

# **Lana Gone Wild**

**By: Lindsey Greene**

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# Chapter 1

## Broken Heart

Lana stood in the middle of the living room looking dumbfounded - her face a twisted mask of unfathomable disbelief coupled together with the pain of having her heart ripped from her chest and stomped on. She stared blankly at the man she had known for nearly thirty years and been married to for twenty. He looked unsympathetic to her plight as he was the cause of it.

“What...how can you...what about the kids?” Lana gasped.

“The kids are grown and out of the house,” Zack replied. “I did my part in raising them and now it’s time to move on.”

“You’re a no good son of a bitch! How can you say you don’t love me? We’ve known each other since we were eight! We’re best friends for god’s sake! And you’re going to just throw it all away?”

“Please don’t make this any harder than it already is.”

“Go to hell! Fine! You want a divorce? I’ll give you a divorce. And I’ll take you for everything you’ve got starting with this house. Pack your crap and get out!”

“Actually, it’s you that will pack your stuff and leave. In case you forgot, the house is in my father’s name until the mortgage is paid off so you can’t take it. So’s the car now that I think of it. I guess I never got around to changing the title. But I’m not entirely heartless. I went to the bank this morning and took my name off all of our accounts. The money is yours.”

“I don’t want the damn money!” Lana sobbed. “I want the man that I love! We can work through this!”

“I’m sorry, Lana, I really am, but there’s no getting through this. I’ve tried for the last five years to love you as I did the first time we met, but it’s just not there anymore and I can’t go on living a lie anymore. We both deserve better than that. I’ll be staying at Paul’s for the next few days. All I ask is that you are out by Sunday.”

“So...so that’s...that’s it?” Lana sniffed back the tears. “Twenty years of marriage thrown out like garbage? What little wore are you fucking behind my back? That’s it, right? I’m not attractive enough for you anymore? Tired of the old cow so time to get a new model? Well, fuck you! I look every bit as sexy now as I did twenty years ago you fat ass!” And it was true. Over the course of their marriage she had put on a net gain of twelve pounds - which, after having three kids and an obsession with sweets, was pretty damn good.

“I never said anything about you not being attractive,” Zack sighed. “Look, this has absolutely nothing to do with you. I simply do not love you anymore. That’s it. That’s the end of it. I’ve tried to rekindle the flame, but it isn’t there anymore. There is no other woman and there never has been. Despite my feelings towards you the last five years I’ve never once strayed.”

Lana stood there once more sobbing, running mascara streaking her cheeks black. She watched as the man she loved turned and walked out of the house without another word. No final farewell, no have a good life. Nothing. When the car backed out of the driveway she crumpled to the floor and cried.

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The first thing Lana did after she had spent a lifetime supply of tears was to go to the computer and log into her bank account. She feared Zack had taken all but a pittance, leaving her broke as well as homeless. She sighed in relief, however, when she saw the collective balance of

her savings and checking account was \$238,654.92. They had been saving every spare penny for twenty years so that when they grew old together they would have a little nest egg to carry them through retirement, but that dream would never be. Now, at age thirty-eight she found herself alone for the first time and it scared her to death.

The tears of heartache were somewhat tempered by the fact she was not going to be living on the streets until she got her next paycheck, but the anger still welled up inside of her as she went through the house collecting what was hers. She left anything with Zack's image in it - including their wedding and family pictures. She took those of just her and the kids though.

Lana wanted to burn the place to the ground, but thought better of it in the end as a life behind bars was not something she was looking forward to. Besides, the one responsible for her heartache would not go up in the flames. *Good thing he left*, Lana thought as she packed her belongings and stacked the few boxes next to the door. There was still a lot of work to do before she removed them from the house, but at least they were ready to go once she had a place of her own to take them.

With nowhere to go, and no means of getting there Lana cleared her throat and called her best friend Amie. She and Amie went back almost as far as her and Zack. They had seen their ups and downs, even stayed apart from each other for more than two years due to a disagreement neither of them remembers, but somehow they always found a way to forgive and forget.

"Hey, what's up Lana?" Amie said answering the phone in her normal chipper tone.

"Zack left me," Lana replied which set off another round of crying followed by five minutes of gibberish while Amie tried her best to get a word in edgewise.

When that failed she turned to plan B. Plan B consisted of staying on the phone while driving to her friend's house to console, and to lend a shoulder to cry on. It always helped to have someone there while grieving, and Amie knew best how to calm the distraught woman down. "I'm on my way over right now. Don't do anything stupid, you hear me?"

"I...I just need...a place...a place to stay," Lana sobbed to her friend. "He kicked me...to...to the...street."

"You can stay with me for as long as you like," Amie said, her foot pressing a little harder on the accelerator. "Everything will be alright. He'll come crawling back in a few days begging for forgiveness and you can tell him to go to hell."

"He...he's not coming...back! He wants a...divorce!" The sobbing intensified again and what followed was several more minutes of unintelligible sobbing that continued even after Amie pulled into the driveway and entered the house.

Thinks moved quickly, but for Lana times seemed to stand still. She was lost in a haze of sorrow that suffocated any rational thought. She only vaguely remembered Amie loading the few boxes into her car and driving back to her place. She stared out of the passenger door window for the trip, looking at homes she had seen a thousand times as if they were foreign to her. The sun was still in the sky, but for Lana the world grew dark.

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Day after day, Lana sat in the spare bedroom at her friend's house and wept. Her mood turned foul as she slipped into a depression that rendered her all but comatose. Amie did her best to make her friend eat and took care of the basics. She also kept an eye on her around the clock in case she thought to harm herself.

As days became weeks, and Lana's mood had not improved, Amie took matters into her own hands. She stormed into her friend's room and pulled her up and out of bed, marching her to the bathroom. "You're taking a shower if I have to wash you myself," she said gently nudging

Lana towards the tub. “And when you’re done we’re going out. We going to have a few drinks, meet some new people, and have some fun dammit! You’re moping around the house all day is starting to bring me down and I can’t have that. Now get your ass in the shower young lady!”

“I don’t feel like going out,” Lana replied meekly. “I just want to go back to my room.” She turned towards the door but Amie was having nothing of it. She gripped the hem of her friend’s tee shirt and yanked it up and over her head, tossing it in front of the clothes hamper in the corner.

“You have ten seconds to get out of those filthy clothes and into the damn shower yourself, or I’ll do it for you! One...two...three...I’m not kidding Lana. We’re not playing this game anymore. Four...five...six...It’s been over a months now. Zack sent the divorce papers a week ago, so get your ass in that shower right now and wash him out of your life.

Lana hung her head and sighed. She turned towards the tub, took two steps and then feigned left to go around her friend towards the door. Her mopey mind made the rest of her body sluggish and Amie caught her halfway to the bathroom door.

“Alright, that’s it! No more playing nice!” Lana said as she yanked the bra from her friend’s chest. Straddling Lana’s stomach, she reached down and unfastened her pants and then pulled them and her panties off at the same time. Lana gave little in the way of struggle as she was nearly dragged across the cool tiled floor and unceremoniously dumped into the tub.

“AHGH!” Lana screeched when the icy waters of the shower splashed down on her. She brought her knees to her chest and scoot back as far as she could, but the hellish torrent followed. “STOP IT! Why can’t you just leave me alone!?”

“Because you need a bath and you’re going to get it. Because you’re my best friend and I can’t take seeing you wallow in misery forever. Because you need to go out and meet new people so you can move on with your life,” Amie said as she added some hot water to the cold and removed the showerhead from its cradle. “Take your pick, but scoot back into the tub so I can wash you.”

“I can wash myself thank you very much.”

“I’m sure you could. And I’m sure you could make a mad dash back to your room. That’s why I’m going to give you a thorough scrubbing whether you like it or not. And then I’m going to march you to my bedroom where I’m going to...”

“WHOA! Hey, I don’t swing that way,” Lana joked for the first time in weeks.

“I was going to say dress you in something sexy for our night on the town, but I’m glad to see your thinking of sex again. That’s a good sign. Also, don’t knock it till you try it sweetheart. Your mind may say no to a little bit of lesbian fun, but your hard nipples pain a different picture,” she said tweaking her friend’s left nipple playfully.

“It’s from the cold water,” Lana lied. And she knew it was a lie. It was the first sexual contact she had in weeks and friend or no, woman or not, Amie’s roaming fingers were having an effect. “Just don’t go sticking your fingers where they don’t belong,” she said as she leaned back and absent-mindedly spread her legs.

“Oh? And where don’t they belong?” Amie purred, her right hand moving slowly from Lana’s well-washed breasts to the soft swell of her belly. When they reached her friend’s vulva, she stopped. Lana had frozen, a look of uncertainty on her face. Amie started to pull her hand back but it was stopped by Lana grabbing her around the wrist and moving it back.

“It...oh god! Please just wash me,” she said biting her lower lip nervously. To rid her friend of any doubt of her meaning, Lana moved her friend’s hand lower until it was cupping her

entire mound. Using two shaking fingers, she pressed against Amie's, causing the fingertips to push into her.

"Are you sure?" Amie asked, leaving her hand where it was placed. "I don't want you to think I'm taking advantage of the situation. This wasn't my motivation for getting you naked and into the tub, Lana."

"I know," Lana sighed. "You're right. I've been moping around here for too long. And frankly, I've been a horrible guest. You've been nothing but nice to me so I'm asking you, please, be nice to me to me one more time."

"Alright, but if you want to stop at any time you just say the word. The ball is in your court now. How much we do is entirely up to you. Ok?"

"Mmm hmm," Lana moaned softly as Amie's middle two fingers slipped into her. It was the first time she had ever been sexual with another woman and she was glad it was with her best friend. The fingers pushed deeper while the other hand was busy gently pinching and pulling nipples. Amie leaned in and took Lana's left nipple into her mouth and nibbled it playfully.

Lana lost control as her first orgasm in weeks overtook her. She scrambled as if on ice, and in the wet tub she might as well been. Her arms gave at the same time as her feet decided to slip forward. Down she went, her head hitting the back of the tub as Amie's fingers spilled fully into her.

Amie jerked her fingers from her friend's pussy and went immediately into panic mode. "Oh my god! Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Lana laughed. "Holy shit am I fine! Thank you for that."

"Um, thanks, I think. How's the head?"

"Hmm? Oh, I'll be fine. I don't think there's any bleeding." She reached a hand back to check just to be on the safe side though. There was no blood. "Do you want to finish washing me?"

"How about if I get in there with you and we can wash each other?" Amie said. She did not want to seem too pushy, but after that brief bit of excitement, she was feeling a little horny herself.

"Ok, but I make no promises that I'll wash you the same way."

"That's ok. You do whatever you feel comfortable doing and I'll do whatever you feel comfortable letting me do."

"I love you," Lana said wrapping her arms around her friend and hugging her tight. "You're the best friend anyone could ask for."