it was only a one-bedroom apartment, it was grand and elegant in its way; the furniture she had purchased on a limited budget all matched and had remained in pristine condition. That this was mostly due to never having any houseguests was a minor detail.

"I'll get you something of mine. Just go."

"But your clothes might not fit. No offense, Sis, but you're…" Her voice dipped lower to soften the blow. "Getting a little wider around the middle. What happened to that ballerina body?"

Elsa glowered at her. That was the last straw; she was tired of being cajoled into everything. "Get… in… the shower. Or get out of my apartment." At that, Anna only blinked, flashed an awkward smile, and rushed into the white tiled room. "I'll bring you some clothes."

"Thaaaanks!" she called out through the door.

The entire time Elsa was collecting clothing for her sister, the glower persisted. She did not want this. She did not want a monkey wrench thrown into her dull-but-pleasant life — and especially not one in the form of her estranged sister. The last time she had spent any worthwhile period of time with her, she had only stayed three days, crashing on the couch in Elsa’s first apartment. It was for their parents’ funeral, and though she was so young and inept and in mourning herself, she had been supportive, loving, tolerant of her outbursts of grief… everything a sister should be. Then, of course, she had packed up and left with only a single Post-It note.

*Thanks for everything,* it read. *Their hearts are among the stars now. See you when I see you.*

Anna.

That note was now full of wrinkles from all the times Elsa had crumpled it up to throw it away. Yet she still had it. And as she shut her dresser drawer, finding one of her older, smaller pairs of underwear to provide her with, she again saw it in the little frame, propped next to her jewellery box. Every time she looked at it, she again felt the same old compulsion to smash it into a thousand pieces, throw it from the nearest window to the ground far below. But she never did.

"Okay, I got them," she said to the silent bathroom door. "Where do you want-"

"Oh, thanks," Anna said as she paced out, patting down her hair with the towel. "I'll put 'em on when I'm dry."

A full five seconds passed of Elsa sputtering before she was able to squeak, "Wh-what are you doing?!"

"I'm… getting showered? Like you commanded me, remember? God, they say the mind is the first thing to go…"

"But you're naked! In my living room! What kind of animal did you turn into overseas?!"

Rolling her eyes, Anna put her hands on her hips, still naked as a jaybird. "Get over it. I mean, *I am* your sister, remember? Who cares if you see my firecrotch?"
"I don't want to see any crotch! I…" Finally, she turned to one side, taking the view away from herself. "Don't you have any shame?"

"Nope. A lot of the smaller villages where I was volunteering, I had to learn how to go without privacy, running water. Or had to learn to take fast showers, like I did just now. After a while, you sorta stop caring about 'but what if they see my nips?' and other petty bullshit when you're focused on building houses and stuff."

Elsa's eyes flicked to said "nips" again, then away. "Right. I guess that makes sense. But you are not in Africa anymore; you're in America, where we don't condone that kind of… of exhibitionism!"

"Huh. Sounds to me like you could use some more of that in your life." Anna walked right up to her, a hand raising upward.

"Wait, what are- stop, Anna, don't tease me! STOP!"

"I'm reaching for the clothes," she snorted, though now she stopped with her hand on Elsa's. But instead of doing something crazy, or demented, or angering, she simply frowned and asked, "Hey… does this really bother you that much? Sorry, I guess I just… we're grown-ups now, I didn't think you'd even blink at my dumb, freckley body."

That sufficiently shamed Elsa for shouting at her over such a matter. "Maybe… you're right. But I haven't seen anyone's body in a few years, Anna. Not even my own; I tend not to look in the mirror when I get dressed. Too many… imperfections, like you said. Sorry for being a little uncomfortable."

The bemused look had disappeared entirely. "Elsa, your body is beautiful. You've always been gorgeous! Are you kidding? I didn't mean to imply…" Reaching down, she patted her thigh through her relatively plain, dark-grey skirt. "So what if you packed on a couple more pounds? It doesn't mean anything."

"Stop that," she breathed shakily, trying to step away from the hand. It followed her.

"No, listen, I'm… really sorry, okay? Totally not my intention. I was trying to tease you, but the main reason I even said that is because your clothes might not fit me. Legitimately, not just as a… that was the only reason I brought it up. I swear."

Her face looked pinched. Finally, Elsa rolled her eyes and pushed her clothes up against Anna’s chest. "Get dressed, you nudist. We can talk about my big butt afterward."

"Okay. And we will." Elsa turned around to look out the window as Anna began to don the clothes. "Really didn't mean to misalign your chakras, at all."

"I don't even have chakras."

"Of course you do! Not believing in them doesn't mean they aren't real!" Her voice got a little more excited as she went on, "Hey, I know what! Once we have dinner, I can test out acupuncture on you!"

Elsa did turn around with wide eyes to glare at her, and got an eyeful of boobs. At least she was covered from the waist down; seeing that, she decided to face her discomfort and stay looking at her sister as she snapped, "You're not sticking any needles into my body, you little imp!"

"But it's really beneficial! Seriously, just let me try once and see if it hurts or doesn't do anything
for you, and if that's the case-

"Enough! Wow, I had forgotten how much you can pester to get your way!"

Grinning, Anna yanked the shirt down over herself. "Good. I know I'm taking up your couch space, messing up your *feng shui*, so I have to do a few things to make up for it, right? As much as I can, anyway."

"My f… yeah," Elsa grunted, resisting the impulse to pull her hair out. "Just don't walk around naked or grab my thighs anymore and we'll call it even."

"No promises on either front," Anna laughed once she had dumped her dirty clothes on top of her bags, earning a lip curl from her sister. "Oh! Hang on, I have something for you — shit, where did I put it?"

Already, Elsa found herself sinking down on the couch with a heavy sigh. Her sister had always been tiring, but it wasn't nearly this bad before she went off to "find herself". Chasing her around at all their athletic events, or around the pool when they were little… that had been entirely manageable. Now, she couldn't even put up with her *talking* too much.

"Here! Here, I found it." Rushing over to her, she pushed a statue into her hands. "This… is for you."

"Great!" she said with as much enthusiasm as she could muster for the smallish bronze statue of a person sitting cross-legged. "What is it?"

"Guanyin. She's the Buddhist goddess of mercy and compassion. I dunno, I thought she looked a little like you — right here, in the eyes." Her finger tapped the statue where indicated. "Obviously, you don't have a thousand arms, right? I also got you an amulet, but that's probably stuffed waaaay down at the bottom of my bags."

Turning it over and over, she finally squinted at the base. "So you loved it so much you bought me one that was 'Made In Indiana', huh?"

"WHAT?!" Snatching it away, she turned it over as she growled, "Ooh, that filthy cheat! I gave him a hundred bucks for this piece of sh… th- hey, I don't see anything about Indiana…"

"No, you don't," Elsa laughed, and Anna slowly blinked up at her. "But I am flattered you'd spend that much on a present for me. Probably so I'd throw some of that 'mercy and compassion' your way."

But instead of laughing along with her, Anna pouted. Then her face fell entirely as she set the statue down on the coffee table. "You don't like it."

"What? Oh, don't pull this. I don't even know what it is; how am I supposed to care about it as much as you do?"

"It's not your thing, I get it. I'm… yeah," she laughed harshly. "What am I even doing here? Sorry, I'll get out of your hair. Thanks for the shower."

"No," Elsa warned her, pointing at her as she strode to the bags. "No, you don't get to do this. You don't get to tease me about my thunder thighs and then, when I try to tease you back for ONE second—"

But Anna was giggling. Looking over her shoulder, her eyes danced as she sang out, "Got youuu!"
"You- I can't believe- OH ANNA, you're such a pain in the ass! Why are you even here?!

"To be a pain in the ass," Anna sighed as she rejoined her sister, plopping down on the couch and leaning against her. "For a little while, anyway. But I promise it's only gonna be for about a week, and then I'll be outa your hair."

"Only a week?" Elsa resisted the temptation to sigh. She should have expected the time frame to be short; it always was. "Fine. I guess that's fine."

"Well, I ship out for Brazil at the end of that week. But I wanted to make a stopover." Suddenly, Anna looked serious. "I've been worried."

"Worried?"

"My ki wasn't resonating w-" The sigh that finally slipped out from Elsa's lips brought her up short, so she glared at her sister for a half-second before saying, "Okay, okay. We'll do this the Western way. I felt like God was telling me you needed me back here, at least just to say 'hi' and check in. That you were… I don't know. Unhappy for some reason."

That really did catch Elsa by surprise. For a moment, she blinked and tried to think about what might be making her unhappy. Then she grunted, "Wait. You're teasing me again."

"No, no, I'm not." Warm hands took one of hers between her own. "You feel irritated that I'm here; I get that. Should have called first, looked up your number somewhere, like you said. But you weren't happy before I got here, either… were you?"

As much as she wanted to refute that statement, she could not. "And what's it to you if I wasn't?"

"It's my duty as a sister to get you right as rain again. So… here's me, trying to do it." Taking a deep breath, she leaned in and kissed Elsa on either cheek.

"Wh-what on-"

"I'm gonna help however I can. Promise! You and me, okay? We'll figure out what's got you down and we'll work on it together."

Completely defeated, the apartment's owner said, "You could stop talking about my weight, for a start."

"Done. I promise, I'll never make any kind of joke about it again, not even your clothes, nothing. But I tried to tell you before; you still look gorgeous." In a voice very like their dad's, she added, "I wouldn't kick you outta bed for eatin' crackers."

"That is… wrong on so many levels." They both chuckled very briefly. Glancing at the statue on her coffee table, she turned back to say, "Can I at least ask something up front?"

"Sure!"

"How much money do you need?"

"Why, Sis!" she gasped a hand to her chest. "How dare you cheapen my visit and my kind gesture with a query like that! You ought to be ashamed for insulting me so!"

"Yeah. How much?"

For a moment, Anna gazed across from herself, into nothing at all. Then she looked down and
"Actually, I'm doing okay for money. I have a handpan in one of my bags that I play on street corners if I get really broke, and even that I haven't needed in a while. But… I get why you'd assume I'm tapped out. I haven't been very…"

"You haven't been anything," Elsa told her baldly. "Except absent."

"You're right."

The blonde stared down at her knees. "I am."

"Yeah. I… really dropped the sister-ball. There was just so much going on… but you have a point, I probably could have tried harder to get in touch." When Elsa didn't respond right away, she leaned in and embraced her tightly. "I'm sorry."

Suddenly, Elsa felt very uncomfortable with the way Anna was expressing her regret. So she patted the middle of her back and said, "Alright, alright. So you feel bad for being away so long. I get it."

"You don't believe me?"

"That's not… I do. I guess it's just hard for that to hold weight when I haven't seen you in a few years." Before Anna could respond, she embraced her back, then allowed her arm to fall away; a nonverbal signal that the hug should end soon. "But it is good to see you."

Pulling away, Anna smiled up at her. "It really is. Anyway, dinner! I managed to smuggle in a bag of quinoa that I can contribute; it's not a full meal, but at least I'm not just totally freeloading, right?"

As Anna ran to fetch yet another item from her luggage, Elsa suppressed a chuckle. She hated that Anna was so easily likeable, and that she could always find a way to make her smile, or laugh. It made it awfully difficult to remain cross with her. Giving up on the idea of reprimanding her or arguing with her, she pushed to stand and walk over to help.

"What the hell is quinoa, anyway?"

~ To Be Continued ~

Chapter End Notes

AUTHOR'S NOTE: No, this STILL isn't the fic I was working on when I suddenly had to write "Kasnian Letters". I'm a mess! But at least I'm an inspired mess instead of a writer-blocked mess, so I guess I shouldn't complain.

This particular fic was actually a rejected roleplay idea; I had run it past a couple of other people, and they didn't bite. And there's nothing wrong with that! We came up with other ideas that worked better for us. I was simply going to exile this to the scrap heap, but for some reason, the more I thought about it, the more I needed to write about this lonely, dull Elsa and her free-spirited, world-travelling sister. So I did.

The story turned weird in a way that I don't think one has for me since Min Søster Bursdagskake. That's not to "hype it up" as the next Cake Fic, just to warn people that it's going to get a little odd. Not even in hugely obvious ways, just… who knows? These things come out during the writing process! If you have to nope out of the fic at
any point because it's too squicky or you're uncomfortable, I will totally understand and not hold it against you. Just don't flame in the reviews; you've been forewarned so that would only mean you didn't read the notes.

But to allay some of your fears, the Helsa is very minimal and includes no smut between them. More than anything, Hans is a catalyst for the Elsanna.

Enough about that, though. Enjoy this weird little fic; it'll be about 50k words when it's completed, so I hope you're ready for some twists and turns!

Jessex
Chapter 2

When Elsa awoke the next morning, she felt a lingering sense of bemusement and contentment that she couldn't place at first. It didn't come to her until a few minutes later, when she walked through the living room to start her coffee maker… and saw the figure sprawled out across her couch.

"Riiight," she chuckled to herself. But she didn't wake her. Instead, she simply tiptoed around into the kitchen, started the coffee, and went back to the bedroom to fetch her underwear and bring it into the bathroom for her morning shower.

As she washed, she considered their situation. Anna was home. The smile on her face was genuine as she washed it; she really did love seeing her sister again after so long. Complicated as her feelings were about her, that was the simple truth. So her choices were to either lament their past, hang onto it and keep resenting Anna for being herself and doing what made her happy, or try to put that aside in the name of having a nice visit. The latter was vastly more appealing.

After all, what would the other path truly gain her? More distance between them. That was no good.

Once exiting the bathroom in her underwear, she had expected to slip into her bedroom and finish dressing for the day. But she was caught up by a "Hey, sister o' mine!" bellowed from the direction of the kitchen.

"Good morning," she sighed, abandoning the bedroom for a moment. "I just need to get dressed for work, it won't take-"

"Before you go, try this," Anna said as she came into the living room with a glass full of greenish sludge. When she caught sight of Elsa, she stopped and gave a low wolf-whistle. "Lookin' good, lookin' good!"

"Sh-shut up," she grumbled, trying to cover as much of her ample chest as she could with her folded arms.

"I mean it, though; simple but sexy. Though it might pop more if the panties matched the bra. Are those cotton? Comfortable, practical… not very sensual."

Her face began to heat up, predictably. "They're cheap. Buying frilly stuff in… in my size is cost-prohibitive."

"I get that; I mostly end up in cheap stuff lately. Or going commando if it's not my cycle." Anna came closer and reached over to pat Elsa's hip. "You meant in the most awesome size, right? You have a beautiful booty; most African men would be celebrating it, not thinking it's too big. And
"Didn't I ask you to stop teasing me?" she groaned in a weary voice, still fidgeting awkwardly. She hated being on display. No matter who it was, she felt much more comfortable hidden away, either behind clothes or in a cubicle, or in her apartment where no one else ever stopped in. Isolated and quiet.

"Maybe I wanna tease you," Anna said in a low, suggestive voice that made Elsa curl her lip. Then she giggled, "Loosen you up! Get you to live a little! Like, here — just try this, I think you might like it."

Taking the glass of ominous contents, she sniffed. It smelled like fruit, mostly. A casual sip revealed it was not merely fruit. "NNghh! What IS that?!!"

"You don't like it?" Anna asked, sipping at the other side. "Huh. Tastes okay to me. It's kale and spinach with pears, kiwi and strawberries. I would have added more stuff, but this was all you had in your fridge."

"It tastes like I'm sucking on a tire iron." Taking the glass again, she took a deep breath and tried it a second time. It wasn't as offensive as the initial taste, but neither was it something she would go out of her way to try again. "Well… alright, I exaggerated. It's not the worst, but…"

"Gotcha; I got the balance wrong. If you do it right, you're not supposed to be able to taste the veggies at all. Guess I'm just too used to drinking kale smoothies."

Debating for a moment, Elsa kept the glass. "Fine, I'll finish it; you did try. But I'm not sure I want another one tomorrow morning, just so you know. Between this and that weird rice from last night, I've had enough culinary adventure for a month."

"Totally fair," she laughed. "And it was quinoa, not rice."

"It was weird. Not bad, just… weird. Like this smoothie. Let me make you something instead; something from our homeland, if your consciousness isn't too 'evolved' for that now."

Pouting, Anna kicked at the floor just like she always did when they were little. "You act like me seeing the world is silly. I like exploring other cultures, not just wallowing in Western ideals and traditions! I like adventure, not knowing what tomorrow might hold! What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. But what do you have when you're through with all that adventure?" Elsa asked as she walked into the bedroom, still holding the glass of blended madness. "No job, no money, no home."

"Memories, satisfaction, experience. Most people never do even a tenth of what I've done by the time they're fifty! And I'm half that age!"

"Yes, brag about it, why don't you?" Setting her drink on the dresser, she began to dig for an appropriate pair of slacks. "And you're not a frumpy old office lady. Still… I can't say I wasn't tempted to fly out and visit you at one of those places. But you never put down roots long enough for me to plan a trip."

With an irritated sigh, Anna walked forward and gripped one of Elsa's hindcheeks — and not gently. "Told you to quit saying stuff like that!"

"A-AH!" Elsa finally burst out, eyes wide as dinner plates. She could see her own pupils in the mirror, and see Anna's perfectly at-ease expression over her own shoulder. What was she doing?!
"I don't wanna hear you keep talking trash about your body," Anna went on, not letting go despite the way Elsa was squirming, the deep red in her cheeks at being manhandled. "It's not 'frumpy'. This J-Lo caboose is glorious, and you're one of the prettiest women I've ever known. So don't be so negative about yourself, alright?"

It was becoming uncomfortable. Actually, it had begun as uncomfortable; now it was becoming dangerous. Elsa was loathe to admit it, but far too long had passed since anyone touched such an intimate area, and her body was reacting of its own accord.

This was turning her on.

Shame flooded into the pit of her stomach; it was her sister. How could she be turned on by her sister doing such a thing?! That was just as bad as her sister doing it in the first place, whatever her reason! Why couldn't her mind just rationalise that this particular time, she should not enjoy a firm hand wringing her cheek back and forth that way?

"St-stop…" she managed to pant shakily. It was weak, and not quite enough to be taken seriously.

"I'll let go if you promise not to talk trash about my sis," Anna went on stubbornly, as if she were merely goading her like when they were kids. She didn't look alarmed, and she didn't look darkly satisfied with her actions. To her, this was just gentle teasing and "sibling bonding" — even though Elsa had never in her life heard of siblings bonding in such a way!

"Anna…" It was almost a moan, and she closed her mouth, gritted her teeth. She couldn't sound like that. Not because of this. Not because of her own sister's hand! "P-please?"

"What?" Then she finally squinted at Elsa's reflection. Her fingertips flexed, and Elsa's breath hitched again. "Oh, wow, I-" Cutting her own words off, her hand shot away, and she took a step back. "Shit, I didn't- you're really sensitive, huh? I'm sorry, I just figured you'd elbow me in the face and tell me to cut it out! Waaa!"

Trying to scramble and pull a brave face together at the last second, Elsa turned slightly toward her and managed to sputter, "It's f-fine, I… you were just playing around, I kn- I know."

"Are you okay? Do you need me to leave for a second? Yeah… yeah, I'll respect your space. I'm gonna go drink my smoothie, okay?" With a reassuring smile, she gave Elsa a quick, awkward pat on the shoulder before jogging off toward the bedroom door, closing it after herself.

For a few seconds, Elsa did collapse against the dresser. The chain reaction went through her rather quickly; she was able to take some small comfort in knowing that her body hadn't truly reached "turned on" status until Anna was gone. No, it had only been the beginnings.

But once Anna was gone… breath ragged, stomach tingling. Wetness and lip trembling. As purely physical as it was, there was no pretending that she didn't like feeling sexually awakened for the first time in literal months. And she owed it all to her own sister.

However, she could rationalise. As she quickly grabbed her clothes and began to dress for work, occasionally sipping at her smoothie, she let the arousal fade and began to think to herself. It was purely physical. Anna had manipulated her body in a way that she enjoyed, and said body was very receptive. If anybody at work had done the same thing, hanging on for that long, it would have been the exact same story — though they would be getting a fist in the mouth, or at the very least a complaint filed.

That helped quite a lot; she knew she didn't have any remote desire to have Anna do it again. Nor
to do anything further. She could live with that.

Carrying her pumps in one hand and her half-empty smoothie in the other, Elsa found her way back into the living room. As she moved to sit on the couch to put on her shoes, she saw Anna there, fidgeting with her fingers.

"Ah. Well..." So she sat down on the armchair instead.

"Hey, listen," Anna burst out as if she had already been speaking. "Um, about what happened in there; I hope I didn't freak you out or anything. You felt centered chakra-wise, but tantric. Maybe I'm wrong? Anyway, I, uh... I'll try not mess with you anymore."

"Don't worry about that," Elsa told her firmly. She just couldn't bring herself to reprimand Anna now, because she felt like she had vastly overreacted to such a small matter — at least, it was on Anna's end. "It felt... you were kidding around, I made it into more than it was. Water under the bridge."

"You sure? You sounded pretty..." One of her hands came up to cut herself off. "Nope. You said it's water under the bridge, and I will accept your reality. It was..." She stopped, laughed.

"What? Go on."

"It was nice to see you looking a little less stuffy," she added, smiling over at her. And it was a very genuine smile; not teasing, not mischievous. "Maybe I can figure out how to do more of that for you. Without grabbing your butt, I mean."

Rolling her eyes, Elsa finished pulling on the second shoe. "You don't have to do either one of those, thank you very much. I'm very content with my current life."

"Okay." But that time, Anna's tone was definitely nebulous. She was already plotting something. Elsa decided to dread it later as she headed for the door.

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All morning, Elsa's mind drifted between her work and what happened in front of her dresser. The more she thought about it, the less guilty she felt; she had done nothing. Anna was the one who crossed a line, and she did apologise for it. Therefore, there was no sense in her torturing herself over what was beyond her control, was there?

Not that she had a lot of success in letting go of anxiety and events that she had no control over. But she could try. And she did... over, and over, and over.

Part of the problem was her physical needs. Over the course of the past year, she had been carefully, steadily encouraging her own mind to ignore her body, until the body simply stopped putting out those signals. With a few moments of personal space-invading, Anna had taken all of that work and thrown it out the window. She was horny. She wanted to do something about it, but had no one to do anything with. It presented a very annoying problem, especially when she had no space of her own to use to figure out what she might or might not do on her own.

Not that she had ever done that. She tried, but the occasions had been rare and full of self-hatred. It felt wrong to take so much pleasure with her own body, to do it without a partner to enjoy things with. Having her loins aflame in the middle of her cubicle was making it harder to resist, but she still wasn't sure she had any interest in doing that on her own.

_Maybe just this once_, she considered when she noticed the clock was getting close to lunch. There
wouldn't be time to go all the way home, and she didn't dare do it anywhere in the office. But the change of task to eating would at least help take her mind off the heat building on the cushion of her office chair. She had made it a year; she could make it a few more hours.

Still, if she was going to need the apartment to herself, what would she do with Anna?

"Smoothie time!"

Yes, that was the answer. She would have Anna go get them more ingredients for her infernal concoctions. That would give her at least-

Wait. That hadn't been her thinking out loud. It had been someone talking to her. "H-huh?" she asked as she looked up her cubicle entrance to see…

"Do you want one?" Cindy Arbeit was asking her, a pleasant expression in place between her ringlets of strawberry blond hair. "I know you usually turn them down, but apparently the place on the corner just added mango to the menu — real, fresh mango! Not frozen."

She wanted to turn it down, because she had just about enough smoothies for one day. But something about the way Cindy said "you usually turn them down" gave her pause. Maybe this would be enough of a change in routine for her, and she could satisfy Anna's "you have to loosen up" nonsense.

"You know, I think I will," she said amiably, taking off her glasses and laying them beside the keyboard. "Hang on, I'll just get my wallet from my-"

"No, no!" Cindy hurriedly told her, a smile lighting up her pale features. "God, I've been trying to treat you to something for months!" With a little shrug, she leaned against the nearest cubicle wall. "What do you like?"

"Um… not kale."

"Hmm?"

"Nevermind," she laughed nervously. This was probably the longest she'd ever held a conversation that wasn't strictly about work-related topics. "Um, mango? Or am I supposed to pick more than one thing?"

"Mango is fine, silly. You wanna come with?"

That was too far outside her comfort zone. "N-no, I have some things to catch up on here. But I might join you when you get back." There; a compromise.

"Lovely! Back in a few."

Then she was free to let her mind wander again. Which she did; it wandered back to all the wrong places. But already, she felt a little better for having talked to Cindy for a moment or two. The distraction was quite good.

Then she saw the email notification in the lower-right. It was a dating site she had used a while ago; she almost never bothered to even open the emails anymore. Not a single date had led to a second one — even the few that resulted in one-night stands were always underwhelming, and made her feel like even more of a loser when they never called again.

But she was bored. Already annoyed at herself, she clicked.
"Hans Westerberg," she read aloud in a murmur. He was handsome, if not even close to her type. But he was better than the last few she had bothered to open, sporadically as that was. Part of a large family, owned a classic Porsche, and liked chamber music. The sideburns did not entice her, but that was a minor enough detail that she could overlook it.

"Looking to mingle with somebody single," Anna read over her shoulder. "Huh. What a tool."

"A-ANNA!" she gasped, literally almost falling out of her chair; only grasping the lip of the desk kept her from doing so. "What the f- what are you doing here?!"

"Came to bring you some lunch!" she piped up, holding aloft a little plastic container that looked like mainly rice and assorted veggies. "Stir fry; I put an ethnic spin on it, but I promise I didn't add anything too weird."

Again, Elsa felt her cheeks burning. She knew it was partly a leftover side-effect from what happened that morning; Anna had been present for it, and this was merely association. But it was also that Anna had caught her dabbling in online dating, which many viewed as a pathetic backup plan when regular dating failed. How often was she going to have to feel acutely embarrassed because of her invasive sibling?

"W-well… thank you," she finally forced herself to say, patting her hair down and then taking the container. "But I didn't know you even knew where I work."

"I didn't before today. But I saw a few bills and letters and junk on the kitchen counter. Nancy Drew, eat your heart out!"

Sighing, she opened it and inhaled. Against her expectations, the jumble of grains and veggies was quite appetizing. "Mmm… well, Nancy Two-Point-Oh, you seem to have outdone yourself. Thank you." In a murmur, she added, "Not that it's anything besides creepy for you to hunt me down at work…"

"Happy to do it, Sis." Then she lowered her voice. "Now, about that Mr. Burnsides over there…"

"What?" Following Anna's line of sight, she spotted the dating profile and grimaced. "A-Anna, wait. Before you get too excited, that's just-"

"He's cute. You should go for it." The scrawny girl perched on the edge of Elsa's desk, smiling gently over at her.

That wasn't as bad as Elsa had been expecting. Still didn't mean she wanted to discuss things like this. "N-no. He wouldn't be interested in me. I'm not interested in me, so why should he be?"

"Hey, clearly he is! This site doesn't bother to email you unless you match, right? You should message him back." Reaching for the mouse, Anna ignored the irritated twitch from Elsa as she scrolled down. "Yeah… he says he wants to meet you and see where things go." Then she reached for the keyboard.

"Anna-"

"Just sending… 'What… time… and where?' Done, not embellishing." Her finger hovered over the enter key as she glanced back at her sister. Then she sighed. "You really don't want to meet him?"

"I… didn't say that," she grunted. Of course, she should have expected that was all Anna would need before she smashed the key, sending the message. "Y-you- OOOH, why are you so infuriating?!"
Rolling her eyes, Anna leaned back against the desk even more, folding her arms over her chest. "I waited to see that you really are interested in him, and you weren't saying 'no'. But sometimes you really do need a little push, Sis. You have to live while you're alive!"

"But you push so much! Can you just…" Sighing, she began to massage her temples gently. "I'm fine. This is fine, you haven't hurt me, going on one date won't hurt me."

"Of course it won't! I wouldn't have done this if…" An awkward silence stretched for a few seconds. Then she asked in a more subdued tone, "Do you want me to go?"

The question caught Elsa off guard. Looking up sharply, she demanded, "What? Why would I want that?"

"Because it seems like ever since I showed up yesterday, you've been annoyed that I'm here. I get that I didn't call ahead, and that was pretty irresponsible; I wasn't observant of your space, you're the Alpha and I'm the Beta. But I thought you'd be happier to see me than this."

Setting aside the container of rice, Elsa rolled her chair over to Anna and grasped her forearm. "I'm sorry. You're right, I haven't… you really threw me off, I wasn't expecting to see you again. I thought you liked it so much on the other side of the planet that you'd… never come back."

"Never? Not to see my favourite sister?"

"I'm your only sister."

"Then obviously, you're my favourite," she scoffed, earning her an eyeroll and a grin. "And… okay, I hear what you're saying. But I'm here, and I won't stay gone as long as I did again. Promise-promise."

If they hadn't been in the office, one of the places Elsa felt least comfortable showing emotion, she would have hugged her. Instead, she simply squeezed her arm tighter and hoped the message was clear. From the way Anna beamed down at her, that seemed to be the case.

"O-oh!" said Cindy, blinking in flustered surprise. The two smoothies in her hands were momentarily forgotten. "Am… I interrupting something?"

"No, no," Elsa hurriedly assured her, taking her hand away. "This is Anna; Anna, this is Cindy."

"Namaste," Anna said simply.

"R-right." Cindy looked her up and down, the sandals and the khaki shorts, the ratty old pocket tee with the little hole by the ribcage. "And… how do you two know each other?"

"She's my soul sister," Anna answered, patting Elsa on the shoulder. Though Elsa privately wondered why adding the word "soul" was necessary, she figured that would only make explanations more irritating, so she left it alone. "Maybe you can be, too, Cindy; you brought smoothies, which is the quickest way to my heart!"

"O-oh…" Glancing down at her hands, she started to offer both of them to Anna and Elsa. "Of course! I mean, I always like making new friends! My stepmother used to joke that I'd make friends with mice if I could!"

Holding up a hand, Elsa said, "Anna can have a sip of mine; you don't have to give up your smoothie for her."
"Yeah, I was kidding," Anna assured her with a wave of her hand as she stood. "I just came to drop off some rice I made. *Aloha, ladies!*

They both said "Aloha", somewhat stunned into repeating the phrase as Anna flounced out. After a few more seconds of listening to her cheerful whistling making its way all the way to the elevators, Cindy slowly turned to her as she handed over the cup of frothy orange liquid.

"Seriously, who *was* that crazy hippie?"

Elsa merely let out a long, weary sigh as she sucked at the straw. At least *that* smoothie was delicious.

~ To Be Continued ~
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Before I get into this fic, thanks again to everybody who backed the Indiegogo! We did incredible, I think! Now I just have to wait for the payments to go through so I can order the copies, haha.

CHAPTER WARNINGS: sex toys. (that's it, not really even using them haha)

Following lunch, the last few hours of work seemed to stretch on for an eternity. Elsa did her daily duties, entered numbers and scheduled things, fielded calls that were in her department. All the while, she felt antsy and strange, but she did her best to suppress those feelings.

Part of that was caused by the reply she got almost immediately from Hans. He wanted to meet up Monday night. His rationale seemed to be that it was a neutral time; he was busy over the weekend, and there would be more "pressure" to let the night progress. On a Monday, they would have dinner, and that could absolutely be the end of the date since the following day was a workday. They could assess each other with a clear exit strategy. Elsa secretly approved of that logic, a lot more than she wanted to admit, but all she said to him in reply was that she would see him then.

Between that and her lingering awkwardness from that morning, by the time five o'clock, her hips were restlessly shifting back and forth in her chair. She actually breathed "Thank GOD" when she was able to log into the digital timecard and punch out for the day, sliding Anna's empty lunch container into the briefcase and dashing for the door. She barely had time to wave goodbye to Belle and Milo on her way to the elevator.

Once in the car, she finally allowed herself a frustrated sigh. Why was she so horny? Surely, the one single grope hadn't "unleashed the beast" all on its own — that was ludicrous! Though deep down, she knew her own neglect of her carnal needs for months on end was to blame, it still seemed silly this would cause it all to come rushing back so suddenly, bowing her over.

Trying to distract herself, Elsa did something she rarely did while she sat at a red light: turned on the radio. Most of the time, it just was a lot of noise that she disliked, but she decided to flip through a few stations for a change. Anything to pull focus from her antsiness.

"...And you know it's Friday, too," the radio sang out when she landed on a station that didn't make her want to retch. The fact that it really was Friday amused her enough to stop there. "I hope you can find the time this weekend to relax and unwind..." The tune was familiar; glancing at the LED display, she saw it was the local soft rock station. That would work as well as anything.

Maybe she was even more familiar with it than she thought. The next second, her mouth opened and she timidly sang along, "My mind's tired, I've worked so hard all week..."

She flushed, ducking her head and looking around at the other cars; no one else on the road seemed to be paying her the slightest attention. Emboldened, she sang more at the top of her lungs: "Cashed my check, I'm ready to go — I promise you, I'll show you such a good tiime!"

That instant, the light turned green and she practically floored it, the chorus coming straight from
her heart and through her lips, shoulders even starting to twitch back and forth. How did she know this song so well?

Of course; it had been one her mother loved. The melancholy stabbed into her like a javelin, and she fell silent for a few seconds, stunned and blinking. How could she have forgotten so completely that her mother was such a Janet fan? Buried it deep, she supposed. Everything about her parents, about Anna, had been too painful to think about once they all were gone from her life. So she piled work and bills and rent and "adult life" on top of everything that caused her pain until she couldn't see the pain anymore.

But by the time the chorus came around again, she couldn't help it; she wanted to sing more. For her.

"Come on, baby, let's get away! Let's save our troubles for another day!" By that point, buttoned-down, boring Elsa Nieves found herself rolling down the windows, letting the wind tug at her carefully-arranged bun. Whisking away the tears that had formed in the corners of her eyes. "Come go with me, we've got it made! Let me take you on an escapade!"

She even leaned her head out the window and belted out, "ES! CA! PADE!" at some random strangers waiting at a bus stop. For some reason, their alarmed looks only made her laugh; it was all very worth it in the moment, embarrassed as she knew she would feel later.

By the time the song ended, she was laughing and crying. She couldn't even separate the two; it had been something she needed a lot more than she realised, and she didn't have it in herself to feel any regret or shame. Not yet. She resolved to go home and download that album onto her ill-utilised iPod immediately.

At that moment, she glanced over from the stop sign to see a shop that had always prompted her skin to crawl. "Edna's Ecstasies." The garish neon pink of the sign didn't suit the rest of the surrounding businesses, called attention to itself; advertised exactly what was inside. Filth. Smut. Disgusting tools for lonely, desperate women who decided they couldn't wait for their next date.

Lonely, desperate women…

Elsa was already parking, already reaching for the door handle before she realised what she intended to do. Around the time she was walking across the street was when her mind finally screamed at her, Wait! Where are you going? This is insane! You don't really want anything they have to offer in there, do you?!

Yet she pushed the door open with a quiet jingle and walked inside.

Immediately, she felt the mental slap of regret across her cheek. Everywhere were things she hated thinking about, didn't want to see paraded in front of her. There were a thousand items she didn't even understand the purpose of, and the ones she did, she didn't want to think about, either!

This was stupid. She was feeling momentarily brave from the music in the car, from Anna prompting her to respond to that date request. Bravery didn't mean she had to put herself somewhere she didn't want to be. Shaking her head, she turned to head right back through the door.

"Looking for something?"

At first, she couldn't tell where the voice had come from. Then she finally spotted the mop of black hair and round, thick glasses poking just over the countertop.

"A-AH! Oh, I… I'm sorry, I think I must h-have… the wrong…” The lie didn't sound remotely
"You have the wrong shop?" The rest of the head came into view a moment later, a small, wrinkle-lined face behind such enormous frames. "You confused us with another 'Edna's Ecstasies', hmm?"

Squirming, she glanced at the door again, then back to the woman. "No, I just… wasn't paying attention to what I was doing…"

"Honey…" The word was long, drawn-out, and condescending. "We both know why you're here. You're after a little something to perk up your weekend." Her eyes swept up and down Elsa's outfit, her posture, her fidgeting steps. The way her hands clenched and unclenched on the strap of her purse. She felt like she was being stripped bare, right in front of the perceptive little hag.

"N-no, I… that isn't true. I guess I just… always saw this shop and I… wondered…" 

"Yes, yes. You were curious. Most people start out being curious, you know."

Why couldn't she form simple sentences lately? Clearing her throat, she pulled together some of her backbone and said, "I'm not curious any further than seeing what it was like in here. And now I have, so maybe I should-"

"Maybe," the woman seized upon, taking Elsa by surprise. "That's a funny word to put in that sentence, isn't it, darling? You swear you're only curious to get a look on the other side of the door, but maybe you should leave? Hmm, interesting."

"Why?" Elsa demanded, taking a step closer to the counter. "Why is that so 'interesting'? It's just a word."

"But a 'maybe' always has two sides. Let's take a look at this one: 'Maybe I should leave… but maybe I shouldn't just yet'. Two sides."

The woman was right, as much as she absolutely hated admitting it. "Well… I am already here, and I'll probably never step foot in this den of iniquity again…"

"Den of iniquity!" she cackled, clapping her hands. "Haven't heard that in a while! But it's really all very professional, dearie, very professional. This isn't a brothel; we sell top-of-the-line 'stress relief' products for people who require them. And pardon me saying so, but you look very stressed."

The coy look in her eyes cut straight through Elsa. She knew. Somehow, this shriveled prune of a woman was fully aware that Elsa had spent all day feeling a year of sexual frustration boiling under the surface. That was part of her trade, of course, but it made her feel no less ashamed of herself.

"And wipe that mopey look off your face," she grunted as she disappeared behind the counter. A few seconds later, she rounded the end of it — and Elsa tried not to start when she saw she was a little person. She had assumed before she was crouched down when she first walked in, but now she could only guess there was a stepladder behind the counter. "You aren't 'in trouble' for coming in here, which we both know you needed to do."

"I d-did not," Elsa whispered weakly. Unconvincingly.

"Let's take a look at some of our beginner items. Clearly, you're barely ready to be inside, so why not start with something simple?" Picking up a small box that was hanging on a row of pegs, she offered it to her. "This is a standard bullet. Just a little vibrating something to help you along, but you still do most of the work. Very popular, very discreet."
"Oh." Turning it over, she frowned. "Well, this doesn't look quite large enough. I mean... can't it get lost in there?"

The look she got in return was definitely pitying. "It's not for that. It's for the little man in the canoe, not the canoe itself."

"The little man... the clit?"

"Oh, thank GOD," she sighed, visibly relieved. "You have no idea how often I have to fill in as a substitute anatomy teacher for girls who never went through sex ed." Pulling her around the next aisle, she gestured and said, "These go where you were thinking."

"A-ah," Elsa breathed, cheeks warming further. Those were most definitely phallic-shaped. "Well, you... yes, they would, wouldn't they?" The further down she looked, the larger they got. Some of them were so detailed that she eventually looked up and away, thoroughly uncomfortable.

"Which is why I started with the bullet," she chuckled with a cheeky slap against Elsa's thigh, earning a yelp. That was not professional at all! "But if you want to get a couple of things, you could get that and this."

The one she took off the top shelf was shaped like a simple blue cylinder, and was just barely longer than most of her previous partners. Elsa took it from her, turning over the packaging to get a good look at it. Apparently, the base twisted to activate the vibrations, and it was entirely waterproof.

That gave her an idea of how to get away with trying it out with Anna still in the apartment...

"Now then," the woman said efficiently. "You're free to wander around, and I'll keep those at the counter for you if you wish. Pick which one you want when you're ready — or both, if you're feeling a little more adventurous."

"I..." Her eyes strayed to the back of the store. There were outfits there. Full outfits, ones that she would die if she were ever caught wearing. Ropes, and chains, and clamps, and- "I'm ready to check out now. Right now." Anything to get out of that store.

Tittering to herself, the woman rounded the counter and hopped back up onto her stool while Elsa set the two items on the counter. Belatedly, she realised she should probably put the bullet back; after all, the other vibrator would probably serve the same purpose. But the cashier had already rang it up, and she felt too ashamed to speak up and ask to un-ring that purchase.

"And some of this," she said smoothly, picking up a small bottle of lube that only cost a couple of dollars and tossing it into the bag. "Trust me, sweetheart. That will be... thirty-seven dollars and eighteen cents."

"WHAT?!" She glanced at the readout on the register, then back at the woman. "But th-that's so much! For only two of them?"

"That's a bargain," the woman told her blithely, folding her arms. "The bullet by itself would run you twenty-five in some stores. I try to keep my prices fair without sacrificing quality; keep up, dear, keep up."

"Yes, and that could be a lie to get me to shell out almost forty dollars!" When the woman blinked up at her, Elsa squeezed her eyes shut for a moment. "Sorry... I'm sorry. I don't mean to be rude."

"It's alright. You're very nervous about this, I can tell. Most of my customers are the first time they..."
come in." Then she sighed as Elsa began to rummage through her purse for money. "If it helps… I'll take either of those items back as long as the packages have never been opened and you have the receipt. Once you open it, it's yours, for… obvious reasons."

Elsa's lip curled. The very idea of buying one of those items that had already touched another person was disgusting enough to take some of the edge off her nervousness. "Well, I can't argue there. Alright, I… yes, go on, I'm ready to pay." She took out her wallet and offered a credit card, then jerked it back.

"Hmm?"

"How will this show up on my statement?"

"Well, not as 'Sex Toy Purchase', you silly girl. It will say 'Edna Mode', which is my name. Very discreet, I told you, I told you."

As she rang up the purchase, Elsa lifted the black plastic bag with the big pink "EE" on it. "And this is 'discreet'?"

"You want another bag?" Reaching down under the counter, she came back up with several. "Unofficially, I have… Barnes and Noble, Shop valu, Bath & Body Works, and one cloth tote from the library." In an undertone, she added, "Normally, I charge people for these, but for you, darling… I'd give you anything but the tote for free. Because I can tell this is a smidge outside your comfort zone. Plus you bought more than one thing, which most people aren't brave enough to do their first trip!"

"Barnes and Noble." Under her breath, she added, "Anna would want to see what was in the other two."

Her eyebrows went up. "Anna, your lover?"

"ANNA MY-" Cutting her shout off, she took a moment to control herself before finishing, "Never you mind. If I had a lover, why would I be in here?"

"We sell strap-ons, too." Elsa's eyes narrowed. "Fine, fine, be coy. Sign this copy of the receipt, please?"

Elsa did. In a couple of minutes, she had the items securely in the camouflage-bag and was on her way out the door. She hesitated, then turned back.

"No one will know I came in here, will they?"

"Not from me," she told her easily, shrugging. "If you run into Anna when walking out of here, that's not my fault, now, is it? But otherwise, no, it's our little secret."

"Okay," she sighed, glancing down at the bag.

"You're fine," Edna reassured her gently. "This is perfectly normal, women everywhere own these things; there's no reason you should have to suffer in sexless silence just because things haven't been hopping in the bedroom for you lately. Take matters into your own hands! Literally! Viva la revolución!"

Unable to help it, she let out a weak chuckle. "I do feel pretty revolting right now, you're right."

"Now, now, watch what you say about my clients." But the tone was light, despite the wagging
finger. "Take those home, pick one to give a spin. They do what they're supposed to do. And if you don't like what they do, so what? Think about how many people own perfectly good treadmills or exercise bikes that gather dust in the corner of their basement. And they paid a thousand dollars for those! We all try things we hope will improve our lives. Sometimes they work, sometimes they don't. That's life."

"I suppose you're right." Glancing down at the bag, she nodded back at the woman. "You're very good at what you do, ma'am. Thank you. I'm still not sure I really wanted these, but thank you."

"You're welcome. Good luck!"

The last had been added with a suggestive lilt that didn't quite make it through into Elsa's mind until she was already outside the shop. It was too late to say anything about it by that point, but either way, she much preferred to rush across the street to her car before anyone she knew spotted her.

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By the time she parked at the apartment, the two toys, along with the bag, had been nipped into her briefcase. The less obvious it was that she had purchased anything, the less chance she ran of Anna's nosy side rearing its ugly head. Composing her face and hair, and trying to pretend the day had gone no differently than a typical day, she finally left the car and headed upstairs.

"Heya, Sis!" Anna called out from the couch where she was polishing a strange metal disc. It was easily larger than her head, and glinted dully in the overhead light. "Wondered what time you got off work."

"Got held up longer than I expected." She didn't want to lie to Anna outright if she could help it, but certainly wasn't going to expound upon her whereabouts without being asked. Leaving her purse by the door, and shoes and briefcase in her room, she began to loosen her blouse from her waistband as she returned to the living room. "What's that?"

"This? Oh, it's my handpan. A Hang design variant. Just polishing it up, keeping it shiny."

Shrugging, Elsa sank down in the armchair. "I can see that. But what is it? I still haven't the faintest idea."

"Oh, you haven't- here, I'll just…" Instead of answering with words, Anna adjusted her position on the couch, balancing the podlike structure between her thighs and her feet, apparently looking for something on top to make sure it was facing the right way. Then, raising both hands, she began to strike the drum.

That is, Elsa had expected it to sound like a drum. Instead, there was a deep, resonant sound like a bell, something of that nature. The closest thing she could compare it to was a steel drum, which still wasn't quite accurate — and she hadn't heard one of those in years.

As Anna played on, Elsa found herself leaning forward in her chair, straining to hear as much of it as she could. Not only did the unique sound please her ears, but Anna was clearly at least marginally skilled; not that she had ever heard any "handpan" performances to compare it to. When she wasn't mesmerised, she found herself idly wondering: when did her sister learn to play like that? Where, from who? There was so much she had missed… and the week Anna had implied she wanted to say would not be enough to catch up on everything. It was never enough, anyway.

Finally, Anna sat back with a small smile. "You're speechless," she half-laughed, tucking a strand
of hair behind her ear nervously. "I can't tell if that's a good thing or a bad thing."

"You're phenomenal."

"I- wh-what?" Anna blinked at her, then burst out in a huge, bashful grin. "N-nah, I… well, I've been practicing a lot, but I'm nothing compared to-"

"Hush. You're really good with that, it's… I'm no expert, of course, but as far as I can tell… yeah. Yeah, that was fantastic, I can't believe-" Cutting herself off, she began to clap and said in an announcer-like voice, "Anna Nieves, ladies and gentlemen!"

Biting her lip and trying not to blush, Anna took an exaggerated bow. Then she sat back and laughed, "Okay, okay, stop! What are you buttering me up for?"

"Nothing, honestly," Elsa laughed as she got up and joined her sister on the couch. "Where did you get this thing? I mean, I've never even heard of it before. And who taught you to play it so well?"

"Well, I got mine in Germany. It's kind of based on the steelpan, which came from Trinidad, but then the Swiss got hold of it and turned it into this thing."

"Is the steelpan anything like the steel drum?"

Anna's eyes clearly sparked with interest, and Elsa couldn't help but grin in response. "Yes! They're the same thing, good catch! Anyway, yeah, they took that design and applied Helmholtz resonator principles to theirs. So like the steelpan, it's partially percussive, but also enclosed to make it an echo chamber…"

As Anna went on, completely absorbed in her topic, Elsa found herself letting the words wash over her. She was listening, and wouldn't forget any of it, but she had missed this passionate, excited side of her sister so much. Out of everything she had lost along the way in her life, tragedies and missed opportunities, this was one thing she was able to get back. And that was worth relishing.

~ To Be Continued ~
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the wait for this chapter! I had to do more rewriting than I planned. On the upside, the fic is a full chapter longer now! Updates should arrive a little faster from this point forward.

The chime of the door was as quaint as the rest of the establishment when they walked inside Tiana's. Anna grasped Elsa's hand and began dragging her toward the old Wurlitzer jukebox immediately, as if that had been the only reason they went.

"Wow, look at this selection: Huey Lewis, The Cars, Madonna, Prince… there's nothing in here since the early Nineties."

Elsa's eyes had been casually scanning for Janet Jackson, but she refrained from mentioning that since she hadn't noticed any. Rummaging in her purse, she announced, "Hmm… well, I do have a few quarters. You pick."

"Really? You bestow this honour upon me?" When Elsa rolled her eyes, Anna giggled and took the handful of change, plunking every quarter into the slot. Then she paged back and forth in the selector a few times before settling on something, hitting the appropriate buttons, and turning to grin up at Elsa.

An enthusiastic guitar lick rolled out of the overhead speakers, followed by upbeat drums and synthesizer in a minor key. Again, Elsa believed she would have no idea what the song was, but a moment later she was snorting in recognition.

"'Venus'? Wow, it's been a while."

"Can't beat Bananarama, even if it is a cover." Then she hit a couple more buttons for their next songs before turning back to Elsa. "Okay, where's your usual seat?"

Elsa led her to a booth in the corner, tucked a little out of the way from the rest of the crowd. Not that the crowd was all that large, but there were always a handful of regulars, maybe a family that had decided to stop in for a change of pace. Once back there, they looked through the menu for a few minutes.

"She'll take our order in a minute," Elsa promised as they laid the menus aside, having settled on what they wanted.

"Good," Anna said, taking up one of the sweetener packets and playing with it to distract herself. "I've been hoping to see more of your life, find out where your path lies. That was why I dropped by your work, really; the food was an excuse. But, um, I kinda felt like I crossed a line somewhere. Sorry about that, if I did."

"You did." Elsa saw Anna's fingers freeze, so she knew her tone had been harsher than she meant. "But don't worry about it. Obviously, you weren't trying to hurt me."

Nodding, Anna took a moment to think before trying something else. "So… how'd things go with
the rest of your day? I don't think you said why you got held up on the way home."

That instantly upped Elsa's pulse, but she tried her best to ignore her reaction — and not to think about Edna's shop. "No good reason, boring things. What did you do while I was at work?"

"My laundry," she giggled. "I figured you'd be mad if all my clothes were still nasty by the time you got home, so I jumped on that. Took me a while to find your washer and dryer, though. How long have they made them stackable like that?!"

Elsa couldn't help snorting. "A long time, you hippie. Sorry we don't have a running stream nearby and rocks to beat your clothes against."

"Yeah, geeze, me too. You capitalist." After a second, she sighed and set the packet aside. "I know, I'm kind of a pain in the ass with all my new worldviews and the habits I picked up during my travels. I swear I believe in all this stuff, I really do! But your eyes glazing over when I start going into detail tells me I'm turning into some kind of… Alternative Lifestyles Jehovah's Witness, trying to get my foot in your front door and shove my philosophies down your throat. Totally didn't mean to act like how I live is 'better', it's just… better for me. That's all. You didn't think I meant you were somehow lesser than me, did you?"

"A little." When Anna wilted, she reached across the table and grasped Anna's wrist to stop her fidgeting. "It doesn't mean I don't care for you anymore. I can love my sister without being interested in making underwear out of hemp, or whatever."

Anna's only response to that was an "Ow," followed by both of them giggling. Just about that time, a woman in an old-fashioned "diner waitress" uniform approached, complete with ruffled apron and headpiece perched just in front of the bun her black hair had been arranged into. A nametag that said "Hi! I'm Tiana" rested on her checkered lapel, which, as it turned out, was a bit redundant.

"Hi! I'm Tiana," she told Anna. "Nice to meet you. What can I get you two?"

"I'll have my usual," Elsa said easily, though Tiana was already writing it down before she spoke. "How's everything been tonight?"

"Slow," Tiana laughed as she tapped her eraser on the pad. "You know that, though; we stay afloat, get by. Just doin' what I do. What's your name, honey?"

"Anna," she replied with a pleasant smile. "Elsa was telling me she's been here pretty often."

A little shrug from their waitress. "Only every week for a year or two. Must be doing something right!" They all chuckled for a second before she asked, "So what'll it be? Do you need a minute?"

"I'll just have the blueberry pancakes. Oh, and um, tea? If you have it."

"We got Lipton and that's about it." Anna nodded her approval, and she jotted it down. "Bacon or sausage?"

"Oh, can I just leave that off? I'm trying to stay away from meat." When Tiana merely raised an eyebrow, she hurried to add, "You don't have to substitute anything, I don't care."

"Tiana Maldonia makes sure everybody gets fed," she said in a firm voice. Anna couldn't suppress a huge grin. "How about… applesauce? Since you're ordering off the breakfast menu."

Anna nodded contemplatively for a few seconds, then a little more. "Yeah, that sounds great. Thanks!" Tiana saluted with her pencil before sweeping off toward the kitchen.
"Won't eat meat," Elsa scoffed. "Since when? You used to love spaghetti and meatballs."

"Since a few years. Seriously, I am Vegan, but I'm a little less hardline about it now that I've been in situations where meat was the only food available. Like, it's not my religion or anything." When Elsa only rolled her eyes, Anna leaned forward on her elbows. "Okay, so I'm a hippie. Tell me about you, then."

"What?"

"You know. Why is this your favourite diner? What else do you do at work besides get smoothies? Do you really read all those romance novels in the boxes in your hall closet?"

Elsa blinked a few times, then heard herself begin to stutter as she hissed, "Y-you've been snooping around my closet?!

"Not 'snooping', I just checked it to see if I could shove my bags in there. But it was full of trashy kissy-kiss books!" When her sister only tutted in irritation and looked away, she giggled and said, "There's nothing wrong with reading romance novels, I'm not saying there is! C'mon, I'm teasing."

"D-doesn't feel like 'teasing'. Feels like an invasion of p-privacy, and you making fun of me again."

"Elsa…" With a sigh of frustration, Anna fell silent, looking down at her hands on the tabletop. Tiana brought along Anna's tea and Elsa's coffee, and blinked a few times at the quiet table before bustling off again to wait on a newer customer.

"Anna… I wish you wouldn't do things like that, but I'm sorry for overreacting."

"It's okay. I was being kind of a bitch."

"Not a bitch, but… nevermind."

"I just thought-" Catching herself, she took a sip of her tea. "Not bad."

"Just thought what?" No answer. "Anna, please, I really want to hear what you're thinking."

"I just thought maybe I could talk to you about your books, and you'd get flustered and defend them, and we could… do the sister-bickering thing, I don't know. I'm trying to perceive your aura, figure out what wavelength you're on now. But I keep missing it by just a teensy bit."

"Maybe you'd know if you ever stuck around for more than a few days at a time."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to sound so bitter. But it's true; you can't expect to 'get me' in a week when so much time has passed. That's just unrealistic."

Anna looked down at the table for a moment. Her fingers took up the sweetener packet again and fiddled with it until it burst, then she started at the sight of white granules spilling out onto the table in front of her.

"Anna?"

"I'm sorry," she breathed as droplets of moisture fell into the pile of chemical grains. "I'm s-so- I wanted to s-see you again, and you… no. N-no, this is my fault; I w-want it to be yours, so I won't feel so guilty, b-but it's mine. I should have come back sooner, should have stopped m-making excuses."

This couldn't be real. Elsa goggled at the sight of Anna literally crying in the middle of the diner.
She was doing what Elsa would do, trying to keep her voice low and minimise how obvious it was, but she was still letting a few tears slip past her guard.

"Elsa, I love you. So m-much! And maybe I haven't... d-didn't show it very well, or at all, but..." All at once, she seemed to snap herself out of it, scrubbing at her eyes with the heel of one hand, loosing a self-deprecating laugh. "What a baby I am. Not very zen of me to push all my emotional bullshit on you. It's not your responsibility."

"Oh, Anna..." Sighing, she reached forward to take one of her shaking hands. "Why are you so stubborn? Guess that's one of the few traits we do share."

Shrugging, Anna said, "Yeah. Think we both got it from Mom." Taking a deep breath, she began to slowly let it out as she said, "Sorry about that. Um... can we start over?"

"How so?"

"Why do you like those books? Genuine question, and I meant it last time but... didn't ask the right way. Not in a very nice way, I guess."

"Why does it matter to you, though? I mean, they're just books." But Anna's face was very serious, despite the occasional sniffle. Finally, Elsa shrugged and whispered, "I don't... know, exactly. I used to read more cerebral fare, and I still do from time to time. But these books are easily-digestible. Like most people watch soap operas, but I find these novels are more engaging, more... I don't know, sorry."

Beginning to smile faintly, her sister leaned in more, took up Elsa's hands and squeezed them. "That's fine. What do you like about them? What parts bring you the most satisfaction? I mean, you don't have to answer, but I want to know what you like. I'm really sorry for making it sound like I just wanted to poke fun at you."

"You really did. But... I guess I can see how you'd think we were playing around." She chewed on her bottom lip, and Anna just rubbed her thumbs over the backs of Elsa's hands. The action was a lot more soothing than she cared to admit. "Something about... meeting a man so suddenly who's everything you've ever wanted. Then, um... then him sweeping the leading lady off her feet, and..." By now, her face was hot. "I can't. I can't keep going, I'm sorry."

"You're fine. Completely fine; that's nothing to be embarrassed about! It's a totally normal thing to want, right? To have somebody embrace you, make you feel a sense of belonging." After a few seconds, she added, "Do you like the kissing parts, the steamy parts? Or do you only read for the romantic plots?"

"I like all of it." Then she laughed weakly. "Well... alright, if the steamy parts are badly written, I do end up skimming down the page. Or if they're too racy and I'm at work reading them, I'll skip ahead."

Anna's smile was more genuine than she had been expecting. "Cool, I get you. Weird to read that kind of thing with other people around. But... I do think there's nothing wrong with liking those books. Sorry about teasing you, it was like, how you used to tease me about collecting Barbies. I knew you didn't really think I was stupid for liking them; you were messing around."

"Oh... the Barbies." At that, Elsa smiled very briefly, in a secret, completely enchanted kind of way. Then the smile fell off entirely. "Oh. The Barbies."

"What? What is it?"
"I… I've done something very bad, Anna," she confessed quietly, unintentionally squeezing her hands more tightly. "Your Barbies are gone."

"Gone? Like… what do you mean, what happened?"

"I sold them. When Mom and Dad… well, taking care of all that stuff at the house while you were abroad. I came across them, and you weren't there to ask, so…"

For a moment, Anna looked a little put out. But she quickly shrugged and hitched a smile onto her face. "No biggie. I mean, honestly, I'm pretty sure I'm not going to play with them ever again, anyway. Who cares?"

"But they were yours! I should have just stored them, but I was trying to get rid of everything so I wouldn't have to rent a storage facility. Seems so cold to have done that now."

"Don't worry about it. I didn't even have any collectable ones, just ones I thought were 'cute' back then." After a heartbeat, she did ask, "Um… any of my other stuff make it?"

"Not really. Some photos, and a few softball trophies, I think. Don't know where they are now. But the rest of your things… I'm so sorry, Anna, I wasn't thinking straight."

"You were upset. We both were." Squeezing her hands right back, she urged her sister, "Forget it, okay? I haven't thought about any of that stuff in years. Probably wouldn't have again if we didn't bring it up today, so… so what's the point in missing any of it?"

Elsa wanted to demand to know why Anna wasn't there to sort through it herself. Why she always had to disappear on her. But all she could do was feel guilty for selling or throwing away nearly everything Anna had owned as a child. Her innermost heart knew she had done it partly out of spite, as a vindictive gesture… but she took comfort in knowing she hadn't thrown out every last thing. Even when she was angriest with Anna, she still couldn't hate her. Couldn't throw out her old trophies, or even the stupid Post-It.

"It's okay," she was consoling Elsa when she began to shiver, almost at the point of crying herself. "Old junk isn't as important as my sister. And most of what I had was pretty junky."

"But it was yours!"

"Look, I just don't care about material possessions as much anymore. I'm living minimalist." When Elsa just blinked at her, she laughed and said, "It just means I'm not trying to drag a bunch of stuff around the world with me. What am I going to do in Qatar with a suitcase full of Barbie clothes? I can't wear them!"

Finding herself laughing at that, Elsa said, "Oh, why not? You're so much skinnier than me, it wouldn't surprise me if you can fit into Skipper's clothes."

That brought about an honest grin. "You always did say I didn't get to be Barbie and had to be Skipper, since I'm the little sister. Funny how that used to piss me off, and now it's hilarious to me instead."

"Well, it only seemed natural that I be Barbie and you be Skipper, given our ages."

"What if I want to be your Barbie sometimes?" When Elsa merely raised both eyebrows, totally confused, she giggled, "You know… be the big sister. Help you instead of you helping me. I know we're definitely not in those positions right now with me crashing at your place, but… it doesn't mean I don't want to help you."
"Yeah. You said, about 'sensing' I was upset. But I'm not, just so you know; my life was fine before you showed up, I wasn't drowning in debt, I wasn't sobbing into my pillow every night. Perfectly adequate life."

Anna pursed her lips for a moment, thinking. Then she said, "That's not good enough. I mean, 'good enough', but I want more than that for you! I want..." Shrugging, she waved off her own words with her hand. "Nevermind. I'm starting to hear how I sound. Pushy, again."

"No, I get it. You see me with a pretty dull office job and a derriere the size of Kansas, and you think I'm unhappy, or unfulfilled."

"How many times?!" Anna burst out in sheer exasperation. "How may times do I have to tell you I like that ass of yours?"

"Anna, that isn't the point right n-"

"If I were a guy, I'd wanna fuck it! Right here, right now!"

Immediately, she fell silent, mouth moving to make words but failing epically. Anna was just beginning to look triumphant when she leaned in and hissed, "Are you insane, saying things like that?! Honestly!"

"Well, I can't think of any better way to let you know how completely wrong you are about your figure, okay?! Seriously! I bet there are a thousand guys in the Cove who'd wanna spread your cheeks and-"

"SHHH!" By that point, Elsa could feel said cheeks tingling oddly from all the attention Anna was giving them, and she tried to hide her face from the diner crowd. Not that anyone was truly looking.

By that point, however, her sister was laughing a little. "Okay, okay, but you get me, right? Seriously, it's a quality ass. So quit with the self-deprecating comments."

"F-fine. I'll try not to say anything like that, if you don't talk about- about spreading anything anymore!" Anna held out her hand formally, so Elsa shook it, even as she was curling her lip and muttering, "You're impossible."

"Well, thank you. Better impossible than a jerk who doesn't care about her sister's self-image."

"I guess," she snorted, and they both exchanged a smile.

"Be right out," Tiana told them as she breezed past their table. Almost offhandedly, she said, "Elsa, can I see you for a minute? Over here."

Elsa followed, confused, and finding out "over here" was in the alcove where the men's and women's restrooms branched off. Once there, she whispered, "What?"

"Are you and your girlfriend there okay?"

"My what?!"

"Your girl, Anna." Tiana blinked a few times. "Uhhh, is she not your friend? Is this a business lunch thing?"

"Ohhh." Slapping her forehead, Elsa tried to process what was going on with a little less
overwhelming anxiety. Tiana hadn't meant "girlfriend" in the dating sense; just in the sense of an acquaintance. "No, sorry, I misunderstood."

That only made Tiana blink more. "Misunderstood what? All I asked…" Then she laughed, covering her mouth. "Ohhh! Well, hey, that's fine; not what I meant, but it's not like I'd have a problem. Just wouldn't expect it from you!"

"Okay." After a deep sigh, she then felt her eyebrows draw together as she asked, "Wait, why not from me?"

"You just don't strike me as the type to play for the other team, that's all. If you do, let me know, girl; I have a few friends I could set you up with."

Curling her lip, the blonde folded her arms over her chest and muttered, "No, thank you. Set them up with each other; I'm not interested."

"If you say so," Tiana giggled easily, patting Elsa's shoulder. "But if that's not what's up, then… what's up? You two looked pretty intense from behind the counter. Like, upset-intense."

"Right. It's just… we haven't seen each other in a while, and there's some weirdness. Old grudges and hurt feelings. We have to work through it, and we're doing our best." Her friend looked dubious, so she smiled and patted the hand still on her shoulder. "Seriously, we're fine. I promise. We just… need to put in the work or we can never be on better terms. But I think it's starting to get better."

"Alright. But you gotta let me know if there's anything I can do, okay? I mean it, girl. I'll be mad if there was and you didn't."

Grinning despite her worries, Elsa brought her in for a close hug. It was still a bit stiff, because Elsa couldn't help how she was wired, but she wanted to show the diner owner that she was appreciated, and more than a little. "Thank you. I know I'm a hard friend to have because I'm so…"

"Independent?"

"Yeah, let's go with that. But I appreciate you pushing me."

Tiana chuckled and patted her back before they broke apart. "You got it, anytime. Sorry if I was sticking my nose in where it doesn't belong, but I don't like seeing you upset. Not used to it, you're usually so chill." In an undertone, she added, "Kinda count on that sometimes, when we have a hectic Friday."

"Knew I was your rock," Elsa laughed as she gave a brief pat to her forearm, then turned to go back to the table. "But thanks for checking in. I mean it."

Tiana merely saluted before she paced off to the counter.

"What was that about?" Anna asked when she got back to their booth, a vague smile on her face.

"Oh… nothing. Just a protective friend. Guess… I didn't realise I had any of those anymore." As Anna nodded, she took up her own coffee and took a sip, smiling gently at the warm feeling. "Ahh… perfect."

"Good," Anna laughed, stirring what was left of her own tea with her spoon. "Now, on the way home, I was thinking we could hit up a Krispy Kreme, so tomorrow morning, we'll- oh, here it is! I was wondering if I put it in wrong or something."
"What?" She noticed her excited sister was cocking her head, listening to the bluesy vocals and pleasant melody the jukebox had moved onto since Bananarama faded out. After a second, she snorted and laughed, "Huey Lewis. Really? You are way too into this Eighties crap."

"Yep!" Reaching out for Elsa's hands, she began to quietly sing, "Do youuu believeeve in looove? Do youuu believeeve it's trueee?"

"You dork," Elsa giggled. But at Anna's expectant look, the playful light in her eyes and the healthy flush in her cheeks, she gripped her hands with a contented smile. A lot more earnestly than she expected, she sang, "Oh, you're makin' me believeeve it, tooooo…"

The grin they shared was genuine, and warm. Maybe she really could believe it.

~ To Be Continued ~
The next morning, Elsa woke to an arm around her middle. That alarmed her for a moment until she saw the red hair next to her shoulder.

"Anna," she grunted sleepily, yawning directly afterward. Then she muttered, "What… what are you doing here?"

"Loving my sister," Anna told her easily, cheek bunching with the force of her smile. "What do you think, my taxes?"

Sarcasm, and first thing in the morning. She fired back, "Have you even done taxes in your whole life?"

"No… that's what H&R Block is for."

Shifting uncomfortably under the sheets, Elsa stroked her sister's hair. The discomfort was only because of the dreams she had been having before waking to feel an unexpected human presence. They were about Hans. Not that she really had any feelings built up for him yet, but he was the only man she'd seen recently that she thought about in that way. Of course, he had been waiting for her in Edna's Ecstasies and quoting lines out of one of her novels, and Anna and Tiana had been in the corner, cheering her on, but it was nice to have one of those dreams again after so long without.

But now, it presented a problem. One where her sister was pressed right up against her, _again_, while she was suffering through certain urges — ones she had been too reticent to purge from her body the night before, since it would have meant time away from her sister. They were finally a little less distant from each other, and that was too important to ignore simply because she had a couple of new playthings to test out.

Besides, she didn't feel guilty this time about being semi-aroused in close proximity to her sister.
After all, Anna was the one who barged her way in there to cuddle with her. It wasn't a bad thing, of course, but it did absolve her of any responsibility for waking up in such a manner.

"I guess that's alright," she finally whispered against Anna's head, and she heard a pleased hum from the other woman. "So… how long have you been here?"

"Maybe ten minutes." She snuggled in closer. Elsa fought down a physical reaction that irritated her to no end; she really was desperate. "I was gonna just check and see if you were up, but when I saw you looking so cute and peaceful, I couldn't resist."

"Awww," Elsa drawled out, and Anna snorted. Then she kissed her forehead. The skin was warm and smooth under her lips. "Well, I would be annoyed that you didn't ask first… but I guess I have missed this."

"Me, too. It… eh, nevermind."

"No, go on," she urged gently.

"Okay. It was only once in a while, but some nights when I missed you more than usual, I would cuddle my blanket, imagining it was you. Dumb, huh?"

Elsa's heart sped up, just a tiny fraction. "You did? I… you said you missed me, but I figured it was like we miss Aunt Gothel."

"HAH!" Anna burst out, a leg sliding up the top of Elsa's leg. She suppressed a shiver. "I definitely missed you way more than her, okay? God, I don't think any of us liked her at any point. You remember how Mom used to talk about her."

"I do," Elsa grumbled, shifting her own legs a little. She was trying to let her urges naturally abate, but they were only mounting the longer she stayed pressed up against her sister's form. So far, she could still blame it on the dreams without confronting anything weirder. If she didn't get up soon…

"Yeah, I felt bad for her. They didn't have what we have."

Smiling, Elsa turned her head to look into Anna's eyes. "And what's that, hmm?"

Reaching up with one hand, Anna caressed the side of Elsa's face, her smile completely contented. "Deep and abiding love."

Her stomach clenched, her heart raced. Stupid as it was, pathetic as it was, no one had really told her that they loved her in a long time. She yearned for that again a lot more than she cared to admit. Anna being her sister did matter to her. It mattered a lot. But she was also a real person, a beautiful woman who had probably met hundreds of new people in her travels. And she was telling her that she loved her.

"Don't… you agree?" Anna finally prompted. She didn't quite look hurt, but just the tiniest bit worried about Elsa taking so long to respond.

"Of course," she rasped, rolling slightly to face Anna more properly, bringing up a hand to her cheek. This also had the unfortunate side effect of putting Anna's leg between both of her own, but luckily there was a bedsheets covering their skin. "Anna, you know I…"

More prompting, with a slight, shy smile. "You…?"

"I love you so much." The words were baldly honest, and husky from sleep. Anna's eyelashes
fluttered. Maybe that had been too forward, after all; it sounded like something more than you would say to a sister. Not the words themselves, but the tone. Trying to lighten the mood, she forced a little smirk. "Who wouldn't? Cute, annoying redhead. Like Lucille Ball."

But Anna's smile was still shy, though it did grow wider. Then she leaned up and pecked Elsa on the lips before quoting, "Wahhh, Ricky..."

Elsa couldn't help her reaction. She bit her lip, feeling her face finally reflect the lower parts of her body. What was the matter with her? Of course, she knew that it was down to her going so long without satisfying her urges; it wasn't truly because of Anna. Was it? At least she could take a very small comfort in knowing she had held it off for so long. Her own breathing sounded ragged to her ears, but maybe Anna couldn't hear that. She could get lucky yet.

"That's so cute!" Anna giggled, leaning in to kiss her cheek this time. So much for going unnoticed. When Elsa let out a breathy, shaky laugh, she laughed again and kissed the other cheek before whispering, "I don't remember you being so... shy! Oh my God!"

"Sh-shut up," Elsa whispered, wishing she had somewhere to hide her embarrassed grin.

Leaning over to catch her averted eyes, Anna went on, "But you're adorable, and somebody has to be told about this! My sister with the supposed stick up her beautiful ass is actually a blushing bride, waiting for her groom!"

"Th-this is nothing new, okay? I'm always... I don't have a g-good..." What words was she trying to find? They were all getting jumbled in her head, eyes as distracted by Anna's lips as they were. They had been so soft against her own, so inviting. They shouldn't be. She didn't care about any woman's lips, much less those of a close family member!

"You have a gorgeous little flush in your cheeks right now, that's what you have." Her hand came up in a helpless gesture. "Well, that's it; I have to kiss you. Nobody else is here to do it, so I'll make the sacrifice."

"What?! You'll... you mean- oh, Anna, y-you don't ha-mmhh..."

She couldn't believe it. Anna was kissing her. It wasn't a terribly obscene, graphic kiss, but still beyond the mere sisterly pecks she had given moments before. Slow, relishing, kneading... and Elsa responded, she wanted more, she burned for it! Maybe Anna would never have been her first choice to be the one she shared it with, but on the other hand...

Anna was so good at kissing. She'd dated men who had been complete rank amateurs next to her own sister. Maybe that was sad, but as mortified as she was that this was happening to her, she knew in the back of her head that it said even worse things about those men who had failed to measure up.

But it was going on too long. When did her hand go to the back of Anna's neck? When did Anna widen her mouth, opening herself to more? Elsa didn't respond to that; it felt too far, too obscene, but she did let her own mouth open the tiniest little fraction of an inch. Anna seized the opportunity, threading a tongue in between her lips, and Elsa let out a moan that didn't belong, that was too disgusting, too indicative of desire. What was she turning into? Far more putrid — what was she turning Anna into?

That wasn't quite fair. Anna was making the advances; she just wasn't turning her away. As tempting as it always was to take on all the blame for herself whenever anything went wrong at her hands, this time, she knew it wasn't quite so accurate. Neither of them were innocent.
For some reason, it was Anna running a hand through her hair, nails raking over her scalp, that made her snap out of her trance. Instantly, she broke the kiss, already hating how much she yearned for Anna's tongue not to slide away from her own, aching to do anything besides put much-needed distance between their mouths.

"Oh holy shit," Anna half-growled almost instantly, closing her eyes for a moment as she took a few breaths. Elsa braced for her to freak out, to shout at her for letting this happen, or to cry, or run away.

When she began to laugh, a gentle, completely contented laugh, Elsa found herself completely confused. And it only got worse when she crowed, "Daaamn, that was HOT!"

"Wh-what…" Swallowing, Elsa tried again, knowing she was seconds from tears. "What did we just do?"

Still laughing, she opened her eyes to say, "We kissed, stupid! That was fun! God, you made my knees weak with that!"

"But… b-but we're- I mean, isn't this-

"Good practice, right?" Anna blurted, lowering her hand to pet Elsa's cheek. "For Hans! I mean, I have no complaints, either… you really know what you're doing, I guess I didn't need to bother!"

For some reason, even though this was going better than she expected, her heart still sank very slightly. "Oh. So this was just… practice."

"Well…" One of Anna's shoulders shrugged, just the tiniest bit shy. "Maybe not just practice. I told you, I really thought you needed to be kissed, because you were so shy about those dumb little ones. Like, anybody who could resist kissing you when you look like that must be some kinda monster. Plus, it felt great, and it's been a few months for me, so… thanks, I guess."

"You're really not… freaked out? That we did that, and we're…" Sisters. Sisters. She couldn't say it, even though it needed to be said.

"What, related? Big fat hairy deal." That last bit was their father talking again, and Elsa let out a laugh that she didn't feel very deeply. Anna grinned as she went on, "It's not like we're getting married or something crazy; just some smoochies. Besides, I've seen and heard things that are way crazier. Polygamy and sister-wives, child brides… some cool, some definitely less cool. It's a big world, Sis. One kiss between siblings? I'm absolutely at peace."

Ducking her head away, Elsa tried to hide her mingling confusion and shame. "A-ah. That does make sense, I guess. We… well, you hear that the US is considered a little conservative compared to other countries, and I know I'm not very… adventurous, most of the time. So of course you… I'm sorry, I guess I assumed you were…"

"Losing it? Nah. You're a beautiful woman, sister or no sister. And it was only a kiss." After a few seconds without response, Anna leaned in and added placatingly, "A really good one, though."

"It was. It was really good." She still couldn't help feeling the shame, but Anna's words were slowly making it smaller and less painful. "You're fantastic at that, too. I think that might have been the new kiss to beat for me."

"Yeah?" Giggling, Anna leaned in and left another peck that prompted Elsa to respond with one of her own. "Mmm, you're so affectionate when you get going! Show me your true way, don't hide this!" Toward the tail end, her voice became so urgent and imploring that Elsa felt her heart leap in
"Sorry, I… I don't know if it's really okay. With me," she followed up when she saw Anna about to reply. "Obviously, you're very comfortable with it, but I'm still… this is crazy, I don't know what's gotten into me! Because I like it, but I don't know…"

"Do you want me to get up?" Anna asked her simply. "If me being here is making it harder to walk your own path, I could-

"N-no!" Elsa hurriedly told her, eyes wide with alarm. Anna nodded her understanding.

"Alright. Do you want me to let you kiss me this time?"

Elsa gulped. Anna shifted away, sprawling out on her back to cover the other half of her queen-sized bed. Waiting. Elsa rolled over, poised above her, looking down into her clear turquoise eyes. Anna leaned her neck up, parted her lips. Made herself open to anything.

She felt awful for leaning down, felt predatory. Was she taking advantage? Anna was still the one in control, the one asking questions. Changing things. She had just given Elsa the opportunity to try doing the same; it was still at her own speed and desire.

Elsa's lips brushed over Anna's, then turned aside. She was breathing so hard that she couldn't stand it. This was insane!

"Come on," Anna egged her, a hand landing on Elsa's ribs and stroking along them.

"This isn't right."

"It's right if we both decide it is, Elsa," she told her with a firm tone. Elsa flinched, and she petted her more. "Sorry. That was supposed to help with your anxiety, to open you to yourself. Not make it worse."

Her voice sounded strangled to her own ears as she demanded, "But aren't you… worried? That it's going to go too far?"

"There is no 'too far' between consenting adults without our allowing it, okay? I don't care about being all 'modest' or whatever. I care about you, my sister." When Elsa flinched again, this time she reached both hands up to her neck, turning Elsa's head so that she could stare up into her eyes. "My friend. Does that help? We are all just persons, bodies with consciousness. Terms like 'sister' and 'friend' are descriptions created by humans, and as humans, we can decide what they mean and don't mean. Right now, you're a person I want to kiss. And I am one you want to kiss. Tomorrow might not be the same, and that's okay, too."

Shaking her head back and forth, Elsa breathed, "You're such a hippie."

"Yeah. That's another word created by humans. We can use it." Anna's shoulders shrugged under her grey tank top straps. "Wanna make out with a hippie?"

Their lips were joined again before Elsa even realised she had moved. Pretending she hadn't already come to miss this in the few minutes since it happened was like pretending Anna wasn't beneath her; she could try, but it would be futile. And Anna felt wonderful up against her, like a trim, perfect subject for her to test herself upon. Maybe this really would just be practice. They could do that, couldn't they?

And Elsa needed the practice. This was the first time she had tried any such thing with another
woman. Before now, the idea had always repulsed her. As it turned out, there were subtle differences from being with a man, but by and large they were academic. It still meant hot breath mingling, wet lips sliding over each other, hearts beating wildly. Maybe that article she had wandered across online, stating "no women are truly straight", had a grain of truth to it. Thanks to Anna and her willingness to let Elsa explore.

But being given more free reign only made her physical reactions worse. As she felt Anna's hands alight upon her shoulders, humming up into her, her hips wanted to slam down onto Anna's thigh. Very much so. She could control that, resist it, but it made her control over the kiss slip, and she was working her tongue into Anna's now, delighting in the contact, moaning into it. How badly she wanted more!

That was what snapped her out of it, in the end. The desperation to keep going past simply making out. Even what they had done so far was revolting, but Anna didn't mind, and had explained why she didn't. She could live with that level of guilt. But not if she let things progress any further.

"Ohhhh," Elsa groaned as she rolled off of her. "That was… I'm not the only one good at that, Anna."

"I know," she giggled as she rolled over to pet Elsa's stomach. "I've had plenty of compliments, so this isn't me being prideful. Just honest."

Elsa gazed over at her, chest heaving. "And you're really not grossed out, or have any regrets? Nothing?"

"Nope!" Leaning over, she kissed Elsa again; it was brief, but it was more than a peck, and Elsa sighed in mingling contentment and arousal. "See? Would I do it again if I hated it?"

"G-guess not. Wow… you're so accepting of everything." She smiled, and was surprised to find that she meant it. "That's one of the things I love most about you, Anna."

The smile that blossomed across Anna's face was glorious. Laying down next to her again, she whispered, "That, um… means a lot to me. Validation from you. I wasted a lot of time pretending it doesn't, or trying to make it stop meaning as much. But you're one of the few people in my life whose opinion really matters."

"Does it? I don't know why it should. I don't know anything about the… the wide, wild world you inhabit. Next to you, I'm an ignoramus."

"Because you're my sister. Or friend," she added, and they both laughed. "Now. It's the weekend, and I want to do some fun stuff with you, sister-friend. What do you want to do first?"

Keep doing this… or try out my purchases from last night, Elsa thought guiltily, rubbing her thighs together. But she didn't feel that comfortable with her "sister-friend" enough to say such things yet, even in jest. So instead, she simply said, "Oh, I don't know… I usually go shopping today."

"Great! We can go shopping together. I'll take a look around at the normal things, and maybe we can find some abnormal things, too. Then… I dunno, you pick."

"No, you should pick, too!" Elsa urged, gripping Anna's hip a bit tighter. "You're the guest, the 'tourist'. What's in Arendelle Cove that you want to see?"

Another tiny shrug. "Just you."

"Well, I… okay." Again, Elsa was blushing. Anna kissed her, and she shivered, then cleared her
"That is... going to get easier, I hope."

"Maybe. Anyway... I kinda wanna go by our old elementary school. A couple of the old haunts we used to hit. But I was gonna do that while you're at work."

"No way," Elsa told her firmly. "I mean, you can, but I think I'd like to go with you. I can't remember the last time I visited Fjordman, or A. C. High."

"Good, good. We'll go today. Unless you want to go while the students are there."

Laughing, Elsa waved that idea away. "I'd rather not. I want it to be just us."

"Just us," Anna agreed. And again kissed her. That time, Elsa returned it, tangling their lips together for a moment, grateful, needy. A minute or so later, when they parted, she breathed, "I love that. How every time I kiss you, I don't know how you'll respond. That's exciting, in its own way."

The word "exciting" was too apt. Before she reached a point at which she couldn't help her bodily reactions, Elsa sat up with a quiet grunt. "Right. Just don't tell anybody else about our, um... 'experiments', alright?"

"Oh, of course not! I'm not stupid, I know how other people would perceive a few simple kisses. Because of societal norms and taboos that should be outdated by now," she added in a grumble.

"Well, thank you for acknowledging they still exist, however outdated," she half-laughed. "Now... how about we start today by finding somewhere to brunch? Since we never got around to Krispy Kreme last night. Give me a few and I'll get showered and ready. Unless you want to shower first."

"Oh, I don't need to shower." When Elsa raised an eyebrow at her, she rolled her eyes and raised her arm. "Smell. See if I stink."

Curling her lip, Elsa burst out, "Urgh, Anna, when's the last time you shaved?!"

"Why should I remove body hair that genetics put there?" Elsa still looked dubious, so she merely prompted, "Do I stink? Honest question. It's only been since yesterday when I washed, I can't believe I would."

Pursing her lips in annoyance at how insistent Anna could be sometimes, Elsa leaned in close to the coppery tuft and breathed inward. And to her surprise...

It wasn't a horrendous experience. She might not have been freshly-bathed, but neither did she smell strongly enough that one would catch it without putting their face that close. All in all, the scent was rather pleasant, in an earthy way. She breathed in a couple more times, finding herself strangely allured by it, eyes closing as she tried to figure out if her feelings about the scent were positive or negative. Maybe it was just familiar, and she appreciated it for that reason alone. But she certainly wasn't as disgusted as she expected to be.

"I guess not," Anna chuckled. When Elsa flushed and pushed herself away, averting her gaze, she petted her shoulder and said in her gentlest voice, "Human pheromones are naturally appealing. Don't be embarrassed."

"Shut up. I don't like it. Not... exactly." To stop Anna pestering her for clarification, she snapped, "Okay, fine, you don't stink, but... a spritz of perfume wouldn't kill your 'natural' sensibilities, would it?"
Again laughing, she said, "Not really. That sounds like an okay compromise. And... we can put 'pit-sniffing' on the list of approved private activities, if you want to."

"No, I don't! GOD!" But Anna merely rolled over to shove her pit right in Elsa's face. Squirming and trying not to breathe this time, she snapped, "Stop that — the hair's tickling my nose!"

"Smell it! SMELL IT!"

"GET OFF, Anna!"

"Not until you smell my pit again and admit you love it!" she cackled as they wrestled back and forth, Elsa trying to ignore which limbs were going where. And also trying not to laugh herself.

"Who let you in my apartment again?! What idiot was that?!"

~ To Be Continued ~
By the time they had a couple of mimosas in themselves, Elsa and her sister were pretty comfortable with everything. Of course, Anna was clearly comfortable with everything from the start, but Elsa had remained fidgety and uncertain, even through their drive to the brunch restaurant. Anna merely dropping a hand to her thigh made her squeak in alarm and nearly swerve into the next lane, and Anna had apologised profusely, withdrawing her hand to her own side and looking sick to death that she had scared her.

And then, at the next red light, she reassured her with a gentle kiss. Not one nearly as deep as the ones they had shared before Elsa took an extremely cold shower, but just a quick and intimate little moment. It put Elsa on edge a bit more, but Anna was definitely mollified that Elsa wasn't truly upset. Just startled.

This was a lot for her to work through. It wasn't that she was suddenly "in love" with Anna; not in the slightest! She had no interest in beginning an alternative lifestyle with any woman, much less her own sibling. As long as Anna was content with their current level of experimentation, and didn't push for anything more, she could at least process that it was happening — rationalise that she was so lonely that Anna helping her "take the edge off" wasn't the worst thing in the world. As long as no one ever found out.

But she still wasn't sure it didn't make her a bit of a letch. No matter how she examined it, there was no such thing as a "good person" who was okay with making out with their little sister. Not that she'd ever heard of, anyway.

Elsa refused to get back behind the wheel of her car just yet with the tiny amount of alcohol in her stomach. Therefore, they went walking along the street, popping into the occasional shop and seeing what it had to offer. Anna didn't make many purchases, insisting yet again that she had enough clothes and that she was trying to "live minimalist," which seemed to mean she didn't want to own a lot of material possessions. Barbies weren't the only item on her list of things that did not make the cut.

After treating themselves to frozen custard at a local stand, Anna holding them both in the car, they made their way over to Fjordman Elementary School, where they were barred from entering, of course. The doors were all locked. But they could walk around the sides and peer into the classrooms, get a look at the cafetorium. They swapped memories back and forth as they walked and ate, until they finally ventured around back to the playground. For a while, they just walked through the grass, dumping the empty custard containers into a metal trash barrel as they passed, then settled into the swings.

"My fat butt barely fits in this," Elsa commented.
"Beautiful butt," Anna corrected, as she had begun to do almost automatically now. "And yeah… even mine is a little tighter than I expected, and I'm a flat-ass. Guess we really aren't kids anymore, huh?"

"You do have an ass. Just not a large one, but it's there."

As she kicked off, she smiled overly sweetly and said, "Thank you. And my butt thanks you, if it could talk."

"Please don't make it talk," Elsa laughed as she began to swing, as well. Anna couldn't help but return the giggle. "You don't want me to think you stink, yet you make comments like that?"

"You don't think I stink. You think I smell amaamaizing," she drawled out.

"I do not!"

"Come on, don't lie." They swung in silence for a few more seconds before she added, "I saw your face. I'm not saying it means anything if you like how I smell, just… I don't like the idea of my sister hiding her truth."

"My truth? As if it's different from anyone else's?"

"Yes. I mean, things mean different things for different people. Your truth being 'Anna smells good' doesn't mean I actually smell good, just that you think so. But it's still a truth for you. Get it? The same with the kissing; you like me doing it, but it doesn't mean I really am a good kisser. Of course, putting that together with the other people who have told me I am, it starts to become a near-universal truth…"

Elsa had to swallow hard. Though they had brought it up very lightly, she was hoping not to get too deeply into the topic of their oddly sensual new activity. So she opted for the least dangerous topic. "Fine. I don't mind your smell, but I wouldn't go so far as to say I like it, okay?"

"I would." Still, her voice wasn't accusatory, and she was smiling. "That makes me happy. You liking anything about me does! I'm so used to you kind of 'putting up with' me that it's nice for you to compliment my handpan skills or body odor."

A little guilty flutter shot through Elsa. Did she really come across as that unpleasant? Biting her lip for a moment, she pondered how their relationship had developed. When they were younger, it was petty sibling rivalry, but she had done better about showing her sister once in a while that she did care for her. Ever since they became adults, the latter part had faded. Never on purpose, but it happened all the same. And with Anna leaving her behind, the resentment about that had turned many of her words more sour than was necessary.

She was a bad big sister. Not a terrible one, but not a good one at all. She wanted to cry when she realised it. Maybe Anna had also been a bad little sister sometimes, but it wasn't her responsibility to be "good". Not truly.

"Okay," she found herself saying as they swung. "I love how you smell."

"Do you mean it? Because that took a long time for you to tell me." After a heartbeat, she hurried to add, "And it's okay if you don't! I'm not trying to shame you for telling a white lie!"

"No, I… I really do. I'm just not used to saying things like this. Besides the fact that telling somebody 'Hey, I like the way you stink' is at least somewhat unconventional, you have to admit."
"Definitely," Anna laughed easily as she swung. "But like I said, I don't care. And I won't tell anybody else, if you're worried about their opinions. Your love of my smell will stay in the Chamber of Secrets."

They both shared a giggle at the reference to the books they had loved as children. Then Elsa told her, "But I've never enjoyed someone's scent like that before. Not without cologne or perfume in place. Any other time I've run into body odor, it has been disgusting! So... so it's strange to me, not disliking something I'm used to thinking of as 'bad'. But I do like yours, Anna, I... well, I think so, anyway."

"Wanna try it again?" Anna teased. Elsa didn't answer. Eventually, she let herself come to a stop next to her and tried again earnestly. "Do you? It's okay if you do."

If Elsa hadn't just been made aware of her own disapproval of her sister in their past, she would have refused. The whole idea of it was still too weird. As it was... "Sure."

Anna pulled herself out of the swing and walked over, brushing off the seat of her capris in case of dirt. Then she straddled Elsa's legs for a second as she considered. She shrugged off the light button-up shirt and tossed it wide, so it landed in the grass instead of the sand beneath the swings. Then she began to slide one leg past Elsa's hip.

"Wh-what are you-"

"Shhh," she said gently, grasping onto the chains of the swing before she raised the other leg, looping both around Elsa's waist and settling onto her lap. Her arms remained overhead, the tank she had been wearing under the shirt allowing Anna's unsightly tufts of hair to rustle in the breeze. "Be my guest."

"Anna..." Her eyes looked away shyly. "This position is... what are we doing?"

"Nothing we aren't allowing. If you want me to get up, I will. Otherwise, I feel very safe and very comfortable with you, alright?" When Elsa still didn't respond or otherwise move, she kissed the top of her head. "We're not doing anything bad. Even by Western standards... I mean, where's the commandment that says, 'Thou shalt not smell thy sister's pits'?"

"Maybe not in the Bible, but in the Bible of Common Fucking Sense..."

"Whoo!" Anna laughed, loud and free. "You swore! God damn, seems like you never do that! I dig it."

The light scent she could already catch from the wind was enticing her again. Still, she was sure it wasn't something she "liked" per se, but she felt drawn to its familiarity, anyway. After a few more seconds, she whispered, "I don't know... out here, in public?"

"Who's going to see?" she whispered into Elsa's hair, adding a little kiss at the end. "Revel in my hippie stench. You can even tell me it's horrible while you revel in it; I think that's kinda funny."

"Well... it's not really anything so bad. Just strange. I've never heard of anyone doing this..." Her face was drifting to the left slightly.

"Until now. Everything has to have a first, right?"

So she buried her face in Anna's armpit, breathing in deeply. It was too strong that close, but she didn't want to pull away, either. Truth be told, she didn't actually like it, after all... but she did. Her own thoughts conflicted each other! She absolutely could not classify it in the same category of
"good smells"; baking bread, potpourri, simmering meat or a fresh-cut tomato. No, this was not good. But it was satisfying to her in a way she found infuriating.

"O-okay," she breathed against Anna's side. "I guess… I smelled it."

"Don't stop because you think I'm bored," Anna told her in a warm, gentle voice. One full of affection. "Or because you're scared. 'What will they think?!' Put that out of your mind. Do you want to do more?"

"I… I do." Her hands slid up Anna's back as she inhaled deeper, let the scent fill her. It was Anna. That was the most honest truth of why she was enjoying this insanity. Nothing else in the world smelled that way, and it was a smell she loved to encounter because of what it meant. She had always known the scent was Anna, but with her nose right there, amongst the soft hairs, it was potent and concentrated. She felt as if she kept inhaling, she could preserve her time with Anna for longer. Maybe save a bit of her forever.

Finally, after a few minutes during which Anna did nothing more than occasionally kiss the top of her head, Elsa drew back with a dazed look. She had been inhaling too much, and her head felt light. Anna pulled back to smile down at her, whispering, "Do you want to try the other one?"

"Wh-why?" Elsa managed to rasp as she slowly recovered. "It's… the same, isn't it?"

"Maybe. But I think you want to find out."

"Maybe I do." This time, she was less hesitant, and pushed her face into the other well, breathing in deeply. Anna giggled briefly from the sensation, then sighed in contentment, her other hand falling to Elsa's neck to hold her there, to reassure her that she wasn't going to pass any judgment. The scent filled her just as completely as before, and her stomach tingled, her head still light from being over-oxygenated. And as much as she hated to admit such a thing, even within her own mind…

Her body was responding. To this! Not that the scent itself was directly to blame, or the act of breathing it in, but knowing that what she was doing was taboo for several different reasons sent such a thrill through her that it reached into areas she had been trying hard to ignore.

She had to stop this. Her life was stable and calm before; chasing after strange, cheap thrills that she had no business entertaining would only destroy all of that. Even though she had never felt more alive than she did since…

Anna. It was Anna to blame for all of it, even if she wasn't directly connected to either the song on the radio or going into the adult boutique. Her own sister, whether she was doing it on purpose or not, was responsible for turning her from a normal, well-adjusted, productive member of society to some kind of budding deviant.

"Listen," Anna said when Elsa drew back at last, burying her face against her chest and shivering, "I… well, I still believe it's unnatural to cut body hair, but I'm not religious about it. So, um… when I get ready to fly out…"

Elsa's heart sank. Anna was still going to leave. "Oh…"

"Maybe I could shave this off… and, um, leave it with you?"

"What?!" Drawing back, she gaped up at Anna's face, blinking a few times. Then she scoffed, "Wh-why would I want that? Don't be disgusting, I- n-not that it's disgusting because it's you, just that it's a disgusting idea in general! No matter whose it was! I didn't m-mean to insult-"
Anna kissed her, and hard, cutting off her further babbling. It didn't last long, but just enough to stop her, and then she drew back with a quiet smile. "I want to do it. You can throw it away if you want."

"And I will," she promised her. Anna only grinned her own disbelief. "What the hell are we doing? Do you know? I'm... you make a lot of talk about this just being what 'two humans' do, but I've never, ever heard of one human sniffing another's armpit like it's actually something worth doing!"

"You know, there is a precedent for this, right?" When Elsa didn't respond, she went on, "Pheromones. My body puts out odors from its stinky places that will be appealing to some people and offensive to others." Her smile was a little shy, but also full of affection. "Now, it would be pretty uncommon for you to be tuned into pheromones from your own sister; usually, ours would be too similar. But on the other hand, sometimes we're attracted to the familiar, right?"

"No, Anna, I..." Her voice grew more desperate as she pressed, "You can't believe I'm attracted to you! Please, don't think that, I don't want you looking at me like I'm some kind of-"

"Not attracted to me completely. Just attracted to my pheromones." But her cheeks were pinker than Elsa remembered from a moment ago. "And I don't see that as anything other than flattering. Not disgusting, not sinful; I don't think you're broken inside."

Sighing, Elsa nodded after a second. That was better, even if it was still worrying. Little by little, her physical reaction to the "pheromones" was fading away, and she was grateful for that. At least she wouldn't give away that much.

Then something else occurred to her. "Do... you like my scent? I mean, would you like to try?"

"Not at all," Anna laughed. When Elsa bit her lip in chagrin, she giggled and whispered, "You're going to smell like Lady Speed Stick, Elsa. What's the point in me giving that a whiff? I already know what that's like."

"Oh," she laughed along with her, a little embarrassed but mollified. "I guess you do have a point... well, maybe I'll wash off my deodorant when I get home and you can try it out then. Or tomorrow."

Anna nodded easily, as if they were talking about what to have for dinner. "Sure. It won't be a true test, since you don't have any hair growth. The pheromones can't cultivate naturally."

"Okay, I have to ask: you do wash your armpits, don't you?" No answer. "ANNA!"

"Yes, you dope!" she giggled, swatting her shoulder. "I can't believe you would think I'm that gross! Wow, where is the trust?"

"The trust went out the window when you showed up on my doorstep, looking like you rolled in a sewer!" But Anna only continued to laugh at her, flailing her legs behind Elsa's back and holding onto the swing chains.

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All the way home, Anna and Elsa discussed pheromones. Apparently, researchers were doing things with them and perfumes, trying to dial into the common thread of attraction. The goal was to make a singular scent that anyone could put on, and it would pair with their own natural one to increase their attractiveness. It sounded like pseudoscience and bunk to Elsa, but she couldn't disagree with the basis for their conversation.
Once back at the apartment, Anna caught her looking at her shoulders now and then while they worked on getting dinner together. At first, she did nothing, but the third time, she raised an arm and held it there, as if it were an everyday occurrence. Elsa felt like an obedient dog when she leaned over to inhale deeply, face growing hot, but Anna didn't chide her or tease her. She just caressed the back of her neck, then leaned in to leave a little peck on her lips when she drew back. However weird it was, Elsa at least felt sure that Anna cared for her.

After eating, they curled up together on the couch and flicked through channels, chatting about old topics and new ones, Elsa's job and Anna's travels. Once in awhile, she would point out something on TV that reminded her of a thing she encountered in the wide world, and Elsa listened in rapt attention. It was comfortable, genuine. Real time with Anna that she had missed.

It was another hour or so later that they fell to kissing again. Elsa resisted this time, trying not to turn Anna into her personal outlet for desires that should not be vented through such means. But Anna didn't press her. When Elsa eventually did initiate, it was all her own decision, and Anna responded readily with her hands sliding up to hold onto her sister. Again, the unholy act continued until she began to feel trouble brewing downstairs; then she backed off, merely lying pressed up against her while they watched a cooking show. Anna didn't make a single protest, either about the kissing itself or the abrupt ending.

When they prepared for bed, Anna stood in the doorway, watching Elsa rearrange her pillows and sheets. After a few seconds, she asked, "Do you want me to join you?"

"Join my what?" Then she glanced down at the bed and back up again. Slowly, she stopped what she was doing and stood up straight again, a foreboding tingle crawling up the back of her neck. "Oh. You mean… wait, what do you mean?"

"Sleeping. Instead of on the couch."

Elsa sighed with relief. "Oh, is that all? Okay, I… yeah."

"Did you think I meant sex?" When Elsa froze solid, Anna shrugged. "Just asking."

"Well… after what we've been up to lately, can you blame me? Pheromones and make-out sessions… I want to make sure you weren't expecting anything more."

Walking over to the readied bed and sitting down, Anna blinked up at her. "Do those have to lead somewhere specific? I just like kissing you. It makes you happy, which makes me happy."

"Is that the only reason you're doing it? Do you… I mean, is the actual kissing part fun for you, or not?"

"Of course. Who doesn't love making out?!" They both grinned. "And you're so good at it. Yeah, Elsa, I like the kissing itself. If I hated it, I'd probably let you know."

"Probably? Anna, I'm not- I don't want to force you into anything! Don't ever forget that — God, I can't barely force myself to just relax and enjoy it, so I definitely wouldn't want to make you do something you don't want to do!"

"Yes, I hear you," Anna whispered with an affectionate smile. "So, Sis. Am I in or out?"

"In. Well… I don't think…" Even just speaking on the topic was terrifying to her. Would Anna think she had such a dirty mind, such little self-control?

"Just say it. Speak your truth."
"If it seems like we might be tempted to go any further than kissing, I want you to leave the room."

"Okay," Anna nodded. "I promise; when we go to sleep, we sleep and nothing more. I respect your boundaries."

Belatedly, Elsa flushed at what she had implied. Of course they wouldn't do anything further! How could she even suggest such a thing? But Anna had agreed to the terms, so there was no sense beating herself up over their phrasing. Instead, she merely slipped under the sheets.

And they stayed true to their word. Anna snuggled up beside her, offered gentler, more chaste kisses, but did not let things even become as heated as on the couch — which was not quite as much as their first few kisses. Elsa had a hard time letting herself relax when she felt so awake, so invigorated! And even with her determination not to feel more than simple contentment, it still happened, but she kept herself from being obvious about it. That was the least she could accomplish.

When her arousal began to fade in favour of drowsiness, she found herself whispering to her sister, "Why doesn't any of this bother you? We're related, and doing things that are… I dunno. Weird things."

One of Anna's eyes slitted open briefly. Then she smiled just a little and whispered, "I love you, Sis. All I feel from you is love. You aren't just using me, and you aren't hurting me at all. So being upset about it… why should I? Why should I pursue negativity instead of embracing your love?"

Thought it was partly because she was too sleepy to disentangle the words, Elsa couldn't argue with that.

~ To Be Continued ~
On Sunday, Anna asked if they could do something Elsa had not done in a while; go to the beach. Anna was used to going nude on beaches whenever she did, or just dashing right in with her clothes on, so they did have to drop by a shop and purchase her a swimsuit, since the fine shores of Arendelle Cove were not quite so clothing-optional.

That turned out to be a complete nightmare for Elsa. Though she acted like she didn't notice, Anna had to have seen the flush on her face every time she came out to model one of the options — especially the bikinis. Why did she have any flush at all? Never before in her life had she cared about another woman's body! She only cared about her own in respect to its flaws.

But now, Anna wasn't just "some woman," or merely her sister. She was a person who had been teasing her, ravishing her lips and grasping her hindquarters. So she was unable to detach that from observing her lithe, trim, freckle-painted body, barely concealed by small scraps of green or violet cloth. With a start, she realised that she had not even seen another woman's body in quite some time; she never went shopping with friends, or swimming, or anything. That had to play into her nervousness, as well. Didn't it?

Fortunately for her increasingly-annoying libido, Anna decided upon a one-piece suit, giving the reason that it would be harder to lose than two separate halves of a bikini. That was at least moderately less obscene to her newly-less-heterosexual mind. She didn't want to examine her brain, and how she was starting to think about Anna in swimwear more frequently than the prospect of her date with Hans. It was frightening.

They both laid on the blanket for a long while, the glaring rays of the sun and the sound of waves washing over them. After the first hour, Anna got out her handpan and played. A crowd gathered, one or two people threw coins into her battered old patrol cap.

Then Elsa did something she rarely did: took out her phone and recorded a video of Anna playing. She didn't maintain a "social media presence", other than browsing through her Facebook feed, so this was maybe the third or fourth video she'd ever recorded. Even as she held the phone, she wondered if she would ever upload it to anywhere.

Not until she finished that song, whatever it might have been called — if it even had a name — did Anna notice. Then she smirked and demanded, "What are you doing?"

"Recording perfection."
The smirk instantly turned bashful. She looked down at the instrument in her lap. "I didn't play it perfect. You just didn't hear all the dumb mistakes since you don't play."

With a small chuckle, Elsa replied, "I didn't mean your playing."

Anna fell completely silent, just smiling at the phone. Wind picked up a few strands of her hair and buffeted them about as she gazed down at her sister, very clearly pleased. The crowd began to drift away. After a few more seconds, Elsa ended the recording and pushed up to kiss her cheek. She was opposed to doing more than that out in public, but she could at least show her that she meant what she said.

Not long after that, Anna went for a swim, and Elsa paged through a romance novel she had brought along. Not that it was holding her attention, but the fluffy, familiar plotlines gave her a certain comfort. When Anna came back to drag her into the water, she refused.

"Why not? Swim with me. That's what the water's for!"

"I… would rather not," she sighed, rearranging the sarong around her legs.

"Aww, please?" When Elsa didn't budge, she glanced at the book. "Is 'An Unexpected Rogue' just so riveting you can't put it down?"

Sighing in annoyance, she slid the random shopping receipt she was using as a bookmark back into the pages. "Fine. Book is down, and I still don't want to go swimming."

"Can you tell me why?" Anna asked, kneeling on their blanket. "This is a judgment-free zone, you know that."

"I… never cared for swimming, really."

"Not true. You always loved it when we were kids, I know you did. Next to ballet, it was your favourite thing."

Her lips pursed. "Anna…" When she didn't budge, Elsa glanced away. Her legs slithered against each other, and she had to fight down the wave of nausea at the thought of anyone seeing them. "You wouldn't understand."

"I understand that ever since we got out of the beach restrooms, you keep looking around like the boogeyman is gonna jump out and grab you. And the only difference between then and now…"

Her eyes flicked down to the sarong.

"What? What are you trying to say? That I'm don't like how I look in a swimsuit? Well, I don't. It's functional, I understand the purpose of it, but just… there are too many people here today, I don't want to expose myself."

"I'll be with you," Anna reassured her, taking one of her hands between her own. "And if any jerk so much as looks at you wrong, I'll kick their butt."

"You would not, you pacifist."

"I may be a pacifist, but I still remember how to throw a punch from those softball fights." A little tug; not one that would actually budge Elsa, but enough to let her feel it. "Please? Pretty please?"

"No."
Only then did she frown. "But your body is beautiful. Just because they can't see it doesn't mean it's not true."

"Yes, it does. 'They' determine what is and isn't beautiful, and my body… doesn't make the cut. Sorry, Anna, I just… I'm not comfortable."

The dejected look in Anna's eyes was pretty evident. Her lips trembled, like she wanted to say more but she couldn't find the right words and it was frustrating to her. Elsa knew the feeling well. After a few seconds of wrestling with her vocabulary, her copper-topped head whipped to one side, looking out over the waves for a solution.

And she found it. "Elsa… what if we rented a boat?"

"Huh?" She blinked, following her line of sight to the boat rentals. "Oh. Why would we do that?"

"Because it's fun. I mean, it's your money, I could chip in, but… yeah, you don't have to. It was just an idea of something else to do."

"Oh." Her heart seized. She knew Anna wasn't trying to guilt her into the boat rental; she would have suspected that before the past couple of days, but now she could no longer assume the worst of her sister. She was just devastated that Elsa didn't want to go swimming with her, even if the reason wasn't Anna herself, and trying to find an alternate activity. "Well… how much do you think a boat rental costs?"

The smile that returned to Anna's face when Elsa asked that question was worth every penny Elsa was about to spend.

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Despite her low expectations, the boat ride turned out to be fantastic. By the time Elsa's sarong blew off into the waves, she found she didn't even care; she was having too much fun! The breeze and the bouncing waves, the spray that refreshed and invigorated… and Anna laughing beside her, pointing at seagulls and outcroppings of rocks far away, other boats. It wasn't anything she was likely to want to do again, but for a one-time experience, she was more than happy.

The kiss they shared in the stern of the boat certainly didn't hurt anything. It was mostly accidental, as they went to hug and both leaned to the same side, but once their lips were already plastered together there was no sense in stopping until after a quick smooch.

Once making it back to the apartment, Elsa wanted nothing more than a quick shower to get the sand out of places they didn't belong. Then they could order some Chinese and have a casual night before dropping off. However, as she was waiting for Anna to get hers out of the way, gathering things for her own bath…

She spied the briefcase. Days of inadvertent frustration came back to her as she thought about what was hiding inside of it. What better chance would she have?

Glancing at the bathroom door that was slightly ajar and listening to the running water, she opened it as quietly as she could, reaching in to grab the Barnes and Noble bag. Her suddenly-shaking hands yanked it free and fumbled the long box out of its depths, then wadded it up and shoved it back inside. Fingernails made quick work of the packaging.

Then she was holding a solid length of silicon. Did it already have batteries? She turned the base — and yes, it most certainly did! Trying not to giggle at the vibrations running up her arm, she turned it back off and slipped it into the center of her towel, then threw the box in the wastebasket.
before she put the briefcase back exactly where it had been.

Not long after that, Anna came back out — wrapped in a towel this time, though no doubt nude underneath. It was marginally better. "All yours, Sis," she sighed with an easy smile.

"Yes, thank you. I hope you didn't use up all the hot water."

"I was in there like, ten minutes," she scoffed. Then she clapped her hands. "Oh! Do you want some of those bath salts I got while we were out yesterday?"

"No, that's..." But she thought better of it. "Actually, maybe. Why not? I barely ever take baths. Maybe a shower first, to get rid of the sand."

"Good deal! You get in and do that, and I'll bring in the salts. Viva Team Nieves!"

Still rolling her eyes, Elsa went in and shut the door without locking it, for once. Then she made sure to place the towel on the back of the toilet, right next to the tub, and her underwear and nightie on the sink. Not long after, she was out of her swimsuit and into the shower.

By the time she heard the door click open, she had already mostly washed; she wanted that to be entirely done so that she could focus on enjoying herself once she had run the bath.

"I'm just gonna set these on the seat!" Anna called out.

"Okay! Thanks!"

And that was it. Anna was gone. Elsa forced herself to breathe and wait; appearing too eager would be suspicious, and the last thing she needed was Anna figuring out what was going on in there. She put the stopper in the tub, turned the heat of the water up a bit more, and changed it from the showerhead to the faucet.

And it got quiet. Frowning, she realised she would want the courtesy fan on; she thought it already was! Grimacing, she quickly danced across the floor and flipped the switch, then returned to the toilet.

There were the bath salts; lavender, apparently. There was also a candle of the same scent and a book of matches, and Elsa smiled. Her sister could occasionally be thoughtful. She sprinkled some of the salts in the tub, lit the candle. Then she switched the towel for the candle and salts, nodded in satisfaction that it was more easily reachable, and climbed in.

"Mmm," she sighed as she sank down into the warm water. It was almost too hot, but not quite; a perfect temperature. The gentle scent of the lavender calmed her nerves, and she felt a lot more at peace with what she was about to try.

Once she shut the water off, she reached a hand into the towel and retrieved her instrument of sin. The smooth shaft felt cool to the touch, though she knew it wouldn't stay that way for long.

"Now let's see if you really are waterproof," she muttered. Dropping it on the surface of the water, she saw it bobbed there. "Waterproof and you float! My, my, what will they think of next?"

It slid into her easily enough. She wanted to test it out before trying the vibrations, and as far as size, it felt great. Her body began to respond, a little behind the curve; plotting everything had kept her from focusing on enjoying it before that moment. A moan slipped out as she thrust it in and out a few times; it was nice to be filled again, for once.
Then Elsa turned it on.

"O-OH!" she burst out, unable to help herself. That was incredible! Everything was heightened, the warmth of the water, the thickness of the shaft inside her. It was like a magic spell! One of her legs flashed up and out of the tub as she opened herself up more, and she panted heavily, rolling slightly to one side. How could she have gone so long without? How could she have owned this for two days without making full use of it?

As desperately as she had been chomping at the bit, she knew it would only take a few minutes to finish. Her eyes closed in sheer bliss and she let her body go free, let the ecstasy take her over. Though she didn't scream, she did let herself grunt and whisper "Oh yes" a dozen or so times.

Climax. A long, low groan floated out of her as she hit the end, and she sagged down into the bath once her limbs were through twitching and convulsing, the one leg still hanging over the lip of the tub. That had really hit the spot. The actual spot.

She was still debating whether or not to turn off the vibrations or let them run a couple more minutes… when the door creaked open again.

"Sis?"

Her heart seized, her breath stopped. No. "Huh?"

"I, um, I was wondering if I could help you relax?" When her head poked in, sheepish but smiling, Elsa saw she was dressed in only an overlarge t-shirt. And holding her infernal drum.

"With the handpan? N-no, I…" Her voice was so raspy! She cleared her throat and tried again. "I'm fine, really. You don't… have to."

Sighing, Anna crossed to sit on the toilet, moving the towel up and onto the sink. Elsa was severely tempted to at least pull the vibrator out, but then she would have to hold it, or else it would rise to the surface and be completely on display! So that she wouldn't see her moving around too much, she simply stayed in the exact same position. Even turning off the vibrator would probably be noticed now; until she turned it off, the quiet hum could be attributed to the exhaust fan. So she was stuck.

"Listen. I've been feeling like kind of an asshole."

"Y-yeah?" she panted, hips twitching from side to side. Just the barest amount.

"I shouldn't have pushed you to tell me why you didn't want to go in the water today. That's my fault, I was disrespectful of the frame of your truth in your life. Though I still disagree with you about your body, pestering you until you admitted it was… jerkish. I didn't intend for it to be, but it was, and I apologise."

"It's really f-fine, Anna. Really! Y-you can go… maybe order th- order Chinese?"

Sighing, she looked down at Elsa directly, and Elsa tried not to let her features telegraph what was going on under the surface of the water. "I don't want to be just 'fine', I want to make this right! So… so I won't bother you about your body image issues anymore. You're still an incredibly hot woman, but I'm not going to convince you if there's something deeper at work. So I'm not going to try if it's only going to upset you."

"Incredibly… hot?"
Dread prickled under the surface of her conflicted emotions. Mostly because she felt her arousal returning. Of course it was; she should have shut off the vibrations the minute that door opened! But she had been too scared to move and missed her opportunity. Now, there was no way Anna wouldn't notice it if she did.

"Yeah, of course!" Her head nodded forward. "Just look at those knockers! Literally, you could knock somebody out if you're not careful swinging those puppies around!"

She couldn't help glancing down at her own chest, bobbing on the water. Twin globes of flesh. She felt shy, she wanted to cover them… but instead, she just hefted one with her free hand. "These old things?"

"Yes, those," Anna laughed, poking one cheekily. Elsa suppressed a whine of pure enjoyment from the brief contact. "Wish I had tits like yours."

"You can borrow mine anytime," Elsa assured her, straining to keep her own hips still. "And the b-backaches that go with them. But… thank you."

Sighing, Anna set her handpan on top of the towel and knelt down by the tub. This was the worst! If the water weren't slightly murky from the salts, she would definitely see where her hand was.

"The salts and the candle aren't helping, huh? And neither am I. Man, you're really keyed up."

"No, I'm not!" she replied quickly, blurting out the words.

"It's okay, Elsa. I'm just sorry I kinda caused this." Reaching over, Anna patted her shoulder, then raised her hand up to rest on the crown of her head. "But I want you to stay in here and relax as long as you want, okay? Think I will order the Chinese for us in a minute. Yeah."

Now, the poor owner of the apartment found herself staring down Anna's sleeve. From that angle, she could almost see her perky little breast… not that she cared. But it was a distraction, and she dragged her eyes up to Anna's again.

Too late. "What were you looking at?"

"Huh? Oh, nothing important. D-don't worry."

Rolling her eyes with a small grin, Anna laughed, "Okay, okay. But I did just wash it, so I apologise if it's not up to your usual standards." She began to roll the sleeve up.

"Wh-what? No, not that- I wasn't." But the tuft of coppery hair was already drawing closer. How could she have so completely misunderstood?! Exasperated, she said, "Anna, don't be silly, why would I suddenly want this during a bath?"

"Because it might calm you. Go on, try it; what have you got to lose?"

Nothing. Unable to form a solid argument against it, Elsa gave up trying and inhaled. Truly, it was much diminished from the odor she'd had before, but still enticing to her strange olfactories. From that and the vibrator still going to work inside of her, she let slip a low, purring moan.

"There you go," Anna encouraged her when Elsa nuzzled into the hair, unable to notice the hips moving below at the same time. "Pheromones, right? You feel more relaxed, at home?"

"Home," she dully echoed. She most certainly did not feel more relaxed, but she presumed going back to relaxation wouldn't take terribly long at that pace. Slower than the first, but not by much.
Wait. She was contemplating hitting a second orgasm.

What was she thinking?! There could be no doing that with Anna in the same room! It was unthinkable! Sacrilege! But the more the very faint aroma penetrated into her, the more she wanted to let it happen. Which she could not. She could not get off while sitting in a bathtub with her sister's armpit in her face! Even just conceptualizing that made her want to burst into tears.

"Switch?" Elsa put up no fight. When presented with another crimson tuft of pubes, she leaned up into it, groaning as the vibrations drove her on at a reckless pace. Anna's face was perfectly passive, though she did glance over at her briefly. Satisfied for now that she wasn't disgusted, or aware of what was going on beneath the water, Elsa tried to nuzzle further under the sleeve, but couldn't get it out of the way with her face. And Anna probably wouldn't be able to without taking the shirt off, which neither of them wanted.

"Not getting enough? Hmm… this is a toughie. Well, there's a couple other areas with a lot more pheromonal output, but I think if I put those in your face, you'd strangle me," she joked. Elsa didn't respond to it, she only kept sighing into the hairs. "That's a whole other sister-place."

"I m-must be crazy," she mumbled aloud as her nose gouged into the flesh, being teased by the hairs. "Really… crazy, really, really bad-crazy…"

"Ooh," Anna giggled, squirming. "Tickles. But is that good? I can hold it there another minute." Even while she wanted to stand up and deck Anna for asking "is that good" about this, she kept going, breathing it in while she rode the shining blue sword beneath the waves to another, bigger finish. "Wow, you really enjoy the hairy spots. This is fascinating, in a strange way. Fun in another. Do you… want to try another one?"

"Nnn…" She had been trying for "No", but that was all that came out, powerless as she was to stop.

"It's not the areas I was talking about before," she assured her with a giggle. "Don't worry. But I thought we could see if you get anything out of it. Can you guess what it is?"

"No… I don't, but… I could probably guess if I… if I wasn't so…" What was she going to say? So turned on? So tired? So prune from being in the bathtub too long?

"Okay. Now bear with me; like I said, maybe you won't care." Leaning down a little bit more, Anna turned her head… and suddenly, Elsa found her nose was sticking into Anna's ear.

"Hnnh?!

"OW!" Anna squeaked. "Careful, that's pretty loud right now! But, um, yeah. The same apocrine sweat from armpits is inside the ear canal. Like… anything? No?"

Well, she had already done enough strange things that she couldn't pass judgment on this particular one. Elsa inhaled deeply… it was interesting, sure, but nothing compared to the heady cocktail in the wells beneath her shoulders.

"Mmm, not really," Elsa confessed to her, once she had drawn her head back. "Not as good as your p-pits." Fresh shame flooded through her stomach at confessing to that. The word "good" should be stricken from the English language.

"Okay," Anna laughed. "I was just curious, and thought you might be, too. I'll let you get back to work." The moan was more pronounced when Elsa got to shove her face back under Anna's shoulder, and Anna looked a little contemplative. After a few more seconds of watching and listening to Elsa writhe, she whispered, "Can I kiss you?"
"Wh… wha…?"

"I want to. Right now. While you're… in the tub." The last words were said as if they were stand-ins for other words. But instead of explaining, Anna smiled and kissed the top of Elsa's head. "And you can just lie there, and… enjoy the tub while we kiss. Unless you don't want to."

She knew. Maybe she hadn't before that moment, but now she knew, for sure. Tears automatically blossomed in the corners of her eyes, but all she whispered was, "I'm sorry."

"For what? Just kiss me."

So she did. As the vibrator drove her headlong into a second orgasm, Elsa was lip-locked with Anna, devouring her like a starving woman. It only took two minutes of making out for her to bring herself off, as she had expected from the minute the pheromones began to do things to her. She was able to conceal most of her reaction, but a little slipped out, regardless.

Either way, the second far outshone the first. There was no real comparison. Anna's sweet, enticing lips made her come that much harder.

"Daaaaamn, you're so good at that," Anna panted as they broke apart, a gentle smile in her cheeks. "My sister is just really good at everything, I'm pretty sure."

"A-Anna…?" she managed to choke out.

"I think I'm gonna go order that Chinese now. You, um, take your time in here, okay?"

"B-but…" Anna was already standing up and walking to the door, gathering her instrument on her way. "But what about…"

From the doorway, Anna paused, not quite looking at her. The freckle-dusted cheeks were still red, and she stopped to bite her lip as she considered her words. Once she found her voice, all she did was repeat, "Take your time." Then she was out and shutting the door behind her.

~ To Be Continued ~
It took Elsa a solid five minutes after Anna took her leave to stop sobbing and take the implement out of herself, rinse it off as much as it needed rinsing, and lay it on the back of the toilet. Another few to exit the tub, let it drain, and sit on the edge of it with her head in her hands.

Unforgivable. She never should have let that happen, never should have let Anna stay. Even if it would have hurt her sister's feelings, she should have commanded her to leave her in peace. At that point, she didn't know which was worse: getting off when her sister was in the room at all, taking such dark pleasure in her "pheromonal areas", or the moment of climax being during a kiss with her. They were all horrifyingly awful in equal measure.

After towelling off, she stared into the mirror for a long moment. *Who am I now?* she demanded of herself. *What is WRONG with me? Why can't I resist these... these weird things I suddenly want to do? With Anna, without Anna... I used to be such a normal, good person. And now... now I'm guilty of...*

There was a word that was beginning to apply more and more to Elsa and her relationship with her sister, but she refused to acknowledge it. She pulled on her underwear with jerky, violent motions as she avoided thinking about that, because it wasn't true. Sure, what happened in the tub was pretty perverted, but not nearly as bad as it could be. They weren't guilty of *that.* Not yet.

*But it has to stop,* she told herself as she wrapped her hair in a towel, tucking it into a turban. *I think it would hurt her to stop kissing her right away, but nothing like what just happened can happen again. I... I have to dig deep, find some willpower! Or else... I'll be the worst big sister in the world.*

With that sobering thought, she left the bathroom.

"Hey," Anna said easily from the dining room table, where she had been writing in a small black notebook. "So I hope you still like cashew chicken and vegetable fried rice; I got tofu stir fry for me, and some spring rolls. Well, I got enough spring rolls for both of us, I just meant that I picked those over egg rolls because they don't have any meat. I've been pretty lax on the whole 'vegan' thing since I got here, but there's no time like the pres-"

"Maybe you should sleep on the couch tonight."

Anna blinked for a moment at the interruption, trying to switch gears. She smirked a little. "Aww, are we fighting? Am I in 'the doghouse' now?"

"Stop that," Elsa breathed, voice shaking. "I... I don't want to do this anymore."
"Don't want to do what? Be my sister?"

"Of course I want to be your sister! But that isn't how we've been acting, is it?" After a few seconds, she repeated more sharply, "Is it?!"

"Elsa… I tried to tell you, I don't really care about labels and categories. I've been hanging out with you. That's it. Whatever happens, happens."

Tugging at her turban, Elsa began to pace back and forth. Then she snapped, "I don't want this anymore. I don't want to smell your armpits, and I don't want you to pretend not to know what was going on before you came into the bathroom."

"Right." Anna had the good grace to look ashamed of herself. "I didn't know before I opened the door, though. Swear to the deity of your choice. I just… wanted to spend more time with you. How was I supposed to know you wanted a moment alone if you don't tell me?"

"We're already spending too much time together. Or… too much of the wrong kind."

"No kind of time with my sister is the 'wrong kind'."

That made Elsa blink several times. How was it that Anna could so easily cut through her heart with a few words? She waited for Anna to say more, for her to elaborate, or yell at her, but she just stared down at her notebook, looking somber and hurt.

"Okay," Elsa sighed wearily. "You're still sleeping on the couch, and I want to stop being so… so intimate with you. But I don't want that to ruin the rest of the night. So can we just… put this all behind us?"

"Can we? I don't know."

She walked over, took one of Anna's hands in hers. "Please? I… I'm sorry for being so upset, but what happened in the bathroom was just way too far. But… I still want to hang out with my sister."

Anna turned to look up at her. Taking the opportunity, even though her eyes were stinging with unshed tears, Elsa smiled down at her. Slowly, the smile was returned.

"Okay. Yeah, I know this whole thing's a little off the beaten path for you. Sorry for not respecting the speed of your enlightenment."

Rolling her eyes, Elsa grunted, "Whatever that means, you're forgiven."

"Good, good. And… I wish you had just told me to leave."

"So do I!" she burst out, and Anna giggled. "Honesty, I don't know what's wrong with me; that would have been a much easier solution than 'oh, I hope she doesn't notice.' I feel so stupid!"

Shrugging, Anna finally closed the notebook and set her pen down on top of it, turning to look at her properly. "It's fine. Like I said, I don't really care, but I didn't mean to make you have regrets later or anything. I just wanna make you happy."

"Not too happy." Then she snorted as she sat down. "Seriously, though… your ear?!

They both shared a long laugh about that particular development.

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The rest of the evening passed in a pleasant enough fashion, though dull. She snuggled up with Anna in front of the TV again with cartons of delivery, passing them to each other and sometimes even feeding each other. It was still a little more "coupley" than Elsa wished, but they didn't kiss, and no pit-hair was shoved into her face. So she decided not to worry overly. If the problem continued, it would become more obvious after a while, and they could argue about it then.

However, she had to admit to herself that her bed felt empty without Anna. After rolling over several times, she had to seriously contemplate calling out and asking Anna if she was awake. But she suppressed the desire. Maybe the next night, after a little time apart, they could try again. See if there would be less boundary-pushing.

Her alarm woke her the next morning, and she reluctantly got up for work. The shorter night balanced with the extremely restful, deep sleep from the night before, and she felt about like her usual self. She snapped on the coffee pot to get it brewing, then tickled the single partially-bronzed foot sticking out from the blankets on the couch as she passed by on her way to the bathroom. Anna only squirmed but did not wake.

Work itself was like any other mundane Monday morning. Spreadsheets and emails and collating and filing. Though she did have the date with Sideburns that evening to look forward to, at least; maybe that would help her shake loose the lingering feelings of desire that should not go in her sister's general direction.

Lunch was still an hour away when she felt herself crashing; maybe she got even less sleep than she originally thought. Distracted by the correspondence she was supposed to be proofreading for her boss, she reached over into her briefcase for one of the fun-sized chocolate bars she kept for just such an eventuality.

But it was stuck. What was it sandwiched between in there? She knew the distinctive feel of the crinkly packaging without even looking, but it was being stubborn. Really, her briefcase was due for a thorough cleaning sometime; most of the things in there weren't even necessary for work, because she always got over ninety percent of her work done in the office. It was a glorified lunchbox.

Finally, the bar came free, but it knocked several other things loose when she did, spilling them onto the floor. Groaning, Elsa tried to bend to get them… and cursed her slight pudge and thick thighs. She knelt down to pick up the two sporks, still in wrapper, lemon-flavouring packets to add to water, club crackers, and receipt, and put them all back where they belonged, actually watching what she was doing this time.

However, when she sat down to open the candy bar, something niggled at the back of her mind. She set it down for a moment, tilting her head and adjusting her glasses. What was it? Something important. Maybe it was about the receipt…

"What is this?!

A chill crept into her stomach. The receipt had been in the Barnes and Noble bag. Now it wasn't. And though one of the purchases was back at her apartment, safely resting in the very back of her medicine cabinet, the other one was…

"Interesting," Cindy laughed as she leaned against the wall of her cubicle entrance, looking down at the small, square box in her hand. "You know, I really wouldn't have expected you to have something so lewd! Especially not at work!"

She didn't know why. It was stupid, and childish; she knew it was. But the first thing out of her
"Don't be coy. Oh wow — 'Our most powerful vibrator', it says. With four variable speeds! Had the old model and wanted to step it up, huh?"

"Th-that isn't... I'm n-not..." Her throat was going dry. Hot shame was flooding her face, and she could feel eyes everywhere, even if no one else was looking yet. Cindy's eyes were enough.

"You know, I always kind of wondered if these are actually any good or not," she admitted, still smirking. "But look at you — quiet, stuffy, by-the-book Elsa. Trying things like this under all our noses. Where do you do it? In the bathroom, or right here in your office?"

That snapped Elsa out of her stupor a little more effectively. "Wh- NO! Wh-why would I do something like that at my desk? It's d-depraved! I'm not like that!"

"But you're blushing. A lot." Elsa couldn't deny that. "I thought you were going on a date with that guy from the website. Is this in case he stands you up?"

"H-how did you know about that?!"

"He was on your screen Friday, silly," Cindy laughed. When Elsa bit her lip and looked away, she laughed. "Gosh, it's nothing to be embarrassed about! So you haven't found your Prince Charming yet, like I have. So what? Plenty of people use those sites." Then she looked back at the box. "And probably use these, I guess. Just not in their place of work."

"I told you," she tried again, though her voice was shaking so badly that she knew it was futile, "I d-don't do that here. I never have, and I w-wasn't planning on-"

"What's going on here?"

Already, she was wishing she could disappear from Cindy finding her other little toy. Belle's head poking around the corner was one of the few things that could have made it worse. While she was thankful it wasn't her supervisor, or the big boss, or any of the men in the office, the more people that knew about what she had been picking up on the way home from work, the less she wanted to continue living.

"You'll never believe it," Cindy gushed, grateful for someone to feed the juicy gossip. "Look what I found right outside Miss Ice Queen's office!" She held up the box for Belle to read. "Can you believe it?! I'd never have expected this from her, of all people!"

Belle took in the box, Cindy's overly-hyper demeanor, and the way Elsa looked like she wanted to melt into the carpet. She held out a hand and asked, "Can I see that?"

"Sure," Cindy snorted, handing it over. "Doesn't belong to me. Elsa, do you care? Probably should have asked, my bad." But Elsa didn't reply.

"Hmm. I had wondered where this went."

What? Unable to believe her ears, Elsa looked up sharply, seeing Cindy looking confused. Belle was still just staring down at the box, unconcerned and musing.

"What are you talking about?" Cindy finally asked, with a nervous little laugh. "Did she show it to you before or something?"

"Why would she show me my own bullet? I guess I just lost it in the bottom of my purse. Who
knows how it worked its way out, but it must have today at some point. Huh." Then she grimaced slightly. "Elsa, I… I'm sorry it ended up in front of your office. That must have looked pretty incriminating."

"Yeah," Cindy finally breathed, her mind having caught up with the shifting of the "blame". Elsa still had not; she was gaping at Belle, completely flabbergasted. "W-well… I still think it's kinda weird to bring something like that to work, don't you?"

"No," Belle answered smoothly. "Maybe to use it here, but really, sometimes this job gets so tedious. Who wouldn't want to let off a little steam?" When Cindy only blinked in horror, she added with a sigh, "I wasn't using this here. Cross my heart. Just accidentally got dropped in the hallway. Still in the package, right?"

"Well, um… okay, I guess I believe you." Then she turned around and whispered to Elsa, "Sorry I blamed you for it, I can see how that… yeah, you looked really panicked when I thought you were… well, sorry."

But Elsa couldn't even find it within herself to do anything other than nod. That seemed to make Cindy feel even worse; she walked over and patted her arm briefly, then eyed Belle with a lot of suspicion as she backpedaled from the cubicle and set off down the hallway toward her own office.

"You okay?"

"Hmm?" Rousing from her worry, Elsa fidgeted for a second before whispering, "Y-yeah, I think. I just… I don't understand. Why did you tell her…?"

"You were panicking. I didn't know the full story, but I could tell Cindy was making you feel like you really did something unforgivable by owning this. So I covered." Adjusting her glasses, she paced further into the office and added, "I hope that's okay. If you wanted to fight your own battles, I can let you, of course."

Hurriedly shaking her head, Elsa told her, "You really don't have to do that. Fight my battles, I mean. I… but in this case, I'm really grateful. Thank you. I just didn't mean to bring that back to work, it… f-fell out of the bag, I… I'm sorry."

"Hmm." Belle regarded the box for a few seconds, turning it first one way and then the other. When she passed it back, she said, "Pretty funny that I told Cindy it was mine."

"Yeah," Elsa said with a quiet smile, going to put the box away. "I would never expect you'd have anything like this. Then again, I'd never expect it from me, either…"

"Right? All of mine are way bigger."

"Exactly! It's… wait, what did you say?"

Smirking as Elsa sat there, with one hand still stuck in her briefcase, Belle eventually leaned down and pressed her lips right up against Elsa's ear. The words that followed sent more tingles into more areas than she cared to admit, and were ones she knew could never be erased from her memory.

"I know what kind of woman you are. Or I do now that I've seen your little 'friend', anyway. Quiet on the outside, and you tried so hard to be good, to match up your insides with the outside. But look what you are now, huh? A thirsty slut who just wants someone to put her in her place."

She no longer felt calm, nor rescued. Her lip quivered as she tried to come up with an answer, but
what could she say? That Belle was wrong? She wasn't — not entirely, at any rate. That was the real problem, not the words she was speaking. Even though she didn't appreciate some of the phrasing.

"You liked Cindy accusing you of this. Craved it, even as you hated it. I've seen your exact brand of shame a thousand times, and from more stubborn women than you."

"Belle… wh-where is all of this coming fro-"

"You wanted her to hand you the box," she went on, pacing around behind her chair to place both hands on Elsa's shoulders, leaning down to the other ear. "And command that you open it. Then you wanted her to ask — no. To order you to open the box and use that newbie vibe on yourself. Right in front of her."

"You- th-that isn't anything like what-"

"In front of both of us." Her voice was growing quieter, but it still cut off Elsa's attempts to reply with great ease. "In front of the entire office."

And that easily, against her will and all sound reasoning, Elsa felt her urges rushing back from where they had been banished to the night before. Perhaps Belle wasn't exactly right… but she also wasn't entirely wrong, either. At the very least, that vivid mental picture was turning her on. Powerfully.

"Look at you," Belle chuckled when she spotted the hot flush creeping up Elsa's neck. "That didn't take much. Already, you're getting the flames fanned. I barely said anything."

"I-listen," Elsa began, trying to find her bravery despite the fingers lightly massaging her neck and shoulders. "You think y… you know about me, but… I'm not like th… like that."

"You are. You just don't know you are yet." When she walked around to look at Elsa's face again, at the complete degradation and self-hatred there, she whispered, "I can make you feel worse. So much worse, in such a good way."

"Wh-what do you mean? What are you doing, are… are you soliciting me?"

With a wolfish grin, she muttered, "Not at all. Making an offer. An offer to grind you into the carpet, my sweet little slut. You won't have any use for that thing you bought if you let me work you over."

Somehow, after all of that, Elsa found her voice. It had been eluding her, but now that she had a better idea of what was going on, she came back into contact with her higher brain functions.

"Listen." Her voice was firmer this time, and she met the woman's beautiful dun-coloured eyes through their two pairs of glasses. "If you s-stop this, right now, I won't report you to HR for harassment. Because of what you did for me with Cindy. But if you don't…"

"You'd rat me out? Just like that, because you're uncomfortable?"

"Yes. Because I'm uncomfortable, and you don't care."

Belle stared for a long moment. Her eyes narrowed, but Elsa only blinked. Her lip curled and she growled softly, "If you ever do consent to an arrangement between us, this is going to cost you. Dearly. I won't forget to punish you; my memory is long and petty. You're going to be in a world of-"
"Stop. Right now. I'm a lot more serious than you seem to believe."

Another moment, even longer than the first. Belle's expression slowly softened from the dark, goading one of before. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, then opened them — and they were sad instead of flinty and cold.

"Alright. I'm stopping. Sorry, Nieves. I still think I'm right about you… about who you could be if you let me twist you into a shape befitting the sole of my high-heeled boots." When Elsa's hand strayed toward the office landline phone, Belle visibly twitched, reaching out to stop the hand. "Okay! Okay, I… wow, I really did upset you, didn't I?"

"Upset me? That's putting it lightly. I don't like you much at this moment, if you really want to know."

This time, she actually looked hurt. "Elsa…" Glancing at the hand still lingering near the phone, she licked her lips briefly and whispered, "Really, I'm so sorry, you're right; I let my perception that you're the right type for my kind of, um, play make me jump the gun. I honestly… I wanted to show you what I could provide. But I didn't mean to push you so far that you hate me. You're right, an office is no place for me to do that." In a whisper, she added, "God, I feel stupid."

The last words sounded so familiar to Elsa, when they had come from her own mouth, that she couldn't help but feel a pang. But her ire remained. "You made me feel worse than Cindy." That caused Belle to look down in regret. It gave Elsa a tiny pinprick of vindictive satisfaction that, for once in the past week, someone else was the one feeling embarrassed and ashamed. "It's just a tiny toy! Why would it mean you have free license to start saying such… such grossly inappropriate things into my ear?!"

"Because of where you got it." There was no answer right away. "From Edna's? I… recognised the price sticker. Any old hausfrau can get one of these from the supermarket, but that's not where you went. You're bolder, you went to an actual sex shop, so I thought…" Sighing, she turned away from Elsa to lean back against the lip of the desk. "I jumped to conclusions. That's my fault, too. I'm sorry."

Nodding, Elsa finally put her briefcase away and pushed her hands into her face. "I've been so confused lately. About myself, my feelings, my needs… I just… probably went in there, looking for answers. And I didn't find any."

"I could give you answers."

"No." Belle only shrugged, so Elsa snapped, "Stop that this instant or I'm never speaking to you again other than in a work capacity. Is that what you want?"

Squirming a little, Belle took a few seconds to digest that before she whispered, "No, Ma'am."

"Good. Now go back to your desk for now. I just… I want to be alone. This whole thing has been horrible, and… and I can't stand you being here." "Yes, Ma'am." That easily, she stood and began to walk toward the entrance. Elsa knew something felt off about it, but she had been resolved to ignore it… until she saw Belle paused at the entrance.

"What? What do you want now?"

"You're tired of hearing about any of this, I know. But if… you ever want to do things the other way around… I almost think you could," Belle told her with a light flush in her cheeks. It was nothing compared to her own, but it was far more than she'd ever seen in the solitary neighbour.
"Somebody who came across as totally spineless a few minutes ago, flipping around and shutting me down so coldly? God… that does things to me…"

In a deadpan, Elsa asked, "You want to borrow my vibrator?"

"Do you want me to?" Belle asked with a wider grin. "I'd give it back without washing it, if that's your thing."

"Just get out!" Elsa hissed in a sheer annoyance. Waggling her fingers merrily, Belle slipped out and into her own cubicle next door, leaving the sole occupant to place her head in her hands. This was pretty much the last thing she needed.

~ To Be Continued ~
The rest of Elsa's day was too bizarre. Cindy would stop by to remind her of how sorry she was, bringing her another mango smoothie as a peace offering. That was relatively nice, all things considered. Maybe the two of them could build on that and become something resembling acquaintances.

The email she got from Belle with a phone number turned out to be a little less nice... because shortly after adding it to her contacts and texting a "Hello?", she received an upskirt shot. And the colour of the skirt fabric matched what Belle had been wearing. When she sent back a string of obscenities she rarely spoke aloud, reprimanding her coworker, the short reply was, "Yes, Mistress." Curling her lip, she flipped her phone into silent mode for a few hours.

Then she was on her way home to get ready for her "big date". It felt like less of a big deal to her now than it had when it was first arranged, but she still felt butterflies in her stomach as she waited to pick up dinner for Anna from a dine-in restaurant's curbside service. Did she even remember how to have a date? Hopefully, it would be like riding a bicycle; she could hop back on and remember everything instantly.

That comparison put all kinds of unfortunate mental images into her mind. She cut herself off right there.

Anna was waiting with ill-concealed excitement the moment she walked in. "THERE you are!" she crowed, dragging her inside. "We gotta get you ready!"

"Okay, okay," Elsa laughed at her with an indulgent smile. "Don't go overboard, I just want to look nice. Not like I'm going to a wedding, and definitely not like I want in his pants."

"Don't you, though?" The elbow in her ribs stopped her from pursuing that, though she did laugh it off.

Not much later than that, Elsa was dressed in the nicest thing she had in her closet that wasn't quite "formalwear": a simple black A-line with a pale blue cardigan over the top. It was a little shorter than she normally would chance, falling just above the knee, but Anna insisted over and over until she relented. She completed it with black heeled sandals, belting them in at the ankle.

"You look gorgeous," Anna gushed from right behind Elsa as she observed herself in the full-length mirror hanging on the inside of her closet door. Much though she hated to admit it, she felt relatively pretty for once. Even if the date was a disaster, she was happy with that aspect. "Can I get a pic?"
Grumbling, Elsa posed while Anna fetched the phone from her purse — still on silent — and snapped a quick few, oohing and ahhing over her all the while. Once she was both annoyed and flattered as much as she wanted to allow, she snapped, "Thank you. Now, if only I had something in that closet that would make my hips disappear…"

"Black is very slimming," Anna said as she replaced the phone. "Besides, you are beautiful just the way y-"

"Okay, okay, Bruno Mars."

Laughing, Anna gripped her shoulders and massaged them gently. "I'm surprised you even know who that is; figured you'd reach for the Christina Aguilera reference instead."

"I forgot about that song," Elsa breathed. That jogged her memory, and she turned to Anna and said, "That reminds me — before I go, I want you to help me figure out how to download Janet Jackson's music onto my iPod."

"Why?" But she caught the sad look in her sister's eyes. After a few seconds, she gasped. "Ohh… because of Mom. Or, well, I shouldn't assume that for you, but is it?"

"Yeah. 'Escapade' came on the radio the other day, and I just… I miss her."

She purposefully left it up in the air whether "her" was Janet or their mother, and Anna didn't push her to elaborate. Nodding to herself, the younger sister gave her a gentle kiss on the temple and said, "I can do that for you. First, we have to bling you out. What do you have in your jewellery box?"

They compared a few pieces, settling on a simple silver chain with a blue teardrop pendant that suited her cardigan, complete with matching earrings. Elsa had asked about their grandmother's ring, but Anna made the good point that, even if it wasn't on the "engagement finger", she still might not want to do a ring. So she settled on a simple tennis bracelet that had been given to her by her boss in lieu of a Christmas bonus one year.

"Sounds like he has a crush on you," Anna giggled as she fastened it for her.

"No, no," Elsa replied, though she was smiling. "Weselton's like that with everyone; I remember he once gave Belle a fancy brooch." Though at the thought of Belle, her expression soured slightly.

"What's wrong?"

"N-nothing, it's nothing. Just a little office misunderstanding from earlier today. I'll straighten it out tomorrow."

Nodding, Anna reached up to smooth over her sister's shoulders, then smiled up into her face. "You look beautiful tonight, okay?"

"You always tell me I look beautiful," she sighed.

"Fine, then you look beautifuller. That work? 'Cause I'm not gonna say you didn't look beautiful before, if that's what you're trying to get me to do."

"Okay, okay," Elsa giggled, embracing her sister. "Let's just put on my makeup so I can go get this out of the way."

As they pulled out the makeup palette, Anna whispered, "You say that like you know it's going to
be awful. You don't! Maybe Hans is gonna be the one for you!"

"He won't. Though I'm optimistic of having a good time, I just… I gave up on finding 'the one'. Saves me a lot of disappointment if I don't have any hope in the first place."

"Elsa…" Sighing, she pulled Elsa in for a quick kiss. It surprised her, since they hadn't been doing that of late, but Anna didn't draw it out, and didn't press for either of their mouths to open. More than sisters, less than more. Then she pulled back and whispered, "You're an incredible, vibrant woman. If Hans doesn't see that, it's his loss. And somebody will someday, okay?"

Catching her breath, Elsa merely nodded and let Anna get on with it.

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The name "Le Bonhomme de Neige Heureux" seemed like a mouthful to Elsa, but she hadn't been the one to choose that particular restaurant. It had been years since she went there, and that was when it went under the name "Les Oiseaux de Cristal" then. Funny how it remained a French bistro, even with a complete change in ownership.

When she walked inside, she caught her breath; it was incredible. The crystalline theme had been retained, tweaked to remove the birds and replace them with other sparse, wintry themes. But she couldn't let that pull her focus. Shaking herself, she turned to the maitre'd and gave her name, and was led to the table.

Hans turned out to be a bit younger than he seemed in the photograph, but not to a degree that made her uncomfortable. The simple, dark blue suit with the tie of royal purple showed he was serious enough about the date to have dressed, but not a pompous ass who felt the need to go full-on penguin. He had a single rose in his hand when she approached, and she could feel his pale eyes raking her form. If she hadn't been growing used to feeling wrong-footed and embarrassed lately, she probably would have turned around and left, but compared to her coworker finding a vibrator outside her office, this was nothing.

"Well, well," Hans said as he handed the rose to her. "Here we are, Miss Elsa."

"We are, Mr. Westerberg. If that is your real name."

As he pulled out her chair for her — which she had to give him points for — he said, "It is. But I respect your choice not to list your last name; dating is such a tedious affair, is it not?"

"It is." Leaning in once they were both seated, she said, "I'd actually like to confess something to you, if you don't mind. Just to get this out of the way."

"Oh? Go on, I'm all ears."

"This wasn't my idea. I haven't responded to any of those messages in a long time, they just… not enough successes. My meddling sister was the one who saw it open on my computer and dashed off a message to you."

His thin, bow-like lips pursed as he nodded understandably. "Mm. Yes, I've heard that one before; you don't want to admit that you liked my profile more than the other ones. To give me that advantage. That's fine, I understand."

"No, really; it was my sister, I assure you." Shrugging as she arranged her silverware to busy her nervous hands, she added, "Not that I wasn't already looking at your profile. I was interested, yes. But she was the one that typed up the first response and sent it without my asking her to do any
"Alright, I believe you," he laughed, with markedly less skepticism. "I didn't mean to insinuate anything. My apologies."

After sizing him up a few more seconds, she nodded and said, "Good. Now… what shall we have?"

"Well, is there anything you aren't fond of?"

"Fish. And anything in the insect family; no escargot, or anything like that. Otherwise, I'm pretty flexible."

Hans was just nodding as he contemplated when a well-dressed young man with a rather pear-shaped figure approached the table, smiling broadly. "Good evening! My name's Olaf, and I'll be waiting on you two cuties today!"

"Hello, Olaf," Elsa laughed, unable to help being charmed by how boisterous he was. "You… seem familiar, have we met?"

"Umm, I don't think so," he began with a slight squint, his smile never leaving.

"Elsa Nieves?"

Folding his arms over his chest, he tapped his foot for a few minutes. Then he gasped and pointed at her. "You were my Big Sister!"

"I'm sorry, what?" Hans asked in mild confusion, looking between them.

"That's right," she gasped at last. "Oh my goodness, it's been such a long- I can't believe it! How have you been?"

"Good, good! You know, I think I still have that clay handprint Christmas ornament somewhere! You acted so proud of me!" In a stage whisper, he added, "Even though it was a pretty ugly thing, right?"

"You did your best! How old could you have been, six, seven?" She was laughing when she caught the unimpressed look on Hans's face, so she said, "Oh, sorry; at our elementary school, we had this program where the sixth graders sometimes were asked to help mentor the kindergarteners. I took part, and Olaf was my charge."

"Just one of those things," Olaf said with a warm chuckle as he withdrew his notepad. "And I'd keep catching up on old times, but I wouldn't want to get in trouble!" They were all still laughing when he leaned in and whispered, "Seriously, Chef Remy's cool with us making small talk and all that, but if we take too long he docks our pay."

Smiling gently, Elsa picked up her menu and said, "Then we shouldn't want to deprive you, Olaf. I'm glad things turned out pretty well for you, though, from the look of things."

"And you! Wow, you look so nice, Elsa! Isn't it nice that we're both doing nice?"

"Very nice," Hans sighed wearily. "Now then, if you're ready…?" When Olaf merely nodded, as if not trusting himself to speak more for fear he would make things take even longer, Hans nodded and said, "I will be ordering for the both of us, now that I know what to avoid."
Elsa favoured him with a small, demure smile. Inwardly, she was cringing; she hated when men did this. But he had at least asked what she didn't like first, so he was doing better than some of her past dates. Once Olaf had taken down their order — which Hans delivered in fluent French — he gave them a bow and another goofy smile before trotting off to inform the kitchen.

"So," Hans asked as he picked up his water glass. "You work over at Castle Dynamics? Good place to get into, from what I've heard. How long?"

"About six years. Of course, for the first two I was stuck in reception, but I worked my way up."

"I bet you did. You seem like a sharp woman who knows what she wants." His smirk was light, but present all the same. "I admire that."

"And I admire a man who can exercise a little restraint," she teased him very lightly. Before he could respond, Olaf returned. "Yes?"

"Champagne? If you guys wanna pop the cork, that's cool. We're not supposed to let you, but… it's just so much fun, right?"

"But we didn't order any champagne."

Hans cleared his throat. "Actually, I did, before you got here. Wanted it to be a surprise."

"Well, it is! I just… typically, I don't drink, but…" Looking at Olaf's questioning glance, she waved a hand. "It's fine, I'll have a glass. Thank you."

Olaf popped the bottle open, then poured for them. They made small talk about work until the bread came, which Elsa avoided; she had specifically eaten a few of Anna's sweet potato fries out of her dinner so that she wouldn't appear overly piggish when eating in front of Hans. Nervousness tended to make her eat out of panic, and the less hungry she was to begin with, the less chance that might happen. So far, it was working.

"I grew up on an island off the coast of Louisiana, actually," Hans was telling her once their entrees had arrived and they were partway through them. His was a rare cut of steak with a side of poached leeks, which sounded good to Elsa. Unfortunately, for her, he had selected ratatouille and a pair of lightly sautéed truffles. While she appreciated that truffles were quite expensive, and they were certainly delicious, she wanted a bit more substance to her meal than that. As with most of their evening, she was partially pleased with it, but not overjoyed.

"Really? What must that have been like?"

"Very boring," he laughed as she took a sip of champagne. It was loosening both of their tongues a bit as the evening wore on. "My father worked in management at the Tabasco headquarters there. But he transferred to another office 'on the mainland', as he likes to say. When I was about nine."

"Really? Not to Arendelle Cove, I'm sure; there's not that much here in the way of a hot sauce industry."

"No, I'm afraid not. I moved here for my own work, maybe two years ago? Yeah, about that."

Nodding, she finished chewing her bite of vegetables before she responded. "I've never lived anywhere else. Always meant to, always wanted to… I don't know, see more of the world. But I've only been on a few short retreats, workshops. One was in Portland, that was pretty exciting."

"Really? I went to college in Portland!" They both shared a laugh, and Hans added, "Go, Pilots!"
with a semi-sarcastic pump of his fist.

"So that makes more sense of why you ended up here," Elsa went on, more pushing her food around than eating it at this point. "This isn't anywhere special."

"Maybe it is." Reaching across the table, he took up one of her hands, and she had to fight down the urge to yank the hand away. She would see what he intended to do with it first. "Maybe you make it special."

Smirking at him, she muttered, "Oh, what a line."

"Is it working?"

"I'll tell you when I figure it out."

By the time they had settled on two dishes of chocolate mousse for dessert and were waiting for them to be brought out, Elsa had already decided; Hans was worth a second date. She wasn't sure of him beyond that, but she was having a nice time, and it seemed a shame not to see if Hans could repeat that success.

"That's so many brothers!" she was breathing with wide eyes.

"Isn't it?" he sighed bitterly. "Made it pretty difficult to get noticed in that household."

"I'm sure. But you seem to have done alright for yourself."

"Of course I have. Look where I am; in the company of a beautiful woman." When she rolled her eyes, he chuckled and added, "You don't much care for my flattery."

Relenting, she informed him, "I don't know if it's sincere or not."

"It is. I can't wait to see where the rest of the evening takes us. And that is as sincere as I can be, Mizz Elsa."

Something about the wolfish look in his eyes gave her pause. It wasn't exactly predatory, or even clearly lascivious. But he was implying possibilities in their evening that were not on the table for her. How could she address the situation without making it seem like she was assuming anything herself?

"Hans… I feel like I should have been clearer about my level of interest at the beginning of dinner. I do enjoy your company. However…"

"However?" he pressed.

"However, I don't want you to have a false impression. The evening won't 'take us' anywhere other than this restaurant. I'm not interested in rushing anything; if you want to try a second date, I would be open to it, but this one will be over when we leave. Separately."

He looked down at his mousse for a minute or so, debating, then let out a somewhat bitter laugh. "I was going to suggest a few drinks at a bar down the street. Not any common sports bar, of course; it's an upscale place. We could get better acquainted. You wouldn't even be open to that?"

"I'm sorry," she told him earnestly. "I want companionship, not just a quick fling. And I want to leave this dinner with both of us having enjoyed it, and save… anything else for another time."

"Alright," he sighed, daubing at the corners of his mouth with the napkin that had been in his lap.
"Well, in that case, I guess I'll take my leave. It's been swell."

When she saw him scooting his chair back, she blinked in disbelief. "Aren't you even going to finish dessert? No one said you had to run off so soon."

"You did, when you told me this isn't going anywhere. At least, not faster than a snail's pace." The corner of his mouth quirked up as he nipped a billfold out of an inner coat pocket. "Funny, since you said you don't eat snails."

"It really has to be all or nothing?" she demanded, still taken aback at how quickly he flipped from charming to boorish. All of her paperback fantasies about the date were slipping away, and though they had been feeble, it still felt jarring for them to end so abruptly. "I don't want to go for drinks, and that's it? You're gone?"

"Listen," he told her with a pained smile. "You do seem like a nice woman. Bland, but nice. Unfortunately, I don't want bland-but-nice evenings; that's not what I'm after in life. I want passion, I want heat, I want sparks to fly! And with you, they just… aren't."

The more Hans spoke, the less she wanted him to say. "O-oh. Well… you certainly did a good job of pretending you weren't hating every minute I was here."

"Oh, 'hate' is such a strong word. I was bored, but I've been more bored, and I've been through truly awful evenings. This was very middle-road, that's all. Just like everything about you… your life, your dreams, your body…” He held up a finger at that point, eyes pointing up toward the ceiling as he reconsidered. "Well, I take that back; your face is exceptionally beautiful, no denying that. And your chest! If you started getting in a little more cardio, slimmed down those thighs, you could really be a knockout."

"Thank you very much," she whispered in complete exasperation, squeezing herself around the middle with both arms. Her cheeks were burning, she knew they were, but there was nothing to be done about that. They probably wouldn't stop for hours.

"Hey, you wanted to put all our cards on the table. I doubt I'm your ideal date, either; you didn't even send the reply yourself, remember?" Leaving several twenties on the table, he moved a butter dish to weigh them down, then stuffed the wallet back into his jacket. "But as I said, I've had far worse evenings. If you really want a second date after this, I'm around, but I really don't see the point, do you?"

Elsa didn't even reply. He tipped his champagne flute up and drained the rest of it, set it down, then stood to leave. Voice dull and lifeless, she managed to whisper, "Have a nice life."

"And you." Then he was gone.

Roughly five minutes later, Olaf approached and leaned over to ask, "Did your friend have some kind of emergency? Is he a doctor? I bet he's a doctor and got paged or whatever. Yeah."

Shaking her head, she sighed as she pressed her hands into her eyes. "No. He just… didn't think I was worth anymore of his valuable time, evidently."

"Whaaaat?" he drawled out, genuinely shocked at the revelation. "No way!"

"And maybe he's right."

"Right about what? That's silly, of course you're worth his time!" When Elsa didn't respond, he squirmed and took the money from the table, slipping it into the check that had been left on the
corner previously. "Look, just… I'm no good at this kinda stuff. But I think if he said that to you, he was wrong. You're so pretty and nice, and if that's not what he wants, then he's probably a huge jerk."

"Olaf…" Another sigh, this time from realising that there were still good people in the world. "Thank you. I… I think I'll go home, but thank you for trying to cheer me up."

"Hang on a sec." Reaching back into the black leather check presenter, he withdrew one of the twenties. "Guy overpaid by a lot. Normally I'd take that as an awesome tip, but after what he did… I want you to have it."

Her mouth hung agape as he pressed it into her lifeless hand. "What?! Oh, no, I- that isn't- you earned that money, you've been wonderful!"

"Well, I try my best," he said with a little chuckle. "But if I really earned the money, and it's mine, then that means I can do what I want with it. Go get yourself a drink, or some new shoes, or see a movie. Something fun that'll maybe cheer you up a little! Just don't think about that creep, he's not worth it. Not for a nice lady like you."

At odds with how she felt before, gutted by Hans's assessment of her, now was the moment she began to cry. With a whispered, "Thank you," she pressed the bill between her hands and nodded up at him, managing a weak smile when he patted her on the shoulder. It might not have made any sense to say so many years later, when they were both adults, but she found herself whispering, "You're a good boy."

~ To Be Continued ~
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

CHAPTER WARNINGS: nudity, self-shaming, sensual massage, exploring hands, incest.

NOTE: In advance, I apologise for the cliffhanger ending. But as you know I've been keeping up a fairly quick posting schedule, and I'll make SURE you don't have to wait too long for the next chapter. Hope you enjoy them both!

It took Elsa another few minutes to leave the restaurant, but by then, she had at least dried her eyes. She felt awful, but stemming the flow of tears was some kind of accomplishment, at least.

On the way home, she stopped in a supermarket and bought a four-pack of wine coolers. Though maybe Olaf's suggestion of a pair of shoes would have made her feel better in the long run, that night, she just wanted to drink to forget. It was something she hadn't done in many years, but she didn't have it in herself to face the night of self-loathing without chemicals that would lull her off to sleep. End her suffering sooner.

How could he have said that to her? How could he? Even if he thought such awful things about her body and her personality, the least he could have done was kept them to himself. But no, all he cared about was whether or not she presented a willing receptacle for his lust — which, contrary to his guarantees online, was all he seemed to need from her. From the very beginning, he hadn't cared about whether or not a second date ever occurred, and that was so much the worse.

By that point, she didn't even care who saw her weeping in the supermarket, stopped at red lights, in the parking garage of her apartment building. None of it made any difference. She was not attractive to any of them.

She was not attractive to anyone. As Hans had so astutely pointed out, she might have a lovely face, but until she could do something about her horribly disappointing body, no one would care. And she couldn't. No diet had worked, no exercise regime… she would lose a few pounds and gain them right back. It had been the case ever since her family fragmented all those years ago, and her hips just got wider and wider at a very gradual pace.

Obviously, the three cartons of Häagen-Dazs she had picked up at the supermarket alongside her liquor would not help with that. But she didn't care. What difference did it make now?

She tried to slip into the apartment as quietly as she could. If Anna was already asleep, she didn't want to wake her; she could take everything into the bedroom and just gorge herself until she got too tired from eating and drinking and sobbing, and pass out. She didn't even care if she made a mess for once; it could always be cleaned later. But she didn't want to face anyone. She had debated going to Tiana for some of her excellent advice, but in the end, she decided she would much rather be alone.

Alas, no such luck.

"Sis, you're home!" Anna said in a surprised squeak, standing ramrod straight from where she stood
in the living room, a mop handle in one hand and water around her bare feet, sleeveless shirt already damp in the front with sweat. Some of the rugs and tables had been pushed out of the way so she could work around them.

"Yes," Elsa affirmed, suspicious. "What… are you doing?"

"Well… I mean, all I did was spill some juice, but I figured, hey, I might as well mop the whole floor if I have to mop part of it." She pushed it a few more times frantically, then stood back with a sheepish grin. "Done!"

Nodding, Elsa merely said "Good" as she walked past into the kitchen. Opening the freezer, she placed all but one ice cream carton inside as she said, "Thank you, I suppose."

"Just trying not to be a totally useless houseguest." Anna was watching with interest. "Um…. that's a lot of ice cream. And booze. What happened?"

"Nothing happened."

"Then why have you been crying?"

Gritting her teeth, she opened the fridge to put the wine coolers inside and grunted, "I haven't been crying."

"Ah, I see. New question: why are you lying about crying?"

"Anna, can't you just leave it alone?!" she snapped, slamming the door. Anna barely flinched, and for some reason that only made her angrier. "Fine! My date was terrible! Like all of my dates! And it can't be all of THEM, because the only common thread with them is that I'M there! So it must be me! Okay?!"

Silence fell heavy as Elsa leaned back against the counter, face in her hands. She wanted Anna to disappear. Already, regret was setting in for how she had snapped at her, and she still hated how perceptive her sister could be. The sensible solution was for her to go away, so she wouldn't have to deal with it anymore.

Of course, that didn't happen. An arm slid around her shoulders. Anna leaned up on tiptoe and kissed the top of her head, then simply stood next to her for a while. Silent but supportive.

"Go on," Elsa sighed after her anxiety and tears had receded somewhat. "Say it. Whatever it is you're waiting to say, just… get it over with. I'm very tired right now."

"I'm sorry."

That brought her out of it. Wide-eyed, she gaped at Anna's melancholy expression for a few seconds as she tried to recover. "Y-you… what? Why are you sorry?"

"It's my fault. I was the one that sent the reply, right? If I didn't, you wouldn't have had a crappy date. And, I mean, it's possible that your negative chi sent out vibes he picked up on, but… I could tell you weren't ready for a date, and I pushed anyway. So this is my fault, more than yours or his."

Elsa had to catch herself, letting out a long, slow sigh. "Alright… alright, I… I don't blame you. Maybe I would have if you didn't say anything, but this nobody's responsibility but my own. I could have cancelled, I'm… I'm an adult. You were just trying to help break me out of my shell. And you have, a little. But…” A fresh sob. "But what's inside the shell is just… worthless."
"What? No, it's not! You're-"

Before she could finish, Elsa was already striding away from the kitchen. She no longer wanted to
drink, or to gorge herself on ice cream. That made her feel even stupider for splurging on them in
the first place. Stomach twisted in knots, she sat herself down on the edge of the couch and
grabbed for the remote, hoping for any sort of distraction.

As she flipped through channels, Anna came and joined her. Again, she held her tongue for the
time being; that was unusual for her sister, but she welcomed it in this instance. Anything to avoid
having to go into detail about why her date had been the worst she'd ever endured.

When she finally had exhausted everything but a home shopping network, and left it on there for
mere background noise, Anna asked a simple question. "Why did you stop here?"

"Because everything else sucks."

"Really?" She tilted her head, teal eyes glittering up at her sister. "You made a noise of anger every
time you saw a couple on TV. Is that what sucks?"

"Thank you, Dr. Phil. Go back to daytime talk and leave me alone." Frustrated, she turned it off
entirely and threw the remote onto the coffee table, where it clattered across and landed on the
floor with a ton of noise.

"Okay," Anna whispered, taking one of Elsa's hands. "I have a sug-" Elsa jerked it away, but Anna
stubbornly grabbed it and held on with both of hers the second time. "A suggestion. Why don't you
let me try acupuncture? I know you think it's a bunch of pseudoscience and bullshit, but I swear, it
will help."

Zero hesitation. "Still no. I'm not your pincushion."

"Fine, your decision. Then how about a massage? Those are absolutely proven. Come on, let me
help." When Elsa only looked uncertain, she leaned over and whispered, "We'll pop open one of
those mango things you bought and split it, and I'll massage you using all the best Eastern
techniques I learned. If you still don't feel any better, I will personally spoon-feed you the ice
cream while you call me a 'dumb hippie' as much as you want."

"Well..." Looking at Anna's pouty lip, she rolled her eyes. "Alright, alright. It can't be any worse
than the night has been so far. Unless you actually use those stupid needles on me."

Instead of addressing the needle paranoia, Anna stood up and grasped Elsa's hands, dragging her
off the couch. "You are going to be so pampered," she promised as she led her to the bedroom.
"And I mean it; I might not have pampered myself much the past few years, but I remember how
it's done."

Groaning already, she snapped, "Just give me the damn massage, okay?"

"I'll make you feel like a queen. I promise." At that, Elsa couldn't help but allow a small, weak
smile. Her sister was being quite sweet, doing her best. Following the worst date of her life, it was
time to have someone be that concerned about her, no matter who they were.

First, she sat her down on the edge of the bed and removed her shoes, then her cardigan and dress.
When Elsa clutched her chest shyly, Anna put her hands on her hips.

"C'mon, Sis. I've seen entire tribes of nudity. You're not going to matter much. Bodies are only
bodies." Elsa remained stubborn, so she sighed and pointed to the bathroom. "Go on, but come
right back out, okay? Towel only."

"Thank you."

While undressing, she also removed her jewellery, and took a quick moment to wash off her makeup. She had a feeling that a lot of the massage would involve lying on her face, and she didn't want to dirty her bedclothing. Then she returned, wearing a towel as instructed.

"Very good," said Anna, who was just returning with a few jars from her luggage. They looked ominous, but none of them contained needles, so Elsa made no comment. "Now, take the towel off and lie down."

"Anna… I don't want to be naked right now. Honestly, there's very little I would hate more than that."

Frowning at her, Anna set up the jars on the table and went to open her closet door. She was already pushing Elsa toward it before she figured out what was about to happen, and she only had time to let out a yelp and try to dig her heels in before the towel was whipped away from her body.

There she was. Every solitary stretchmark, every gross dimple of cellulite. All the things she hated to think about being under her clothing. Tears instantly sprang up the instant she saw her pale flesh revealed, her round, scarcely-trimmed mons. At least gravity had not claimed her breasts, but they were working on it. Overall, she wished she was anywhere else — she would almost rather other people be able to see her than have to see herself.

"Look." It was superfluous; Elsa couldn't help it, as much as she hated the act. "No, look at yourself. Find something you like."

"There isn't. Anything."

"Bullshit," Anna half-laughed. "I know you can. There's something you do like about yourself, you just can't focus on it because… because you're worried about everything else."

Rolling her eyes, she debated for a few seconds before whispering, "I have alright calves. There, are you happy?"

"You do. You have great calves. What else?"

"Anna, please! I hate this! I absolutely hate being put through this, I don't want to look, I don't want to see how completely hideous I am! Hans was right, I- I'm just too fat to be remotely attractive, and th-that's never going to change, so just STOP!"

Seconds ticked by. Seconds of Elsa weeping as silently as she could, tears cutting tracks down her cheeks and onto the tops of her breasts where they landed. Then Anna's hands were tracing their way around her waist, passing over her stomach, up the side of her chest.

"D-don't. Don't make yourself touch my body, it's… I'm too disgusting."

"You are not. I love how you feel." The words were bald with honesty and warmth, and she did not change as she continued to stroke. Never a truly sensitive area, but near to them, everywhere that Elsa's gaze found fault with. "And how you look. This is you. I think you're really kinda perfect."

"You can't be 'kinda' perfect," she huffed, trying not to let her cheeks start glowing from something so simple.
"I think you're gorgeous." Now she had to be lying, and Elsa's heart squeezed, but Anna was still petting over everywhere, sliding up and over her collarbone, her neck, back down the center of her chest while the other hand made a circle around her hip, grazed the hairs of her mons as it moved to the other thigh. "I know how you see yourself; it saddens my heart to know that. Because I don't see imperfections. I see treasures; little things that make you Elsa, and that's the best thing something could be. Part of you."

"N-no," Elsa disagreed, arms stirring as if they would stop Anna. But she couldn't make them finish the job. What was wrong with her?

And the hands kept going, teasing over her flesh. One of them drifted very close to her nipple, and Anna whispered, "Is it okay if I pass over erogenous zones?"

"I…" Anna held entirely still. Seconds passed, and she stayed that way. Reassured by her respectfulness, Elsa found herself whispering, "Alr- alright, but… but be careful."

"Look how fantastic this body is," Anna kept going, barely touching the tips of her breasts, prompting small gasps and shivers. "How sensitive. How soft…" Her other hand did not get more adventurous, but it did continue the same motions as before, passing through the fur on her mons. "You're a goddess, you know that?"

"Anna…" The name was said with more heat than she wished it was, but she couldn't help it. Having anyone show her they desired her was so good! Even if Anna might not want to do more than that, even if it was inadvisable, it bolstered her more than she could say.

Lips grazed the side of her neck as the hands continued their work, awakening her needs again, speeding up her pulse. "So beautiful. Such a creature of light. Everyone should be lucky enough to touch you once, to be blessed by your energy so close to theirs." The lower one rounded back and gripped her behind again. "And I told you how I feel about this J-Lo butt."

That did it. Stepping out to one side, she removed herself from the glare of the mirror and from Anna's teasing hands all in one step. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, and she knew her face was probably a red mess.

"M-maybe we should get on with the massage. Even though I'm… not sure it's a wise idea anymore."

Anna frowned at her, hands still partially raised. "You really think I would ever hurt you? Or cross a boundary that you weren't ready for me to cross? Elsa, I know I've been away for a long time, but… you can't think I'd be so disrespectful."

"No, I don't. But I do think… there's a line we shouldn't cross together."

"What line is that?" Anna asked, evenly, unconcernedly. "Because all I wanted is to make my sister feel good. That is all. And if I did for a few seconds… then I don't care what it took to make that happen. None of it made me the slightest bit uncomfortable, anyway. I'm enjoying myself so much right now."

Against her better judgment, she gave Anna a warm smile at such comments. "I can't say I'm alright with… with everything that's been happening between us. But I can't deny how much you care about me. Not anymore."

"Good. That's bigger than our flaws and our misgivings, right?" Then she took both of Elsa's hands, leading her over to the bed. A couple of towels had already been laid out across it, presumably so
that the substances in those jars wouldn't soak into the top sheet or comforter. "And I don't want to hear anymore about what that dick said about your body. Unless you need to tell me; then I'm all ears. Otherwise, I'd rather focus on how your beautiful body needs a little TLC."

"Yeah," she sighed as she at on the edge. Contrary to Anna's preference, she'd rather not think about her own body, and focusing on how Hans viewed it was somehow less worrisome. "He just... he said that I had a pretty face, but my body didn't match. Which I know, but I mean, I don't think anyone's ever told me that point-blank before. It really..." Her eyes were still cast down as Anna waited patiently. "It hurt, I guess. Being forced to face facts."

"But they aren't 'facts'. I mean, you are a larger woman, Elsa, but that's a fact that only means you're a larger woman. Not that you're 'ugly' or any of those other ridiculous labels people ascribe to body size."

As she let Anna turn her and lay her out across the towels, she asked, "Do you really think I'm beautiful? Not purely to build my confidence. You know how I would feel about you lying to make me feel better."

"Of course. And yes, I do." As she helped position all of Elsa's limbs, a few inches from each other, palms and toes facing the ceiling, she added, "This might surprise you, but I've actually been with a larger person before."

It was definitely a surprise. "Really?"

"Yep. They were non-binary — that means someone who's kind of somewhere between 'man' and 'woman'," she explained when she saw Elsa's frown of confusion. "But before you ask, they were designated 'male' at birth. Dang... we had some good times together. They were larger than you, and it was a little different at first, but I got used to it pretty quickly. I liked how their body worked just as much as I liked how a thinner body worked. Different, not better or worse."

While Anna unscrewed one of the jars, Elsa pondered that. There was so much about Anna's life she didn't know. Unbidden, the question came into her mind of whether or not Anna had ever been with a woman. The answer was probably "yes", given how she behaved around her body. But there was no knowing for sure.

"Okay," she sighed, bringing over a couple of small bottles. "Now, normally I'd do this whole thing with a sugar scrub, a nice bath, but you're already kind of wary of my 'weird hippie stuff'. So I'm jumping right to the massage. Tell me if either of these appeal to you."

Elsa sniffed at both bottles. "Hmm... well, the first one's alright, but I think the second one is more appealing."

"Hmm... I've been wanting to try something." She set them both down and picked up another few, holding them out to Elsa one at a time. "Any of them you don't like?"

"The last one was a little sharp. What is all this?"

"Essential oils," Anna told her as she began to add drops to another jar. Elsa noticed that the last one she had said she didn't like only got one drop, compared to the two or three the rest got. One was practically squeezed dry into the jar. "Ylang ylang, bergamot, jasmine, vanilla... clary sage. Not much grapefruit, since you weren't into that one. Usually, I don't mix it into the carrier oil fresh like this, but it should keep every scent distinct."

"I... carrier oil?" She watched as Anna's fingers swirled in the jar for a while, apparently not
leaving them to fuse together on their own. "You really do know a lot about this, don't you?"

"Uh-huh. Now… I'm just going to put a little on your arm first. We'll see how it feels, how the scent is with the jojoba. Then, we'll keep going with the rest of you if it's okay."

Anna followed through on that, sliding her dampened fingers over Elsa's forearm. It did feel quite nice, even if she had to suppress the thought of being "dirty" from having oil smeared on herself. That was how it was supposed to feel, for once. Then she raised the arm to breathe in…

And it was wonderful. Deep, and rich, and sharp, and subtle, and all manner of scents. Her throat was already making the "Mmm" sound before she had asked it to do so. "It's divine…"

"Awesome. Now, I want you to just lie back. Or should I do your back first? Really, either way is fine."

Thinking about her overly sensitive peaks, and how even that brief play with them had been a little too thrilling, Elsa rolled over onto her stomach. There was a slight chuckle from Anna, but she said nothing, merely began swishing her fingers through the mixture again.

"What's so funny?"

"Not 'funny', really. Just… fun. I'm kinda happy to be doing this for you."

"Oh." Settling in, she shivered when she felt hands in the middle of her back. "Ohhh…"

Her sister's loving touch spread all over the expanse of skin, using long, slow strokes. As she explained in a quiet voice, it was called "effleurage," and apparently was made up of many variations. Elsa just thought of it as "nice". She worked up to the shoulders and dug in there for a while, prompting many moans. Then down along each arm, and even kneaded her hands briefly, gouging her fingers into the muscle between Elsa's thumb and forefinger. It caused her brief pain, but she felt a flood of relief and pleasure when she let go that was worth momentary discomfort.

Then the hands moved downward, over her plump cheeks, and Elsa flushed again. This time, she was determined not to overreact, but she couldn't help it; having Anna knead that area even through the underwear had inflamed her desires in the first place. How was she supposed to ignore having her bare ass fondled? Within a few seconds of hand motions, her body was awakening, and she decided there was no sense in trying to stop it; she could only pretend it was not happening to the best of her ability. Ignore it, make no comment to Anna. That was okay, wasn't it?

"Beautiful Latina booty," Anna told her when she noticed the sighs. "Even though we're not all that Latina, genetically speaking. You got that gene, at least! Lucky!"


"People react that way a lot," she consoled her as she moved down to one thigh. "With moaning. Don't censor yourself. If you want to call out that Chairman Mao spanks you nightly, go for it!"

The little giggle that Elsa couldn't squelch did make her feel better, as well as the long, slow moan from the hand sliding up between her thighs. But Anna didn't slide it too high. "Okay, I'll stop self-censoring. But… you're really, really good at this. My body feels like it's never actually been happy before now."

"Maybe it hasn't. Maybe it's been waiting for a good masseuse." As she pressed her thumbs into the back of one of Elsa's knees, prompting a little twitch all over, she whispered, "And I am one of those, if nothing else."
As she felt fingers work their way down a calf, Elsa muttered, "You're... way more... you're so... lovely..."

"Thanks," she snorted. Then her thumbs found the sole of Elsa's foot, and there was a wild jerking motion. "Hey, careful!"

"You know I'm ticklish," she chuckled. But when Anna fell to kneading harder so that it wouldn't tickle, she settled down, relieved and enthralled. "Mmm... oh, that's incredible!"

"There are a lot of pressure points here, you know. It's called 'reflexology', being able to hit all of them... I'm not that good, but I can do the basics." She massaged between each toe joint, causing Elsa to groan in mingling relief and pleasure, then passed her entire hand all over its surface before moving to the other one, making sure it was coated in the essential oils.

"You... f-feels like you're... fucking my feet..." Then she laughed at herself. "Did I really say that?"

"You did," Anna giggled. "But I told you, stuff just comes out of your mouth during a massage sometimes. Doesn't always have to make sense."

"OhhhhOHHH!" Then Anna stopped, hands drawing away from her toes, done with the back side of her. "Oh wow... I can't believe... I should have taken you up on this... years ago..."

"I wasn't here," Anna said in a soft, sad voice. Then she cleared her throat and patted her calf affectionately. "Besides, I only learned massage last year. Now, why don't you flip over, and I'll go grab that wine cooler for us? Unless you wanna lie there and relax a minute. Sometimes, that's important."

"Mmm... yeah. Go on and... get it, and I'll... roll over in a minute." She heard Anna giggling all the way down the hall.

As she lay there, she thought about a lot of things, but none of the thoughts would take hold. That Anna was wonderful, and she would miss her. That Hans had just been a stupid jerk, and she was better off without him. Even that maybe Belle, despite her unwelcome harassment, had a few debatable points about what kind of person she was, and she would have to do some deep thinking upon that. But later. She didn't want to bother while she was in Massage Land.

"Here you go," Anna said as she came back, sitting down on the mattress near Elsa's head. "Got it when you're ready for it."

Rolling onto her side for the moment, she took the bottle — open and about one-quarter drained already — and took a few sips. "Mm... not bad. Wish I'd gotten something harder, though."

"You don't need anything harder, Elsa. And 'passionfruit mango' is a classy choice; it's delicious." After another sip, she handed it back, and Anna took the bottle and set it on the table. "Right. Ready for the front?"

"I suppose." As she settled onto her back, she glanced up at Anna's face. "Can... you promise me something?"

"Sure."

"If I ask you to stop touching... somewhere, will you do it?"

"Absolutely," she assured her. "And I'd be offended if I didn't think you're just double-checking."
Grinning sheepishly, she muttered, "Yeah. I know, Anna. I know you."

Working more oil between her hands, the masseuse started on her shoulders again, working the areas she couldn't reach before. She didn't much bother with the arms again, as those had been done while on her stomach, but she slowly moved down around the sides of the breasts, over her stomach. The relaxing, mingling scents filled Elsa's lungs, somehow also invigorating her but without any of the anxiety or tension of coffee or soda, none of the fear of going on the computer-arranged date.

By the time Anna was on the tops of her thighs, she muttered, "Hmm… did you forget about something?"

"What's that?" Her finger came up to poke her nipple, and Anna grinned. "No, I did not. But you seemed pretty sensitive there. Thought you might want me to work up to it, if you want that at all."

"Sorry," Elsa sighed as Anna finished off her thighs and shins. "Ooh… I just… think that's the only place with no oil… besides my face… or…" She couldn't bring herself to name the other areas, especially because she didn't think it wise to mention them at all.

Leaning down, Anna left a little kiss on her big toe before walking around to Elsa's head again, refilling her palms with oil. "Well, if you wanted, we could put oil literally everywhere. Again, it's about what you need out of this experience."

Elsa blinked up at her for a few seconds, stunned. That was unmistakable; her sister really would be willing to touch the unmentionable areas. And the hands were fast approaching the two she had already requested, stunned as she was now that she had.

"Nnhhh," she groaned when she felt Anna's hands kneading her breasts, working down along the sides and inward with slow, circular motions. "Is… this part of your… usual massage?"

"Not even," she giggled. "But it's not the first time I've done it, either. Very therapeutic… just, um, has side effects." She stopped just long enough to flick her fingertip over one of Elsa's stiffening peaks, earning a shiver and a sharp inhalation.

"O-oh? Yes, I… can see how it would." Gazing down along her gleaming body, Elsa was actually starting to feel something she never had for it: affection. Anna was making her feel phenomenal, even if she knew it would fade by the morning.

After a minute or two on the peaks, Anna worked her hands down her sides and hips again, then around to the inner thighs. She still wasn't quite venturing into forbidden territory, and Elsa was fine with that… though she knew a particular "itch" was growing. After Anna was done, she might crack open the small aide in her briefcase, if she could find a good excuse to be alone.

Then again… maybe she didn't have to. Maybe they could be honest with each other. "Hey, Anna?"

"Hmm?"

"After this… I think I'll need to be alone for, oh, ten minutes? Might be a little longer."

Anna's smile turned toward a knowing smirk. "Really? Okay, I gotcha, no problem. Though… I could help you out with that… again."

Elsa's heart began to beat faster, throat catching on her next word. Anna did know. She had never said she knew, of course, but there could be no mistaking what she meant. Working her lips, she
"I... I'm sorry, Anna, I'm s-so, so sorry..."

"For what? I mean, I thought you were leaving me a trail of breadcrumbs, with that super obvious box in the trash." When Elsa let out a grumble of self-disappointment, she grinned. "Or not; could just have been a careless moment. But, um... like I said, do you want some help?"

"N-no, I... do appreciate the offer, though. But I don't think I'm quite ready for that yet."

"Are you sure?" The fingertips began to climb higher, just barely touching the rolls of flesh enshrouding Elsa's vulnerable wetness. Too close, but... Elsa found it impossible to complain. Her thighs eased apart the tiniest amount. Fingers were within reach, they were a hair's breadth away...

**Bingo.**

"See?" Anna whispered when she was just grazing Elsa's folds, and Elsa let out a shivering gasp. But that was as far as she went, and she was just barely there as it was. "It's just hands. Or, I mean, it only has to be hands."

"Well..." There was no longer any use in false pretenses. "I actually have... a little something to use."

"Hell yeah, you do! Where is it? This drawer?" Her free hand was reaching for the side table, even as the other one held still against her.

"No, no, my..." She had to take a moment to recover, to suppress the temptation to grind against the hand. "Well, my briefcase. And don't ask, there's a whole stupid story."

Laughing, Anna went to Elsa's briefcase, wiping her hands on a washcloth as she went. That did relieve Elsa slightly; for some reason, thinking about her own moisture on Anna's hand summoned far too many different feelings, and it was just easier for it not to be there anymore. A few quick nips and Anna had it open, fishing out the little box with the bullet inside.

"Ooh, this will do nicely," she said in a teasing tone. "Not quite as intense as the other one looked. From the picture on the box, I mean," she added to reassure Elsa she hadn't gone snooping.

"Yes, it will work fine, and I can learn how to use it on myself. *Once you leave.*"

Anna sighed, rolling her eyes and letting her shoulders slump as if she had been told to go clean her room. "Fiiine. But if you need me, just call." Her hands popped the box open, and the plastic inside, then laid everything but the toy itself on the nightstand once it was ready. "I'll bring your phone but turn the sound up on the TV? Does that sound fair?"

Elsa couldn't help but let out a harsh laugh as she took the bullet from her. "Hearing your big sister moan too many times in one week?"

"Not at all. I like hearing you, I just don't want you to feel like you can't really let loose."

That brought her up quick. "You... what?"

"I like hearing you," Anna said again, smile growing more shy. "You sound healthy and alive and free when you're letting out little moans. I don't mind them in the slightest."

"What about... big moans?" Her questions were dry rasps, heart thundering in her throat. Anna was really suggesting that she wanted to hear her orgasm. She couldn't be hearing that right... could she?
Shrugging, the redhead whispered, "They can only be better, right?"

"Oh. Well… okay. If that's the case… then just… leave the door open. You can hear everything."

"Okay."

With a slight nod, Anna leaned over and left a peck on Elsa's lips. It was far too fleeting, and Anna was already walking away. Maybe they were making a bigger mistake than the one they were avoiding.

~ To Be Continued ~
A confused, worried Elsa Nieves brought the tiny vibrator up to her eye level. So small, so smooth. She turned it on briefly, just to hear it buzz, and turned it off again out of a silly fear. No one in the apartment cared. No one outside of it could hear.

Still, she leaned over and took a good swig of the sugary wine cooler to help bolster her nerve. No time like the present. A quick drizzle of lube from the little bottle on her nightstand was probably overkill, but it couldn't hurt anything, either. Turning it on again, she fumbled to push it between her own legs.

"Ohhh… oh, yes." Already, it was working; she'd be climaxing hard in no time. Her legs began to drift wider and wider apart as she rolled her hips up into the vibrating device, appreciating its efforts more than she could say.

Anna had touched her there. It was fleeting, a feather-light touch that happened so fast she could barely acknowledge it really had. But it happened. Her own sister had caressed her, and the feeling had not been terrible. Even lost in pleasure, she wasn't sure she wanted that to ever happen again… but she couldn't deny it was adding to her current level of enjoyment. Maybe that made her a terrible person, but at that moment, she was a terrible person who welcomed any and all enhancement to her current gratification.

Minutes passed. Her own moans grew in pitch, and intensity. Down below her shining knees, she caught sight of her oiled-up toes curling with the sheer pleasure, and she threw her head back and let out a breathy laugh full of joy and arousal. She had needed this. All of it, the massage, Anna's building her confidence, and this release of inner tension.

"YES!" she was crying sooner than expected. "Mmhhh, oh yes, oh ANNA!"

Her eyes flew open — that was not a name she meant to scream! What did it mean that it sprang to her lips so easily? But she couldn't stop now; in the moment, she acknowledged it was odd and could deal with it later. "MMAHH! YES, more, yes! MmhhhhAAHHHH!

Finished. Over almost as soon as it began; she had been so wound up by so many things that she didn't even need the originally-projected ten minutes. Her body slowly wound down toward normal, away from the heady arousal that had clouded everything a moment before.

Then, of course, there was what had been called out. That should be addressed, and the sooner, the better. She didn't want to leave it unsaid and have both of them worried about it in the back of their minds.
"H-hey, Anna? Can you hear me?"

"Yes?" The voice was strained but clear, and only as far away as the living room.

"Are… you okay? Did you hear that?"

A long pause. "Yes, I heard! Do you need anything in there?"

"Just checking on you! I… I'm fine, but I want to know if you're fine!"

"Why wouldn't I be fine?"

"I don't know! Just… oh, come here, already!"

There were a few thumps, and then Anna stepped into the room. Her cheeks were a little ruddier than Elsa had seen them in a while, but she was smiling pleasantly, as always.

"What's up?"

"I… didn't mean for that…" Shrugging one shoulder, Elsa looked away guiltily. "Like you said, sometimes stuff comes out while you're having a massage. Or doing other things, I guess."

"Yeah, it's true. And like I said before, I'm cool."

Elsa let out a weak laugh, trying to curl her nude form in upon itself. "You're cool with your sister calling out your name while she masturbates? That seems… not 'cool' at all, really."

"Kind of the opposite, yeah," Anna laughed. Elsa was nodding, still chagrined but understanding, when Anna elaborated: "Pretty hot."

"Right." Then she blinked up at her. "Wait… that wasn't what I thought you meant by 'the opposite'. Was it hot? Seriously?"

After a few seconds, Anna walked over and sat down next to Elsa's shoulder again, faded khaki shorts crinkling where they pushed into the towel on the bed. "I… feel like I need to ask, before I answer you. Are you sure you want to hear anything sexual from me? So far, we discussed you a couple times, helped you get off, but we don't talk about me as much. I don't want to make you uncomfortable, to compromise your flow."

"Please," Elsa urged. "Just tell me. I'm… after you hearing me do what I just did, it's the least I can do."

"Exactly," Anna whispered, staring determinedly away from her. A second or two passed as she gathered her courage. "That was hot. I meant it. You in the bathtub was also hot. Every kiss? Hot. Even you smelling me was a little hot, in a way I didn't expect."

"You can't be serious." No recanting. "You are serious."

"As a heart attack."

"Why didn't you say anything?! I… all this time, I thought I was being completely disgusting to you, and you were just taking it out of family loyalty, putting up with it. But… you've been wanting to… try things together?"

"Well, I think 'want' isn't quite right," Anna said, pursing her lips as she pondered. "But… maybe more like, I'd have been open to it if you were. Ever since I came back to town, I knew we had this
new sexual energy hanging between us. And yeah, I've been… interested in seeing where it goes."

"O-oh," she breathed, but even as she did Anna held up both hands hastily.

"Don't get me wrong, I was totally ready to ignore it if you were! I understand that relatives as close as we are don't typically do anything like this. But that's just a facet of our modern society, not anything that's based in concrete fact."

Elsa had been listening intently. When Anna wrapped up, she breathed, "So the condensed version is… you're okay with us being more than sisters?"

"Absolutely. The royal families used to encourage inbreeding, remember? People who share genetic material but have been separated for a long period are more likely to be attracted to each other than total strangers. Taboos are made up; products of humanity trying to impose order on chaos. Besides, it's not like I'm capable of impregnating you, so… there can be no genetic damage to any sister-babies."

That last part made Elsa giggle nervously. "Y-you can't, it's true. I just can't believe… well, that… you've been feeling the same way."

"Yeah. It surprised me how much I felt it, but… it would betray my path to ignore these sparks."

"And you don't think we're depraved? That I'm corrupting you?" When Anna burst out laughing, Elsa smirked and flushed deep crimson. "Y-you don't have to be that amused…"

"I'm sorry," she tittered, leaning into press a kiss into her cheek. "Better?"

"Yes…. yes, it is. Can I ask another question?"

"Go for it. Seek truth."

"Okay, the truth. Were you… doing anything in the living room before I got you in here?"

A slow, cheshire cat smile. "Maybe. Why, any interest in assisting me?" When Elsa's eyes slid away from her, she followed up with, "It was a joke. I know you're not entirely chill with any of this, so I'm not pushing."

'I've… I don't know if…"

"You don't have to push yourself, either. Honestly, it's no big-"

"I don't know if I… can please… a woman."

Anna blinked down at her for a few seconds. Elsa felt her face heating up, intimidated by the sliver of Anna she could see in her peripheral vision. Of course Anna was surprised; she couldn't believe what she was saying herself! Neither of them should be entertaining such a notion! This really was going too far. But after a few seconds, Anna laid a hand on Elsa's shoulder.

"You're so sweet. But I can't do that to you. Not, um… not when you're really having a problem with this, and it's all so new and weird. I'll just go back to the living room and take care of it."

"Don't go!" Squirming, she tugged weakly at Anna's arm. "That's stupid. Might as well do it here, the bed has to be more comfortable. But I hope you don't feel too bad if I look really, um, uncomfortable sometimes."

"No, no, of course not. I get it." After a moment's more indecision, she rounded the bed to lay on
Elsa's other side, so she wouldn't have to budge up. Even then, being considerate; she could nearly cry. Settling in, she whispered, "Hey."

"Hi. So…"

Anna nodded shyly. "So this is gonna be new. Not for me, but for you to witness. And for me letting you. Can… I start? Do you want to be in any certain position?"

"Just get started, I suppose. You really think I have more experience with this than you?!" They both laughed, and Anna reached down to grip Elsa's hand. What else could she do but return the grip? It felt nice to be tethered to her sister, even when they were about to do something unspeakable. "Your hands are warm."

"They were rubbing warm oil all over you not that long ago," she laughed. Then her other hand moved to her waistband, and she hesitated. "I'm going."

"So go." Though she flinched when Anna did move again. "S-sorry, reflex."

All she got was a shrug. Then Anna was moving her hand down the front of her shorts. Elsa watched in detached fascination, knowing that it didn't look like anything terribly weird yet, but also that it was. Then she heard her breath hitch, and felt her own pulse begin to escalate again.

"Mmhh," Anna moaned, eyes sliding closed for a moment as she weathered the fresh wave of pleasure. Then, hand still moving very slowly behind the veil of khaki, she looked over at Elsa with a grin. "See? Nobody died, we're fine."

"Yeah," she admitted. Anna began to tease herself more thoroughly, gripping Elsa's hand for stability. That quickly, she knew she wanted to get off again; Anna made her want it twice in one evening. And she hadn't even done that before she bought the toys! At all!

Maybe she did have a point about a "sexual energy" that flowed between them. Without Anna, she'd had little interest in sex, in exploring her own body, seeking out new thrills. Now that she had blown into her life with hurricane force, she felt horny all the time. It was becoming a constant instead of a variable. Was it just her personality? Body chemistry interacting? She had no idea.

As Anna began to allow soft moans to spill out while she worked on her flesh, Elsa sidled closer, hearing more of Anna's breathing and feeling their arms up against each other now. Her free hand strayed to her pubes, but she kept it resting there; she didn't truly feel like getting off again. Not just yet.

"Elsa?" No answer, other than squeezing Anna's hand. "Do you… do you like this?"

"Yes," she admitted, even before she had realised what answer would emerge. "I… you look so… yeah. Free, I think is what you said. About me."

Nodding, Anna rolled her head a little more in Elsa's direction, and Elsa leaned over to nuzzle their foreheads together as she watched Anna perform, despite being unable to see much. Flailing legs, curling toes, a conspicuous lump in the center of her shorts. She did notice erect peaks making themselves known through the fabric of her tank, and she found a strange temptation arising in herself. To tease them, as she had been teased.

"S-something wrong?" Anna asked when Elsa had been quiet for a while.

"No! No, I… just distracted little thoughts and ideas. Ignore me."
"Never. What's... up?" Elsa's hand drifted over from her own body, but she chickened out and merely petted over Anna's stomach. "O-oh, you're- ooh, that's so nice..."

Every outward indicator told Elsa that the hand was speeding up, and that Anna would not take long. Just like she hadn't. So she rolled a little closer, resting her face on Anna's shoulder as she began to pet her stomach continuously, letting Anna handle the main event.

After a minute or two, the signs were clear: Anna was close. Desires to go further welled in her, but she couldn't; they were already going too far, despite what Anna said about societies and genetics. But she did find herself watching her freckled legs writhe back and forth, the tiny glimpses of stomach. She'd never found a woman's body alluring before, and now there she was, thinking such things about her flesh and blood. And feeling strangely at peace with it, under the surface anxiety.

"Elsa," Anna breathed out, and Elsa blinked, ducking her head lower instinctually. Anna caught it, and looked over. "Sorry. Just c-came naturally."

"Then don't worry about it. Sometimes, these things slip out." They both shared a smile as Anna's pace increased, and Elsa kissed the shoulder beneath her. "Go on. Say whatever you want to say."

With a nod, Anna writhed back and forth harder than ever as she panted, "Elsa, you're s-so hot! I... mmmh, yes, I want you! I want to feel your flesh, feel our bodies and minds and hearts coming together in a singular, tantric entity! You have no idea how transcendent you are, how desirable, a-and... and I resonate with you in a way you can't... mhhHH!"

Anna wasn't kidding; she really did think of her that way. Those were not the hastily-assembled thoughts of someone trying to make the other person feel better. Anna really wanted her; not just for a weird fling, but wanted her. Face most definitely ablaze now, Elsa ducked her head lower and lower as she listened, watching in morbid fascination as Anna got herself closer to an end.

This had an added side effect; her face was very close to Anna's pit. The scent rising from it was very faint, but adjusting her head an inch or two, she was able to nuzzle in and breathe deep the heady aroma that she had come to find beyond comforting.

"Elsa, ooh," Anna commented when she noticed. "Y-you... still like that? Mmhh, it's so hot! YES!"

The hand picked up on Anna's stomach, and Elsa could feel her thumb occasionally bump into the underside of a breast. Anna paid that no mind; she only clutched their joined hands tighter, causing Elsa a delicious pain between each knuckle. Finally, when she could tell Anna was going full-tilt, about to burst entirely... she caressed one of the nipples.

"AH! Elsa, yes! MMMHHH! Fuck me, fuck- NNNHHHHAHHH!"

Long seconds of sweating and panting came and went, and eventually Anna collapsed in a heap, limbs askew and eyes glassed over.

"Whoa," Elsa breathed, beside herself. "You were... I've never heard anything like that before."

"Kiss me." She obeyed. Even though a part of her brain wanted to snap at Anna for making assumptions, most of her was entirely given over to the action, and even that uncertain part vanished when she felt the sweet earnestness in her sister's lips. This was worth it. Everything they were doing and had been doing was so pure, so unimpeachable... she only wanted more now.

When they parted, Anna grinned over and whispered, "Thank you."
"For what? You were the one who gave me such a great massage, and… and let me have a minute alone with my bullet afterward."

Shrugging her shoulder in a way Elsa could only find seductive, Anna kissed her briefly again. "You made that one of… my best. And I'm not… just saying that. Damn, Elsa!"

Feeling her cheeks warm up, she smiled. "Well, I couldn't have you putting up with a mediocre climax, could I?"

"No, no, of course not." Though her tone was teasing, her eyes were sober, full of affection. After a few more seconds, she delicately slid her hand out of her shorts. "I made a mess."

"I don't mind. We are on top of towels, after all." As Anna wiped her and off, however, she caught the scent of arousal that was different from her own. "Mmm…"

"Mmm?"

"O-oh, sorry! I didn't mean to- that sound wasn't- nevermind."

"No, you said an 'mmm' and I think there was a reason for the 'mmm'," Anna pressed with a smile. When Elsa didn't answer, she brought her hand up to by their faces. "This?"

*That.* Elsa inhaled, shivering as she turned away. "M-maybe." Anna only laughed and went back to wiping her hand on the towel. After a second, she whispered, "Hey… do you remember what you were telling me about… what was it? Pheromones having certain areas?"

"Yeah, apocrine sweat glands. What about them?"

"Can I try the others? J-just to… see how they are compared to this one." Her face gently nuzzled Anna's shoulder, and Anna made a soft, pleased sound in the back of her throat. "But you can decline. I don't even know if I'm ready for that myself!"

Anna thought for a moment. Then she began to tug the neckline of her tank down and to one side, exposing her pink peak. At first, Elsa merely flushed and looked away — what was she doing?!

"This… might not seem like an obvious one, and won't be that strong, but yeah, there are some glands in the areola." Her cheeks were obviously warm, but it could as likely have been from her recent climax. "You could, um, test this first?"

So she tried it. Strange as she felt leaning down close to anyone's nipple and sniffing it, she did. There was nothing, other than the scent of warm skin. She still found it comforting, and nuzzled against it briefly before looking up to the gently smiling Anna.

"No, sorry. Not very strong." She nuzzled again, and Anna allowed her eyes to close. A kiss prompted a quiet sigh, and then Elsa drew back, too intimidated to continue.

"Well… the rest are a lot more intimate than this." Elsa's eyes lowered. "I'm not going to force you, and I'm not even going to give you the option if you're feeling this awkward. Just explaining."

"I'm going to make a couple of guesses, then. Um… you tell me if I get close." Her face drifted down to Anna's navel. "Close?"

"Cold," Anna laughed. Elsa sniffed, and made a face. "What, it's bad?"

"It's not good." They both giggled, and Elsa sat back, then leaned down to rest her face on Anna's
ankle, nose against the ball of her foot. "Down here?"

"Actually, no, but I get why you'd think that. Different sweat glands that don't produce pheromones. That smell comes from something else." A little more cheekily, Elsa sniffed, but this time she shrugged her indifference. "What? Do they stink, too?"

"Just smells like mop water." As they both laughed, she crawled up and lay her head on Anna's lap.

"Ding, ding, ding!"

"Yeah," Elsa giggled. "I thought… well, the other places were more an excuse not to do this one yet." She inhaled deeply, just from where she was atop the shorts. "I… don't think… well, I catch a hint of something, but it's barely noticeable."

Anna didn't answer right away. She bit her lip and waited to see if Elsa would move or continue, but all she did was lie there. Then she smiled and said, "Good enough? Or… I could put my hand down there again. You don't have to go further than you're ready."

One of Elsa's fingers began to trace back and forth of the waistband. It dipped below it, and Anna caught her breath, chest rising and falling rapidly. Then she lifted… and just barely tucked her nose underneath, inhaling deeply.

"Mmhhmmm," she groaned as her eyes closed in bliss.

"Shit," Anna breathed in complete disbelief. "You really do… wow, Elsa." Swallowing, she tried to play it off with a laugh. "Didn't think you liked fish."

"Hold your tongue," she snapped, unexpectedly firm. "You don't smell anything like that. It's… oh, I don't know, I wasn't expecting…" Still not lifting high enough to be able to see down there, Elsa took another sampling and closed her eyes, trying to focus. "So heady, and so… oh, I love it. I actually do. It smells like something I should hate, but the actual experience is incredible in the best of ways."

Her sister was grinning, but it wasn't a grin of smug triumph; Elsa had still been half-expecting that, despite how good Anna had been about everything lately; to see the typical teasing from her little sister. But no, this smile was bashful. She was praising her more than she expected, even if it was over something as bizarre as how the inside of her shorts smelled.

"You… c-could have more," Anna finally forced herself to whisper.

"I can't. It sounds strange, I know, but… well, actually- no, I'm not ready. Sorry." She said all of this so unconvincingly she was embarrassed for herself, but she did it anyway. Stuck to her guns.

"What about… up through the pantleg?" Her ginger-haired sister had a point. Elsa was considering that, so she took the moment to pet along her thigh, which was now closer to her own head. "Less chance of, um, seeing too much."

Maybe that would be preferable. Less dangerous. Probably not, but her curiosity was too insatiable to leave things where they were. Scooting down, she felt her knee bump against Anna's shoulder as she got her head into position. "O-oh, sorry…"

"It's okay," Anna laughed. Then she felt the fabric being rolled up, the skin to one side of her most sensitive spot exposed to the air, and she sucked in a breath.
"You're so… hairy." At the grunt, she grinned up at her. "I know, I know. Shaving is a sin against nature, and so on. Just… it seems so… wild."

Nodding her understanding, Anna lay her head on Elsa's knee and watched as Elsa breathed her in again, burying her face deeper and deeper. Then she whispered, "You like it. Me."

"Yes," she answered baldly, fingers digging into Anna's thigh to hold her there. "Mmh… I know, it's weird, that I'm out of my mind… but this is so good to me! As good as the oils you used, but in a different… in a special way I can't…"

"Better or worse than my pits?" Anna teased lightly as she watched Elsa rooting around in her nether regions. Her breath was coming faster, too. Elsa wondered about that, but decided against asking.

"Better. But not by much."

"I see." Licking her lips, she began to squirm very slightly. "Elsa… I think you should either wrap up your 'experiment' with my smells or, um… move on to phase two."

"What's phase two?"

"Tastes."

That shook her from her daze. She leaned back and stared straight at Anna, who was still crimson-cheeked but managed to maintain her look of affection despite. "Tastes? As in… tasting you?"

"Whatever."

For the first time in quite a while, given what they had been up to, Elsa was also blushing at where she was and what she was doing. But she found herself whispering, "Maybe. But… not right now, I… don't think that's wise for now."

"Your loss," Anna attempted. But when Elsa kissed her inner thigh, she spasmed and jerked, letting out a shaky, "O-oh my GOD…"

"Anna… maybe we really should stop. We've gone too far as it is."

Nodding, Anna swallowed, then let out a long, slow breath. "Okay. Just… can I try one thing… before we stop?"

"One thing like that? As long as it doesn't involve my tongue going anywhere new. Fair?"

"Fair. Just… one thing."

Before Elsa could react, she felt Anna's head sliding between her thighs. A squeal of pure fear erupted from her, but she fell silent when she felt the head stop, and the light caress of air on places that had not felt any breath in some time.

"A-Anna?!"

"Nhhh, oh yeah," Anna breathed gently, a clear note of happiness in her tone. "You smell just as good as I smell to you, Elsa."

A moan fell from Elsa's mouth unbidden before she could stop it. Anna liked her smell? It was too incredible to be believed! Bad enough that Anna's head was between her thighs to begin with, inches from her still-glistening sex — she was also breathing her in! The temptation to get off a
second time rose with every gust of breath that teased her.

Then she was demanding, "Wh-what are you going to do to me down there? I… I don't know…"

"Nothing, I promise. But I couldn't help but get curious about your pheromones, after all this." Another deep breath, and then Anna switched gears. "And while we're at it… you look so beautiful. Like a painting."

"Ohhh, this isn't- Anna, I don't know how to feel!!" A hand was caressing her hip, and she almost raised her leg to chase it away, but that would only open her up even more to Anna's eyes. "I'm sorry, c-can you come out of there? Having t-trouble focusing while… while you're so close to…"

"To perfection." Another deep breath, another soft sigh from Anna, and another high-pitched whine of ill-suppressed need from Elsa. "I'll get out of here, yeah… I'm tempted to do other things. I should get out."

"So why aren't you?" That prompted her, and she removed her head from between Elsa's thighs, instead leaning it against her hip. "Okay. That's… okay, we are… pretty bad, aren't we?"

"We are." Elsa's face was still close to the shorts leg, and she grinned down at her. "But you really like it? Not just, y'know… morbidly curious, or trying to 'punk' me?"

Pursing her lips, she said in as close to a deadpan as she could muster, "Yes. You stink so good."

"My musk." Widening her own legs, Anna continued to chide her, "You like my pussy-stank and my pit-stank. Makes me want to stink it up even more for you."

The fresh waft of it made Elsa sigh with pleasure. "Not that I'm going there," she warned her before continuing, "but… what about back here?" Her hand prodded one of Anna's hindcheeks.

"Y-yes," Anna giggled self-consciously, clenching the muscles under Elsa's grip. Elsa let out a lewd little chuckle of her own that she couldn't believe was coming from her own mouth. "But I mean, the pheromones are overpowered by other scents that go with the territory. They are there, though."

"Okay. Really, that's all the questions I have about these special 'glands'. So…" With an almost regretful wince, Elsa nipped the pantleg closed. She already missed the scent. What was wrong with her?! "So where on earth do we go from here?"

The slow shrug of Anna's freckled shoulder somehow made Elsa's heart race even more, and she found herself looking into her heavily-lidded eyes. In that moment, it struck her with the force of a truck: her sister was attractive. To her now, yes, but also in general. Whoever she did end up with would be a lucky person, indeed.

"I don't think…" That was honest, but Elsa revised it to sound more firm. "We should not do this. We shouldn't go any further than we have tonight, I… I don't think it's smart."

Not missing a beat, Anna nodded and patted Elsa's ribs. "Okay. Then come up here and give me
snuggles."

She did. Arms looped loosely around each other, they easily fitted themselves into each other's forms, shifting and gasping and writhing from the lingering heat. Their mouths pressed so close, open to allow for panting, but did not connect.

Why did her sister have to be so inviting? All she wanted to do was grab hold of both auburn braids and hang on for dear life, find out where this would take the both of them. Why shouldn't she? Everything else in her life was disappointing, boring, desolate. Anna was on fire for her, and she wanted to find out what that would be like. With a woman, but also with Anna.

And as she half-expected, the instant she dared think that, her mind was cruel enough to conjure up images of thirteen-year-old Anna, stealing her textbook and laughing. Six-year-old Anna with a skinned knee, sobbing for her father as he raced across the lawn to the sidewalk and the overturned bicycle. Ten-year-old Anna, asking if they could stay up and watch a movie together, giving Elsa the smile that she only gave Elsa. Seventeen-year-old Anna, all dressed in black and clinging to her while the bitterly cold winds bit into their bones as they stood-

Her mind slammed shut. No more of that. Anything but that corner of Memory Lane. The whole of it was making her sick and ashamed enough without adding pure pain.

"I still… think… we shouldn't," Elsa informed Anna.

"Who are you trying to convince, Els?"

"Me."

"Wow… didn't expect you to admit it." Anna petted along her back, sighing right against Elsa's neck in a way that made it impossible for her not to shiver. "Are you sure you aren't denying yourself something you need?"

"Anna… don't make this harder for me, okay? I'm going out of my mind! Lately, it's like I don't even know myself anymore! Maybe give me a little time to catch up?"

Sufficiently chagrined, she merely snuggled up to her and whispered, "Sorry. I'm really sorry, it seems like I'm being so pushy lately, and I don't mean to be. I just want us to be… to be honest."

"Yeah. I know." Elsa forced herself to take a deep breath as the heat slowly began to lessen. It refused to fade, not entirely, but now it was manageable. A gentle ambiance of lust that settled around them instead of taking center stage. Between her previous climax, the scents of Anna and the oils, and the tiny drop of alcohol in her stomach, she was beginning to level out. "Mmm… Anna?"

"Hmm?"

"You're… my favourite person. Even if what we've been doing lately worries me, I can't deny there isn't anyone else I love more than I love you."

She didn't expect that to have any real impact. But it did. Anna pulled back to look down into her eyes, stunned. Then she breathed, "Do you mean that?"

"Y-yeah," Elsa said, confused. "Why would I say it if I didn't?"

"Because… well, I feel the same. I just didn't think you liked me that much. Loved me, sure, because I'm your sister, but… sorry, it always seemed like you were just tolerating me most of the
time. Ever since high school."

Frowning, Elsa reached up to caress Anna's cheek. "I know. And… I do find you frustrating here and there, and I know I was very short with you when you first arrived. 'Bitchy', even. But we both know the reason for that was… that I missed you. So much, and I didn't want to admit that, so it was easier to just… take it out on you, be angry with you for being gone and being pushy, instead of talking to you about it. Just please, *please* know that I care about you. Don't ever forget or lose sight of that."

Perhaps the only reason Anna kissed her in that moment was to distract her from the tear rolling down her cheek. Or perhaps she simply couldn't stop herself. Either way, it stretched on for a long while, and Elsa didn't have any desire to fight her off.

In fact, her other desires only grew. The longer they stayed tangled up together, her nude and Anna feeling nearly so up against her, the more she wanted, and the more she felt Anna wanting. They were completely on the same page now in all ways, except for Anna being less hesitant. A hand found its way down to her waist and rested there, as if wishing it could climb further down but not sure Elsa would approve.

When they broke apart, Anna whispered, "I know you do. Or I do now, where… before, it was more like I *hoped* you did."

"Well, I do. I love you so much!" As Anna kissed her neck, she whispered, "But we have to… stop this for now, okay? Let me catch my breath and think."

"Yeah. Yeah, okay." Taking a deep breath, she merely lay there a moment, gazing up at Elsa with an unprecedented level of affection in her teal eyes. "Um… it's kinda early still. Wanna dig into that ice cream?"

Elsa grinned into Anna's hair as she whispered, "You read my mind."

~ *To Be Continued* ~
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

CHAPTER WARNINGS: pretty much just incest this time.

NOTES: This story has a magical ability to keep making me rewrite how the rest of it goes. It's not important what was going to happen before; just realise that every time I open the doc, I see a completely different series of events unfolding from the ones I already had in place. (Don't worry, I'm not going to rewrite the past chapters; those are all the way I want them.)

Thank you for your thoughtful reviews and deconstructions. I didn't really expect this fic to be so controversial when I started writing it!

Stuffing their faces with chocolate chip cookie dough and watching a stupid sitcom on Netflix did a lot to calm Elsa's nerves. Little to abate her lingering desires, which still simmered beneath the sweatpants and old t-shirt she threw on over the oils. But at least she didn't feel in a heightened state of panic anymore.

From that point on, Anna had stopped making "moves". Elsa curled up to Anna, not vice versa. She was the one to kiss Anna's cheek first, to slide her arms around Anna's waist as they watched with passing interest. Despite how unfamiliar the territory was, she knew exactly how she was behaving: like a needy girlfriend. And she couldn't help it when Anna felt so inviting to her still.

Once in bed, their legs started to slide over each other with more frequency, and a game or two of footsie occurred. Fingers intertwined, brief kisses were shared. Longer ones. Elsa was grateful they were clothed, but it was still very slightly worrying. What if one night wasn't enough to get it out of their system? What if they never stopped?

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Anna wasn't like other women, or other sisters. She was her own unique person. Elsa still wasn't wild about the idea of being with a woman, either, but if the woman was Anna…

However, all of their activities eventually took their toll on the uncertain blonde and she bade her sister goodnight, exchanging a few more sweet kisses before exiling her to the living room, the proposition of sleeping together too odd after all they had done. She would have to worry about sorting her feelings tomorrow.

The next morning dawned bright, and Elsa found herself wanting to push her head back under her pillow. But she knew the alarm would be going off soon; a glance at her phone told her she had only awoken ten minutes before. Groaning, she forced herself to sit up.

And inhaled a wonderful aroma. Coffee, yes, but something else, as well. Dragging herself out of bed, she plodded through the apartment, blundering like a clumsy ox due to their late night.

"Morning, Sis!" came floating out of the kitchen. "Take a seat, it's almost ready!"

Elsa obeyed. In all honesty, she didn't have the energy to resist, anyway. Within a few more
"What's… all this?" A yawn had interrupted her words.

"It's the Flying Dutchman," she snorted. "What does it look like? Eat up!"

As Elsa stirred the eggs with her fork, something niggled at the back of her mind. She couldn't be sure what it was until after she'd eaten a few bites, savouring the warm food.

"Wait… aren't you Vegan now?"

"Yeah," she said as she sat down with toast and jam and her own coffee. "But you're not. And it's not like it would be possible for those eggs to hatch anymore, right? Already been pasteurised. Doesn't hurt me much to make you something you want to eat."

"I guess that's true." By the time she was halfway through her plate and coffee, feeling a bit more awake, she was able to observe, "You're in a good mood."

"After last night? You bet I am!"

Her stomach seized, and she felt like she might have to see her breakfast come back out to take a bow. Fighting down the response, she whispered, "I… don't want to think about that."

"Why not? It was really…" When she saw Elsa's face, she shrugged and seemed to put a lid on her obvious excitement. "New. It was new, feeling our energies resonate like that. But I'm not complaining."

"Neither am I. Not 'complaining', exactly. Just worried."

Nodding, Anna took another bite and chewed while she thought. Once swallowing, she said in a very simple tone, "I like you. I, um… didn't expect it, but at the same time, it's like… not that surprising to me. Maybe that just makes me weird, but honestly, this feels so organic and predestined that I can't even pretend to be freaked out."

"Well, it would make me feel better if you would! I'm actually freaking out, and you being so calm makes me feel like… I'm the only one who's crazy."

"Hey." When Elsa looked up, there was a really serious look on Anna's face that she so rarely saw, she felt a strange compulsion to take a picture of it. Too bad her phone was still on the nightstand. "You're not crazy. We can do whatever we want; it's our lives. Not anybody else's to control."

Of course, Anna had a good point, even if Elsa wasn't sure she agreed. But she didn't want to say anything more about it right then. Instead, she simply brushed some crumbs from her shirt and said, "Still feels crazy. But I understand what you're saying, Anna. Just… give me some time."

"Yeah. I can do that, no problem."

The redhead left her in peace as Elsa showered and got dressed. When she walked from the bathroom to the bedroom in a towel, she gave a wolf whistle, but didn't follow to further tease. Elsa found herself merely smiling at the brief attention instead of loathing it.

Once she was dressed and heading to the door, Anna handed her another boxed lunch; this time, it was a little more Vegan than breakfast had been, another dish of rice and vegetables. Elsa knew it was probably healthy for her, and the last one had wound up tasting okay, so she took it without a
"So I think I'll go out while you're at work today," Anna said as she needlessly straightened Elsa's lapels. "Finally get myself a phone again, maybe some other stuff. Your spare key in the drawer still?"

"Yes. How much do you need?"

Laughing, Anna said, "None. I told you, I have some money, and I don't expect you to spoil me." In a lower tone, she added, "Sugar mama."

Cheeks pinkening the tiniest amount, Elsa playfully pushed Anna away, making her laugh even more. Then she smirked and said, "Alright, just stay out of trouble. And... thank you for breakfast, and lunch."

"Yeah. And, um..."

Elsa paused with her hand on the doorknob. "And?"

"Well... about what we're doing lately... I think we're both okay with it, deep down. Just, um, let me know if that changes for you. Or if I'm wrong; I could be wrong, even if my gut says I'm right."

"Okay," Elsa said with a small smile of appreciation. "The same goes for you."

"Thanks, but I'm pretty chill with the new terms of our relationship," Leaning in, she left a light peck on Elsa's lips. "Have a good day, honey!"

The exaggeratedly revolted curling of Elsa's lip only made Anna giggle.

Being summoned to Weselton's office was not a part of Elsa's day on a regular basis. In fact, this was the first time it had happened in months. She wished she could say it wasn't worrying, but it was; perhaps Belle had thrown her under the bus for the vibrator, after all. Or the upskirt picture that she had not requested. Well, if that was the way things were going to be, she was willing to fight fire with fire.

"Hello, hello, Elsa!" the handlebar-mustachioed man said genially as she entered, eyes moving right back to the multi-page document spread across his blotter. "Come in, come in."

She did, seating herself across from him and folding her hands in her lap. "Yes, sir?" It was wise to play things safe.

"Sit down."

"I am sitting down."

"Oh?" He glanced up, then chuckled. "Yes, so you are, of course. Would you care for a candy?"

Though the prospect of a years-old butterscotch from his candy dish made her stomach protest, she managed to keep a polite smile on her face as she said, "No, thank you. May I ask what this is about?"

"Oh, merely a formality. You haven't been taking your PTO."

"My what?" The statement was so out of context from anything she had been doing that day that it
took her a minute to process. "I… don't understand. What's PTO?"

At this, the man frowned at her in annoyance. "Paid Time Off, you know that. Don't be daft. Essentially, this meeting is to let you know that you have several weeks saved up, and under the new company guidelines, you're required to take it by the end of March or forfeit the days. That's all. I'm also required to hold this meeting so that you're aware of the deadline."

"Ah. Well… alright, I'll take that under advisement." When he slid a form across the desk, declaring he had informed her of the situation, she took out a pen and signed it. "Thank you."

"Good. Now… I do have something else to ask you." Elsa merely waited for him to ask it, so he cleared his throat noisily and did so. "Are you… satisfied with your current position?"

Elsa frowned. "Shouldn't I be? I'm in a comfortable office, I balance the books, put out fires. Reduce upper management headaches. It's… good work, and I'm well compensated."

"Yes, naturally, of course, of course. But I suspect you've had your eye on old Triton's job for a while, haven't you?" His eyes were shrewd, calculating.

"No, I haven't."

This did seem to catch the man off-guard. "Oh. Well now, that's… irrelevant. Fact of the matter is, he's long past retirement age and is finally taking the gold watch so he can move to Florida, be near his daughter and her husband."

"I'll congratulate him when next I see him," Elsa hedged, still not sure where this was going and not wanting to jump to any conclusions.

"Yes, please do; there'll be a farewell party in a week or two, big occasion, full bar. Any rate, that means Phoebus will be promoted into his position, and we'll be looking around the floor for someone to fill Phoebus's. Hope that's not too disappointing for you, compared to jumping over him entirely."

They both stared at each other for a long few seconds. Finally unable to feign ignorance, Elsa arched her eyebrows and asked, "Me? Why? Obviously, I'm good at my job, but I've never-"

"Very good, yes. It's down to you and Miss Des Rosiers, actually; poor Milo simply isn't management material, and Miss Arbeit…" His little chuckle was full of a secret, which he told her, anyway: "She didn't get hired for her brains, if you know what I mean."

That made Elsa frown, and she felt like protesting such a sexist thing to say, but decided now was not the time — especially when it was Phoebus who had hired Cindy, not Weselton himself. "Cindy has done a fine job once getting here, though." That much she could do, of course.

"Yes, I quite agree; a lovely addition to our ensemble. Still, it's only been… what, a few months? Definitely not eligible for management. And honestly, you're my choice for the job; Des Rosiers doesn't seem to have quite the ambition you have."

"I wasn't aware I had any at all," she admitted. Though she could see what he meant; Belle kept her head down the same way she did, but Elsa was the one who dared suggest changes when they were asked if they had any opinions on this or that matter. Belle was more content to observe and take notes.

However… she knew from certain intimate knowledge that if given a management position, Belle could definitely step up. She was more than capable of being firm. Cold, even.
"What do you say, hmm?" the man pressed, leaning his head to one side so that his toupee slipped. "I'd like to know ahead of time if you're even interested. If not, I'll pass you over for Belle."

The idea of being Belle's boss was not a fantastic one, but the idea of being her *subordinate* was even worse. An easy decision. She quickly reached out to shake his hand.

"When can I start?"

~ o ~

When Elsa arrived home, mood somewhat elevated, Anna had already laid out the dinner table, complete with artfully-folded napkins and a bottle of wine with two glasses. There was even the scented candle from the bathroom gently burning in the center.

Anna herself was dressed in something nicer from the back of Elsa's closet, a dress that she hadn't been able to squeeze into for years. She would have felt underdressed comparatively, except that her work clothes were at least moderately dressy. Also, Anna's hair was about the same as before she left, and she was shoeless; not quite ready for the ball.

"Welcome to Chez Anna," she said with a warm smile as Elsa snorted, setting her briefcase down by the door. "Please take your seat; dinner will be served momentarily."

"Anna, what is all this? I didn't-"

"Momentarily!" she called out in a sing-song voice as she skipped away into the kitchen.

Elsa only had time to sit down and chuckle at the basket of breadsticks before Anna was returning with a pair of plates. Some kind of breaded fish with a drizzle of sauce, steamed greens on the side. It was certainly better than what Hans had ordered for her; at least there was meat.

Which had her raising a questioning eyebrow and asking, "You're eating fish?"

"Mine's tofu," she told Elsa simply. "Or..." She cut her "fillet" open to check. "Okay, good, I didn't mix them up."

"But why did you do all this? I didn't expect a fancy dinner waiting for me when I got home, I thought I'd order us a pizza."

Shrugging her shoulders, Anna reached to open the wine as she said, "You deserve a real date. Not that bullshit Hans put you through last night... which we both agree is my fault for meddling, right? I know this isn't much to make up for it, but it's something."

It was more than something. Elsa glanced down at the candle, then at the corkscrew Anna was jamming into the wine cork, her tongue between her teeth in concentration. While she wanted to say something flippant about one fish fillet not being enough to erase the memory of that cad's insulting barbs, she didn't have the heart.

The meal was delicious. Out of everything Anna had prepared for them that week, which wasn't much, this had been seasoned to perfection. They even exchanged bites, Anna to make sure the fish turned out the way she intended, and Elsa out of curiosity about the tofu. It wasn't bad, either, but she was more than happy with her own plate.

"That's *awesome!*" Anna cried out when she learned about the promotion, standing up and doing a couple of shuffle-steps on her way around the table to hug her sister. "Congrats! Wow, look at you, big cheese at Castle Dynamics!"
Against her will, Elsa finally grinned and embraced her back. "Okay, I guess it is a pretty important position. Plus the pay raise. Oh, and I'm going to get a corner office; no more cubicles!"

Giving her a big, showy kiss on the cheek, Anna then drew back and grinned down into her eyes. "See? Sometimes, life's path only takes you down into a valley so you can appreciate the view on the hill."

"Stop spewing platitudes and eat your soy-fish."

After dinner, the two sat for a while and polished off the wine, Anna showing Elsa the phone she'd picked up while out shopping. It was of a decent quality, not the most expensive but not cheap, either. She couldn't help asking why she splurged so much.

"It's heavy duty; rugged and water resistant. I mean, I could still lose it, but I'm gonna try my darndest not to. And I don't have to worry about it getting stepped on or whatever."

"Smart," Elsa said with a nod. Though she had expected her frivolous sister to just get the latest iPhone and expect it to be what she needed, she had to confess herself impressed that Anna did her research and tried to use her money as best she could.

"Thank you," she whispered shyly. "Now… I got a question for you."

"Hm? Go for it. What's up?"

Anna fidgeted for a moment. Then, picking up their plates as if to head to the sink, she said, "Are you still okay with, like… last night?"

Elsa didn't answer. She watched Anna retreat into the kitchen for a moment, then stood and drained the rest of her wine glass of the few drops left before grabbing both to follow her.

"I think so," she sighed, startling Anna a bit. Smiling in apology, she came up next to her where she stood at the sink and said, "If you are."

"Yeah, totally. I'd… love to keep exploring each other. Seriously." Elsa bit her lip as she put the glasses into the sink, then slid her hands around Anna's waist, earning a contented sigh. "Mmm…"

After a few minutes, Anna had finished rinsing off the dishes and putting them in the dishwasher, and Elsa was still holding her. Then they were simply standing there, enjoying each other's presence. It was an alien experience, one Elsa had never truly got to enjoy before. Not for more than a single day, and not with this level of sheer comfort.

"Can I confess something to you?" Anna finally breathed.

"Questions and confessions," she chuckled, kissing Anna's neck. The redhead shivered. "But please do."

"Today, while I was… making you breakfast, and then dinner… I had a fantasy." A brief pause as she turned, draping her arms over Elsa's shoulders. "It's a stupid one, but I had it, anyway."

Elsa leaned her forehead against her sister's, allowing her eyes to close for a second. Just breathing in their nearness. She wasn't altogether sure she wanted to hear this fantasy, but decided to give her sister the benefit of a doubt that it wouldn't be something Belle would come up with.

"Yeah? What did you fantasise?"
"You, my smart, capable, wonderful husband. Me, your little wife. Living here and… servicing you. In every way."

The words shot through into Elsa's stomach. Even if only in their imaginations, that was much further than either of them had ever taken things. Gulping, she glided fingertips up and down the sheer material stretching over Anna's back before whispering, "Y-you… could never do it."

"Why not?"

"Because that would tie you down. And you shouldn't be tied down, you… are like a bright red kite, you need to fly. Show the world your colours."

Anna bit her lip. Her sister always said a lot of things, both in whispers and in giggles. Her lips always seemed to be moving. Only now, saying these things, was she almost… scared.

"Maybe… I want… you to tie me to you."

"What?"

Shaking her head quickly, she grinned up at Elsa, back to her usual self. "N-nothing. Just being dumb, I guess; you're my sister. Of course you don't wanna marry me. And you couldn't, anyway! Saying crazy stuff."

It took Elsa just a few seconds too long for her to summon the ability to whisper, "Anna-"

"Forget it. Um… I'm gonna change out of this dress so I don't mess it up. Then, um, you wanna watch a movie or something?"

With that one, she didn't even have to hesitate. "You know I do. I'll get it set up."

~ o ~

Again, they were the very picture of a couple in love as they indulged in an old 80s flick, cuddled up on the couch. Anna was only wearing an overlarge t-shirt, and Elsa also shed her jacket and slacks, comfortable enough in her silk shirt and stockings for the time being. All through the movie, they pawed at each other, kissed, swam in the gentle sensuality that burbled under the surface. It was wonderful.

"Ooh," Anna breathed halfway through the film when she felt a hand moving up her thigh, getting closer and closer to somewhere it shouldn't be going. "What are you doing?"

"I… oh." Withdrawing her hand, she looked up at her sheepishly. "I'm sorry, that wasn't supposed to be- I just wasn't thinking."

"Maybe not," Anna scoffed with a shrug. "But tell me. I told you, I'm good with anything."

"Well… it's only that… you touched me," she admitted aloud, voice fearful. When Anna didn't react, she went on, "And it hardly seems fair that I haven't touched you yet."

Yet she didn't progress further. After a few more seconds, Anna kissed the top of her head and whispered, "You can. Whenever. Doesn't have to be right this second, though; and it shouldn't be."

"Why not?" When she only felt Anna tense, she kissed her cheek and whispered it again: "Why not, Anna?"

"You're… a little sloshed. From the wine. It's…" She shrugged. "I know I am, too, but like… it
doesn't feel right, that's all."
"Okay. Okay, I… can understand that. Thanks for looking out for me." So instead, she traced her hand back and forth across Anna's stomach. "Mmm, you stay so fit. Wish I could figure out your secret."

"No secret. Just diet and yoga. I mean, I'm not in perfect health, either."

"Close enough. Maybe I'll go Vegan, see where it gets me."

After that movie, they didn't cue up anything else; simply continued to cuddle, to tease very lightly without progressing. Finally, when her hand found its way to Anna's waistband again during the credits, Anna let out a shaky laugh and whispered onto Elsa's lips when they had parted yet again, "Still at it, even now that the wine's wearing off, huh?"

"What can I say?" Elsa whispered. "I'm drunk on you."

"What a freakin' line." Grinning, the redhead kissed her again. "Are you sure you're comfortable with this?"

"No."

"Yeah," she sighed. But then she felt a hand worming its way between her thighs, and she squirmed. "O-ooh…"

"Maybe I'm tired of being 'comfortable'. I… oh, I wish you weren't my sister…" Before Anna could respond, she went on, "And I know it doesn't matter to you. And I wish you were a man, too, and so many other wishes that will never come true. Maybe that's just selfish of me."

Nodding, Anna held her more tightly. "Don't worry, I get you. I can love you exactly as you are but also recognise that things would be easier on us if this or that thing was different. Makes total sense."

"Right! Yes, that is… that's my feelings, exactly!"

"If we weren't both women, there would be other things we could do." A shiver from the blonde sister. "And if we weren't sisters… it would be easier for us to admit that we want to do things at all."

"I do. I want to do more things, but I still don't know if we should. It makes me feel… exposed, I guess. Yeah… that's a big part of why I'm so hesitant."

Another kiss upon the top of her head. "Wanna move to somewhere less exposed?"

"What do you mean?" Her eyes flicked to the bedroom. "Nevermind. I figured it out."

"You can take a shower first, if you wanna be 'fresh' before getting under the covers," Anna promised her gently. "You probably do regardless of, um, what happens when we get there. I know you."

That was an idea. Either she would be able to figure out a way to resist Anna's charms while she was in there, or at the very least she'd be less offensive to her sister. "Maybe I'll take care of 'things' while I'm in there," Elsa warned her.

"Can I watch?"
"ANNA!" Mouth agape, she stared at the blushing redhead, then began to laugh as she cried out, "NO! I don't think so, wow, that's- you little pervert!"

"I was kidding, anyway," she giggled. "Well... *half*-kidding. Go shower, I'll get the bed ready."

So Elsa did. All during her shower, she fought down the temptation to relieve her tensions; she wanted to, and also wanted to wait and see what might happen if she didn't. Maybe that was unwise, dangerous, but her nervousness about touching herself paired up with her dark desire to see what Anna might want to do conspired against her. Therefore, she found herself drying off and exiting the bathroom, unsated.

For the time being.

~ To Be Continued ~
The room was already dark. Almost as if to give herself an excuse to linger, Elsa turned off the other lights in the apartment, set up her briefcase for the following morning. Turned off the TV. Little things to delay her return to the bedroom.

"Can I turn the light on? I need to get pyjamas."

"Do you?" The question was so simple that Elsa had to think about it for a moment before she deciphered it, and then she giggled. Another giggle came from the shadowy form in the bedsheets. "I skipped that step so I won't judge if you do, too."

"You make me feel so reckless," Elsa breathed as she approached the bed, moving slow, hesitant. She rarely slept naked, even by herself. Should she or shouldn't she? She knew full well what it would lead to if she braved nudity at this juncture.

Summoning her courage, comforted by the lack of light and Anna's easy manner, she let the towel drop to the floor and quickly slid under the covers.

"There," Anna said, reaching over to find her arm, hand trailing down to find Elsa's hand. "It's dark, we're covered. Nothing is exposed."

"Very true." But she felt even more exposed than she had with Belle and Cindy in her office. "And it's not like this is the first time we've done this."

"What?" After a second, she laughed, long and loud. "That summer when I kept taking off my diaper in my crib, and you got jealous!"

"Mom never let us live it down," Elsa chuckled, bemused but melancholy. "She used to always force us to endure the picture being showed around…"

"Well, what do you expect? You were even crying just like me, and you were way too old for that!" As they both cackled, they rolled to clutch each other's shoulders, enjoying the moment. Then Anna sighed. "God, I forgot all about that stupid picture… you didn't keep it, did you?"

"Yeah. It's… not here, it's buried somewhere in storage. Safe from blackmailers." They shared another laugh. "Ohh… wow."

After a few more moments, when their laughter had already died down, Anna whispered, "What are you thinking about?"
"Nothing. Thinking that… that we grew up together. We both came from the same womb, Anna. I'm willing to admit this feels right, but it is wrong."

"No, it's wrong by societal standards. And I will keep saying it," she cut off her sister's protestation. "I never want you to question my feelings on the matter. As far as I care, you're only more ideal for me because we have a history together, not less. Você entende?"

"Ideal? Anna… this…" Her hand caressed Anna's hip, and she felt both thrilled and terrified about it. "All this can ever be is… curiosity. We could never be anything more to each other, it's… nobody would understand. I don't even understand it, so how could they?"

"I know." One shoulder shrugged. "Not that I care about them myself, but I do care about you and how you feel about what they think. I respect your sphere of consciousness, and that it includes the opinions of others."

Elsa rolled her eyes. "I'm well aware of how you feel about my spheres." But then when Anna grasped her backside, she gasped. "H-hey!"

"Thought you said you knew how I feel about them," Anna giggled, kneading in with her fingers. This time, she tugged a little more at the ample flesh, pulling up and away. "Mmm…"

"A-Anna… what are you doing?"

She grinned; Elsa could just see her teeth glinting in the moonlight. "What was it somebody just said about curiosity?" A whimper escaped her, and Anna continued to cause more, shifting the flesh around as she squeezed her other hand, to let her know that she hadn't forgotten their bond.

Elsa had let that go on for far longer than she intended when she panted, "I n-need to ask you something."

"Yes?" Anna said as she kissed her neck.

"Nhh… h-have you… had these feelings for me for longer than just… this week?" She seemed so stunned by the question that she felt compelled to add, "Maybe it's… not fair for me to ask you. I'm sorry."

A second passed, and Anna drew still. Clearly, she was thinking. "You know… I'm not sure. Maybe? Like, I remember feeling a lot of affection for you the last time I visited, but… there wasn't anything sexual that I was aware of, I guess. I dunno."

"That's fine. I mean, I might have felt things for you without realising it, too. It's entirely possible. But I want you to know that I never, ever was aware of them before the past few days, alright?"

"Okay," Anna giggled easily. "We probably both were curious about this before now, since, well… it's coming so easily. Do you feel that? Like, how we kind of fell right into each other's arms, even though last time we barely even hugged."

"Exactly — and this time, you said you actually wanted to 'fuck my ass', if I remember correctly." Anna only nodded with a little smirk, and she laughed. "I appreciate you always trying to make me feel better, but… you wouldn't really. Would you?"

"Absolutely. It's super hot."

"Wha-" Gulping, she tensed her cheek under Anna's hand, which was now just lying there lazily. "B-but… well, I mean, thinking it's attractive is… not the same as wanting to do something like
"That's true," Anna conceded, kissing the tip of Elsa's nose as she began to knead the firm, round dome again. "But in my case, I feel both things. Just wish I had a dick to do something about it."

Instantly, Elsa's desire was all the way back to full blast. She'd been able to keep it down to a simmer before this, but how could she with Anna being so forward? Never before in her life, even when Anna said that in the diner, had she entertained the thought of something sliding into that part of her anatomy. How on earth would that feel?! Her panting escalated as Anna played with her, eliciting more sighs and quiet moans. Maybe it wouldn't feel so awful, terrifying as the prospect was.

"We should probably set ground rules," Anna whispered. "Where's off limits? What don't you want me touching? I'm kind of happy just to be touching you, so don't worry about disappointing me."

The words "no limits" were on her lips, ready to emerge, but she bit them back. She knew if she said that, then it would be frustrating for Anna if she had to take them back later. Better to heed her suggestion and set the limits beforehand. But if not that, then what limits were wise? What ones would allow them to enjoy each other fully, and not result in Elsa hating herself in the morning?

"Lights stay off," she finally managed to whisper. Anna kissed her lips, and she moaned but persisted. "Uuhmm… I would appreciate it if you don't call me 'sis' or 'sister' while we're doing this."

"Totally understood," Anna sighed with a small nod. "Keep it separated."

"God, this feels like such a mistake already! But…” Gulping, she had to force the next words out. "N-nothing… inside. Especially not anal, because I'm not quite ready for that. And, w-well… I keep wanting to say that we should keep our hands to ourselves, too, but it's not very realistic. Because I think we both… want to… touch."

Her own hand found its way to Anna's trim backside. She sucked in a breath, then hummed contentedly as her legs curled up, knees brushing Elsa's. "Mmm, yeah. I'm glad you're not taking touching off the table."

They scooted closer together, continuing their kiss. Elsa could feel erect nipples against her own, a bit above, and legs sliding over her legs. Eventually, their hands unclasped so they could play with each other more, grasping at stomachs, chests, inner thighs. Exploring. Elsa wished the alcohol hadn't left her system so long ago; she could use its bolstering effects now.

Especially when fingertips began to glide up and down her wetness. Her body jerked away from it, and Anna raised the hand up to her hip again, leaving it there. They kissed for another minute before Elsa herself returned Anna's hand where it had been.

"You're sure?" Elsa only nodded, and she kissed her fleetingly. "You're so wet already."

As the fingers pressed in, Elsa panted, "Y-you make me wet…” When Anna sucked in a breath of surprise, she turned away, tears stinging the corners of her eyes. "Sorry. That sounded terrible, y-you shouldn't have to hear that from me."

"You make me wet, too," she promised her. After a second, she began to stroke faster, earning a gasp of pure pleasure. "Mhhh… you feel good, sound good! How are you this hot and still available?"

"I'm n-not hot!" Elsa burst out, too used to responding that way to stop herself.
"The hell you aren't! I'm on fire!" Her lips found Elsa's again, and they kissed for a moment before she pulled back to whisper, "Y-you won't believe me… but… I don't think I've ever wanted it this bad before!"

"What?" she panted. "W-wanted what before?"

The hand finally left its place on her ass to reach up into her golden locks, drawing her close while the other hand only sped up. In a husky voice, she whispered, "To fuck."

A long, unhinged moan fell from Elsa's lips as she rode the punishing fingers up against her. As per her wishes, they did not enter, but only slid up to her clit and began to circle frequently, fanning the flames burning there. Elsa was already close — a second orgasm beside her sister, and both came on faster than expected! She wanted to tell Anna to slow down, to let her enjoy it or to reciprocate to some degree, but it was too late. Within a few more strokes, she was already writhing and spasming, riding out the waves as her own sister brought her to climax.

"Shhh, there there," Anna consoled her once she had collapsed, sobbing onto her shoulder. "I know, sometimes it can be an ethereal experience, and an emotional one. Don't hold back, don't suppress."

So she didn't. However, the crying only lasted a minute or so — and she was well aware that a lot of it had to do with other matters; self-image problems, Belle making work feel unsafe. Then she sniffled and shared a tear-soaked kiss with Anna, who endured it like a trooper.

"I love you so much," she blubbered again and again.

"I love you, too," Anna assured her, embracing her tightly. "Ohhh, it's okay, Elsa. It's okay."

Little by little, her emotions settled, and she began to feel more content. It was only after a minute that she realised it was from breathing in Anna's scent, as close as she was to the source. She felt safe, loved, at home. And she snuggled in as she began to pet up and down Anna's inner thigh.

"You don't have to get me back," Anna tried to assure her. "Like, that clearly took a lot out of you just now."

"I really want to. You… it feels like it's always about you doing things for me. Well, it's your turn." She was getting closer, but still not quite there. "But I've never touched another vagina before."

"It'll feel a lot like yours, I assume," Anna told her, and they shared a bemused grin. "Sorry, I didn't mean for that to be about… you know. Maybe those jokes aren't gonna be funny for a while."

"Not very funny, but a little funny." However, the "joke" did give her fresh pause. "You're sure you're okay with this? I'm your… well, what I am. And I know we're both mature adults, but I'm still older. More responsible."

"That might have mattered five years ago," Anna snorted as she opened her legs completely, rolling onto her back a bit so they would lie open. "But not anymore. Go for it."

Elsa didn't hold back any longer. When she first touched Anna, braced for it to feel disgusting or wrong, all she found was that it was furry and wet and vagina-like. About what she expected, and very little of what she feared. But nothing prepared her for the deep intensity of Anna's moan.

"Ooohhh, YES! Mm, Elsa, wow! Y-you're really touching me!" The hand shot away, and Anna blinked up at her. "Wh-why'd you stop? Are you okay?"

Shame was flooding through her, fresh and raw. Was she a monster for doing this to her sister? No.
She knew it in her mind, that rationally, if she and Anna both wanted to try this, there was no problem. Slowly, the logic overcame the panic, and she shook her head.

"Sorry. Just… just a twitch." Then she touched her again, rubbing in small circles. "Good?"

Anna nodded, lying back again. But this time, she reached over her chest to caress the side of Elsa's face. "Thank you… I… don't think you realise… that I was dying for this!"

"Sounds like it," Elsa whispered as she continued the motions. Little by little, she sped up her hand, listening as Anna's expressions of pleasure rose in pitch, in frequency. All the while, the gentle scent of musk filled her, made the experience as pleasant for her as it was for the one receiving.

And she wanted more. The desire was dark but she felt it all the same. This was already a poor decision, but she wanted to push further, to experience more! So she nuzzled downward, eventually finding one of the small, pert peaks and leaving kisses upon it, flashing her tongue across its erect tip.

"OH!" Anna burst out in surprise. "Elsa, y- wow!" When the lips wrapped around it, she let out more outcries and profanity, hips bucking up into Elsa's fingers. The shame was getting less and less prominent, and all Elsa could focus on was how much Anna liked what she could do for her.

Within no time flat, Anna was also finishing. Seemed things would always go that way; Elsa first, then her younger sister behind her. As in everything else. Not that it wasn't even more glorious the second time, when she could be directly responsible. It definitely was.

"You… I… damn! How?!"

"So eloquent," Elsa chuckled as she kissed the center of Anna's chest. "Did… you really like that? You weren't exaggerating?"

Leaning down, Anna whispered into her ear, "I'm pretty sure I could go again." Elsa shivered, and she drew back with a chuckle. "The first one was so intense and quick that just thinking about it makes me want an encore!"

Swallowing hard, Elsa breathed, "What a coincidence" as she drew her hand up and out from under the covers. Even in the low light, she could see it glisten with wetness. She marvelled at the sight. A woman's essence. Her sister's. Against all odds, both thoughts were equally strange, and yet not strange at all to her in that moment. The scent was even pleasant, much like the one she had sampled before.

"Yep, that's me." Anna's little comment made them both giggle, and took away some of her wariness. "What is it?"

"Do you think it's… strange that I want to try it?"

At that, Anna leaned down to kiss her head again. "Not at all. Go for it, if you want." But the moment Elsa did, she sighed, "Ooh…"

It tasted odd. Good, very mild, but nothing mindblowing. However, the scent rolling off her hand was incredible! She kept doing it for the mere reason that she could tie the scent to the taste, and enjoy the both all the more for sharing with each other. In a matter of minutes, the hand was clean.

And she inwardly cringed when she heard herself saying, "All gone" in a whiny, juvenile voice. However, Anna didn't seem to mind — because she responded in kind.
"Awww, I'm sorry. But there's more where that came from, you know."

She was right; there was more. Elsa only hesitated a moment before she began to turn, hand pushing the covers down as she went. Little by little, her face grazed downward, until she was hovering over a thatch of furry redness that could scarcely be made out in the dark.

"W-well," Anna whispered from a little further away now, voice nervous. "I, um… okay then."

"What? What is it?"

"I kinda meant you could put your hand down there again," she half-laughed. "But this is good, too. You, um… you really want to do this? I won't be disappointed if you don't."

"Honestly? I… have no idea." Her heart was pounding a thousand miles a minute, but she forced herself to ignore it and instead kiss the gently-curving hairs, inhaling the vague scent from there. "S-so if all I end up doing is… looking around…"

"It's fine by me," Anna finished for her, regardless of what she had been about to say. "It just means you get to come back up here and kiss me again."

Trim thighs parted for her, and Elsa inhaled deeply. It was too good; her mouth was already watering. What a strange reaction that was! In the near-darkness, she couldn't see much but vague shapes, but she could feel. So she did; she felt first with her fingertip, watching the nearby thigh muscles twitch from her gentle probing. Then, when she couldn't resist any longer…

A long, low growl fell from Anna's mouth when Elsa pressed her lips against her wetness. Elsa herself let out a sigh; it wasn't nearly as awful as she had expected. Even after sampling the wares from her fingers, she had still been unconsciously thinking of doing something like this to be "disgusting", no matter what set of anatomy the person had. But it was merely sweet and wet, and the skin soft, pliant. And with that scent surrounding her, filling her with desire and comfort and everything between, she found herself only wanting to continue. To delve deeper with every passing movement of her lips, then her tongue, then drawing fragile labia into her mouth.

"Elsa!" Anna's voice burst out somewhere far away. "Y-you're really- NNhhh, it's so good! My pussy's in your mouth! You like me? You w-want me this much?"

The words were so obscene they threatened to bring the shame back to her actions, but Elsa found they didn't; she was simply pleased to know that Anna loved it. That she didn't hate the both of them for letting this happen, or want to stop. She found it easy to roll to one side, to kneel up so she could push her head in more fully, lap at the newfound territory with eagerness.

A hand gripped her backside as she continued, and she paused to look downward in alarm. "A-Anna, don't distract me!"

"S-sorry! I just… I love it being right here…" The hand continued to pet up and down the thigh below, and Elsa flushed even more than she was already. "Beautiful."

"It is not." The hand drew away and came back down swiftly, swatting her across both cheeks. "AH! O-ow, what was that?!"

"Don't tell me it's not beautiful when I think it is," Anna pouted. But seeing Elsa's wide eyes, she ducked her head. "Sorry, I didn't think it was all that hard."

"It wasn't," Elsa breathed. "But still… I don't know how I feel about you spanking me!"
"Don't feel any certain way; it was just a joke-spank, not a real, like…” As she tried to explain, she fell silent with a little shrug. "You know what I mean."

Nodding, Elsa turned back to the task at hand. Wanting to make a splash, and somewhat get revenge, she started out by using a thumb to push back the hood and wrap her lips around Anna's clit.

"NNHHH! Yes, Elsa, YES!"

And off she went. Though Anna was definitely enjoying herself, widening her legs and rolling her hips up into the contact, she also never stopped petting Elsa's cheek and thigh, occasionally grabbing on. Though Elsa had privately sworn to herself that she was done for the night, only wanting to explore Anna now, she found that resolve weakening. Her touch was so teasing, so wonderful…

It only took the silent encouraging of Anna's hands for Elsa to raise one leg, letting her sister move it to the other side of her head. She redoubled the movements of her mouth and tongue to distract herself from the idea of Anna being surrounded by her fat thighs, to see all that rounded, dimpled flesh above her face. It was what Anna wanted, for whatever reason she did; why feel ashamed of it? The shame would surely come later, either way.

It wasn't until she heard the soft humming, then felt the lips against her inner thigh, that she spoke. "W-wait, Anna! I… you can't do that while I'm… doing it!"

"Why not? Sixty-nine!" This was said with a light giggle, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

"Because, I... I can't... handle... both giving and receiving at the same time," she confessed.

"Oh. That's okay; I can wait, then." She left another kiss there, then sat back. "Finish me off, my Elsa."

My Elsa. Her heart leapt in her chest, and she found herself immediately throwing herself back into devouring Anna, if only to better ignore what implications that might have held.

It didn't take long. Even though it was Anna's second of the night overall, it seemed that the idea of this happening between the two of them made every climax surge right up and bowl them over with very little warning. Elsa's heart soared, and she knew she would never forget the feeling of throbbing flesh under her mouth, of her sister's keening of pure delight. Maybe that was not a good thing, but she had a lot of trouble caring just then.

She'd barely stopped and begun to leave lighter kisses when she felt Anna doing the same. The moaning and sighing she did into Anna made Anna shiver. After a few seconds, she asked, "Y-you're sure this doesn't bother you? Just because I did it…"

"I want to," Anna told her simply, cutting through the worries. "Can… can I? I g-guess I technically never asked, but… you're not stopping me… but if you-"

"Yes," Elsa told her. "Don't know why you would want to, but far be it from me to say 'no'."

"Do you want me to tell you?" She could just look down and see Elsa nodding between her hanging breasts, so she left a quick kiss on her inner thigh. "Because… I've wanted to ever since I saw this last night. Like a painting, remember? There's… so many things I wanna do!"

"You really don't find me hideous? I'm so- ooh…” The tongue running up her inner thigh had cut
"Not even a little. I keep trying to tell you: this is the best booty. My favourite body of all time."

Her hands gripped a cheek, as if to emphasise her point. "No matter what happens, I'll have no regrets because I got this close to the best ass in the universe. So that's a permanent plus."

As lips grazed over her wet folds, Elsa swallowed and pushed her face into Anna's thigh, head swimming with pleasure. "Mmhhh! You… really know… how to flatter… ohhhh, Anna…"

She did pleasure Elsa for quite some time, showing an incredible expertise that all but proved she had been with a woman before. Then, when Elsa least expected it, she drew back and said, "You really think it's just flattery, don't you?"

"H-huh?" Having to take a moment to shake loose the cobwebs of arousal, she finally remembered what they had been talking about. "Oh… w-well, yes. Though it's very sweet of you."

"Why can't I just be into big booties? I like your body, Elsa. Even if you weren't my s… my Elsa, I'd think you were very attractive. I just wish I could prove it to you."

Elsa sighed, both in lingering pleasure and vague impatience. "Well, you were doing a decent job of it a minute ago… but no, I don't think there's a way you can really prove my 'big booty' isn't awful, and I defy you to figure out a way."

"Hmm, really? Bear with me; this will just take a second." Then Anna leaned up, and-

"OH, ANNA! Wh-what are- STOP THAT!"

Drawing back, Anna whispered, "It was just a kiss! I'm done, I promise! But I wanted you to know-"

"That was my-" She didn't want to say it. "I told you, I didn't want anything in there, any- you were going to put your tongue inside!"

"No, I never used my tongue!" Anna told her urgently, petting up and down her thighs. "Just my lips; they felt wet from the rest of you, that's all! But… I thought maybe a little kiss… I'm sorry, Elsa, but I wanted to accept your challenge!"

Inwardly, Elsa cursed herself. She had told Anna to figure out a way, even if she had presumed it was an impossible feat. Still, how could she actually stand to put her mouth up against someone's anus?! No matter who they were! It felt…

It felt too intense. She couldn't say "bad", because the only bad part had been the initial shock of it all. Nor was it "good": just odd and unwelcome. Given time, she could probably get used to that the same way she got used to all the other bizarre things they were testing on each other.

"I'm sorry," Anna repeated, kissing her thigh desperately. "I should have given you more warning! But I didn't think-"

"It's alright," Elsa cut her off with a shaky sigh. "I… can't believe you did that, wow… wasn't it disgusting? Doesn't it smell horrible?!"

"Not right now. I mean, you did just shower, right?" Anna petted her cheeks again. "But I'll never touch it again, promise. I mean, unless you challenge me to prove I like your butt again. Then I might."
"A mistake I won't make twice." After another moment or two, she cleared her throat and asked, "You… really don't mind that? You like me, um… back there?"

"Yeah. It's… I mean, I wasn't so much thinking about the hole before, just the shape of it. But it's all great, it… it really is."

For some reason, the nervousness in Anna's tone and the way they were discussing a specific kink brought back the things Belle had said. First, the feeling of shame from facing down two women, but afterward, something Belle had told her on her way out. That she might be able to… what was it? "Dom" someone. Not that she truly had any desire to do that, least of all to vindicate Belle when she didn't deserve any vindication. But it did remind her of something she'd heard people do.

And Anna was a very receptive partner. One who was open in the area of communication. If she didn't like something, she would say so, and that would be that. Maybe this would be a way of taking charge of the situation, whereas before she had felt helpless as a kitten with Anna's mouth up against her. What did she have to lose?

"Yes, I'll just bet you do," Elsa said in a tone that was supposed to be sultry. To her own ears, it came out sounding like she ate bad clams and was having cramps, but she tried to improve it as she went. "You like my filthy ass, don't you?"

For a second, she felt Anna go still beneath her, and she worried she had screwed up. But then Anna let out a long, low purring sound of bemusement. However, all she said was, "Oh, yeah! I love it, Elsa! So much!"

Good: they were both in on the game. "That's right! You worship it! You… bad, bad girl!" This time, she cringed inwardly so much that it happened outwardly, as well. Anna giggled, but kept it short and quiet. "Work with me, here!"

"I am!" Clearing her throat, Anna nuzzled a spot between Elsa's dripping sex and one of the large cheeks. "Ohhh, yes, Elsa, I'm so lucky to be this close to it! I worship your beautiful ass!"

"I know!" Licking her lips, she pushed herself down against Anna's face, trying not to lower too much and smother her. "You said you wanted to fuck it! Do you? Want to fuck my ass, you… you degenerate?"

Anna nodded, kissing along the cheek while her fingers began to work at Elsa's sex again, so that it didn't get neglected while they were acting out this bizarre improv bit. "So much! I've… been imagining it, I can't stop! I crave your booty!"

Strange as it was, this dirty talk was spurring her on, getting her closer. It shouldn't have been, but it was! Quite a lot, in fact! Not wanting to question success, she called out, "Tell me! Tell me everything you want to do!"

"I w-want… to open you up and drive my fingers deep inside your sexy ass! Or even a vibe! R-really show you how much I worship it, Elsa!"

"You WHAT?!" When she felt Anna falter, she hurried to cover her alarm. "I m-mean… yes, of course! A dirty girl like you would want to do that!" Privately, of course, she couldn't believe Anna would. There was no way something as big as her vibrator was going in that location!

Still, it was a bit of a turn on to hear Anna fantasizing about it. The area in question tingled, and began to tingle more when Anna said, "I'm so dirty! I want your ass in my face all the time, I love it! If I had a dick, I… I would wanna fuck it every night!"
From nowhere, an image of herself laying back with Anna above her, holding her legs off to either side as she slid an enormous cock into her ass appeared in her mind. Once there, all Elsa could do was turn it over and over, try to push it away only for it to come back stronger than before. What on earth was she turning into?!

As her heat built again, she began to brush her fingers over Anna's wetness, prompting quiet squeaks and groans from her. Of course Anna shouldn't be expected to finish a third time, but she wanted to give her back some small fraction of the pleasure she was currently enjoying. All the while, fingers and a tongue were driving her directly toward her own second "O".

She wanted to say it. She couldn't! But in the end, her seemingly-unstoppable curiosity won out. Licking her lips and trying not to let her self-hatred take hold, she said, "D-dirty Anna… you disgust me. I w-want…"

After a moment, Anna prompted her, "What do you want?"

"I want you to prove your devotion to my ass," she managed to say in a rush, before biting her bottom lip hard. She really said it. She said she wanted Anna to repeat the unspeakable act from before.

"Y-yes, ma'am!" she breathed. A moment later, lips pushed up against her forbidden entrance.

And it felt wonderful. Not as pleasurable as against her sex, but a different, adjacent feeling, one that sent tingles down into the soles of her feet, up into her sensitive peaks. A fluttering stirred in her stomach. Why were the nerves so sensitive there, in such an unwelcome place? She could feel her muscles twitching away from it instinctively, but the gentle kisses were winning her over. She still felt bad for Anna having to do it, but maybe the actual sensation of having it done to her wasn't so bad.

When Anna began to stroke along her folds again, everything changed. Both sensations were incredible when paired together! The orgasm that had been slowly building began to rise at a quicker rate, and she opened her thighs more, ready for anything now.

Anything except a tongue. It was gentle, and did not pry, but it slid over the tightly-closed entrance and caused her to squeak in ill-suppressed alarm. How could Anna show even this most disgusting part of her so much love? It brought tears to her eyes, even as she felt her finish getting closer.

All of her reservations fell away. "G-go on!" she finally called out. "D-do what you wanted! Fuck my ass!"

What she got for her troubles was a muffled response, but Anna made good; her tongue pressed harder against the opening, drew back and pressed in again. Each miniature thrust of the wet muscle prompted an outcry of pleasure from Elsa, because combined with the hand doing its furious work, she knew it wouldn't be long.

"Anna! Anna, YES! I love this! I love it s-so much, I- RIGHT there! Yes, more, yes, y-MMHHAAAAAHHHH!"

Which was how Elsa came to the strangest moment of her entire thirty-odd years of life: orgasming with the very tip of her sister's tongue pushed inside her sphincter. And against everything she would have believed, it was also the best moment of her life.

~ To Be Continued ~
Both sisters had to wash up afterward. Elsa insisted that Anna use mouthwash and brush her teeth not once, but twice; it seemed to be an absolute imperative. Though Anna rolled her eyes a lot, she complied without any true protest.

Laying in bed together, exhausted and orgasmed out, all Elsa could think about was that they had really done it. They *slept together*. Perhaps no parts of anatomy had truly penetrated others, but she couldn't deny it had been sex. Wild, passionate, insane, anal-inclusive, *lesbian sex*! They were both giddy, but Elsa was definitely the one more embarrassed and beside herself. A smile was on her lips when she drifted off to sleep.

Horror didn't set in until the next morning, when Elsa had to stare down at Anna in her bed. When she had to remember that this was her sister. That she had put her own face right up to her own sister's crotch and *tasted* of her. Been tasted in return! The events that came after, which returned to her mind in bits and pieces, only made everything so much worse.

Panic clutched her chest as she took her shower, scrubbing the scents of sex and sisterly musk off. Things were still spiralling out of control in her life. And it was because of Anna. At the same time, she no longer had any desire to "blame" Anna for it; she was just being her authentic self, trying to show Elsa that she cared, that she wasn't going to stop loving her just because their relationship was…

What was it? Changing? Already something different? Falling apart? Finally beginning? So many possibilities, and no good, solid answer. Thinking about it just led her around in the same worried circles.

After towelling off, she started to dress in the bathroom again, but stopped herself. It was warm in there from the shower steam. Anna wouldn't mind; she had already seen her in all her glory. So she wrapped the towel around her middle and carried the clothes back into the bedroom.

"Hey," Anna said from where she lay on her side, still nude from the night before. "There's my sexy sister."

"Stop," Elsa bade her as she laid the clothes out. "I'm going to change. You go wherever you want."

"I want to watch." Elsa's wide, disbelieving eyes caused her to smile. "Did I sound like I'm joking? Show me that ass, girl! You know how much I love it."

"You should be joking. You shouldn't want to see your sister naked."

Anna bit her lip for just a moment before saying, "You're not 'my sister'. You're Elsa. God, we've
been over this a billion times! I don't see you as-

"Yes, I know, I know. We're all individual beings of the cosmos, or something." Anna started whistling the Star Wars theme, and Elsa rolled her eyes as she blotted the rest of herself dry. "Okay, so we can both make fun of ourselves and each other. That still doesn't change the fact that… last night should never have happened."

"But nothing happened! Nothing bad, anyway! Elsa… all we did was satisfy some curiosity! Where's the harm in it? Neither of us is changed forever, not anymore than we are by every single experience, every link in the chain of our lives." No answer. "You're really going to be so upset about what amounts to a little… testing the waters?"

"I can't help it. If we had only forced ourselves to stop… instead of…"

They both turned as one and looked at each other. Anna looked mostly calm, but her breath did begin to speed up. Elsa, meanwhile, knew she was blushing, and could feel her peaks hardening in the chill air-conditioning. Even within that moment, getting ready for work while talking to her sister, she wanted to do things. Inadvisable repeats of the night before.

"Okay." Anna pinched the bridge of her nose for a second, then dropped the hand. "I'll admit, everything that went on last night… maybe we weren't ready for that. I am more than you, but it is a little weird for me, too. No amount of Eastern enlightenment and soul-searching prepared me for the possibility of, y'know…"

Elsa let out a bitter laugh. "You can't even say it."

"Sure I can," Anna snorted. "But I don't think you want me to."

"Go right ahead. Tell the truth if you can." Anna shot her a disbelieving look, and Elsa rolled her eyes in sheer frustration. "Fine, I'll say it. I don't want to have sex with my sister."

"I thought we were talking about the truth."

"That is the truth! And wipe that sarcastic little smirk off your face!" Throwing both arms up, she began to stuff her legs into her underwear as she snapped, "Even if my body responds to yours, even if… p-part of me is so happy about getting to be that close to you, that's not the same as it being what I really want out of life! Or being the wisest course of action!"

Anna didn't reply at first, and she let her stay quiet as she finished dressing. She assumed the younger woman was simply sad that they weren't on the same page. Even if they were only one or two pages apart.

Then she whispered, "I loved having sex with you."

"What?" Eyes wide, she turned from where she was buttoning up her blouse to glare at Anna. "Take that back."

"I can't." Eyes sad, she looked up at her as she scooted to the edge of the bed, sitting with hands out to either side. "Last night told me all I needed to know about our chemistry, our energies resonating at the same frequency. We don't have to anymore if you don't want, that isn't what I'm saying; we can take any further sex-capades off the table. Your call. But if you want to know my feelings… I love you, and I love your body. And it was an honour to give it pleasure."

Elsa's jaw was hanging open as she stared at her sister. She meant it. Against all good sense, Anna wanted to be with her in that way again; last night hadn't been bad enough, it only spurred her on!
Her own body began to respond to the notion, and she quickly finished pulling on her clothing so that Anna wouldn't notice.

"The idea of it still bothers you. I know." Anna didn't move from her spot. "If I get up and approach you, I promise it won't be to… to start screwing again or anything. Okay?"

Considering that, she whispered, "Okay." Anna did get up, and did approach. She slid her arms around Elsa's frame. "Anna…"

"Shhh." Then she simply embraced her, warm and firm. "I love you so much. That's more important than anything else. Please do not forget it."

That was a lot like what she had said to Anna herself the night before. She found it hard to maintain her fury in the face of it. Catching and clinging to her back, she whispered, "I love you, too. But I don't know if I can be around you right now. It's… confusing, and…"

"I'm not trying to be confusing," Anna told her in a small voice. A fragile one that she hadn't heard in years. "Sis, I just want you to be happy, bring you peace in your life. That was the whole reason I came back! But if I'm not making you happy… then maybe…"

"Maybe what?" Then Elsa's eyes darkened. "You don't have to make me 'happier'. Please stop that."

"It wasn't where I was going with that," Anna laughed. But the laughter was subdued, hollow. She left a tiny peck on Elsa's cheek and stepped away. "You're gonna be late for work."

"Yeah." Pressing her hands into her face for a moment, she turned to grab a pair of stockings and began rolling them up to her thighs. When she noticed Anna watching, she narrowed her eyes but didn't remark on it.

"You really don't think you have nice legs, do you? I can't understand that."

"They're fat. Like the rest of me. And don't go on about how I'm not, I know I am." But the look in Anna's eyes was so sad that she sighed. "Fine. I guess I could have worse legs. Happy?"

"Guess it's a start." Shaking her head, Anna turned to head into the next room.

In what felt like no time at all, they were both dressed — Anna slightly less so, in just an oversized shirt — and having coffee, along with the muesli that Anna had fixed for both of them. They ate in silence. Just about the time Elsa was finishing it off, Anna broke it.

"I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry about."

"Isn't there? You're pissed, so I should say I'm sorry."

"Even if you're not sure what the apology is for?"

"Yes." When Elsa growled and stood from the table, returning to the kitchen, Anna followed. "Shouldn't I? Letting you stay mad isn't going to bring any harmony to us!"

"But I'm not mad at you! I'm just… mad! At life, at this situation! Because I'm turning my own sister into my personal… sex toy!"

"That still means I'm the problem, though!" She watched Elsa rinse out her mug and pour the few
drops of muesli-milk down the drain, movements jerky and frustrated, and finally she turned her back on her. "Doesn't it?"

"FINE! Yes, it does! You're the whole problem! None of it's me being selfish, and indecisive, a- and afraid of my own shadow, a-and... no, it's all you, Anna!" Her fist pounded the counter. "It's not fair that you get to be so pushy all the time, then suddenly flip around like this! Makes it hard to be mad at you."

"I'm pushy?" When Elsa burst out laughing harshly, Anna flinched away; it was visible, stunned, as if she had burned her hand on the stove. "W-well... I've been told I can be a little overzealous, but I didn't-"

"Overzealous! God, what an understatement! You don't respect any of my boundaries, or my life, or... seriously, what's wrong with how I live?! Why do you need to change everything? What makes you qualified to tell me how I can improve? Breezing back in here when you've been a ghost for years — have barely even been a part of my life for the past decade! Maybe I'm not jumping up and down with happiness every waking moment, but I was content before you came back! My life was stable, which is more than I can say for yours!"

She couldn't look. Even without looking, she knew Anna would be standing there, mouth hanging open, beautiful eyes wide as they could get. And she hated herself for saying all of those things to her sister, even if she had perhaps earned every word.

"There's no sense pouting," Elsa snapped, going to fetch her briefcase. "Just... one of those things. Not everything has a neat and tidy answer."

By the time she came back, Anna was leaning against the wall by the front door, tears in her eyes. It took willpower to suppress rolling her eyes at her, but she managed. As she was reaching for the doorknob, Anna spoke.

"I want you so much. I can't help it; last night felt so right! I tried to be casual about it, tried to... let you stay your own being, achieve your sense of self outside of me. And I would be happy with being sisters-only. Really!"

"Anna-"

"B-but... I don't want to confuse, or push, make you question yourself s-so much. Never hurt you; I love you, I don't want you to be hurt! I'm sorry that's how things turned out, it wasn't... I was trying to help, to m-make up for lost time, I d-didn't mean-"

"Just stop," Elsa whispered. She didn't have time to really get into their feelings, or even to console Anna, no matter how upset she seemed. If she tried to say everything was fine, it would be a lie — and she didn't want to start that unhealthy pattern. All she could do was reach up and grip her shoulder with her free hand, hoping she could feel her intent through the contact.

"I'm sorry I snapped at you. We'll discuss this later. Alright? Can we do that, please?"

"Alr- alright," she sniffled. "I'm s- I'm sorry." It was the most miserable Elsa had ever seen Anna in over a decade.

"Love you, too," she said, so she would know it for an absolute certainty, before leaning in to kiss her cheek. Then she went out the door, feeling like she was leaving a piece of her heart behind.
When Elsa got to the office, she didn't even have time to settle in before she was thrown for a loop. The tiny box waiting for her in front of her keyboard made sure of that.

Setting her briefcase down, she took a cautious seat, staring at the small black box with the little red bow tied around the sides. It looked like the kind of ornamental box one would put a gift card in, if trying to make it seem like a much nicer, much fancier present than a gift card. There was no note or anything. Frowning, she slid the bow off gently enough to preserve it and then lifted the lid.

It wasn't a gift card. The small black device resembled a garage door remote, which amused her since she hadn't seen one in many years. Not since her parents' house had gone on the market.

But she didn't want to think about that; Anna had vanished instead of helping her sort through the will and their personal effects. One of the worst ordeals of her life, and she ended up having to go through it alone.

So she picked up the remote instead of dwelling. It was lightweight, and only had two buttons. One was "on", which she instantly recognised due to the universal computer symbol of a circle with a line. But the other one said "5". Five what? Shrugging and glancing around, hoping there was some clue as to what such a remote went with, she pushed the "on" button.

And heard a gasp. It startled her, and she again spun around, but no one else was in her cubicle. Besides, hadn't the sound come from further away?

"Hello?" she asked softly. No answer. Maybe it had been unrelated. She turned it back off, and back on again, and heard nothing this time. Giving up on that, she it the other button, just to find out what would happen.

This time, she heard, "Oooh..." Which was a lot more specific than a gasp. She also could tell which direction it came from. Pushing up from her chair, she strode around the corner and into the next cubicle.

"Well?" she demanded, holding up the remote. "Do you have anything to do with this?"

Belle turned from her screen, the picture of calm. Her black pencil skirt and jacket were stark against the pale yellow of her blouse, and it all projected conservative refinement. The sort of thing that had fooled Elsa up until a few days before.

"May I help you, Ms. Nieves?"

"Playing innocent. Interesting. I only have one question I want answered, no dodging, no lies. What does this remote go to and why do I have it?"

"That's two questions." When Elsa only scowled, Belle grinned and chuckled very softly. "It's a little peace offering after what happened Friday, that's all. You can leave it here if you want no part of it."

"What IS it?!"

The smile slowly faded, a little at a time. "Oh, you really don't know what it does. After figuring out where you bought your own little friend, I just assumed... hmm, there isn't any way I can tell you out loud without it being a problem of exposure. This office isn't exactly private."

"I don't need this. Just... just take it." She held it out, but Belle only squinted up at her. "Well? Go on! Whatever you're up to, I want no part of anything! All I want is to go back to my office and..."
and forget about everything! This whole damn thing!"

Another few seconds passed. "Something's up. Something bigger than me and this."

"Shut up."

"No. At least, not yet." Glancing around again, she stood and reached for Elsa — who shrank back. Belle sighed. "Do you honestly expect me to hurt you?"

"Yes."

"You really… alright, maybe I deserve that. Will you please follow me to conference room three? I promise I'm not going to hurt or embarrass you in any way."

"Give me a reason to trust you."

"I will once we get there. Cross my heart." She actually did, drawing her finger up and down, then from shoulder to shoulder. She hadn't even known Belle was Catholic. Then again, maybe she wasn't, and it was more of her trickery.

"Well… fine, but this is the last shred of trust I have for you. Break it, and nothing will stop me from making sure you're terminated from this job. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

In no time at all, they were shutting the heavy wooden door behind them. This particular conference room was in the corner, and as such, had no windows that showed the hallway. Of course, there were more windows along the outer walls, but those all had blinds. Plus, either side of the room had supply closets, not other people's offices. They were not entirely soundproof, but enough so that any conversation would not be overheard. Or at least, not understood as anything other than muffled mutterings.

"Here we are," Elsa sighed. "Now, what do you want?"

"Let me see your phone. Unlocked." When Elsa didn't budge, she only held out her hand impatiently. Finally, making a pronounced noise of utter disgust, Elsa put in her password and handed it to her. Then she backed up and sat on the edge of the large conference table, raising one leg so that her heel rested on the lip, her skirt sliding up to around her hips.

"OH WHAT THE-" Elsa raised a hand to cover her eyes, but stopped when she noticed Belle holding out the phone. "What are you doing?!"

"Taking selfies." The angle was clearly meant to capture her lacy black panties in it, and Belle was most certainly posing, winking and pouting at the camera lens. After a few snaps were taken, she immediately sat back up, smoothed her skirt down, and handed the phone back.

"I hope you know I'm erasing those right now," Elsa said as she looked at the camera roll.

"No, you aren't. They're your blackmail."

"What?"

"Your blackmail." When Elsa just stared at her dumbly, Belle folded her arms across her chest. "If I blab about whatever it is you're about to tell me, all you have to do is open an email to HR and tell them you 'found' those pictures on your phone. I'll be packing my things into Bankers Boxes by
the end of the day."

That took her by surprise. She glanced again at the non-nude — but clearly not safe for work — snapshots, her cheeks heating up to know they were on there. Then she asked, "What… why should they believe me? Maybe I took them. Maybe we're lovers."

"You wish." Elsa's lip curled, and she laughed. "But the angle is clearly a selfie-angle. Besides, it's the truth; I took them, didn't I? Doesn't matter that you were in the room when I did. You didn't ask me to, and you obviously were not okay with me doing it. So you would not be lying, and I won't contest your claim. Plus, I'm sure Cindy will have already mentioned the vibrator, so between the two incidents…" She drew a French-manicured finger across her throat.

With a weary sigh, Elsa said, "You read too many spy novels."

"Yes, I do. Ian Fleming was a genius. Now…" She drew out two rolling office chairs from around the table, then took one for herself. "What's going on?"

"This doesn't make me trust you! It just shows me how devious you are!"

Belle frowned up at her, then pinched the bridge of her nose. "There's no easy way for me to prove I'm trustworthy. Not after… well, after you've seen and heard things that make you think I'm not."

Elsa shrugged. "Not my problem. Those are your fault and nobody else's. I don't feel like you're someone I want to open up to."

"Maybe not. But ask yourself this: do you have anyone else you can open up to about this? If you did, I don't think you'd even have come this far."

A few seconds passed. Then Elsa began to talk. And talk more. And before she knew it, she was sinking down into the other chair and explaining everything; starting with Hans and the horrible date, and then moving on to how she felt in front of Belle and Cindy, and finally, explaining how frustrating her sister was.

She hesitated. People didn't approve of family doing the things she and Anna had done. But Belle made a few minor guesses, showed enough interest and patient lack of surprise or strong reaction — and showed her that her own phone wasn't recording the conversation when Elsa demanded to see it. Against her own expectations, Elsa ended up telling her every last detail. There was coffee station in the corner, and Belle retrieved a stack of napkins from there when the crying started.

And on and on she talked, not having realised she had this much to say about the topic in the first place.

"And now, you're worried that you'll end up sleeping with her again no matter what you do," Belle said bluntly once Elsa had reached that morning, tapping her chin. "Hmm. I can see why you'd be stretched to the limits about this."

"Yeah." Blowing her nose again, she tossed yet another napkin. "You're taking this surprisingly well."

"What? Oh, the incest thing?"

Wincing, Elsa looked away. "I've been trying not to call it that. Did what happen even count as sex?"

"You laid next to her while she masturbated, shoved your heads up each other's crotches and said you 'smelled great'. Then you took a break before actually having a sixty-nine, complete with a
little bonus rimming. It's pretty incesty, girl."

"Thank you for confirming."

"Well, there's no sense dancing around it," Belle chuckled. "You and your sister have a thing. Could be worse."

"Could be w- could be worse?! She's my only living relative who isn't several branches removed, I- isn't it wrong to think these things about her? To kiss her the way I do? I'm going crazy, I think I'm sick!"

After a few more seconds, her coworker patted her arm, which Elsa had reluctantly begun to allow halfway through her story. "Doesn't sound sick to me. Maybe you could use a little therapy to help you work through your feelings about it, but being attracted to her in and of itself? No big thing."

"Really? This is 'no big thing' to you?" Under her breath, she added, "Makes me wonder what else you get up to."

Fixing Elsa with a wry glare, she snapped, "If you remove the 'she's my sister' part, it's another case of two women who are a little confused by finding each other attractive. And it doesn't sound like her being your blood matters outside of what other people think. Does it?"

"Well… no, not really."

"Well… no, not really." Clearing her throat, she hid her face behind her hands. "That's just it: I do like her, and I like what we've been doing. So it does feel wrong, but more because… I'm worried what our parents would have thought of this happening. I know they're gone, but… I don't want to… mess up this bad."

"You can't live your life for the dead, Elsa. I'm sure they would have wanted you to be happy, and if Anna makes you happy, then that takes care of both their daughters. Kind of convenient."

"But I'm romantically attracted to my blood sibling! Why aren't you vomiting all over this table?!"

Biting her lip, Belle thought about that for a moment. Then she whispered, "When I was fifteen, one of my boy cousins touched me. In my case, I didn't ask for it… but I didn't stop him, either. I had no idea what to think about it, because nobody had ever touched me like that. Later, when I asked him why he did it, he told me he thought I would want him to because of the way we always talked, and joked around. He… was wrong, and when I started crying, I got the biggest, most earnest apology I've ever heard from anyone. I was ready to hate him, to call him a rapist, but it turned out his crush was totally genuine. Except he didn't think to ask first," she added in a grumble.

"Oh wow… oh, I'm so sorry, Belle," she breathed, for once returning her coworker's gestures by gripping her hands in her own.

"Why? It did me a world of good. A couple of years later, once it finally sank in that I didn't die from the 'trauma' of it all, I really started exploring my sexuality. And I found out I like a lot more than I expected. That cousin and I shared a kiss at a family reunion a year or so later, and while we didn't feel any more sparks, it was a little fun. Plus we could finally have a good laugh and bury the bitterness and hurt." Sighing, she added, "I'm not saying other people should go through what I did, or that it was alright. Nobody should ever touch anyone without their permission. But I'm over it, and I think some good came from it in the long run."

Nodding, Elsa whispered, "So you know what it's like. Feeling… something for a relative. Even if yours wasn't quite so… whatever this is."
"Yeah. I'm not judging you. Even without that, there are so many crazy things I've tried… next to you, I'm Satan and you're an angel, alright?"

"No, that's not- I don't think you're Satan. Not quite."

"Thanks," Belle laughed. "I deserve that."

"Wow… so do you really, actually think I should sleep with Anna? Since we came so close last night, I mean; or we're already there, according to you. We care about each other so much, and I don't want to damage our sibling relationship."

The woman shrugged, crossing her legs in the opposite direction from before. "That's up to you. But I know I don't go around sniffing the hairy underarms of people that are 'just friends' or 'just siblings'. You have it bad. And if her tongue in your ass is any indication, she feels the same."

"Y-yeah," she said, attempting a laugh of her own. It sounded more like a whimper. "I know, it's weird."

"Weird? You think it's 'weird'? One of my turn-ons is having my tits slapped. Not just fondled, or grabbed; slapped. Back and forth, the harder, the better. The Beast — sorry, that's my usual Dom — he's so good at it that he always leaves marks, but never lasting ones." Her legs began to squirm slightly. "What that does to me…"

"Okay, okay, I said I don't want to hear more details. But… well, I guess that one does make me feel a little less awkward about my pheromone obsession."

A slight nod. "Good. That's why I told you, not just to overshare."

"Yes. Now, um… I guess I have your 'blackmail', so I can trust you'll keep this to yourself. But at the same time… maybe I don't-"

"Keep it. You can always delete those later."

"Fair enough. I'm… wow. Me and Anna."

Belle leaned slightly to one side, pointing at Elsa's face with one finger. "That's the face of someone in love right there. Deny it if you must, but… I think you are, and you'd never hear me tell you not to chase after her."

"Slow down," Elsa snorted, leaning back and trying to take deep breaths. To calm herself. "First I'm supposed to go do unspeakable things to my only sister, and now you want me to marry her? One sin at a time."

"No such thing as 'sin', really. Life is short, Mistress Elsa. Do you want to spend it missing your sister, or do you want to live your lives out together, damn the torpedoes?"

Glancing over at Belle, she pondered that. She already knew the answer, but she had to give it time. To decide if there was any other reason to doubt the answer she had reached.

"This is pretty big," her coworker sighed as she pushed to stand up, swaying slightly. "Take your time, weigh the pros and cons. If you want to talk again, I'm just next door. Or I could give you the name of a good therapist; Dr. Doppler. I don't go to him on a regular basis anymore, but he sees a few of my friends, and he's very discreet and open-minded."

"Thank you, I'll consider that," Elsa sighed as she stood, wiping her eyes clear again. "After how
harshly you spoke to me Friday, I didn't expect... well, any of this."

"I told you, I thought you wanted me to speak harshly," Belle said with a gleam in her eye. "And I still think you'd enjoy that. But it's all just playacting. Do you want to know what I really think of you? Pure honesty?"

"Why not? I already hate myself."

Pursing her lips, she glared for a moment before saying, "You're a very sad woman. Thing after thing has made your life a difficult one, and none of those things were your own fault. The only part that kind of is... you never want to reach for help. That's what really sets you back, what you might want to work on."

"Yes, alright. Probably true."

"But I also think you're a smart, efficient worker, and clearly devoted to your sister. Even without the romantic element, I know you'd protect her until the day you die. And I admire that. I also admired the way you stuck up for yourself when I made you uncomfortable; I'm sorry I misread that situation, of course, but the way you handled it was pretty gutsy." With a careless shrug, she added, "Plus, you have a great ass. Something both Anna and I agree upon."

Gulping, she tried to hide the flustered expression as she said, "I wh- enough of that, I do not."

"You do, too! The language I would use to describe what I want to do to it would count as 'workplace harassment', I do believe. And as I said, these are my honest opinions; I swear I'm not trying to butter you up, or playacting like I was that day. Your body is exquisite."

"It's fat. You're saying this about a fat girl, and you're practically supermodel-perfect."

At that, Belle smiled, clearly not feigning being flattered. "Thank you, Mistress. But you'll find that among the kink set, body types are widely varied. Yours might be larger, but your curves would be lusted after by a lot of my friends. Both to play with, and with bitter envy that they don't have them."

"O-oh." Blush crept into Elsa's cheeks. "Well... okay, that's- I'm... yes. But why do you keep calling me 'Mistress'? I'm not part of 'the kink set', as much as you probably wish I was."

"Because I decided you are. After the way you commanded me, when I was trying to command you?" Again, she shivered as she approached the door. "A switch like me dreams of that. Yes, I'll think of you that way, even if we never play together. But I won't give you more 'presents' if you don't want, or try to rope you into doing anything. I can take a hint."

"You still never explained that." Holding up the remote she had slipped into her jacket pocket, she thumbed the "5" button. "Nothing's happening. What is it supposed to be?"

But Belle had collapsed up against the door, panting and shivering. After a second or two, she pushed back upright, breathing hard but smiling at Elsa. "Are... you sure you want to know? You didn't before."

"Now I'm pretty sure I have to know!" she cried out, having taken a step closer in mild alarm. "What's wrong with you?!!"

Swallowing hard, Belle again lifted her skirt. Elsa braced for her to do something more, but that's all she did: lifted it all the way up to reveal her undies. "Don't you hear it?"
"Hear what?"

"The buzzing."

"Buzzing? Oh… I assumed that was the fluorescent lighting." Then she leaned her head a little closer to Belle's waist, and noticed it was getting louder. "Wait… what is that?"

"They're vibrating panties. That remote controls five different speed settings; you… already put me through low, medium, pulse, and just now bumped it up to high."

"Wait, so they…" Finally catching on, Elsa hissed sharply, "You're using me to help you masturbate?!"

Swallowing, Belle brushed a few beads of sweat from her forehead. "No, it's more like… you're in control of my arousal. You can switch it off to give me relief, or… turn it all the way up in the middle of a board meeting. And I would just have to… to deal with it. No choice."

"How is this a peace offering? It's just as bad as before! You're assuming I want to take part in things with you! You're crazy!"

"Told you to… leave it if you're not interested. But if you are…" She took in a deep breath, fixing Elsa with her deep brown eyes. "You're never going to really believe me that I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable Friday. That I thought I'd be feeding your 'sub needs'. I'll say 'I'm sorry' again if it will help. But this way, you could get revenge by… by turning that on when I'm talking to Weselton, or Cindy, or… or in the break room. If you want, I am completely at your mercy."

"I don't want this. Not really." But she still hadn't turned it off. "I don't understand why you have to do things like this to me, instead of just… talking to me. Like you did just now. That did me so much good, and it didn't require strange presents that you probably can't explain to the credit card company."

Licking her lips and trying not to let her hands stray too far up — or down — she whispered, "Hallmark doesn't make a 'Sorry I tried to Dom you' card."

"That… is true, I guess." Glancing down at the remote, Elsa asked, "What's the last speed?"

"H-huh?"

"You said there are five speeds. The last one I did was 'high'. Is there anything after high?"

"High-pulse. But… I'll warn you, I'm already pre- I'm pretty close to… well, you know. Bumping it up… I'll probably…"

Elsa only debated for a few seconds, glancing between the need-soaked eyes of her coworker and the small device in her hand. Then she thumbed one of the buttons.

"O-OHHHHH!" Belle cried out, one hand gripping her own chest through her suit, the other diving down between her legs to hold the buzzing underwear even more tightly against herself. "Ooh, God, Nieves! Yes!"

Folding her arms across her chest, Elsa settled in to watch a good show. Before she sat back down in the chair, however, she did say one thing that only made the look of ecstasy on Belle's face that much more complete.

"Thought you were supposed to call me 'Mistress' now?"
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

CHAPTER WARNINGS: None (other than incest).

NOTES: Almost done. Two more chapters after this one and it's all over! For a random headcanon I had out of the blue, I sure did carry this far. Guess it's time to just accept that I suck at "short" stories. I'm a book writer now -preens- haha or always have been, I just didn't have much to show for it before other than fanfiction so long no one wants to read them.

The rest of the workday was quite bizarre for Elsa, because Belle wouldn't stop texting her — and then instant messaging when Elsa said her thumbs were getting tired. At least she wasn't making a lot of assumptions the way she had on Friday, and certainly didn't send any more unsolicited "selfies", but neither was it all that comfortable fielding a lot of questions. She also didn't want the link to the website for fetishists that she should sign up for, nor the offers to attend parties with her sister once they had "affirmed their love". It was a little overwhelming, all in all.

As she discovered, Belle considered herself to be pansexual and a "switch", which as she had already figured out, meant she could either be a Dom or sub. Though the Beast was her usual Dom and could be quite possessive, she was free to pursue other "relationships", either serious or merely physical. That set her at ease about why she was being approached; the last thing she wanted was to be blamed for holding a remote and have some burly dominant male breathing down her neck. Especially when she mostly wanted nothing to do with it! She and Anna had their own large subset of problems. Grateful as she was that her new friend was non-judgmental about that topic, Elsa was her own worst critic so it would only have added insult to injury if she was more cruel. They mostly steered clear of that topic.

Belle was more relatively normal in the break room during lunch. As it turned out, she really was an avid reader of spy fiction, in addition to fantasy, sci-fi, and murder mysteries. They spent a lot of time comparing the similarities between those and the romance novels Elsa tended to burn through, and she was delighted that Belle didn't deride her tastes as most people would. In spite of her dark bedroom pursuits, she didn't read a lot of smut; said she would rather "act it out". Though Elsa had been assuming her quiet bookish demeanor was a mask to cover her kinky side, perhaps that really was a big part of her personality. Two nerdy peas in a pod.

When Cindy wandered over, they both stiffened, instinctively knowing their topics of conversation would have to get more "vanilla", as Belle put it, but she even found herself enjoying the perky blonde's presence. Belle was forming a habit of teasing her now, which made Cindy nervous, and made Elsa laugh. Funny how she had worked alongside the two women for so many years without really getting to know them.

And she did give the remote back. Belle said she might present her with the option again in a few days, once she had laundered the specially-designed garment that could hold the vibrating apparatus, and Elsa grudgingly did not outright refuse to participate. She still wasn't sure either way, and was dead set against anything deeper than that going on between them, but it had been… interesting. Maybe it would be interesting a second time.
Belle also gave her the card for that psychiatrist she had mentioned. Dr. Delbert Doppler. Very soon after, she preemptively reassured Elsa that she wasn't trying to imply anything specific; merely offering the option should she choose to take it. Grumbling, Elsa made sure it wound up in her briefcase.

However, her pleasant afternoon was interrupted by another difficult conversation. The first text she received from Anna was simple enough, so much that she almost felt relief at first.

*What should we do for dinner?*

Elsa contemplated for a moment. It almost seemed like a trap, it was so simple. They had left things very tense and unresolved, and all she wanted to know was about dinner? Therefore, she kept it short:

*What do you want to do for dinner?*

*Idk anything*

How helpful. Rolling her eyes, Elsa responded, *Maybe I should just pick something up again… from Tiana’s?*

*That sounds ok*

There. Placing her phone back by her mousepad, she turned back to the spreadsheet she had been tweaking beforehand. Of course, that only lasted a few more minutes before her phone vibrated yet again.

*Am I a burden?*

*What?* she texted back. She wanted to respond with "no", but she wanted to know how she meant that first.

*My brain keeps replaying this morning over & over & all I can think is that u don't want me here*

*Don’t be stupid Anna. I live you.* Then she grimaced and sent "love" to correct the incorrect autocorrect.

*But I try 2 do everything right, try 2 help w my hippie bullshit and show u my love and it keeps going bad*

*SO bad*

*And then u get pissed at me and idk what 2 do differently I just want u 2 be happy istg I'm trying tho*

Elsa found herself leaning against her elbow on the desk as she stared down at the texts. In the moment, Anna was making her brain feel tired and very little else. Didn't she know she was trying to work? On the other hand, as upset as Anna had been when she left, maybe she hadn't considered that.

*Anna I am at work. I said we would discuss this later. But I know you are trying.*

*I would do anything 4 u,* she fired back almost immediately. *Ask me 2 jump off a bridge & I'll ask which one*

*Please don't do that. I will talk to you when I get home. We'll figure everything out. I have to get back to work.*
Ok sorry I should have thought of that, ur right

It's fine.

After she sent the final text, she had to stare down at how cold it seemed. Maybe that was why Belle kept insisting she had a little bit of a Dom inside of her. That combined with how she had spoken to her sister while shoving her ass in her face made it highly likely.

But she couldn't worry about that for now; work was calling her. She'd already wasted enough valuable company time on a personal matter, and it wouldn't do for a future manager to make a habit of that.

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She decided to make the sacrifice and take off from work half an hour earlier than usual, so that she could be home with dinner sooner. A nagging feeling in the back of her mind was making her feel like she needed to be there, that Anna felt awful and leaving her in a state of awfulness was begging for it to get worse.

As she leaned into Tiana's counter, sighing and checking her phone again to see if Anna had replied, she thought about texting Belle again. But neither did she want to bother her new friend further with the same problem so soon. Besides, she was still vaguely worried she would be the recipient of offensive material that she didn't want to be looking at while in a restaurant.

"Hey, there's my favourite customer!" Tiana said with a big grin as she approached her at the counter. Elsa couldn't suppress a small smirk, despite her mood.

"I bet you say that to all the customers."

The smile slipped a notch, and the momentum she had gained to head back to the other side of the restaurant was quickly snuffed out. "You alright, honey? Your mouth says 'happy' but your eyes say 'miserable'."

"Oh, it's… don't worry about it."

"Don't tell me what I should and shouldn't worry about. You're my friend, okay?" When Elsa only looked down at her phone again, she turned back to the scrawny man at the grill. "Ray, I'm takin' five. Watch the counter?"

In no time, they were pushed into the dingy little office behind the kitchen. Elsa had only been in there once before, to help Tiana set up a database system for her desktop. Tiana seated her in the office chair and herself on a stack of cardboard boxes.

"Come on, this isn't necessary to begin with," she complained. "The least I can do is let you use your own chair!"

"Stop with that. You're a guest, and guest gets the chair. Now… do you wanna tell me why you look like your dog died?"

"I don't have a dog." When Tiana only glared, she rolled her eyes. "Fine. Let's say… I have this… friend."

A loud scoffing noise came from the boxes. "Are you serious with that? You wanna play the 'I have a friend' game? You are a grown ass woman, Elsa; we both are. Just tell me what's up."
"Alright! Wow, are you rude!" Seeing that Tiana wasn't going to back down, she started again. "I wasn't speaking hypothetically on purpose. The friend is that 'grown ass woman' I brought with me the other night."

"Your girlfriend?"

Elsa's gaze darted up quickly. "What? H-how… did you know?"

"Whoa, wait," she said, long, dark eyelashes fluttering in mild uncertainty. "That's twice now that I just meant 'in the friend way', and you overreacted. Two times too many." No response. "Elsa… you can tell me anything, you know that. So if you're-

"I'd rather you not say it," she sighed, massaging her temples.

"Hey, I got your back, either way. Okay?" A hand fell to Elsa's shoulder, massaging very gently in reassurance. Her voice remained uncertain and surprised. "Wow… I'm not just saying this because of like, homophobia, but you are literally the last person I expected. But I've been wondering about it since the last time we talked, and you sounded kinda… gay-panicky."

Chuckling harshly, she whispered, "I agree with you. I never thought twice about anyone who's not male. Does that make me a homophobe? Because apparently I wasn't actually straight, so I'm trying to understand…"

Her friend clicked her tongue before reaching up to pat her cheek. "Nah, girl. Just… I mean, like most of us, you assume you're straight because society tells us that's what's 'normal'. We got all these Pride parades and sitcoms with gay characters, which is hella great for them, but it's like… what, one gay character per show? One parade out of the whole year? Sets it up to look like being gay is okay, but it's still extra. Still not normal."

"Right." That made a lot of sense to Elsa. She had more or less thought exactly that way, that it was a rarity and that while she might not have been comfortable around gay people, she supported their right to be who they are. Except… now she was turning out to be one of them.

"She cute, though," Tiana muttered in a quieter voice, as if waiting to see how harshly Elsa would react.

"Who? I mean… yes, she is. She's beautiful."

Fanning her face, she said, "Damn, you really are into her! So… I mean, not that I wanna pry before you get to the headlines, but was that what you were worried about? Or is it something else?"

A few seconds passed as she debated spilling everything. Who Anna was to her. Why this was such a big deal in an age where being anything other than heterosexual was becoming increasingly acceptable. But she wasn't sure Tiana would be on board for that.

"I've known her my whole life," she settled upon. "And it makes it weird. And I keep worrying that I'm only interested because… because she's available and interested in me. Wouldn't that make me a bad person if that was the only reason I reciprocated?"

"Is that the only reason?" Tiana asked, eyes wide as she stared at Elsa.

"Well… no, I don't think it is. But I know I'd never have gone after her if I didn't realise she was open to it."
"That's probably more about that gay panic than anything." Elsa nodded. "Damn, that sounds hard to deal with, though."

"She's hard to deal with. Part of the problem is, I think I resent her for trying to change my life so much. Or maybe just changing it, I… I don't know, I'm all mixed up!"

Again, Tiana was soothing her shoulder and neck with a calming hand, and Elsa found her breathing beginning to even out again. She was highly grateful; so far, Belle was good at listening but bad at the comforting aspect, and when Anna touched her she began to feel turned on, so it was nice to have a friend who could merely soothe her in a physical manner.

"Alright, it's okay," Tiana finally said when Elsa seemed more calm. "Now… why don't you tell me what you mean, she's changing your life?"

Deciding to play it safe and avoid mentioning they were sisters, she sighed and said, "She just came back to town to visit me, and this is the first time in a few years. Never stays more than a week, and I haven't seen her on an ongoing basis since high school. So that's… I mean, this time she shows up out of nowhere, not telling me anything in advance, giving me all this life advice and… and turning me gay. It's just a lot to deal with all at once."

"Wow. 'Turning you gay', huh? This is some boss ass bitch."

"Well… okay, I understand it doesn't work that way, but it feels like it. Since I presumed myself straight until she came home."

"Yeah, I didn't get any of that from her when she was in here. But, I mean… you can't always tell by looking at people what's going on in their head."

"And we've just started being intimate," she offered, trying not to think too deeply about it before saying it. "So now I have all these regrets, because… I'm not sure I'm okay with it. Both because it's Anna, and because she's a woman. And she's totally fine, this is no big deal to her! So that's hard, because it feels like we're not on even footing. I guess."

Tiana sat back, crossing her legs and resting her arms over the one on top. "I get you, I get you. That's… a lot of shit for one woman to handle. Even you, Elsa."

"Like, here." Digging in her purse, she produced her phone, pulling up the texts from Anna. Luckily, she was just listed as "Anna" in her contacts, and none of the messages alluded to their familial relationship. "Maybe you can see what I mean."

For a moment, the room was quiet as her friend read through the conversation. Then she began to tap her chin, rereading it. Elsa hadn't expected her to find it interesting enough to read more than once.

"'Hippie bullshit'?"

"Hm? Oh, that's just… she travels all over the world, picking up all this Eastern medicine and philosophy. Then she wants me to try acupuncture and all this randomness, she's always showing me some new thing she learned here or there. And I'm not always interested, but…" She couldn't help the small smile. "If I'm really being honest with myself now, which I suppose I should…"

"What? Come on, girl," Tiana prodded gently, her own smile echoing Elsa's.

"It's sweet that she wants to share those things with me. Really makes me feel like she views me as an important part of her life. Which is difficult, since she's always leaving, but she was always
restless, even when we were kids. I just… try not to take it personally when she disappears again, even though I can't help it."

Tiana squinted across at her, long enough for Elsa to begin squirming. Then she simply stated, "Sounds to me like a little sister."

Elsa's heart skipped over a beat, and her stomach sank. How did she figure it out? Swallowing thickly to keep herself from responding the way she had to "girlfriend", she asked in a shaky voice, "Wh… what do you mean?"

"Look at this." She pointed to the messages again. "She'd jump off a bridge? Wants you to help you be happy? And then what you said about all that trying to impress you with her new voodoo from Asia or whatever… all I can think of is my little sisters trying to show me their new dolls or crayon drawings, and how much of a kick they used to get out of it when I would just say 'That's cool'. All it would take to make their day. They're still like that, even now that we're grown; just with different things, and their reactions are on the down-low instead of their whole face lighting up and jumping up and down."

"I… you…" Elsa glanced at the screen again, looking as if she had never seen a smartphone before. "Is that what it is?"

"I bet you twenty bucks she's a couple years younger than you, right?" When Elsa didn't respond, she nodded smugly. "You can owe me. I'm telling you, she wants you to be proud of her. And it sounds like maybe you got reasons not to be, and I feel you, but at the same time… it's all she needs. In a deep way."

Though she felt immense relief that Tiana hadn't truly guessed they were siblings, Elsa also had something brand new to think about. How could she have missed it? Yes, it was still annoying and self-centered of Anna to always be cajoling her into trying new things, despite knowing it came from a place of love. But this was a whole dimension she had never considered.

Was she proud of Anna? Maybe not. She had never been very approving of her lifestyle choices, the way she squandered her time running around the globe. Though she knew the charity and volunteer work was commendable and important to her, and that she was kept afloat by the organisations that she took on jobs for, she also knew it left Anna with nothing to fall back on professionally. That she had no formal education, no job history that would be presentable to a potential employer. What would she do once she got tired of globetrotting and wanted to settle down? Her way of life was just so alien to Elsa in a way that terrified her.

Then again, maybe she should be proud. Anna did things that benefited people she had never met; there was a certain nobility to that altruism. And despite how snooty she could sound when talking about that aspect of her life, about the things she learned in the wide world, Elsa could begrudgingly admit that a lot of it was pure excitement, not intentional grandstanding. Plus, the effectiveness of the massage clearly showed that Anna was learning things, even if they weren't things she had considered "valuable". So as different from her sister as she was…

"Maybe… I should be less condescending," she finally admitted aloud, stumbling through the fog of her thoughts even as she was speaking them. "And more… I don't know. I think I haven't done a very good job of showing her that I think she's a worthwhile person, I've just been focusing on… um… my feelings, and not wanting her to steamroll over them. Which she does, but it's not on purpose."

"There you go," Tiana encouraged, petting Elsa's shoulder again. "You can find a way to do both, okay? Be your own woman, but let her know you like the woman she is, too. Just don't give up."
"Yes, I know, you're right. And I'm not going to, no matter how much it feels like I should sometimes." Taking a deep breath, she ran her hands down her face. "Sorry for dumping all this on you, it's... this can't be what you intended to do just before your dinner rush."

"The diner can make it without me for a minute. Blood is thicker than money, girl. And I consider you blood." That got Elsa smiling, and Tiana returned it by patting her arm. "You gonna be okay?"

"I will, thank you. I can't believe you took this so easy, that... I'm... gay? Bisexual? I haven't had enough time to think about it."

Shrugging, Tiana stood and offered Elsa her hand, which she took. "You'll figure it out. You're too smart for your own good sometimes." Then she pulled her into a warm, bracing hug that had Elsa sighing in relief, unshed tears leaking from her eyes at long last. "Shhh, I got you."

All Elsa could do was nod and try not to fall apart again.

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On her way home with two boxes of diner food in the passenger's seat, Elsa found herself in high spirits, letting the radio play on. So what if she wanted to make out with her sister, touch her, be with her? At least she had someone she wanted to be with. And so did Anna. As Belle had pointed out, many people never found their soulmates, so it was a little silly to complain if they come in a package that was less than ideal. Plus Tiana's helping her figure out why Anna was so excitable and pushy also helped to ease her worries about how healthy their relationship was. Maybe they had some things to work on, and she was only reasonably sure they were "in love", but they had always loved one another. This was just another form of showing it.

"Anna?" she called out as she edged inside, balancing the boxes in one hand as she carried her briefcase in the other. "How do you feel about going out tonight after dinner? Maybe I'll let you make me try gelato!" No answer. Maybe she had already gone out; she had her own phone now, and a spare key. "Anna, hello?"

The minute she saw all of the luggage was gone from its corner of the living room, she knew something was wrong. Quickly stashing the food and her briefcase, she searched the entire apartment and didn't see that they had been moved; just removed.

On her third, panicked sweep, she finally saw her laptop on the dining room table, poised near the corner and open, cord running to the wall. Her iPod was hooked up to it. There was also a small bag sitting closeby, one that seemed to be made of burlap or hemp. An ominous feeling began to creep up again, just like the one she had felt before. That Anna was not alright — maybe the very same feeling Anna had felt about her that made her come home in the first place.

Taking a seat, she bumped the mousepad and saw the screen come to life. There was a document open with "Dear Elsa," and the rest was blank. Overlapping with that window, however, was a video file. Already completely sucked in, she played it.

"I think it's recording," her sister's voice said from the speakers. "Okay, good. Hey. Um, it's me. Anna. Y'know, that crazy redhead who just... won't get out of your life."

"Oh no," Elsa breathed. She was barely a few seconds into the video, and she already felt the dread doubling in potency. This wasn't going to be good news. She just knew it.

"So I've been thinking a lot today. About this morning, and last night, and... without, um, getting
into a lot of detail, I think you're right. There's just too much of a specific kind of energy resonating between us for objectivity."

"Sexual energy," Elsa almost automatically whispered.

"Yeah," Anna said, as if she were answering Elsa. Her beautiful freckled face looked so flat on the screen, but still shone as much as it could, despite being only a memory. "A-anyway, the best solution sounds to me like I should, um, just go for a while. Not that long! Not as long as before, I swear, but... a while. Let us both get our heads around this and decide what we want. Like, as long as I'm still here, it's gonna be impossible to take a breather and really examine shit."

A huge sigh of relief swept through her, and she shivered as she pressed a hand to her mouth. She had to at least celebrate one good thing. Though Anna seemed like the last type of person who would do anything so drastic as take her own life, that very worst possibility had come to mind, and she felt ready to tackle anything now that it had been dispelled. A silent prayer of thanks fell from her lips as she found herself eternally grateful that Anna was still alive, wherever she was.

But she had missed some of the video. A few taps and she was back to where she left off.

"...really examine shit. So, like, I want you to really focus on that. Your life is going great! Mine is... whatever it is, but it's mine. Part of me still doesn't want to give up the backpacking lifestyle, so maybe this is for the best. I'll get a little more of that out of my system in Brazil, and you can figure out who you are with your new... liberated self." She chuckled, leaning her elbows on the table. "It's been really great seeing your blossom unfurl, watching my big sister find out that she is more than the box she made for herself."

Now the anxiety was taking over again. Elsa leaned in as Anna shrugged. "What can I say? I'm... happy for you. Happy for both of us. I learned a little bit from you, too. Things I thought I was too 'evolved' for, they're still just part of being human. Like... being in love."

"Love?" Elsa rasped. "In love?"

"Yeah, I said it." The face in the screen was definitely redder. "Um... I don't know if that's what we have, because my relationships always had love, and they always fell apart. And I moved on, usually in a geographical sense. That's all I know how to do. But this time... I know it's worth figuring it out. One way or the other."

"No." Shame prickled as she realised she was talking to a recording, but it didn't matter. "No, Anna, don't- please don't go, I need-"

"The bag has a couple of things I promised, and something I didn't. On the necklace, that's a khamsa, a protective hand — of Ishtar, Mary, Venus, Fatima. Varies based on who you ask. The purpose is to shield you from- oh, you don't care about this," she added in a soft chuckle, a warm one. "My hippie bullshit. Just think of it as an Ashkenazi good luck charm. I wanted to give it to you in person before I flew out to Brazil, and I know that wasn't supposed to be for a couple more days, but I knew if I waited..." She trailed off, the video still recording but Anna looking almost frozen as she tried to think her way through the mental knot. "Doesn't seem smart to wait anymore."

"You should have," Elsa breathed, hating the fates for throwing her in this direction. Both of them.

"The important thing is, I don't want you to be mad or sad. I'm not 'running' this time." Her voice was so firm that Elsa had to blink in surprise. "I'll be back soon, I swear, I swear on any deity you want, okay? But for now, this is my path to walk, and you have yours. They will cross again, soon.
Tears were clouding her vision as she watched Anna press a fingertip to her lips, then press it to the camera lens. Elsa found herself touching the screen and then touching her own lips.

"Namaste, Elsa. Love you."

The video stopped. Elsa's heart seized, unable to believe that might be the last she saw of Anna for a long time. It was like being shot in the chest by a stray bullet. Completely unnecessary, but just as fatal.

She tried to call her new cell phone several times, but Anna never picked up. It went to voicemail every time — and she got the standard message about her voicemail box not being set up yet. Then she noticed the iPod again. Unplugging it, she laid it aside as it began to refresh her library, and returned her attention to the bag.

Inside, she found a lengthy braided chain that eventually pulled up a small, golden charm in the shape of a hand with an eye in the middle. Set within it were several stones that glittered and shone; probably not precious, but some were semi-precious, at least. And they were all precious to Elsa. Without having to think about it, she unclasped the chain and strung it around her neck, admiring how it sat upon her blouse, catching the light. She knew she might never take it off again, and didn't want to; the necklace was long enough that it probably wouldn't even be visible under her work clothes, so there was no reason to, anyway.

Then she saw a strand of red hair. A lot of them. Glancing back into the bag, she found there were quite a few in there. What was up with that? She reached in and found that was the only other item in the bag. Bunches of hair…

"OH!" she gasped in recognition. "She really shaved her- oh God, Anna, I thought you were kidding!"

Eyes bleary and smile bemused, Elsa raised the tiny handful of curly hairs up to her nose. The scent still lingered. No doubt that within a week it would evaporate, but in that moment, she could still smell the musk of her Anna on them. That thought was so horribly depressing that she immediately dropped them back into the bag and shoved it away.

This was the thoughtful woman she had forced out of her life. The thoughtful, weird as hell woman who she just so happened to be related to, and was now on her way to Brazil. So many things were left unsaid! Who knew how long it would be before they saw each other again?

Eventually, the iPod flashed up at her for attention, and she looked through the artists. Sure enough, among the very few that had already been in there was Janet Jackson. It looked to be just about every song she'd ever released.

A few minutes of crying later, when she was about to shut the laptop and put it away, she noticed the browser window just behind the other two. Clicking it, she saw what Anna had been looking up: flights to Brazil. Apparently, her credit card still worked, at least, because she had used it to purchase her ticket.

For 7:15.

The time in the corner said "5:51". It had taken her a lot less time than she thought to watch the video and look through the bag. She probably wouldn't even be boarding for another hour.

Elsa was halfway to the door when she ran back to grab the iPod, and another item from her desk.
drawer. Then there was nothing that was going to come between her and her new mission.

~ To Be Continued ~
CHAPTER WARNINGS: Feels.

NOTES: Almost done! And just in time, too; NaNoWriMo is next month, and I'll be cracking the whip over myself yet again. Another book is just on the horizon, everybody (for those of you who missed it, google "Bleeding For Eurydice" to see about my last one). I'm excited and nauseated, and very mildly irritated that I couldn't get That Other Fanfic Project done before NaNo. But it will be waiting for me in December!

The Arendelle Cove Regional Airport was a tiny, pathetic one, but more likely than not her sister would be hopping a small "puddle jumper" from there to an airport that served as a more central hub. That was where the larger jet aircraft would take her all the way to Brazil, or perhaps to a point halfway along.

Elsa made it there in record time. Normally, the drive would take forty minutes, but by speeding through a few stale yellow lights and taking sharper turns, she was able to shave it down to half an hour, including the time spent abandoning her car in the passenger dropoff and storming inside.

They demanded she buy a plane ticket to get past security. Elsa wanted to, even though the wasted expense would be justified if she could catch up to Anna. On the other hand, she didn't even know if Anna was there yet, or what flight she had, and they refused to tell her anything about the flights going out. That left her arguing with the staff.

"Look, I just want to take a quick look around," she tried to plead with them. "My sister is leaving and I didn't want to miss her, but she's already here, and… can't you have her paged? Anything?!"

"Even if we could, she wouldn't be able to come back through security," the man told her patiently, a tight smile on his face. She knew she was being belligerent, and he would almost certainly complain to his fellow customer service reps about her during one of their breaks. "Not without having to go through every single check all over again."

Hands clutching the edge of the counter, she leaned in. "Listen. I know this is just you doing your job, but I seriously need to talk to her — I have no idea when I'll see her again! Can't you bend the rules? At least page her? Anything!"

"Ma'am, I can't do anything other than ask you to buy a ticket so you can get through security. Unless you think she is a safety concern, we don't normally page customers for non-customers…"

But he looked a little less firm on the secondary point.

"Please?" she half-begged, feeling her eyes welling up. She didn't want to achieve results in this fashion, but it looked like it was going to happen, regardless. She truly was upset, and there wasn't anything wrong with letting that show in order to avoid a disaster. And she could think of no greater disaster than Anna leaving without knowing she would be missed.

Just when she was about to open her mouth and try some other method of persuasion, he sighed...
and picked up the phone. "What was her name?"

"Anna Nieves. And if she doesn't come, I might buy a ticket, after all — I have to find her. I have to."

He thumbed a button, then held the mouthpiece up to his mouth without bothering with the earpiece. "Anna Nieves, you have a passenger page at the service counter. Anna Nieves to the service counter." Then he hung up the phone and looked her dead in the eye. "That's all I can do, I'm sorry."

"Thank you…" She squinted at his nametag. "David. Thank you so much."

"My pleasure," he said with a weary, but more genuine smile.

It took at least ten minutes of pacing up and down, wringing her hands anxiously and hoping she wasn't too late, before Anna came into view. One of the airport security personnel was with her, and she looked bewildered until she saw who had paged her. Then she sighed, smiling a little weakly.

"Shoulda known," she mumbled. "Hey, Sis."

Elsa didn't say anything, at first. She simply reached into her purse, then set both her iPod and a small Bluetooth speaker on the counter. With a flick of her thumb, she started it playing a dated-yet-heartfelt ballad.

"Looking through my old drawer
Came across the letter you wrote
Said you needed time away
That was so long ago
All my life I've waited to see your smile again
In my mind I hated not able to let go

Come back to me, I'm beggin' you please
Come back to me, I want you to
Come back to me, I'm beggin' you please
Come back to me…"

As it played on, Anna pushed her hands into her mouth, a noise halfway between a sob and a giggle floating out from between her fingers. Before the lyrics could continue into the next verse, she spoke.

"More Janet?"

"Yeah," Elsa breathed, stepping forward quickly and closing the distance between them, leaving the song to play behind her. "Listened to it all the way here. I'm glad I have that speaker now, even though I don't think I used it more than once since I got it from my Secret Santa. The music doesn't sound as good through the actual iPod speaker, and I dislike wearing headphones."

"You know your car has an iPod dock, right?" When Elsa only blinked, Anna rolled her eyes and laughed. "Oh well, doesn't matter. This is super sweet, and I appreciate your coming all the way down here, but… I mean, what's the point? You can't handle me interrupting your feng shui on a daily basis, and there's no reason you should have to. I annoy the shit out of you, and I feel dumb for realising it was a problem so late."

"You do not! Anna… I am sorry you thought that. Yes, I sometimes am annoyed by things you do,
and I won't deny that, but that's not the same as me being annoyed by you as a person. I'm just not used to… to sharing my life, to being more open the way you are." Sighing, she reached out to press a hand into Anna's neck, but the redhead flinched, so she withdrew the hand. "Oh, I'm sorry if I-

"N-no, it's okay," she hurried to reassure her, catching the hand before it could entirely retreat behind her back. "I didn't mean to overreact. Sorry."

The corner of Elsa's mouth twitched up. "Seems like we're both a little sorry." As Anna smiled back, she whispered, "Um… are you all packed? Toothbrush, wallet… phone?"

"Yeah, don't worry. And I… I was gonna answer your messages once I was on the plane, promise. Figured if I tried to do it now, I'd lose my nerve and cancel my flight, go back to your place. I'm determined to do what's right, even if it's hard."

"But I… don't want you to go."

Anna's face fell, but she took a quick breath to steady herself. "Sorry, but I have to now. Before, I just had a potential ticket in my bank account, but this one is non-transferrable. Either I get on that plane, or… I lose all my money and I won't be able to get to Brazil at all. Sucks to be me, but I just don't have a thousand bucks lying around to blow on a second ticket."

"Would that be so terrible? To have to stay here with me?"

Anna blinked rapidly, mouth agape. "I… you know that's not what I meant, right?"

"Yes, I know. But I also meant that… that I know you feel compelled to do whatever it is you'll be doing down there. Digging wells or building huts, working in soup kitchens. God knows! And I'm not trying to say those things aren't important, I know they are, but… oh, couldn't you just do work like that here, where you can come home to me afterward?"

"Elsa…"

"Honestly? I'm a little afraid of how you and I have been together. It's not something I have a lot of experience with, but I…" She searched for words, lips moving wordlessly. "You and I, it feels…"

"Balanced. Like a duality; your dark against my light, and my dark against your light. Yin and yang." Stepping closer, she brought their joined hands up to press between their chests as she closed the rest of the distance. "I know I'm normally the chill one, but honestly, this really does scare me a little, too."

"Because it's me? Because it's… coming from somewhere neither of us expected? That other people won't be able to accept?" Anna shook her head. "Then what?"

"I told you. I'm afraid of losing someone so precious to me. That changing our relationship might risk what we already have. That's happened enough with regular people. What if I lose you? That terrifies me, a lot, because you're so much more important to me than most people! I'm scared!"

Elsa kissed Anna's forehead, and she watched as her eyes closed, as she relished the contact despite trying to remain calm. "And me, as well. Right now, this very second."

"That's different; I'm not going to be 'lost'. Just… away. And not for that long, I promise. A year, probably; the program is supposed to be ten months, I think. And don't forget, this was always my plan; I know it doesn't make sense to you, but this is my job, as much as I really have a 'job' in the traditional sense."
"But a year is too long! I… I already lost so much of my life with you! A decade of…" Her throat closed up on her, and she let out a choked sound as she moved to look away, but she could not fully break the contact between them. Nor was Anna inclined to, it seemed. That left both of them still engaged with each other, but Elsa's head turned very slightly. "Of losing you over and over, tiny visits that only reminded me how much I hated you leaving!"

Anna let that sink in for a moment before whispering, "We were becoming who we are now," leaning in to kiss the back of Elsa's hand where it rested between them. "And that doesn't mean I never missed you, but after coming back and feeling who you are now, experiencing this… wasn't it worth it? Our hearts have finally connected!"

"No," she blubbered stubbornly, and Anna laughed very softly. "I hated losing you. I hated every moment you were gone, I just… l-learned not to think about it after a while."

Squeezing her fingers, she whispered, "See? You moved on. You can move on again, Elsa."

"I didn't! Don't you get it?! I didn't move on, I just buried the pain so I wouldn't lose my mind completely!" The tentative smile fell from Anna's face. "And I tried to tell you the last few times you were here, and it made me feel like a selfish… complainer, I don't know! So I buried it again, and again, and just decided I was never going to tell you! What would be the point? You were so happy out there, without me, so… so I smothered my feelings."

"You really… it hurt you that much that I was gone?" No answer came. "Elsa, wow, it… you never said, and I didn't see- I couldn't know…"

"You found it so easy to leave. To leave me, over and over, and I hated it, and I tried to hate you. Thought it w-would be easier if I did. But how can you hate the only person who's ever mattered in your life? Even if they abandon you…"

"No, never 'abandoned!' That wasn't what I was trying to do! God, I didn't think you needed me! You looked so strong, so beyond needing me around to…" Making her own choked sound now, Anna reached up to brush a tear from Elsa's cheek. "God, Sis, you were so incredible! Like a force of nature, and I was just this pathetic little sister who was in the way, disappointing you all the time! Every day, you had something new to explain to me about how much I failed to measure up, a-and you were always right! So I wanted… I wanted to get out of your way so you wouldn't have to worry about me anymore! To go out into the world, prove that I could figure myself out, and not just be a- be such a big weight around your neck, like- I don't know!"

Elsa winced over and over as every word stabbed into her like nails in her coffin. It was regrettably true that she had been needlessly harsh in those days of mourning; Anna was always underfoot, trying to cheer her up in increasingly inane ways. It had been surprising her with tickets to some comedy show — which Elsa had been interested in before the funeral, but considered to be a huge waste of money — that had been the last straw; that multiple-hour argument had ended their "sisterhood" for the first time. Ensured that she wouldn't see Anna for several years, and even then only for brief visits.

"You never disappointed me," Elsa swore to her, trying to ignore how hollow that rang in the face of the insults and reprimands she had hurled back then. "I was mad, and bitter, and grieving! The only thing you ever did that disappointed me was leave! B-because then…" A helpless shrug.

"Then you were gone, and I had to do everything on my own. To take care of Mother and Father's estate, and f-figure out how to live without them, and without you! There's no way for me to explain how lost I was that first year after you left, how much I…"

She couldn't continue; the words were too hard. A hand appeared on Elsa's upper arm, stroking up
and down. "Go on. I…" Her voice was breaking, but she pressed on, "I need to hear this. And I think you need to say it."

"I'm n-not blaming you for it, but it hurt so much! Why didn't you love me enough to stay?!"

"That's not true," she breathed sadly, looking around the airport. After another sigh, she pressed her forehead against her sister's. "I left because I love you. Because… I was only hurting you by hanging around and… and not letting you go through the steps of grief. Neither of us were. I didn't fully get it then, I just knew that I wasn't helping, and you were mad, and I… and I needed to leave you alone."

"I know I was intolerable! Always shouting, a-and throwing the porcelain reindeer — I spent days crying about that when I realised that I couldn't put it back together! That it was gone forever! But none of that was ever about you, alright? I just couldn't handle losing them, and I didn't know what to do about you anymore, and… and I was taking it out on you, which wasn't right but I didn't know what else to do! You were the only one I could let see that side of me, ugly as it was! Maybe all along, it was this 'energy' or whatever you want to call it! Maybe I just can't get along without you!"

Leaning in, Anna pressed a kiss to Elsa's cheek, one warm, and firm, and earnest. "Oh, Elsa… I wish I'd been less stupid back then! I know I wasn't really an adult yet, but when I think back to you… shouting, and…" Her tears welled up more. "I thought you hated me! B-because… because I couldn't save them!"

"What?" Blinking rapidly, she ended up scoffing as she spoke, so taken aback was she at that statement. "How could you save them? You weren't even there! Don't be ridiculous!"

"I don't know! A-and I didn't then, either, I just f-felt like you resented me for still being around while they weren't anymore!" Then she took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. "Okay. Okay, I'm fine, I just need to… to find my focus again."

"No, don't." When Anna's eyes flew open, she urged, "Don't find it. Don't bury all this again, just… tell me. Everything, all of it, please!"

Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes, and she let out in a small voice, "Th-there isn't anything else. I just thought you hated me, and w-wanted me to die. Or at least, stop being such a child; that's what you said, wasn't it? That I was 'too old to keep acting so irresponsible'. And you were right; I didn't even apply for colleges, I just wanted to go b-backpacking, and… that's still exactly what I did. So I proved you right, and…"

"But you did it for yourself, too, didn't you?" Anna didn't answer, and Elsa's heart began to sink. That was a truly awful prospect. "Didn't you?!"

"Yes, of course. But I… I made it a 'way of life' for you. Because I didn't want to come home, a- and disappoint you all over again. I'm still not that interesting, and I don't have some kind of Harvard degree, or a best-selling romance novel, or… I'm not any smarter than I was back then, apparently, because I didn't even know I was pissing you off with how pushy I was being until you had to shut me down!. So… you know?"

"Anna… no, no." Cupping her face with one hand, Elsa whispered, "You are my sister. No matter what happens, I'll always, always love you. Even when I felt like you were abandoning me, I… it wasn't the end. I knew I'd see you again, even if I didn't know how long between."

"And I knew I'd see you again. My hope was that, um… someday, I'd come back, and I'd be done.
Really me, and not just immature, almost-me. That something one of us said would clue me in that I was ready to stay home. That I'd finally 'grown up' or whatever. But I didn't mean to hurt you, or make you think I was abandoning you — I just honestly thought me being around was more of a burden than anything!"

"Never. Never a burden, even when I acted like it was, I… GOD was I wrong!" They both grinned a little at the inflection. "All I want is you here with me now. Okay? I'm sorry for how I acted when I was young. We both were way too young to handle their passing very well, and I guess sometimes I forget that."

"Yeah." Nuzzling in against Elsa's shoulder, she whispered, "Man… I've been getting along without you for so long that I guess I forgot how it felt to have you with me. How good, how… perfectly symmetrical."

"Perfect. I love you, Anna."

"I love you, too," she replied instantly, smiling.

"I might mean as more than a sister."

"Me, too. Is… that alright?"

"I think it is." Sighing bitterly, she asked the question that she didn't want to ask in the here and now, but she needed to. "Do you have to go?"

Nodding, Anna leaned up to kiss her other cheek, then her lips, albeit briefly. "Yes. I promised I would help my friend, Esmeralda; I don't like to break my word, it's bad karma. But if you want… you could come visit me?"

That took Elsa aback. She hadn't considered that. "I… oh. Could I, really?"

"Of course!" Anna laughed easily. "I invited you to all the time, back when we were still writing back and forth to each other. Remember?"

"Yes, but you were hopping from place to place so much that by the time I saved up vacation time, you were somewhere else."

The shorter girl's clear turquoise eyes sparkled. "You were going to come? You tried? I thought you just didn't want to."

"No, I did! But there wasn't enough time, or money, or notice… you know how I am. Serial planner. It was easier to just let things go by the wayside than confront you and ask for firmer dates."

"Yeah," she giggled, though the pleased expression at finding out Elsa had tried remained. "I know you need to make plans and have stability. I'm bad at that, clearly. My fault. You don't need that kind of headache."

"I need you." The flush that crept into Anna's cheeks in response to such a hungry phrase was flattering and genuine, and Elsa tried not to think about her own face, how much she was telegraphing to the entire airport. Instead, she whispered, "I swear to God, Anna, I don't understand our relationship anymore, but I know it's necessary. That I haven't felt… I haven't cared about my life in so long! Because you're what gives it… shape, and form!"

"I am not," Anna tried to brush aside, but Elsa darted in to kiss her again, and she shivered. "E-
Elsa, people are going to stare! Are you sure you don't mind?"

"I'm through 'minding'," Then she cleared her throat. "Alright, so that might be an exaggeration; I can't change that drastically overnight, but I won't let that stick up my ass keep me from telling you that… that I need you, okay? In so many ways!"

"Lucky stick." As Elsa was chuckling and Anna's lip quivering, Anna finally embraced her fully. "And you have me. You always had me. My other relationships, they were alright, but I was probably comparing them to you a lot without realising. Like, would Elsa approve? Were they as smart as Elsa? As strong, as independent? As… beautiful?"

Ignoring the heat building along her neck, she said, "But I thought you didn't care about physical beauty."

"I do; I'm only human. It's just not a factor in why I'd date somebody, that's all." Then she whispered, "But you really do have an incredible ass, stick or no stick. That wasn't a lie to make you feel better."

She grinned into Anna's neck, thinking about some of Belle's comments in addition to what Anna had done to said region. "I'm finally starting to believe you, even if I can't believe it myself."

"That's good enough for now." They fell silent for a few seconds before she whispered, "So… will you come? I can't ask you to sacrifice that money, and I'll be back after Brazil either way. To stay, even. I won't leave you alone for that long again, I promise; never again. But… if you could come… I'd try to help get some money togeth-"

"That isn't necessary," she interrupted firmly, kissing Anna's cheek as she drew back to gaze down at her. "I do have the money. Well, not a limitless supply, but after years of barely ever taking a vacation… there's more than enough to take one to Brazil to see my sister."

"You're sure? I don't want you having to sell any stock options just for a trip."

"No stock options need be sold," Elsa assured her with a soft smile. "I was actually considering a Caribbean cruise that Cindy kept mentioning, even though I loathe the idea of being stuck on a ship full of strangers. But it seemed a shame not to use up my vacation days. And… this is a more appealing option."

With a quick nod, Anna reached up and ran her fingers through Elsa's slightly-disheveled hair and smiled softly. "Okay. So I'll be back, or you'll be down. I promise that I'll stay in touch — and not like last time when I said that and you were mostly not even listening, and I thought you didn't really want to talk to me, so I didn't try very hard. This time, I'll do better. I swear."

"Swear on what? You don't believe in Jesus."

"I swear on… the khamsa you're wearing," she breathed with a pleased little smile. Elsa nipped it up out of her blouse, and Anna trailed a fingertip over the jewels. "You don't know how great you look wearing it. That's what I was hoping when I saw it, even though you don't normally wear stuff like this. Barukh attah Adonai," she added in a quieter voice.

Rolling her eyes at the further compliments and deciding not to comment on the foreign words, she said, "You're right, I don't. But I love it — and thank you for promising to keep in touch."

"Yep! You're gonna get so many postcards!"

"I'd better," Elsa half-laughed, half-sobbed. "I also hope you quit screening my calls." She decided
to put a lid on much further laughing or crying, since they both had the potential to get out of hand in the middle of the airport.

"That was only until I made it out of the airport," Anna snorted. Then she took a deep breath and said, "Okay, it's settled. We'll see each other really soon. Maybe not as soon as either of us wants, but… but it's not the end. That's so important to me." Leaning up, she kissed the corner of Elsa's mouth so tenderly that Elsa slid her own mouth over, beginning a deep kiss that prompted a few clearing of throats from the personnel. Then she pulled back with a little gasp and licked her lips.

"Mmmhh… got that to look forward to."

"Yeah," Elsa half-panted. "Um… I'm sorry for hunting you down like this, but I couldn't handle you leaving without knowing. And I couldn't count on you calling so I could explain myself, even though you said in your video that this isn't forever, so…"

"No apology necessary. I'm… yeah, I can't say how grateful I am that you came! My heart feels a lot more at peace now. This is gonna keep me going until we can be together again, Elsa." Another, more brief peck. Then she grinned and whispered, "You put that song on repeat."

All Elsa did in reply to that was look away in shame as the same refrain started over. When Anna squeezed her more tightly and engaged her lips again, she forgot everything, felt the surroundings drop away as she opened herself up to everything. For the first time in her life, she felt as if she truly didn't care what anyone else thought. It was so beautiful and effervescent, and she wanted to hold onto that as long as she could.

And then she heard the announcement: "Now boarding group A for the 7:15 flight bound for PDX, connecting to New York City, Los Angeles, Seattle, Miami, Chicago, and points beyond. Repeat, group A may now board for flight 452 to PDX."

"That's me," Anna said with a bitter whisper. "I should make sure I make it by the time they board my group. Which, thanks to security, means I gotta go now."

"You shouldn't. But… if you must, you must."

"I must. For a little while. Only months, okay? Not even a whole year, I promise to your necklace. And then I'm all yours."

"Oh, Anna…" She wasn't sure at all what to say anymore, so she simply kissed her one last time, trying to pour all of her love, her regrets, and her yearning for their future into the contact. And she felt it returned; Anna's feelings were not the exact same ones as hers. No, they were the mirror image; flipped in some ways, but the same. The other half of the balanced set.

"Hmmh," Anna breathed as she pulled back, nose crinkling in amusement. "The khamsa keeps poking me."

"Sorry. Is it really a good luck charm?" Then she smiled at her little sister and whispered, "What am I saying? Look at where I am; maybe it is."

"Close enough. I'll tell you about it soon; maybe I can call from PDX. Think I have a layover."

"Hey, wait." Grabbing up the iPod, she pushed it into Anna's hands. "Take it."
"Aww, I don't really need-"

"Doesn't matter. You can have it, I... I'll buy another, re-download the music. Just... I want you to have that, have something of mine. You left me the necklace, and, um... the bag."

At the mention of it, Anna's deeply touched expression gave way to a bemused one. "Maybe that was a dumb idea, but my heart was in the right place. Or my pit, I guess?"

"Shhh!" Elsa breathed urgently. "I might be alright with this entire airport seeing me kiss a woman, but bedroom specifics are not for public ears!"

"Sorry!" Anna cackled, clutching the iPod and speaker to her chest for a few seconds, cherishing them. Then she slipped them into her pockets, muffling the music as she placed her hands on Elsa's shoulders, delivering one more kiss than she had planned to give. "Okay, now I really gotta go. They only promised to let me back through security if I go through all the screening stuff again, so I need time for that."

"No, I understand. I'm sorry."

"Never be sorry for today. Never, ever, ever."

Stepping back with tearful eyes, Elsa raised her hand to wave and whispered, "Never, ever."

That was it. Anna turned to look at her and wave as often as she could, grinning from ear to ear, and Elsa waved back with her other hand clutching at her heart, trying to claw it out of her own chest. Her fingers eventually closed around the golden charm on her necklace, holding it so tightly that she could feel it digging into her palm. Then, after she had passed the security checkpoint, Anna was gone.

"Wow," David remarked at last when she was turning to go, a suspicious look in his kind eyes. "Didn't know you and your 'sister' were so close."

"Neither did I a few days ago."

Shrugging, he typed a few things into his terminal as he added, "I sure never kiss my sister like that."

"Really? That's too bad for you." As she walked away toward the exit, Elsa remarked over her shoulder, "But I don't have a single regret."

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Then she was making her way back home. At the first red light, she quickly texted Anna a redundant goodbye, and then at the next, a brief invitation to Belle. Though she didn't want to immediately unload all of her emotional baggage onto her friend, she had two dinners that she couldn't possibly eat all by herself. The prospect was certainly better than going back to an empty apartment.

To her surprise, despite her timetable to board her flight, it was Anna who texted back first: a heart emoji and nothing more, but Elsa found herself sobbing, anyway.

How was she going to get through the next year?

~ To Be CONCLUDED ~
EPILOGUE

Chapter Notes

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

This fic really surprised me by going on as long as it did. Writing is always an adventure.

First and foremost, I'd like to thank you for the encouraging reviews you all left, and for reading even if you didn't review. It means a lot to me that I can still be writing this ship over two years later and get as many faves and follows as I do; gives me a strong sense of community. No fandom is perfect, but this fandom is family.

That said, this MAY be my last fanfic until at least December. As I said, November is always for NaNo to me, and I'll be hitting Scrivener hard and fast at midnight (despite running on 4 hours of sleep, rip). But that doesn't mean I'll forget about you guys! Either way, I hope you enjoy the finale and it gives you a sense of closure on the story of these very different sisters.

Until we meet again,

Jessex

"What a night!" Elsa laughed breathlessly as she burst in through her apartment door, flopping onto the couch the moment she was close enough. The door eventually slammed shut behind her, but she was already panting, "I didn't expect anyone from Castle Dynamics to let loose that much!"

"You should have," Belle giggled as she pulled Cindy down next to her. The strawberry blonde cackled, flailing her limbs in utter surprise. All that movement ruffled her elegant blue ball gown, light catching her shining glass slippers, which might have been a bit too ostentatious for a simple office party. However, she certainly was a smash, which was hard to argue with. "You know how much fun I am. Full well."

Pursing her lips, Elsa began to kick off her heels in the general direction of the door, throwing her clutch after where they lay to form a small pile. "Shhh, don't wake the neighbours! It's almost three in the morning!"

"They won't mind, will they?" Cindy asked with another giggle, pushing Belle away because the brunette had begun to tickle her. Again. Exactly as she had the entire Uber ride back to the apartment. "It's the holidays!"

Swatting at Belle's arm, Elsa stood on shaky legs, groaning at the ache in her feet. Privately, she wished her sister was around to give her another of those massages. "Ohhh, it's so good to get those off! Why do I always forget not to dance in heels?"

"Because this is maybe the second time you've ever been dancing in your life, Nieves," Belle snorted.

"True. Very true." Then she swayed slightly and asked, "Anybody want a drink?"
"You've had enough," Cindy remarked.

"Not *that* kind! I meant a seltzer or a water." Then she smirked. "Actually, I have the ingredients for smoothies, if you're interested."

At the mention of smoothies, her bubbly coworker's bemused grin turned even more excited. "Point me at 'em! You take a seat, Elsa, I can be a good guest and pitch in!"

"My little domesticated scullery maid," Belle teased, and Cindy rolled her eyes and flicked her ear as she stood, flouncing toward the kitchen too quickly for the swipe at her behind to find its target.

Elsa peered over in her general direction, making sure she wasn't about to return. Even in her inebriated state — which was far less inebriated than the other two believed, as she had only had a flute or two of champagne, nursed incredibly slowly — she was able to exercise discretion.

"You should stop that."

"Stop what?" Belle asked, now removing her own golden gladiator heels. It was a long labour.

"Flirting with innocent little Miss Arbeit. She's straight."

"Just because that's your opinion, and hers, doesn't mean it's true."

"You did the same thing to Tiana all night," she continued to accuse while pointing at her. "And she came as my guest! Luckily for you, she's used to guys at the diner coming on too strong, and very practiced at spurning those advances."

"Then no harm, no foul, right?" Her lips twitched when Elsa sighed. "Fine, but she never even got mad or anything; I'm not totally insensitive. Besides, you can see that I'm not making little Cindy Lou Who uncomfortable. Just let me have my fun. What's the harm, really?"

Throwing up both hands, she grunted, "Suit yourself. But you know what I'll do to you if you take advantage of her when she's tipsy."

At that, Belle frowned. It wasn't even the threat, as it turned out. "I would never and you know it. I might be a sadist, but I'm not a creep; I'm all about keeping things safe, sane, and consensual. Even without the BDSM credo, I have a lot of respect for Cindy."

"Good to hear that. But you know I only said it not because I needed to know, but because-"

"Because you thought I needed to be reminded," she finished in a flat tone, dropping her sandals onto the floor beneath the coffee table and propping up her feet on top of it, next to Guanyin's permanent perch. "Yeah, yeah. I disagree with that, but I hear you loud and clear." Then she rested a hand on Elsa's thigh through her violet-and-teal dress — the one she had needled her into wearing, even roping other friends into encouraging her to go all out for the party. Despite her reticence, and how much leg and cleavage it showed off, she had to admit it really did accentuate her figure. Even old Westleton had let slip an "Oh my!" at seeing her walk in, dressed to kill.

"So does that mean I'm ending up in your bed tonight? Since you are obviously stone cold sober, and Cindy is definitely not."

"Not quite stone cold," Elsa replied through gritted teeth. She had stopped pushing Belle's hand away during these situations after a few months. "But I'm more aware of what's happening than either of you are."
"I'm very aware. As aware as I am of what I would want out of our last night, if you're as sober as I think you are."

Sighing, Elsa glanced again at the kitchen, then back at Belle. "Just because I consented to a few scenes with you, and they were entertaining, doesn't mean this was supposed to bleed into the rest of my life. Cindy already suspects after what you said when she helped us fix the copier!"

"That was an honest slip," Belle cooed, stroking up and down. Elsa's shiver was more real than she wanted to admit. "And I covered."

"You claimed 'Mistress' was supposed to be 'Miss Priss'. It worked, but she still sized us up for the rest of the day. I think she saw through it!"

Shrugging, Belle leaned over to kiss Elsa, a quick one, a stolen one — and was blocked by a hand. She kissed that instead, then drew back to whisper, "You still won't?"

"Not that. Sorry."

"But Anna gave you her blessing. Both of us; you even had me ask her directly, which was not my idea of fun. I just… I don't understand why you're so uptight, even all this time later."

It wasn't that Elsa didn't see the disappointment in Belle's eyes. The annoyance that mixed with true regret. But she stood firm. "I know. She's a lot freer with these things than I am. But I don't want to kiss a single set of lips other than Anna's for the rest of my life, and you know that. End of discussion." Under her breath, she added, "Again."

Frowning down at her hands for a second, Belle shrugged, then leaned up and kissed her cheek instead. It was not a romantic gesture, but one of consolation, and Elsa nodded in gratitude. Those were permissible. "I'm sorry. I try to respect your boundaries, Mistress. I just… I have desires, that's all."

"A lot of them, yes." Her head tipped in the direction of the kitchen, but Belle was distracted.

"The Beast is irritated with you," she whispered, eyes coquettish as she ran her fingertip along the neckline of her own pale yellow dress.

"Oh? And why should he be?"

"You won't-" The sound of the blender firing up gave them both a start. Belle rolled her eyes and continued. "You commanded me not to… do a certain something. And he's irritated. He's getting tired of blowjobs and handjobs, you know." Her legs squirmed as she tried to keep her seat.

"What do I care? That's between you and him."

"But… he says it chafes. When he goes down on me."

Elsa's eyes flashed, but it was a practiced, theatrical gesture. "Are you defying me?"

"No, Mistress," Belle replied hurriedly, ducking her head.

"Then will you continue to abstain?"

"Yes, Mistress. Until you are satisfied." Her cheeks were even slightly pink, which was somewhat out of character for the confident woman, as she added, "And… I have done all you asked."

Nodding her understanding, Elsa crossed her legs in the other direction, trying to abate the feeling
that the stroking of her leg had sparked. Seemed they were both feeling the mild thrill of their discussion, and all it referenced. "Good kitten." When Belle let out a low moan that threatened to sound like a purr, she made a helpless gesture. "This still isn't feeling any more normal to me, you know. If Anna were here, I wouldn't even entertain the idea of any of this stuff with you."

"And if Anna were here, I'd ask if she wanted to try a 'group activity'," Belle breathed against Elsa's neck, prompting more shivers and a lip curl. "But… I know you wouldn't want that."

"You do, do you? And why not?" she asked for the sake of argument.

"Because you would punch me in the face if I so much as laid a fingertip on your precious little sister. I know you at least that well."

The statement was absolutely true. However, all she said was, "And you'd like it."

"Maybe I would. But I wouldn't like you being upset by something I did again; not truly upset, outside of play. I do that on accident often enough that I don't want to do it on purpose."

That was true. And Belle looked so earnest in her desire not to damage their odd friendship any more than she already had that Elsa felt compelled to throw her a bone. So she reached over and gripped her breast hard, twisting just until she heard a quiet gasp over the sound of the blender.

"See that you don't, slave."

"Y-yes, Mistress!" Still gasping from the twisting, she let out a sigh when Elsa released her. "Ohhh… ooh, ow."

"And… thank you for getting it. Me and Anna, and… why things have to be the way they are."

Belle shrugged as she sat back up, cheeks flushed and breath coming faster but quickly trying to compose herself. "A-anytime. I know I'm a stupid slut, but you are a good friend first, and a Mistress second. And the not-so-oblivious target of my affections third."

"You're not even the tiniest bit subtle," Elsa snorted. "How on earth could I be oblivious to that?"

Belle was about to open her mouth to say something when Cindy waddled back into the room, precariously balancing three glasses in her hands. "Here we go! I found some mango and papaya, and threw in a few strawberries! Smells incredible, but I haven't tasted it yet!"

"Ooh, looks good," Belle gushed in a voice Elsa privately knew was as fake as Cindy's bottle tan, but she merely accepted her smoothie and didn't remark on it.

"Thanks! I do my best!" Then she lifted her glass. "Well, what should we toast?"

"To Christmas!" Belle attempted, and they all snorted. None of them were that fussed about the holiday itself. "Alright, alright… uh, to friendship?"

"Pretty clichéd," Elsa laughed.

"Fine. To Anna."

As Elsa was shooting her a glare, which Belle returned with a smirk, Cindy pointed at the two of them in recognition. "Right, right, your friend from before. You guys are pretty close, huh?"

"Pretty close, yes." Still glaring at Belle, she said, "I'm going to see her during my vacation. Ring in the New Year together."
"Really? She's down in Brazil? I've always wanted to see South America." Her wistful eyes were on the windows, so she didn't notice Belle leaning closer, laying her hand over Cindy's free one. Elsa did, but she held her tongue for the moment. "Wanna see a lot of the world. But here we are, stuck in Arendelle Cove. Well, not you, Elsa. You're off to see Rio!"

"I'm off," she giggled in agreement as she sipped at her smoothie. It really was quite delicious.

"Lucky," Belle said, still leaning closer to Cindy even as she spoke to Elsa. "But then again, I've gone to visit relatives in France a time or two, so I guess I'm not as landlocked as you guys. Before now, anyway."

"Not starting tomorrow," Elsa said easily enough as she watched Cindy cuddle back out of instinct. "I've been looking forward to this trip for... oh, a long time."

Belle's smirk said so much that she didn't even bother to give voice to her thoughts on that. Which Elsa appreciated. Instead, she merely pushed her lips into Cindy's neck and said, "Come with me to France while Elsa goes to be with Anna in Rio! Let's elope, ma chérie!"

"STOP!" Cindy cackled, legs windmilling again as she slapped Belle's arm. "You're so bad! God, you're taking me back to my college days!"

The instant that phrase was out of her mouth, Elsa and Belle both exchanged a look. Cindy was too busy wiping her eyes and giggling to notice Belle's wolfish grin, but all Elsa had to do was point a finger at her and she rolled her eyes, backing off.

By the time they reached bottom of the smoothie glasses, they had talked a little more about Anna, skirting her identity as Elsa's sister. She, Belle, and Anna, via various long distance communications, had all agreed it was fortunate that Cindy never overheard that she was her blood-related sibling, as they could omit that from all discussions. Sure, the fact that they both had the same last name could present future problems, nevermind more in-depth discussions about their childhood and familial backgrounds, but for the time being they were able to simply avoid mentioning that. Eventually, when Anna moved back to Arendelle Cove, it would be a lot easier for people to accept them as a couple if they never knew they were related in the first place. It might be deceptive, but it was better than dealing with a lot of religious proselytizing and incest-shaming. The homophobia would probably be bad enough by itself.

Also during that conversation, Belle kept up her flirting with Cindy. She was just subtle enough about it that it could all be laughed off, but eventually, she started flirting back, exaggeratedly so it could not be seen as anything other than joking. Elsa was privately impressed, but still headed off a few lewd or unfortunate things that Cindy would regret doing once the alcohol left her system. Which the leftover Chinese food helped with. After that, Cindy was beginning to seem less inebriated and more like her old self, and she responded to Belle's semi-flirty attentions with more thoughtfulness, more curiosity. Finally, the moment came when it couldn't be ignored any longer.

"A lot more than I care to admit," Elsa was laughing. "I know Belle put that song on for me personally."

"Of course I did! You and Janet, a match made in heaven." Then she threw her arms around the strawberry blonde and cried out, "Just like me and Cindy Lou Who!"

Though Cindy did laugh, possibly at the Grinch reference rather than the rest of it, she said, "You sure do lay it on pretty thick, even though we're both women! I'd almost ask what you're packing under that dress!"
"Oh? You really wanna know?"

"NO!" she guffawed, and Elsa had to laugh, as well; maybe Belle had hit a wall. "But you have bigger balls than most of the men I've dated!"

"Big, hairy, brass ones," she confirmed with a nod, and Cindy laughed, even while Elsa pursed her lips. "Seriously, though, I'm having a lot of fun teasing you. But if it's pissing you off, I'll stop."

"Nah," Cindy admitted with a bashful smile. "I don't mind being teased by you, a little. Just don't make a habit out of it Monday morning!"

Elsa's mouth was dropping open, but she slapped it closed when Cindy turned in her direction. Maybe the situation wasn't as hopeless as she had previously surmised.

Within another half hour, they were beginning to droop. Elsa fetched out three nightgowns, apologising for them being too big for her more petite friends at the same time as Belle was assuring her they were just fine. Teasing Belle about "peeping on her", Cindy remained to change in the living room while the other two changed in the bathroom.

"You are incredible," Elsa observed as they peeled themselves out of uncomfortable dresses. "Seriously, in-fucking-credible."

"Who's got you swearing like that?" Belle laughed, hanging hers over the shower curtain rod. She raised her hands to take Elsa's, then put it in the same place alongside. "But yeah… I'd love to score with her. Make the office even more interesting."

"Is that all she is to you? A score?"

"No one is 'just' a score," Belle admonished. "You, or Beast, or Cindy… you're all very important to me. And I know, it still doesn't make sense to you, I know. But it's the truth: I like you guys a lot, as good friends." Then she shrugged and added as she began to take off her jewellery, "I just also wanna fuck you."

Elsa began to do the same, and soon enough they had laid it all out on the back of the sink and were taking down their hair. Then she whispered, "I must be terribly disappointing in that aspect."

"Not terribly. But… of course I wish you were up for more than you are." Frowning, she paused to lay a hand on her forearm. "I'm sorry if I come across as ruthless. Maybe I am. But it's because I'm very eager to play with you. It's alright that you don't want me getting you off directly, or kissing you, or anything more romantic than a desperation cuddle now and then. I get it."

After considering that, Elsa patted the hand. "I know, kitten. But I'm still sorry I can't provide more." Sighing, she began to wipe her makeup off with a moist towelette. "Maybe Cindy can fill that need for you, hmm?"

"Yeah, right," Belle snorted, unclasping her bra. "This has been fun, but I think I've reached the end of the line. She's pretty set on staying 'gal pals'. Which is fine. Friends are good, with or without benefits."

"Sure, sure." When Belle bumped her hip into hers, she chuckled. "Who knows? She seemed to be getting more receptive out there just now to me. Anyway, at the very least, maybe we can hang out with her more often. She's… nice, for a vanilla."

Again, she snorted and bumped their hips together as she said, "Look at you, picking up the lingo! But… yeah, maybe there's some tiny speck of hope. I'm glad I stopped giving her so much grief.
Treat people how they want to be treated. Isn't that the old saying?"

"Exactly." Down to their underwear and about to slide on their gowns, Elsa turned to her and put her hands on her hips. "Alright. Let's try it."

"Okay," Belle said in a mock-glum tone, like a small child being told to clean their room. But she obediently pushed down her panties, waiting for what came next.

And as she had done the last several times, Elsa crouched in front of her, pressing her face in close to the union of her thighs. Belle's entire pubic area was covered in hair; she waxed to the bikini line, and above the usual waistline, but had stopped shaving the rest at her Mistress's command. Closing her eyes, she began to breathe in the scent there, letting it wash over her, fill her lungs.

"W-well?" Belle asked with ill-concealed curiosity after nearly a minute had gone by. At last, Elsa sat back with a shrug. "Aw, come on!"

"Sorry. Not quite as good. But I do enjoy the scent, just so you know."

"But I did everything you said! Used the same soap she uses, and I didn't use any today on that area; just rinsed! Like, here I am, trying to resist my usual hygiene and cultivate a full bush of vagina-smell for you and your osmophilia, and just… it's 'okay'?!"

The smile on Elsa's face was quite contented. "Better than 'okay', Belle. I promise. But it's not Anna."

"Never could be, I guess." With a heavy sigh, she widened her thighs. "Maybe if you breathed deeper, longer?"

"I'd pass out if I breathe deep for long," Elsa laughed, and Belle couldn't help but join in. Still, she didn't want to seem ungrateful, so she leaned in, drawing in more of the pungent aroma, and allowed herself to enjoy it to the fullest. Her coworker was quite fragrant, and she had to resist the temptation to taste what she was scenting. But that could be left for another time; in the end, she did sit back again, patting her hip. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Mistress," she said formally, pulling up her underwear. As they both reached for their gowns, she asked, "Will you let me try y-"

"Not right now. And I don't like growing out my hair, so it will hardly be worth it."

"Then have you thought over me growing out my armpi-"

"NO. I'm only interested in that from Anna. It's… special to me. And I know this is weird, believe me."

"You're the boss, Boss." Shrugging, Belle jingled Elsa's necklace as she helped unhook and remove her bra, being kind enough not to watch as she slid the gown on over her half-nude form. "We're both pretty weird. I respect that your 'weird' is as significant as mine, and it doesn't make you a bad person."

"That's all I can hope for, I guess. And I told you to stop calling me 'Boss', I'm not Michael Scott."

"Thank God for that! I may be pansexual, but Steve Carell is not on my list." Then she reached up to pat the side of one of Elsa's breasts. "Hope you're ready to explain why you're so pokey to Cindy out there."
Flushed very slightly once her attention was drawn to it, she grunted sarcastically, "Oh, yes. I'm ready to tell her I like smelling sweaty vagina-fur. Should go over pretty great."

"I'm really rubbing off on you." Belle opened her mouth to crack a joke about her own line, then waved a hand. "Too easy, nevermind."

"You're a one-woman show, you know that?" But just to show Belle she wasn't truly upset with her, she gave her a hard pinch on the side of her breast, prompting a sound halfway between a moan and a gasp of pain. Regardless of which was more prominent, the masochist was smiling all the while.

As it turned out, however, there was no need to explain anything to Cindy. She was already fast asleep on the couch, having half-pulled a throw blanket over her body after donning the gown — backwards.

"So you were right," Belle whispered as they adjourned to the bedroom. "She wasn't in any state of mind to bang me, even if she's as bisexual as I'm guessing. I lose, you win."

"We all win. Maybe now you and she can actually enjoy each other instead of her feeling rushed, or you racing to 'dom' her before she's ready." As the brunette sighed in mock disgust, they climbed into the bed, pulling the covers up over their shoulders. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight, Mistress."

Five minutes had passed before Belle embraced her from behind, shivering. Elsa rolled over easily enough, wrapping her arms around the woman and soothing her with kind words and gentle hands.

"Sorry," Belle breathed, voice still fragile and small under the veneer of indifference. "I just… you know. My ghosts."

"It's okay," Elsa told her firmly, keep her voice soft and comforting as she pressed her mouth into Belle's hair. "I'm not her. I won't hurt you, or leave you like she did."

"But you are. Tomorrow." Before Elsa could even open her mouth again, she growled, "Stupid. Don't answer that, it's really stupid and I have no right. I know you're coming back… in my head, anyway."

"You have every right." Kissing the crown of her head, Elsa slowly smoothed up and down her back again, thinking for a minute or so. "Maybe Cindy could do this for you soon enough, if you play your cards right."

"Nobody deserves to put up with my desperation cuddles," she breathed in a broken voice.

"That isn't true. You're a good woman, Des Rosiers. If I can see it and Beast can see it, somebody else will."

But as they were lying there, Elsa still trying to think of more to say and coming up empty, she suddenly heard a text alert noise — a music box soundfont playing the first eight notes of "Escapade". It was Anna; these days, it was always Anna. She had messaged at least ten times during the office party, just to make sure Elsa was having a good time and that she wasn't going to drive while drunk. Rolling over, she retrieved her phone from where she had laid it on the nightstand.

'Felt u were sad. Don't worry sis, everythings going 2 b ok. The day I decided 2 follow the leylines telling me u needed me and came back 2 the cove was the smartest thing my dumb ass ever did.
Thank u for being everything I'm not & everything I need. We only have each other, its just u & me (& Belle lol). I love u deeper & wider than any ocean, my queen w the bodacious booty. I'll see u soon, Tiny Dancer! And then after that... I'M MOVING HOME! Can't wait 2 kiss u again!

In lieu of a signature, there was an emoji of a face blowing a kiss.

"How does she do that?" she breathed contentedly. "Almost makes me believe all that nonsense about chakras."

"Anna?" Belle asked when she saw Elsa's elated features.

"Yeah."

"How many hits is her handpan video up to now on YouTube? You made her a superstar. At least she'll probably be able to sell tickets to hippy-dippy New Age concerts when she's back here to stay." No answer. After a few seconds, she asked, "Is... everything alright?"

"Hm? Oh, yes. Completely fine."

"Do you wanna share?"

"Not right away. I'll savour this for a little bit. But... I do want to share this feeling with you."

After tapping out a brief, affectionate response, she laid the phone back down in its rightful spot next to the framed Post-It and rolled over to embrace Belle even tighter, sighing into her hair. "I know this is awkward almost all the time, but thank you so much for... for being there, keeping me grounded when I panicked about the distance and the time. Standing in as a glorified body pillow. You're fantastic in my book."

"Thank you, Mistress," Belle breathed, relaxing by an obvious margin. Then her fingers reached up to toy with the little hand-shaped charm that was always hanging from around Elsa's neck. "I'm... gonna miss you."

"Oh, I'll miss you, too. Even if I'm enjoying myself with Anna doesn't mean I won't think about you. We'll pick you up some kind of souvenir if we see something you would typically like."

Pouting very slightly, Belle finally released Elsa after a brief kiss on her neck and rolled away, yawning, "She better know how lucky she is. I'd be mad at coming in second place if I didn't know she's really the one for you."

"Anna knows. Our energies resonate. She's the light in my dark."

"Wow, what a hipster. You're so gay."

As Elsa clutched the charm in the center of her chest, she whispered, "For my sister? You're damn right I am."

~ THE END ~

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