

IDF Minisode: Lead Us Not Into Temptation



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Title: Lead Us Not Into Temptation

Author: Geekgrllurking

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Rating: NC-17

Words: 3337

AN: This minisode takes place some time after Season Three, Episode 6: The Only Constant Is Change

AN2: Written for the Team OVS Femslash Day 2012 Challenge. Any fic produced was to include as many of the following words as possible in the story: 'banana

pancakes', 'fedora', 'Ravenwood', 'apple pie', 'black lace panties', 'days of our lives', 'Venice', 'bold and beautiful', 'Damn Alan Spaulding may he rot in hell', and 'stripper pole'. Or team members could produce artwork including any of our original characters. So I tried for both :)

Leyla Rivera laid on her bed in the guest room of the family suite at the Beacon and closed her eyes, a long sigh escaping from her lips. With Emma and Francesca with their respective fathers for the weekend, she was bunked out at the hotel. On visitation weekends, Leyla tended to stay in town, giving Natalia and Olivia some much needed alone time with each other at the farmhouse.

Today though, Leyla wasn't even sure she could have managed the drive to the farmhouse, she was so exhausted. It had been a hard day and it didn't look like things would be getting easier any time soon with the expansion plans for the Little Lights Daycare.

Her lip curved up into a faint smile as she realized that even though she was crazy busy, she finally seemed to have her life on the right track. Her smile widened as a memory flitted through her mind. It was an unexpected highlight of the day, after returning to her small office in the daycare to find a takeout cup of coffee, with a little neon green sticky note on it and a little smiley face. That had been happening fairly regularly lately and it was a little thing, but it was nice. It had made her on-again, off-again friendship bloom a little brighter these days.

Ava Peralta. What was she going to do with you?

Leyla rolled to her side, the smile slipping from her lips just as quickly as it had formed. What the hell was wrong with that crazy woman anyway? It was as if the woman was on some Jekyll and Hyde kick where she was concerned, blowing hot one day and cold the next, and then sweet as apple pie on the fourth of July all over again. If Ava kept it up, she'd be calling the Ravenwood mental hospital to see if they had any extra rooms.

"Fuck!" Leyla's eyes snapped open and she jumped as her cell phone rang on the bedspread beside her, jerking her out of her lethargy. She grabbed for the offending item, noticing that the devil herself was on the other end. "What?"

“Wow, somebody needs to cut back on her caffeine intake,” Ava’s low tones drifted into the night air. “Maybe I should switch that coffee to decaf from now on.”

“Funny. Not.” Leyla could hear the soft chuckle on the other side and smiled herself. A small pause stretched out and just as Leyla was about to jump in to fill the void, Ava finally spoke again.

“So I was just calling to see if you wanted to go out dancing tonight?” Another pause fell between them. This time Leyla stared at her cell phone a moment in slight shock.

“Seriously?” Leyla finally choked out. Clubbing and Springfield just didn’t seem to mix.

“Sure, why not?” Ava said, sounding a little confused sounding on the other side. An awkward short silence and the woman on the other side sighed. “Oh, come on, it’s not like I’m asking you to go up and swing around on a stripper pole or anything. It’s apparently Ladies Night at Farley’s or something and there is this hot DJ out of Chicago, the wait staff were all raving about it. I thought it might be fun to shake it up a little and go. So, sleepyhead, are you game?”

“Well,” Leyla frowned. Ava had a point; it would be more fun to go out instead of laying there alone, working out what she’d have with her banana pancakes for breakfast tomorrow. “I guess you’re right, these are the best days of our lives. I can sleep when I’m dead, right? So why not live it up with the bold and the beautiful people?”

“Exactly! Meet me in the lobby in half an hour.”

Leyla stared at her phone a moment longer as the line went dead, wondering just what Jekyll would be wearing this evening and if Hyde was going to make an appearance at some point as well.

Only time would tell.

The crowd at Farley’s was definitely hot and sweaty from the early summer heat wave rolling through Springfield, let alone from all the dancing to the killer beats. There was a somewhat mixed crowd but the majority were women. Ava’s

eyebrows had risen slightly at the obvious lesbian patrons, with plenty of short hair cuts like her own and the odd fedora sprinkled around, but Leyla just elbowed her in the stomach and led the way towards the bar.

Making their way through the crowd, Leyla could feel several eyes turn their way. She was in low-rise jeans and a short black tank top, her hair loose and free, wavy from the humidity. Ava meanwhile wore a flowing white blouse and a red cropped tank top underneath, and black Capri's with a chunky black leather belt finishing the look. With Ava's short hair the look was kind of unintentionally butch and most definitely hot.

And Leyla wasn't the only one noticing. She frowned and glared at a petite blonde blatantly checking Ava out. The woman took the hint and stepped away, looking for easier pickings.

"Down, Tiger," Ava smiled and raised her voice over the thumping music, putting her hand on Leyla's lower back and leaning in to be heard. "No need to go all 'Southside' on the poor girl's ass." Their eyes locked for a moment as they grinned at each other. Leyla couldn't help but notice the circles Ava's thumb was making on the small of her back or ignore the flip-flop it caused in her stomach. The splash of a spilled drink hitting the floor beside them broke the moment and the two women shuffled out of the way, heading once more towards the bar.

Finally with cold drinks in hand they found a small table near the dance floor, just as a couple was vacating. Snagging it quickly, they flopped down and took in the crowd.

"So this is Ladies Night," Ava said, glancing around at the variety of people in the small bar, even noticing a few familiar faces. Their gazes met once again. "You've been here before, haven't you?"

"Yeah, I have," Leyla glanced down, swirling her drink in its glass before glancing up again. "Does it make you uncomfortable?"

"No, I've been to gay bars before, in San Francisco. In the service industry there are lots of gay men friends I've had. All before Mom and Natalia hooked up as well," Ava shifted in her chair, to be heard better once again. She put her hand on the back of Leyla's chair and leaned in closer. "There was one catering supervisor I worked with out there, who stepped into a function in one of our

banquet rooms and looked around, and turned pale. He said he had slept with every server there at one point.” They laughed together before Ava shook her head and took another sip of her drink. “Shawn always was such a slut for the cute boys. Anyway he dragged me out to the bars every now and then.”

The music changed and both women blinked, recognizing an old dance favourite.

“Oh, I haven’t heard this in forever. Time to shake that thang!” Leyla grinned and grabbed Ava’s hand, yanking her out to join the masses writhing on the dance floor. The beat pulsed through them all, the crowd jumping and twisting in time, ignoring the heat and succumbing to the beat.

Leyla watched Ava move with willowy grace, arms above her head, eyes closed, giving herself over to the music. Something shifted inside as she watched the woman’s body move and hips sway, settling low in her gut.

Suddenly it hit her and Leyla slowly came to a stop on the dance floor. All this tension between them was making more and more sense, as Leyla realized that she was attracted to Ava. The question was what to do about it and did Ava feel the same?

Ava’s eyes fluttered open and their eyes locked again. Leyla swallowed hard and started to dance again, as her friend’s eyes traveled down her body and back up again. Ava was checking her out too, and was not doing it very subtly either.

Maybe Ava didn’t realize what she was doing? Leyla smiled and danced in a circle, turning to face the other way. One of Ava’s hands drifted to her hip, the touch electric on her skin where they touched as they swayed to the music together. Leyla chewed her lower lip; then again, maybe Ava did know.

This was going to get complicated, really soon.

The music shifted, to something slower and the mood on the dance floor changed. Ava cocked her head towards the bathrooms and Leyla nodded, heading the opposite way back to their table. She needed a drink right about now.

Badly.

Sinking down into her chair, Leyla's mind was racing. This was a mistake of epic proportions. They were family after all. Natalia will *kill* her. Never mind Natalia, *Olivia* will kill her first, slowly. And if the fall out was awkward with Jonathan, she didn't even want to think about what it would be like if she and Ava ever... Dear, God, it was such a bad idea, on so many fronts.

And yet, Leyla couldn't wipe the smile off her face.

"Hi there," A tall redhead grinned brightly as she stopped beside the small table and stared down at her. Leyla frowned, she didn't need any suitors tonight, flattering as it was. She had too much on her mind as it was.

"Um, hi," Leyla said hesitantly, a little shocked when the woman just plopped herself down onto one of the chairs. This woman certainly wasn't shy.

"I saw you dancing, you must be thirsty. Let me buy you another drink?" The woman smiled seductively, and then raked her eyes down Leyla's body, stopping here and there to familiarize herself with some of her favourite features.

Leyla shifted in her chair, uncomfortable and not appreciating the attention. She opened her mouth to say as much when she heard a voice from behind her.

"Excuse me, but the lady is with me," Ava said quietly, her voice lowering dangerously, reminding Leyla very much of a pissed off Olivia Spencer. Clearly it was in the genes, the Spencer glare of doom making an appearance as well. It sent a shiver of awareness down her spine. Flushed slightly, Ava cocked an eyebrow at the interloper and sank into the empty chair across from her.

"Are you sure, sweetness?" The redhead stood, her eyes still lingering on Leyla's curves ignoring the pointed stare being levelled at her. If Ava hadn't been there, Leyla knew she'd have had a hard time saying no to this one.

Ava stood and rolled her eyes at the brazen woman. Enough was enough. She reached out and slid her fingers around Leyla's hand, tangling their fingers together.

"Come dance with me?" Ava dragged her eyes away from the tall redhead and met Leyla's hooded gaze before sliding lower, moistening her own lips as she stared at Leyla's mouth.

Leyla almost forgot to breathe.

“I-I thought you’d never ask.” Leyla stuttered, before standing and letting herself be led towards the pulsating crowd and away from her overbearing suitor. Truth be told, Leyla needed contact of some sort, this game becoming a little too much. Possessive Ava was incredibly hot. And Leyla wanted to touch her so badly, but she waited, anticipating the moment when they would once again move together on the dance floor. Slipping onto the busy dance floor, they were naturally drawn closer to each other, moving as one to the beat.

“God, I’m so glad you showed up when you did,” Leyla nuzzled the delicate ear, not sure she could be heard over the music, but Ava nodded in understanding and seemed to press against her even closer.

“Me too. I’m going to keep my eye on you, Rivera,” Ava whispered into the closest ear, taking a small nip of the earlobe while she was there. She chuckled at Leyla’s small gasp, the sensation sending a shiver down her spine. Leyla ground her body a little closer, deciding to tempt fate a little bit more on the dance floor before making their escape.

Before they needed to come back to reality.

Glancing to their left Leyla noticed the redhead watching them, not looking very happy. She dipped her head and started to nuzzle along Ava’s long neck. Ava gasped, running her hand up into the thick dark mane of hair, before she flashed a mocking grin of victory at the disappointed girl on the sidelines. That’s right, she’s mine and don’t you forget it.

“I can’t leave you alone for a minute, can I?” Ava teased. Leyla’s head snapped up, concerned that she had somehow hurt her feelings. Seeing the twinkle of mischief lurking in the dark eyes, Leyla relaxed a little and hugged her tighter.

“Hey, that is not my fault. I’m just...”

“...being your usual hot self?” Ava interrupted, her eyes once again dropping to Leyla’s tempting lips. “I know. It’s a dirty job but somebody has to do it.”

“Ha. Ha.” Leyla smirked at the teasing, enjoying Ava’s unexpectedly possessive hand that had found its way to her toned denim covered bottom, long fingers tucking into the back jeans pocket once again.

The tempo changed, to something more seductive, if that was even possible, and Ava completely escaped into the music and movement. Pressing and undulating against Leyla, her hips swayed and rocked to the beat, driving her half insane.

“I want you,” Leyla murmured, not really aware she had spoken out loud. Ava slowed her movements, their eyes locking.

“Then let’s get out of here,” Enough teasing, she had waited long enough for Leyla’s touch.

“Unless you think we should stop.” Leyla asked, hesitantly. Her body was screaming yes, but she didn’t want to rock the boat. Ava could easily flip on a dime. This was too important to mess up, for all concerned

“Do you want to stop? Because I will, I’ll stop and we can pretend this never happened,” Ava panted, staring into Leyla’s dark eyes, losing herself there for a moment, before sliding her gaze lower, staring at those full lips almost begging to be kissed.

“Or?” Leyla asked, her eyes falling to Ava’s mouth, almost afraid of the answer.

“Or we could...” Ava’s tongue darted out and moistened her lips, not even aware she was doing it as she hesitated, searching for the right words. “Not stop.”

Leyla closed the distance before her mind even realized what she was doing, claiming what was being offered.

Talking was overrated anyway.

They fell on Ava’s bed in a tangled heap, hot and sweaty, smelling of cigarette smoke and stale beer. It felt decadent and glorious and just a little dirty. Ava’s fingertips traced along the dark ink lines along Leyla’s lower back, outlining the intricate cross tattoo with slow deliberation.

“This is lovely. I noticed it when you were dancing and I’ve wanted to touch it all night,” Ava murmured against her skin. “Did it hurt much?”

Leyla shrugged, not really remembering or caring much at the moment. She paused, thinking hard. She had wanted to do it for months, but just when had she gotten the tattoo? She jumped as hot lips and a darting tongue made its way lower down her body.

“It’s sexy.” Ava murmured, her voice lowering to a near growl.

“Thanks,” Leyla gasped, it was pretty hot. Almost as hot as watching Ava trace the swirls of the ink along her skin with the tip of her tongue.

Oh, this was not going to end well, but Leyla couldn’t stop herself, wouldn’t stop herself. She wanted this and it seemed Ava did as well.

Ava continued to be distracted by the design swirling innocently on Leyla’s lower back, the pattern stark against her skin. Irresistible, she dipped her head, placing lingering kisses along the hollow of Leyla’s spine. Moving higher she pushed the black tank top higher, kissing across her back to hover over the opposite shoulder, Ava’s breasts pressing into her back.

Pulling the waves of long dark hair to one side, Ava nuzzled along the curve of Leyla’s neck, discovering a sensitive patch, grinning as she caused Leyla moan and buck beneath her, both of them suddenly wanting more.

Leyla could feel Ava smile against her flesh, thrilling at the small hitch in her breathing, her body arching into her back. Long fingers reached around and popped the button on her pants, zipping the fly down before tugging the tight fitting jeans down her legs to reveal black lace panties.

“Jesus,” Ava gasped behind her, taking in the sight stretched out across her bed. “You’re so beautiful.”

Leyla glanced over her shoulder and smiled, before twisting and grabbing the hem of her tank top and pulling it over her head in one swift motion.

“Come take what’s yours,” Leyla’s thumbs hooked into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down and off as well, as Ava moved to the edge of the bed, the mattress dipping slightly as she came closer.

Leyla sighed softly and rolled back into the bed sheets, spreading her legs slightly, inviting and wet. She didn’t have to wait long before Ava’s fingers trailed over her knee and down along the inside of her thigh, hesitant and

curious, tickling lightly across damp hair. Leyla gasped as Ava brushed against her, teasing and exploring.

“Tell me what you want. I’m not sure what...” Ava whispered almost shyly into her ear her voice fading to silence. Leyla shifted rolling her hips, trying to push against the teasing hand, wanting more, needing to increase the friction, but Ava pulled away. A trail of moisture clung to her fingers, evidence of Leyla’s desire and she smiled. She glanced down as Leyla writhed slowly beneath her, growling slightly.

“Please, I just want you to touch me,” Leyla rasped, her hands bunching the bed sheets around her. Reassured, Ava moved against her again, back to where she knew she needed to be. Leyla gasped as she felt long fingers slide into her, slow and deep, penetrating into her heat. She slowly began to thrust in time, trying to keep up with Ava’s steadily building tempo. Leyla’s body bucked as Ava watched her in amazement, bringing her just to a razor’s edge and then kept her dancing there, such sweet torment until finally...

finally...

“Fuck!”

Leyla’s eyes snapped open as she jerked awake, her body throbbing, almost aching with unspent energy. Confused she glanced around, realizing that she was alone, in her own bedroom at the Beacon.

“What the hell?” Leyla jumped as her cell phone rang on the bedspread beside her, pulling her out of her sleepy lethargy. She grabbed for the offending item recognizing the number immediately.

Two missed messages from Natalia. Something was up.

Her cell phone rang again, vibrating in her hand this time with an incoming text message. Natalia had been direct. Phillip was being arrested and they were on their way to pick up Emma from the Spaulding mansion.

That didn’t sound good at all.

Leyla quickly responded to call her if they needed her before sliding her phone back onto the nightstand. She flopped back down onto the bed, dream images of Ava’s body flashing through her mind.

“Fuck, Rivera. Where the hell did that come from?” Leyla ran a hand through her long hair in frustration and gave herself a mental shake. There was no way anything would ever happen with the very straight, and very in control, Ava Peralta.

Leyla rolled over and punched her pillow, fluffing it up before hugging it tightly and releasing a long, sad sigh. While some things might be out of her reach, Leyla was tempted more than ever into getting that sexy cross tattoo on her lower back after all...