

## **Dinner at the Heathman: A Fifty Shades Fanfiction – FINISHED**

Note: As the title says, this is a fanfiction of the Fifty Shades series by E.L. James. This one takes place during the events of the second book, and is between Ana and Elena.

*With age comes experience.*

**From:** Lincoln, Elena

**Subject:** Lunch Date

**Date:** June 13 2011 10:15

**To:** Anastasia Steele

---

Dear Anastasia

I would really like to have lunch with you. I think we got off on the wrong foot, and I'd like to make that right. Are you free sometime this week?

Elena Lincoln

---

*Holy Crap – not Mrs. Robinson!* How the hell did she find my e-mail address? I put my head in my hands. Can this day get any worse?

Of all the people to email me midway through my back-and-forth with my control freak extraordinaire boyfriend, Christian Grey, it's Mrs. Robinson. For a moment, I want to shout at my monitor again, but then I take a deep breath and compose myself. *Why doesn't he trust me? Why can't he just understand that people are supposed to trust each other in a relationship?* My subconscious condescendingly sneers at me behind her book. I love him. I really do, but he's just such a control freak. All I want to do is attend the symposium in New York with Jack. I have no intention *whatsoever* to sleep with him, but Christian just doesn't get it. Then, there's Mrs. Robinson. Now, she wants to have lunch with me. Speaking of which, I look at my reflection on the monitor, and I see before me a meek, young girl with brown hair too messy, blue eyes too large for her face, skin too pale, and a frame too thin. All of this fighting has left me borderline emaciated. I really need to eat. I look down at my desk and pick up and eat my forgotten tuna sandwich Mrs. Jones made me this morning. As always, it's delicious. *Maybe Mrs. Robinson can be of help?* Ugh, I shudder at the disgusting thought, and it almost kills my appetite. But then I start thinking deeper about her email to me. Maybe we did get off on the wrong foot. Maybe she

really did help Christian through his adolescence, despite how sick and obviously fucked up their relationship was. I then decide to reply to her email.

---

**From:** Anastasia Steele

**Subject:** Re: Lunch Date

**Date:** June 13 2011 10:20

**To:** Elena Lincoln

---

Mrs. Lincoln

Perhaps we did get off on the wrong foot, and perhaps I misjudged you. I'm not free for lunch this week, but we can meet for dinner this Friday at nine. How's that?

Anastasia Steele

Assistant to Jack Hyde, Editor, SIP

---

To my surprise, she replies the next minute.

---

**From:** Lincoln, Elena

**Subject:** Great!

**Date:** June 13 2011 10:21

**To:** Anastasia Steele

---

I'm glad you understand. Meet me at the Heathman. I'll see you then. Thank you.

Elena Lincoln

---

I sigh once more to compose myself. *Alright, I guess it's dinner with Elena, then. This'll be interesting.*

Taylor drops me off at the front of the Heathman, and I'm in my grey low-back, off-shoulder, short-sleeved dress and high-heeled dress shoes Christian had Taylor buy me the day before; He'll never stop spoiling me whenever the chance presents itself. When I told him that I was meeting Elena for dinner tonight, he seemed very relieved. I'll never understand the relationship he had with her, though. Again, it's obviously fucked up, and it's probably why he's into this lifestyle...but like I said, maybe there is a logical explanation Mrs. Robinson can give me. When I go through the doors and enter the bar, I see Elena seated at the counter with a glass of champagne in hand. She smiles and gazes straight into my eyes, and though I force a smile in

return, I'm instantly reminded of my reaction to her the first time I saw her. I feel a blush spread across my face while my palms sweat and my heart beats faster than normal. *Ugh, get your head out of the gutter, Ana. You can't possibly be into girls as well, can you? It's probably just the summer heat.* My subconscious nods side-to-side in disapproval. *Yeah, I'm not into girls. I'm just intimidated by her, that's all.* But I have to admit, she is very attractive – platinum blonde hair, perfectly tanned skin, deep, penetrating sapphire blue eyes, and a curvy figure draped in a black dress with a red sash that perfectly complements the shape of her – oh, what is going on with me?! I shake my head to get myself back into reality, and then sit next to her at the counter. Enthusiastically, she asks,

“Oh, Ana. I'm so glad you came. How are you?”

I try my best to continue smiling as sweetly as possible, and reply,

“Oh, things have been good, Mrs. Robi- I mean, Elena.”

“Oh, so that's what you think of me, Ana? As Mrs. Robinson from *The Graduate*?”

*N-No, I'm not into women, especially women like her. I'm just intimidated. And what is with this this damned summer heat?* Defensively, I whisper,

“I call you Mrs. Robinson because of your sick games and your tendency to seduce boys who are way too young for you.”

She giggles, and says,

“Oh, Ana. You'll never understand this lifestyle. You see, I helped Christian learn to take control. Look where he is now; a billionaire CEO – *your* billionaire CEO boyfriend, might I add.”

Realizing that she might've gotten too far, her face softens, as does her voice.

“I'm sorry. Here, what do you want? It's on me.”

Grateful at her offer, I ask for a Cosmopolitan, the same drink me and my mother shared back at the hotel in Savannah, Georgia. Once my drink arrives, I take a long sip from it, savoring the fruitiness of the flavor from the cranberry juice.

About two Cosmos later, I start to feel a little more courageous. Although, I also start to feel slightly dizzy. During this span of time, I tell her more about my relationship with Christian, the incident three weeks ago regarding how hard he hit me and the ensuing break-up, and how we got back together.

“Ana, you really are still an innocent girl at heart, aren't you? There's still so much more

to sex that you've yet to learn. And then there's the fact that Christian traveled all the way to Georgia just to see you. Trust me, he loves you more than anything. I helped him come to terms with that. You just need to understand, but you're so insecure."

*She's right. He did travel thousands of miles just to see me. And here I am, fighting the woman who's helped him understand that he loves me so much.* Guilt washes over me, and I look down at my drink in shame. Mrs. Robinson notices this and places her hand on my shoulder to put me back at attention, and I look at her face once again. Her smile, combined with this amount of contact makes me blush even more, and the air becomes even hotter, while my mouth becomes drier. I then take another sip of my Cosmo once she removes her hand from my shoulder. She then says,

"You know, Ana, ever since we first met, you've been acting so strangely. You always seem either very awkward or very angry with me--"

"It's because you're so fucked-up," I snap. "The things you did to Christian when he was a teen, what you took away from him...just...all of it."

Despite the newfound courage the alcohol has given me, I feel even more shivers run down my spine, while Mrs. Robinson sighs in response, and then says,

"We need to talk about this in a more private place. Come."

Mrs. Robinson offers her hand, but I ignore it and get up from the bar stool. As we're walking, I realize that I feel moist between my legs, and the air feels so hot whenever I'm with this woman. *Get a grip on yourself, Ana!* We walk to the elevator and enter it, and Mrs. Robinson presses the button to the top floor. *I'm not into girls, I'm just intimidated by her. I'm just intimidated by her.* As I repeat this mantra in my head, Mrs. Robinson seductively whispers in my ear, "I'd really like to bite that lip, too." I feel even hotter as my ear tingles from her hot breath. *Ugh, Christian's right. What is it with elevators?* As the elevator continues going up, Mrs. Robinson's smile becomes more smugly seductive, and she steps behind me to snake her right hand down my body, up my thighs, and towards my panties.

"N-No, stop...that."

She doesn't say anything, and she instead keeps doing what she's doing, rubbing and massaging my vulva with her middle finger. My breathing becomes more ragged and to the point of me moaning.

“J-Just sto -ahh!”

She inserts her index finger into me while at the same time moving her middle finger to my clitoris to rub it. *Holy shit!* She then licks my ears and whispers,

“You aren’t stopping me. Do you like this?”

“N-No...it’s -ng! It’s...Oh God!”

She moves her left hand up my breasts and begins massaging both of them, rubbing my nipples through my dress while she peppers kisses from my shoulders to my neck.

“It’s alright. Close your eyes and let this happen. Or you can just tell me to stop.”

Yet, as much as I want this to stop, and as much as my mind keeps saying no, my body and my inner goddess keep saying otherwise, eventually taking control of me and making me give in to her advances. *Fuck it.* She then turns my head to hers and we kiss very deeply. Her tongue enters my mouth and attacks my tongue mercilessly. I weakly attempt to fight back and a sloppy tongue-fight ensues, which I then lose in, and she continues her assault, feeling my teeth and licking away at the insides of my cheeks and tongue as well.

Once our kiss breaks for us to gasp for air, there is a strand of saliva that connects our lips together.

“Christian was right about everything. You are so sweet and beautiful,” she says breathily.

“I – uh – ”

The elevator reaches its destination, and Mrs. Robinson drags me by my arm down the hall and to her hotel room. She takes her keys out of her purse, and unlocks the door, slamming it shut once we are inside. To the left of us is a small seating area comprised of a luxurious black leather couch and a black armchair, both surrounding a glass coffee table. There is also a flat-screen on the wall in front of the couch, and a large glass window to the far left giving us a perfect view of the nighttime city skyline. To the right of us is a rather small kitchen with a minifridge, some cupboards, a sink, a coffee machine, and a microwave. And then in front of us is the bedroom behind an open door, with a large bed, another window with a view of the skyline, and a master bathroom.

Elena drags me into the bedroom and pushes me to the bed. “Hands over your head,” she says in the same sexily commanding voice as Christian would use. I obey, and she takes the red sash around her dress to tie my wrists together. She kisses me in an assuring manner, pressing

her body against mine. Then, she pushes my dress and my bra down, exposing my breasts. She suckles on my left nipple while softly pinching and rubbing my right one. Since we're in the privacy of her hotel bedroom, my moans are a lot louder.

"Yes, moan for me, Ana." She hungrily says.

"O-Oh God. Th-this is so intense...gah!"

She softly bites my left nipple.

"Listen, Anastasia. Since this is your first time with a woman, I'll do my best to be gentle with you. If it becomes too much, just tell me to stop. All I want to do is make you comfortable with your body."

I nod to tell her I understand, and she quickly and lightly bites my left nipple again.

"Just let yourself go. Close your eyes and feel it all."

She then slowly snakes down to the bottom half of my body, rubbing my thighs and my stomach before removing my panties as though she were unwrapping a Christmas present. "You're so moist. Bon appetite," she whispers, and I feel a light tingle from her hot breath again. She dives right in, aggressively tonguing at my moist folds. I feel her whole mouth on me, and it's a hot, wet sensation, and because my hands are tied, I'm completely at her mercy. *Oh fuck.*

"You. Are. So. Sweet" she whispers between each lick. She then takes it further and inserts her index, middle, and ring fingers on her right hand into me. I writhe in the pleasurable sensations and completely lose myself. "

"Oh, G-God. E-Elena. I-uh...I...ahh!"

Within seconds, I lose myself completely. My orgasm is intense, unlike anything I've ever experienced before. Elena laps away at everything I let out, and I'm left a panting mess of myself. Elena then removes herself from between my legs and undresses herself. Once she's completely nude, she moves her own vagina just inches away from my face before she says,

"Your turn. Make me cum, Ana."

She then pushes herself down onto my mouth, and I obey like the obedient sub she's turned me into. *My God, she's good. So this is what I've been missing out on the whole time I thought I only liked guys?* I lap at her vagina, occasionally circling my tongue around her clitoris and giving her affection to her vulva.

"Ooh, yes Ana. Just like that. Keep going."

Her taste is sweet, with a hint of tanginess and saltiness. It's intoxicating, and I continue tonguing away at it. Her moans became louder and louder while I felt the lips of her vulva twitch in pleasure. Within less than a minute, she came wildly, her juices pouring into my mouth while I drank them and relished in their flavor.

"Oh God, Ana. This really is your first time with a woman?"

I nod at her, feeling both flattered and proud of myself for making Elena orgasm like that.

"In any case, give your hands to me again."

She unwraps the sash around my wrists, but then ties it around them again, this time between one of the poles in the headboard of the bed. She also takes on of the pillow cases and thins them out such that they can serve as a blindfold. She ties that around my eyes, and I'm completely blind. All I can do now is feel.

"You're gonna love this, Ana. Move your legs apart. This is called scissoring."

I move my legs apart, and I then gasp, suddenly feeling her vulva against mine.

"Just move in sync with me against my pussy."

At first, it's slow, and I'm completely unsure of myself, especially what with the blindfold. But then the pace picks up, and the pressure within me begins to build. *Oh Shit!*

"Yes, Ana. Just like that, baby."

This deeply intense kissing between our lips that between our legs sends me over the edge in minutes, and I moan just as loudly as before. It's a kiss I never thought I'd be receiving. Me and Kate have discussed the idea of trying out lesbianism before, but I furiously declined, while she giggled in response.

"Alright, Ana, alright! I'll never bring it up again."

I'm then thrown back to the present when Elena shouts,

"Oh shit, Ana. I'm gonna...I-I'm gonna -nngh!"

We cum simultaneously, and we fall on our backs to the bed, both panting messes. Elena then gets up and kisses me deeply again. Our tongues instinctively intertwine once more before she breaks the kiss to breathe. "Good night," she whispers, and we both pass out due to the utter intensity of our sex.

The next morning, I wake up drowsy, but deliciously content. On the alarm clock on the nightstand next to me, it reads 10:30am. When I try to get up, I realize that I'm blindfolded while my wrists are bound, and then I remember last night's events and blush and smile.

“Uh, Elena, could you help me out of these?”

Elena slowly wakes up and says,

“W-What? Oh, Ana. Sorry about that. Here.”

She unties me and removes the blindfold.

“I’m gonna make some tea after I get my phone for a moment. Do you want some?”

“I think I’d much rather have you,”

“Ha ha! Very funny, Mrs. Robinson.”

“Well, you’re confident and glowing this morning.”

I giggle and walk to the dresser where my clothes are. For a moment, I look at the alarm on the nightstand next to me; it reads 10:30am. And then I look out through the window, and outside is a quiet, overcast morning with small rays of sunshine here and there. *Damn, last night was intense.* I then see my reflection on the mirror; my hair is in its usual just-fucked mess I get whenever I’m with Christian, but on the other hand there’s something more, something I don’t always get the morning after when I’m with Christian – my face is glowing, and I’m smiling goofily in an intoxicated sort of way; Elena’s right. *Sex with women really is this amazing? Or was I just drunk from the Cosmos last night...no, last night was just...amazing. I don’t have any other words to describe it. Damn, I guess what they say about older women is true.* I bend over to get my phone out of the pockets of my jeans while Mrs. Robinson goes to the bathroom. I turn it on and find three missed calls and three texts from Christian.

\* Ana, where are you? \*

\* Ana, so help me, call me or else you’ll be getting one hell of a punishment tonight. \*

\* Ana!!! \*

I reply to his texts.

\* im alright, Christian. Just had a hangover last night. Elena let me stay for the night in her room. \*

Christian immediately replies.

\* Thank God. \*

And that’s that. I put on a white robe I found hanging on the bedroom door and go to the kitchen to make myself some tea. I look into the cupboards and find a teapot and some bags of Twinings. *Wow. They have my favorite tea brand.* I put fill the teapot with water and put the teabags in. A



couple minutes later, Elena comes into the kitchen wrapped in a white towel while the teapot is hissing.

“So what did you think of last night, Ana? Judging by your body’s reactions, I’d say you were quite pleased.”

“It was...”

I blush and pause. She finishes my sentence when she says,

“I know, Ana. It was amazing. You weren’t so bad yourself at pleasing me.”

“Thanks, Mrs. Robinson. I’m flattered.”

“It’s funny that you call me that, and kind of sexy.”

“Okay, Mrs. Robinson.”

“Haha! Anyway, listen, Ana. When I say you’re a beautiful, talented young woman, I mean it. Christian’s a very lucky man.”

“I always hear that, but he’s athletic, rich, popular...and then there’s me, a shy bookworm.”

“Don’t say that. Your innocence, your courageousness in stepping up to Christian to tell him to stop, and your bookworm personality...those are your best traits, Ana. Like I said, you’re a catch, perfect for Christian in every way.”

She lifts my face by my cheek to face her, and she kisses me in assurance. Our eyes are both closed as we kiss. I don’t think sparks will ever fly when I kiss Christian the way Elena kisses me. I don’t know why, but there’s a certain intimacy I have with Elena that I don’t with Christian. Then again, like she’s told me, I just need to give this life another chance. Once the kiss ends, she says,

“If you ever have any more trouble with Christian again, just come to me, okay? I’m always free for a night out, especially since Linc these days hardly ever pays attention to me the way you did last night.”

“Who’s Linc?”

“My husband. I’ll tell you about him later.”

Mrs. Robinson then orders room service. It arrives the same time my tea is finished brewing. I heartily eat my breakfast of pancakes, bacon, and eggs, as does she while eating her omelet. Once we finish our breakfast, Elena calls Christian.

“Hello, Christian. Sorry about everything, but you’re right; she’s quite a lightweight. she’s fine now, though. You can call Taylor to pick her up.”

I then grab all of stuff, get out of my robe, and change into my clothes from last night, taking care to restore my hair back to its original state. Once Taylor is at the door, I kiss Elena goodbye.

“Bye, Elena.”

“Ana,” she nods.

And then off I go, feeling more content and comfortable with my body than I’ve ever been in my whole life. *I look forward to what Christian has in store for me.* I quietly giggle to myself.

“How have you been feeling, Ms. Steele?” Taylor asks.

“Never better, Taylor.”