

ANYTHING FOR HER

An Anyone But Her Fanfic Story

by Blake Leigh

“A little to the left Lottie.”

“Here? I can go down some more if you’d like.”

I stared intensely at my college roommate as she slid a little further down. “Oh yes, that’s so good!”

After affixing the posters to the wall, Lottie came to stand beside me and stared at them for a moment before asking, “What did you say you called these things again? And why do we need them hanging on our wall?”

I huffed and rolled my eyes at her confused expression. “I call them future boards,” I explained. “These beauties are going to help us attain everything we want in life.”

Lottie chewed on her bottom lip, her expression growing even more confused. “OK, but I really don’t understand how a bunch of magazine clippings glued to a poster board are going to help us with that.”

“If you didn’t understand the exercise, why did you agree to do it with me in the first place?” I knew Lottie was a generally agreeable person, but we had spent the last two hours digging through piles of magazines, looking for the perfect images. Our hands were full of paper cuts and Lottie had a rather large glob of glue in her hair I had yet to tell her about.

She smiled and shrugged her shoulders, “Well, you

seemed so excited about the idea, and I didn't have anything else to do. I've already unpacked and put away all my dresses, undergarments, and makeup."

I smiled and shook my head at my lovely, supportive friend before explaining the concept again. "We're graduating this year so we both need to get really serious about our futures. These magazine clippings represent all the things we want to achieve in life. What we want to do, where we want to go, who we want to marry."

"And having these things on the wall is going to magically make all of our dreams come true?" Lottie asked while gesturing to the wall.

I took both of her hands in mine and looked her in the eyes. "No Lottie, we're going to make all of our dreams come true. We can do that all on our own. These will help remind us to not lose sight of those dreams and to keep fighting for them."

Lottie wrapped me up in a big hug. "I love you Olivia, even with all of your hair-brain ideas, but do you really want to marry Tarzan?"

I couldn't contain my laughter, "No silly! What I want is adventure. He is very handsome, but that's what Tarzan represents for me. I want to see the world and experience everything!"

"I must admit, your future board does look much more exciting than mine. Although I'm not sure how you'll manage to get to all of those places. I don't think Tarzan would make a very good travel companion." Lottie's smirk let me know she would likely continue to tease me about Tarzan for the foreseeable future.

"Hardy har, you're such a riot." I gave Lottie a good poke in the ribs. "What about your future board? It's only full of

pictures of Cary Grant and baby stuff. Don't you want to do anything besides get married and have kids? It's going to be 1950 in a few months, us women can have dreams of our own now."

Lottie raised her chin and put her hands on her hips. "I'll have you know, Cary Grant is a beautiful man and I would be honored to have a hundred of his beautiful babies."

"Fine. But before you start popping out all of those movie stars, can we go to the mess hall? I'm starving." As if on cue, my stomach growled loudly.

Wellmoore College had been my home for the past few years. Being surrounded by like-minded women with similar hopes and dreams had been an absolutely wonderful experience. I was daydreaming about days past, as well as the days to come when my thoughts were interrupted.

"Olivia, look, there's a man! And he's a total dreamboat." I looked up to see that, indeed, a very attractive man with a lunch tray was sauntering through a sea of women, straight towards our table. He was wearing a crisp white shirt with a black tie and nicely pressed trousers. His hair was perfectly combed back - not a single one out of place.

The handsome stranger approached Lottie and I before asking, "Would you lovely ladies mind if I joined you?" We both shook our heads and gestured towards the empty chair. A hand extended to Lottie first, "Thank you, I'm Dot, it's very nice to make your acquaintance."

I noticed Lottie's blush as they shook hands before greeting Dot myself. "I'm Olivia, this is my best friend and roommate Lottie. And you're a woman. Sorry, I didn't

notice from a distance. At least that explains what a man is doing in the middle of the mess hall at an all female college.”

Dot chuckled and shook my hand. “Yes, well, the administration isn’t too fond of my preference for slacks, but it seems they forgot to include a dress code in the handbook. That’s actually the main reason I chose Wellmoore. It also doesn’t hurt that it happens to be full of beautiful women like yourselves.”

I smiled brightly at the intriguing woman, “You’re welcome to join us any time. Lottie and I don’t give a hoot what you wear or who you smooch, right Lottie?”

“Olivia! I can’t believe you. A woman smooching another woman? That’s sinful!” Lottie exclaimed.

I shot Lottie my best ‘are you kidding me’ look before responding, “Calm down princess. You know full well loads of women here have been more than friendly with each other. And you didn’t seem to have a problem with me and Jo getting ‘friendly’ every now and then.”

“Jo, as in Josephine, our former roommate? You were smooching Josephine?” The look of utter shock on Lottie’s face was priceless.

“We did a lot more than smooch, but yes. What did you think we were doing out on the chapel roof all those times?”

“I don’t know, getting some air, looking at the stars, praying. Certainly not that.” Lottie covered her mouth as her eyes grew wider.

I turned my attention towards Dot, “Can you believe the priest almost caught us making whoopee one night? He heard us and came up to see what was going on. When I told him we went up there to pray, he believed me because he had heard Jo yelling *Jesus Christ*.”

Dot and I doubled over in laughter. Lottie stared at me like I had just grown a third arm. Unfortunately, our uproar garnered some unwanted attention and mean ol' Margie Saunders came stomping over.

"I should've known you'd be causing a scene," she said, giving Dot a menacing stare. "Why don't you buzz off already, nobody wants your kind here."

To my surprise, Lottie flew out of her chair and stood between Margie and Dot. "As a matter of fact, we invited her to sit with us and would rather sit with her than you and your smelly old dragon breath any day. So why don't you buzz off Margie, because unlike Dot, *you* were not invited."

I quickly stood with my best friend, who I could not have been prouder of in that moment and added, "Yeah Margie, go shit in the ocean!"

Margie stormed off in a tizzy. We turned back to Dot, who appeared to be tearing up. "Are you crying?" I asked softly. "Hey, don't worry about that dimwit. Nobody likes her."

Dot stood up and wiped at her eyes. "No, it isn't that. It's just, nobody has ever stood up for me like that before. You don't even know me. I don't know how to thank you."

Lottie spoke up first, "You don't need to thank anybody. I may not understand much in this world, but I do know that nobody deserves to be treated with such disrespect. I'm sorry for how I reacted as well."

I grabbed both of them into a hug, bonding our newly formed friendship trio.

As the days passed, our bond grew stronger. Dot was the kindest, most genuine, and bravest person I had ever met. Lottie was a beautiful ray of sunshine who saw the good in the world and was willing to fight to protect it. They kept me grounded without tethering my dreams and aspirations.

We encouraged each other, made each other laugh, and held each other when things got hard. We were stronger together. Lottie and Dot were my family.

Being apart over the holidays had been difficult. I enjoyed spending time with my parents and siblings but my thoughts kept drifting back to Wellmoore. I wanted to know what my best friends were doing and if they were missing me as much as I was missing them.

I wrote to them both, requesting that we end our visits early to have our own Christmas celebration and ring in the New Year together back at Wellmoore. I was overjoyed when their letters came, both agreeing to the idea.

The train ride was the longest, most excruciating one I could ever remember. Once my feet were finally back on campus soil, they moved as fast as they could. I ran down the hallway and threw the door open to see Lottie and Dot holding each other in a tight embrace.

Lottie squealed when she saw me and flew across the

room for a hug, followed closely by Dot, who threw her arms around the both of us. I squeezed them and planted kisses all over their faces. Their smiles and exuberance told me they had indeed missed me as well, and our reunion warmed my heart.

“Oh, I’ve missed you so much it hurts! Let’s make a pact, right now, to never be apart for that long again.” I spit in my hand and held it out, waiting for them to do the same.

Lottie looked down at my hand then back up, “Olivia, I’ve missed you so, but ladies do not spit. That is utterly grotesque.”

“Here,” Dot said through a chuckle and handed me her handkerchief. “I’m so happy you’re both back, I feel like I can breathe again. You know I worry about you traveling alone.”

“You worry about us? Are you kidding me?” I wiped my hand before handing back the handkerchief. “You’re the one going around in men’s clothing. I worry every time you walk out the door.”

Dot let out a defeated sigh, “I have to wear dresses to visit my family, so you can relax about that. They won’t let me in the house wearing slacks. I travel in dresses too, for safety reasons.”

“I’m so sorry Dot,” Lottie said, “It makes me so angry. You are wonderful, and I just don’t understand how anybody could want you to be any other way.”

“Yeah, screw those close-minded jerks. It’s their loss too, because your ass looks amazing in those slacks.” I gave Dot’s backside a swat for emphasis.

Dot shook her head and pulled Lottie and I into another hug. “Thanks. I love you both.” Then she pulled away and clapped her hands together, “Now let’s open presents. I

was promised a Christmas celebration with my two favorite people in the world.

Dot heard through the grapevine about an underground club that was hosting a special New Year's Eve ball for people like her. We agreed it would be the perfect way for us to celebrate and decided to dress up for the occasion.

I was putting on my earrings when there was a knock at the door. Lottie open it and stood staring in silence. I walked over to see Dot standing in the doorway in a tuxedo. "Hubba hubba, look at you! Dot you look incredible. Doesn't she look incredible Lottie?"

"Um, yeah, yes, wow. You, you look fantastic." Lottie was blushing when she stepped aside to let Dot in.

"Thanks, you both look ravishing." Dot gestured between the two of us. "Lottie, that blue dress really brings out those beautiful eyes of yours. And Olivia, those legs! I don't think I've ever seen a dress that short before. You're certainly going to get some attention tonight."

"Good, I need some action. It's been far too long since someone else has taken care of my needs, if you know what I mean." I shot them a dramatic wink.

"Olivia!" Lottie exclaimed.

"What? Don't be such a square Lottie. Tonight is about letting loose and having some fun." I grabbed both of their arms and led them to the door. "Now come on, I'm thirsty."

The cab took us to a not so nice part of town, mostly littered with old warehouses. Lottie's nervousness was obvious and Dot quickly threw an arm around her shoulders to comfort her, "Don't worry, it's OK, I'll keep

you safe.”

Dot escorted us to a door that we were let into after a special knock and a password. Lottie was still nervously clinging onto Dot, but I could barely contain my excitement as we entered the club. I felt like a gangster.

The sight before us was a true marvel. The space was large and decorated in the most wonderfully extravagant way. Lights covered the ceiling and a beautiful bar stretched across an entire wall. And the people... Oh the people! There were girls dressed like boys and boys dressed like girls and everything in between.

A band was playing a real happening tune and the dance floor was packed. Everyone was drinking and smiling and laughing. So full of life. This was nothing like any party I had ever been to. I was completely enamored.

Suddenly, I felt a hand on the small of my back and a low, sultry voice spoke into my ear, “Hello. I’m Sam, and you are stunning. Can I get you a drink?”

I turned to see a dapper woman in a pinstripe suit. She had a twinkle in her eye and a mischievous grin on her face. She was beautiful. “Thank you, I’m Olivia. And yes, I would love a drink.”

Over the course of two very strong cocktails, I learned that sultry Sam was a charmer. She knew what she wanted and did not shy away from going after it. I loved her confidence, and all of the flirty little touches had me wanting more. “Come on,” I said as I reached out a hand, “Dance with me.” I wrapped my arm around hers and we joined Lottie and Dot on the dance floor.

Lottie’s face was lit up like a Christmas tree as she and Dot cut a rug. I had to yell to be heard over the music, “I’m so glad you managed to pull that stick out of your ass Lottie.

You look like you're actually having fun."

"Oh Olivia, I'm having a blast! All thanks to Dot of course. I never knew she was such a marvelous dancer." Dot smiled and dipped Lottie so low I thought for sure they would both hit the floor. Instead, Dot lifted her back up with ease and twirled Lottie around in her arms.

The exuberant laughter of my best friends warmed my heart. The beautiful woman holding me close and whispering sweet nothings into my ear while we danced was warming other parts. I knew without a doubt this was going to be a night to remember.

10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1... Happy New Year!"

I grabbed Sam by the cheeks and laid one on her. Then I turned to my best friends and gave each of them a peck on the lips. When they turned back to one another, I dove back into Sam's delicious lips and was greeted with a fiery moan that drove me wild.

The champagne flowed and the dancing became increasingly sensual. I feared I might lose control right there in front of God and everyone. I peeled myself off of Sam's amazing body to say goodnight to my friends.

"Lottie, Dot, I gotta go see a guy about a horse," I said as I hooked my thumb over my shoulder at Sam.

I didn't wait for the inevitable protest before turning to walk away, but I heard Lottie's voice over the crowd, "Are you sure? Olivia, please be careful."

"Me? Careful? Never!"

I had wanted to get some action and Sam did not disappoint. We spent hours devouring each other's bodies until all of our energies were drained. She was, by far, the best lover I had ever had the pleasure of being with.

Sam lay sleeping peacefully, but I had never been good at sleeping in new places. Morning afters were not really my cup of tea either. I placed a kiss on her gorgeous ass and slid out of bed and into my dress. I put on some lipstick, found a slip of paper, and left a note - signing it with a kiss before slipping quietly out the door.

Back on campus, I tip-toed barefoot down the hall and opened the door as quietly as I could. My eyes must have been playing tricks on me. I shut them tightly for a few beats, but when I opened them again, the scene before me was the same.

Lottie and Dot were on Lottie's bed, completely naked. Dot was lying on her back. Lottie was on her knees, straddling Dot's head, grinding herself into Dot's mouth. One of Dot's hands was groping Lottie's ass, the other rubbing between her own legs. They were both moaning wildly with pleasure.

I was frozen in place, unsure what to do and still not entirely convinced I could believe what I was seeing. When

the shoes I had been holding hit the floor, Lottie finally saw me standing there and quickly climbed off of Dot, pulling the blanket over both of them in a panic.

“Olivia, what are you doing here?” Lottie squeaked out.

“I live here. What are you doing? I mean, I can see what you’re doing.” I waved my hand around in the air. “But, what the hell are you doing?”

“Olivia, I’m so sorry you found out like this, we’ve been wanting to tell you.” Lottie pulled the covers tighter as she spoke.

“Wait. What do you mean ‘been’ wanting to tell me? Are you saying this isn’t the first time?” I was in shock. My eyes darted back and forth between the two of them.

“Listen,” Dot said softly, “Please sit down.” Not really knowing what else to do, I plopped down on my bed before she continued. “We didn’t know how to tell you or when the right time would be. We were afraid of how you would react, or that it might mess up our friendship somehow. But we need you to know. Lottie and I, we’re in love.”

Dot grabbed both of Lottie’s hands and they gazed lovingly at one another for a moment before turning back to me. I stared silently at them, completely dumbfounded.

I have no idea how long the silence stretched out until Lottie finally broke it. “Olivia, please say something.”

“Honestly Lottie, for the first time in probably my whole life, I don’t know what to say.” I took a deep breath before speaking again. “You two are my best friends, I love you both so much. I can’t say that I’m not shocked but your happiness means everything to me. I think I would have understood and supported you. But you keeping this a secret, not trusting me. You’ve broken my heart.”

Tears began to stream down Lottie’s face. “Olivia, I love

you, please don't say that, I can't bear the thought."

I wiped the tears from my own face and stood up. "I think I'm gonna need some time." I walked to the door, picked up my shoes, and left.

I had never felt so betrayed and so stupid. How could I not have seen what was going on right under my nose? I made a promise to myself that night. Never again would I let myself be fooled. From then on, I would pay attention to everything. No shenanigans would be happening without me knowing about it ever again.

I managed to hide out for an entire three weeks before bumping into Dot in the mess hall. "Shit. Hi Dot."

"Oh my God, Olivia," she dropped her tray on the nearest table and drew me into a fierce hug, nearly squeezing the life out of me. "You're alive, I've been so worried! You scared the dickens out of me. Are you OK?"

I had to admit, it felt good to be hugged by Dot again. I had missed her and Lottie dearly, but I didn't know if I could get over the pain I felt over their betrayal.

"I'm fine." I said with a shrug. "No, you know what? I'm not fine. I'm hurt, I'm confused, and I'm pissed off." I narrowed my eyes at Dot and stuck my finger into her chest. "And you know what else? I... I miss the shit out of you, you asshole."

Dot grabbed my hand and wrapped an arm around me. "Come on, let's go sit down and talk. Lottie's holding a table over there."

I allowed Dot to lead me over to the table. When I saw Lottie, it took everything in me not to run to her. She stood

and covered her mouth with her hands, tears streaming from her eyes. Without a word, she ran over and threw her arms around me. We stood there for a few minutes, sobbing into each other's shoulders.

"Olivia, please come home, I'm so sorry, I'll do anything." Lottie didn't bother wiping the steady flow of tears as she pleaded.

"Lottie I do miss you and Dot so very much, but I don't know if I'm ready to come back. You really hurt me." I looked between the two of them. Their red, watery eyes held so much sadness and I realized, that sight broke my heart even more than the secret. "Maybe you could help me understand."

Dot reached for my hand. "What do you want to know?"

"Everything," I replied. "When did you two become more than friends?"

Dot smiled and gestured for us to sit. "I knew that very first day when Lottie told off Margie that I was head over heels. But I didn't think I would ever have a chance."

"Olivia, you knew I was infatuated with Dot right from the first sight." Lottie grinned shyly at the memory.

I remembered that day well. "Yeah, when you thought she was a man."

"Exactly, I was so confused. I couldn't understand my own thoughts well enough be able to talk about it. I knew I loved Dot, I just couldn't wrap my head around being with a woman in that way." Lottie turned to Dot and smiled. "But one day, I tripped over a rock and fell in the grass. When Dot pulled me up, I kissed her. I felt this incredible surge of energy between us and I just had to do it. It was magical."

"We didn't want to do anything to mess up our friendship with you or with each other so we started seeing

each other in private a few afternoons a week to see if what we felt was real.” Dot looked me in the eyes then. “Hurting you was the last thing we wanted to do Olivia. Our friendship means everything. But what we felt was real. It is real. I love Lottie with all my being. I would do anything for her.

Tears welled up in my eyes again. I dropped my head in my hands, shaking as I cried like a baby in the middle of the Wellmoore mess hall.

Lottie tentatively reached out and laid a hand on my shoulder. “Olivia?”

I looked up at them, a sniffing mess and said, “You guys. I can’t believe you. That story. It’s so fricking beautiful!”

Dot handed me her handkerchief. I wiped my eyes and blew my nose before handing it back. “You have to promise me something.”

“Anything.” Lottie said quickly.

“No more secrets. It’s the three of us against the world forever.” I spit in my hand and held it out.

This time, there was no protest. My best friends spit in their hands and grabbed onto mine. Then we all stood and held each other tightly.

New Year’s Eve 1950

“Olivia, over here!” Dot waved her arms in the air and rushed over. We held each other for a moment before Lottie came crashing into us, nearly toppling us all over.

“How was your trip? You must be exhausted.” Dot asked while picking up my suitcase.

“Are you kidding? After traipsing through the jungle for months, a trip to Paris is a walk in the park.” I wrapped my arm around Lottie’s shoulder. “Besides, I’m much too excited about seeing my two favorite people to be tired.”

“What about Tarzan?” Lottie asked. “I was hoping we’d get a chance to meet him.”

I laughed loudly. “Timothy and I broke it off. He couldn’t keep up.”

Lottie looked at me thoughtfully, “You know, it may be slightly different than we imagined back then, but we really have made our dreams come true. You’re a famous photographer, traveling the world, going on amazing adventures.”

“And you’ve got your Cary Grant over here.” I gave Dot a good swat on the ass. “But what about all the baby stuff?”

“Oh, I get my fill of babies volunteering at the orphanage.” Lottie paused for a moment. “I think I’ve realized, all I ever really wanted was love. To be loved and to give love. I have that now. My life is filled with so much love, sometimes I think my heart might just burst open.”

“Me too,” Dot added. “I love our life together. And I love you, pumpkin.”

“Pumpkin? OK, now you’ve lost me.” I pretended to gag myself with my finger. “Come on love birds, we’ve got a new year to celebrate, and I’m thirsty.”

10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1...