



# SUTURES

ROSALYN WRAIGHT

# **Sutures**

**Lesbian Adventure Club: Book 13**

**Rosalyn Wraight**

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# Chapter 1

Very bravely and with great determination, Maggie rapped on the door of the Crawford-McCallister homestead. “Nobody lose your nerve,” she ordered.

I took a deep breath and watched Kris and Janice do the same.

Momentarily, the door opened and a seemingly confused Holly appeared.

Maggie point-blank and very loudly said, “We’re here for Laura.”

“Good morning to you, too.” She narrowed her eyes at us.

Unswayed by Holly’s demeanor, Maggie explained, “Section 37a of the Lesbian Adventure Club bylaws reads, ‘Any couple forfeiting their weekend in the established rotation also forfeits all their rights. They are, in essence, at the mercy of all other members.’”

Holly gnawed on that for several seconds before she bellowed, “It does not! We don’t have bylaws!” She snatched the paper from Maggie’s hand and read. Finally, she asked, “Laura and I actually signed something like this?”

“Um, no,” Maggie admitted. “We just made it up this morning.”

“You can’t just make things up!”

“Sure, we can,” Maggie responded.

With a snicker, Janice added, “We’re quite good at it.”

Holly’s hands went to her hips. “Where is everyone else?”

Maggie shrugged and simply repeated, “We’re here for Laura.”

“She’s in the living room.” She turned, and although the living room was well within earshot, she shouted, “Babe, I think we’ve got trouble.”

We waited for a response, and when none came, we barged our way inside, politely plowing Holly out of the way as we did so. Posthaste, we infiltrated the living room.

Laura lay on the couch, an open book in her hands, and she did not seem happy to see us, not at all. That, however, did not deter us.

“We’re here to kidnap you,” Maggie informed her as we all hustled to

stand in front of the couch.

“Why?” she calmly asked.

“Because you’re an impostor.”

“Hey!” Kris snapped as she swatted Maggie a good one. “I thought we agreed not to use that word.”

Immediately, Maggie apologized to both Laura and Kris. Then, she smiled at Laura and said, “Parts of our friend have gone missing, but as luck would have it, we know exactly where those parts are. We’re going to kidnap you, get you back with those missing parts, and get our friend back.”

I couldn’t quite ascertain Laura’s reaction to the plan. Perhaps she had the same difficulty, for she said nothing.

Janice dared, “You have two choices, Laura. Either you come peaceably with your eyes closed, or you come kicking and screaming with the blue bra tied around your head.” She produced the bra she had been hiding behind her back and started twirling it over her head. “Which will it be?”

Laura stared at her for a moment, possibly assessing her limited options. Finally, she sat up and slowly twisted around as we backed up a bit to give her room. Unhurriedly, she placed her bookmark between pages, closed the book, and set it down beside her. Then, without a word, she lowered her head.

A moment of confused silence ensued.

“Laura, what exactly does that mean?” Maggie finally asked—thankfully, because I had no frickin’ clue.

“You’ll have to use the blue bra,” she answered.

*Shit!* That was not what we had anticipated.

Janice braved a laugh. “Does that mean you’ll be kicking and screaming, too?”

“That all depends on what you do to me.”

Okay, that seemed reasonable.

Janice cautiously approached and set about blindfolding her with Ginny’s bra. The task seemed simple enough, but elastic things had a tendency to do as they damn well pleased. But, Janice did not give up. She stubbornly struggled, forcing both Laura’s head and the bra to cooperate.

“Do *not* hurt her,” Holly ordered from the room’s periphery.

“We have no intention of hurting her,” Kris said, and she seemed to be two seconds from wussing out. “Do you need some help, Janice?”

“I can get the damn thing,” she insisted, and not a moment later, she did just that. She backed up so we could assess her workmanship, and Laura raised her head.

At any other time in life, what Laura looked like would have doubled us over in a fit of laughter. But at this juncture, she somehow seemed more

vulnerable than hilarious, and I reminded myself of Maggie's directive not to lose our nerve.

Maggie extended her hand to grab Laura's. "Come on," she said. "Make this easy on yourself."

Wordlessly, she clasped Maggie's hand and pulled herself off the couch. Maggie maneuvered her out of the living room, and we closely followed.

When we reached the front door, Maggie stopped to ask, "Holly, does she need to take any medications with her?"

"No," she replied, "but you better take her cigarettes. She can get awfully cranky. Can't you, babe?" She leaned and kissed her cheek.

"Hol, aren't you going to stop them? Get me out of this."

"Babe, they said they wouldn't hurt you." She began swatting us. "I'm serious, you guys. If you hurt her, you deal with me. I can get awfully cranky, too."

"She will *not* be hurt," Kris said in a way that both reassured and warned.

"We promise," Maggie said, and Janice and I vowed the same.

I caught the pack of cigarettes Holly tossed to me just as Maggie opened the door. She slowly led her outside and headed for Janice's car in the street, taking extra care on the inclined and bumpy lawn. Once there, she opened the back door.

Holly pushed through and wrapped her arms around Laura. As she tightly embraced her, tears spilled from her eyes. "I love you, babe," she said. "You'll be okay. Just trust them."

The blue bra made it impossible to determine Laura's expression, but I guessed it wasn't much different from Holly's pained one. If Laura was to trust us, who the hell were we to trust in order to know this was the right thing? It sure as hell didn't feel right.

Laura whispered something to Holly, and then they kissed. As though accepting her sentence, she turned and groped her way into the back seat. I hurried around to get in before she could scoot all the way to the other side. Kris got in after her, and Janice and Maggie took the front.

In perfect silence, we drove, exchanging occasional glances that alternated between pity and guilt.

About twenty minutes later, we were in the midst of downtown Granton. It seemed happy in its Saturday morning bustle, and I wished some of it for us.

"We need to stop for necessities," Janice said as she eased into a parking spot.

We were making a run into Timmer's Book & Bean, but through her blindfold, Laura had no clue. I knew Road Swill had the best coffee in town, but Laura loved the stuff from this joint. So, there we were: kidnappers

with mercy we had been unable to check at the Crawford-McCallister door. “Spare no expense,” the redhead who wasn’t paying told Maggie and Kris as they disembarked.

Maggie leaned her head into the car and said, “Kate, do not let her escape.”

I assured, “I don’t think she’ll want to make a run for it with Ginny’s bra around her head.”

Laura cracked my leg really hard. “I could if I felt like it.”

“Yes, you could,” I concurred and cracked her in kind, “but you won’t.”

Maggie and Kris disappeared into the store, and the three of us remained quiet—two of us with great difficulty. Janice kept rolling her eyes at me in the rearview mirror, and we both struggled not to laugh.

But, what the hell was so funny? As I watched cars whiz by, I thought about it.

Kidnapping Laura was a drastic thing, yet so was the fact that she had somehow deserted us, deserted her life. I missed her immensely. Maybe the need to laugh came from nervousness, a fear of the unknown territory upon which we attempted to tread. Maybe it stemmed from the sense that this was the closest any of us had really come to her since that dreadful day she had gotten shot. *Shot!* Who the hell wouldn’t change if they had gotten shot? But, our attempts at patience and sympathy did not pull her back in. In some ways, it allowed her escape. I wanted her back. We all did.

I rapped her leg. “You okay in there?”

She grunted, and I wondered what swirled in her brain. I remembered the last time we kidnapped her and Kris’ later supposition that she could have easily eluded capture. She could have this time, too. I chose to take her capitulation as a sign of hope. Maybe she missed herself, too. Maybe she had been waiting for us crybabies to do something drastic. It did require something drastic, didn’t it? We were masters at drastic. Okay, and maybe disaster, too. Still, we had to do something.

Soon, Kris and Maggie returned. Kris leaned in the back seat and asked Laura to extend her hand. “Be careful,” she instructed as she put a paper cup into her hand. “It’s cappuccino. Kate said it’s what you always get.”

“Timmer’s,” she wistfully surmised and moved the cup to her face. She took a whiff and offered what seemed a heartfelt thank-you.

Then, a blessed cup came in my direction and Janice’s.

Kris and Maggie got back in, and Janice started the car. We simply sat there, sipping in silence for a few moments.

“Let’s roll,” Janice suddenly said and prepared to get us back into the flow of traffic, just as a familiar blue van passed. How convenient! Okay, how choreographed.

Janice sped up until we were right on the blue van's ass, and that was when I saw something I would probably never forget as long as I lived.

Lover Doll waved at us from the backseat of the van. Okay, perhaps she had a little help from Claudia and Susan, but still, she frickin' waved at us. With each wave of a blowup hand, with each wave of laughter we fought to tame, it felt more and more like a bona fide Lesbian Adventure Club weekend. Damn, I needed one of those. Damn, we all did.

Lover Doll abruptly disappeared, and in her place appeared the green-eyed beauty, Susan, Alison, and Holly. Yes, Holly. Seriously, would you attempt to kidnap Laura in full view of Holly *without* her cooperation?

See, this was June. Laura got shot in April. In May, we cancelled Maggie and Susan's weekend because Holly and Laura wouldn't come, despite the coaxing Holly did. We got together for breakfast without them, and even that somehow seemed sacrilegious, and it sure as hell proved depressing. This month's weekend was to be Holly and Laura's, and again, they refused—or more precisely, Laura refused, saying she wasn't up to it.

But then, Holly started making phone calls, and it became clear she believed something was wrong with Laura, something she had been unable to help her with, let alone even get her to admit. Laura's feistiness was gone, she said, and that caused her worry and fear. And both those horrid feelings proved highly contagious. The nine of us decided we needed to do something—something drastic.

Since Laura had been shot, I went out to see her a few times a week, usually during my lunch breaks. I'd bring coffee I knew she wouldn't decline, and we'd sit outside, sipping and smoking. At first, I just let her be. Then, I started probing to find out her state of mind, but her brain would simply stiff-arm me. Then, I started pushing, because each time I saw her, she seemed more distant, more aloof, less like the friend I had known for years. But, pushiness got me nothing—not even her irritation or anger. Just like Holly, I knew something was wrong, and I was at a loss, a profound loss.

Sometime during those phone calls between us, Holly determined that if any of us could get through to Laura, it was Maggie and Alison. That made sense to me for a variety of reasons. Each wore her heart on her sleeve. Each possessed an innate and indisputable kindness. More specifically, each had a unique characteristic vital to possibly butting heads with the formidable and pigheaded detective. Maggie greatly respected Laura, but she also had a knack for not being bowled over by Laura's bravado. And Alison... Alison was strong in her own right, but if you knew her at all, you understood how easy it was to hurt her, and that bit of knowledge always forced Laura to relinquish her brassy exterior. And perhaps most importantly, Laura had a soft spot for both of them.

So, we decided to forego the unspoken rules of the Lesbian Adventure Club. Now more than ever, we needed to be Dykes Who Dared. For the first time in our illustrious history, a couple would not be in charge of the weekend. Rather, it would be our Cape-less Crusader and our yoga instructor. Just by saying it like that, the idea blossomed into perfect sense: Put her in a duck pose and save her ass.

## Chapter 2

For nearly half an hour, we followed that blue van away from the city and into the openness of the country. We spoke very little; we were biding our time, wishing it to go faster. We continued to exchange glances that sought reassurance. But, it wasn't the classic: *Are we there yet?* It was the unfamiliar: *Is she okay?* Even the occasional faces in the van's back window wore the same fretful expression.

*Was she okay?* Despite being right next to her, I had no clue, and she was hardly one to make an announcement if she wasn't—which was why we were in this situation to begin with. She kept things to herself, and when she wouldn't even let Holly in, whatever it was, wherever she resided, was not good.

*Hurry up, van! Hurry up, car!*

Edgy as all hell, I started counting cows, and that kept me occupied until I spied Laura's leg bouncing up and down.

Kris must have noticed, too, because she snatched Laura's hand and clutched it. "You're anxious, Laura, aren't you?"

Laura did not answer, but I watched her hand squeeze Kris'.

In a hushed voice, Kris asked, "Are you anxious to be away from Holly or to be away from home?"

"They're the same thing," she calmly answered.

"That they are." Her other hand came and patted Laura's, still holding hers. "You can trust us, sweetie. We're as trustworthy and as predictable as we've ever been."

"Are you?" Her calmness was gone. This was a plea, and I felt sick to my stomach.

I looked to Janice's panicky eyes in the rearview mirror. I saw Maggie's head whip around. And who the hell let throat demon in the car?

"We are," Kris assured.

"Promise? Do you promise?" Laura challenged. "I'm really not in the mood to be f-ed with."

“Nobody’s f-ing with you,” Kris replied. “Everybody here loves you. Just trust us.”

“Fine,” she said, and I could see her body relax a bit. “If nothing’s changed, if you’re really as predictable... We’re on 56 East, about ten miles from Wellington, headed to Crappie Cabin.”

“Shit!” the vegan yelled.

“I knew it! Five bucks, Maggie!” Janice exclaimed. “I told you she flippin’ pays attention to everything. My head would still be back in their driveway, wondering how bad red hair looked in a blue bra.”

Laura continued, “*And*, if you’re trustworthy—which you goddamn well better be—then Holly’s following us, or maybe in front of us ... probably with everybody else ... probably with Ginny driving the van.”

“Shit!” the vegan yelled again.

“*Is she? Am I right?*” Laura damn near demanded. “Please tell me Holly’s there.”

“She’s right in front of us,” Kris told her. “I’m sorry, Laura. I didn’t think this was a good idea, but Holly said—”

“Holly was right,” Laura interrupted. “I can do this. *It is good for me.*”

I felt relieved, although I wasn’t quite sure what specifically she thought was good for her.

Maggie said, “Laura, since the jig is up, why don’t you just take the bra off your head?”

“No, I can play along. Let Holly have this—whatever it is. Just please don’t F with me, at least not anymore than you usually do.” She cracked my thigh a good one, and while it smarted, it felt good. She was in there. My friend, our friend, was still in there.

“You b-word,” I whispered.

“You f-er.”

Once more, we sank into silence, and everyone covertly monitored her. I kept an eye on her motionless legs. Kris still held her hand. I thought of eggshells, pins and needles, and tenterhooks. It seemed so weird to me that she felt like a stranger, one that made us horribly uncomfortable.

*Hurry up, van! Hurry up, car!*

A short time later, we entered the hodunk town of Wellington. Janice pulled the car to a curb, and we watched the van—its passengers waving—continue its journey. Very quickly, the horizon swallowed it whole.

Maggie informed Laura that we needed to kill half an hour while the rest of them went on ahead. It was all part of the plan, she told her.

After being reassured a hundred times that no one would ever know, Laura agreed to remove the blindfold. Her hair was a mess, and the elastic had given her red creases on her cheeks and forehead. Still, it proved damn good to see her scowling face.

We piled out of the car and stretched as though it was the seventh inning of a women's softball game. I ached all over, and I knew it came more from tension than contortion.

Once we were limber again, Kris and Maggie went on a donut run to the bakery down the block. Janice headed for the nearby convenience store's restroom and coffee machine. Laura and I took to a bench to share a smoke.

She still appeared somewhat anxious, her eyes continually scanning the area, and again, I wasn't at all sure why. Deciding to leave the psychoanalysis to Kris, I simply let her be. Wordlessly, we puffed.

I had just extinguished my cigarette when we saw Maggie and Kris exit the bakery and begin the trek back to us.

Laura's head pivoted to me. As though seizing the final moment of our aloneness, she implored, "Sutter, this kidnapping... You're not dragging me off on some intervention kind of thing, are you?"

*"Intervention?"* What do you mean?"

"Confront me with stuff so I get my shit together?"

"No!" I assured but then realized I had no idea what Maggie and Alison had actually planned, but my gut told me it wasn't that. I admitted, "I don't really know what we're walking into, but I don't think that's what it is. I can't imagine any of them arranging that or doing something like that to you." Peripherally, I saw her nod and then dared, "Do you need to get your shit together?"

Again, she nodded, albeit tentatively, saying, "I'm working on it."

"Laura, if there's anything—"

"I know, Sutter. I know," she said, obviously sensing that I was about to remind her of my friendship.

Claudia once told me that being taken for granted was a compliment in some way, a trust thing. I hoped to hell that's what this was, that she believed I was there for her and didn't need to hear it. It certainly felt different from her recent stiff-arming of me in my quest for information.

"We'll have fun," I tried to persuade. "We all could use some fun."

"I'm not sure I remember what that even feels like."

I elbowed her. "I'll bet you five bucks you will by the time we go back home tomorrow."

"You're on," she said just as our donut-bearers neared the bench.

Laura declined the offer of a donut. Oddly, I found myself doing the same, even though I knew my stomach growled in anger at having been denied breakfast that morning. Maybe it was some moronic show of solidarity. Maybe I just needed more important things first. Both of us, however, readily accepted the coffee Janice soon offered.

On schedule, we were back on the road and nearing our destination.

With Kris' and my help, Laura put the bra back on her head just moments before we reached Crappie Cabin's driveway. The tires crunched the gravel, and the sound of it seemed to chase the anxiety out of us. We had arrived.

When we came to a stop next to the van, Claudia, Holly, Ginny, Susan, and Alison came barreling out of the cabin and aimed for the car. Holly made a beeline for the back door, and I quickly scooted out so she could get to Laura.

"It's me, babe. I'm here," she quickly said. "They took me, too." She grabbed Laura's hand and tugged her out of the car. Then, she bellowed, "This goofy blindfold is coming off, you guys. I don't care what anyone says." With a careful flick of her wrist, she sent the bra flying.

Immediately, they embraced, and Holly asked, "Are you all right, babe? They didn't hurt you?"

"I'm fine, Hol. Just fine. Did they hurt you?"

"They wouldn't dare."

They just stood there holding each other and whispering. It seemed relaxed, not desperate, and so, each grabbed her partner. I flew into Claudia's arms, feeling a ton better just to be close to her again. Since the shooting, I had become very clingy, and surprisingly, she acted the same way. I didn't frickin' understand that, either, but I greatly appreciated the fact that it was mutual.

We were all grooving when Laura suddenly shouted, "For shit's sake, what the hell?"

I pulled back from Claudia and followed Laura's eyes. Instantly, I quite agreed: *What the hell?*

In a wooden chair near the pier sat Lover Doll, her wrap-around arms jutting out, encircling nothing but the country air. She seemed pensive, peaceful, as though gazing out to the lake, maybe looking for loons. When I loaned her to Maggie last week—against my better judgment—I had not imagined her here like this. Decidedly, her fate could have been much worse.

Laura tried again, "Somebody tell me what Sutter's little blowup friend is doing here." She turned to me.

I defended, "Don't look at *me*. I don't know. I gave her to Maggie."

Eyes turned to Maggie, who shrugged. "Don't look at *me*. I don't know. I gave her to Alison."

We turned to Alison only to hear her say, "Well, don't look at *me*. It was Maggie's idea. I only gave her a ride."

"What *kind* of a ride, Alison?" Ginny asked with a snorting laugh, surprising the hell out of all of us. She swatted Janice. "Those two were awfully cozy on the ride up here."

“Al! Is there something you need to tell me?”

“Ginny!” Alison shrieked as she latched onto the redhead’s arm. “Janice, don’t believe a word she says.” She reached to swat the vegan. “Tell them, Maggie.”

Maggie approached Laura and threaded her arm through hers. “Laura, remember how we said we know where your missing parts are?”

Laura fearfully nodded.

“Lover Doll has them.”

“Christ, please don’t tell me you’re talking about her mouth or her—”

“No! No! The inside stuff. She has your things in safekeeping.”

“*What* things?” she challenged.

Alison answered, “We’re not really sure. Despite her open mouth, she’s not very talkative.” She paused to laugh. “We just know she has them, and all you have to do is spend time with her, and she’ll give them all back to you.”

Laura’s eyes narrowed to distrusting slits. “What exactly does ‘spend time with her’ mean?”

Holly’s hands raced to her hips. “Yes, Alison, what *does* that mean?”

“You’ll see,” Alison said, and both the artist and the detective stared at her and then Maggie.

“But first,” Maggie shouted and clapped her hands like one who spent the majority of her time with a schoolteacher, “we need to get settled.”

Alison ordered, “Chop-chop! Get a move on!”

We unloaded the vehicles and got ourselves nestled into Crappie Cabin’s bosom. It struck me that it had missed us as much as we had missed it. Truly, it felt like a home away from home, which made sense only when I banished Natalie and a nasty fight with Claudia from my mind. Without those disturbing memories, I saw it as a place that healed us, and we needed that one more time.

In a fire-ass hurry, Claudia and I headed onto the porch, assuming—or maybe asserting—that the hanging bed was ours. Unceremoniously, we dumped our belongings into the corner, and then we climbed aboard, seizing the opportunity to snuggle.

Our minds drifted for a bit, and then Claudia said, “Kate, I think the bed remembers us.”

Indeed, it swayed very gently as though cradling us. And, it didn’t seem the least bit offended by the fact that we now had a hanging bed of our own.

We lay there quietly, and I soon heard activity on the other side of the French doors. Before the impending summons barged in, I asked, “Honey, nobody’s going to come down on Laura or anything, are they?”

“Kate, name one who would do that to her right now.”

“That’s what I figured. I just wanted to make sure nothing changed.”

She kissed me and said, “I don’t know what the plan is, but I assume the goal is simply to give her a good dose of what she’s been pushing away.”

“I think we all could use a dose of that.”

“I sure could,” she replied, and then she quietly laughed. “Honey, do you remember how these weekends used to make us so anxious?” When I easily affirmed, she said, “It’s sure not that way anymore. Well, maybe it is this time, for a different reason, though. But, I’ve been feeling lost without it. I’m really glad we’re here.”

*Lost without it?* Maybe that was why Laura seemed to be missing. My little mind seized that as proof that this was all she needed. I was beyond ready to watch that happen.

I sat up and grabbed Claudia’s hand. “Come on. Let’s go see what the plan is.”

We shimmied out of the bed, and for supposedly sentimental reasons, we promised to come out together on the other side of the weekend.

Hand in hand, we entered the living room to find Holly and Laura on the bear skin rug. Kris and Ginny were making coffee. Susan and Janice were descending the staircase. Our non-coupled hostesses were nowhere to be seen.

We got comfortable and listened to the coffee pot gurgle. When it finished, Kris and Ginny headed back to the kitchen to fill carafes. They claimed they were under orders to keep the coffee away from us, which proved a damn good thing. My bladder was about to burst from the stuff. I excused myself and sped to the bathroom.

Upon my return, I found nothing new, except for an uptick in the impatience with our AWOL hostesses. We discussed sending a search party, but finally, the cabin door opened.

On a huge wave of yoga-vegan energy, Alison and Maggie rolled into the room. They smiled excitedly and went to stand in front of the fireplace. Holly and Laura sat up and scooted back to the couch, where Janice’s and Susan’s legs made them a cubbyhole.

Alison asked, “Laura, did anyone tell you that Maggie and I are in charge of the weekend activity?” After Laura winced and shook her head, she explained, “Well, because you and Holly gave up your weekend, we are, and we’re about to tell you what we have planned.”

“But this isn’t a setup, Laura,” Maggie quickly assured, perhaps remembering her anxiety in the car. “Nobody else knows what we have planned, either. It’s not that big of a deal, though.”

Very dramatically, Alison said, “We just want you to have a nice relaxing weekend at Crappie Cabin.”

“Christ!” Laura wailed, and the rest of us groaned. “Where have we

heard this line of BS before, Mayor Alison?”

She giggled most cockily and then said, “Okay, maybe there’s one itty-bitty fly in the ointment.” She elbowed Maggie, who laughed as well.

From the devious looks on their faces, I knew that itty-bitty was humongous and a fly in the ointment would end up as a bug up somebody’s butt. Some of us were indeed predictable.

Maggie said, “There’s just one little thing we’re going to do while having a nice relaxing weekend.”

Smirking, they simply stared at us until Ginny finally cleared her throat. Her hand made a rolling motion, and she dared to ask the obvious, “And that one little thing would be?”

In perfect unison, they answered, “Partner swapping.”

The complete book can be purchased in ebook or paperback. Please visit the [LAC Bookstore](#). Also available from other retailers.

## **About the Author**

Rosalyn Wraight is also the author the Detective Laura McCallister series that currently includes: *Woman Justice*, *Secrets and Sins*, *Corpse Call*, and *The Watson Evidence*. These novels feature several characters from this book.

Watch the Dykes Who Dare website for sneak peeks of forthcoming Lesbian Adventure Club titles.

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