

The Twisted Love Potion

by Pan

Chapter 9 - WAGs

“Okay,” Charlotte said, “I’ve got to ask. What’s a WAG?”

“It’s when a dog’s butt moves like this,” Harriet responded, standing up and wiggling her tush from side to side. The other girls - except for Charlotte - burst out laughing.

When they’d collected themselves again, Joanne gave a more serious answer.

“Wives And Girlfriends,” she answered, point to herself and Harriet.

“Why just you two?” Charlotte asked, her nose wrinkled. “We’re all in relationships, aren’t we?”

“It refers to footballers,” Harriet said. “I guess it’s kind of a sexist term - like we’re defined by our relationship to a *man*. But in the media’s eyes, we kind of are.”

“The media?”

“Yeah,” Joanne said with a roll of her eyes. “The media looooves their footballer relationship stories. Sometimes it’s hard for me or Harriet to leave the house without the flash of cameras in our faces.”

“That sounds hard,” Charlotte said with a nod.

“Yeah, but two things make up for it. HAB is totally worth it.”

“Hab?”

“Husband and boyfriend,” Harriet said with a grin.

An hour and forty-five minutes later, the non-WAGs had left, and Joanne was helping Harriet tidy.

“Where’s Greg tonight?”

“Some charity ball. Tony wasn’t invited?”

“Nah,” Joanne said, stifling a yawn. “Your boy is the new hotness. Tony’s old news.”

“Don’t be like that...” Harriet said, touching her friend’s arm.

“I’m not,” the older woman said with a warm smile. “I don’t miss it, I promise. Neither does Tony. It means we can actually have a night at home once a week or so.”

“If you say so,” Harriet said, shooting a dubious look at her fellow WAG.

The pair continued cleaning for a few minutes - throwing out cans of drink, sweeping up dropped chips - when Joanne had a thought.

“Why aren’t you there?”

“Hmm?”

“The charity ball. Surely Greg wanted you to come.”

“Yeah,” Harriet admitted. “But we had a huge fight a few weeks back, and I told him that I wasn’t his handbag. Or...I dunno, what do guys carry around with them everywhere? His cigarette lighter. I wasn’t an accessory, I didn’t exist just to accompany him to events, and I wanted my own life. So he insisted I have friends over instead.”

“That’s sweet,” Joanne said, resting her hand on Harriet’s neck.

“Yeah - he’s a good one. That’s why none of the other WAGs were here. They’re all at the ball to give children cancer, or whatever it is.”

The two friends smiled, and Joanne tried to hide another yawn.

“Hon, don’t drive this tired. Stay here for the night. I know Greg won’t care, and Tony must be asleep by now.”

“Yeah,” Joanne said, “but I really should get home. I hate sleeping alone.”

Harriet chuckled. “I’d invite you to sleep in our bed, but I think Greg would like that *too*

much.”

“Probably,” Joanne laughed.

“Here,” Harriet said, passing Joanne an open can of Fizz Twist. “You and I are the only two who like this shit - have the rest, it’ll keep you awake.”

“You don’t have any horrible diseases, do you?”

“None that can be shared through a can of coke.”

Joanne packed up the rest of her belongings, then made her way to the door.

“Thanks for a great night,” she said, leaning in to give her friend a hug. “I’ll see you at the game?”

“For sure,” Harriet smiled. “Go Pelicans!”

“We married into the stupidest life possible, didn’t we?”

“Hey, you’re the one who married into it! Me and Greg are just dating.”

“Oh, I’m sorry - I thought it was serious.”

Harriet laughed. “I’m pulling your leg. It’s super serious. He says if they win the championship, he’ll buy me an engagement ring big enough to be seen from space.”

“I’m glad,” Joanne said, her warm smile returning. “I wouldn’t want to lose you.”

“Can’t get rid of me that easily. Now go! You have two large bulldogs awaiting your return.”

Joanne nodded, and took her first sip out of the can of Twist. Her eyes widened, and for a moment Harriet thought she saw a love heart appear in the corner of Joanne’s cornea.

Then, all of a sudden, a feeling hit Harriet. A feeling she hadn’t had for anyone but Greg since she’d met him.

A feeling she’d *never* had for another woman.

The two women stood there, staring at each other, unsure what to do with their new, sudden feelings.

“...you said that Tony would be okay if you stayed the night?” Harriet asked tentatively.

“Uh huh,” Joanne replied, nodding like a nervous teen. “I mean, if that’s okay with you.”

“Uh huh,” Harriet said, mirroring her friend’s body language. “Of course, I wouldn’t want you to be unable to sleep...”

“Well,” Joanne started cautiously. “Maybe...maybe you could come cuddle me. You know, just until I get to sleep.”

“Uh huh,” Harriet said again. “That could work. Maybe that’s a good idea.”

The two moved to the bedroom - slowly at first, then racing through the house, giggling and pulling off clothes.

By the time Greg arrived home, the clothes had been picked up, and Joanne was alone in the guest room while Harriet waited for him in their bed, completely naked, skin flushed.

“Come here...” she said. Before Greg could complain about being tired, he saw the look on his girlfriend’s face, and did as she requested.

She rode him to two orgasms that night. He had no idea that as he shot his load into her, she was mentally two rooms over, reliving what she’d spent the evening doing with Joanne.

The next morning was not, as Harriet had worried, even remotely awkward. Greg and Joanne chatted over breakfast like nothing unusual had happened - which, from Greg’s point of view, was absolutely true.

“So you going to come in with me?”

“Do you need me?” Harriet said, biting her lip, and giving her boyfriend her infamous puppy-dog eyes.

“I guess not,” he chuckled. “What’re you ladies going to get up to?”

Joanne’s eyes widened. She wasn’t used to lying. Before she could give anything away, Harriet jumped in.

“She’s helping me with my taxes.”

“I thought we had Colin to do those?”

“No, my taxes from a few years back.”

“Uh huh,” Joanne said, trying to be supportive. “They came back with an issue.”

“Weird,” Greg said, scrunching up his nose. “Well, I guess if doing three-year old taxes sounds more fun than watching the love of your life film a soda commercial...”

“It really doesn’t,” Harriet said in a mock groan. “But if I don’t get them done, who knows when I’ll get around to it.”

“No worries,” Greg replied with an easy laugh. As he moved towards the door, he picked up the can that Joanne had dropped the previous night. “*Fizz Twist’ - for when life throws you curve balls!*”

Harriet and Joanne broke into spontaneous applause, and Greg bowed deep before closing the door behind him.

As soon as they were gone, the two women were in each other’s arms, their mouths exploring each other’s tongues.

“God I want you,” Harriet moaned. “Fuck. Joanne! What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know,” Joanne said, her hand moving between Harriet’s legs. “I...I still love Tony.”

“And I love Greg,” Harriet said with a soft groan. Joanne really knew what she was doing with her hand. “I love him so much. Oh!”

“But...”

Joanne pulled back slightly, staring into Harriet’s eyes.

“I love *you*, too.”

“Maybe the boys will share?” Harriet said, raising her shoulders in a half-shrug.

“No,” Joanne said flatly. “I know my Tony. Even with a hot young thang like you, there’s no way he’d be interested in letting anyone else have a part of me.”

“Well then we’re fucked,” Harriet said, gently lowering Joanne’s bra, her eyes lighting up as the older woman’s breasts came into view. “We’re fucked!”

“Not yet,” Joanne grinned. “Come here...”

For the rest of the morning, the girls were a tangle of tanned arms and legs. They made love on the couch, on the guest bed, even on the bed where Harriet and Greg slept. Finally, after hours and hours, Joanne insisted on going home.

“Not because I want to, darling. But if we’re going to keep doing this, we have to be smart about it.”

“Okay,” Harriet sniffed, getting surprisingly emotional. She loved Greg - she *loved* him - but the way she felt about Joanne was...

It was like nothing she’d ever felt before. It was like the relationship of a new energy times a thousand...but strangely enough, it didn’t replace her feelings for Greg. Her love for Greg was just as strong as it had always been; she just now wanted Joanne as well.

She wanted to have her beefcake and eat out her friend, too.

“Oh god,” Joanne moaned. “Harriet, that’s so good...”

“I love you,” Harriet grinned, leaning in to kiss Joanne again. “God, Joanne...”

“I love you too,” Joanne said. It had been almost two weeks since that first night, the night they’d discovered how they felt about each other. Aside from managing to sneak off for fifteen glorious minutes during the last game, the two women hadn’t been able to spend more than a few moments with each other - until now.

Tony had been going to his mother’s house for dinner, and Greg had been more than happy for Harriet to go spend the night ‘with a friend’. The moment she’d walked through her friend’s door, they’d been in each other’s arms, in each other’s mouths, between each other’s legs...

Now, four far-too-short hours later, Tony was due home, and they’d reluctantly gotten redressed. But even as they sat on the couch, listening carefully for the sound of Tony’s car, they were unable to keep their hands off each other.

“What are we going to *do*?” Harriet whined. “I...I don’t want to go another two weeks without getting to have you. I don’t want to know another two *minutes*.”

“There’s nothing we can do, honey,” Joanne said softly. Her hand was on Harriet’s thigh, and she was stroking it softly, comfortingly.

“You’re fine with this? Twice a month, if we’re lucky?”

“Of course I’m not *fine* with it,” her lover responded soothingly. “But it’s just how it has to be.”

“Does it *have* to be that way?”

“Unless you want the boys to get suspicious, yes. It really does.”

“Ugh,” Harriet said, flopping her head onto Joanne’s shoulder. “Gross.”

“We’re playing the long game, honey. If we want this to go on for years and years and years and years...”

Harriet sighed happily at the idea.

“...we have to be smart about it now.”

“I guess,” Harriet said, leaning in to kiss Joanne once more. Before she could, the sound of Tony’s car filled the room, and she reluctantly pulled back.

“Soon as we can, yeah?”

“Of course,” Joanne said, smiling as she watched Harriet make her way across the room. “And babe?”

“Yeah?”

“I hate to see you leave...but I love to see you walk away.”

Harriet chuckled, and waggled her butt back and forth as she left the room.

“I love you,” Harriet cooed, staring into Joanne’s eyes.

“I love you too,” Joanne sighed, smiling back at her lover.

It had been fifteen years, and they were just as close as ever. Harriet had given birth - thrice! - and been married to Greg for more than a decade. Joanne had been her maid of honor, of course - they’d managed to sneak away at the hen’s night, and make love for more than an hour before returning to the main party.

The boys were long since retired, and - at their wives’ insistence - the two couples were close. They regularly vacationed together, and Greg and Tony had even done a few commercials together.

“How long do we have?”

“Eighteen minutes,” Joanne replied, a thrill going up her spine. Even now, even after more than a decade, she still never tired of feeling Harriet’s hand on her skin, her mouth on her mouth.

They’d been careful, and the boys had never suspected a thing. They’d come close, once or twice, but Joanne and Harriet had made sure to be model wives, and any doubt their husbands had shown had quickly been allayed.

Now, they were almost professionals at sneaking away and getting each other off. They had it down to a fine art; but despite the clockwork precision of their affair, neither of them were even close to bored with it.

“Eighteen minutes, hey?” Harriet asked with a grin. “So that gives us enough time to...”

“Exactly,” Joanne smiled, reaching up her lovers' skirt. “You first, then me. Then me again.”

“Selfish!” Harriet laughed.

“You owe me,” Joanne reminded her. “From September.”

“Oh yeah...” Harriet replied, before her eyes filled with lust and her mouth fell open. “I do too...”

Seventeen minutes and thirty-five seconds later, when the men walked back into the room, the two women were fully-dressed, sitting next to each other on the couch.

“Look at you two,” Tony said with a smile. “Pretty as pictures, both of you - even more so when you’re together.”

“I’d love to see these two together,” Greg grinned. “Ha! Can you imagine?”

“Gross,” Harriet replied immediately.

“Nuh-uh,” Joanne said, joining in.

“Ah well,” Tony grunted. “A man can dream. A man can dream...”