

# *Deepest Desire*

*By*

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*"Love is the irresistible desire to be irresistibly desired."*  
--Robert Frost (Poet, 1874-1963)



 *One* 

Eve Monroe struggled with a bag of groceries while attempting to unlock her apartment door. She swore under her breathe when her cell phone began vibrating against her hip. Throwing her keys on the foyer table, she tapped the button on her ear piece.

"Hello," she answered, kicking the door closed and heading for the kitchen.

"Why do you sound so breathless? Please tell me I interrupted you gettin' a little lovin'," her best friend Paige teased.

Eve chuckled, "Unless their name is Hagan Daaz, nobody's getting any loving here."

Paige sighed in exasperation, "Are you at least using that vibrator I got you for Christmas?"

Eve laughed out loud, "Do you think of anything besides sex?"

"Not really. Why do you think your brother married me? Where else was he gonna find a woman as freaky as I am? Ten years of marriage and we're stilling hittin' it like teenagers."

Eve winced, "I love you both but please spare me the details of your sex life."

Paige chuckled, "Well, we can't talk about yours since you don't have one. You're stuff is gonna dry up at this rate."

"Paige," Eve warned.

"Okay, okay. You know I'm just worried about you. You've kept yourself locked up since the divorce over a year ago. Don't you think you should start putting yourself back out on the market?"

"Paige, we've had this conversation before. I have too much going on with Details to worry about my love life."

"Details by Eve" was Eve's event planning business. In the three years since Details' inception Paige's talent agency, Crenshaw Associates, used Eve's services for all their events. Paige also referred Details to all of her business associates giving Eve's business the opportunity to grow far more quickly than it would have without her friend's assistance.

"I'm not saying you have to get married, I just think you need to go out and start having some fun. Like you did before Stefan came along."

Eve sighed, "If this is what you called me about then you're wasting your breathe."

The last thing Eve wanted to talk about was her failed marriage to Stefan Kennedy.

"Alright, subject closed...for now. I actually called to throw some business your way."

"Okay, hold on, let me get to my computer," Eve put the last of her groceries away then walked to her office.

"Okay, I'm ready."

"We need the talents of Details by Eve to put together a book release party for one of our new clients."

"Okay," Eve said.

"We're looking for something a little different than what you've done for us before."

"Every event I do is different since each client is different, you know that."

"Well, this client's genre of work isn't something we've represented before. Her name is Lynette Folsom. She writes Lesbian erotica."

Eve's fingers halted over the keyboard. "Oh," was her only response.

Paige chuckled, "I told you it was going to be different. She's releasing her first book, *Venus' Garden*, at the beginning of New York's Gay Pride week next month."

"Okay. When can I meet with her to go over what she's looking to do?"

"Unfortunately you won't get a chance to meet her until the night of the event. She's out of the country for the next few weeks for her day job so it'll just be you and me kiddo. I've had a copy of her book sent to you via messenger to help you get your creative juices flowing. You should get it shortly. I've gotta run to a meeting, but I'll call you later to schedule some time to go over ideas."

"Alright, talk to you later."

Removing her ear piece, Eve slumped back into her chair staring at the computer screen but seeing nothing.

She and Paige's friendship consisted of 20 years of sharing everything from their clothes to their heartaches. When Paige and Eve's brother started dating and eventually married, she was thrilled. Paige had already made herself a part of Eve's family when they met their sophomore year in high school. But there was one thing Eve had never shared with anyone, including Paige, and now she feared her friend may have unknowingly put her on a path planning this event that she wasn't sure she was ready to follow yet.



"Girl, as usual, you've managed to pull off another masterpiece," Paige said, gazing around the room.

"I just hope your client likes it. I really wish we could've met to get her input on our plans."

"You mean your plans. I just nodded 'yes' and let you do your thing. I guess sending you Lynette's book really did get those juices flowing," Paige chuckled.

"You have no idea," Eve said under her breathe.

"What?"

"Oh, I was just saying yeah, what a great idea."

Paige gazed at her curiously, "Well, I think she'll love it. You did a great job. I'm gonna give her a call to find out what's keeping her."

"I'll go check on the caterers," Eve headed towards the back of the art gallery they rented for the event.

She had to admit that this was one of the most unique events she'd planned. The theme was "A Night of Sensuality" to go along with the genre of the book. They chose the gallery because of the erotic art exhibit on display, the entertainment was a live jazz band known for the sultry voice of their lead singer, the menu consisted of lobster, oysters, shrimp, strawberries, chocolate, and many other items known for their aphrodisiac qualities. The servers, dressed in long toga-style dresses tied over one shoulder with a thigh-high slit up the leg, were all tall, voluptuous women from a local modeling agency. They rented low cushioned chairs, tables and ottomans that were dispersed throughout the room and set up special lighting that bathed it in a soft glow with subtle intermittent color changes throughout the night. The environment oozed eroticism, which Paige claimed was her client's only request. After reading *Venus' Garden* she could see why.



As Lynette Folsom walked into the gallery she was greeted by her slightly annoyed agent.

"It's about time," Paige reprimanded.

Lynette grinned, "You didn't think I was going to miss my own party."

"Last time we spoke you said you'd just gotten off a flight from London and would call me after you got some sleep. That was a day ago."

"Yeah, I apologize for that. I turned all lines of communication off so I wouldn't get any interruptions. I didn't want to end up suffering from jet lag and crash in a corner of the room."

"Well, we've got about a half hour before we officially open the doors so why don't we do a quick run-through of the evening."

Lynette followed Paige around the gallery as she described what the event entailed. She was very impressed. She couldn't have done better if she'd planned it herself. The set-up was

sexy without being vulgar. When Paige told her to leave the planning in her hands, Lynette was glad she had.

"This is great Paige. It's far more than I expected."

"I can't take all of the credit. My girl Eve did 99.9% of it. I did book the band though," Paige said with a grin.

Lynette chuckled, "Be sure to thank her for me."

"You can do that yourself. She's over there talking to the bartender. Let me introduce you."

The woman they were walking towards had her back to them. As they drew closer Lynette saw a full, curvaceous figure nicely enveloped in a sleeveless chocolate brown silk wrap dress that came to just below her knees, emphasizing her long legs. When she stood on tiptoe to look at something on the other side of the bar Lynette's gaze traveled the length of her torso, down her rounded behind, to her smooth legs and the strappy, high heeled sandals on her feet. If this woman looked as good from the front as she did from the back Lynette was in trouble.

"Eve, our guest of honor finally arrived."

"Great. I can't wait to find out what she thinks." When Eve turned around she lost all train of thought as she gazed into the deepest brown eyes she'd ever seen.

"I think it's exactly what I want," Lynette gave Eve a look that told her she wasn't just referring to the party.

"Eve Monroe, I'd like you to meet Lynette Folsom," Paige said.

Lynette smiled, thinking that if the original Eve looked anything like this woman, she could see why Adam fell from grace. Eve's shoulder-length hair lay in soft, golden brown curls framing her heart-shaped face. Her complexion was the color of rich caramel and she had almond-shaped, light brown eyes. Her only makeup seemed to be a tinted lip gloss that made her full lips seem even more luscious.

She offered Eve her hand, "Thank you for all of this."

Eve placed hers in Lynette's, "You're welcome. Reading your book gave me the idea."

"You read it? What did you think?"

"I enjoyed it very much. Your writing is very...vivid," Eve said with a grin.

Lynette chuckled, "Vivid, huh. I like that."

Paige watched the exchange curiously, "Well, we better get your signing table set up," she interrupted. "People will be arriving any minute."

Eve slowly slid her hand from Lynette's grasp. "Enjoy the party. I'll be here the entire time, so don't hesitate to let me know if you need anything."

"I'll do that. See you later," Lynette said, turning to follow Paige.

Eve watched her walk away admiring her casual but stylish dress and slow, easy stride. Lynette wore a pair of black jeans with a chocolate brown button-down suede shirt that looked great against her dark chocolate complexion. The sight of her long, jet black locs swinging down her back made Eve's fingers itch to caress them.

"Get a hold of yourself girl," she said under her breathe, but found she couldn't tear her eyes from Lynette's retreating figure.

When Lynette and Paige stopped at the table set aside for her to sign books she glanced back at Eve, grinning knowingly. It took all of Eve's strength to slowly turn away and walk, instead of run, to the back room. There was no way she was going to be able to hide her obvious attraction for Lynette Folsom.

 *Two* 

Lynette sat in her office staring down at Eve's business card wondering whether or not to call her. She'd definitely picked up vibes that Eve was attracted to her but Paige made it quite clear when she'd asked if Eve was in a relationship that she didn't date women. Either Paige didn't know her friend as well as she thought or Lynette had she misread the signals Eve was sending her way.

They barely had a chance to say two words to each other once the party started but she'd caught Eve glancing in her direction too many times to be coincidence. After the event was over, a few of Lynette made it a point to ask Eve for her card before she left. That was almost a week ago and Lynette couldn't get Eve off of her mind. There was only one way to find out if she was wasting her time. Picking up the phone, Lynette dialed Eve's number and got her voicemail.

"Hey Eve. It's Lynette Folsom. I just wanted to thank you again for a great party. I hope you'll let me take you to dinner or for drinks in appreciation of all your hard work. Give me a call when you get the chance."

Lynette left her office and cell number then hung up. She'd done her part. The ball was now in Eve's court.



Eve looked down at her watch. She'd just finished with a local councilwoman planning a fundraiser that took much longer than expected. Now she was going to be late for her next client meeting. She was supposed to meet with a bride and

groom in 15 minutes about the final arrangements for their wedding that weekend. There was no way she was making it from Brooklyn to Harlem in time. She was going to have to reschedule for later that afternoon. Reaching into her bag for her phone she noticed one missed call. She didn't recognize the number so decided to check the voicemail after she called her client. Unfortunately, the bride wasn't very understanding and told her she'd give her an hour to get there rather than reschedule. So her voicemail would have to wait until she got home.

Kicking off her shoes, Eve turned on her CD player, flopped back on the sofa and let the soothing voice of Cassandra Wilson wash over her before she dialed her voicemail. As she listened to the first message Eve's eyes widened in surprise. Although she'd been thinking about her since the night of the party, Lynette Folsom was the last person Eve expected to hear from. Paige mentioned Lynette's interest and how she'd told her Eve didn't date women so she assumed that was the end of it. Obviously she was wrong because Lynette was asking her out to dinner or drinks.

Eve wondered if she was reading too much into it, after all, Lynette said it was to thank her for the party. If Paige told her Eve wasn't interested in women then she wouldn't waste her time by asking her out on a date. Would she? Was it possible that she picked up on Eve's attraction that night in spite of what Paige told her? She should just call her, thank her politely and tell her she wasn't interested. But Eve found she didn't want to.

Taking a deep breathe Eve dialed the cell number Lynette left her.

"Hello."

"Hi Lynette. It's Eve Monroe," she hoped her voice didn't sound as shaky as she felt.

"Hey, Eve. Hold on for a sec."

Eve heard muffled talking then some shuffling before Lynette got back on the line.

"Sorry about that."

"Did I call you at a bad time?"

"Oh, no. I was paying the delivery guy for my food."

"Oh, okay. Well, I was just returning your call about going to dinner. I'd like that."

"Great. I'm available this weekend. What's your schedule look like?"

"I'm available after 5:00 Saturday night."

"Great, Saturday it is. Will 7:00 work for you?"

"That's fine. Gives me time to rest and recover. Weddings are a killer. Fortunately I love what I do," she said with a smile.

"You're very good at what you do. Being able to understand what people want and making it come to life for them is pretty special."

Eve felt her face heat with a blush, "Thanks. It's not as special as being able to make your words come to life. I got so caught up in your stories that I could practically feel each embrace and touch."

"That's one of the best compliments I've had so far. Thank you."

"You're welcome. I'll let you get to your dinner."

"Speaking of dinner where should we meet?"

After deciding on a place to meet and saying their goodbyes, Eve tried to dispel the nervous fluttering in her stomach. Trying to convince herself that it was simply a "thank you" dinner from a satisfied client, nothing more, but she knew better.

Eve could no longer deny the truth. She was, and had always been, hopelessly attracted to women. She'd fought the feelings for so long that, for a little while, she'd managed to convince herself that it was just a minor curiosity at best. She should have known better when she tried appeasing that curiosity back in high school and college and all it did was make her want more. Instead of accepting it for what it was, allowing herself to explore her feelings further, she went in the opposite direction. She met Stefan, Mr. Perfect as Paige called him, and coldly cut ties with a woman she'd been having a discreet affair with at the time without any explanation. She

didn't feel she needed one since they weren't in a real relationship.

Eve threw herself into her relationship with Stefan, doing all she could to ignore her feelings. They married and she became the perfect doctor's wife, putting all her dreams of becoming a corporate event planner aside to help Stefan start his private practice. She maintained her charade for the first five years of their marriage until a new patient walked into the office. It was the woman Eve had been involved with in college. She hadn't recognized her name when she made the appointment because, like Eve, she'd gotten married.

Seeing her again, looking just as good as she did in college, brought back all those feelings Eve had managed to keep locked away for the past ten years. At the woman's insistence they met for drinks. She told Eve she didn't blame her for the way things ended. She was just as confused about their affair as Eve had been. As the night wore on and the drinks flowed, Eve found herself flirting with the woman. It wasn't long before they wound up at a hotel getting reacquainted with the passion that brought them together so many years ago.

Their affair went on for six months before a simple mix up brought it all to an end. Stefan received a very explicit text message on his phone which he would've written off as a wrong number if the person hadn't mentioned Eve's name. It turned out he'd picked up Eve's phone by mistake that morning.

When he confronted Eve she could see that Stefan wanted her to deny it. Explain that was a mistake. He probably would've believed anything she told him just so that he didn't have to face the truth, but she didn't. She told him everything but who the woman was.

Their divorce was amicable with very little drama because Stefan didn't want the truth of his wife's affair with a woman coming out. They sold their condominium, in which she received half, as well as a quarter of what the medical practice was worth.

Eve felt she'd deserved so much more with all she'd given up for and put into the practice but she took it without

complaint. She just wanted to be free of it all. She'd spent so many years trying to be what Stefan wanted that she'd lost sight of her true self.

Her affair with the woman went on for a few months after the divorce. Then Eve realized she wanted more than discreet, meetings that only lasted a couple of hours so she ended it. Since then she'd thrown herself into her business to avoid thinking about her nonexistent love life. Now her love life was insinuating itself back into the spotlight in a way she would've never expected.