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## Excerpt from **ALL THE WRONG PLACES**

*Lambda Literary Award Finalist for both Lesbian  
Romance and Lesbian Erotica.*



ALL THE WRONG PLACES  
IS A LESBIAN EROTIC  
ROMANCE BY KARIN  
KALLMAKER.

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## FROM CHAPTER 2

In the chaos of my studio apartment I found the tour group update sheet for the coming week. The group was called LOVE. I felt stupid for not having seen the opening lines. *The “Ladies” on Vacation Enterprises could also be “lesbians.” The resort will see 312 female guests and their families in buildings A, B and E. Buildings C and D will be unoccupied; expect maintenance and carpet layers. Entertainment provided by LOVE. We are advised most are couples and should be treated as such. Male staff are cautioned to avoid the appearance of flirting or staring, and all staff are advised to be additionally sensitive to avoidance of sexual or sexist jokes, even in adult-only settings...*

Three hundred and twelve lesbians. They were going to be the only guests we had. Okay, maybe most of them were in couples, but surely one of them might be interested in a short but trim, red-haired woman who, among other things, could improve their golf game. I realized I felt about as giddy as I had the one

time I'd gone to the Dinah Shore Classic. This year's tournament had been just a few weeks ago, and if I could have afforded it I might have gone, pining for lesbian company as I was. How good was life that instead of my having to find a landscape of lesbians, they'd found me? Damn. Life was very good.

After a change of clothes, a losing battle with my hair and a quick pit stop at the lunch buffet for an apple, I headed for the other end of the resort toward the KidZone. Of course it was a longer route to go by reception on the way, but I couldn't resist.

I saw Dykes, with a capital D, Dykes and Dykes and Dykes. I felt like a kid at a picnic.

*Hot Dykes, I like hot Dykes, I sang to myself. This kind of girl likes tasty hot Dykes. Fat ones, short ones, Dykes that climb on rocks. Femmie ones, butch ones, and maybe Dykes with strap-on co—*

“Brandy, can you lend a hand with the queue?” Randall interrupted what I thought was an inspired commercial jingle for lesbian delights, but Randall had been put on this earth to squelch all the fun out of my life.

“I've got a couple of minutes before Rhea's expecting me.”

I helped Sarah and Steffie from Sausalito find their room keys and explained the weekly calendar while reiterating their freedom to do whatever they liked.

“You mean we can just go down to the beach and get snorkeling gear any time?”

“When the snorkel hut is open, during these hours.” I pointed out how to read the color coding. “And there are daily lessons at ten, so you might want to sign up to be sure to get a spot.”

Linda and Libby from Lynchburg promised they'd meet me tomorrow for Morning Stretch. June and Jody from Juneau were eager to try sailing, while Deena and DeeDee from Dayton couldn't wait to stay in their room all week, *nudge nudge*. Then Mary and Tina from Spokane completely blew my alphabet fun, but they were dumping their bags in the room and heading for the nearest pool.

That's when I remembered that phrase from the weekly sheet: Most are in couples. Hell, they were *all* in couples, it seemed to me. It was a great jazz to have so many lesbians around me but so far I wasn't getting any heat from them. The heat was all on my side and I was certainly feeling it.

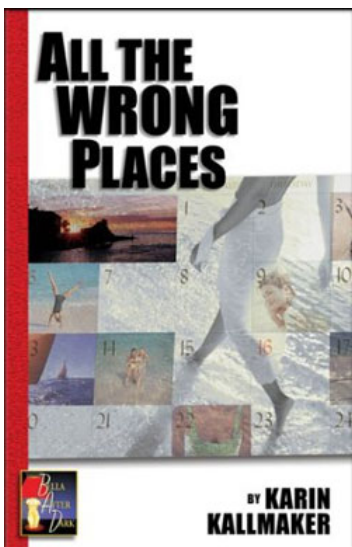
As I walked the rest of the way to the KidZone I pondered the ethical dilemma. I had few qualms about spending some quality moments with an entangled straight woman who sought me out and made the first definitive moves. But would I feel the same about an entangled lesbian? It seemed unsisterly to the other lesbian to fool around with her girlfriend, even if I had an engraved invitation to do so. Well, I would have to

give that a lot of thought if the situation arose.

I hate ethical dilemmas and the older I got the more they dogged me, it seemed. At twenty I wouldn't have asked about entanglements. By the time I was thirty, I thought morosely, I'd be limiting myself to women who were looking for a commitment. How deadly dull that would be.

A small imp inside me wondered briefly what I would do if both women in a couple wanted to fool around, then realized the answer was a resounding Yes, Yes and Yes. Oh goodness, I didn't need to think about such things at that moment.

Then I remembered Celine Griffin, who far as I knew was single, and thought maybe I didn't need to be worrying overmuch about my options for threeways and stolen hours with roaming girlfriends. Maybe some open one-on-one dinner-dancing-flirting-lovemaking nights might be in my future. I wouldn't make the mistake of thinking it was the beginning of something, but it would be far more than I had had in a very long while.



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