

Next Door Neighbor

It started out just a few weeks after I moved into my new apartment - working from home, I get the chance to learn a little more about my neighbors than usual. For example, it was only a week or so before I met my next-door neighbor, and learned that she was divorced, and had a 12-year-old daughter, plus two sons, 7 and 3 years old. I'd seen the kids, of course, but was happy learn that the young vixen I'd seen around the complex lived so close - and that her name was Robyn. I knew the girl was young, but I frequently saw her walking around in VERY tight jeans (her ass was a *little* large for her size, but nice and firm) and snug shirts (snug enough to show that she had orange-size breasts); she had a very pretty face with medium-length dark, curly hair. Even though I knew not to even get close to her, I still couldn't help but think about jumping her sexy little body.

After that first conversation, I'd continue to chat a little with her mother whenever we saw each other outside. One time, she mentioned that Robyn had a report to write, and she needed to do an extra-good job with it so as to bring her grades up a bit. I offered to let Robyn use my computer and word processor, and print the report out on my laser printer - I was pretty much caught up with my work, and wouldn't need to be doing anything while Robyn did her report. Her mother agreed that it was okay with her, and said that when Robyn came home, she'd ask if she wanted to use the computer.

About 6:30 that night, Robyn knocked on my door, and asked if my offer to let her use the computer was still good. I said that it was, invited her in, and got her seated at the computer desk in the living room. I got the computer fired up and the word processor loaded, and showed her the most basic commands, like cut-and-paste. I then told her that I'd be right there in the living room reading a book, and that if she had any problems or questions, not to hesitate to ask me. She agreed, and I left her there while I went over and started back in on my book. After a few minutes, she said that she was thirsty, and asked if I had anything to drink; when I ran down the options, she said she'd like a Coke, so I got her one, and went back to my book. A couple hours later, she'd finished her report, so I showed her how to use the spell checker, and then the grammar checker. When she'd corrected the problems these had found, I showed her how to print out her report, which she did. After she'd gone over the report printout, she asked me a few questions about the computer, then said that she had to get home because the next day was a school day. I said "fine", and shut down the computer as she collected her things, before opening the door for her to leave.

The next day, her mother stopped by for a few minutes to thank me for letting Robyn use the computer. I told her it really wasn't any problem, and that if Robyn needed to do anything like that again, I'd be glad to let her use the computer again, assuming I wasn't too far behind on *my* schedule. She thanked me, and admitted to me that she'd been a little worried about letting Robyn go inside my apartment alone; but that Robyn had told her what I had done and said, and that she was comfortable with letting Robyn visit me.

A few days later, it was raining (as my grandmother used to say) "like a cow pissing on a flat rock", and I saw that Robyn was soaking wet and sitting outside her apartment door. I stuck my head out, and asked her why she didn't go inside, and was told that she'd forgotten her key, and the apartment manager wasn't in for her to get a spare. I told her that she could come into my apartment to dry off and get warm, if she wanted. She thought about it for a second, and then agreed. When she got inside, I had her wait for a bit just inside the door, while I went and got a large bath towel, which I wrapped around her. I had her take off her wet sneakers and socks, gave her a pair of my athletic socks (which fit her like socks on a chicken), and told her that she could go into the bathroom and use the towels there to dry off and get some of the rain out of her clothing. She seemed a bit hesitant, but I told her that it was okay, that I'd still be in the living room working on the computer - and the bathroom door locked, anyway. She smiled at that, and off she went into the bathroom. After about 15 minutes, she came back out, with her clothes appreciably dryer than before. She also had a couple of towels in one hand, and asked me what she should do with them - I took them from her, and dropped them into the laundry hamper. When I got back into the living room, I noticed that she had some things in her other hand, and when I asked if she wanted to put them somewhere to dry, she blushed furiously - only then did I realize that they were her bra and panties. She was still a bit damp, and just standing there, so I went and got her another towel, laid it on a chair, and told her to go ahead and sit down. Then, I went into the kitchen and started some water for tea. While waiting for the water to boil, I went back in and told her that if she wanted to watch some TV or listen to the stereo, she could, but that she'd have to keep the sound down so I could finish up my work on the computer.

She agreed, and I gave her the remote for the TV; she quickly found some afternoon cartoons which we both watched and laughed at until the tea kettle started whistling. I made us both some tea, brought her a cup, and then took mine over to drink while I finished my work. While I was working, she was very careful to keep the sound down, even muting the TV when commercials came on.

After an hour or so, she came over to see what I was doing; and when she walked up next to me I turned to see what she wanted, and was greeted by the sight of her still-damp shirt clinging to her breasts - and her hard, dark nipples peeking through the material. I instantly started to get hard, and it was a few moments before I was able to tear my eyes away from her chest and look at her face. She obviously noticed where I'd been looking, because she blushed a little and then pushed her chest out a little more - which pulled my eyes right back down! I enjoyed the view for a few seconds, then looked back into her eyes, and asked her "What's goin' on?". She said that she'd just come over to see what I was working on, and try to learn a little bit about what I did on the computer.

I told her that I was a free-lance programmer, and that most of what I did would probably seem pretty boring. She asked me what it was like working for myself, and I told her that it wasn't as much fun as she might think, but that I enjoyed being able to shuffle my schedule around to suit myself, and not having to answer to a boss anywhere near as often. She laughed a little bit, and asked if she could watch me as I worked. I said it was OK with me, but cautioned her against interrupting me. She agreed, and pulled a chair up

so that she could see what I was doing, but not be in the way. I went back to work, and really never noticed she was there except for a couple times when she got up to put her teacup in the kitchen, and when she went to get rid of the tea she'd drank.

An hour or so later, we heard her mother come home, so she thanked me for letting her get warm and dry off, and I told her it was no problem. She went back to her apartment, and a few minutes later, her mother came over to thank me for letting Robyn get in out of the rain. She said that when she'd seen Robyn wearing only her shirt and carrying her bra and panties, she'd started to panic a bit, but when Robyn told her where she'd been and what I'd done (and more importantly, NOT done), she felt better about it. I told her that it wasn't any problem, and that if I had any kids in the same situation, I'd trust her to do the same. That seemed to reassure her some more, so she thanked me again, and left.

Over the next few weeks, we had several more rainstorms, and sometimes Robyn would forget her key, and I'd let her in my apartment while she waited for her mother to get home. A couple of times, Robyn would be drenched again, and I'd send her into the bathroom to dry herself off and get some of the water out of her clothes. It seemed that every time I did that, she'd come out of the bathroom, and make it a point to let me see that she wasn't wearing a bra, and how her nipples stuck out from her shirt. I'd look, of course, but never said anything, and didn't try to grab her or touch her in any way. When I was caught up on my project, I'd sit and talk to her, usually explaining different things about the computer or technology, or answering questions she had about different things. The things that she'd want to talk about would range from little-girl-ish to fairly mature woman. Gradually, as she got to trust me more and more, and understood that I wasn't going to tell her mother anything she said to me, she'd discuss things with me that were distinctly personal.

Finally, one afternoon, she had stopped by just to visit, and while we were talking, she brought up the subject of sex. She'd kind of hinted around it before, and I'd always respond to her comments or questions honestly, but politely (not using 'slang' terms for different things). This time was different though - she told me straight out that although her mother had told her a little "about the birds and bees - UGH!", she really didn't understand what it was all about. I asked her what she meant, and she said that she understood the physical part of it about how babies were made and so on, but didn't really know what to think about "well, the rest of it - you know!". I asked her if there was something she was bothered about, or wanted to know, and after a few seconds of "um" and "uh", she finally came out and told me that one of the boys at school "he's SOOOOOO cute!" was trying to get her to go out with him, and be his girlfriend - and that he was pressuring her to have sex with him. I asked her what about his other girlfriends, and she said that he'd had several different girlfriends, but that he'd broken up with all of them. I asked her why he'd broken up with so many girlfriends, and she said that she didn't really know. I suggested that she find out, and then decide. She asked me why, and I told her that it sounded to me as though all he was really after was to have sex with her - that it sounded as though he was "collecting cherries". She asked what I meant, and I told her that there were some boys that enjoyed making out with a lot of different girls, and even being the one to have sex with them the first time, but that once they'd

gotten a girl in bed, they'd lose interest in her, and go out to find another one. Then, Robyn admitted that she'd heard some rumors that some of the other girls had gone to bed with this boy, too, but that others had refused. So I told her that it might be interesting to find out when he'd broken up with the girls that were rumored to have gone to bed with him. She thought about that for a minute, and said "Yeah - you're right." Then she asked me if

I thought she was wrong for thinking about having sex with the boy. I told her that I only thought it was wrong to have sex with someone because you thought you HAD to, not because you WANTED to. She asked what I meant, and I simply said "If you make love or have sex with someone because you think you HAVE to for some reason, then yes, I think that's bad. Not because sex is bad, but because the REASONS are bad. If you're doing it because you WANT to, then enjoy yourself, and be smart enough not to get pregnant." She admitted that she did want to experience sex, but that she wasn't sure that she wanted it to be with this particular boy, and that she was also a little afraid because she'd heard that it would hurt the first time - hurt a LOT. I told her that if she was the least bit unsure about whether she wanted to have sex or make love with someone, then it was a pretty good indication that she probably shouldn't; and that depending on the girl, the first sexual experience didn't have to hurt at all, and certainly didn't have to hurt a LOT. She asked me why, and I explained to her that if the boy and girl were careful and gentle with each other, then the girl wouldn't be so afraid, and that going slowly and carefully with each other would mean that the amount of pain would be kept to a minimum. I asked her if she'd ever gotten shots at the doctor's; she said of course she had, and asked why. In reply, I asked if all the shots had hurt. She said "No". I asked her if the shots that she'd heard would hurt were the ones that seemed to hurt the most, and after she thought about it for a moment, agreed that was so. She thought about it a little more, and said "I understand - being afraid of something makes it harder to do, and if you have a chance to think about it, and do it when you're ready, it's easier." I told her that was right, and that seemed to relieve some of her fears. We chatted a couple more minutes, and then she went back to her apartment.

A couple days later, it was raining cats and dogs again, and Robyn came to my apartment again - thoroughly drenched from her trip home from school. I gave her a towel, and sent her into the bathroom, as usual. When she came out, she kind of pranced over to me (her tits jiggling under her T-shirt), and surprised me by handing me her bra and panties, asking me if I could put them someplace where they'd dry. I looked at her, raised an eyebrow to let her know I knew she was up to something, and put her things on a towel rack in the bathroom. When I got back to the living room, she asked me if I was busy - I wasn't, so I told her so, and sat down on the couch across from the chair she was in.

She asked me "You remember that boy I told you about before?", and when I said that I did, she told me that she'd asked some of his former girlfriends, and found out that he'd broken up with them shortly after getting them to have sex with him. She also said that he'd broken up with the girls that had refused to make out or have sex with him when they had made it clear that they **wouldn't** do what he wanted. I said "Well, it sounds like you made a pretty good choice, then", and she blushed a bit, and said that I had helped by

talking to her about what she was thinking and feeling, and getting it straight in her mind. I told her I was glad to be able to help, and she said that she was really grateful that I hadn't told her mother about any of the things that she'd said to me - she just KNEW that her mother would never understand.

The whole time we were talking, she kept wiggling around in the chair, and pulling on the hem of her T-shirt, pressing it against her breasts, and making her nipples show through it even more clearly. I knew she was up to something, but it still took me by surprise when she blurted out "Do you think I have nice tits?". I had always been honest with her, so I didn't figure I could do anything else except to answer her by saying "Yes, I do.", and teasing her a little, adding "You've shown them to me through your wet shirts enough!" She giggled a little, and said "I think they're too small, though. And my nipples are always so HARD! What do you think?", and pulled her T-shirt even tighter, pressing her breasts against her chest, making her nipples show even better through the wet material. I responded by saying "From where I sit, they look just fine - they're the right size for YOU, and most men think hard nipples are sexy."

With that, she stood up, walked over to me, and said "From where you sit isn't a very good view - ", and pulled her T-shirt completely off - leaving me with a close-up look at a pair of the smoothest, firmest, most nicely-shaped tits I'd seen in a LONG time. I started to get hard (again), and she asked me "Do you like the view now?", and I had to admit to her that I sure did! She asked me "Do you want to touch them and play with them?", and I had to tell her "I sure do - but I can get into a LOT of BIG-TIME trouble for it; hell, I could go to jail just for *looking!*".

She pouted a bit, and said "I'm not going to tell anybody - I **want** you to touch them!". I told her that if her mother ever found out about what she was doing there with me, she'd never get within a hundred feet of another boy, and that I'd be put in jail so fast it would be 3 weeks before I found out where I was. After I said that, she just replied "then we'd better be careful then, huh?", and moved even closer, so that her breasts were right in front of me. She leaned over a bit, and swung her leg over, so that she was sitting on my lap, facing me; then leaned forward so that her breasts were right in my face, teasing my lips with her nipples. Right then and there, what little bit of restraint I had left turned to so much dust, and I gently sucked one of her nipples into my mouth as I brought my hands up and started caressing and squeezing her breasts. She moaned deep in her throat, and reached behind me, pulling my head even closer. As I continued to lick and suck on her nipple, I gradually moved my hands, so that I was caressing not only her breasts, but her sides and belly and hips, too. By this time, I was as hard as stone, and she had to be able to feel my penis pressing against her crotch - but she didn't move away. After a minute or two, she twisted a little, so that I would repeat what I'd been doing on her other breast; and when I'd given that one equal time, I started switching back and forth between them - first one breast and nipple, then the other, all the while continuing to caress her sides and belly and hips.

As she got more and more aroused, I could start to smell her juices, and she started rubbing her crotch against my erection, making both of us even hornier. Just when I

thought I was going to explode, she suddenly pulled away from me, and stood up. She quickly undid her jeans, and pulled them down, leaving me with a view of her crotch. It was sparsely covered with fine, black hair, so that it looked like her slit was hiding behind a dark fog - enough to make things interesting, but not enough to hide the view of her wet, puffy vaginal lips and erect clitoris. She stood there for a few moments, letting me look at her, knowing that I was getting even more excited by it, and she enjoying the fact that I found her so sexy.

Finally, though, she stepped forward again, and dropped to her knees, so that she could reach forward and start to undo my pants. She got as far as unfastening my belt buckle before Good Sense reared its ugly head, and I grabbed her hands, saying "We can stop here, and now, and there won't be any harm done to *either* of us". She just smiled at me, pulled her hands away, and continued where she'd left off. In just a few moments, she had my pants unfastened, and the zipper down, and was trying to remove my pants. I stood up, and she quickly pulled my pants down around my ankles, leaving me standing there in my shirt and underwear, my obvious throbbing erection just inches from her face. She leaned forward a bit, and rubbed her face against my erection, sniffing deeply at the wet spot on the front of my underwear from my pre-cum. She raised one hand, and cupped my balls in it while she slid the other hand under the leg band of my shorts, and used her fingertips to brush through my pubic hair and slowly stroke my erection. After a few moments, she removed her hands, reached up, and pulled my shorts down to my ankles, too; as my erection sprang free, it grazed her cheek, and came to rest on her lips. With a mischievous look up at me, she stuck her tongue out, and ever so slowly licked the underside of my penis from my balls to the tip.

By the time she got to the tip, I thought I couldn't stand any more, and damn near blew my load all over her lovely face. She took the head of my penis in her mouth for a few seconds, as though to get the taste of it, then gave it a quick kiss. She stood up, and gently pushed on my chest, to get me to sit back down on the couch again. When I was sitting again, she raised her leg again, and set herself back down on my lap, but this time, with her snatch pressing my hardon against my belly.

I reached up and started caressing her breasts, teasing them until her areolas stood up like little volcanoes with her nipples standing up like small dark marbles. As she started rubbing her clitoris against my penis, and using the stream of fluids coming out of her vagina for lubrication, she reached forward and undid the buttons on my shirt, and reached in to start caressing my chest and shoulders. We kept going like that for several minutes, with me gently pinching her nipples and squeezing her breasts while she caressed my chest and rubbed her wet slit and erect clitoris against my erection. I could tell that she was as excited as she'd ever been, and she leaned forward to give me a kiss - surprising me again by opening her mouth and tickling my lips with her tongue until I opened my mouth, too. We sat there like that for several minutes, tongues dueling, her rubbing herself against my erection faster and faster - but as the time went by, I could hear her start to make little noises of frustration. I pushed her back a little bit, so that I could see her face, and looked at her with a questioning look on my face. She could only

mutter "can't.....quite.....get.....there..... need.....*more!" as she continued to slide her vagina and clitoris against me.

I shrugged off my shirt, pulled her against me, and stood up. With a secure grip on her, I stepped out of my pants and underwear, and carried her, still rubbing against me, into the bedroom. I laid her down on the bed, and when she realized that she was under me, with my penis pressing against her vagina, she suddenly tensed up, and said "No - I don't think I'm ready for that yet!". With all the will power I could muster, I said that I understood, and said that there was another way for her to get some relief without my actually entering her. She looked relieved, and then quickly asked "How?! Never mind - let's do it! I can't **stand** this any more!".

I moved around so that I was facing her feet, laid down, and then pulled her over on top of me, in the classic "69" position. She seemed to get the idea quickly, and spread her legs even more, giving me free access to her crotch. With infinite slowness and care, I stuck my tongue out, and gently licked the outside of her vagina, from her clitoris back toward her little pink rosebud. She gave out a little gasp, and said "Yes! That's it! More!". I did it again, only this time, narrowing my tongue, and dipping it a little ways into her vagina, so that I could collect some of her nectar - slippery, sweet, and slightly musky. As my tongue moved inside her slightly, she spread her legs even more, giving me free access to her. I continued to lick her that way, sometimes pausing to tongue-fuck her tight little vagina, other times, stopping to softly suck on her clitoris or vaginal lips. That quickly got her back to being as aroused as she'd been before, and her juices were flowing freely onto my tongue and face, making it easier for me to keep her clitoris lubricated as I focused on it more and more.

While I was doing all that I could to get her as excited as possible, she got the idea of returning the favor, and started licking and mouthing my erect cock. At first, all she would do was to lick it, first lengthwise from near my balls to the tip, and then from side-to-side around it, but as she got more and more aroused, she started licking my balls, too, and taking the head of my penis into her mouth. When she realized the response she got from me when she did that, she soon gave up on everything else, and concentrated on keeping me in her mouth - moving her head up and down, fucking my penis with it, or keeping her mouth still, and using her tongue to lick the underside.

Finally, though, we'd each had as much as we could stand. I felt my balls tighten up, and warned her that I was about to come; I thought she'd pull her mouth away, but she didn't. Instead, when my first wad of cum emptied into her mouth, she just pulled her head back so that just the head of my penis was in her mouth, and let me continue to shoot spurt after spurt of cum into her mouth, swallowing it. When I felt the last spasm, I returned to what I'd been doing - gently rubbing her clitoris with my tongue, while I felt her take my penis back into her mouth and start to suck and lick the cum off it. While she was doing that, I continued to lick her clitoris, but moved one hand up so that I could collect some of her juices on it before starting to work it inside her vagina. When I started doing that, she released my penis from her mouth and arched her back, making it easier for me to work my finger into her tight, wet slit. I finally got my finger all the way inside her, and

then started twisting it around in her, to get it as wet as possible. Then I pulled it almost all the way out, and slowly pushed it back in again - enjoying the sight as her slippery vaginal lips seemed to hold onto it as it penetrated her, and how her vagina held onto my wet finger as I pulled it back out again. I could feel her hymen as I put my finger inside her, but it didn't seem to completely block her; I could readily slide past it.

She seemed to really enjoy that, along with the tongue-lashing I was giving her clitoris, and it wasn't too long before I could feel her tense up over me; and as she gasped out her climax, I could feel her vaginal muscles clamping down on my finger, and taste the juices as they fairly flowed out of her. After she reached the peak of her climax, I pulled my finger out of her vagina, and as she slowly spasmed down, I gently pressed against her anus with it at the same time I was pressing her clitoris with my tongue - and each time I did that, it set off another mini-climax for her.

After a couple of minutes for us to catch our breath, she raised herself up a little, and turned around, so that she was laying on top of me - her breasts and hard nipples pressing into my chest, her spread legs letting her vagina drip it's nectar onto my penis and pubic hair. She looked up at me, and I asked her "Feel better, now?", and she put her head back down and started giggling into my neck. When she'd caught her breath again, she slid herself up a bit more, so that she could kiss me, and said "I feel **much** better, thank you. And thank you for not 'pushing' things". I smiled at her, and told her "It was *my* pleasure, I assure you!", which sent her into another fit of giggles into my neck.

She finally raised herself back up again, so that she was kneeling over my waist, and I pulled the two of us up toward the headboard of the bed, so that I could lean back and look at the way her breasts swayed as she breathed, and her nipples stood out, and her vaginal lips pouted. She smiled at me, and asked "Is that what sex is all about?", and I told her "That's what *making love* is all about". She looked confused, and asked me what the difference was, so I told her that, to me, "Sex only uses body parts. Making love uses the heart and mind, too." She thought about it for a bit, and then nodded her head, understanding what I'd said.

About that time, the clock chimed, and made us both realize that her mother would be getting home in about half an hour - and that her mother might not be so understanding if her little girl came home smelling of sex. We went in and took a nice, warm shower together (slippery, clean fun) before getting dressed again (this time, she put on her bra and panties). As she was leaving, I gave her a little pat on the bottom, and told her to take good care of herself.....

For the next few days, Robyn pretty much stayed away. Not that we didn't see each other, but rather that she simply didn't actually stop in and visit. Instead, whenever we saw each other, she'd give me one of those Mona Lisa type of smiles - letting me know that she'd enjoyed her last visit. Too, as the days went by, the weather changed, bringing much warmer temperatures; and I noticed (!!) that Robyn had stopped wearing a bra.

Finally, though, she did stop by again, after she got home from school. When I opened the door for her, she told me, in a loud voice, "Look! I got an 'A+' on the paper I did on your computer!" before coming in. When I closed the door, and turned around, she plastered herself against me, pressing her braless breasts and nipples into my chest. When I started to get hard, she could feel it, and started rubbing her crotch against my erection - helping it along, considerably. Finally, though, she let go of me, and went over to sit in 'her' chair. I sat on the couch, and told her that I was glad that she'd done well on her report, and asked her how things had been going for her the last couple of days. She gave me a cat-that-ate-the-canary smile, and said that things had been just fine - but not as well as her last visit. I gave her a wicked smile in return, and asked what had happened to make her remember her last visit so well. She giggled, blushed a little, and told me "Just the best feeling I've **ever** had in my *whole life*!". I pretty much figured that a whole life of 12+ years wasn't much to judge by, but was glad that she'd enjoyed it as much as she'd seemed to. Then she told me "Y'know, I'm glad that you didn't.... well.... YOU know...". I told her that I believed what I'd said about taking the time to make physical relationships pleasant, adding "I'm not going to be doing *anything* to or with you that **you** don't want. What we did before was very pleasant for me, but I am **not** going to try to do anything to make it happen again, or make anything more happen. If that, or anything more, happens, then I'll be glad for it; but if **nothing** else happens, then I'll honestly be just as glad to have had that one time with you." That sobered her up some, and she gave me a little smile to let me know that she'd understood what I said.

A few moments later, she changed the subject, and started asking me questions about the computer, how it worked, what it was made of, and so on. I told her that it would be easier to explain to her if I could show her on the computer itself, and we went over to where the computer was running a screen saver.

As I started answering her questions, and showing her how the different parts of the computer worked, and what their purpose was, she got more interested in it, and started asking me more and more involved questions. I answered them, as best I could for someone without a technical background, and before long, we were on the subject of software. I explained to her how software was written, and about computer languages and operating systems, using the program that I'd been working on as an example for different things. Before long, though, it was at the point where my program didn't 'do' enough, and I went to other programs to show her different aspects of operating systems and user interfaces.

The whole thing took a couple of hours, and we were both surprised when there was a knock at my door. When I answered, it was Robyn's mother, looking for her. When Robyn saw her mother, she jumped up, and ran over to her, telling her about getting her report back, and showing her the grade it had received. Her mother was quite pleased by it, and thanked me for helping her out as I had. I responded by telling her that it wasn't any problem, and that I thought Robyn was a pretty smart young lady. Her mother raised an eyebrow at that, and I told her that Robyn had asked me some good questions about computers and software, and that I'd been showing her different things on the computer to demonstrate some of my answers. I then invited her over for a look, and suggested that

Robyn tell her mother some of what she'd learned. Robyn started off with how the computer worked, and what the different parts were; and when she got into software, I went along with her on the computer, demonstrating the different things she was saying. Since her mother used a computer a lot on her job, she was able to see that Robyn was getting nearly all of it correct, and was only getting her terminology wrong in the few places where she made mistakes. Between that, and seeing that Robyn had been in the chair next to the computer when she came in, seemed to put to rest any worries she might have had.

She finally told Robyn that they had to get home, and Robyn started pleading with her mother, asking if she could come over again, and learn more about computers, and how to use some of the different software that I had. Her mother started out telling her no, but Robyn was so insistent, that her mother finally looked at me for help. I told them that I would be glad to teach Robyn more about computers, and how to use the different program, BUT that I was also working for myself, and it would only have to happen when I wasn't busy. Her mother looked relieved, and Robyn, of course, was delighted by it - and quickly agreed to the 'rules'. With that done, they left.

It was a couple more days before Robyn came over again - but I was having trouble with a little bit of code, and told her that I couldn't spare the time for any lessons right then. She seemed disappointed, and asked if she could just sit and watch me. I thought about it for a moment, and told her she could, but that if she interrupted me, or distracted me, she would have to leave. She agreed, I let her in, and she promptly went over, pulled a chair over to where she could watch what I was doing without being in the way, and sat down. I went back to work, and over the next hour or so, finally got the code I'd been working on smoothed out and running. The whole time, Robyn simply sat there, watching my every move, but not saying anything.

When I'd gotten the code tested, and saved, I relaxed, and sat back in my chair, finishing off the Coke I'd been drinking. I sighed, threw the can into the wastebasket, and started to get up to go get another one when Robyn finally spoke up, saying "Let me get it for you", and almost ran into the kitchen. She quickly returned with a can of Coke, and handed it to me. When I popped the top on it, she moved behind me, and started rubbing my neck and shoulders. I took a couple more swallows off the Coke, set it down, and leaned my head forward a little, so that she could get to my neck a little easier. She started really working the muscles in my neck and shoulders, and it wasn't long before I started groaning in pleasure. She asked me "Does that feel good?", and I replied by telling her that it certainly did. A couple moments later, she asked "As good as Other Things that we've done?" - and I answered "I didn't say it was **that** good!", making her laugh. Then she moved around in front of me, sat on my lap facing me, and with a impish grin asked me "Is there anything else that would help you relax?". I said that I could probably think of a couple, and she pulled her shirt off, saying "Do any of them start here?". I agreed that they did, leaned forward, and started licking and sucking on her breasts and nipples. It wasn't long before her areolas were tight and crinkled, and her nipples were standing out like little dark jellybeans. While I was giving her breasts a tongue-bath, I was softly stroking and caressing her sides and back while she held my head against her chest. My

penis was completely hard, and she was rubbing and pressing her crotch against it with small, firm, movements. After a couple minutes of that, she said "Maybe we should do this someplace more comfortable...", so I took her in my arms, stood up, and carried her into the bedroom. When I got next to the bed, I asked "Do you think here would be a good place?"; she giggled, and nodded yes, so I set her down on the edge of the bed. She reached down and started to unfasten her shorts when I said "Here, let me do that". She pulled her hands away, and started using them to squeeze her breasts and pinch her nipples. I reached down, unsnapped her shorts, and pulled the zipper down, revealing her pale blue panties. As I started pulling her shorts down, she raised her hips up off the bed, and as I got her shorts down past her knees, she spread her legs slightly, and I could see that there was already a wet spot on her panties. When I'd gotten her shorts completely off her, and dropped them on the floor, I moved up so that my face was in her crotch, and started using my lips to massage her clitoris and the outside of her vagina through her panties. In just a few moments, she was starting to moan, and pressing her crotch into my face as the wet spot on her panties got larger and larger. Before long, the mixture of her juices and my saliva was enough that the entire crotch of her panties was soaked, and about halfway up the front - making them almost transparent, and revealing how her vaginal lips were extended and pressing against them, and showing off the dark color of her downy muff.

My erection was starting to hurt from being confined in my pants, and I was eventually forced to stand up, so that I could take my clothes off. It took her a moment to realize that I'd stopped, and when she saw that I was starting to undress, said "My turn!", and slithered across the bed so that she could stand up in front of me. She started unbuttoning my shirt, and when she'd gotten all the buttons undone, opened it up, and reached around to hug me, pressing her tight breasts and hard nipples into my chest for a few moments before pulling my shirt off. Then she reached down and unbuckled my belt, having only a little trouble with it, unbuttoned my pants, and pulled the zipper down - slowly, and pressing her hand against my erection as she did so. She grabbed the waistband of my pants, and slid them down around my feet, squatting down as she did, and brushing her nipples against my skin all the way down; once down, she gently tugged at each leg in turn, so that I would lift my feet and she could get the pants out of the way. When she'd tossed them off to the side, she pressed her face against my erection, and started using her lips to gently 'bite' at it, as I'd done to her. She also raised one of her hands up, and started weighing my balls in her hand, and softly squeezing and feeling them. It was only a few moments of this before I started pressing my erection against her; she stopped what she was doing then, stood up, and started to pull my underwear down, too, repeating the process she'd used to pull my pants down. As my underwear went down, and my erection came free, it dropped down so that it stood angled out and up from my body - right at her eye level. When she'd gotten my underwear free, and tossed it aside, she reached up again, using one hand to stroke my balls, and the other to hold my penis as she licked the underside and mouthed it again. When a couple drops of pre-cum appeared, she got a delighted look on her face, stuck her face in my crotch, and started slowly licking me from the bottom of my balls, along the bottom of my penis, and out to the head, where she 'flipped' her tongue to catch the pre-cum. She made a little smile, and said "Good! Sweet and salty, at the same time. I like it!".

She looked up at me, giggled a little, and said "I've never really seen a boy - I mean, a man - naked before. Can I look?". I laughed, and said "I'll show you mine, if you'll show me yours!", and she laughed, too.

She quickly stood up, and when she reached for her panties, I said "That's still MY job, you know...", and moved her hands out of the way. I knelt down, and as I pulled her panties down, was greeted by a nice, close-up view of her bush. It was still kind of small, but was made up of sparse, fine, dark, straight hair - enough to give her pubis some 'color', but not enough to obstruct the view of what was under it. After I'd gotten her panties down, and removed them from around her feet, I leaned forward a little, and stuck my tongue in her crotch, so that it was back by the entrance to her vagina - and slowly curled it, separating her vaginal lips and dipping inside to taste her nectar, before continuing up to briefly rub her clitoris in little circles. When I felt her knees starting to get weak, I stood back up, pulled her close to me, and stood there for a few moments, with my penis trapped between her legs, holding her and enjoying the feeling of her smooth young skin next to mine, the way her soft bush felt, and how her breasts felt pressing against me. After a bit, though, she started moving her hips a little, so that my penis was rubbing against her crotch. I released her, and when she moved back a little, I looked down at her and teased her by saying "Oh! You mean we're not done yet?".

She got another impish smile on her face, and said "Not even close!" before moving back so that she could sit on the edge of the bed. She quickly moved some more, so that she was stretched out completely before me, raised her hands up over her head, spread her legs a bit, and said "See anything you like?". I laughed, and said "I'm sure I can find **something!**", which made her laugh, too. I asked her "Do you still want to have a look?", and she nodded, so I moved around to the side of the bed, and laid down next to her, with my head at her crotch, and her head at mine.

We each rolled onto our sides, and I raised one leg up so that my foot was flat on the bed, so that she could have free access to anything she wanted. She took the cue, and did the same for me - leaving me with an excellent view.

I could feel that her first touches were pretty tentative, so I told her "The only thing you need to be really careful about are my testicles" - she reached out and touched them - "Yes, those. They're **very** sensitive to pressure, so don't squeeze them too hard." - she started to gently squeeze them - "That much is okay. The slang term for them is 'balls', and they're inside my scrotum, or 'bag'. You can feel them, but **carefully**. I'll let you know if you do anything uncomfortable, or if you start to hurt me". And with that, I left her to her explorations, and I started on mine. It was a real delight for me to be able to examine her the way I did - to me, each woman's genitals are unique, and a work of art of their own. Her vaginal lips were smooth and thin, and almost straight - not surprising, since she was still a virgin - but still protruded enough from her excitement that they were readily visible. Because she was excited, they were glistening with her lubrication, and were giving off a distinct, but mild, musky odor. Her clitoris was erect, too, and although still hidden behind its little hood, it was obvious that it was about the size of a large pea. Her pubic hair was black, but very sparse. The individual hairs were thin and straight and

very soft - stroking it reminded me of petting the belly fur of a cat. As she looked and smelled and felt and tasted her way around my penis and balls, I was doing the same to her - tracing the folds of her vagina with my fingers and tongue, tasting the ample moisture she was making in her excitement (light, sweet, slippery, and faintly musky), feeling the smoothness and thinness of her vaginal lips, the softness of her inner thighs, and enjoying the way her vaginal lips would wrap themselves around my finger as I teased her cleft, and slightly entered her. Whenever I started to put my finger inside her slightly, she would almost involuntarily arch her back a little, as though to try and impale herself on it - but I would always move my finger back a little, so that I was only probing the very entrance of her vagina.

After several minutes of mutual exploration, though, she was getting to the point where my probes of her vaginal entrance and rubbing and licking of her clitoris with my tongue were almost more than she could bear - she was moaning more and more frequently when I stopped doing one thing and switched over to another, and her pelvis was in almost constant motion. I gradually changed from licking her clitoris, to pressing my finger against the outside of her vagina, and then into it slightly. When I was finally using only my finger on her, I began entering her vagina with it, going only a little deeper each time, twisting it around a little to keep it well lubricated, and then withdrawing it almost completely.

Before long, she was arching her pelvis toward me as I was putting my entire finger inside her; I could feel the walls of her vagina as they clasped at it, and seemed to hang on to it when I withdrew it. Her juices were flowing freely enough that her entire crotch was soaked, as well as her pubic hair, and it was even starting to flow down toward her anus. I was licking up as much of it as I could, but there was simply so much of it.

While I was doing all of that, she had finished her examination of me, and was switching around from using her hand to masturbate me, to licking and softly sucking on my balls, to mouthing and licking my penis. As I started moving my finger more and more quickly in her, she started taking my erection into her mouth - first just the head of it, and gradually sucking in more of it, until she was taking nearly all of it in her warm, tight mouth, and using her tongue to massage and caress it. I could feel her breathing through her nose, since every time she exhaled, it sent a little draft of warm air blowing across my balls. I could feel my balls starting to tighten up, and not wanting to be selfish, started licking her clitoris in time with my finger movements in her. She quickly started to respond to that, and had difficulty holding her crotch still. She also showed her appreciation by moving my penis in and out of her mouth, rubbing the underside of it with her tongue on the way in, sucking on it on the way out, and making little swirling motions on the head of it before taking it back in.

I could feel it when she was on the very edge of her climax, and when I would get my finger inside her, would make circular motions with it. I was also gradually slowing down and softening the licking and rubbing of her clitoris I was doing with my tongue, bringing her along more slowly. It was only a couple more minutes, though, before she finally went over the edge - she pressed her pelvis up toward me to get as much of my finger

inside her as she could, and clamped her thighs down on my head, making it difficult for me to press firmly against her clitoris with my tongue in time with the vaginal contractions I could feel nearly breaking my finger. Her moaning as she came vibrated my erection in her mouth, and I could feel it all the way down to my balls - which damn near set me off, too! She virtually dripped juices as she came; it was only moments before my hand was completely drenched with them, and they had made my whole face wet. As she came down from her orgasm, I continued to give her clitoris soft little licks; moving my finger in and out of her in small, gentle motions.

When her spasms finally stopped, she seemed to realize where she was, and what she'd been doing; and picked up where she'd left off - with a vengeance! Soon, she was not only giving me one of the best blowjobs I'd ever had, but was using one hand to alternately softly squeeze my balls, and gently drag her fingernails across my scrotum. When she felt my balls tighten, and I told her "I'm gonna cum!", she took as much of my erection in her mouth as she could - I could feel the head of it pressing against her throat - and sucked on my like I'd never experienced before. The first shot of my cum hit the back of her throat, and she never even hesitated - she just swallowed it, and kept going. The feeling of her throat as she swallowed my jism was so incredible, that the next shot was even stronger than the first - and she just did it again: swallowing it without even slowing down. Between the warm, moist suction she was providing, and the way her throat would 'tickle' the head of my penis, it was almost more than I could stand - it felt as though my balls were turning inside-out, and I came for what felt like several minutes.

It was only when several seconds went by that I didn't shoot another load that she finally released me - but only after she'd used her tongue to lick all the remains of my semen from my penis while she slowly let my still-firm penis slide out of her mouth. Even after I'd rolled over onto my back to catch my breath, she slid over a little so that she could continue to lick and mouth my now-softening penis. Only when I was completely soft did she stop, and turn around so that she was laying next to me on her side, her head on my shoulder and one leg over mine, her arm across my chest, and her breasts pressing against my side. I put my arm around her, and held her there like that, snuggling with her, for several minutes: she playing with my chest hair and giving my ribs little kisses while I caressed her back and gave her soft kisses on the top of her head. It was only when she started to feel cold that she finally moved away from me, saying "Feel more relaxed, now?".

"Relaxed enough for the next month, I think!" was the only thing I could say in reply, making her smile and giggle. I saw the goose bumps on her, and asked "You ready for a warm shower?" and she answered with "Only if you're there to help!". I glanced at the clock, and could see that we still had about an hour before her mother came home, so we went in to clean each other up - and on the way, she took my hand, noticed her juices on it, and slowly licked them off with a devilish look on her face, making me start to get hard again. Even in the shower, she continued to do almost everything she could think of (and she could think of a lot, even for as young as she was!) to get me going again. Of course, I did what I could to return the 'favor', and we wound up spending nearly half an hour under the spray - leaving only when the hot water started to run out.

After we dried off and got dressed again (collecting our clothes from where they'd been cast aside), she asked if she could play with the computer a little bit. I told her she could, but that I'd have to watch her at first, to make sure she didn't do anything wrong. She understood that, sat down, and started trying different things out while I went in and got the two of us a Coke.

There we were, sitting in front of the computer, when her mother got home - and came over to 'claim' her daughter. She stayed and chatted with me for a few minutes, and I could see that she had something on her mind, but wasn't quite sure what it was. I finally just came out and said that it seemed as though she was troubled by something, and asked her if it was something I could help with. She said that her boss had tapped her to attend a training class in a couple days time, and that she'd have to fly out one afternoon, stay the night, attend the class, and fly back the following night. She said that she really wanted to attend the class, but really didn't think that she could leave Robyn home by herself - she said that she'd worry about Robyn getting into some kind of trouble, or not having anything to eat, and all kinds of things like that.

I told her that her problem wasn't a problem - that if she wanted to go to the class, she could leave Robyn at home, and that if Robyn had any problems, I'd be there to help her out. Her mother said that that was fine with her, but she'd still be worried about Robyn getting something to eat, so I told her that the following night seemed like a good time for pizza to me, and that if Robyn wanted to share it, I'd just order a little larger one. Robyn perked up a bit at that, and it seemed to reassure her mother (I got the idea she wanted to be talked into it). Her mother finally agreed, and said that she'd give me the money for the pizza; I replied by telling her that I'd be buying the pizza, anyway. We went back and forth like that for a bit, until we finally agreed that she'd give me enough to pay for half the pizza ("Robyn can eat like a horse, at times!", followed by "Mo-THER!"). With that settled, her mother said that she felt better, and would go ahead to the class. Only then did Robyn chime in by saying "Mom, I think I'd be scared to stay in the apartment all by myself. Can I stay over here, instead?". Her mother said that I had work to do, and couldn't be bothered by having her around for all that time - and besides, where would she stay? Robyn said that she'd be real quiet, and not bother me, and that she could watch me and learn more about computers, and that she really wouldn't be any trouble, really, and that she could bring her sleeping bag and sleep on the floor, and that she really didn't want her mother to miss out on the class, and that she'd be okay, really, and I'd said that I'd watch out for her anyway and this wasn't that much more was it, and it was okay with me, wasn't it?

I had to smile at how she'd gotten that all out in one breath, and said that Robyn hadn't been any trouble at all when she'd been over. I added that Robyn really did sit quietly and pay attention to what I was doing when she was there, so it wasn't as though she'd be any bother; I also said that there wasn't any need for Robyn to sleep on the floor - that I had a perfectly comfortable couch, and spare bedding. I was wondering what her mother was thinking about this, and I was more than willing to have Robyn all to myself for a lengthy period of time, but I was worried about creating suspicion, so I just played it as though I

were a friendly, helpful neighbor that was interested in helping children learn and do well in school.

I could see her mother waffling on it, and said that it would be a shame for her to miss a training session that could help her job, that I didn't think Robyn would be any trouble at all, and that she'd have my phone number so she could call (collect if she wanted) any time she got worried (about what, I didn't say - no sense in creating problems). After Robyn and I just stood there, letting her think about it for a bit, she finally decided that it was okay (I could see that she really did want to go), but that if she heard that Robyn gave me **any trouble at all**, she'd be "grounded for life".

Robyn gave out with a "Yippee! Thanks, Mom!", and I simply nodded to her mother, acknowledging my 'responsibility' in the matter. With that done, Robyn and her mother went back to their apartment.

Early the next afternoon, Robyn's mother came over to make sure I still agreed to watch after Robyn, and seemed reassured when I said that I would still do it - and when she saw that I'd already put a pillow and bedding next to the end of the couch for Robyn to use. I asked her if she needed a ride to the airport, and she said that she'd already called a transport service; they'd be by in about an hour to pick her up. I wished her good luck on the trip, gave her one of my business cards so that she'd have my phone number handy, asked her to let me know where she'd be staying so I could call if I had to, and she left. About an hour later, I heard a car horn, looked out the window, and watched as Robyn's mother took her suitcase out and got into the van that would get her to the airport.

That afternoon, when Robyn got home from school, she came straight to my apartment. I let her in when she knocked, and told her that I was still working on the computer program. I added that it wasn't so important now, so that she could interrupt me to ask questions if she wanted. She seemed pleased by that, but also asked me what I thought of her clothes - a thin, tight blouse (no bra), and a pair of shorts that she must have put on with a spray can. I said "Makes you look good enough to eat!", and it took her a moment to understand the joke - but my reward was a very pretty blush and giggle when she did.

I asked her if she'd get me a Coke from the fridge, and said she should help herself if she was thirsty or hungry. As she headed off for the kitchen, I went back to the computer, and picked up where I'd left off.

Robyn came back shortly with a Coke for each of us, handed me one, and pulled up a chair so she could watch what I was doing. I thanked her, opened the Coke, took a swallow, and went back to my program. For the next couple of hours, Robyn would interrupt me every so often, and ask me to explain something to her - anything from what different computer instructions did to how the compiler worked to what the program I was writing was for. Each time, I'd tell her what I was doing, and why, and answer her question as best I could. She seemed satisfied with my answers, would thank me, and I'd continue working.

When I finally noticed that it was getting to be early evening, I saved all my work, told Robyn that I'd done enough for that day, and shut the computer off. Then I asked her what she wanted to do that evening - after the pizza, of course. She said that she really hadn't planned on anything, and could we make it a pepperoni and ground beef, with extra cheese?

I laughed, picked up the phone, order us a large pan pizza - to her specifications - from Pizza Hut. I suggested that while we were waiting for the pizza, we could talk, if she wanted. She said she'd like that, and we moved over when I sat down on the couch, she decided that she wanted to sit next to me - *really* next to me. I asked her what she wanted to talk about, and she said that she wanted to talk to me about what we'd been doing. I kinda felt a chill go through me, wondering what she'd have to say, but I said "fine", and asked her what she wanted to say. She started off by telling me that she'd 'really, REALLY!' enjoyed what we'd done together - I'd made her feel things she'd only heard and wondered about. Then she said that she didn't know if I'd like her because, after she kind of stammered and stuttered a bit, she sometimes 'touched herself - you know, *there...*'. It surprised her quite a bit when I laughed - she blushed **real** hard, and started to get upset with me, before I asked her "so what's the problem?". That seemed to surprise her even more, and she said that she'd 'heard' that it wasn't good to touch herself that way, and that all kinds of bad things would happen if she did. I told her that *everyone* masturbated, and that I'd have been seriously worried about her if she **didn't** touch herself. She seemed kind of doubtful, and I asked her if it felt good when she did that.

She admitted that it did ("but not as good as what you do!"); so I told her to pinch herself - hard enough to hurt. She did, and asked me why I'd told her to do it. I said that it was so that she'd be sure and know the difference between doing something that hurt her, and doing something that felt good. I asked her if she'd ever tried to smoke. After a bit of mumbling, she admitted she had. I asked her what happened, and she said that it had made her cough, and sick to her stomach. I pointed out that her body would tell her when she was doing something bad for it, and that if she did something that felt good, then it wasn't hurting her physically. I followed that up by telling her that making herself feel good wasn't a bad thing for her physically, but that if she did it too much, or did it to the exclusion of other things, then it would be bad for her *emotionally*. I told her that she had seemed to enjoy what we'd done, so I didn't think there was much chance of her having any emotional problems about masturbating when she wasn't able to be physical with someone else. That seemed to relieve her mind quite a bit, and she soon changed the subject (slightly) toward birth control. She asked me a few questions, and I gave her what information I knew, always being careful to separate what I knew as fact, and my own personal opinion. She listened carefully to my answers, and had just said "I like talking to you about stuff - you don't try to tell me stories or pretend you know everything; when you aren't sure or don't know, you say so". I was about to thank her in reply when the doorbell rang - the pizza had arrived.

With the arrival of food, all conversation stopped for a while. I turned on the TV to catch the news while we ate; I was amazed at the amount of food that Robyn could put away - the little imp tucked away 3 slices from a large pizza, and a Coke, and only after careful

thought decided not to go after a fourth slice, saying "I'll save it for later, when I'm hungry again."

When I went to put the pizza carcass in the fridge, Robyn got up and headed toward the bathroom; I sat back down on the couch, and couple minutes later, she came back into the living room - stark naked! My penis immediately started to jump to attention, but I tried to stay calm - asking her if she wasn't going to get a bit cold that way. She giggled a little, smiled, and said "I've been thinking about it a lot lately, and I've decided that I want my first time to be with YOU." I told her that I was flattered that she thought that way about me, and said that what she was saying was something that could happen only once: she couldn't go back to being a virgin. She said that she knew that, but that she also understood what I'd said about taking her time and being careful and patient - she knew that if she let a boy her own age do it, he would hurt her, and she wouldn't feel good like she did with me. She also said that she thought that if she let a boy her own age be the first, he'd talk about it to all his friends, and people would talk badly about her - but that she knew I wouldn't say anything because she trusted me. I asked her if she'd thought about the possibility of getting pregnant, and she said she had; that was why she'd asked me about birth control. She said that she couldn't get birth control pills or an IUD yet, and that she didn't think men liked using condoms, so she thought that making love at a time when she *couldn't* get pregnant was her best choice for her first time; and that she wasn't going to start her next period for another couple of days, so she knew that she couldn't get pregnant then.

I had to admit to myself that she seemed to have thought the matter out pretty well. Of course, I also had to admit to myself that the idea of being the first one to jump her cute little body had a certain appeal, too!

About that time, the phone rang - I damn near didn't answer it, but then remembered that her mother would be calling to see how things were going, and let me know where she was. I answered it, and sure enough, it was Robyn's mother. When I picked up the phone, Robyn came over to me, and started undressing me while I was talking to her mother. Her mother asked me how things were going, and I told her just fine - that we'd already had our supper; she asked about it, and I told her about the pizza and how much Robyn had eaten (Robyn pausing long enough to stick her tongue out at me), and what we'd done before supper. As she told me about her trip, Robyn continued to undress me - and because I was talking to her mother on the phone, my penis had shrunk back down. When Robyn got my pants and underwear off, she saw that, and decided to do something about it - kneeling down and taking me into her mouth, softly sucking and licking it. I couldn't help but get hard again (damn, that kid was good!), and it was all I could do to make the appropriate polite noises to her mother at the other end of the line. Finally, though, her mother started to wind down, and gave me her phone and room number at the hotel. When I'd written them down, she said she wanted to talk to Robyn for a bit, so I held the phone out, called out Robyn's name, and gestured to her to wait a few moments - as though she had to come to the phone from farther away than my now-hard dick. She understood, and after a few seconds, took the phone from me, and sat down to talk with her mother.

I figured that if Robyn could do it, I could, too, and kneeled down in front of her, put her legs over my shoulders, and started licking her damp crotch. The first time I got to her clitoris, her breath caught in her throat, and she had to tell her mother that it was just a hiccup from the pizza, making me smile at her before resuming my ministrations. After only a few minutes, I heard her telling her mother goodbye. I stopped sticking my tongue in her vagina for a little bit, so that she could hang up the phone, and when she was settled again, started up on her clitoris.

She let me continue for a little bit, then said "that feels wonderful, but I want more - I want it **all**". I told her "You know, we can finish this off this way, and there won't be any harm done"; Robyn responded by saying "I chickened out on you the first time; don't chicken out on me, now". I smiled at her, nodded my head, and stood up, so that she could get up, too. I bowed to her, and swept my arm toward the bedroom, indicating that I would follow her (all the better to watch her cute little ass move). She smiled back, and fairly *flounced* her way into the bedroom, almost giving me eyestrain watching her tight buns dance around.

When we got into the bedroom, she hesitated a little, as though she wasn't sure what to do, but quickly recovered, and laid down on the bed. I stood there, looking at her, for several seconds - enjoyed the way she looked. I finally gave in to temptation, and got up onto the bed with her, laying next to her. She looked a little worried for a bit, and asked me "So what do we do now?".

I told her that the best to go at it (she smiled at the pun) would be if I stretched the inside of her vagina a bit first, so that my penis wouldn't seem quite as large. After she was stretched a little more inside, I'd stop so that she could relax a little bit from it, and then whenever she was ready, we could get my penis in her. She asked me how we'd do that, and I explained to her that it would be easiest for her if I laid on my back, and she could get over me, and lower herself down onto it - that way, if she started to feel any pain or discomfort, she could stop or pause for as long as she needed. That seemed to calm her a little, so I kissed her, and when she started to kiss me back, opened my mouth and started licking her lips. She quickly opened her mouth in return, and we started French-kissing as our hands roamed over each other's bodies. It wasn't long before she was starting to moan, so I gently separated us, and moved down to where I could reach her crotch more easily. She knew what I was going to do, and brought her feet up and spread her legs, giving me the best access to her vagina.

I slowly worked a finger into her with one hand, while I softly rubbed and circled her clitoris with my other hand, to help make sure she was as lubricated as possible. It didn't take long before I could get my whole finger in her; when she was a little wetter, I started working a second finger in - again, starting by just entering her, getting my fingers lubricated, and withdrawing again. I alternated that with putting just one finger all the way inside her, so that the one finger was always well-lubricated. Gradually, as she relaxed, I was able to get two fingers into her further and further - until I finally got both fingers all the way inside her. With that done, I slowly withdrew them nearly all the way, and then slid them back in again - getting her used to the size of them.

While I was doing all this, I continued to rub and circle her clitoris with the fingers of my other hand - and she used her hands to squeeze her breasts and tweak her nipples. When I was finally able to get both fingers into her fairly easily, I went to the next step: turning them around in her, so that instead of being stretched in just one direction, it would stretch her out all the way. I again went through the process of going a little way, then backing off, then going a little further, then backing off, always going a little further than before. Finally, I was able to move my fingers around in her freely - she was still smaller inside than my penis, but now the difference wasn't so great; and she was starting to enjoy the sensation.

When I slid my fingers out of her for the last time, they came free with a barely-audible 'pop'; she looked down at me as though she was both relieved to be not so filled again, and anxious to go on to the next step.

I moved back up next to her, and told her "Now, while you're recovering from that, and getting ready for the final part, we find something to do to keep ourselves occupied". She smiled at me, said "I think I know what we can do", moved herself down so that her face was in my crotch, and swung her leg over my head, putting us in '69' position. I told her "whenever you feel like you're ready, we can go on to the next step. If you change your mind, we just continue like this". She mumbled her agreement and understanding from around my erect penis, and I started kissing the insides of her thighs while softly stroking her from her clitoris to her anus.

For her part, she started licking me - the insides of my thighs, my balls, and my penis. As I changed from simply kissing her thighs and pubis to licking them, and 'biting' them with my lips, she started repeating my actions - mouthing my erect penis and testicles, nibbling the insides of my thighs. I 'upped the ante' when I started taking her vaginal lips in my mouth, and softly 'chewing' on them, and gently sucking on her clitoris. She responded by taking each of my balls into her mouth and rolling them around with her tongue, and gently sucking on my penis - not just the head of it, but from the side and bottom and any other way she could get part of it in her mouth.

After several minutes of this, she was pressing her clitoris against my tongue; and her juices were flowing out of her in a steady stream. Her vaginal lips were fully extended, and separated, clearly exposing the entrance to her vagina. Finally, she released my erection from her mouth, and said "Oh, **god**. I think- I KNOW I'm ready...".

With that, I stopped what I was doing, and helped her get her leg back over my head without hurting me. She turned around, and swung her leg over me, so that she was straddling my hips. She reached down, and started caressing my penis with one hand, and rubbing her clitoris and the outside of her vagina with the other. She looked at me with what can only be described as unbridled lust, and asked "What now?".

I told her that if my penis were wet and slippery, whether from her saliva or vaginal lubrication, it would make things a lot easier. She promptly lowered herself, so that my erection was pressed against the outside of her vagina, and started sliding herself back

and forth on it, both spreading her wetness around on me, and stimulating herself even more. As she was doing that, I put my hands on her breasts, and started kneading them, and pulling on her nipples. Then I told her that in just a little bit, when my penis was completely lubricated, she should raise herself up, grasp my penis, and position it so that she could simply 'sit' on it. She nodded her understanding, raised herself up, allowing my penis to rise up from my body, and pivoted her hips so that now the top of my penis was pressing against her vaginal lips, getting my erection thoroughly soaked in her secretions. A bit later, she raised herself up yet again, and when my penis came back up toward my belly, she took hold of it, moved herself forward a bit, and lowered herself so that I was slightly penetrating her. She paused for a bit, which I was grateful for - I needed the time to get control of myself, and not blow my load too early.

When she had gotten herself ready again, she started lowering herself some more. At first, she had trouble making any progress, until I told her "Relax. Take your time. I'm here, and there's no hurry". That seemed to help her, because I could feel the entrance to her vagina relax some; when she started lowering herself again, I could feel that she had relaxed enough that my penis was started to slide into her - though slowly. She kept lowering herself, allowing my erection to press harder and harder against the entrance to her vagina, until finally, with a slight 'pop', the head of it slid inside the entrance to her vagina. She gave a little yelp, and stopped; I had to reassure her that I wasn't going to do anything to hurt her, and that we would go only as fast as she wanted. Then I told her to just wait a bit, and let herself get used to the feeling and relax, before she tried to go any farther. She bit her lip, nodded, and held herself still.

While she was getting herself ready to continue, I did my part by caressing her, squeezing her breasts, softly pulling on her nipples, and even rubbing her clitoris in little circles - I could see it peeking out at me from where her vagina was wrapped around the end of my penis. After a minute or so, she had composed herself, began lowering herself farther onto my penis. When she'd gotten another inch of it inside, she stopped; and I suggested to her that she raise herself up a little, to make sure that her wetness kept us both properly lubricated - reminding her of how I had put my finger inside her. She nodded again, raised herself up a little, letting my penis slid out of her about half an inch, and then lowered herself some more - this time an additional half inch, or so. She paused for several seconds - again, giving me some time to get more control of myself - raised herself a bit, and lowered herself another inch or so before I could feel the head of my penis hitting the obstruction of her hymen.

She gave a little gasp, and I told her "That's your hymen - your 'cherry'. You've got a couple of choices, now - you can go ahead and 'push' yourself past it at one time; or you can use the progress you've made so far, and let my penis bump into it each time you come back down, and simply wear it out. Pushing now will make it hurt more but have me all the way inside you sooner; wearing it out will hurt less, but take longer. We've got plenty of time, so you can do whichever one you want - I'll be right here". She smiled at that last bit, and I could feel her starting to relax more, though every time she moved - or even breathed - I could feel her vagina tighten around my erection. The stimulation from that was enough to keep me hard, and the lack of real movement gave me a good chance

to keep control of myself and not fill her young snatch with my cum. I needed the control, because her vagina was incredibly tight (even with the loosening I'd given it with my fingers), hot, and wet. It was even better than my own first sexual experience!

After several seconds, she started moving again - slowly raising herself until just the head of my erection was in her, then lowering herself until I hit her maidenhead again; this time without gasping from the contact. She repeated this several more times, each time a little faster, both from getting used to having that much of me inside her, and from her vaginal lubrications being spread around better. Finally, she raised herself up, and when she lowered herself, surprising me when she didn't stop when I hit her maidenhead; instead, she kept going until all but an inch or so of my penis was inside her. She gave a little yelp when her hymen broke, but didn't cry out or make any other loud noises. When she stopped, I could see her start to cry a bit, and I started talking to her again - reassuring her we would wait until the pain went away, and that I was sorry that she was hurt, but that it would only hurt this first time. She bit her lip again, and nodded her head, understanding what I was telling her, and in just a little bit, she had stopped crying. She continued to hold still, though, and I could tell that the pain was going away only slowly. Her vagina continued to clench around me, so I was able to stay hard but not have to move inside her. All during this time, I continued my efforts to keep her aroused - caressing her, tickling her buttocks, softly pinching her nipples, and so on.

Gradually, as the pain left, and what I was doing to her started to take more and more effect, she relaxed enough that she started to raise herself up, sliding my penis out a couple of inches (but not past where her hymen had been). She paused, then lowered herself again; repeating the process a few more times, until with her final effort, she had managed to get my erect penis all the way inside her vagina. The sight of her vaginal lips wrapped around my penis, and her soft bush merging into my pubic hair, was almost more than I could stand - it took everything I had to pull myself back from shooting my wad inside her tight young snatch; I could feel the head of my penis pressing against the deepest part of her vagina, and knowing how far I was inside her almost made it more than I could bear.

We stayed there like that for a couple of minutes, letting her get used to having me so far inside her before she started moving again - experimenting with how it felt with my penis inside her when she moved in different ways: pivoting her hips back and forth and from side to side, making little circles with them, and so on. She finally worked up the nerve to raise herself up again, until only the head of my penis was inside her, and lower herself back down - finding out that the pain was all but gone, and that she could feel pleasure from what she was doing. With that, she started gradually started moving herself over me more and more quickly as her juices were better distributed, making it easier for her to move my erection in and out of her. When she started to get a little tired, she leaned forward, putting her hands on the bed near my shoulders, and continued to slide herself up and down my penis while I tilted my head forward and started licking her breasts and sucking on her nipples. She was quickly as excited as she'd ever been before with me, and I could hear the squishing noises as her hot, wet pussy slid up and down my throbbing erection.

After a few more minutes, though, she was starting to get tired again, and I asked her if she wanted me to take over the action. She smiled at me, and gasped out a "yes!". Rather than withdraw from her, I pulled her down so that I was holding her against my chest, told her to put her legs inside mine, and rolled us over, so that I was on my elbows above her. Then I had her to move her legs apart, and moved my legs back between hers, so that we were in the classic missionary position. I held still in her for several seconds while I kissed her shoulders, and gently bit her neck (not enough for any hickies- I didn't need that kind of trouble!). She started moaning under me, and moving her pelvis, sliding her vagina up and down on my penis again. I whispered to her "my turn, now", and started making love to her: withdrawing almost completely, then making little fluttering in-and-out motions at the entrance to her vagina - which made her gasp and moan in response - and slowly sliding myself back into her. As my activity speeded up, I could feel her starting to spread her legs even more, and bringing her feet up, so that as I entered her each time, my penetration would be a little more - and I was already 'hitting bottom'!

As I made love to her, I raised myself up on my arms, and we both looked down to where we were joined - and we could see how her juices made my cock glisten, and how her vaginal lips seemed to want to hang on to my penis as it withdrew from her each time. Her small muff was completely drenched in her secretions, and I could feel them soaking my balls each time they bounced against her buttocks when I entered her. I could see that her breasts were incredibly tight, and her areolas had puckered up into hard little nubbins while her nipples stuck out like dark pencil erasers. I couldn't resist the sight, and arched down so that I could lick and suck on her nipples for a few seconds while I continued to move inside her; she responded by arching her back to make her breasts easier for me to reach, and raising her legs and putting her feet behind me, so that I could enter her as deeply as possible.

Each time I entered her, my pelvis would bump against her clitoris, and it wasn't but a few more minutes before she finally started to climax, panting heavily and almost screaming. When she started, she pushed against my buttocks with her feet, to push me completely inside her, where I could feel her vagina start to spasm around my erection. The sensations of that, combined with the additional lubrication she produced as she climaxed, was enough to trigger my own climax, as well. I could feel my balls tighten up, and how the first wad of my jism started the trip out my penis and into her hot little womb. She seemed to be able to feel it as I emptied my balls inside her, moaning with each spurt of my semen, and clamping down on my penis with her vagina - which only made my ejaculations that much stronger, and last even longer, forcing my cum out of the limited space in her vagina, soaking both of us with our combined juices. Finally, though, I simply didn't have any more cum to give her, and stopped filling her with my seed - though still-hard penis continued to twinge in time with her spasms.

As her climax started to taper off, I rested on my elbows above her, and again started kissing her shoulders and softly biting her neck - making her moan and grind her pelvis against me. Finally, though, her climax ended, and she was able to open her eyes and look at me, smiling. I smiled back at her, and leaned my head down to give her a long, gentle kiss, then softly kissing her eyes and cheeks and nose before tasting her lips again.

We rested like that for several minutes, as my penis softened inside her. I started to withdraw and get up once, but she wrapped her legs around me again, and said "Wait. I want to feel you in me as long as I can", so I held myself there over her until my penis had softened so much that it finally popped free of her - releasing another mini-flood of our mixed secretions. I slid sideways, and rolled over onto my side; she raised her legs, and I curled mine under them, so that we looked as though she were sitting on my lap. I reached behind me, and pulled the bedspread over the two of us, so that she wouldn't get cold, and under the cover of it, went back to caressing her, from her breasts to her crotch. I told her "I'm sorry that you had to be hurt; I hope that it wasn't too bad for you". She smiled at me, kissed me, and said "I knew that it might hurt a little - and that's all that it hurt: a little. I think it would have been a lot worse if I'd done it with another boy. Thank you for not rushing me, and letting me wait when I needed to". After a moment, she continued with "I didn't realize before just how big you are - I'm glad that you 'loosened me up' first". I answered her by saying "Believe it or not, I'm only average there - about 6 inches. There are men out there a lot larger, but most are going to be pretty close to the same size I am. When you get a little older, the size won't matter so much, and if you don't make love for a while, you'll simply start to shrink inside again, just like you would after you had a baby". She looked at me skeptically, but didn't say any more - she just closed her eyes, captured my hand, and brought it up to hold her breast as we both drifted off for a little nap.

We woke up a little while later, kind of stuck together from our dried juices - which she found almost hysterically funny - and had to almost pry ourselves apart to go into the bathroom and clean up. True to her word, she was hungry again when we got out of the bathroom, and the two of us headed in to finish up the pizza - I had another slice, and she had *two*, claiming that she'd 'worked up an appetite' - making us both laugh. We sat there in the living room for another couple of hours, laying on the couch holding each other with a blanket over us, watching TV. When the late news came on, I pulled the blanket off of us, and teased her by saying "Well, it's time for bed - I suppose I'd better get out of here so you can go to sleep". I couldn't help but laugh at the look she got on her face, before she realized that I'd been joking with her, telling me "You rat!". Still chuckling to myself, I asked her if she wanted to sleep with me that night - and she tried to tease me back by saying "If you have to ask, maybe I shouldn't!", but quickly gave in when I answered her by saying "Okay - you've got blankets and such right here....".

I turned the TV and lights off, and held her next to me as we went in to go to bed. We pulled back the covers, slid in, and pulled them back up before getting ourselves set up in 'spoon' position with me behind her, her head resting partly on my arm, and my arm curled around her, cupping her breast in my hand. She wiggled her cute butt in my 'lap', and when I started to get hard, she started pressing herself back against me. I had to remind her that she still had to get up and go to school the next day, before she relented; and even then, I had to plead inability to old age (she snickered at that) before she gave up completely. We fell asleep that way, my holding her breast in my hand, and my penis tucked up against her butt and crotch.

The next morning, I woke up feeling a bit cold - but with the delightful sensation of having a warm mouth sliding up and down on my penis.

I looked down at Robyn, and she looked back up at me - with a mischievous look in her eye - winked at me, and went back to giving me one helluva wake-up call.

I continued to enjoy the sensations for a bit, but decided that there wasn't any reason that I shouldn't have a little fun, too; I reached over and nudged her leg toward me, so that she would slide over a bit.

When she did, I reached out and started softly stroking my finger up and down the entrance to her vagina. She quickly spread her legs a little more, and moved herself around so that her hips were on the bed, but her torso was curved up and around so that her firm breasts and hard nipples pressed into my lower belly as she continued to suck on my erection.

I gradually changed from simply stroking her vaginal lips to circling her now-erect clitoris with my finger. Because of the way she was laying next to me, her juices were flowing down toward her clitoris, keeping it - and my finger - well lubricated. Once I started rubbing her clitoris, it wasn't long before we were synchronized: the faster she moved her lips up and down on my erection, the faster I diddled her clit - the harder she sucked on me, the more firm my pressure on her. As she got wetter and wetter (and I got harder and harder!), she used the hand that wasn't holding my erection, and started cupping and softly squeezing my balls - I returned the favor by using my thumb to rub and press against her anus, occasionally dipping down to collect some of her wetness to keep things well lubricated.

This went on for several more minutes, until we were both getting close to cumming. As she got closer and closer to her orgasm, her action on my penis slowed down too - which slowed down my action on her clitoris; effectively teasing both of us into extremely strong climaxes. I started first, and when she felt my balls tighten up, she sucked my penis as far into her mouth as she could, and started using her tongue to stimulate the head; I responded by stopping my circling of her clit, and simply pressing on it with my finger in alternating firm-and-gentle pressures, as though I were tapping on it. That was enough to trigger her orgasm, and as I felt her body tighten up, I quickly dipped some more of her juices from her vagina, used them to lube her anus, and slipped my thumb into it - making her moan even harder, sending a tingle clear down to my balls, and making me cum all that much more. She was so distracted by her orgasm that she completely forgot to swallow my semen, and it quickly filled her mouth to overflowing, so that some of it slid down to her chin and the rest rolled down my erection, wetting my balls.

She continued to climax, and after I finished shooting my load, she swallowed once and then opened her mouth, letting the remains of my cum slide down her chin. As she continued to spasm, she released my penis from her mouth, and started rubbing it on her face, spreading my semen across her lips and cheeks, and even onto her nose. While she

was doing that, I continued my ministrations to her clitoris and rectum - as her spasms slowly decreased in intensity, I changed from pressing on her clitoris to softly rubbing it, slowing down her 'recovery', and gently moved my thumb inside her ass - not actually sliding it in and out, but simply keeping her aware of its presence. Each time she spasmed, I could feel her anus tighten down on my thumb, and I would 'flutter' it, in response.

Finally, though, her orgasm stopped; I pulled my thumb from her ass with a soft popping noise, and quickly slid my now-drenched finger into her vagina, just holding it there. For her part, she swallowed the remains of my semen that were in her mouth, licked her lips, and dropped her head back down to clean up my now-softening penis and balls by licking them off. When she was satisfied with her 'cleaning' job, she wiggled her hips a little bit, and I slowly withdrew my finger from her - enjoying the way her vaginal walls tried to hold on to it, and how her vaginal lips clung to it, pulling them out even further.

When my hand was free, I patted her on the hip, and told her "Thank you - that's one damn fine way to wake up!". She giggled a bit, and said "It's a nice start to the day for me, too...", and we both started laughing. She moved up next to me, laying on her side, and I bent my head down and kissed her on the cheek, then on the top of her head as she snuggled close to me.

She explained to me that she'd woken up early, and decided that she wanted to see what my penis and balls looked like when I wasn't hard, so she'd pulled the covers down, and started moving my penis and balls around, examining them. As she'd done so, I'd started to get hard, and the more she manipulated them, the more excited I got, until she'd started getting excited, too ("Something about that just turns me on!") finally decided to go ahead and give me "a blow-job - that's the term, right?". As she was telling me about all this, I reached down and grabbed the covers, pulling them up over us, since the morning was a bit cool. When she finished, I asked her if she'd found out what she wanted to know; she looked up at me, gave me a real shit-eating grin, and nodded her head.

We laid there like that for several more minutes, until the alarm clock went off. She reluctantly let me go so that I could get up and turn it off; when the noise stopped, I moved back toward the bed - she threw the covers back, spread her legs, and reached out as though she wanted me to make love to her. After having just cum so much, I wasn't in any condition to try, so instead, I asked her "Do you really mean that, or are you still a bit too sore inside from last night?". She put her arms back down, and admitted that she was a little sore inside; I suggested that instead of making it worse, she join me in a hot shower - reminding her that she still had to go to school that day, and that I had work to do.

She quickly agreed, and the two of us went in to have a little wet fun getting ready for the day, soaping and scrubbing each other with a lot of groping and squeezing and tickling tossed in for good measure.

I finished dressing first, and as I left the bedroom, asked her what she wanted for breakfast. She said she didn't care, as long as there was a lot of it.

When she finally showed herself again, she found that I'd made her a bacon-and-cheese omelets, hash browns, and English muffin, with milk and juice to wash it all down with. She looked at it kind of suspiciously, probably thinking that I couldn't be a very good cook as a bachelor; but after she'd taken the first bite of omelets, quickly put the whole meal away, finishing it off by saying "I didn't know men could cook!". I laughed and explained to her that living by myself, I either had to learn how to cook or spend all my money on fast food. She laughed back, and told me that it tasted great. I asked if it was enough, or if she wanted more, and she said that it was fine - she didn't have that much to eat for breakfast even at home. She asked me about my breakfast, and I told her that I'd have plenty of time after she left for school - reminding her that she didn't have much time before she had to leave. While she went in to finish getting ready for school, I cleaned up the table, and went into the bedroom to make the bed - and discovered that she'd already done it. When she came out of the bathroom, I thanked her (making her smile), and went in to brush my own teeth while she collected her things for school. When I came out, I found that she'd folded up the blanket that we'd used on the couch the night before, so I again thanked her for her helpfulness and being so thoughtful. She dimpled prettily, and said that she'd better get going. I escorted her to the door, and before I could open it, she put her hand behind my neck, pulled me down a little, and gave me a kiss that damn near had me ripping her clothes off before she broke it off. With a devilish gleam in her eye, she opened the door, and headed off to school, leaving me standing there in a daze.

I spent the morning taking care of a couple of errands and such, and was back home working on my program around lunch time when her mother called to tell me that her flight wouldn't be getting in until nearly midnight. I asked her if she wanted Robyn to come home then, and she said there wasn't any point in waking her up just to send her back to bed, and said that if it wasn't any trouble, she was willing to let Robyn spend a second night in my apartment. I said that Robyn hadn't been any bother at all (laughing to myself at the understatement), and told her that it was fine with me. I asked if she needed to be picked up at the airport, and she said that her airport shuttle ticket was for a round trip, and thanked me for the offer. She then said that she had to get back to her class, and I told her that I'd see her the next day, then - she agreed, and hung up the phone. When Robyn got back from school that afternoon, she let herself in, put her books down, and come over to watch me for a bit. When she saw that I was in the middle of something, she quietly went into the kitchen to get herself something to drink, came back, and sat down to watch me. When I'd finished, I turned to her, smiled, told her about her mother's phone call (she laughed at what I'd said about her not being any bother); she was delighted at the opportunity for another entire night at my place. I asked her how school was; she said that it was fine, but that she'd felt a little sore inside all day. I started to apologize to her, and she interrupted me by saying "I'm not blaming you, or anything like that. It would have happened sooner or later, and I know that it was a lot easier and safer having you do it. I'm just letting you know that I don't think I'm up to any repeat performances for a couple days".

I nodded my head in understanding, and started to turn back toward the computer when she added "But that doesn't mean that I'm not interested in doing anything else!". When I turned back to look at her, she stood up, took her shirt off (nothing on under it, of course), unfastened her jeans and slid them off in one of the most erotic displays I'd seen in a long time: moving slowly, sliding them off a little at a time and dipping her hand into her panties every now and then. By the time they were all the way down, and she'd kicked them away, my penis was definitely starting to rise. She gave me a Mona Lisa kind of smile, pulled my swivel chair around to face her, and knelt down in front of me. She reached out and unfastened my belt buckle, then my pants, unzipping them so slowly that I could hear it as each pair of zipper teeth came apart. When my zipper was all the way down, she grasped the waistband, and when I lifted my hips, pulled them down, and off my feet. With me sitting there in my shirt and underwear, she leaned forward, pulled the front of my briefs down, and lifted my cock and balls out. Once they were clear, she lowered her head - **ever** so slowly, looking me right in the eyes the whole time - and took the head of my rapidly-stiffening penis into her mouth, holding it there with her lips as she caressed it with her tongue. As I got harder and harder, she would 'walk' her lips farther and farther down my erection, until I could feel the head of my cock pressing against her throat. She wasn't able to 'deep throat', but she didn't miss it by much, and not from lack of trying!

When she'd gotten me into her mouth as far as she could, she slowly raised her head again, tickling the bottom of my erection with her tongue, and leaving me coated with her saliva. After she'd gotten back to the head, she released it just long enough to tell me "Y'know - I really do like doing this! Knowing that I can have this kind of effect on a man with only this part of my body really makes me feel good...", and with that, slowly started sucking me back into her mouth.

All that was left for me to do was to lean back and enjoy it - which I did to the utmost: watching the way her lips slid up and down my cock, how they would pull in a little when she sucked on me, the way her breasts would jiggle slightly as her torso moved, the feeling of her tongue as she'd massage the bottom of my erection when she had me all the way in her mouth or would use it to caress the head when she let me out again. She kept this up for what seemed like hours, but was really only about half an hour: every time I would start to feel myself getting ready to cum, she would seem to sense it, and slow down or stop what she was doing until the sensation passed - and then pick up again. After about the third time of that, I was moaning, and as I again got close to cumming, started moving my hips as though I was fucking her mouth. She seemed to understand that it was time to finish me off, and started to speed up slightly - but only until she felt my balls tighten up again. Then she slowed *way* down, and started twisting her head and using her tongue as much as possible, so that she was teasing and stimulating every part of my erection. She had my balls in her hand by now, and her thumb was resting against the base of my cock. When she felt the first wad of my jism head for her mouth, she pulled her head back so that only about half my penis was in her mouth, and started both sucking on me as hard as she could, and using her tongue to tickle my cock just behind the head, at the bottom. It felt as though I was cumming a cupful at a shot, and it was so intense that I kind of blacked out for a few moments during the first couple of spasms.

When I was able to look down at her, she had her eyes closed, concentrating on what she was doing, and had a look of absolute bliss on her face - she really did enjoy it! As my semen filled her mouth, she would swallow it; but my last few spurts weren't enough to fill her mouth again, and I could feel it as she rolled my semen around in her mouth, enjoying the taste of it, before swallowing the remains of it.

As my erection subsided, she sucked my entire penis in, and used her lips and tongue to squeegee it clean before releasing it. As I was recovering from that, and catching my breath, she moved the focus of her attention down, and started licking my balls, and taking them into her mouth where she'd roll them around, sucking on them gently.

When I'd finally recovered completely, I started to sit up again; she released one of my balls from her mouth, stood up, took a swallow of the Coke I had handy, and sat down in my lap so that her mons was resting between my cock and balls. I looked at her with a questioning look, and she seemed a bit confused at first, then brightened up and said "Somehow I don't think that most men are willing to taste cum - even their own. Or maybe **especially** their own. So I just used the Coke to rinse my mouth out!", and with that, gave me a kiss that almost curled my toes. I kissed her back as hard as I could, and it was only a moment or two before we had our mouths open and our tongues dueling. I stuck my tongue into her mouth, and mixed in with the taste of the Coke, could also get a hint of what my cum must have tasted like for her.

When we finally broke the kiss, she leaned back a little, and looked into my face - as though looking to see if I was repulsed or offended by kissing her after she'd given me head. She could apparently see that I wasn't, and seemed to brighten up even more.

I forced a serious look on my face, and said "You know, you're very selfish to do things like that. There are things that **I** would like to do too". She got a slightly-frightened look on her face, and in a quiet voice asked "What?". I couldn't help but smile, and told her "The same thing to **YOU!**". She started to laugh, realizing that I'd tricked her again, and I joined in with her. After we'd calmed down a bit, she said "Well, I certainly wouldn't want to stop you from having *your* kind of fun...."; I took the hint, got her to stand up, and led her into the bedroom. Once there, I sat her down on the edge of the bed, and had her lean back.

I sat down cross-legged on floor in front of her, and when I spread her legs a little, could see that the crotch of her panties was thoroughly drenched - not only did she *like* giving head, but it apparently turned her on, too!

I reached forward, took the waistband of her panties, and slowly pulled them off her as she raised her hips. When I'd gotten them free of her feet, I lifted them to my face, looked her squarely in the eyes, sniffed the crotch of them, and smiled at her. She smiled back in acknowledgement, and I tossed her panties onto the bed next to her. I took her by the ankles, lifted her legs, moved my hands to the backs of her knees, and spread her legs, so that they were resting on my shoulders - giving me a wonderful view of her mons and vaginal lips (already glistening with her wetness). I scooted forward a bit, so that I

wouldn't be in such an awkward position, and started kissing the insides of her thighs - about halfway between crotch and knee - and gently 'biting' at them with my lips. I'd progress a couple of inches toward her crotch on one leg before switching over to the other one, and each time I switched legs, I'd start from a little farther from her crotch than where I'd finished before.

Ultimately, though, I reached her vaginal lips - which I gave only a brief suckling before starting the process over again, only from the top fringe of her pubic hair and mons. This time, though, as I got closer and closer to her vagina, her pelvis was starting to move, as though trying to locate my lips and tongue. Again, when I reached her vaginal lips, it was only for long enough to give them a couple of slow licks before starting to gently suck and bite her entire crotch - always around, but never on, her vagina and clitoris. By now, her vaginal lips were fully extended, and her lubrication was starting to make its way down toward her anus; she was moaning almost constantly, and was starting to beg me "Please.... more.... don't.. tease.. me.... please....".

I finally had mercy on her, and started tracing her inner lips with my tongue - they were definitely swollen, though still rather thin.

They were slick with her juices, and I had no trouble tracing their folds from back by her anus and up toward her clitoris. Each time I would trace the 'inside' of one of them, I would dip my tongue into the entrance of her vagina; never far enough to actually penetrate her, but always enough to make her think I was going to. Each time I did that, she would spread her legs farther apart, and arch her pelvis up, opening herself to me.

She was also wet enough that her juices were freely flowing - what I didn't lick up with each pass of my tongue was sliding down and wetting her rectum.

I'd had her ass cheeks in my hands until now, but I released one of them so that I could reach up and start playing with her breasts - softly pulling on her nipples, squeezing them, caressing her breasts, and stroking her from her breasts to her mons. Gradually, she responded by taking hold of my hand with one of hers, and holding it on one of her breasts while she used the other hand on her other breast herself.

When she did that, I pulled my hand back, and took hold of her cute little ass cheek with it while I continued to tongue her cleft and clitoris. I settled into a rhythm of licking the outside of her vagina - still slightly entering it with my tongue - from the bottom to the top, pausing to make little circles around her clit before starting over again.

I kept this up for several more minutes, gradually concentrating more and more on her clitoris, though still taking little 'dips' into her vagina, not only to keep her clit from drying out, but to savor the sweet slipperiness that was inside her.

As I focused more and more on her little nubbin, she moaned and sighed more and more, as well. It wasn't too long before I could feel her starting to tense up in preparation for a climax. At that point, I did to her what she'd been doing to me: stopping the climactic

stimulation, and going on to something else, so as to prolong the experience. In my case, that was to stop rubbing her clit, and start licking her vaginal lips, and sucking them into my mouth before penetrating her with my tongue. I heard a groan of frustration at that, but it was soon replaced by more moans of arousal as I continued my attentions to her vaginal opening. When she started arching her pelvis up at my tongue again, I went back to the stern-to-stem licking of her mons; and was eventually at the point of teasing only her clitoris. Again, when I felt her tense up, I stopped circling and rubbing her nubbin with my tongue, and went back to giving her tasty little vagina my attention; and the response was another groan of frustration. We went through the whole sequence again, and the last time I left her clitoris for her vagina, I started massaging her anus with one of my fingers, and as I stimulated her vagina, started working my finger into her rectum, using the abundant lubrication to ease the way.

As I licked and sucked on her inner lips, I would slowly work my finger in and out of her anus, always being careful not to move too quickly, and being sure that my finger was well-lubricated. At first, she was slow to respond to my oral administrations; but as she became accustomed to having my finger in her, and grew to like the sensations it produced, she rapidly returned to her former level of arousal - if not becoming even more stimulated. When I looked up at her, I could see that in addition to everything else, she'd also taken her panties, and laid them across her face so that *she* could smell the crotch of them, too - and seemed to be enjoying it tremendously.

This time, when I had again worked my way from her slit to her clitoris, I had decided to finish getting her off. By the time I was focusing exclusively on her clitoris, I was able to move my finger in and out of her anus readily - she was readily accepting what was happening there, and even enjoying it. I continued teasing her clitoris by rubbing it in little circles, first firmly, then more gently, then firmly again, and so on. As her breathing got quicker and quicker, I slowed my rhythm on her clitoris, maintaining a steady pressure, so that the last little bit before her orgasm became "the longest yard". Finally, though, I felt her tighten up again - far more than any time before - and she started moaning deep in her throat as I felt her little pink rosebud tighten around my finger. As her first spasm started, I removed my finger from her clitoris, and replaced it with my mouth: sucking on her little nubbin in time with her contractions as I moved my finger in and out of her anus in full, long strokes, as though fucking her with it. That seemed to be more than she could take, and her sounds changed from simple moans and sighs, to full-fledged screams and other unintelligible noises. Her first spasm lasted several seconds at its peak, and it was followed by several more only slightly-less-powerful contractions; as each contraction ended, I could feel her rectum 'flutter' as it relaxed around my finger.

Gradually, the spasms lessened in intensity until they stopped completely; but the entire process must have lasted a full minute or more.

When her orgasm finally died down, I slowly withdrew my finger from her anus while continuing to softly lick her again-hidden clitoris; it seemed as though her ass didn't want to let go of its new friend. I took a few moments to lick up some of the copious fluid she'd released before standing up. I moved onto the bed next to her, pulled her up so that

she was laying on it completely, and laid next to her, holding her in my arms as she recovered from what must have been the strongest orgasm she'd ever had.

Eventually, she caught her breath, and when she'd recovered some more of her senses, turned toward me with tears in her eyes, and hugged me with all her might, thanking me for what I'd just done for her. I held her like that for a couple of minutes as she quietly cried all over my chest and shoulder.

Finally, the waterworks dried up, and I asked her if she'd gotten enough exercise to have an appetite - a question that brought a smile to her face. She nodded, and I told her that if she'd join me for a **quick** shower, we'd get dressed and I'd take her out for something to eat. With that, she jumped up, took me by the hand, and led me into the bathroom, where we shared a surprisingly quick (but efficient) shower before getting dressed. We both put on clean clothes (she even 'dressed up' enough to put on a bra, which I 'checked for proper fit' - causing a paroxysm of laughter from her). While she was 'getting ready' (checking her hair, etc), I went in, shut down the computer, and generally neaten up the apartment - mostly consisting of collecting the scattered clothing we'd shed thus far.

When she (finally!) decided she was ready, I asked her where she wanted to go, and she said "Someplace with tables and chairs and waitresses!", and off we headed, ultimately winding up at a Big Boy restaurant (her choice).

While we were out having supper, Robyn behaved like an absolute angel: considering how she and I had spent the last couple of hours, she didn't play any sex games or anything else. She just acted as though she were my daughter, and we were out having supper because 'Mom' had to work late, or something. We drew a few looks, but they were uniformly directed toward Robyn: men and boys of various ages, simply looking at her to appreciate her beauty.

Supper went by without any problems (other than Robyn embarrassing herself by how much she ate); on the way home was another matter. We hadn't any more than cleared the parking lot of the restaurant when Robyn was unfastening her blouse - and when she'd removed it, taking off her bra. Distracting (and pleasurable) though it was, I couldn't help but ask "Don't you think you ought to put the blouse back on? Or are you just trying to get me arrested?". She laughed, and said that she really didn't like wearing a bra, and that she was putting her blouse back on, anyway.

I must confess to being more than a little relieved when she did just that - though she made it a point to leave it about half undone, just so that she could flash what cleavage she had at me every time I looked over at her. The night air was a little cool, and her erect nipples made for some pleasant distractions.

Eventually, though, we did get back to my place. We hadn't any more than gotten the door closed when the phone rang. It was Robyn's mother, Lucy, calling from the airport. She explained to me that her flight had been overbooked, and that she'd agreed to be 'bumped' in exchange for a free ticket. The result was that she wouldn't actually be back

in town until after 3:00 AM. She wanted to know if it was still agreeable for Robyn to spend another night, and I assured her that it was.

I told her that we'd just gotten back from having supper out, and she was glad to hear that I wasn't going to feed Robyn nothing but junk food and pizza. Robyn was listening, too, when her mother asked if Robyn had been behaving herself; and she almost went into (quiet) hysterics when I told her mother "I couldn't **ask** Robyn for better than what she's given me".

We continued to chat for a couple minutes about where she'd been and what the course had been about and such before she asked to talk with Robyn. By this time, Robyn had pretty well recovered from the answer I'd given her mother about her behavior, and was able to talk with her for a little bit. I heard Robyn tell her mother "Oh, yes, I'm being very good." - and nodded my head in enthusiastic agreement, almost causing Robyn to break out laughing. Finally, though, her mother remembered that she'd called me collect, said goodbye, and Robyn hung up the phone - and promptly collapsing on the floor in laughter, gasping "'Couldn't **ask** for better.....'" (chortles of laughter) "'I'm being **very** good.....'" followed by more laughter. It took her longer to get her composure back because I kept standing there, shaking my head and making 'tsk, tsk, tsk' noises; and about the time she finally calmed down, I told her (in a child-like, accusing voice) "Oooooo, what you *said*..... you're gonna be in TRUH-bulllllll.....", sending her off into another paroxysm of laughter.

Finally, though, she calmed down again, and was able to get back up off the floor, where she'd been laughing and crying. I got her a small towel, and she used it to dry her eyes and face before heading into the bathroom. I went over and turned on the TV, and a few minutes later, heard her as she left the bathroom - but it was a couple more minutes before she came walking back into the living room, wearing only a smile.

I looked at her and raised an eyebrow, and she just said "I'm more comfortable this way. Besides, isn't snuggling on the couch this way a lot more fun?". I certainly couldn't argue with her logic, and went into the bedroom to undress, too. When I went back into the living room, I saw that Robyn had gotten the blanket out, and was waiting for me to join her on the couch. I had a sudden thought, and mentioned to her that it would probably be a good idea if we made the couch up ready to be slept on before settling down to watch TV. She looked confused, and I explained to her that if her mother was even later getting in, she might stop by, and it wouldn't do to have an unmade couch for her to see. Robyn understood the sense in that, and together we made the couch up ready for 'bed'. Once we'd settled in, I mentioned to her that having the sheets and such looking 'lived in' would also help preserve the appearance that Robyn had slept on the couch and not in my bed. She nodded her understanding of that, too.

We lay there on the couch for most of the evening. Sometimes, I'd be laying down with Robyn laying on top of me; other times, I'd be sitting, and Robyn would have her head in my lap while I had my hand on her breast (and during commercials, she'd turn her head

and give my penis little kisses and licks while I'd tweak her nipples, keeping us both mildly stimulated).

Later, though, she sat up and looked at me as though she had something on her mind. I turned the TV off, and asked her if there was something she wanted to talk about. She said there was, and I had to prompt her to go ahead. After a couple of false starts, she finally came out with "Remember what you did? Before?". That kind of question left me completely blank, and I had to tell her "If you can narrow down the definition of 'what I did' and 'before', I can probably answer your question". She took a deep breath, and said "I mean what you did earlier tonight, while I was on the bed and you were on the floor. What you were doing... with your finger...". With that, I understood what she was talking about (when I'd had my finger in her anus), and replied "Okay, now I know what you mean. Was there something wrong? Did I hurt you, or did you not like it, or what?". She hesitated again, and finally said "Well, no, I mean yes, I mean, no you didn't hurt me, and yes, I did like it. I just don't know if it's wrong, or not".

I reminded her about what I'd said about her body telling her if something was happening to it that was 'wrong'; she remembered that, but said that she was worried that she was somehow 'weird' for liking it. I told her that there were a lot of different things that excited people, and that not everyone was 'turned on' by the same things. She asked me what I meant, and I started out by pointing out gay men and women; noting that just because a man or woman was sexually excited by another person of the same sex didn't make them 'weird', just different. She gave me a funny look, and I told her that gays had enough trouble from other people just for being gay, and that I didn't think it was up to me to judge them just for their sexual orientation. She seemed to understand that; particularly after I pointed out to her that there were enough people in the world that didn't like each other for all kinds of stupid 'reasons', and that I wasn't going to contribute to the stupidity by sticking my personal moral values into something that really wasn't any of my business, anyway. She asked me if I thought there was such a thing as "Sin", and I told her that I could only think of 3 things that I would consider 'sinful' - and one of those was just stupidity taken to an extreme: hurting yourself (the stupid one), hurting others (whether out of malice or self-righteousness), and one person trying to force their concept of 'morality' on someone else (whether physically, emotionally, or intellectually). I explained that sometimes it really IS necessary to hurt someone else, whether physically (like a doctor performing an amputation) or emotionally (telling someone with bad grooming habits that you don't want to stand downwind of them - but ONLY if you do it out of genuine concern for them, and not to hurt them or because it makes you feel 'superior'). As for morality, I told her, if you can't convince the other person of the validity of your position calmly through words and reason and logic, then you have no reason to use force against them - UNLESS they try to use force against you, first; and then only if you use enough force to cancel theirs, or they present a genuine physical threat against you. She thought about that for a few minutes, and asked me a few more questions about what I'd said, and I answered them as best I could, until she was finally satisfied that she understood it.

Then she asked me if I thought she might be gay because she had smelled her own panties. It was all I could do not to laugh; I quietly told her again that different things stimulated different people, and that if she enjoyed the smell of her own lubrication, then that was her business. She was real quiet for a bit, and finally admitted to me "While I was smelling them, I was wondering what another girl would smell like; and while you were licking me, I was thinking about what it would be like to lick another woman that way. And I've thought about what it would be like to feel another woman's tits, and for her to feel mine. Is that bad?". I had to assure her that I didn't think so - I reminded her that she had seemed to enjoy what we had done together (making her smile), and that if she thought she would enjoy being with another girl or woman, then she would simply have twice as many ways to feel sexual pleasure. She laughed a little at that, and I told her that the only way she was ever going to find out if she really liked it or not would be to try it - if she liked it, then fine; if not, then she knew that, too. She got kind of thoughtful about that for a couple of minutes, and finally said "I guess you're right. But who to find out *with*?". I politely told her that I really couldn't help her with that part, but suggested that if there was another girl that she was 'best friends' with enough to talk about sex with, she might be able to get that person interested enough to find out with her. She smiled at that, and said "I'll give that some thought...".

With that said, she looked at me as though just realizing that I was still there, blushed a little, and said "Just thinking about it makes me all wet - see?", leaned back, and spread her legs, showing me that her vaginal lips were extended and glistening with her moisture. I told her that as many times, and as strongly, as she'd made me cum in the last couple of days, I wasn't sure that I could do anything myself, but that I'd be happy to do whatever I could for *her*. She got a lecherous grin on her face, and said "Let me see if there's anything I can do to change your mind....", and slithered forward so that she was sitting in my lap, with her legs wrapped around me. She pressed her firm young tits into my chest, and I could feel her hard little nipples poking at my skin; and as she started wiggling her crotch against my penis, she started licking and softly biting at my neck. I didn't think it was possible, but damned if she didn't start to have the desired effect on me - in just a couple of minutes, my penis was semi-erect; and she was able to slide her slick vaginal lips along it, and press her erecting clitoris against it. While she was doing all of that, I had wrapped my arms around her, and was caressing her shoulders, and sliding my hands up and down her back - far enough that I was able to squeeze her buttocks at the bottom, and sometimes even give her anus and vaginal opening little caresses and rubs.

As I got harder and harder, her movements in my lap became more and more pronounced, and along with that, she started moving her torso around, lightly dragging her nipples across my chest.

Before long, I was completely hard, and she was pressing her vaginal opening and clitoris against the head of my penis; her entire crotch and all of my penis were thoroughly soaked from her secretions.

After she'd pressed herself against the head of my erection a few times, I pulled my arms from around her, and gently nudged her away from me a little bit, so that I could look at

her. She smiled up at me, and said "I'm not as sore inside now as I was before; but my hips still hurt a little from last night. Is there another way that we can make love where I don't have to spread my legs so much?"; I told her that I figured we could use the 'doggy' position. She looked a bit baffled, until I asked her if she'd ever seen two dogs - that made her understand, and she quickly nodded her agreement. I said that I figured the couch looked 'lived in' enough, and suggested that we adjourn to the bedroom. She quickly agreed, and led the way in - leading me by an iron grip on my erect cock.

When we got in there, she asked what she should do; I simply told her that if she were to get on her hands and knees at the edge of the bed, I could stand behind her and enter her that way. In no time at all, she had 'assumed the position', and her smooth, firm, young butt was sticking up in the air at me - and leaving me a wonderful view of her anus and distended vaginal lips. She said that she thought I was probably a little dry from the trip, what with all of my parts "sticking out like that", and asked if I thought she should "juice it up a little" before entering her. I allowed as how I thought that might help, making her giggle, and moved around in front of her. She quickly took my erection in her mouth, and after a few strokes, released it long enough to say "I can taste myself - different from what you taste like, but still nice..." before sucking me back in for some more licking and sucking. Finally, though, she reached the point where she wanted me **in** her, and gave me one more slow, juicy lick before releasing my penis from her mouth and wiggling her butt at me. I took the not-so-subtle hint, and quickly moved around behind her. She was quite ready, but I couldn't help moving up close behind her, and sliding my erect penis along her inner lips and against her clitoris. After only a couple such strokes, though, she was moving her hips around, trying to capture my penis, so I held her hip with one hand as I used the other to position the head of my erection at her slit. I rubbed it up and down a couple of times, to make sure we were both well lubricated to start with, before she began pressing herself back against me, encouraging me to enter her. Still holding her hip with one hand, I repositioned my cock, and started easing it into her. There was a little resistance at first, but our combined wetness soon overcame it, and the head of my dick popped into her. I held still for a moment, to give her time to again get used to having me there, put the hand that had been holding my erection on her other hip, and started pressing my hips forward, pushing my penis farther into her, a little at a time: in a couple of inches, hold, out an inch, and in a couple more inches. Before long, my last stroke into her found me all the way inside her - the head of my erect penis pressing against the farthest place in her vagina, and my balls hanging down next to her clitoris. I held there for a bit - again, to give her time to adjust to having me inside her; and after a little bit, she started moving back against me, indicating that she was ready for me to start making love to her.

I still had a grip on her hips, and slowly withdrew my penis, until just the head of it was inside her. I paused for a moment, and then just as slowly, pushed cock back into her hot, tight, **very** wet young pussy. When I was all the way back inside, I paused only a moment, and repeated the process, only a little faster, and with no delay when only the head of my erection was still inside her.

Over the next couple of minutes, my movements became faster and faster, until I was pistoning in and out of her without hesitation - and she seemed to be enjoying every bit of it, since she was moving herself back against me on my 'in' strokes, making my penis hit the deepest part of her, and causing my balls to swing forward and bump her clitoris.

Because she'd given me such a spine-tingling blowjob only a few hours before, I didn't feel any big need to cum - in fact, I felt as though I could go all night. So to keep things 'interesting', I would vary my actions every so often - sometimes withdrawing so that the head of my cock was right at the very entrance of her, and rapidly moving it back and forth; other times, withdrawing from her *ever* so slowly, and then sliding back into her very quickly. The more I slid in and out of her, the wetter she got, and it wasn't long before her juices were starting to dribble down the insides of her thighs, and had completely drenched my balls - and thus her entire pubis, from my balls swinging forward and bumping her clitoris.

After a few minutes of this went by, she reached back with her hand, and started rubbing her clitoris with her fingers; I let go of one of her hips, and reached under her to take one of her breasts in my hand and start squeezing it and gently pinching her nipple.

When I looked down at where we were joined, I could see how her vaginal lips clung to my cock on the out strokes, and disappeared back inside her on the in strokes; and each time I slid back inside her, her little pink anus would pucker, as though in sympathy or envy of what her vagina was feeling. Along with that, there was the soft squishing sound from my movements in and out of her, her deep-throated moans each time I withdrew, and her grunts of pleasure each time I 'hit bottom'.

She was still supporting herself with one arm, and when it started to get tired, she lowered herself so that her shoulders were resting on the bed. Since I couldn't reach her breast in that position, I took hold of her hip again; she kept rubbing her clitoris with one hand, and now used the other to continue what I'd been doing to her breasts, switching back and forth between them.

Being able to hold her steady again, I speeded up slightly, fully stroking in and out of her steadily; with her in the position she was, I was able to enter her just a bit deeper, which seemed to please her (and felt pretty damn good to me, too!). I kept that pace up for several more minutes - fast enough to keep stimulating her more and more, but not so fast as to tire myself out - and before too long, she was rested enough to raise herself back up on the hand she'd been using to rub her clit, switching hands so that it didn't get too lonely. Since I wasn't able to go as deep any more, I let go of her hip again, and resumed playing with her breast - only this time, when I started softly pinching her nipple, she told me "Feels good.... harder!". When I did, I could feel her start to become even more excited, and when she repeated "harder!", I did so with even less hesitation. Before long, I could feel her approaching orgasm: her vaginal walls were starting to quiver around my penis. With that, she stopped rubbing her clit, and brought her hand up to squeeze the breast that I didn't have hold of, and pull its nipple.

The stimulation of her vaginal walls on my cock was starting to have its effect, and I released her breast so that I could again take hold of her hip, and get a little better control of how I was moving in her. Just a few seconds later, she started banging herself back against me, slamming my penis into her, and causing my balls to strike her clitoris even harder; that seemed to be enough to push her 'over the edge', and she began her orgasm. As it started, I could feel her vaginal muscles tighten around my cock, and the added pressure was enough to trigger me, as well, as I pushed myself as far into her as I could. As each of her spasms hit, I could feel her tighten down on my cock, prompting me to shoot another wad of my jism inside her - which seemed to trigger her vagina to start a kind of 'milking' action on my erection.

She was still very small and tight inside, and it took only a couple of loads of my semen to fill her completely; every drop after that forced some of our combined juices that were already in her out around my cock, down onto her thighs and my throbbing balls, as a frothy white foam.

After several of her contractions had passed, and my cock was spurting the last of my load, I collected some of the secretions from around her opening and my cock, smeared it on her anus, and slowly pushed my thumb into her ass - triggering her into a couple more strong spasms.

Finally, as her contractions started to get weaker and weaker, I started wiggling my thumb inside her ass - drawing her contractions out even longer.

My legs finally started to get tired, and I pulled my thumb from her ass, leaned forward, and held myself above her with my arms, my still-firm penis buried in her. I could feel the minor twinges of her vagina as her orgasm finally wound down, and I could hear her gasps as she slowly recovered her senses and got her breath back. I started kissing her back and shoulders and neck, helping her to get a 'focus point' so she could recover that much more quickly. A minute or so later, she finally opened her eyes. She looked up at me and simply said "That was more fun - and a lot easier - than the first time. It just keeps getting better and better!". I told her "Thank you. I trust that means you enjoyed yourself?", causing her to giggle a little, and say "It sure does. Whew!".

We stayed there like that as my penis continued to soften, until it finally popped loose, releasing a minor flood of our mixed juices onto where we were still touching. She slid her arms forward, lowering herself onto the bed, and I followed suit, keeping myself as much in contact with her as possible, until she was laying on the bed, and I was supporting myself on my elbows above her, so she could breathe and not get cold. She took my hands in hers, and started giving me little kisses on my arms and hands as I was kissing her back and shoulders and neck. It was only when we heard the clock chime several minutes later that we realized that we should clean up again, and go to sleep.

I suggested to her that she should put her bathrobe in the bathroom, so that if her mother stopped by, she could duck in there, put it on, and pretend as though she'd had to use it during the night. She saw the sense in that, and went to get it. As she was coming back, I

said that she should go ahead and start taking a shower, that I was going to make sure a couple of windows were open a little to let the apartment air out some. She sniffed the air - heavy with the scent of our love-making - and smiled at me, agreeing that it would be a good idea. With that, she went on into the bathroom, and I could hear the shower start as I was adjusting the living room windows so as to get a little bit, but not too much, of an air current through the apartment. When I got back into the bedroom, I could see that the mirror in the bathroom was already starting to fog up, and I quickly opened a window slightly, getting enough air flowing that the aroma of sex would clear the apartment in just a few hours.

With that done, I headed in to join Robyn in yet another shower (we must have been the two cleanest people in town by then!). We were both getting a little tired, so didn't engage in *too* much playing around - but that's not to say that we didn't do **any**! We finally finished our shower, and I left Robyn to use the bathroom as I went into the kitchen to get us a Coke. I drank about half of it, or a little more, and when Robyn came out, gave it to her before going in to perform my own ablutions. When I came out, Robyn was just finishing off a sandwich she'd made for herself, washing it down with the rest of the Coke. I laughed at the sight, and when she started to look at me as though I'd hurt her feelings, explained "Now I know why you're hungry all the time, and why all that eating doesn't make you fat!" - and starting her laughing along with me.

When we'd both caught our breath again, I pulled the covers down on the bed, and gestured toward it, as though asking her if she wanted to join me. She quickly dove in, and pulled the covers up to her chin; when I got in, I moved over next to her, rolled onto my side, and lifted her legs up over mine, so that she was 'sitting' in my 'lap'. I put my arm across her, holding her breast, and she put her arm next to mine, holding my hand where it held her breast. We kissed each other, snuggled down, and drifted off to sleep.

About 5:30, I woke up to the sound of a vehicle out in front of the apartment building. I slipped out of bed without waking Robyn, and went into the living room to check my suspicions: that it was Lucy, Robyn's mother, returning from her trip. I peeked out the window, and saw just that - the shuttle van was just starting to drive off, and Lucy was carrying her suitcase toward her apartment. I saw her look over toward my apartment and hesitate, before continuing on toward her apartment. I watched for a couple more minutes, and saw her as she came back out. I quickly went in, and woke Robyn, telling her to hurry and grab her robe, and get into bed on the couch, explaining that I thought her mother was headed over. She quickly followed my instructions, and was just laying down when we heard a knock at the door. I whispered to her to wait until she heard her mother knock again, and then answer it - and **please** make sure she yawned a lot, and looked like she'd just woken up! She nodded her understanding, and I headed back into the bedroom, and got into bed just as another knock came.

I heard Robyn get up, and a few moments later, heard her as she opened the front door as far as the chain would go. I heard some murmurs as she and her mother talked for a few moments, then the door closed and I heard Robyn unhooking the chain before opening the door again. Following that, I heard Robyn and her mother talking some more, but

without being able to really understand what was being said in detail - just getting the general thread of Robyn sleeping on the couch, and I was still asleep in the bedroom. A few seconds later, I heard Robyn calling my name, and feigning being awakened, asked her what the problem was. She told me that her mother was there, and I said I'd be right there. I got up, put on my robe, rubbed my eyes to make them look like I'd only been awake for a few seconds, before going into the living room. Lucy was there, as was Robyn in her robe. When I got close enough, I could see the mild suspicion on Lucy's face start to fade when she saw how I looked - 'obviously' having just gotten up. She said that she'd missed Robyn during the whole trip, and had decided that since it was so close to the time that Robyn would be getting up anyway, didn't think there would be any harm in getting her earlier. I simply said that if she'd called from the airport, I'd have made sure that I was a little more presentable. She said she was sorry about not calling, but had only made her decision as she was getting out of the shuttle from the airport. I said that I understood (better than she'd have liked, I thought), and told them to lock the door when they left - it was still early, and I was going back to bed! Robyn smiled to herself when she heard me talk to her mother that way; her mother apologized again for waking me, thanked me for taking care of Robyn, and said she'd come by later for Robyn's things. I said "Fine", waved to them, and headed back into the bedroom.

As I was climbing back into bed, I could hear Robyn and her mother talking softly while Robyn apparently collected her clothes, and headed into the bathroom. A couple minutes later, I heard the bathroom door open, and shortly after that, the front door as they left. I got up to make sure the front door was locked (it was), and went back to bed for a couple more hours of sleep - much needed after the last couple of days!

The next morning, after I'd gotten up, had breakfast, and done all the normal 'morning' things, I went around and generally cleaned up the apartment - getting the laundry ready (I planned to wash it before Lucy came back - no need for any tell-tale stains!), making sure that Robyn's things were all together, and so on. About mid-morning, I headed out to do the laundry, and got back shortly before noon.

I got the laundry put away, and was just finishing lunch when Robyn's mother came over. Dressed in casual clothing as she was I could see that she had a nice figure - medium-sized bust, trim waist, nicely curved hips, and as a friend used to express it "legs all the way up to her ass" - and an ass that was deserving of such legs. Without her makeup, I could see that she had nice, clear skin, and was starting to get a bit of a tan; with her blonde hair undone, she had it hanging in a loose pony tail down to about the middle of her back. She had on a sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off, and a pair of walking shorts that came to just below the cheeks of her ass. She was just a few inches shorter than my 5'-10"; maybe 5 feet, 6 inches tall. She thanked me for watching after Robyn, and apologized for waking me, but that she'd been told that Robyn had contacted the nurse at school about getting some birth control (which damn near floored **me** - but I recovered from it before she noticed), and she was more than a little suspicious of **every** male that Robyn was coming in contact with. She admitted that when she'd come over earlier, she'd thought that she'd find some indication that Robyn and I had been "intimate" - but when Robyn answered the door, and she got inside and saw that Robyn had been asleep on the

couch, started to think that maybe she'd been wrong in her suspicions about me. Then when she saw ME coming out of the bedroom, 'obviously' haven been just wakened, she knew that I wasn't the one she had to worry about. All during this, it was all I could do not to start laughing out loud - both from relief, and at the situation itself.

I asked her if she wanted to sit down, and maybe have a cup of coffee; she agreed "Black, please", and went over to sit in the chair while I got us each a cup of coffee. I took it into the living room, gave her one, and sat down on the couch across from her.

After we'd each taken a few sips, I told her that Robyn had asked me some questions about boys and sex; and followed that by telling her what I'd told Robyn. I cautioned her against mentioning anything about it to Robyn, saying that if Robyn found out that I'd talked to her mother about things she'd said to me in private, she'd stop trusting **either** of us. That gave her mother something to think about for a few moments, and she said that she understood, and wouldn't say anything to Robyn about our conversations. I thanked her, and then asked her if I could make a few observations as a 'disinterested bystander'; she gave me a wry smile, and said "Go ahead".

I told her that it was obvious "even to me" that Robyn was starting to develop physically. She agreed, saying that she'd started to develop early, herself. That gave me the opening I'd been hoping for, and asked her if she'd had an interest in boys when she was younger, too. She gave me a rueful smile, and admitted that she'd been "just a little boy-crazy". I followed that up by asking her if her parents hadn't warned her about 'going too far' with a boy, and she said they had. Then I asked her if it had made a whole lot of difference to her. She hesitated a bit, and finally admitted that it hadn't, really. Then I questioned her with "So it sounds like you're saying that your parents telling you to say 'no' didn't have a lot of impact on your decision. Do you wish they'd shown you a few more choices, then?"; she sniffled a little, and said that she did. I got her a tissue (she was starting to leak around the edges a bit), and continued with "When you lost your virginity, was it a pleasant experience?" - she immediately started to get angry, and looked at me as though she'd like to slap me silly. I just sat there, calmly, and after she'd had a chance to think about our conversation so far, relaxed again, and reluctantly admitted that it hadn't. I reassured her that I wasn't asking the questions I was out of any personal desire, but simply to help her understand what was going on with Robyn. She nodded her understanding, and I said "How long was it after your first time was it before you really started enjoying sex, and understood that it could be a pleasant and even satisfying experience?"; I waited several seconds as I watched her thinking about the answer before she whispered "too long, I think". With that, I knew how I could get her to give Robyn a little more 'breathing space', and followed up by asking "Would you want Robyn to go through what you did, then?", to which she quickly replied "No"

I let her think about that for a couple minutes as we sat and sipped on our coffee some more.

When she'd collected herself a bit, I told her that I thought Robyn was a pretty smart "young woman" (which got me a slightly dirty look), and said that I thought Robyn was

showing some pretty good sense and a surprising amount of responsibility by asking for birth control.

Lucy admitted that it was, but saying that she really didn't think that Robyn was ready to start having sex yet. I asked her if she really thought Robyn would *ever* be ready, and she laughingly admitted she didn't really think so. Then I asked her if her parents attitudes and opinions had made a great deal of difference in her own decision to become sexual, and she grudgingly admitted not. I could see that she was expecting it, then, when I asked her "Then do you really think that what Robyn does is going to be affected that much by what YOU think or say?"; and she could only admit that she didn't think so. I told her "I think Robyn is going to do what Robyn wants to do, in that area. I think she's got enough smarts that she's going to pick her own time, her own place, and who she wants to be the first. I don't think that there's a whole lot you could do to stop her; and I think if you got to insistent about it, you'd only alienate her." Lucy thought about that for a bit as we both sipped on our coffee some more, and I followed it with "If you want to keep a strong, loving relationship with Robyn, I think the best thing you could do would be to sit down with her, and explain to her why you think she should wait until she's ready. Tell her that you love her, and that you hope she'll take her time about choosing who she wants to be her first, but that once she makes her decision about it, one way or another, you'll still love her and support her. You don't have to encourage her," - getting me a chuckle at the irony of such a statement - "but I think you can let her know that you love her, trust her to make the decision that's right for her, and exercise caution and responsibility along the way. Make sure she knows about the possible consequences of sexual contact," - she nodded at that - "and try to let her know that you understand the feelings she's having, since you had them about her age, too. That way, I think she'll start to trust you, and will be more willing to come to you with her problems and questions on the matter - **as long as you don't 'preach' to her, or abuse the trust she shows you**".

That last part really got her attention, since I'd been sure and emphasize it. I followed that by telling her "I think as long as you don't do anything to abuse her trust - **no matter what**, then you'll have a better chance of guiding her than if she felt as though she couldn't talk to you about *anything*. The biggest problem you're probably going to have is talking to her in a way that lets her know you care, but without 'preaching' at her. The next hardest thing will probably be making sure that you clearly separate your own opinions about things from the real facts". That got me a questioning look, and a "What do you mean?"; so I replied "What do you tell her if she comes to you and asks you about homosexuality? Do you give her the pure facts, or do you dump a lot of society's ill will toward gays on her?", which prompted her to get a real thoughtful look on her face.

While she was mulling that over, I finished up my coffee, stood up, and took her cup, heading in to the kitchen to get us each a refill.

When I got back, Lucy had pulled her legs up under herself in the chair, giving me a nice view - when I sat down again - of the bottom of her ass cheeks where they peeked out from under her shorts. She asked me how it was that I got so smart about such things, and I told her that it was easy - I didn't have any kids, making her laugh. She said that I

seemed like a pretty smart guy, and asked how I got to the point of working for myself. I gave her the nickel explanation: humble beginnings, poor-in-cash, rich-in-spirit, did poorly in school because of boredom, went into the military to learn a trade, traveled all over half the world, paid attention to what I saw as I traveled around, got out, worked for others for a while, and finally figured out how to bring together what I was good at with what I enjoyed doing. I played the whole thing down, but she seemed to think that it was kinda spectacular, anyway. She said that I seemed pretty calm about things (adding with a smile, "even having someone wake you up at 5 AM"), and asked if I was a religious person.

That prompted me to give her pretty much the same spiel that I'd given Robyn, with a few more explanations tossed in, in response to questions she asked.

In return, I asked her a little about herself, and learned that Robyn had her ex-husband's coloration, but physically resembled herself at that age. She also said that her two sons lived with their father, and that for a couple weeks each summer, she got custody of them. Other times, her ex-husband would get custody of Robyn for a couple of weeks; and that during the rest of the year, one or the other of them would have all the kids for a couple days, like over a long weekend. When I asked, she told me that she and her husband had divorced because of "basic incompatibilities - like he just wanted to get his rocks off, and didn't care about what happened to me". I also learned that she was in her early 30's ("I married young - some of that 'boy-craziness' I told you about"), and that Robyn would be turning 13 the following month.

By this time, we'd each finished our coffee again, and when I got up to get us a refill, she said that she really did have to go, but that she'd remember what I'd said and asked. I asked her what she was going to do about the school nurse calling her, and she said that she'd tell Robyn about it, and give her permission. I pointed out to her that I thought the situation gave her a good opening to start the kind of dialogue she wanted with Robyn - that she could tell Robyn that the nurse had called, but that she didn't think Robyn should be taking such things to the nurse, who clearly couldn't be trusted. She could then use the chance to reinforce the need for care and responsibility, and show that she could be trusted by discussing the different birth control options with Robyn before taking her in to see a doctor about getting her set up with one of them - and then refraining from making any inquiries to Robyn after that.

Lucy got a surprised look on her face, and conceded the point by saying "You know, I wouldn't have thought of that, but you're right. I think I'm going to have to come over here and talk to you more often!", after which I reminded her that she mustn't let Robyn know that I'd said anything about the discussions she and I'd had. Lucy nodded her understanding, came over, stood up on her toes, and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek along with a "thanks!" before collecting Robyn's things and heading home - leaving me wondering what she'd have had to say (and what she'd have done!) if she knew that I was already boffing her daughter.

The next day, her mother went back to work, and that afternoon, Robyn came to my place after she'd gotten out of school. When she came into my apartment, she exclaimed "You won't **believe** what happened last night!", and I gestured her toward the living room so we could talk.

After we'd sat down on the couch, she turned toward me and started telling me about the long talk she'd had with her mother the previous night - how she'd gone to the nurse at school to ask about birth control (I made the appropriate surprised look-and-noises at that), how the nurse had called her mother ("Even though they say that what we talk to them about is supposed to be *private*" with great indignation); and about how her mother had sat and talked with her "for **hours!**" about boys, her feelings, being responsible, birth control, and so on. All during this, I made the appropriate noises and got the proper expressions on my face, so that she wouldn't know that I'd had a little bit of a hand in the matter.

She finally wound down by saying "after we finished talking, I just **knew** that I could talk about stuff to her - she really understands!". I reminded Robyn that, as surprising as it might seem, her mother had been her age once, too, and could probably remember what it had been like for her. She seemed kind of surprised at that, but quickly realized the validity of it.

After a few moments, I told her "I'm glad that you feel like you can go to your mother about what your feeling, and such. I just hope that you'll remember that your mother has a little different view of things, and that she might not always be so open and understanding about the things that you tell her". That gave Robyn some serious food for thought, and as she was contemplating it, I went in to get us each a Coke. When I got back, she looked at me and said "I think you're probably right. What can I do?"; I explained to her that I thought she and her mother were a lot alike, and that I thought they were both trying to keep an open, honest dialog going - but from different directions and perspectives. She nodded her head in understanding, and I continued with "Remember that this is probably just as new for her as it is for you, and she's probably going to have trouble with it at times just like you will. When things start to get difficult, remember how hard it must have been for her to even **start** your little talk last night, understand that she loves you very much, and does what she does because she's worried about you - that's a mother's job!", which brought me a smile and short laugh.

I went on by saying "You know that she's shown you a fair amount of trust, right?" - a solemn nod - "Then you must also know that if you do anything to betray that trust, or believe that she was wrong in giving you that trust, she's not going to be very happy about It.", getting me an even more solemn nod. I continued talking to her for a while longer, re-emphasizing all the things I'd said before, and finishing up by suggesting to Robyn that she approach her mother for another talk, and try to make sure that the two of them really understood what the other was saying - and perhaps even go so far as to write down a 'ten commandments' or 'privacy rules' or something, just to make sure that they weren't talking at cross purposes. She said that sounded like a good idea, and about that time, we heard her mother's car pull in as she got home from work. I told Robyn that she

should probably get home and get her homework done, and we got outside just as her mother was getting out of the car.

Lucy saw us as Robyn was heading back to her apartment, and I gestured to her that she should come over for a bit. She nodded, signaled me that it would be a few minutes, and went on in to her apartment.

It was about 10 minutes or so before I heard her knocking at my door - and when I answered it, it was all I could do not to just stand there drooling: Lucy had changed out of her 'office uniform', and into a ragged, slightly-too-small t-shirt (*clearly no bra on under it) that only came down to about the middle of her belly, and a pair of frayed jeans that had been trimmed off right at crotch level. I stood there looking her up and down for a few seconds before I got my senses back, and invited her in. After she went by, headed for the chair, I could see that the seat of the jeans had gotten enough wear that her ass cheeks seemed to be peeking through as she walked. When I closed the door, she glanced over her shoulder, and saw me watching her. I went on into the living room, and sat down; she surprised me a bit by sitting at the other end of the couch, and turning toward me.

When she'd gotten herself situated, looked me in the eye and said "Thanks! It's nice to know that I'm still attractive.", making me flush a little before answering in absolute sincerity "Believe me - looking good is something that should be **way** down you list of Stuff To Worry About!", drawing a pleasant laugh from her. With that out of the way, she asked me why I'd asked her to stop by. I quickly told her about Robyn's visit to let me know about their conversation the night before. She looked a bit surprised, and I reminded her that I was probably the first adult that Robyn had felt she could really **trust** as a confidante. She got a little bit of a hurt look in her face, and I quickly followed up by saying that that was why I'd asked her to stop over. I told her that Robyn had seemed enthusiastic about their talk, but had also expressed some worries; and followed that by telling her a condensed version of what I'd told Robyn.

She nodded her understanding as I was talking, and brightened up considerably when I got to the part about Robyn going back to her mother for another talk.

At that point, I paused a bit, and asked her if she wanted something to drink, and she said she'd **kill** for a Coke; so I got us each one from the kitchen. When I got back, she'd pulled both of her feet under her again, and when I sat down, could see a bit of white lace from the edge of her panties peeking out around the crotch of her shorts. As soon as we'd each taken a few swallows of our drinks, I went on to tell her that I'd suggested to Robyn that she bring up the subject of making sure that they both understood and agreed on what the 'rules' and limits of their relationship would be - she didn't look real happy about that, but didn't seem too upset by it, either. Then I told her about suggesting to Robyn that the two of them might find it helpful to even go so far as to write down some kind of guidelines, just to be sure that they were in agreement. She looked kind of doubtful about that, until I pointed out to her that it could help her in a couple of different ways. First, by giving her the chance to work *with Robyn* to establish some kind of ground rules as to what was

acceptable, and what wasn't. She again expressed her understanding of what I was saying; with that, I figured she had the idea, let the subject drop, and asked her how things were going.

She told me about her job as a financial analyst, the people she worked with, and so on. From there, she told me a little about her marriage ("doomed from the start"), her ex-husband ("a spoiled momma's boy; all he ever really thought about was himself"), and the house she'd lived in ("a beautiful place, except for the other occupant of the house") before going through several different apartments before moving in where she was now - barely a month before I did. She also told me how Robyn missed her best friend from that time, a girl named Sandra, and how Robyn didn't much care for going to visit her father, and the boys didn't care much about coming to see her - "We thought it was a good idea before we had to actually do it; now the kids just don't want to have anything to do with it.". She also told me that Sandra would be coming for a visit that summer, after school let out in a few more weeks. I asked her how Sandra and Robyn got along, and she told me that Sandra seemed a bit young for her age, and with Robyn's maturity, the two of them seemed to kind of 'meet in the middle', getting along extremely well. I told her that I still didn't envy her having two young girls in the apartment, and she laughed, saying that the trouble caused by having girls in the apartment was cumulative, not exponential, making me laugh in return. With that, she said that she thought she'd better get home and get something ready for supper before Robyn started chewing on the furniture, making me laugh and agree that I'd been surprised by her appetite. That reminded her of her promise, and she said that she'd stop by the next day to pay me her share of the pizza and the meal that I'd taken Robyn out for. I agreed to the pizza money, but told her that Robyn had been extremely well-behaved, and that it had been my pleasure to have such good company while dining out. She looked kind of doubtful (like "*MY Robyn? Well-behaved?"), but let it pass, getting up and heading for the door. I accompanied her, and when we got to the door, she thanked me again for helping them out, and gave me a quick hug (an altogether enjoyable experience, dressed as she was!) before leaving.

The next afternoon, I was just getting back from some errands and shopping when I saw Robyn getting home from school. She saw me drive up, and came over to help me carry in some of my purchases. When we got inside, I offered her a Coke, which she accepted, and we went over to sit in the living room.

She waited for me to sit on the couch, and then laid down on it, so that her head was resting in my lap. I put my hand on her belly, and after a moment, she lifted it, pulled her shirt up, moved my hand to her breast, and pulled her shirt back down, covering most of my forearm.

She started telling me about how she'd had another talk with her mother the night before, but after only a few sentences, reached up and gave my hand a little squeeze, indicating that she wanted me to caress her breast while she talked. As she continued, I slowly stroked her breasts and nipples as she told me that her mother had made an appointment for her with a doctor, and that she was going to be fitted with an IUD - giving me a happy smile at that bit of good news.

She resumed by telling me that she'd brought up the subject of maybe writing down something to help them out when they had their talks, but that her mother had suggested that they write the things down together, and Robyn wasn't all that sure she wanted to do that. When she'd said so, her mother had said that maybe they should take a little time to think about it, and then continue their talk (expecting, I think, that Robyn would come to me for advice). I asked her if she wanted her mother to let her grow up, and she said that of course she did. Then I asked her if she thought it would be fair for her mother to write all the 'rules', and she said she didn't think so. So I asked her if it wasn't fair for her mother to write all the rules, why would it be fair for Robyn to write all the rules? She had to admit that it wouldn't but said that she was worried that her mother would try to limit her too much; I said that I suspected that her mother was worried that Robyn would *insist* on too much, making her laugh a bit. I told her "You know that your mother and I have talked a bit, don't you?", and when she said that she had, added "Would you like for me to talk to her about this, without actually telling her anything you've said?". Robyn seemed kind of doubtful about that, but said that if I thought I could help, she wouldn't mind - "But **please** be careful about what you say!", which I assured her I would.

We stayed there like that for a few moments; then she hesitated a bit, and told me that she'd started her period that morning. I told her that I understood, and that I wasn't surprised or turned off or anything like that by what she'd said, which seemed to comfort her a little. She waited a little bit more, and then asked "We can't do anything now, can we?"; and I told her that it wouldn't be a good idea for me to ejaculate in her vagina, but that didn't mean that we couldn't figure out something else to do, if she wanted. She giggled at that, and said that she thought we could probably find something to keep each other entertained, making me laugh a little with her.

I let a little time pass, and then said to her that I thought is sounded as though she was saying that she really didn't want for us to actually 'do' *anything* for a little while, and she admitted that was true -at least, as long as she was 'messy down there'. I told her that I agreed that it probably was bothersome, but only because of the act of dealing with it - that I didn't think the start of her menses, itself, was anything wrong. She looked at me funny, and I explained to her that my attitude was that the start of a woman's period was nature's signal that she was getting ready to be able to make a baby, and that I didn't think there was anything more joyous for a woman than to have a baby that she wanted. I pointed out to her that there was **always** some kind of cost associated with something good in life - just as she couldn't go into a store and just walk out with anything she wanted, she had to pay a 'price' for being able to make babies in the form of a monthly period. Then I asked her if she'd enjoyed making love with me, and she got a happy smile on her face, and said that she sure did! I followed up by asking her if she hadn't had to pay a price for that pleasure; she responded by saying yes, she had, but that even though the price had been a *little* high, it was worth it. I came back then by pointing out that for the next 25 or 30 years, she'd be able to make a baby about a dozen times a year, unless she actually **was** making a baby; and asked her if she thought the price of a few days of mess once a month was too high of a fee - pointing out that it was a lot like a credit payment: as long as she was able to have babies, she'd pay the 'credit charge' of a few days of inconvenience each month.

That seemed to give her a little better perspective on it, and she said that she hadn't thought of it quite that way before.

We stayed like that for a little bit, just enjoying each other's company and the physical contact with each other, when Robyn spoke up again, and told me about the visit of her friend Sandra. She told me that Sandra was a little taller than she was ("but better built, dammit!"), had ash blonde hair to the middle of her back ("and she's blonde 'down there', too!"), and "really, really cute!". I asked her when Sandra would be coming, and she said that she'd be there a couple weeks after school let out the following month. I could see her thinking about something, and she eventually told me that Sandra was probably her very best friend in the *whole world*, that they talked about **everything** - and she suddenly exclaimed "You know, I bet Sandra could be the one to help me learn about girls!". When I asked her what she was talking about, she blushed a little, and reminded me about what she'd said to me when she'd spent the night with me - about wondering about what it would be like to be intimate with another girl. I nodded in remembrance, and told her that I wished her good luck, and that if she wanted to talk to me about it, I'd be glad to do what I could to help her. She just smiled at that, and relaxed again on my lap.

With that out of her system, Robyn seemed content to just lay there, and enjoy the contact with me, without saying anything else. Finally, though, she said that she had some homework to do, and she wanted to get it done. At that, I let go of her breast and slid my hand out from under her shirt. She got up off my lap, and when we'd both stood up, put her arm around me while we walked toward the door. When we got there, I took her in my arms and gave her a gentle hug, telling her that I was glad she had come over. She smiled up at me, and after I'd opened the door for her and she'd started out, I gave her a swat on the backside, telling her to come over again when she could, earning me another view of her dimples.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, sometimes Robyn and other times her mother, would come over for visits. If it was Robyn, she'd come over when she got home from school; sometimes she'd just want to sit and watch me as I worked on my computer program; other times, she'd be in the mood for a little horseplay - or more correctly, HOSEplay: and more specifically, MY hose! She really did surprise me by some of the things that she suggested and did:

One time, she just said that she'd never seen a man masturbate, and asked if I'd do that for her. I said that I was willing, but that I'd like to have something to masturbate **about**; she took the hint, took off all her clothes, and sat at the other end of the couch from me as we watched each other 'do' ourselves. It was absolutely fascinating to watch how she would play with herself - softly stroking her clitoris, sliding her finger into her vagina then pulling it out and licking it off, and so on. When she finally came, the sight of the entrance to her vagina pulsating was enough to send me over the edge, too, shooting my load all over my belly - which Robyn thoughtfully licked up.

Other times, she'd be content to simply finger herself as she gave me a blowjob - she really did enjoy doing it, and it clearly turned her on; only rarely did she climax from that before I'd emptied my balls in her mouth.

Occasionally, she'd let me either simply masturbate her, or use my mouth and tongue and fingers to bring her to climax - often after I'd lubed her anus with her copious fluid and entered her with my finger or thumb.

When her mother came over, it was usually in the early evening, after the two of them had finished supper, and Robyn was working on her schoolwork. She and I would sit in the living room, talking about all kinds of things. Sometimes, she'd want my opinion on something Robyn had said or wanted, and I'd tell her - but always being careful to emphasize that I was an impartial observer, and that my opinions should be tempered by her own judgment.

Other times, she'd come over as soon as she'd changed clothes after getting home from work, and use me as a 'confessional' of sorts - telling me about the petty office politics, what things she'd done that she was proud of, how her boss had unjustly chewed her out about something (often accompanied by large amounts of snuffling and eye-leaking, causing me to break out a small towel for her) as I held her and comforted her. Not that I minded the holding and comforting of course, since she was an attractive and cuddlesome arm full; it was just that after she'd cried her woes out, she'd get all embarrassed and shy, and scoot to the other end of the couch.

A couple of times, Lucy invited me over to have dinner with them - once for a meal she'd that day (Sunday), made up of roast beef, mashed potatoes, carrots, and dinner rolls, with cheesecake for dessert; the other time, it was to join them in cooking hamburgers on the grill, with chips, baked beans, and corn on the cob to round out the meal. For that one, Lucy and I each had a few beers during the afternoon, with Robyn able to talk each of us into a few sips now and then; and by the time it got dark, we were both feeling mellow without being drunk. We went in to watch a video they'd rented (Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid, with Steve Martin, if it matters), and by the time it ended, it was all Robyn could do to stay awake, between all the food she'd eaten and the amount of beer she'd weaseled out of us. Lucy sent her off to bed while she and I stayed in their living room and chatted until quite late.

Finally, though, school was finished (much to Robyn's delight), and she started spending a lot of time at the pool in our apartment complex. I took advantage of an extended deadline for the project I was working on (not because of software, thankfully), and went over a few times to soak up a little sun, myself. I soon realized that Robyn could not only give a fish lessons on swimming, but look damn sexy in a bikini along the way. She seemed to delight in jumping in and out of the pool, so that the contrast of warm air and cool water made her nipples hard, and then coming over to me to ask some inane question or other as an excuse to show them to me - just to see the bulge in my swimsuit get a little larger each time she did it. I paid her back one afternoon, though, by waiting until she'd finally laid down to add to her tan, and standing over her with a cold Coke in

my hand, waiting for the cold condensation on the outside of it to drip right onto the middle of her back - making her give out a yell, and jump up (and leaving her undone bikini top on the lounge she'd been laying on). She quickly snatched it up and covered her breasts with it, but not before she got a few appreciative yells and applause for her little 'show', causing her no end of embarrassment.

About a week after the Robyn gave her little pool 'show', I was standing outside getting a little fresh air when her mother came home early (about 2:00) - rushing out of her car and over to me, almost yelling "I got it! I got it!" before throwing herself into my arms. She said it a few more times into my chest before pulling back from me a little bit, calming herself down a bit, and excitedly telling me that her boss had called her into his office that afternoon, and told her that she'd been given a promotion - and a \$5,000-a-year raise to go along with it. I congratulated her, told her that I'd known she'd get it, and pulled her back into my arms (hey - it was nice holding her like that!) and hugging her.

After a little bit, she freed herself again, and told me that after her boss had told her about the promotion, he congratulated her, and told her to take the rest of the day (Friday) off, to celebrate. She then went on to tell me that on the way out, she'd stopped only long enough to spread the news to a couple of her friends from work, and headed right home. I told her that I agreed that it was time to celebrate, and said that it would be my pleasure to take her out to dinner that night. She quickly agreed, and asked if Robyn was included. I said that Robyn probably had reason to celebrate it too, and that she was more than welcome to join us, or not, as her mother saw fit. Lucy smiled at me for that, and said that Robyn deserved a night out, too. Then she suddenly got all flustered, and said that she wasn't in any condition to be going out - I told her that dinner wasn't for a few more hours, and that she certainly had time to take care of whatever she needed to get ready. She agreed, and added that with the raise she was getting, she figured that she could afford to get a permanent and nice dress to wear, too. I asked her if Robyn would need anything, and she laughed, saying that she didn't think Robyn would object to going out and spending money on clothes with her. I told her that if she wanted to change clothes before going out, I would go over and tell Robyn that her mother was home and wanted to see her **right now**, and make it sound really serious. She laughed at the joke I was proposing, agreed, and headed into her apartment as I started over toward the pool.

When I got there, I did just as I'd said I would to Lucy - telling Robyn that her mother had come home early "in some kind of state, I tell you!", and wanted her to get home **RIGHT NOW** - it was **important**. Robyn got a real serious look on her face, quickly collected her things, and rushed home - fortunately before I started laughing at the trick I'd played on her.

I took my time going back to my apartment, and as I was getting close to the front door, Robyn came rushing out, ran up to me and hit me on the arm, saying "You **RAT**! That was a **terrible** thing to do to me!"; about that time, her mother came out (dressed in a light blouse and walking shorts - nice!) and started laughing. I couldn't help it, and started laughing along with her, and a bit later, Robyn joined in with us.

After we'd calmed down a bit, Lucy told Robyn that I'd offered to take them out to dinner to celebrate, and asking if she wanted to go with her to get her hair done and pick out something new to wear for the occasion. Robyn quickly agreed, and turned to me, saying "I'm sorry for hitting you, but that was *mean!*". I couldn't help but start to chuckle again, and told her that her mother had agreed to it - earning her mother a dirty look, which she accepted in good humor. Robyn then rubbed my arm where she'd hit me, apologized again, and started back toward her mother, who said that they'd better get going if they were going to get back in time. I told Lucy that I'd take care of the restaurant, she acknowledged it, and I heading into my apartment as they went into theirs. I quickly called my favorite restaurant (I was known there), and managed to get us reservations for 7:00. I went over to let Lucy and Robyn know when the reservations were for, and caught them just as they were heading out the door to go shopping. I let them know when our table was reserved, and when I'd pick them up before telling them I'd see them later as they headed for their car.

Once back in my apartment, I checked my best summer-weight suit, and decided that it could use a pressing; and after looking at myself in the mirror, that I could use a haircut, too, for the occasion. With that decided, I grabbed the suit and went out to my car, I knew where there was a cleaners near where I went for haircuts, and dropped the suit off with the request that it be pressed and ready to go in about an hour. It cost me a little extra, but I agreed, and went over to get my haircut. A little over an hour later, I was able to pick up my suit before going home.

I knew that I had plenty of time to get ready, so finished up a little code I'd been working on, and got it all saved. When the time came, I went in and took a quick shower, shaved (again), and got dressed, being extra careful to select one of my best ties to go along with the suit. Finally dressed a couple minutes early, I went over to see if Lucy and Robyn were ready. When I knocked at the door, Robyn answered it, but only by opening the door as far as the chain, which surprised me. She said that she and her mother were both ready, but that they wanted to surprise me, so she said that I should wait until I heard them call out before coming in. I was a little amused, and readily agreed. She closed the door, reminded me to wait, and I heard the door chain as she took it off. A few seconds later, I heard a faint "Okay - come on in!", and opened the door.

They weren't in the living room, so I figured that they must be back in one or the other of their bedrooms, and faced the hallway, telling them I was ready. I quickly found out, though, that I **wasn't** ready - at least, not for the two lovelies that came out to greet me. Robyn led the way, wearing a simple spaghetti-strap dress that came down to just above her knees, making her look a young 18. It was an off shade of white that served to accentuate both her coloration and tan, and was snug enough to let folks know that she was *definitely* female. She had her hair done up in one of those short braided-ponytail styles, which served to accentuate the slender gracefulness of her neck. She was only slightly made up - just enough to highlight her naturally-clear skin and complexion.

What followed, though, was almost enough to put my jaw on the floor - Lucy, dressed in a tight black strapless/sleeveless dress that hugged every curve she had as it flowed down

to just below her ass, where it loosened up enough to make a skirt that went on down to her ankles. It was slightly scooped down in the front, revealing a nice bit of cleavage - enough to look sexy without being trashy. Her hair was simply done - trimmed back a little, and combed and brushed until it gleamed like gold cascading down her back. She, too, had shown remarkable constraint in her use of cosmetics, adding only some blusher to her cheekbones, eyeliner, and a touch of pale red lipstick.

While I was standing there, enjoying the view (not a bra strap or panty line to be found!), they finished coming into the living room, separated a little, and each turned in a little circle for me, so that I could get the whole effect: Robyn's dress hugging her cute little ass; and Lucy's revealing that it was virtually backless, and how the color and texture of her hair next to it combined to make a singularly erotic and sensual sight.

At first, all I could do was just stand there; finally getting out a guttural "Whoooooooooah!", making both of them grin at me as I stood there looking like an idiot. It was Lucy that asked me how they looked; I collected my thoughts, and said "You two" - with deep conviction - "look like why the riot started.", making them both smile broadly, and Robyn to pipe up with "Well, it's nice to know we're having the desired effect!".

I assured them that if the desired effect was to have every man in viewing distance ready to start humping the furniture, it was working - quite well, thank you. That brought me another pair of smiles, and Lucy asked me if I was ready to go out, or if I wanted to just stand there looking at them for the rest of the night. When I answered her by starting "Well, if I really have a choice...." when she stopped me by laughing and saying "This time, no choice. Maybe next time!". I submitted to that, went over to them, and offered each of them an arm, which they took. Robyn looked me over and said "You look pretty good yourself, there, big boy...", making her mother laugh and nod her agreement. I escorted them outside, and after Lucy had locked the door, led them over to my Volvo 850, holding the doors open for both of them before coming around, getting in, and getting us on the way to the restaurant.

Once in the car and moving, I was pleased to notice that they had both put on the same perfume - not only because having them both wearing the same perfume meant no conflicting scents, but because it was very nice: faint, slightly floral with a vague hint of musk, and no 'sharpness' to it. Clearly, it wasn't something whipped up in a chemistry lab somewhere. I was only slightly disappointed when we finally got to the restaurant - it meant that my time alone with the two of them in the car was coming to a temporary end, but that I'd be the envy of every man that saw the two of them that night by having one of them on each arm.

The valet at the restaurant just barely managed to keep his attention on his job - and even then it was only after he'd let them out of the car and I'd come around to collect them from him that he finally realized that he had work to do. When we got into the restaurant, the headwaiter recognized me, and greeted me by name, earning me pleased looks from the two of them. He commented on the "lovely, delightful!" company that I had that night, and led us to one of the best tables in the house.

As we were moving along, I could almost *hear* all the eyeballs following us (okay, Lucy and Robyn!), and when the headwaiter and I held their chairs for them, every man in sight seemed to hold his breath as he watched them move with incredible grace and serenity as they sat down.

Almost instantly, the wine steward appeared, and I could hear the headwaiter whispering to him to take special care of us that night; a comment I heard him repeat to our waiter as he left us. I think that Lucy must have heard it, too, because she gave me a look of mixed awe and appreciation.

I asked Lucy if she minded if Robyn had some wine with us, and she said that she didn't. Then I asked her if she had any preferences; I could see that she was a bit flustered by the question, and said that if she didn't, then I'd be happy to make the selection. She smiled her agreement, and after looking over the list, ordered us a carafe of white wine to sip until we'd made our order. When the wine steward left, Lucy admitted to me that if it didn't come in a jug with a handle and have a screw-on cap, she didn't have the faintest idea of what kind of wine it was. I told her to relax, that it was a nice restaurant, and that there wasn't anyone there that was going to say or do anything to embarrass her.

She looked doubtful, and when the waiter came up and gave us our menus, I asked him if he would mind answering a personal question. He said that he would do his best, and I asked him if it were possible that one of the waiters or employees there had ever embarrassed a customer. He looked properly horrified, and said that he had never even **heard** of such a thing, and that if it ever happened there, the employee would be dismissed *instantly*. I pointed out that it sometimes happened that a customer would dine there, and possibly not be familiar with all the things that were involved in the enjoyment of such excellent cuisine. He thanked me for the compliment, and said that it was his job, as well as that of the rest of the staff, to not only provide the best service possible, but to assist *any* customer who was in need of such assistance, politely and quietly, without causing even the slightest offense or embarrassment to that customer. As he was finishing, the wine steward appeared with the wine I'd ordered, and soon we each had a glass of wine in front of us.

When the steward had left, I told the waiter that I understood what he'd been saying, and thanked him for his honesty and assistance before he left us to look over the menu.

After he'd gone, Lucy looked appreciably more relieved, and when Robyn wasn't discretely looking around in awe at the rest of the restaurant (and it's patrons), was looking at me as though I were some kind of minor deity. We looked over the menu, and when Robyn and Lucy told me what they thought they'd like to eat, I saw that they'd picked out things that were among the cheapest on the menu. I wanted to let them know that it was all right to order whatever they wanted, but without sounding as though I was bragging; I finally settled on changing the subject a bit, and telling them that I usually came to that restaurant 2 or 3 times a month, plus whenever I needed to take one of my clients out for lunch - but that because of my latest project, hadn't been able to come there for several weeks, and thanked them for giving me a much-needed excuse.

About that time, the headwaiter returned, and politely inquired as to how things were, adding that it had been "what, a month or more?" since he'd last seen me there - and that I was too valuable of a customer to stay away that long, finishing by saying that they had started to worry that something had been wrong during my last visit. I assured him that everything had been fine, and that my absence was due only to too much work. He sympathized, and I told him that my two lovely companions were there with me for a small celebration, and that were it not for them, I might still be at home. He thanked them profusely, and when I introduced them, bowed and kissed their hands - putting Robyn even farther into orbit, and almost embarrassing her mother. When he stood up again, he told me that if we were there to celebrate, he would see what the chef had to offer, and that our waiter would let us know. I thanked him, and he immediately headed toward the kitchen.

After he left, Lucy looked at me strangely, and asked just how much money I made working at home. I told her that while I wasn't going to be another Bill Gates, I was comfortable enough that I didn't have to worry about my few bills. I explained to her that I usually got called in on a project when the people running it were in **big** trouble, and that because of that, I generally got paid pretty well for meeting deadlines.

She asked me why I was driving a Volvo, and I simply told her that that was the car I liked - which she correctly understood to mean that I could have bought almost anything I wanted.

After that, I suggested that we have another look at the menu until the waiter came back, and a couple minutes later, when I checked with them again, they had been a lot less concerned about the price - they weren't mercenary enough to order the most expensive items on the menu, and had instead just decided on what sounded good to them.

We sat there sipping our wine for a few minutes before the waiter reappeared. He told us that the chef had gotten a small amount of particularly good squid, and wished to prepare some calamari to help us in our celebration. I said that it sounded delightful to me, and when I looked at Lucy, she agreed that she'd like to sample it, too. Robyn wasn't so sure that she was willing to eat an entire order of squid, so her mother said that she could try a couple of hers, and Robyn stayed with her (new) selection from the menu. The waiter bowed to her, said that he certainly understood, and left us again.

After the waiter left, the wine steward returned to bring us another carafe of wine, saying that he'd been told of our celebration and what the chef would be preparing for us, and that if I would permit his boldness, he would like to bring us a wine that he thought would be particularly good with our meal. I agreed, and he left us alone again.

As we waited for our meal we sat there and chatted to each other about all manner of things. Finally it got around to where, together, they told me how they'd talked out their differences, written down a set of Special Rules, and even been able to invoke those rules without causing offense to each other. They also admitted that they'd started opening up

to each other, and after comparing notes a little, concluded that I'd been the one that had made it possible for them to reach the point they were at now.

I was fortunately saved from further embarrassment by the arrival of our meal, and shortly after that, our wine. The wine steward went through the normal routine of opening it with a flourish (mildly impressing Robyn), and offering me the cork. I declined, telling him that I knew him to have impeccable taste (he bowed slightly at the compliment), and he poured us each a glass of it before setting the bottle aside, and left us to our meal.

Before we got too far into the meal, Robyn decided that she'd like to have a taste of the calamari, and when her mother discretely gave her one to sample, she got it into her mouth, chewed it a few times, and swallowed it, saying that it tasted okay, but she wasn't sure that she wanted any more of it - which seemed to suit her mother just fine!

As we were eating, we started chatting again, but now on a different subject than what I'd done or not done by talking to the two of them. By the time we'd finished our meal, most of the other patrons had left, and only a few of them had been replaced by new ones - the restaurant was only about half full. As we were sitting there, finishing off the last of the wine, the waiter returned and inquired as to whether or not we would like any dessert. Robyn was interested, but Lucy looked as though she couldn't quite make up her mind. I suspected that she was pretty full, and possibly a little concerned about the additional calories, and said that we were still savoring the meal - and please our thanks to the chef for such an excellent meal, would he? - and said that perhaps if he could come back in a bit we'd have decided. He assured us that there was no hurry, and that we could have all the time we wished, before leaving. I looked over at Robyn and told her "I can see that you'd like some dessert!", to which she gave me a mischievous smile, and turned to Lucy, asking her "How about you?". She smiled and said that she'd like to, but after such a delicious meal, didn't want to go home feeling heavy or over-full. I assured her that the desserts there would only affect her taste buds and not her stomach, but she still looked a little dubious.

When we got to the point where only bottoms of our wineglasses were wet, the waiter returned to ask us about dessert again. I said that I knew that the young lady was interested, and that I would like to have a look, as well. He smiled and nodded, returning in a few moments with the dessert cart. I saw Robyn's eyes start to get *real* big at first, but she quickly regained her dignity, and pretended as though she saw such things every day. She quickly decided on something that was made up of about 7 different kinds of chocolate, and the waiter wheeled the cart over to between me and Lucy. The waiter could see her eyeing a couple of things, and politely said that everything on the cart was made by their own dessert chef, and he would be deeply disappointed if such a lovely lady declined his offerings. That made her smile, and she finally settled on a small pastry while I selected an Italian ice. Before leaving, the waiter asked if we'd like some coffee - their own house blend, of course - to accompany our dessert? I agreed, and suggested that perhaps coffee would be a bit much for the young lady - he readily concurred, and suggested that perhaps she'd like a nice cup of **fresh** hot chocolate to go along with her dessert? Robyn quickly agreed, and as he was leaving, took the first bite of her dessert -

and her mother and I both got a chuckle at the look of pure bliss on her face when she got the full taste of it. It was mine and Robyn's turn to be amused when her mother started eating her pastry - as she chewed the first bite, her entire face seemed to light up in enjoyment. When she'd swallowed it, she turned to me and said "That's absolutely the lightest, most delicious thing I've ever tasted!". I told her that she would probably make the dessert chef's entire **week** if she would repeat that comment to the waiter, and she blushed a bit and said that he deserved it.

When the waiter came back with the coffee and hot chocolate, Lucy did repeat her opinion to him, causing the waiter to smile and say that the dessert chef would be delighted to know that he'd been able to please her so greatly - which made her blush slightly again.

We all took our time with our dessert, enjoying it as much as possible, and by the time we'd finished it, and our drinks, the restaurant had nearly emptied. Most of its regular patrons knew that it closed at 10:00 PM, and it was now a little before 9:00. When the waiter came back again, he asked us if there would be anything else. I asked Robyn if she'd like another cup of hot chocolate, and got an enthusiastic yes in reply; when I turned to Lucy, she said that the coffee was wonderful, but said that it was getting a bit late, and she didn't think she needed any more of it. The waiter told her that it was also available as decaffeinated - certainly with no loss of flavor! - and that we were their treasured customers and he would be delighted to serve us as long as we cared to stay. She gave in, and said that she would like another cup of coffee then, and confirmed with the waiter that she wanted decaf. When he turned to me, I simply told him that I would follow the lady's lead, and join her. He nodded, and headed off; returning a couple minutes later with another cup of hot chocolate for Robyn and coffee for me and Lucy, saying that he did not wish to disturb us as we enjoyed our coffee. I thanked him, and off he went again.

When we'd finished our drinks, I signaled to him that we were ready to leave, and he brought over the check. I looked it over, wrote in a nice tip for him, and put my American Express card on the tray. After he'd left, Lucy looked at me and said "That wasn't a Gold card, was it?", and I said that no, it wasn't. She said that it didn't look like the regular AE card, and I finally admitted that it was the platinum card.

Her eyes widened a bit at that, and even Robyn seemed to understand what was going on, because she gave me another one of her minor-deity looks.

When the waiter came back, I signed the receipt, and when I'd gotten my card and copy of the charge, he moved around to hold Robyn's chair for her as she got up, letting me attend to Lucy. When we were all standing, Robyn came around to stand on the other side of me from her mother, and the waiter came around behind her, stopping in front of us.

He bowed slightly and said that it was his pleasure to have had us as their guests that night; then he reached out first for Lucy's hand and then Robyn's, kissing them in turn before stepping aside to let us leave.

Lucy and Robyn fairly **glowed** as we headed toward the door; when we got to the front, the headwaiter approached, and said that it had gotten a bit cool out, and if I cared to wait inside a moment, the valet would have the car ready for us in just a moment. As we waited, he thanked me for coming back, and after saying that he hoped my next visit wouldn't take so long - "and do bring these two goddesses back with you - please!" winning him radiant smiles from both of them - and I assured him that it wouldn't, and that I would.

About then, the valet opened the door, and started to come in; but when he saw us standing there, stayed outside, holding the door for us, instead.

As we passed him, he said that he hoped we'd enjoyed our time with them and would return.

When we'd gotten into the car (which didn't take too long; it really had turned cool), both Lucy and Robyn emitted sighs of pure contentment as I pulled away from the curb. All during the ride home, they talked about all they'd seen, and how lovely everything was, and "did you **see** that....", and so on. As I turned onto the street to our apartment complex, Lucy looked at me as thanked me for making her promotion something she'd remember for a good, long time; and prompting Robyn to chime in with her own expression of appreciation. I told them that it really had been my pleasure, telling them that I'd been the envy of every man who saw the three of us that night. The both giggled a little at that, just as I pulled into the parking lot of our apartment complex.

When I'd pulled into my parking space in front of my apartment, and we'd gotten out, somebody came toward us from the shadows, surprising the hell out of us. When they got closer, we could see that it was a teenager, and that not only was he pretty ragged-looking, but appeared to be high on something. When he got close, he stopped, and asked me for a couple dollars. I told him I didn't think so, and he said that if I didn't give it to him, he'd *take* it from me. I guided Lucy and Robyn to stand behind me a little, and they stepped back even more on their own. I told the kid that if he tried to take money from me, he'd be sorry when I didn't kill him. That kind of surprised him, and he said that he had a knife, and he'd use it. My response was that in that case, not only would he be sorry that I hadn't killed him, but that he'd find himself in the jail ward of the hospital, too. That seemed to get through to him a little, and when he realized that not only wasn't I afraid of him, but that he might actually get hurt himself if he tried anything, he decided to try the pickings elsewhere - heading off away from us and the apartment complex. When he'd gotten a hundred yards away, or so, both Robyn and Lucy came up to me and wrapped their arms around me. When I put my arms around them, I could feel them shaking from both fear and their sobbing.

I softly assured them that there wasn't anything to worry about, and that it was all over, and that nothing was going to happen. After a couple minutes, they'd gotten themselves together again, and we went into their apartment.

When we got inside, Robyn said that she was exhausted, and was going to go to bed. She heading down the hallway toward her bedroom, leaving me with her mother in the living room. We kind of stood there, awkwardly, for a minute when she said that as much as she liked dressing up to go out, the clothes were never really meant to really be comfortable in. I laughed in reply, and admitted that I was a lot more comfortable in jeans and sports shirts, myself. She asked if I'd mind if she went in to change, and I suggested to her that if *she* didn't mind, I'd go back to my place to change, too, and be right back. She thought about it for a moment, and said that rather than us keeping Robyn awake, maybe it would be better if she came over to my apartment, instead. I agreed, and let myself out as she was heading back to her bedroom.

I got changed and had hung my suit back up when I heard Lucy knocking at the door. I opened the door for her, and found her standing there in the too-small T-shirt and frayed jeans I'd seen her in before.

And it was obvious that she thought the temperatures out were a little cool, because I could see her nipples poking out the front of the shirt.

I quickly invited her in, and asked her if she'd like something to drink. She said that a Coke would be fine, and after a couple moments, asked if I had anything to put in it - saying that she still felt a little shaky from the little encounter outside. I told her I had some rum, and she said that was fine, make it a strong one. I warned her that it was 151, and she said that was even better, and she still wanted a strong one.

I filled a water glass about half full of rum, dropped in a single ice cube, and filled the glass the rest of the way with part of a can of Coke; then opened a can of Coke for myself, and went into the living room.

She was sitting at one end of the couch with her legs under her again, and I handed her the glass and the rest of 'her' can of Coke. She felt how much was left in the can, gave me a curious look, and took a big swallow from the glass - and promptly started gasping. When she'd caught her breath again, said "I said 'strong', not *lethal*!", and laughed a little bit. I laughed back, and reminded her that I'd warned her it was 151, and besides, she could add more Coke to it, and start thinning it down. She took another - smaller - swallow from the glass, promptly filled it back up from her Coke, and asked me if I wasn't nervous about what had happened outside. I told her that I wasn't since it really hadn't been anything too serious. She looked surprised at that, and said that it had seemed pretty serious to her. I replied by telling her that it wasn't as bad as it might have looked: the kid was young, obviously stoned on something, and if she looked close, she could have seen that he wasn't in very good shape, either. She thought about that for a second, and said "Yeah. But he still had a knife!". I pointed out that he hadn't **shown** a knife, so it was only the word of a stoned thief that there was one, and that even if he did have one, he was still both young and stoned. She asked "But he still might have hurt you!", and I told her that I didn't think he could have hurt me unless I'd gotten real clumsy or did something real stupid.

She asked what I meant, and I had to explain to her a little bit about some of the things that I'd done in the military, and some of the places I'd found myself even after I'd gotten out, taking up the better part of an hour. She seemed to understand that I'd left a bit of it out, but seemed to also understand that I'd have been fully able to deal with the twit if he'd been stupid enough to continue.

Then she shivered a little bit, and said "Between remembering that, and how cool it is out there, I'm feeling a little chilly". I told her that if she liked, I'd be glad to get her a blanket to wrap around herself, and she said that a blanket would be too hot, and a moment later, asked if I'd mind if she sat next to me, instead. I told her that I'd made it a point to never object to having skimpily-dressed pretty girls sit next to me, and she gave me a little laugh, saying "Great! But first, I've got to get rid of some of that wine from the restaurant". I told her that I figured she could figure out where the bathroom was, getting me a smile and a nod before she got up and headed that direction.

A couple minutes later, she came back in, and had me twist around a little on the couch, so that she could nestle herself into the crook of my arm next to my shoulder. I had my arm resting on the back of the couch, and when she'd gotten herself situated, she reached up and pulled my arm down around her shoulders, holding my hand in hers. When she was comfortable, she said "You know, it's been **years** sit I was able to just sit and snuggle up next to a man like this - I'd forgotten just how nice it could feel." I thanked her for the compliment, and told her that it felt pretty good for me, too.

We sat there like that for several minutes, both of us comfortable just to have the physical contact and closeness of another human being next to us, before she looked up at me and said "You know, when you first moved in, I thought you were kind of a nerdy bum, spending almost all your time inside your apartment. Then after we talked outside that day, I realized that there was more to you than what I first thought. Then when Robyn got interested in your computer, and started coming over to visit you, I worried that you might be some kind of pervert or something and try to molest her. When I got back from my trip, I was worried that you had somehow gotten her into bed with you. It was only when I came over to apologize to you and we had a chance to talk a little more that I realized just how much there was to you; and when you started helping me and Robyn out with our problems, it only made me understand just how thoughtful and smart you are. Tonight, when we went to the restaurant, I started to see how considerate and polite you are, but I still thought you were a little wimpy. I mean, after the way I acted around you, and showing myself off to you - yes, I did it on purpose! - you still didn't try to grope me or hit on me or anything else; I even wondered if you were gay, until I saw the way you looked at me in this outfit! But after the way you handled that creep outside, and hearing about what you've done, I don't think that you're the slightest bit wimpy! I just don't understand how a man can be both as calm and patient as you are, and have the guts to stand up to a punk like that". I laughingly told her that I was glad to hear that **somebody** had a good opinion of me, and she jabbed me in the ribs with her elbow, saying "I'm serious, dammit!". I got serious too, then, and asked her why she thought that a man couldn't be both gentle and masculine at the same time. She thought about it for a bit, and finally said "I suppose that there really isn't any reason why he couldn't - it's just

that I've never really seen it before, and don't quite understand it". I told her that I thought that there really wasn't any contradiction to it at all - only perhaps that it *might* be a little unusual, which she answered with an "and how!". I continued by saying that after my experiences, I really didn't figure that there was anything I needed to fear physically, and the conquering of that fear had given me a certain sense of tranquility that made it easier to deal with other concerns. I told her that I wasn't immune to pain or disease, that I still suffered the same kinds of maladies that affected everyone else, that I still felt love and anger and all the rest - it was just that my experience had taught me how to deal with those things in a way that worked for **me**.

She responded to that by asking me if I still felt desire, too; I answered that no matter what else she might think of me, I was still human, and still a man, and most certainly did feel desire. With that, she pulled my hand down a little farther, pulled her T-shirt out away from her body, and tucked my hand down the front of it, placing it securely on her left breast, saying "like now?". I could feel her nipple hardening under my hand, and told her "like even *before* now, when I saw you for the first time in your blouse and shorts, and earlier tonight, when I saw the dress you'd bought and how you'd made yourself up", and started softly squeezing her breast, and rolling her nipple around in my palm. She looked up at me and asked "Did you notice Robyn, too?", and I told her that I'd noticed BOTH of them, which she followed by asking "Did you know that she'd got a crush on you?". I simply told her "Well, I *have* noticed that she seems to have a pretty high opinion of me...", which earned me a snort from Lucy. She then told me "She's got more than just a high opinion of you. I think if you gave her half a chance, she'd hop into your bed and do her damndest to screw you silly!"; I was a little worried about the direction the conversation was going, and asked her "Are you suggesting that I take her up on it? Or telling me that if I did, you'd have my nuts to hang on your car mirror?", which got me a brief laugh before she answered "I'm **not** suggesting it - though I think she could do a whole helluva lot worse for her first time," - (Phew! I thought to myself) - "and if she DID pick you for her first, I don't know if I'd want to know about it, or not." - (yay!) - "I do know that if I found out you'd been with her, I wouldn't want to do anything to either one of you - I love her too much, and I've gotten to the point where I wouldn't want anything to happen to you, either".

I asked her "You just said that you didn't know if you'd want to hear about it if Robyn and I did start making love. Why not?", and after a couple of hesitations, she whispered "Because I think I'd be jealous of her". I'd expected some other answer, and when I looked down at her, saw that she was looking up at me with fear in her eyes - as though she expected me to jump up and run away from her, or something. I smiled at her, to reassure her, and told her that I didn't think that she would have anything to be jealous about, either from me, OR Robyn - not that she had anything to worry about (technically true - Robyn and I weren't taking any chances of her getting pregnant, and I figured that after what Lucy had just said, my character wasn't a concern to her, either). She gave me a questioning look, and I elaborated by telling her that what I felt toward Robyn was something completely different than what I could feel toward her. She got a little bit of a surprised look on her face, and I told her "Yes, I'm saying that I most certainly could feel more toward you than what your average Next Door Neighbor might. You're intelligent,

attractive, you've got enough sense to listen when somebody tells you something, you've got enough intuition or whatever that you don't need everything explained to you, you don't whine or snivel about everything that happens in your life, you've got more guts or nerve or whatever than nearly all the women I've ever met, sexy as hell, and you cuddle up next to me real well, to boot!". That last part kind of caught her by surprise, and made her smile up at me. I continued by telling her "What I feel toward Robyn is probably something between what a father and uncle would, with a little lechery tossed in. Yes, I admit that I've thought a few times about what it would be like to have Robyn in bed with me - and I expect that any man with hair on his balls that isn't either dead or gay has had the same thoughts. That does NOT mean that I would do anything to coerce her, or entice her, or follow up on those thoughts, though. If Robyn threw herself at me, I'd be flattered, and I'd probably catch her - and give her several chances to change her mind before anything permanent happened." - again, all technically true; just the time tenses were a bit backward - "Hell, if she kept at it, I might even give some pretty serious thought to taking her up on it. But even then, what I'd feel toward Robyn, sexy as hell though she may be, would be completely different from what I'd feel toward a full-grown adult woman".

She asked me what I meant, and it was my turn to give *her* a little bit of a reproachful look, saying "I didn't think I'd have to explain that part to you. When you were married, you loved your husband, at least at first, didn't you?" - she nodded - "And when Robyn came along, you loved her, too?" - another nod - "Didn't you love them both, but in different ways?". She answered me by saying "I knew what that meant to *me*, I just wanted to know if it meant the same thing to you; and from what you just said, I know that it does. I also noticed the way you described me, and that the 'attractive' part was the **second** thing you mentioned, and that everything else came before the 'sexy' part. Is that really the way you think?". I told her that I appreciated a pretty, sexy girl as much as anyone else, but that I also understood that physical beauty faded with time - though not memory - and that sexiness was something that a person *could* exercise, and choose to control to some degree; and that they were the ones that seemed to be the basis for most of the long-lasting marriages I'd ever seen and heard about.

With that, she pulled my hand out of her T-shirt, and asked me if my offer of a blanket was still good. I said that it was, and she asked me to get it, please, sliding a little away from me so that I could get up.

While I was up to get the blanket, I also took advantage of the opportunity to recycle some of the wine and such that I'd had over the evening; and when I returned, Lucy was sitting a little farther away on the couch than she'd been when I'd left her. I opened it up a bit, she gestured that she wanted me to sit down first, when I had, she told me to scoot over next to her, so I did. When I was comfortable, she stood up on the couch, took a step over me, and turned herself so that she was facing me before sitting down on my lap with her legs on either side of me. Once she got herself situated, she surprised me by reaching down and pulling her T-shirt up over her head, revealing her firm breasts with their dark pink areolas and nipples, which were slightly erect. When she gave her hair a little shake,

it nearly gave me eyestrain watching the way her firm breasts moved around on her chest; the whole thing was repeated when she tossed the T-shirt off to the side. When she turned back to me, she said "I've been thinking about you ever since you came over to pick us up for dinner. I was a little afraid of you after the way you chased off that kid, but after sitting her next to you, and hearing the way you think about things, I know that I want to get to know you better - a LOT better. I suppose that I could have played the little games that other women like to play when they're interested in a man, but I don't like them; and from what you've said, I don't think you like them, either. You seem like a pretty straight-ahead kind of guy, even if you are polite and thoughtful about it. From what you've said, I don't think that you're going to try and hustle me into bed as fast as you can; in fact, I think that if or when we wind up sleeping together will depend on me, not you. It's been too damn long since I was with a man last - since my divorce, in fact - and I'm both scared spitless at the idea that you might not like me, and excited as hell at the idea that you will. I think you want to get to know me better, too, but don't want to push me or lead me on about it. I know that I like you a lot, and think that maybe I'm falling in love with you, and it scares me not knowing how you feel, really. It felt **good** sitting next to you like that, with no TV going, and no need to say anything, and I want to feel that way again, and more; and the way you held my tit in your hand without trying to grope me all over, and just being content with a little intimacy like that without trying to crawl all over me made me happier than I've felt in a long time. I've never done anything like this before, and I'm scared, and I wish I could just stop blabbering like this, and **HOLD** me, dammit!". With that, she started to cry, and I pulled her up against me, with her head on my shoulder, pulling the blanket over the two of us. While she shook, and leaked and blubbered and sniffled, I held her against me, softly stroking and patting her back, telling her that it was OK, I understood, and making other comforting noises.

After about 10 minutes, she'd started to calm down again; though she was still crying, she wasn't going through the gasping-for-air kind of breathing, and her body wasn't shaking from her sobbing. A couple of minutes later, she pulled back from me a little bit, and said "Oh, GOD, look at me. I must look like a mess, and I've probably embarrassed you and made a complete fool of myself.", while hanging her head down and sniffing from having to blow her runny nose. I put my hand under her chin, and lifted her head a bit, so that she could see that I was looking directly into her eyes, and see the understanding and sympathy in *my* eyes. I undid the buttons on my shirt, pulled it off, and handed it to her, saying "Here. Blow.", as though she were a small child, and making her smile through her tears. She started to shake her head, and I teasingly told her "I'm gonna have to wash it anyway, now, so you might as well get some more use out of it!", making her laugh a little. She finally took it, blew her nose on it; when she was done, I exaggerated taking it from her by the corner and holding it well clear of myself, tossing it past the end of the couch, making her laugh again. When she looked at me again, I held her face in my hands, and told her "It's pretty obvious that was tough for you - and I'm glad that you had the courage to say the things you did. Yes, I *do* like you - a lot, I think - and I **WOULD** like to get to know you better. You're right that I'm not going to push or tease or anything else to try and get you to sleep with me. I don't think you were stupid or anything like that - I don't see anything wrong with **any** honest emotion, as long as it isn't hurtful. I'm flattered that you think enough of me to be willing to open yourself up to me that way,

and I hope that I can be deserving of the trust you've shown me. You're right that I don't like the kinds of little games that most women play, and I'm glad that you don't like them, either. I enjoyed having you next to me, too, and I don't want for it to stop, either; and I hope that we can become close enough that we can have more than just snuggling next to each other on the couch. I don't know if what we have now can turn into more, or not; I hope that it can, and now that I know you want to find out, too, I'm going to help us find out. If it doesn't work out, for whatever reason, then we can both know that it wasn't because of any kind of 'defect' in either of us. Your face is puffy, your eyes are red, your nose is still runny, and I still think you're lovely. Now quit worrying about things that haven't happened yet or may never happen, and let me hold you", pulling her back next to me.

At that, I could see the tension and fear drain out of her, and she gladly rested her head on my shoulder again while I pulled the blanket around us. We sat like that for several more minutes before she started wiggling around on my lap. When I asked her what the problem was, she admitted that her legs were starting to cramp up a little. I asked her if she wanted us to lay down, and when she pulled away from me to look in my eyes, saw that I was only offering to help her get comfortable, and no more. She nodded, and after she stood up, I laid down on the couch on my back, and she quickly laid down on her stomach on top of me with her legs on either side of mine, pulling the blanket she'd been holding over us. As her weight came to rest on me, I made a fake groaning-pain noise; she raised herself up a little, and poked me in the side, saying "I know I'm not that heavy, you stinker!". I laughed, and told her she was right - and adding that I thought she 'felt just fine'. Since I had my arms around her, and was softly and slowly stroking her from her shoulders down to the top of her shorts, she caught the joke, and laughed with me before lowering herself again and snuggling her head into my shoulder.

We laid there like that for quite a while; I was just starting to drift off to sleep when I felt her move above me as she raised herself up. She smiled at me, and said that she wished she could stay there like that all night, but that she thought Robyn might get a little worried if she wasn't there in the morning. I told her "I wish you could stay, too, but I think you're right about Robyn". She gave me a little smile of regret, and after looking into my eyes for a few moments, lowered her head and kissed me. I kissed her back, and after only a few moments, the temperature of the kiss had risen dramatically - my penis was starting to get hard, and I could feel her stiffening nipples where they were pressing against me. When the kiss finally broke, she said "Wow! I think if I don't get out of here now, I might not get out of here at all!"; I answered her by saying "If you must, you must...", and making a big show of wiping a pretend tear from my eye. She understood that I was only showing my regret that she had to leave, and laughed at my exaggerated show of sorrow. Then she got up, and dropped the blanket on me, giving me another wonderful show as her breasts jiggled slightly. She saw where I was looking, and asked me "You don't think they're too small?".

I smiled at her, and told her that I thought they were just the right size for her, and couldn't imagine her with them any larger or smaller. She curtsied at the comment, giving me another show, and bent over to pick up her T-shirt to put it on. When she leaned over,

I could see how her breasts moved on her chest without becoming deformed; and when she pulled the shirt over her head, they only flattened a little in response to her raising her arms. I got up then, and went with her to the door, where we shared another incendiary kiss before she left to go back to her apartment.

When I went to bed, it was quite some time before I was able to get to sleep.

It was late the next morning when Robyn came over, telling me that she and her mother were heading over to the swimming pool, and asking if I wanted to come along. I welcomed the chance to see both of them in swimsuits, and a quickly agreed.

When I got to the pool, I saw that they'd gotten there ahead of me, but apparently by only a minute or so - Lucy was wearing a smallish bikini that hugged her ass as though it had been painted on, and a halter top that was just barely enough to beat the local laws on indecency. She was busy spreading a beach towel on a reclining pool chair, and Robyn was in her customary bikini, as well, sticking her toe in the pool to check it's temperature. When Lucy finished getting the towel situated to suit herself, she stood up and turned around, seeing me for the first time. I gestured toward her, indicating her suit, and made a "hot enough to burn" gesture with my hand as I walked toward her. When I got up to her, she said "I thought you might like to see what you missed out on last night-", and I teased her by saying "I missed out on something? What? When? Where?". She poked me in the ribs, and said "I can see that I missed out on something, too!", gesturing toward the bulge of my swimsuit.

About that time, we were interrupted by a big splash, shortly followed by a minor rainstorm of pool water - apparently, Robyn had taken the opportunity to do a 'cannonball' into the pool at the end nearest us.

I gestured toward the pool, and said "I think that was our cue to join in.", Lucy nodded her agreement, and I called out "Last one in is a rotten egg!" before making a mad dash for the pool. It caught her completely unaware, and it was a couple of seconds before she started after me, giving me the chance to dive into the pool just ahead of her.

The three of us splashed around in the pool for a good half hour; it was really a pleasant experience to be the center of attention of two well-build lovelies in bikinis. Robyn, as noted before, was an excellent swimmer; Lucy was doing a pretty good job, too. Somehow, I managed not to let myself drown - mostly.

Finally, though Lucy and I were starting to get tired, and got out of the pool to go and lay on the pool chairs. As we laid there soaking up the sun, Robyn continued to splash around in the pool, and make dives off the diving board. A while later, Robyn got tired as well, and came over to lay down with us. She started talking about how much she'd enjoyed dinner the night before. She finished up by saying that when she told Sandra about it, she'd be "soooooo jealous!". At the mention of Sandra, Lucy started a bit, and said that she'd almost forgotten to tell Robyn that Sandra was going to be coming to visit earlier than expected - that she'd be arriving the following Thursday, in fact. Robyn

almost screamed in happiness at that, and started dancing around the pool - I looked over at Lucy, and she rolled her eyes at me, indicating that she thought that perhaps Robyn had lost her mind. I laughed, and told her "Remember what you said about another girl not being that much more trouble?", and she stuck her tongue out at me in reply, laughing when I made a kissing motion at it.

By this time, Robyn had worked her way back around to us, and flopped down on her chair again. When I turned to look at her, she gave me a Significant Look, and said "I'm going to be **so glad** when she finally gets here! I'm sure we're going to have so much fun!".

When some other people showed up for a dip in the pool, Robyn got back up, and joined their kids in some game whose rules wouldn't make a lot of sense to any adult, and involved a lot of splashing and swimming.

Lucy and I stayed out in the sun, and after a bit, she got up and moved her chair closer to me, so that we could hold hands as we sunbathed. When she asked me if I'd put some sun block on her, it was all she could do not to laugh out loud when I asked "Can I use my tongue?". She handed me the lotion, and I started spreading it out on her shoulders. As I worked my way down her back, she kind of wiggled her hips, and when I got down to her suit bottom, started easing my hand under the edge of it as I smeared the lotion around. After she'd let me get my hand completely under her suit bottom, and give her ass a nice massage with the lotion, she turned over, and I could see that her nipples were erect, and poking through her top. She said "Do my front, too?", and laughed softly when I replied "I'd die to!". I moved around so that my body was blocking her from the view of the other people, and as I applied the lotion to her, used the opportunity to slide my hands under her top and play with her breasts, making her nipples even harder. I couldn't spend too much time there, though, and I'm sure she was as sorry as I was when I slid along the chair, and started applying the lotion to her belly. She quickly perked up, though, as I allowed my hands to dip under her suit bottoms, and brush across her soft bush; and briefly slide across the outside of her vagina, pausing to give her clitoris brief little rubs. I still didn't want to draw attention to us, though, and didn't carry on like that for any longer than I dared. I could see a combination of relief and disappointment in her eyes, though, when I finally stopped. When I stood up, she could see that my penis had hardened considerably, and with a mischievous look in her eye, asked if I'd like her to 'do' me, too. I caught the meaning, and said "Sure - I'd love it!". She had me lay down on my stomach first, and almost duplicated what I'd done to her: first applying the lotion to my shoulders, and when she'd gotten to my lower back, taking the opportunity to slide her hands under my swim trunks and squeeze my ass. When she was done with my back, she had me turn over - careful to keep herself between me and the other people, so that the couldn't see my erection - and started on my front. When she got down to my belly, she didn't even hesitate to slide her hands under the waistband of my suit and start rubbing my erect cock, and slide her hand even further inside to caress my balls.

She, too, understood the need to make it look innocent though, and soon finished applying the lotion, letting me turn back over onto my stomach to keep my erection from becoming obvious to the other people.

When she'd laid back down on her chair, she turned her head toward me, and said "You know, that has got to be the most erotic, sexiest thing I've ever experienced - what you did to me, and what I did to you; right out here in front of all these other people!". I smiled at her, and told her "That's one of the nice things about sensuality: it can be an aphrodisiac all on it's own."; she nodded her understanding, and with a gleam in her eye said "With stuff like that to encourage me, I don't think it's going to take as long as I'd thought!", meaning her wish for us to become intimate. I smiled in return, and took hold of her hand as we laid there for another couple of hours before heading back to our respective apartments hand in hand, leaving Robyn playing in the pool.

About 5:00, Robyn's mother, Lucy, stopped by to tell me that she had to go do her grocery shopping, and ask me to keep an eye on Robyn while she was gone.

5:30, or so, Robyn came over and asked where her mother had gone, and after I told her, asked if she could use my shower to rinse the chlorine and such from the pool off. I said "Sure, go ahead", and didn't any more than have the words out of my mouth than she had pulled her bikini top off, and started tugging her bikini bottoms down, right there in front of me. I wasn't disappointed by this, of course, but it still surprised me a bit. With a wicked little smile on her face, Robyn headed in to take a shower, wiggling her cute butt at me the whole time.

I heard the shower shut off a few minutes later, and shortly after that, Robyn calling to me, asking me to bring her a towel. I got one, and when I started to hand it in to her, she grabbed my wrist, and pulled me into the bathroom with her. She asked me "What's the matter? Don't you want to spend any more time with me?". I assured her that I most certainly did, but that I didn't think that we had enough time to really have any fun before her mother got back. She asked when her mother had left, and when I told her, said that her mother almost always took an hour to do the shopping, even though the grocery store was only a couple of blocks away - and then added that she figured we had another 15 minutes, anyway. With that, she leaned back against the sink, spread her legs, and started caressing her clitoris and the outside of her vagina; in just a few seconds, I could see her vaginal lips were extended, and her clit was starting to show itself, as well. I could also see that the excitement and cool air had hardened her breasts, making her nipples stand up like little volcanoes.

My cock started getting hard, and when she saw the bulge in my pants, stopped what she was doing, dropped to her knees, and started unfastening my belt. Realizing that we didn't have much time, I pushed her hands away, and started unhooking my belt myself; she used the opportunity to unzip my pants, and when my belt was free, unfasten them and pull them down to my knees. With only my underwear left, she quickly reached up and pulled the front of them down, so that they were 'latched' under my balls, opened her mouth, and sucked my entire penis in. When she started moving her head back and forth,

and massaging my cock with her tongue, it wasn't long before I had gotten hard enough that she couldn't keep the whole thing in her mouth; settling instead on sucking me in far enough that the head of my erection softly hit the back of her throat on each inward stroke. After just a couple minutes, though, she stopped, and looked up at me saying "I'm still on my period, so we can't do any more". I nodded my understanding, and she promptly went back to sucking my still-wet cock, and rubbing different parts of it with her tongue when she had most of it in her mouth. When she had me almost entirely in her mouth, it felt like I was plugged into a vacuum cleaner, and it wasn't too long before I could feel myself getting ready to cum. She seemed to sense it, too, and started cupping my balls and gently stroking and squeezing them as she continued to blow me. With that added incentive, it was only a couple minutes more before I started shooting wad after wad of hot cum into her eagerly sucking mouth, watching her cheeks bulge with each spasm, and her throat move as she swallowed it as fast as she could. Even after I had shot the last drop of my sperm into her eager mouth, she continued to suck and lick on my penis, cleaning it - only when I had softened again did she release my penis from her lips. I reached down, and pulled her to a standing position, and then suggested to her that she should sit on the edge of the sink; when she did, I gently nudged her legs apart, and moved down to start licking her vaginal lips and sucking on her clitoris. Sucking my dick still seemed to turn her on, and it wasn't long before her fluids were almost running out of her, and she was moaning and hunching her crotch up against my face as I slid my tongue into her vagina. When I used some of her lubrication that had run down the crack of her ass to wet my finger and slide it into her little pink rosebud, she started moaning even more, and when I started sliding my finger in and out of her ass in time with the sucking I was doing on her clitoris, she finally went over the edge, and climaxing. As I felt her spasms on my finger, I would twist it inside her and rub her clitoris, adding to the intensity of it for her, and making her orgasm last even longer. Finally, though, her climax started to dwindle, and when I stood up to pull up my underwear and pants, she was barely able to stand after sliding off the sink.

I moved over and held her for a bit, until she could (almost literally) get her legs under her, and when she could stand, I handed her bikini - and 'helping' her as she put it on (making sure the cups fit, smoothing the bottoms across her ass and mons, and so on), which made her giggle.

After she had her suit on again, and properly adjusted, we went back into the living room and sat down next to each other on the couch. She started looking at me strangely, and finally said "You and my mom like each other, don't you?". I admitted that we did, and she asked me "Do you think you're going to sleep with her?".

That kind of surprised me (but not much - I was starting to understand Robyn a bit), and I told her that I wasn't sure - that right then, her mother and I were just learning about each other's habits and personalities, and that I really didn't know for certain one way or the other if we'd be intimate with each other. Robyn DID manage to surprise me when she said "Well, I hope the two of you do start sleeping together - I love you both, and I know Mom has been real lonely since she and Daddy got divorced". I asked her if she wouldn't be jealous or anything, and she gave me an impish smile and said "Well, a little, maybe -

but as long as you don't forget about me, not too much". About that time, we heard her mother's car pull up, and Robyn went out to help her mother carry in the groceries.

A little later, Lucy came over and told me that I was invited over to their place for supper - she'd bought some steaks, and was making steaks and baked potatoes for all of us. I agreed, and asked her if she wanted me to bring anything - her reply was "just the beer!" before she left again.

About 15 minutes later, I grabbed a 6-pack from the fridge, and went over - finding that Robyn had changed out of her swimsuit and into a pair of the tightest shorts I'd ever seen and a man's sleeveless undershirt that had been cut off at about her belly so that it literally hung down from the ends of her breasts. Lucy had changed too, into her frayed cutoffs and light buttoned blouse.

As the potatoes baked, we sat around a bit, Lucy and I drinking beer, with Robyn taking the opportunity to beg swallows from us while Lucy and I chatted about different things. About the time we finished the first beer, it was time to start the steaks broiling, so Lucy took care of that while I collected us each another beer - and asking her if she'd mind if I gave Robyn one of her own. Lucy laughed at that, and agreed - Robyn was quite delighted when I got back into the living room and handed her a beer with an explanation. A few moments later, Lucy joined us, saying that the steaks would be ready in a while, and adding that while she was out, she'd stopped off at the video store and rented a movie for us to watch - and giving me a Significant Look. We all continued to talk about a variety of things until the steaks were done, pausing only when Lucy got up to go in and turn them over.

When they were ready, we all trooped into the kitchen and got our plates ready. Lucy told me that she hoped the steak for me was large enough, but that she'd gotten smaller ones so that we all "wouldn't feel too 'log-y' after we finished". I said that it was just fine, as did Robyn. We all moved over to the dining table, and enjoyed our meal - steak, baked potato, corn, and rolls.

After we'd finished, I helped Lucy carry the dishes back into the kitchen, and then stayed to help her as she washed them and the other items that were ready - she washed and I dried, while Robyn went into her bedroom.

With the dinner dishes done, Lucy and I went back into the living room after collecting ourselves another beer, and were soon joined by Robyn, who had changed into a nightdress - a **very** lightweight nightdress, that did a pretty good job of suggesting what was under it. She got a stern look from her mother, but no comments; I simply looked at her and raised my eyebrows. Robyn went over and sat in a large reclining chair they had, and Lucy led me over to sit on the couch with her. We had just sat down when she stood up again, saying "I almost forgot about the movie!" before going over to the TV and putting a videocassette into the VCR. Before she turned the TV and VCR on, though, she turned and asked Robyn to open the windows a little, and let some fresh air into the apartment. She waited until Robyn was back in the chair before turning on the TV and

VCR and starting the movie. She came back over to where I was sitting, and gestured me to move over a little; when I did, she sat next to me, pulled her legs up under herself, and leaned against me while pulling my arm around her.

When I looked over at Robyn, I could see that she had watched all of that, and was simply smiling; when she saw that I was looking at her, smiled even more, and nodded her head that it was okay. I smiled back, and turned to watch the movie: Last Tango in Paris.

After about half an hour of the movie, Lucy said that she was feeling a bit cold. I asked her if she wanted the windows closed, and she asked Robyn if *she* was cold. Robyn said 'no', so Lucy told me that there should be a comforter at the end of the couch, and that if I'd hand it to her, she'd just use it. I found it where she'd said, and helped her spread it out and cover up with it. When she'd gotten it arranged to her satisfaction, she reached over, and pulled my hand and forearm under it, laying them across her lower belly. Then, hidden by the comforter, unbuttoned her blouse, and pulling my hand up to hold her breast. As we watched the movie, she would sometimes squeeze my hand, indicating to me that she wanted me to play with her breasts and nipples; always a gentleman, I readily complied.

When the movie ended, I casually pulled my hand away, and Lucy discretely buttoned her blouse again. She threw the comforter back and stood up, then asking me if I had a VCR. I told her I did, and she said that she'd also gotten a couple of other tapes the video store, as well. She turned to Robyn and said that she'd rented some teeny-bopper movie or other that Robyn had been after her about. Robyn was ecstatic about that, and I asked Lucy what the other movie was. She gave me a secretive smile, and said that I'd find out in a bit. She turned back to Robyn and said that she (Robyn) could stay up to watch 'her' movie, if she wanted, but that she'd have to do it there at home, and go to bed **immediately** after it was over. When Robyn asked where she (Lucy) would be, Lucy replied that she had no interest in watching Robyn's movie, and that she and I would be going over to my place to watch the other movie. When Robyn asked what we'd be watching, her mother said "That's not important. Do you want to watch your movie, here, or not?" - Robyn quickly acquiesced. Lucy then told Robyn that when she was done watching her movie, she should rewind BOTH of the tapes (Robyn groaned at that), but that if she would promise to do so, could have the last cold beer - which cheered Robyn up considerably. With that out of the way, Lucy gestured to me that she was done, and that we could go over to my place. As we were leaving, I saw her pick up the tape and tuck it under her arm, so that the title and label weren't visible.

When we got to my place, Lucy put the tape on top of the VCR, and I could see why she'd kept it pretty much tucked away around Robyn - it was a Triple-X Adult movie! When she saw me looking at the title of it, Lucy blushed (a LOT!), and said "After what we did this morning out by the pool, I got all worked up, and couldn't get it out of my mind. I haven't been with a man since the divorce, and tonight, I'm going to get some satisfaction!", with that last part delivered with a certain amount of defiance. I laughed, and nodded my head in her direction, saying "I can only hope that I'm able to meet your

expectations, and not leave you feeling that the movie was a waste of money...", which made her laugh a little with me. Then she said "I was thinking that we could, um, get naked, and watch the movie that way - then we could, um, you know, um, kinda go from there.....", blushing a bit as she finished. I just smiled at her, and said "It works for me!".

With that, she turned toward me, and watched me as I slowly (teasing her and giving her a bit of a show) took off my shoes and socks, then shirt and pants. When I was just standing there in my underwear (and already starting to get a little hard from just thinking about her), I stopped and looked at her. She realized it was her turn, and put on a similar show, for me - unbuttoning her blouse slowly, revealing her cleavage and belly as she moved down the front, then even more slowly opening it up and pulling it off her shoulders and arms before reaching down to unfasten, then gracefully slide down, her shorts, leaving her standing there in only her cut-cut panties. I asked her, simply, "Together?", and she nodded - we both took hold of the waistbands of our last item of clothing, and at the same time and speed, slid them down our legs, and kicking them off to the side.

When we were both naked, we just stood there, looking at each other - while I'm not any kind of body-builder, I do manage to get enough exercise, and am careful enough with my diet, that I don't have any excess fat, and have decent muscle tone. She seemed to be in pretty damn fine shape, too - medium-sized breasts that were firm on her chest, with smallish, dark pink nipples; a firm, slightly curved belly, and a neatly-trimmed dark blonde vee of sparse pubic hair over slender, shapely legs. I smiled to her, to let her know that I was pleased with the way she looked, then held out my arms slightly, and turned in a circle, finishing by asking "See anything you like?" with a smile on my face. She laughed a bit, and replied "One or two things, I think!" before doing the same routine for me, less the question at the end; substituting a raised eyebrow, instead. I got a stern look on my face, put one arm across my chest, and put my other hand up to my mouth, as though in serious thought. She started to look a bit apprehensive, until I finally pulled my hand away from my mouth and said "It's hard to know where to start.....". With that, she looked considerably relieved, and I asked her "So, where do you think we should watch the movie from?". She looked thoughtful for a moment, and said "Well, I suppose we could **start** on the couch..."; I said "Done. You start the movie, and I'll be waiting for you" as I headed over to sit down.

When she'd gotten the movie started, she came over, and told me to slide over a bit, and lean over on my side, so that I was resting on the arm of the couch. I did, and she sat down in front of me, then laid down so that her butt was tucked up against my semi-erect penis and her head was resting on my arm. Then she reached back, took my hand, and pulled it over her, so that it was resting on her belly, saying "Do as the Spirit moves you..." with a gleam in her eyes. With that, the movie started.

As we laid there watching the movie for the first 15 minutes or so, we both gradually relaxed a bit more, and started doing little 'explorations' of each other - I gently and slowly moved my hand around: down her belly to sample her pubic hair, up and across to feel and caress her asscheek, along her side (and discovering that she was slightly

ticklish), around to her neck and shoulders (finding out that the back of her neck was an erogenous zone), back down to her breasts, and so on. For her part, she wiggled her butt against my erection, fitting it even closer to the outside of her vagina, reached back and played with my butt and thighs, sometimes twisting around to play with and even suck on my nipples, and like that. We started out mostly watching the movie, but before too long, we were watching the movie only during the 'action' parts, and exploring each other between times. It was while we were watching the action parts that I noticed that during a lesbian scene, I could feel how excited and wet Lucy got; and she could feel how hard I started to get. We each kind of looked at each other, then smiled, and went back to watching. After a bit more of this, I suggested that we might be a bit more comfortable if we moved to the floor - and Lucy quickly agreed. We got up, and I quickly got a blanket and couple of pillows for us to use, and we had soon rearranged ourselves for better access to all the good parts of each other's anatomy.

When another lesbian scene came on, I decided to try something, and moved between Lucy's legs, and started licking the outside of her vagina, and sucking on her clitoris. She quickly became even more aroused, and her vaginal lips extended even more while her clitoris became erect. As I matched the actions of the girls on the video, she could watch what was happening as well as I could, and could imagine that it was happening to **her** - stimulating her even more, and making even more of her nectar flow out to my eagerly lapping tongue. In only a couple of minutes, almost in synchronization with the movie, she climaxed - and with each of her contractions, her clenching vaginal walls would push out a mini-wave of her fluids for me to savor. She continued climaxing, long after the girls on the movie had moved on to something else, with my tongue continuing to tease her vaginal lips and caress her clitoris in time with each of her spasms.

Only after things had reduced to occasional minor tremors was she able to get herself back together, and start breathing normally again. When she'd caught her breath, she looked down at me, and told me "It's been **way** too long since I've felt anything even *close* to something like that. Damn." I grinned at her, and told her "It was my pleasure, I can assure you-", before licking my lips in appreciation. She giggled a bit at that, and said "How did you know to do that, just then?", and I told her that I had read that many women at least had *thoughts* about lesbian sex, even if they chose to never act on them; and that with the response she'd had to the other scene, I figured that she wouldn't mind a little fantasy-playing.

Satisfied with that, she turned herself around, so that we were face-to-face, and proceeded to lick the remains of her juices off my face before giving me a kiss that would have made my socks roll up and down, if I'd been wearing any. As we broke apart from the kiss, we saw that the movie had progressed, and now a girl was starting to go down on a guy. Lucy exclaimed "Turnabout is fair play!", and quickly turned herself around again, and taking my semi-erect penis into her mouth. It was like both watching the movie in stereo (she did everything the girl on screen did), and feeling it at the same time: an exceptionally arousing experience, and it was only a minute or so before I was completely hard in her mouth. As I got harder and harder, she would take more and more of me into her mouth, until at the end, she was essentially deep-throating me (though with

difficulty) - I'm only average in size, so it wasn't so much a matter of my size as her inexperience at doing that. At the same time, I could feel the overflow of her saliva as it slid down my erection, and across my balls where she was holding them. When she felt my balls start to tighten up, she took me in as far as she could, and held her breath as she sucked on me as hard as she could - almost sucking my cum out of my balls. My first wad of semen didn't even touch her mouth - it went right into her throat, and the feeling as she swallowed it was enough make me cum even harder the second time. With each spurt, she would gently squeeze my balls as she sucked on my cock and swallowed my sperm. Only when she felt my balls start to drop back down again did she slide my now-softening penis out of her mouth and start to breathe again in great gasps. When she'd caught her breath again, she took me back into her mouth, and softly licked and sucked my penis clean again before moving down to lick my balls clean, too. After she raised up, I gently pulled on her shoulders, and when she turned back up to me, softly kissed her on the lips while holding her face in my hands.

We laid there for a while, holding and caressing each other without saying anything, as we watched more of the movie. Incredibly, toward the end of the movie, we each started to become aroused again by what we were seeing, and what we were doing to each other. Somehow, we were again in sync with the movie, each doing to the other what the actors were doing - me licking and sucking on her vaginal lips and clitoris, her licking and sucking on my cock and balls. Almost before we knew it, I was laying on my back while Lucy positioned herself over me, ready to lower herself onto my erect penis as I squeezed her breasts and nipples. When she first lowered herself enough for my cock to contact her vaginal lips, I could feel how hot and wet she was inside: her lubrication readily slid off her vaginal lips and onto the head of my erection. She pivoted her hips forward a bit while she slid my penis back, spreading her inner lips; because I was still wet with her saliva, she was able to lower herself almost all the way on the first move, widening her eyes as she did so. She raised herself up a bit, and then lowered herself the rest of the way, so that my pubic bone was pressing against hers, and trapping her clitoris where they met. She held herself that way for a few moments, for which I was grateful - as hot and tight and wet as she was inside, if she'd moved even a little in those few moments, I would have immediately filled her with my cum.

As it was, I was just able to get control of myself before she started moving - first raising and lowering herself small distances, slowly, and quickly moving even more, so that she had nearly the entire length of me sliding in and out of her as I continued to squeeze her breasts and pull on her nipples. As she got more and more into the movements, she started adding variations: wiggling her hips from side to side, pivoting her pelvis front and back, making little circular motions, and so on. It wasn't long, though, before she started to get tired. I stopped her, and told her that I thought it was my turn - she readily agreed, and raised herself up enough to let my throbbing erection pop free. She looked at me questioningly, as though to ask what position I'd like; I gestured toward the TV where the couple was in 'doggie' position, saying "they've done us pretty good so far!", she laughed a bit, and agreed before getting onto her hands and knees as I moved around behind her.

When I was in position, I reached down and took hold of my erection, rubbing the head of it between her fully-extended, drenched vaginal lips. She responded by moaning, and telling me not to tease her - do it **now**. I slid my cock back into position, and rapidly pushed it in as far as I could - and got a happy moan in response. I slowly withdrew as she tried to move back with me to keep me inside her for as long as possible. When I had only the head of my again-throbbing cock inside her, I rapidly pushed it back into her, making her gasp and moan almost at the same time when my balls swung forward and bounced against her erect clitoris. She almost shouted "Yes! Like that!"; and I readily did what she wanted - almost pounding myself into her on the in stroke, and slowly withdrawing almost completely on the out stroke. After a minute or two of that, she started moaning "Oh, **please** - faster!" - and I started hunching myself into her as fast as I could: I could feel myself getting close to cumming, too. Several seconds later, I could feel her vaginal walls tighten around my erection as she started to climax; the combined sensations of her hot wet pussy and the tight, fluttering of it as she started to climax were enough to trigger me, as well - I could FEEL it as the first load of my cum moved down my penis and shot into her hot cavern. She seemed to be able to feel it, too, and pressed herself back against me, getting as much of me inside her as she could while her vagina milked my spurting cock of its load. As our respective spasms started to decrease, she began moving herself back and forth, sliding my still-erect cock in her still-fluttering vagina - and forcing some of our combined juices out around my penis, soaking my balls and her mons. As my penis softened, I gently nudged her forward, until she was laying on her stomach with me laying above her - my penis still inside her - with my legs outside of hers and supporting myself on my elbows over her back, keeping her warm and snuggling with her at the same time as I kissed and nibbled her neck and shoulders. Finally, though, my penis softened enough to pop free of her, allowing a dribble of my semen to drip down her mons.

When that happened, she turned her head, and gave me a little kiss before saying "You just keep surprising me in some **very** nice ways! Thanks, I needed that!"; and giggled when I answered with "My pleasure to be of service, Ma'am." in my best Western Movie Cowboy voice. We stayed like that for a couple more minutes before she said "I'm feeling a draft in places I haven't felt a draft in for a *long* time. Maybe we ought to get up and clean up a bit before I go home?". I answered "You certainly don't have to go home on **my** account; but I think you're probably right about cleaning up a bit. Do you think you want to trust me in the shower with you?". She replied "If you feel like I do right now, I think I'd be perfectly safe with us in the shower together!", and I had to laugh and admit she was right.

With that, we got up and went in to take a quick shower before she got dressed again (putting on only her blouse and shorts) and went home after giving me a fire-starting kiss and whispered 'thanks'.

For the next few days, Lucy was kept pretty busy at work, and Robyn was keeping herself busy getting things ready for her friend Sandra's visit. That meant that I had several days to work on my different projects - and rest up from the previous couple of day's activities!

Finally, though, Thursday came around - and Lucy left work early so that she and Robyn could go to the airport to get Sandra when she arrived. I saw them as they were heading for the airport, and Lucy came over to tell me that I could come over a while after they got back, so that she could introduce me and Sandra. I said that I'd give them a couple hours, and then stop by, and Lucy said that would be fine.

I happened to be looking outside when they got back from the airport, and almost couldn't believe my eyes when I got my first look at Sandra: fairly tall (nearly my height, I figured), slender (but not thin), with long, graceful legs, and hair so blonde as to be almost white or gray - she looked like a young, buxom Elke Sommers.

A couple of hours later, as promised, I went over to visit Lucy and Roby, and get my introduction to Sandra. After Lucy had let me in (telling me that Robyn and Sandra were in the bedroom, catching up on gossip), she called them out so that Sandra could meet me.

As she came out, I could see that I was right about her height - she was only a couple inches shorter than I was, with an incredibly clear and smooth complexion, and somewhat larger breasts than Robyn had - while Robyn's were roughly orange-sized, Sandra's were more grapefruit-ish. I could also see that she'd gotten a good start on a tan, having a nice, light-brown tone to her skin, that contrasted very well with her brilliant blue-gray eyes. She was wearing a sleeveless blouse of some lightweight material, so that it was (with a little of the right lighting) possible to see that she wasn't wearing a bra, and a pair of loose 'hiking' shorts that barely came down past her crotch. With the introductions done, she and Robyn obviously wanted to go back into the bedroom and chatter some more, so Lucy told them they could leave us if they wanted - she wanted to talk to me, anyway. Both girls looked both relieved and interested at that, but quickly left me along with Lucy.

Lucy gestured that she wanted me to go ahead and sit down on the couch, and when I did, she sat next to me, and leaned over, pulling my arm around her so that my hand could cup her breast as she sat there. Once we were arranged, she started talking to me in a soft, quiet voice (so the kids wouldn't overhear us), telling me how much she enjoyed 'watching the movie' with me the other night, and how she wished that she could come over and stay with me at night, so that she wouldn't feel so alone in her bed again - that she'd forgotten what it felt like to have someone close to her like that, and that I'd reawakened feelings of desire that she'd kept hidden away for a long time.

I told her that I didn't have any problem with the idea of her coming over and spending the night with me, or if she preferred, I could come over and stay with her. She smiled at that, and said that she wished it were possible, but that she didn't think that it would be appropriate to do - particularly with Sandra there with them. I responded by pointing out that Sandra wouldn't be there forever, and that it wasn't a one-time offer: we could spend nights together when and if she felt comfortable with it, no strings attached. I followed up by telling her that if she wanted to come over to my place, all she had to do was to show up at the door; if she wanted me to come over and stay with her, she had only to say so.

She nodded at that, and we just stayed there like that for several more minutes, with me holding her breast in my hand and softly pulling on the nipple with my fingers.

Our reverie was interrupted by the appearance of Sandra and Robyn, coming in to ask if I was going to be staying for supper. Lucy laughed, and said that I could if I wanted - they were just going to have hot dogs and chips for supper, since she wasn't up for making anything more complex. I laughed, and said that it sounded fine, to me, and said that I'd go back over to my place and grab a few beers.

As I was talking, I could see Sandra looking at me in a very appraising way - I figured that Robyn had already told her what the two of us had gotten involved in, and what we'd done. Lucy said that sounded good to her, and after a little wheedling and pleading from Robyn and Sandra, agreed that they could have a beer, too, if I was willing to provide it. I feigned doubt at the idea, just to see what the two girls would do - and was pleasantly surprised when they each grabbed an arm and started rubbing their bodies against me (making sure I could feel their breasts on my arms) as they pleaded, in an effort to coax me into agreement.

When I finally agreed, they cheered, and ran back into the bedroom again while Lucy just looked at me and laughed. I just shook my head, smiled at her, and went back to my apartment long enough to collect a 6-pack of beer - I figured a couple each for me and Lucy, and one each for Robyn and Sandra.

By the time I got back, Lucy had started the hotdogs, and gratefully accepted a beer from me - we each toasted the other before opening the bottles. As the hotdogs were cooking, Lucy and I chatted a little about our respective work - comparing the types of bosses we'd had, complaining about office politics, and so on. By the time the hotdogs were ready, we'd each finished our beer, so were ready for another when Lucy called the girls in for supper. Rather than try to be 'formal' by eating hotdogs at a dinner table, we decided that it would be more appropriate to just pile it all on paper plates and eat in the living room. Lucy gestured me toward one chair while she took another next to it, so that we shared a small table to hold our beer, while the girls sat on the couch facing us.

As we were eating and chatting, I could see that Robyn was getting something of an impish expression on her face, and noticed that she started 'flashing' her crotch at me, and moving so that her shirt pulled tight against her breasts between the times she leaned over and whispered in Sandra's ear (and making Sandra either giggle or gasp in surprise each time). Before long, Sandra was starting to follow Robyn's lead - she'd changed from sitting with her feet on the floor to sitting cross-legged on the couch, facing me more than Lucy, so that her crotch was plainly visible from where I sat - and revealing a pair of pale blue panties in the process.

As she drank more and more of her beer, she got more and more bold, too - letting the condensation on the beer bottle drip onto her blouse, making it nearly transparent so as to reveal her nipples (and the coldness of it making them erect). It wasn't long before Lucy noticed what had happened to Sandra's blouse, and when she looked at me, I simply took

a swallow of my beer and gestured with the bottle, indicating that I thought perhaps it was the beer having its effect on Sandra. She smiled a little at that, but it was clear that she wasn't particularly impressed with Sandra's actions.

When we'd finished eating, Lucy told Sandra and Robyn to dispose of the trash, and told them they could go to the pool when they asked for permission. When they'd gone back into the bedroom, Lucy asked me what I thought was going on with Sandra. I told her I just figured that it was a slightly-drunk 15-year old girl trying to vamp an older man to see what kind of effect she could have. Lucy said that she didn't think she liked that idea, and I told her that I doubted that there existed any mid-teen girl who hadn't done *something* similar at some point - she smiled a bit and admitted that she'd done it a time or two, herself.

About that time, Robyn and Sandra came out from the bedroom in their swimsuits - Robyn in the bikini I'd seen her in before, and Sandra in what had to be the sexiest swimsuit I'd ever had the pleasure of seeing - and doing a damn fine job of filling it out in the appropriate places: it tied behind her neck, came down the front to cover her breasts before continuing down between her legs and up over her buttocks, tying again in the front around her waist. I don't know what material it was made of, but it seemed to become a part of her skin, the way it followed her delicious curves. It was also apparent that this was her normal swimsuit - there weren't any tan lines visible on her **anywhere** (and I did look for them - *very* carefully, and with great attention to detail!). I somehow managed to keep my eyeballs from falling out onto the floor while Robyn and Sandra got their instructions from Lucy before heading for the pool.

When they'd left, Lucy looked at me, and all I could do was shake my head, and make "tsk, tsk, tsk..." sounds.

When she asked me what the problem was, I told her "I really don't remember the girls looking like that when I was that age - either they've made improvements in girls since then, or I was too stupid to notice!" - which made Lucy laugh, and say that she figured the girls had improved.

She followed that up by saying that it seemed we were all alone - could I think of anything for us to do to pass the time? I got a solemn look on my face, and said that I really couldn't think of anything right off hand - perhaps she had something in mind? With that, she pulled off her blouse, and said "Well, does this give you any ideas?" I kept the solemn look on my face, and said "Well, not really - perhaps if you were to come over here and let me have a closer look at the problem, I could figure something out?" She laughed (making for a nice jiggling motion on her chest), and came over to the chair I was sitting in, placing herself in my lap, facing me.

With those marvelous breasts so close, I couldn't keep my face straight any more, and started laughing out loud - and Lucy quickly joined me; at least, until I leaned forward a bit and started sucking on her nipples as I squeezed her breasts and caressed her sides. The combined sensations of her crotch rubbing against my penis and playing with those

delightful tits of hers soon had me nearly fully erect - which seemed to stimulate Lucy even more. Before long, she was moaning into the top of my head as I softly sucked and bit first one nipple, then the other.

After a couple of minutes of that, she pulled back from me, and started unbuttoning my shirt; and when she'd gotten it off, stood up in front of me, and pulled me to my feet. When I was standing, she quickly took off her own pants and panties, and then squatted down to take my nearly erect cock into her mouth while using one hand to caress and hold my balls while the other squeezed my buttocks. In only a few moments, she had me fully erect, and my penis thoroughly coated with her saliva; then she stood up again, and gently pushed me back into the chair before climbing up onto it so that she had one foot on either side of my hips. Never one to let an opportunity to pass me by, I reached up and grasped her buttocks, pulling her muff toward my face so that I could start licking her extending vaginal lips and clitoris. In only a few seconds, I had her wet enough that her vaginal juices were starting to flow down the insides of her thighs, and her vaginal lips were fully extended and open, waiting for something to penetrate them.

When I paused to catch my breath, she pulled back from me again, and quickly squatted down, taking my penis into her hand and positioning it so that she could lower herself onto it in one smooth, steady motion. Once she'd lowered herself all the way, she paused for a few seconds, giving me the opportunity to lean forward and start kissing her shoulders and neck while I squeezed her breasts and pulled and pinched her nipples. She finally started moving again, making it difficult for me to continue kissing her, but I was able to keep my hands on her breasts, cupping them and softly tweaking and squeezing her nipples as she moved herself over me - first taking me all the way inside her, and then raising herself up so that only the head of my penis was in her; and sometimes even raising herself up even more so that the head of my erect cock fluttered in and out the mouth of her vagina.

She was able to keep this up for several minutes before she started to get tired; as I felt her start to slow down, I took her into my arms and leaned forward, so that I could seat her on the couch, with me on my knees in front of her. Once we were repositioned, she leaned back and spread her legs even more, giving me free access to her vagina, which still held my erect penis. I put my hands on the back of the couch to steady myself, and started thrusting myself in and out of her. She moved her hands up so that she was cupping her breasts, squeezing them and pulling on her nipples as we both watched the way my erection seemed to pull her vaginal lips into her when I entered her, and how they would seem to cling to my cock when I withdrew. We both seemed to find the sight of my erect penis glistening with her juices, and the sounds our bodies made as we made love, arousing; before long, she was claspng at my cock with her vagina as I nearly slammed into her on each inward movement.

Finally, though, I couldn't stand it any longer, and pushed myself into her as far as I could before jetting my first load of cum deep into her hot, wet, tight tunnel. That seemed to be what she needed, too, and as I was releasing my second wad, her climax started, milking my erection with her vaginal muscles as she nearly screamed her pleasure. Only after

we'd caught our breath again was I able to lean forward and give her the kind of kisses she deserved, and nuzzle her neck and shoulders. And it was only when we started to feel cool from the air-conditioning did we realize that the girls would be returning soon, and get up to quickly put on our outer clothing.

We were both still slightly sweaty a few minutes later when the girls came charging back into the apartment, full of the energy of youth. Sandra didn't seem to notice anything, but I saw Robyn sniffing at the air a bit, and the sly smile on her face when she realized what the scent was. She quickly hustled Sandra into the bedroom, giving me and Lucy a chance to make final adjustments to our clothing and compose ourselves before they re-appeared, dressed.

I stayed and visited with them for a little longer, before claiming the need to get up early the next morning. I caught Robyn giving me a mischievous grin that widened when her mother said that she was feeling a little tired, as well. With that, I bid them all good night, and went home.

Early the next afternoon, Robyn stopped by to ask if I could join them at the pool. I told her that I was a little busy and couldn't, but that I appreciated her stopping by to ask. She seemed a bit disappointed, and left.

A couple hours later, I heard a knock at my door, and when I answered, found Robyn and Sandra standing there in their still-wet swimsuits. Robyn informed me that she'd forgotten her key, and could I let them in to rinse off in my bathroom? It sounded suspiciously familiar, but I agreed, thinking that the presence of Sandra would keep things under control. I was wrong.

No sooner had they come in and I'd closed the door than Robyn had dropped her bikini top, and was in the process of taking off her bikini bottoms; Sandra, with a somewhat hesitant look in her eyes, was following suit, having undone the string at the front of her suit, and being in the process of untying the one behind her neck. About the time Robyn got her bikini bottoms free of her feet, Sandra had gotten the string behind her neck undone, and simply let the suit drop to her feet - leaving me standing there looking at two very sexy, very naked young girls. Robyn, of course, I'd seen before - but Sandra was something else entirely: as I'd thought, grapefruit-sized breasts (or perhaps a **bit** smaller) standing firm on her chest, medium-sized areoles that were **just** darker than her skin, smallish nipples, and a nicely-defined "V" of hair the same shade as was on her head, rather short, but thick.

I quickly noted that Sandra didn't show any tan lines because she didn't have any - her tan was uniform over her entire body: apparently, she sunbathed nude regularly. With a giggle from Robyn, and a sudden look of absolute serenity from Sandra, the two of them calmly walked in toward the bathroom, giving me amply opportunity to enjoy the sight of two young, very tight and nicely shaped asses in motion along the way - leaving me standing there in near-total shock. After a couple of minutes of hearing the shower running, I could hear Robyn calling out to me to please bring them their suits, so they

could rinse them out. I could see what was coming, and quickly adjusted my erect cock before collecting their suits and going into the bathroom - where I was met by the sight of the two of them in the shower, washing each other off, and having fun doing so.

Neither showed the slightest hesitation in turning toward me and giving me a full view of their lithe young bodies as I handed them their suits. Sandra spoke first, telling me that Robyn had told her about me, and how much fun Robyn and I had had. Robyn then chimed in by telling me that she knew her mother and I had "done it" the previous evening while the two of them were at the pool. I said that we had (no point in denying it), and Robyn replied by saying she was glad that I was able to make her mother happy, and she hoped that I would be able to "make me and someone else happy, too."

From the look of hesitant anticipation on Sandra's face, I could tell that she was the 'someone else'. Sandra came out and said that she thought what Robyn and I had done sounded fun, and that she thought she wanted to try it, too, but that she was afraid of getting hurt. Robyn told her that it might hurt a little, but that I was very careful and gentle, and that it wouldn't hurt much, and that the feelings she'd get would be *wonderful*. Sandra still looked a bit dubious, but also more interested. Robyn told her that I really was very careful and that I'd been the one to take her cherry, and that she (Robyn) wouldn't be jealous or anything - she just wanted Sandra to have fun like she did. At that point, I interrupted by saying that something like that was going to have to be Sandra's decision, and that I wasn't going to be doing **anything** unless and until Sandra was really ready for it; so Robyn should quit trying to push her into it, and let Sandra decide for herself.

Robyn pouted a bit at that, and Sandra looked a little relieved; after a few moments, Robyn said that even if Sandra wasn't ready yet, that didn't mean that she couldn't at least find out what a man looked like, and suggested that I join them in the shower. Sandra looked interested and agreeable to this, so I decided to go ahead and join them - it isn't often that one gets to have two lovely young females for shower toys!

As I was undressing, Robyn frankly watched me while Sandra feigned disinterest - at least, until I started to take off my underwear. Once naked, I quickly joined them in the shower, where Robyn didn't hesitate to grab hold of my penis and start playing with it while I got myself wet under the shower head. When I was about half-hard, Robyn let go of me, and told Sandra to go ahead and try it - after a few moments of hesitation, she did so; very delicately at first, but soon with more confidence when she realized that she wasn't hurting me.

Once Sandra was more comfortable, Robyn started telling her some of the things that she'd learned - that the testicles were sensitive to pressure, how the area behind and under the head was very sensitive, and so on. Then Robyn suggested to me that maybe I could start touching Sandra, so that Sandra could find out what it felt like to have someone else touch her. Sandra quickly looked up at me, and when I smiled at her and raised an eyebrow in question, decided that it would be okay, and nodded to me. I slowly reached out, and put my hands on her shoulders - which surprised her, I think - and started giving

her a mini-massage. Only when she relaxed a little did I start moving my hands in larger motions, so that I was eventually caressing her breasts and making her nipples stand up like pale pink pebbles. I could see her breathing start to quicken, and I gradually moved my hands down so that I was caressing and squeezing one of her buttocks with one hand while the other made slow, gentle explorations of her pubis.

When my hands left Sandra's breasts, they were replaced by Robyn's - I could see the smile on her face as she stood behind Sandra and held her breasts, cupping them and playing with the nipples.

As Sandra's breathing got even quicker, and she became more and more engrossed in what she was doing with my now- erect penis, I started slowly moving my hand farther and farther between her legs, until I was finally able to start softly stroking her vaginal lips, and making gentle rubbing motions against her clitoris. It wasn't long before she moved to spread her legs a bit, so that I could reach her more easily. I felt her tighten up a little the first time I moved my finger between her vaginal lips and into the opening of her vagina, but when she realized that I wasn't going to do more than that, she soon relaxed again.

After only a couple of minutes, her pelvis started moving, and she started making low moaning sounds in her throat as I tended to her vagina and clitoris while she continued to stroke and caress my penis and testicles. It wasn't much longer before her attention was completely on what I was doing to her vagina, and more importantly, to her clitoris - she completely forgot what she was doing with my penis, and simply stood there, holding it as I focused more and more on her clitoris.

After only a couple more minutes, I could feel her tense up as her climax started - she would have collapsed with the first spasm if it hadn't been for the fact that she was leaning against me, and Robyn was helping to hold her up by continuing to hold and caress her breasts. Sandra's legs clamped around my hand, making it difficult for me to continue to softly massage her clitoris as she climaxed, but I was able to do so by making only small, gentle motions of one finger in time with her contractions.

When her orgasm finally ended, and she realized where she was and what had happened, she looked up at me in fear and confusion; I smiled at her, and told her that I was glad that she'd enjoyed what I had done, but that I wasn't going to do anything to her that she didn't want me to. She seemed relieved at that, and blushed as she told me "thank you - that felt **wonderful**; even better than when I do it!" before blushing even harder. I laughed and Robyn told Sandra what I'd told her - that anyone who said they didn't do that was lying. With that, Sandra smiled and turned to kiss Robyn - a kiss that seemed to heat up considerably as it progressed.

When it finally broke, both girls looked at each other in a way that seemed to say that there was more to come. Robyn turned to me and said that it wasn't fair that Sandra got to cum, but I didn't, so she was going to "take care of" me - and with that, knelt down in the shower, and took my still-erect cock into her mouth as Sandra looked on in surprise.

As Robyn started sucking on me, Sandra quickly got over her surprise, and then got a rather thoughtful look on her face before kneeling down behind Robyn. I could see it as Sandra reached around Robyn with one hand to play with her breasts while the other moved farther south to begin administering to Robyn's vagina and clitoris.

As Robyn got more and more excited, she got more and more enthusiastic about sucking on my cock, and it wasn't long before she was taking nearly the entire length of it into her mouth as she jerked her hips in time with Sandra's actions. The feeling of Robyn's warm mouth around my cock, and the sight of Sandra's naked body as she made love to Robyn was enough to bring me to the very edge of shooting my load in no time; when Robyn felt my balls tighten up, she pulled her head back so that only about half my erect cock was in her mouth, and started using her tongue to tickle the head of it - and in turn, causing me to shoot load after load of my sperm into her eager mouth, where she swallowed every drop of it. After the last wad of my jism had gone down, she released my penis from her mouth, and turned slightly so that she could give Sandra a deep kiss as her orgasm hit her - a kiss that they kept going for the entire duration of Robyn's climax.

When the two of them stood up again, I could see flecks of my semen around Sandra's lips, as well as Robyn's - and the sight was nearly enough to bring me to full erection again, right on the spot. Instead, though, I pulled the two of them next to me and hugged them, before picking up the soap and starting to lather them up. The next several minutes were loads of fun - having Sandra standing right next to me in front, so that I could feel her downy soft bush against my semi-erect cock, while Robyn did the same to me in the back is one of the memories that I will cherish for a **long** time - particularly when Sandra started rubbing herself against my cock, making me even harder, which made her spread her legs enough to let my erection rub up against the outside of her vagina and clitoris while she pressed her firm young breasts against my chest.

Sadly, though, the fun had to end - primarily because the hot water started to run out. We quickly abandoned the shower, and started drying each other off - with Sandra again surprising me by taking the opportunity to suck on my semi-erect cock for a few moments when she knelt down to dry my legs off.

When we were again dry, and finally dressed (well, them in their swimsuits - hardly "dressed"!), we all sat down in the living room, and talked a little bit about different things. It turned out that Sandra was much like Robyn, in that she was fairly intelligent, interested in a lot of things, and surprisingly well-informed about a number of world events.

When I asked her about it, she admitted that she did like to sunbathe nude as often as she could. After she had answered that question, she summoned the courage to tell me that she thought that she'd like to "try some more stuff - you know?" I told her that there wasn't any hurry or rush, and that I wasn't going to do anything to pressure her or hurry her. I suggested to her that she think about it for a few days - and admonished Robyn against interfering - and make her decision then; that if she really thought that she wanted me to be her 'first', I would be honored to do so - but ONLY if she were quite sure about

it. She said that she would think about it some more; and I told her that I thought maybe it would be a good chance for her and Robyn to catch up on any gossip and such, and that I still had some work to do. They got the hint, and said goodbye to me before leaving.

The next few days were spent making sure I was well ahead of schedule on my work - and getting my strength back from everything that had happened the last couple of days. Also, I wanted to make sure that Sandra had plenty of time to decide what she wanted to do; though she was a little more restrained than Robyn, I had the feeling that she wasn't going to let Robyn talk her into anything, either. They did stop by a couple times, but I was busy, and they had to content themselves with watching me as I worked my way through some tricky code; it didn't take long for it to get boring for them with me so focused on what I was doing.

Lucy came over a couple of times, and we did a fair share of kissing and making out, but it didn't go any farther than that, by mutual consent.

Finally, though, Robyn and Sandra turned up at my door one afternoon, again wearing only their almost non-existent swimsuits - not surprising, considering the season and their love of the apartment complex's pool.

I'd gotten ahead on my work, and was waiting for some hardware engineers to get their thumbs out, so had some free time to spare. I hadn't any more than let them in than Robyn unfastened her suit, and let it drop to the floor; Sandra quickly followed her example, without hesitation. Having not had the pleasure of their company for several days, I appreciated the views they gave me all the more - Robyn's dark complexion emphasized by her dark hair and the blue-black shadow at the junction of her thighs, her orange-sized breasts with their small, dark areolas and nipples; Sandra with her all-over tan (now showing an ever-so-faint fading where she had to wear her swimsuit), larger breasts with medium-sized areolas just slightly darker than her skin, and her almost-white head and pubic hair. Both had smooth, flawless skin, without a blemish to be seen anywhere.

As I stood there, burning their images into my brain, Robyn chimed in with "We know you've been busy, but we're hoping you might have some time for us, today." - soon followed by Sandra's nod of assent.

I put a serious-thoughtful look on my face, and pretended to be doubtful about it - but couldn't keep from laughing when both of them developed worried looks on their faces. When I laughed, Robyn realized that I was teasing, and gave me a dirty look; Sandra simply looked relieved.

I gestured toward the living room, and the they each took one of my arms, hugging it to them as they guided me to the couch before releasing me to turn me around, then sitting down next to me.

To my surprise, Sandra was the first to speak, telling me "I've been thinking about what you said. You know, the other day, when we took the shower together?"

I smiled at her, and said "Oh, yes, I remember!", with enthusiasm, making her blush furiously.

"Well, I finally decided about that - about what you said. Robyn talked to me about it - not too much, only when I asked her to - and told me what it was like for her, and how nice and gentle and kind you were with her. I believe her, too; even when we were in the shower, you were like that with me. I mean, I'm sitting here next to you, naked, and while I'm talking to you, you're looking into my **eyes**, and you're actually listening to what I'm saying!!"

Here, Robyn chimed in with "Yeah, he's like that; you'll get used to it. The deal is, he figures we're cute and sexy and all that, but more than anything else, he *respects* people - at least, until they do something to piss him off, then it's no more Mr. Nice Guy. You shoulda been here the night he took my mom and me out to dinner!"

Sandra and I both looked at her in a way that made it clear we wanted her to stay quiet and out of the conversation; she took it gracefully enough, and sat back to listen as Sandra continued: "Like I said - I've decided. And my decision is that I **do** want to, uh, do more with you. I mean, I want you to be my first; I want you to be the one I give my virginity to."

That set me back a bit - I really didn't think that she would just come out and say it that way. That, and my mind racing at the idea of spending time with the little vixen, left me speechless for several seconds. It was only when I noticed the look of apprehension on her face that I came back to reality to tell her "Sandra, if that's what you want, then that's what will happen. I don't know that we have time to actually **do** anything today" - Robyn checked the clock, and told us "Probably shouldn't try it..." - "You said you've been talking to Robyn about it, so I'm sure she can fill you in on the how and what and all that.", I continued. She nodded, and I went on "You've still got a week here, and I'm sure the right time and place and circumstances will come to us before you have to leave. But we're not going to push it, for a couple of reasons. First, and most important, is that if we're rushed, you won't be as relaxed about it as you should be, and that might make it more difficult or painful for you. Second, if we're not careful, there's a chance that Lucy, or someone else, might find out about it, and I could get into a lot of trouble about it; maybe even go to jail. I don't think either of us wants anything like either of these things to happen, so we'll just take it easy, and wait for the right chance, okay?"

She readily agreed, then told me "Um, the last couple of days, Robyn and I have been, uh, trying stuff out, sorta."

I looked at her, then Robyn, who told me "Remember when you said I should find someone I really trusted to find out about boys and girls? And I told you I thought I might know someone?". I nodded, and she went on "Well, Sandra is the one I was thinking of."

We've been finding out what girls are like, sorta, and we both decided we like them. I still like boys - men! - better, though; and Sandra wants to find out which she likes, too."

With that, I told Sandra "That's fine. It's your decision if you want Robyn to be there when it's 'that time', or not - you know that Robyn and I already do things, and I'll understand either way you decide."

Sandra quickly told me "If we can, I think I'd like to have some time with all three of us, so that I can watch some of what you and Robyn do, so I know what might happen with me, okay?"

I, then Robyn, assured her that was fine, and she went on to say "Um, if it's okay, I'd like to do some stuff tomorrow. What Robyn and I have been doing feels really good, but I want to know what it's like when YOU do stuff, too. I mean, this all sounds so fun and everything, and it makes me **so** excited to think about it. See?", and leaning back to open her legs, showing me how her inner lips were peeking through her fleece, glistening slightly from her arousal.

I couldn't help but lick my lips, and then asked her "If you want, I think we've got time for me to make you feel good."

Sandra perked up considerably at that, and looked at Robyn, who nodded her head in approval, before saying "Well, if you're going to do Sandra, then I get to do you, right?", with a mischievous grin on her face. I barely had time to agree before Robyn had her hands on my belt, unfastening it. I stopped her, reluctantly, and said "This would probably be easier on all of us if we organized it a little bit. Sandra, how about if you turn around a little bit, so that you're facing toward me more; I'll get undressed, and get on my knees in front of you. Robyn, you can sit on the floor, facing the same direction as Sandra. Okay?"

Both nodded, and I stood up, quickly shedding my pants and underwear - Sandra's eyes widened at the sight of my semi-erect penis waving in the air, Robyn's eyes just twinkled in anticipation.

I knelt down on the floor, and leaned forward to kiss Sandra gently on the forehead, surprising her a bit. Then I kissed each of her eyes, then her cheeks; only then did I touch my lips to hers, softly. She seemed to welcome it, and my next kiss was more solid, and the one after that harder still. She hesitantly put her arms around me, and when we kissed again, I parted my lips a bit; she followed my example, letting me touch my tongue to her lips. After a few seconds, she opened her mouth more, letting it in to begin a slow, gentle duel with her own tongue; I could feel her nipples start to harden as the kiss went on.

As I was kissing Sandra, Robyn was kissing me - but considerably further down on my body: kissing and caressing my penis and testicles, applying little lip-bites to them, and so on. It didn't take long before she had me nearly completely erect, and concentrated her attentions on the end of my penis.

When Sandra and I finally broke our kiss, I pulled back a bit to look into her face - and saw a combination of desire, acceptance, and nervousness. I smiled at her, and said "It's okay, Sandra. You're doing fine. I'm not going to hurt you; all I want to do is to make you feel good. If you don't like something, just tell me to stop, and I will. Okay?"

She nodded, and visibly relaxed. At that, I lowered my head again, but this time to her breasts, taking first one, then the other, into my mouth to suck on them while I fluttered my tongue over her nipples. She moaned slightly, and put her hands on my head to both hold, and guide, me. As I did each breast, I held the other in my hand, savoring its weight and firmness as I repeatedly ran my thumb and fingers over her nipple, bringing her areolas to erectness, too, forming small cones that tapered down to her hard nipples. After a couple of minutes, I could clearly smell her arousal, and decided to move on to my next objective.

As I moved back, so that I could get my head down between Sandra's thighs, Robyn easily moved with me. She'd taken my erection in her mouth, and was slowly sliding her lips up and down its length as she used her tongue to caress the underside.

Once in position, I gently guided Sandra's thighs a little farther apart, and lowered my head until I was face-to-face, as it were, with her womanhood: she had slightly thicker labia than Robyn, but they didn't protrude quite as much. Slightly parted, they glistened slightly with her arousal, barely visible in her blonde thatch. Lowering myself a little farther, I had the pleasure of finding out that her pubic hair, though thicker than Robyn's, was short, and incredibly soft and silky. Unlike the more common 'vee', it started at about her pubic bone, and flowed almost straight down between her legs - forming a relatively narrow strip that clouded, but didn't hide, her labia. Her scent was delightful: sweet and musky, with the freshness that only young girls have - truly, one of nature's best aromas.

She watched me as I finally kissed her, ever so softly and gently, on her mons, then her labia, before easing my tongue out to trace a furrow between her inner lips, bottom to top, where I found her clitoral hood waiting for me. A few passes over it with my tongue, and she moaned deeply before spreading her legs even further, and putting her hands on her breasts so she could begin squeezing them, and pulling on her nipples.

Her taste was so fresh, so delightful, that I simply couldn't resist returning to sample more of it, pressing my tongue farther into her so as to draw out as much of it as I could. When I did that, she moaned again, and hunched herself slightly, inviting me to do it again - which I gladly did, even as Robyn was increasing the suction that she applied to my penis, pausing at times to run her tongue along the underside of my glans, moving me along toward release.

To push my own climax back, I focused on trying to do two things at once: sliding my tongue up and down and in and out of Sandra's vaginal opening, and rubbing her clitoris with my upper lip, so as to stimulate and arouse her even more. It seemed to be working, judging from the gasps and moans she was emitting more and more frequently. At least, the effort to stimulate Sandra was working; trying to fight off my own climax wasn't

going as well: Robyn could hear Sandra's noises, and that only seemed to prod her into more and more intense activity on my erection - something that I simply **couldn't** ignore or resist.

More than anything else, I wanted to bring Sandra to orgasm before I unloaded into Robyn's eager - and talented - mouth; I gradually moved the focus of my attentions from her vaginal opening to her clitoris, now fully erect, with a proportional increase in the gasping and moaning coming from Sandra. Finally, I had my mouth over her clitoris, pulling on it's hood with my lips as I flicked my tongue back and forth across it; perhaps only a minute or two later, I could feel it as she found her release. Her entire body froze as the first of several surprisingly strong spasms passed through her; all I could hear was a long, low, guttural moan come out of her with each wave.

Even as I was applying the last few gentle nudges to Sandra's clitoris as her orgasm ended, Robyn managed to find a rhythm and motion and degree of suction that finally pushed me over the edge - as she felt my balls tighten up, she pulled back slightly so that only about half my penis was in her mouth, ready to receive the first of several long, hard spurts of semen that jetted into her mouth and throat, swallowing them as they arrived.

As she felt the tightening of my balls before each flood of cum, she would suck on me, and rub her tongue under the head of my penis, making it even more intense for me.

Finally, though, I simply didn't have any more to give her, and she slid her lips off, allowing my rapidly-deflating penis to fall free. By the time she did, Sandra had recovered enough to roll over on her side, so she could watch what Robyn was doing. Robyn turned to look at her, a big grin on her face and a small trickle of my semen in the corner of her mouth; Sandra suddenly realized that nobody had taken care of HER.

With only a slight glance in my direction as I moved to sit down on the floor, Sandra moved to the floor, as well. Sandra told her "I think it's your turn now!", and Robyn smiled at her in agreement before turning around to lay on the floor, her head on my lap. Sandra quickly moved between Robyn's thighs, fastening her lips to Robyn's vaginal opening and reaching up to take Robyn's breasts into her hands, massaging them as she began her ministrations to Robyn's sex.

In only a few moments, I could hear Robyn's breathing quicken, and not long after that, she began moaning and slowly hunching her pelvis into Sandra's face. Watching as Sandra used an apparently enthusiastic and skillful tongue to bring Robyn to climax was *almost* enough to get me hard again - and if Robyn hadn't been so enthusiastic about making sure I had a good climax, it probably would have been enough. Still, the sight of Sandra's pale hair against Robyn's dark complexion, and the view of Sandra's mouth soundly fastened to Robyn's crotch, was phenomenal. In only a few minutes, Sandra had Robyn on the edge of an orgasm - then spent a couple of minutes holding her there before finally letting Robyn find her release.

As Robyn came down from her orgasm, Sandra moved up to lay next to her, and over the next little while the two of them kissed as I caressed both of them.

Finally, though, Robyn looked up at me, and said "As nice as that was, I think we probably need to take a shower before Mom gets home, huh?"

I nodded in agreement and moved to get up; the two of them slid down a bit so that I could stand up, then I reached down to help both of them to their feet before they moved one to each side of me as we held each other on our way to the bathroom.

After the shower, we dried off, and went back into the living room, where the girls put on their swimsuits again, and the three of us sat down and chatted. We were still there, me in a chair, Robyn and Sandra on the couch, when there was a knock at the door. I went to open it, and found Lucy standing there - she'd apparently decided to knock off from work a bit early. I invited her in, and she came into the living room with us; waiting until I'd sat down, she didn't hesitate to plant herself on my lap as Robyn and Sandra watched. When she looked at them, she found that both of them were smiling at her, perfectly comfortable with the situation.

We chatted for a few seconds before Lucy spoke up, saying that she was thirsty; Robyn asked if anyone else wanted anything, and when we all did, heading into the kitchen, reappearing a few moments later with cold cans of Coke for all of us.

I asked Lucy how her day had been, and she told me how her day at work had gone. When she was done, Robyn and Sandra took turns telling her what they'd done that day - just not **everything** they'd done.

When we'd all finished our drinks, Lucy told the girls that it was getting close to supper, and that they should head home to change clothes for dinner. When they groaned in mild complaint, she laughingly told them that if that was their attitude, then they could start supper, as well: hot dogs and macaroni and cheese, which seemed to cheer them up a bit.

After they left, Lucy continued to sit on my lap for a few minutes, letting me hold her as she ran her fingertips up and down my arm - apparently deep in thought. Eventually, she 'came to', and got up, heading for the door, with me not far behind her. She opened the door, and when I moved in to give her a kiss, put her hand on my chest, saying "Not right now. I've got something I need to get straight in my mind, okay?" I nodded, and after a Significant Look, she left.

It was about 8:30 when I heard a knock at the door, and on opening it, found Lucy standing there. I quickly invited her in, and we headed for the living room, where we sat on opposite ends of the couch.

I just sat there, looking at her as she made a couple of starts before finally saying "Okay, I know *something* happened here this afternoon. What was it?"

"What do you mean? What makes you think something happened?", I asked, fearing I knew the answer.

"What I mean is that I could smell it the second you opened the door - the odor of hot-and-ready female. I damn well know it wasn't me, so it must have been one of THEM. I don't know which one it was, but it's pretty obvious that both of them must have been in on it."

When I didn't say anything for several seconds, she went on "Look, I'm not pissed. Well, yes, I am, but not enough to make any trouble for you. I spent the last couple of hours thinking about this, and what you've done for me, and Robyn; and the things that we've talked about, and what kind of person you've shown me you are. I even thought about the things that **I've** said, and done, just to make sure I was being honest and fair."

"The thing that pisses me off, though, is that something is going on with Robyn, or Sandra, and I don't know what it is. You do, and I want to know what it is.", she continued.

I looked at her for a few seconds, and finally said "First, I haven't said anything to you about what - if anything - is happening with Robyn because I'm trying to respect and honor the trust she shows me by talking to me about the things she does - *the same way I don't talk to her about what happens between us, or what we talk about.*"

She had the decency to blush slightly as I continued "As for what happened this afternoon was that Sandra experienced her first orgasm from a boy; well, man. She **FIRST** proposed it a couple days ago, but I told her that I wasn't going to do anything to her then, and to go away and think about it first, **VERY** carefully. Apparently, she did, because she came back today, ready to give it a try. I gave her several chances to change her mind, and even tried to put it off again, but she didn't want to. Rather than just jump on her and start banging away, I took the easy way out and just used my mouth on her. It'll probably come back and bite me on the ass, but that was the decision I made."

Lucy looked at me, only slightly mollified, and asked "So what was Robyn doing here, then? What was her part in it?"

I sighed, and asked "DO you **really** want to know?" - cluing her in that the answer might not be to her liking.

She thought about it for a few moments, and finally said "Yes, I do. I don't think I'm going to like it, but I think I have to - she's my *daughter* dammit!"

I watched her for a few seconds, and saw the determination on her face, before I finally told her "Robyn was here to provide support and reassurance for Sandra. The two of them have been 'experimenting' with each other, and Sandra wanted her there."

"And?"

I sighed, and said "And when I was done with Sandra, she pretty much repeated what I'd done to her, to Robyn, with pretty much the same results."

Lucy lost all expression on her face as she thought that one through. After a bit, she looked at me again, and asked "So you were alone with two naked, teenage girls, and didn't hump either one of them? Am I supposed to believe that?"

"No, I didn't hump either one of them. It's true, so whether you believe it or not is irrelevant.", I replied.

She looked at me closely, and finally decided that I was telling her the truth. A moment later she asked "And if Sandra, or Robyn, wants more? What then?"

"I'll decide when the time comes. Remember, I'm **not** trying to hustle either of them into bed - Robyn is your daughter, and I **like** you, a lot. I know they're both young girls - maturing quickly, I think, but still young, and I don't need that kind of legal trouble, either. Like I said, I'm not the one pushing for anything to happen; *they* are."

She caught what I'd said, and quickly responded "You said 'they'. I take it that means that Robyn has been after you, too?"

"Yes. She's made it more than clear that she wants me to have sex, or make love, with her." Okay, I was splitting hairs by leaving out the fact that we already HAD made love. I didn't want to hit Lucy with all of this all at once.

Lucy sighed, and said "So what happens now?"

"I can see only 3 possible outcomes. First, I try to keep putting them off. I think you know as well as I do how well that will work. Second, I verbally chase them away. If I do that, I figure one of two things will happen: either they'll get mad and tell someone what did happen, and perhaps even accuse me of more; or they'll decide that they're going to get what they want, and find someone else to go to."

"You said 3 possibilities, and you've only mentioned two. What's the third?"

I looked surprised, and said "I thought that was obvious: let it continue the way it has - I keep giving them chances to back out and go somewhere else, while trying to slow things down as much as I can."

"There's a fourth choice, you know.", she told me.

"What's that?", I asked.

"*I go to the law and make the complaint."

"You told me earlier that you weren't pissed enough to make any trouble for me, so I didn't include that one.", I replied. "If you're that pissed after all, then yes, it's another choice."

She made a face at me, and said "I think you're right about trying to put it off - it'll only make them that more determined, until they get tired of waiting, then they'll likely get mad and do something they'll regret later. Trying to push them away will only land you in jail faster."

She thought some more, and finally said "I know, I think, what kind of guy you are. I know that you're not the one instigating this, and I know that you're not pushing it - hell, I damn near had to throw myself at you before you'd do ME, so I **know** you're not going to risk jail for a couple of teenyboppers. I know you're kind, and gentle and patient, so I guess the only thing to do is to trust that you'll be even more considerate of them, and let it happen. It gripes the hell out of me, but I like you, too, and don't want to see anything happen to you. Dammit, I just wish to hell I'd seen what was happening!"

I didn't think she was in any mood to be held, so I just took her hand in mine and asked "When you were that age, did you have any secrets from YOUR folks?"

"Damn right I did!"

"They ever find out?"

Seeing where I was going, she reluctantly admitted "No, they never did, really."

I let her sit there, getting used to the idea, until she looked at me again, and asked "You know what's going to be the bitch about this, don't you?"

"What?"

"Wondering what you're going to do, and wondering if I'll know when it happens. I damn well know that YOU'LL never tell me!", she said, grumpily.

I smiled, and told her "From what I've seen of Sandra, I suspect that she'll tell you - not in words, but from her behavior. If it happens with Robyn," - "When it happens, I think!", Lucy declared - "I don't know. She might tell you in words, you might be able to guess from the way she acts, or you might make yourself crazy wondering if or when it happens or happened at all."

She gave me a rueful smile, and said "I think you're probably right about Robyn, and me. I know Sandra only enough to realize that I **don't** know her - I would never have thought she'd do anything like this."

That settled, she glanced at her watch, and said "Oh, hell. I'd better get back to make sure they go to bed on time.", followed a moment later with "Well, I guess that explains the

moans I heard the last couple of nights - I thought maybe Sandra was having a bad dream, but now I know better, I guess. At least now I know what's going on, so I won't barge in on them to comfort whichever one was having a nightmare."

Then, a few seconds later, she glanced at me, blushed slightly, and said "Actually, it kinda makes me hot, knowing what they're doing - even if it IS my daughter involved. That Sandra is the cutest thing I've ever seen; I wish **I'D** looked like that at her age!" With that admission, she blushed again, and quickly found her way to the door, and went home.

The next morning, Friday, I finally got a call from my client, letting me know that their engineers had finally settled on something, and informing me that they would be emailing me the changes. Since my contracts were for a fixed price on the software, I always made sure to include a penalty clause in it so the client would have motivation not to leave me hanging while they got their act together in situations like this.

A few minutes later, my email client beeped, announcing that the new specifications had arrived as promised. I looked them over, and saw that some of the design parameters had changed - pretty normal for this client, I thought, knowing that another clause of the contract specified an additional charge when the specs changed. I let them know that I'd received the changes, and reminded them of the additional charge they'd incurred. Their reply accepted the additional charges, and I went to work. Fortunately, I knew enough about what they were doing to anticipate the change, and had written my code accordingly. It wasn't going to be easy making the necessary changes, but it sure wasn't going to be the hassle it could have been, either.

I hadn't any more than gotten myself organized when the doorbell rang; when I answered, I found Sandra and Robyn on the doorstep. I invited them in, and showed them the email that I'd received before explaining to them that I was going to be pretty busy for the next couple of days. Both looked disappointed, but with the evidence of the email, they accepted the necessity fairly well. Still, I made time for them, and we sat in the living room for a few minutes, talking, as we had something to drink - coffee for me, Kool Aid for them. When they'd finished their drinks, both gave me a kiss and hug before heading for the pool so that I could get to work. And I did work, over the entire weekend, making the changes needed to get my client back on track for their project. Another clause in my contract called for a bonus if my software was finished ahead of their development schedule, so I was quite willing to work over the weekend.

That's not to say that I didn't have some 'time off' - Lucy invited me over for supper on Saturday evening, and the four of us enjoyed a nice meal of sub sandwiches and chips while we watched a couple of movies on their VCR. For the first one, Lucy let Robyn and Sandra sit next to me on the couch while she pretended not to notice the occasional bit of touching and groping. For the second movie, she insisted on her right to be with me, too, and the two of us lay on the couch, me behind her, while covered with a sheet ("to block off some of the draft from the air conditioner" was her excuse - one the girls saw right through). During the second movie, Lucy and I had a tough time following the

plot, since we were engaged in some mutual molestation which the girls wisely didn't comment on, even though they clearly knew what we were doing. In fact, they even did a little molesting, themselves. I know Lucy saw some of it because I could feel her nipple get even harder in my hand when they did it; and she would press herself back against my erection.

When the second movie ended, Lucy had Robyn and Sandra rewind the movies and generally clear up our supper dishes as she and I got ourselves 'back together' - her, to fasten her clothing, me, to let my erection subside.

The girls, of course, suspected the reason, and had the courtesy to take their time about getting things done; something that I, at least, appreciated: despite the end of her groping, my nearness to Lucy slowed down the process of letting my penis deflate to something less noticeable.

Finally, though, it was down to a manageable size, and Lucy got up, saying "You two can have a bowl of ice cream, then it's time for bed."

They accepted her pronouncement well, and when they left the room, Lucy whispered to me "If you don't mind, I'll be over after they go to bed.", to which I replied "Mind? Hell, no!", earning me a grin, and gentle nudge in the ribs, from her.

With that, I told the girls 'goodnight', and made my way back to my own apartment; a half hour later, there was a soft knock at the door, which I knew to be Lucy. I opened the door for her, and after she came in, we hugged and kissed before heading into the living room.

Once seated on the couch - her tucking into my side, my arm around her - she told me "I saw those two. You know, **touching**. All evening. When they were sitting with you - and don't think I didn't see you touching back, either, Mister! - and when they were on the floor. I hate to admit it, but it made me kinda horny, you know?"

"Why do you hate to admit it?", I asked.

She looked up at me, surprised, and said "Huh? What do you mean?"

"You just said you hated to admit that it made you kinda horny. Why do you hate admitting it?", I replied.

She thought about it a moment, and told me "Well, for starters, it was two *girls*. YOUNG girls. And one of them, in case you forgot, is my **daughter**."

"So? When we watched **that video** that night, you admitted that girl-girl sex was kind of a turn-on for you, so that reason won't wash.

They're young? So what? Neither one of them seemed particularly nervous about it, other than worrying that you might see them and say something; they're friends, they like each other, and neither one seemed to be doing anything to force the other. Which makes it consensual - as in, BOTH of them were willing participants. Again, by your own admission, they're fairly mature; and you **know** that they've already been with each other, so that's no excuse, either. One of them is your daughter? Again, so what? One of them **wasn't** - and as the old saying goes, "It takes two to Tango". Just a couple days ago, you told me that you wished you looked like Sandra at her age; clearly, you think she's attractive. I'll bet that you'd admit that Robyn isn't anything close to ugly, either - and the next step past that is to admit that she's pretty, too. So the only thing that you could hate about admitting that watching them turned you on was the underlying idea that you found them - BOTH of them - sexually attractive, in a way; and particularly attractive with *each other*."

That earned me a nervous look, and a slight blush, which prompted me to ask "Okay, it's true, then. So what happened to YOU that makes this such an issue with you?"

She started, and looked up at me asking "How the hell could you know something happened to me?", nervously.

I smiled, and said "Remember, I'm in business for myself: I **have** to be able to read and understand people, at least a little, if I have any hope or plan of getting their business. I'm a computer programmer - which implies a certain fluency in basic logic: what fits, what doesn't, and why. Something you said here, something there, how you respond to certain situations; it's all parts of a puzzle - all I did was put the pieces together the way they seemed to fit, and read the answer."

Slightly amazed, she asked "And what other answer did solving the puzzle tell you?"

"That whatever happened to you probably happened when you were about that age. That whatever it was, it didn't particularly damage you in any way, and that whatever it was, you don't feel like you ever really finished it."

She got a look of absolute amazement on her face, so I continued by telling her "I 'know' the approximate age because of the way you're reacting to THEIR ages. It didn't hurt you any because you didn't go off the deep end the other day when I told you what they'd been up to; nor did you go off on me when they were here that afternoon. I don't think you finished what you were involved in because you seem willing to let them continue - something you didn't get to do. So, do you want to tell me about it?"

She looked down, and said "You're right. About all of it. I was actually only 14 - halfway between their ages! My best friend and I were both boy-crazy, but neither one of us had the slightest idea of what was going on, or what to do about it. After a LOT of late-night talk during sleepovers, we finally decided that the best idea was to 'practice' - kissing, mostly, since that was the first thing that interested us. It started off innocent enough, but after a couple of weeks, we realized that in most of the 'grown up' movies we saw, the

boy would put his hand on the girl, on her breast, and that they would open their mouths. So that was what we finally did - open our mouths. It was only a little at first, and we didn't touch tongues or anything - at least, not until we added the touching each other part. We did it like they did in the movies: first we'd start kissing, then we'd each put a hand on the other's breast. I liked it, it felt good; and I'm **positive** that my friend, Patricia, liked it, too. Both of us were nervous as hell about it, but we damned well weren't going to stop. We were so **gentle** with each other, and it felt so good, that it didn't take long before we DID start touching tongues. It was accidental, I think, the first time; but when it happened, it felt like a jolt of electricity ran through me - right to my nipples and between my legs. I think Patty felt the same thing, since we pulled back a little bit when it happened, but SHE was the one that leaned back in toward me to kiss me again. Make no mistake though - she sure as hell didn't have to force me; I was more than willing to have it happen again!"

She went on, saying "I think I was the first one to do more than just hold my hand on her breast; my own nipples were literally *aching*, and couldn't stop myself from using my thumb to see if Patty's were as hard as mine felt. They were, and she didn't hesitate to rub my nipple, back. From there, it wasn't long before we were French kissing like nobody's business, and playing with each other's tits to no end. As we did it more and more, I kept getting more and more excited, and could feel that between my legs, I was getting wetter and wetter, and I just couldn't get enough pressure where my 'button' was. Again, I figured Patty might be having the same problem, and as I was sliding my hand down her front so that I could touch her between her legs, we were interrupted."

"What happened?"

"It was my mom, knocking on the door to see if we wanted a snack or anything. Scared the hell out of both of us, and embarrassed us both to no end. It took me a minute to get over it, and tell Mom that yeah, we would like something to eat and drink. Both of us kind of shied away from each other, and put on our housecoats to go down to the kitchen where Mom had some pie and milk for us. The whole time we were eating, we kept looking at each other, then looking away, like we were afraid of each other. By the time we got back to my room, it was like we were two strangers; when we went to bed, both of us moved to the edge of the bed, so that we weren't touching - usually, we'd lay right NEXT to each other, and even hold hands. The next morning, instead of getting dressed together, like we normally did, Patty took her clothes into the bathroom, and got dressed there. After that, we kind of avoided each other for the next few days. Those few days turned into weeks, then months", she finished, crying slightly at the memory.

I tilted her head up to look at me, and told her "I don't see that you did anything wrong. What you and Patty had was a lot like what Robyn and Sandra have. The only difference is that they've been able to follow through on what they started, and they don't seem ashamed or embarrassed by it. What happened to you was bad luck, pure and simple. From the sound of it, I'd guess that you and Patty would have found out that you liked girls just fine - but that it wouldn't have stopped either one of you from enjoying boys, too; at least, if what you've done with me is any indication."

She smiled at that, and I went on "I don't think there's anything wrong with you for getting turned on by watching Sandra and Robyn play. Both of them are more than passably attractive, both because of their youth, and their natural good looks. If you wanted to drag one or the other of them into bed with you to finish what you started with Patty, I wouldn't like it much - but ONLY if you forced them in some way. If one or the other WANTED to, then I'd say 'go for it, and have fun'. So there's no reason for you to 'hate to admit' that you find the sight, or idea, of them together turning you on."

She looked up at me again, and said "You just said 'one or the other of them' - you mean even if I wanted to have sex with my own daughter, you wouldn't be disgusted?", wonderingly.

"Nope - as long as she was old enough to make the choice for herself, of her own free will. If the two parties are both interested, and there's no chance of pregnancy or disease, then I'm fine with it - as far as I'm concerned, it's just two people making each other happy, and feel good, and act of LOVE, to some degree. Beyond that, it's none of my business; I've got my hands full being in charge of ME", that last part earning me a smile.

She got another thoughtful look on her face for a few seconds, then looked up at me, saying "Well, that's enough of that. I didn't come over here to have you solve *all* my problems, just **one**."

"And what would that be?"

As she told me "I have this itch that I was hoping you could scratch", she got up off the couch, and started to undress, telling me "You see, it's in a spot that I *can't quite reach* by myself; but I know that you have **just** the right 'tool' to take care of it.", making a pun of her desire and intentions as she let her panties drop to the floor.

I stood up, too, and in my best Southern Drawl, told her "Well, Ma'am, I'd be right happy to scratch your itch, if'n that's what you want." - "Oh, it is!", she teased. - "But I'm a-feared it might git kinda messy, if'n you know what I mean."

"Oh, that's fine - All I care about is this **darn itch**", she replied as she used her hand to rub the outside of her vagina, and her clitoris, as the other teased one of her nipples to erection.

By this time, I'd gotten naked, too, and told her "Well, Ma'am, I'd be plum happy to help you out, but it looks like my itch scratchin' tool is kinda out of commission at the moment."

She smiled, and as she dropped to her knees, told me "Well, Stranger, I think I might be able to help you out with that little problem" before taking the end of my semi-erect penis into her mouth and softly sucking on it.

As I started to get harder, she was able to begin sliding her lips up and down the length of me - and starting a slight swaying motion in her breasts that I found both interesting and highly erotic, which only served to make her ministrations that much more effective.

When I was fully hard, and glistening with her saliva, she released me from her lips, and lay back on the floor, spreading her legs to show me how wet and ready she was before saying "I don't need anything more, or anything fancy - I just need this damn ITCH taken care of!"

I dropped to my knees, then, and moved to position myself between her legs before leaning forward to support myself on my hands and arms. Once I was in position, she reached down between us and took my manhood in her fingers, guiding it to her opening. Without another word, I pressed forward, and both of us watched as my entire length slid into her in a single, slow, continuous movement, ending only when our pubic hair was merged.

That done, we looked into each other's eyes as I withdrew from her slowly, savoring the feel of her warm insides as they slid along my length. When only the head was still inside her, I paused for a moment before pushing myself back into her as she raised her pelvis in welcome.

Over the next several minutes, I slowly increased the speed that I moved in and out of her; and with her vocal encouragement, increased the force of my motions, as well. She raised her knees until they were nearly touching her breasts, which tilted her pelvis up, and spread her legs even further, giving me maximum freedom to move, and maximum penetration into her. She was hot and tight and wet enough that it didn't take long before I began to feel a faint stirring in my balls - but I knew that as aroused as she was, she still wasn't close to having an orgasm. Not wanting to disappoint her, I lowered myself onto my elbows, which put my mouth near her ear - and I began to talk to her about something I KNEW would get her going:

"Think about it Lucy - even while we're here, making love, Sandra and Robyn are probably doing the same thing in their room."

"Just imagine, Lucy - Robyn is laying back on the bed, and Sandra is between her legs, licking and sucking on her, and playing with her breasts, just like I did to you before."

"Lucy, maybe they're in a '69' now. Just think: Sandra is laying there on her back, with Robyn over her, both of them with their heads buried between the other's thighs, licking and kissing and getting juices all over their faces."

"You can see what they look like, Lucy - both of them young and smooth; their firm breasts, their soft mounds, their hard nipples as they touch and kiss each other."

Even as we were making love, I gave Lucy a verbal description of what might be happening between Robyn and Sandra, and how they looked; and with each description, I

could feel her responding underneath me, becoming more and more excited, and wetter and wetter, so that the scent of her arousal filled the room, and the liquid sound of our lovemaking became louder and louder. It was as she was getting closer and closer to orgasm, and I was describing to her what they must smell like as they made love, that I finally felt the start of my climax; the first splash of my semen into her womanhood was enough to push Lucy into her own powerful orgasm. An orgasm powerful enough that she wrapped her legs around me to hold me in place as she bit the side of my neck to muffle her screams of release. While spasm after spasm passed through her, her vagina tightened down on me even more, enough so that I didn't dare try to move in her - but that was okay, since the sensation of her internal muscles claspng at me was more than enough to make sure that she got every drop of semen that I had to give.

Even as my penis began to soften, she was still having fluttering aftershocks of release; I continued to hold her there, covering her body with my own, until she finally unlocked her ankles and let her feet rest on the floor while she held me close, gasping.

Only when she'd caught her breath did she release me enough so that I could raise up enough to look down into her face, still flushed from our lovemaking.

Looking deep into my eyes, she told me "You really pushed some buttons there, fella."

I smiled, and answered "Well, it seemed like a good idea, at the time. I was getting close, and I didn't want to leave you behind, so I just did something that I figured would help you catch up."

"Oh, I caught up, all right! That was the best orgasm I've had in, oh, FOREVER."

"Glad I was able to help you get that itch taken care of, then.", I teased.

She laughed a bit, and said "It's taken care of, all right. For about the next month, I think!"

I put a mock frown on my face, and said "Yeah, that's the problem with being so good at what you do - repeat business goes to hell!", in an aggrieved tone.

She laughed at the teasing, and answered "No need to fish for compliments. You did good, and you damn well know it, if those are my teeth marks I see on your neck. You're probably going to have a bruise there tomorrow morning."

"A price I willingly pay, if that's what it takes to make you happy.", I teased back, before lowering myself to rest against, but not on, her again. She put her arms around me, and as she gave me a number of soft kisses where she'd bitten me, we both savored the sensation of my penis still inside her until it finally shrank enough to pull free of her. When that happened, she gently nudged me up again, telling me "If you'll get off of me, I can keep from staining your carpet" as she pressed a hand against her opening, holding our combined juices inside.

I eased my way off of her, and stood up before reaching down to offer her a hand up, saying "I'm not worried about it, but if it would make you feel better, then that's what we'll do. Want to join me in a quick shower?"

When she was standing again, hand cupping her crotch, she smiled at me, and said "Yeah, it would make me feel better. Uh, how about you give me a couple minutes, and join ME in the shower?"

I agreed, and told her that when she was ready, I'd be there with balls - er, bells - on. She laughed at the joke, and said to bring along something to drink - she felt 'like I've lost a couple quarts of **something**'.

I agreed, and as she headed off toward the bathroom, delayed her long enough to give her a kiss and a small pat on the butt before heading into the kitchen to get us some drinks - LARGE bottles of water would be needed, I figured. Sure enough, a couple minutes later, I heard her call my name, and I headed into the bathroom where we shared a quick, but fun, shower, where she was able to take a closer look at the damage she'd done to my neck - and then apologize for it, telling me that the teeth marks were plain as day, and that it was already starting to bruise. I had to reassure her several more times before she finally quit saying she was sorry.

When we'd dried off, we made our way back to the living room, and snuggled on the couch until Lucy started to fall asleep. She quickly woke herself up, and told me "I'd better get home, so I'll be there when the girls wake up."

I reluctantly agreed, and watched as she got up, then put her blouse and shorts on, minus her bra and panties. When she was done, I stood up, too, and gave her a kiss and a hug - both of which she returned enthusiastically - before walking her to the door. After she'd left, I found my way to the bedroom, and fell asleep.

Late the next afternoon, Sunday, she stopped by to let me know what had happened after she left my apartment:

"I didn't any more than get the front door open, than I could hear the two of them in the bedroom - I mean, it sounded like they were having as good a time as I just did, only with each other! But I was careful not to make any noise, or anything, because I didn't want to disturb them; besides, how was I going to tell them I'd just had the orgasm of my life if they asked where I'd been? Anyway, I went ahead and went to bed; those two little devils kept at it for a while longer, until they both got worn out from the fun they were having. Geez, I envy the energy they have!"

The next morning, I started to wake them up like I usually do - but when I got the door to Robyn's room open, the smell of their activities was thick enough to cut with a knife. I also found them both naked, and tangled up together on the bed: Robyn's head was laying on the inside of Sandra's thigh, and Sandra was curled around so that her hand was holding Robyn's breast. It was all I could do not to go in there and crawl between them.

Anyway, so I didn't let them know that I knew what was going on, I closed the door, then knocked on it so they'd think I hadn't seen them. Sandra was the one to answer, and told me they'd be out in a minute - you never heard such commotion in your life while the two of them rushed around trying to clean up the evidence of what they'd been doing! I heard it as both of them cleaned up a little in the bathroom before they came out to join me for breakfast. We sat there and chatted a little as we ate, until I finally asked them which one had the nightmare last night. Both of them looked puzzled, and I told them that I'd woken up to hear moaning, and figured that one of them had a bad dream - and, boy, did they blush! I pretended not to notice it, of course, but it was still fun watching them. I don't care if they keep going, or not - I just want them to be a little more discreet, and quiet, about what they do."

I laughed at her description, and at what she'd said and done to make her point. I also had to tell her yet again that the now-obvious bruise and tooth marks on my neck weren't anything to worry about, after she saw the green-and-purple blotch on me.

Monday morning, I emailed the corrections and updates I'd made to the code for my client, and got confirmation from them that they'd received it intact. That out of the way, I was sitting in the living room, enjoying a leisurely cup of coffee when the doorbell rang, and when I went to see who it was, my suspicions were confirmed when I saw Sandra and Robyn standing there - though dressed in halter tops and shorts, for a change. I invited them in, and we were chatting in the living room when the phone rang. I answered it, and was surprised to discover that it was Lucy.

I listened as she explained to me that one of her companies customers was suddenly having trouble with one of THEIR customers, and wanted 'someone' to go to their customer's site and do an audit of their books. I asked her what was going on, and she admitted that she was the 'someone' they'd selected to supervise the accountants that would be doing the actual work. She wouldn't be doing anything except acting as **her** company's 'presence', and summarizing the accountant's results. The expectation was that she'd be out of town for as few as 2 days, but perhaps as many as 4. I asked her if she wanted me to watch after the girls, and she laughed, saying "Yeah. I know it breaks your heart, but could they stay with you while I'm gone? I'd trust either one of them alone in my apartment, but not together - particularly with what's going on between them."

I said that it wouldn't be any problem, and she said "I'll bet. I know you're not going to just start jumping their bones, but could you at least wait until I clear the parking lot?"

I laughed, and said "You will recall that I **do** have a large bed - easily large enough for the girls - and that my couch is plenty large and comfortable enough for ME."

"Yeah, right. Okay, we'll both pretend that's gonna happen - but you'll excuse me if I don't bet cash money on it, right?"

I laughed again, telling her "Yeah, that's probably a pretty good idea."

She answered "Look, I'm cool with it. I know you're not going to push either one of them into anything; if anything, you'll try to talk them out of it. But I know what they're going to be like at their age, and I don't believe for a minute that you're going to get through these next few days with your good intentions intact."

With that, she asked to talk to the girls. I asked if she minded if I put her on the speakerphone, and she agreed that it was a good idea. I gestured to the girls to come over, and as they did, I got the phone switched over.

When they got there, I told Lucy that we were all there, and she started to tell them what was going on. At first, they were disappointed that she was going to be out of town, but quickly cheered up again when they heard her tell them that they were going to be staying with me while she was gone.

With all of us working from the same page, we were able to get the initial details worked out in fairly short order; other stuff would have to wait until Lucy got home with more details. That settled, Lucy told us she'd talk to us when she got home, in a couple of hours, and hung up.

I told the girls to go ahead and go back to the apartment and get enough clothes for a couple of days - including going out in public - along with their nightgowns and robes. Both looked at me as though I'd lost my mind, but left. A short while later they were back, each with a knapsack full of clothing. I had them put their stuff in the bedroom, and got out a set of linens to use on the couch. This time, they fussed a little, and I finally took a moment to explain to them:

"Look, do you **want** Lucy to think we're going to spend the entire time humping each other's brains out? If we don't at least *pretend* that nothing's going to happen, she's going to spend the entire trip worrying about what's happening HERE, instead of what she's *supposed* to be doing, and that's not going to be good for **her**. So are you going to listen to me, and do what I say; or are you going to keep making faces at me, and have all this probably turn out bad, instead of good, like it should?"

That seemed to get them settled down, and the rest of the wait until Lucy got home went pretty smoothly.

When she got home, Lucy filled me in on the details I needed to know - when she was due at the airport, where she was going, and where she'd be staying when she got there. She also tried to leave me some money to help pay for their food, and got a little testy with me when I simply laughed at her before telling her "You know better than that. Keep your money; you might find you need it where you're going." She grudgingly admitted the possibility, but it was still a few minutes before it left her mind. Still, we all managed to get everything straightened out well ahead of the arrival of the transportation her company had arranged for her. That left the two of us plenty of time to do a little snuggling - and even some making out - before she had to leave.

After Lucy left for the airport, I got the girls together and took all of us out to eat - we'd been so busy helping get Lucy packed and getting things organized that we'd completely missed lunch. A little discussion finally found us in a local drive-in fast-food place that made surprisingly good burgers.

About an hour after we got back, I got a call from my client, letting me know that the code I'd written was doing what it was supposed to, and giving me the go-ahead to start on the next part of it while their hardware people finished up their design. Surprisingly, the girls weren't much interested in going to the pool; electing, instead, to spend the afternoon in the bedroom gossiping over the teen magazines they'd brought over. I spent the rest of the afternoon getting myself organized, and thinking through what I thought was likely to happen with the hardware people. Over the years, I'd developed a 'feel' for how good a company's design engineers were, and how efficient they were. For this particular client, I knew their engineers were good enough, but that management couldn't resist sticking their thumbs in the process. Though not a hardware engineer, I was fluent enough with it to be able to anticipate the scenarios that they would likely run into; with that knowledge, I would write the program in such a way that covered all but the last bit of the hardware/software that I thought would bite them on the ass; and put the frame in place for the last little bit, so that I was prepared for any last-minute changes. It was more work for me during the 'regular' part of the development cycle, but paid BIG dividends when they (invariably) hit me with last-minute changes - the bonuses I earned more than made up for the difference. Only rarely did I have to actually pull 'all-nighters' to meet a deadline. Amazing what a little planning and organization can do for one's bank account...

As it got toward late afternoon, I finally got things set up so that I could begin coding the next day; when I was done, I went into the bedroom and asked the girls if they were hungry yet. Due to the late lunch, they weren't; instead, they wanted to know if I'd go swimming with them for a little while. I agreed, and before I could even get to where my swim trunks were, they'd both jumped off the bed and stripped, leaving me with plenty look at as they took their time getting their suits on. Figuring "the hell with it", I didn't pay any attention to them as I changed, too.

With all of us ready, we grabbed towels, and headed for the pool, where we spent a good half hour chasing each other around in the water, playing a pool-bound game of tag. I'll leave it to the reader to guess who was 'it' most of the time.

When I'd had enough, I declared my participation over, and climbed out to lay on one of the lounges as the two of them continued their game by inviting a couple of the other kids that had shown up while we were playing. The boys were the most enthusiastic about joining in - at least, until they discovered that Sandra and Robyn both were far superior swimmers, and almost impossible to catch (and thus, touch).

Finally, they tired, as well, and climbed out to come over to stand over me, dripping water on me until I opened my eyes to look up at them - and notice that the slight breeze was cooling them in some rather interesting ways and places.

Once they had my attention, they made it more than clear that they were ready to leave, for a variety of reasons.

When we got back to my apartment, the two of them quickly headed straight for the bedroom, leaving me to close and lock the front door. When I went in to get out of my suit, I found that they'd already shed theirs. They were waiting for me, and I hadn't taken more than two steps into the bedroom before I had a pair of nubile young girls plastered to my body - as Robyn pressed herself against my back, holding me in place, Sandra reached out to start pulling my suit down, kneeling to pull it clear when I raised each foot in turn. Without getting up, she tossed my suit aside, and reached out to take my semi-erect penis in her hand. She leaned forward to plant a small kiss on the end of it before looking up into my eyes as she wrapped her lips around the head. She then reached up to cup my testicles in her hand while she softly sucked me further into her mouth while 'walking' her lips along my length, until my entire penis was inside her hot, moist mouth.

Of course, the sight and sensation of what she was doing soon had me growing even larger, and I could see the reluctance on her face as she had to let more and more of me slide out from between her lips. When she realized that I was fully erect, she pulled back from me enough to say "I'm still sure I want you; and I want it to happen **tonight**. Robyn told me that your stuff tastes good, and that after you shoot, you can stay hard longer the next time. So I'm the one that gets to do this, instead of Robyn."

With that, she took my penis in her hand and begin licking and kissing it, with Robyn softly instructing her on what to do - "Yeah, like that - only use your tongue more, there under the end; he really likes that", and "Put it in your mouth, just the end of it, and suck on it real soft, like you do my tit", and "The head - yeah, that part - is kinda like our clits. Do to it what you like to do to me!".

Though inexperienced, Sandra proved to be a quick study - it wasn't long before she had me as hard as I'd ever been. I couldn't reach anything of interest on her, but Robyn was standing behind me, her breasts pressing into my back - so I reached around and behind me and began softly stroking her pubic hair, and pressing gently against her mound, where her clitoris was. She readily moved back slightly, and moved her feet apart, giving me free access to her pubic area. I quickly took advantage of it by sliding my fingers between her legs; cupping my hand, I slowly drew a finger between her labia, and finding her already quite aroused and wet. I repeated my actions again, and continued moving my finger up her slit until it slid across her erecting clitoris, making her gasp in pleasure. I felt her nipples hardening where they pressed into me, and continued stroking her, feeding her arousal and pleasure.

In short order, Robyn was so excited that she could barely stand; I reached down to hold Sandra's head steady, and when she looked up at me, said "I think we'd all be more comfortable, and better off, if we got on the bed, don't you?" She mumbled her agreement around my glistening erection, then let it pop free of her mouth before standing up. Together, we helped Robyn to the bed, then slid ourselves around so that Sandra could resume her ministrations to my erection while Robyn positioned herself so that her head

was between Sandra's thighs with her body alongside mine - giving my hand free access to her pelvis, and with a little stretching, her breasts.

It didn't take long before we'd reached our previous level of arousal - more comfortable, Sandra reattached her lips to my erection even as Robyn's tongue was making contact with her distended labia - and as I slid a finger into Robyn's vaginal opening, while using another to press against her clitoris.

For the next several minutes, the only sounds in the room were rhythmic, and liquid - until Sandra finally pulled away from me as she experienced wave after wave of pleasure when Robyn brought her to release. To my surprise, even as she was coming down from her orgasm, Sandra fought to make her way back to me, and take me into her mouth again.

Satisfied that she'd gotten Sandra off, Robyn eased her way into a semi-seated position, then leaned over to let me suck on her breasts and nipples as I continued to slide my finger in and out of her vagina, bumping against her clitoris with each inward probe. The sight of my wet finger sliding in and out of a gap in her dark muff was an incredibly erotic sight - doing wonders to help move me along toward the goal Sandra had set for me.

As I already knew, Robyn enjoyed using her mouth on me; from the rapid increase in her breathing after she sat up, I could only figure that she enjoyed watching someone do it almost as much she enjoyed doing it herself: it was just a couple of minutes later that Robyn went through her own release, nearly pinching my finger off with her internal muscles, and leaving a distinctly-scented wet spot on the bed, as well. When she'd gotten her senses back, Robyn rolled over toward the edge of the bed, both giving herself a good view of Sandra and I, and making way for Sandra to twist around so that her body lay closer to mine.

Looking down, I could see that Sandra was getting a little tired from her exertions, and with a few gently nudges, managed to get her to lay on her side, as I did the same. That also brought her pelvis closer to my head; I raised my leg so that I could put my foot flat on the bed, and guided her leg into the same position - leaving me free to examine and explore the center of her femininity. I leaned forward a bit, and sampled her sweet, musky oils at their source - she moaned at the first contact I made, and the sensation on my erection was incredible: I could feel the vibrations all the way down to my balls.

Sandra didn't have the skill Robyn did - but that just made the experience that much more satisfying: rather than 'pushing' me into a fast, hard climax, she was drawing me along toward one that I *knew* was going to be all the more intense for the delay.

I extended a finger to trace the outlines of her sex, and when she felt my touch, readily spread her legs to give me more access. As I'd found when I'd used my mouth on her previously, her labia weren't quite as long as Robyn's, but they were a bit thicker. They were barely visible between the lips of her mons, their edges blurred by the soft, thick

hair of her pubis. When I slid a fingertip between her inner lips, I found them to be firm, and slick with her juices; toward the top of her slit, I could make out the size and shape of her erect clitoris: it looked very much like a small Navy bean, only glistening.

Since she so readily accepted the touch of my finger in and on her vaginal opening, I gradually increased the duration, and depth, of my probes of her womanly flower. I was pleasantly surprised when I eventually found that I could easily slide an entire finger in and out of her hot, wet opening - either she'd already lost her maidenhead prior to this, or it had been so thin that my initial probe of her had removed it. In either case, my attentions to her sheath drew an escalation of her moans as I progressed. A glance over at Robyn revealed that she had her eyes locked on the subject of my explorations; with one hand busy at her own opening while the other squeezed and pinched her breasts and nipples.

Changing the angle of my 'attack' slightly, I continued sliding my finger in and out of her vagina, but now it was rubbing alongside her clitoris, as well - earning myself another one of those incredibly stimulating moans from her. A moan that was more than enough to cause the tightening in my balls that told me my climax wasn't far off. Sandra seemed to sense it, as well, and - as best she could, with the distraction I was giving her - increased her efforts to bring me to completion. When she moaned again, and felt my balls twitch in her hand, she realized what she could do to get me off - and did it. For the next 30 seconds or so, she moaned almost continuously, rapidly bringing me closer and closer to the edge, until, finally, she all but deep-throated me. The sensation of her throat clasp at the head of my already-sensitive penis was more than I could stand, and I felt the first tensing of my erection as I prepared to unload into her eager mouth and throat. She felt it, too, and held me there until she felt my penis twitch in her mouth before pulling back enough to breathe as I fired what felt like a quart of semen onto the back of her throat, quickly followed by a second, then third. Even as the rest of my cum emptied into her mouth, she continued to suck and lick on my penis, prolonging my pleasure.

In return, when I got my senses back, I refocused my attention on what I was doing to her - and short order, felt her vagina clamp down on my finger as she started yet another orgasm. Only when the first of several spasms passed through her did she finally release my semi-erect penis from her mouth.

When she'd gotten her breath back, Sandra sat up a bit, and looked at me with an impish grin on her face, before licking her lips and saying "Robyn was right: I think I could learn to like this - a lot!" With that pronouncement, Robyn didn't hesitate to move toward us again, and take Sandra into an embrace as they kissed, clearly sharing the bits of my semen that Sandra hadn't already swallowed.

After making sure they'd cleared each other's tonsils of my residue, Robyn and Sandra separated - Sandra to move herself up to lay next to me as Robyn attended to cleaning my now-flaccid penis with her tongue. As she watched Robyn, Sandra said "I can understand why Robyn likes to do that so much - it's really exciting to know that I can make you feel that good with just my mouth. And the way your stuff tastes is really interesting - it's

salty, and kinda sweet, at the same time; and it comes out kind of like custard, or something."

Finally satisfied that she'd gotten every available molecule of my semen, Robyn moved up to lay next to me on the other side, nuzzling into my neck and saying "That was **so** hot to see, you two together!"

I laughed, and told her "Thanks - I'm just glad you found a way to keep yourself amused!" teasing her.

I could feel her blush slightly as Sandra asked "What? What was she doing? Playing with herself? I wish I could have seen it, too!" - and causing Robyn to blush even harder.

We cuddled there for probably half an hour before Sandra rose up enough to ask if anyone else was hungry - which prompted Robyn to chime in that she was.

Feeling a little hollow, myself, I asked what they wanted; almost in unison, they asked "Pizza?" I thought about it a moment, and decided that it actually sounded pretty good. I volunteered Robyn to go order it so that Sandra and I could cuddle a little longer. When she left, I nudged Sandra, and when she turned to me, told her that I'd really enjoyed what she'd done. She blushed slightly, and told me that she'd been a little worried and nervous about it at first, but that between Robyn's guidance and my acceptance of what she was doing quickly calmed her down. About that time, Robyn came back in, and crawled onto the bed to lie on the other side of Sandra, her head resting Sandra's shoulder. Robyn listened as Sandra went on to tell me that she liked what she and Robyn had been doing, but that she wanted to "know the rest of it - you know, what it was like with a guy".

At that, Robyn reached around to cup one of Sandra's breasts before telling her "I like what we do, too - and in some ways, it's even better than what I feel when I'm with him. But in other way's it's not as good. I mean, it's like they're two completely different ways of having fun. They are, I guess, but it's like the way it even **feels** is completely different, too."

Sandra looked at her inquisitively, and Robyn went on to explain "When I'm with you, what we do is really nice - we're both girls, and we know what feels go to us as girls. We're soft and gentle and careful with each other, and that feels really nice. But there's stuff that we just can't do - like the actual sex part. I mean, I've tried using stuff like the handle on my hairbrush, a candle, and a couple of other things, and they feel good, but they just aren't *him*. They don't feel the same, and they don't act the same. Not better or worse than what we have, just *different* - better in some ways, not as good in others."

Sandra turned back to look at me, and said "That's what I want to know - how being with you is better, and how it's not. What it feels like when you're inside me, and what it feels like when you shoot your stuff inside me. I've heard about making love different ways, and I want to know what they feel like." I smiled at her, and said, "I think we can do that. One of the things that worried me was hurting you; but when I was touching you, I found

out that you don't have your maidenhead - your 'cherry'. So, I don't think that anything we do will actually *hurt* you. It might be uncomfortable at first, but that's all."

Sandra smiled back, and told me "I've got to admit that I was kinda worried about it hurting, too; but if I don't have my 'cherry', then I guess I don't have anything to worry about. From what Robyn told me, and from what you've done, I know that you wouldn't hurt me on purpose, but it's still nice to hear it. But what happened?"

"I don't know. It's possible that something happened when you were real young. Maybe it was so small and thin that when I put my finger in you, it broke then. It might even be that you didn't have one to start with - that's rare, but it happens. Whatever it was, I'd say it doesn't matter now."

Robyn chipped in with "I'd say it doesn't either - but it kinda makes me jealous, and it kinda doesn't."

Sandra looked at her inquisitively, and Robyn answered the implied question "Well, I'm jealous because my first time hurt a little bit, even though he was SO gentle with me, and had **me** on top, so that I could stop if it hurt. But then again, I'm **not** jealous *because* I had that first experience. Does that make sense?"

Sandra got a slightly thoughtful look on her face, and after a moment, nodded in understanding before turning back to me to say "Robyn told me that when you shoot like that, you last longer the next time. Uh, how long does that last? I mean, I don't want to rush you or anything, but I want it to last as long as possible, too. Do you know what I mean?"

I gave a little laugh, as did Robyn, before I told her "That won't be any problem. By the time we finish the pizza, I'll be able to go again; anything that happens between then and before we'd go to bed would take the time I think you want. Each time I 'shoot' - it's also called a climax, or 'cumming' - it takes me a longer before I'm ready again, and makes it take that much longer for me to finish. So there's no hurry, and there's no reason to wait - whenever it happens tonight, I think we'll both be fine."

We continued to lie there, holding and caressing each other, until the doorbell rang; I told Robyn that it was probably the pizza, and she quickly put on a blouse and shorts (no underwear) while I told her to get the money out of my wallet - and to make sure and tip the driver a couple dollars. She left, and Sandra and I heard as she answered the door, then took delivery of our supper. When we heard the door close, we got up and headed in to meet Robyn in the living room. I took charge of the pizza as Sandra went in to get us drinks while Robyn shed her clothing again.

We watched a little TV as we ate - none of us ate all that much, in anticipation of the rest of the evening, I think. I also took the opportunity to casually query Sandra about birth control, and more specifically, about her period. Initially surprised by the questions, she didn't hesitate to answer them; I easily learned that she would be starting her next period

in a few days. That meant that she was between periods, and thus, infertile. No chance of making her pregnant, thankfully. When we were done, Robyn took put the leftovers in the fridge so that Sandra and I could get comfortable on the couch. When she got back, she parked herself next to Sandra; she hadn't any more than leaned back than the phone rang. I nudged Sandra to raise up a bit - she had to do the same to Robyn, so it was a couple more rings before I was able to answer the phone.

As I'd expected, it was Lucy, calling to let us know she'd arrived okay, and to see how things were going. When they heard me use her name, both girls started to get up, but I gestured to them that I wanted to speak to Lucy alone for a bit, so they settled back down, still watching me. I moved over to where my computer desk was, so that I could talk quietly with Lucy without the girls listening in.

"So how's it going, there, fella? Bagged any teenyboppers yet?" Lucy asked with a laugh.

"I'm not sure who's trying to bag who", I replied.

"You're kidding. Right?"

"Nope. As I'm sitting here, Robyn and Sandra are both stark naked on the couch, molesting each other every now and then while they wait for me to let you talk to them."

"Okay, I'll play - why are they naked on your couch?"

"Because we just finished some pizza for supper, silly", I teased.

"No, not why they're on the couch; why are they naked?" she responded; only slightly exasperated.

"Because a little while ago, Sandra gave me one helluva blowjob - her first ever, mind you - while Robyn was eating her."

"Uh-huh. And just what were YOU doing? Other than enjoying the hell out of it?"

"Well, first I used my hand on Robyn, then I used my hand and my mouth on Sandra."

There was a pause while she thought that one over, then she asked "And how is it that Robyn was so willing to participate in this? More specifically, how is it that you're so able to finger-fuck my daughter?"

I waited, and a few seconds later, Lucy said, "Look, I'm not mad that you did anything with them. Jealous, maybe, but not mad. I just want to know if you're banging my daughter, okay? Not to haul your ass off to jail, or to get anyone in any trouble or anything, but just so I know she's with someone that will treat her right."

"In that case, then, yes, Robyn and I have been together."

"From the way you said that, you're not going to tell me a damn thing more, are you?"

"Nope."

She sighed, and said, "I expected as much - you not telling, that is. I suppose that I should be surprised that she's sexually active, but I'm not; after all, I **am** the one that got her fixed up with birth control, and we all know why birth control is needed. The only real comfort of this is that I know you, and know that you're not going to do anything to hurt her, physically or emotionally. You realize, of course, that the only reason I don't fly home right now and rip your lungs out through your nose is because of all you've done for us; and because I've learned what kind of guy you really are?"

"Okay. I don't realize it, but if you say so, then I'll accept it, and thank you for it."

"Hmmp. Rat. Bastard. Child molester. Pervert."

"Flattery will get you nowhere", I replied, archly - teasing her.

She laughed, and said, "More than anything else, I envy you. Okay, let me talk to the miniature sex bombs."

With that, I gestured to the girls that Lucy wanted to talk to them; they were all but climbing over me to get to the phone in nothing flat. When Robyn finally got control of the phone, I headed into the kitchen for another soda, then planted myself on the couch, so they could have some 'private' time with Lucy, too.

A little later, Robyn came over to tell me that Lucy wanted to talk to me again; I went back over to where Sandra was finishing up her conversation, and when she was done, took the phone as the two girls headed back for the couch.

"They're not letting on that anything happened. At all. Any time I even **hinted** that something might be going on, they changed the subject. Have you been coaching them, or are they just naturally devious?"

"I've only told them that if anyone found out what we were doing, then I'd get into trouble."

"Well, whatever you've done and said, it's working. I doubt that torture would get anything out of them."

"Probably just as well", I told her.

"I think you're right. I just want you to know that when I get back, I fully expect some time of my own with you - a couple of days, at least. I'll leave them a bag of kibble, and you and I are going to lock ourselves in the bedroom and see if we can't kill each other. How does that sound?"

"Works for me. I'll get a fridge or something in the bedroom so we don't even have to come out for food or drinks."

She laughed, and said, "You would, too, wouldn't you?"

"You bet - to the fridge, the couple of days, or both", I laughed.

"God, just thinking about it..." she said, wistfully.

"It's okay. You'll be back here soon enough, and we've got plenty of time."

"Yeah. Well, just save some energy for me, okay?"

"Always."

She paused a moment, then said, "I love you, you know."

It didn't come as much of a surprise - and I didn't have any hesitation about telling her "And me, you. Get the damn job done, and get back here, would you?"

"Just as fast as I can", she replied

With that, by mutual consent, we each hung up the phone.

When my conversation with Lucy ended, I got up and went back over to the couch; Robyn and Sandra quickly separated to make room for me between them. Robyn looked up at me, and asked, "You knew she was going to call, didn't you?"

I replied "I didn't **know** she was going to call, but I expected it. Why?"

"Because even after supper, with the two of us playing with you and each other, you didn't get very excited; and when the phone rang, you reacted like you expected it - me and Sandra nearly jumped out of our skins! So what made you think she would call?"

"First, she's your mom. Maybe you don't really understand that yet, but when you get older you will; it means that she's thinking about you almost **all** the time. Second, she's your mom. That means that if she has to be away from you for any period of time, she's going to want to hear from you *somehow*, just to know you're okay. Third, your mom and I like each other. A lot. I kinda figured that she'd want to talk to me, too, just like I wanted to talk to her."

"But what about me?" Sandra asked.

"You're her daughters best friend. She likes you, too, and she cares about you. She's responsible for you while you're staying with her. Believe me, she's not going to forget about you, either."

The two of them looked at each other, and with an unspoken communication, reached an agreement: that it was time to get me 'fired up' again - both reached out to begin sliding their hands across my chest and belly as they each fastened their lips on one of my nipples. With that kind of encouragement, I didn't hesitate to put an arm around each of them to cup a breast, one slightly smaller than the other, but both firm, smooth, and quickly sporting an erect nipple.

Since it was 'her night', the first one I leaned over to kiss was Sandra - who readily opened her mouth to the gentle touch of my tongue, moaning faintly when our tongues touched.

When our kiss finally broke, Sandra started easing her hand down my body, until she had my swollen, but not even semi-erect, penis in her grasp - and was able to begin a faintly milking motion that quickly got me semi-erect. While she was doing that, I turned my head to kiss Robyn, who seemed to be trying to lick my tonsils. For her part, Robyn took it upon herself to cycle between whichever of Sandra's breasts that I didn't have hold of, her own, and my testicles. With the two of them trying so hard, they soon had me aroused; Sandra was the one to suggest that we'd have more room, and be more comfortable, on the bed. Refusing to let go of each other, it took us a few tries before we were able to sit up on the couch, and then finally stand up to make our way back to the bedroom again.

I couldn't help thinking that my bedroom, and bed, had gotten more use in the last 6 weeks than it had in the previous 6 years...

Once settled on my bed, we pretty much reversed the positions we'd had last time - now Robyn's lips were fastened on my penis while Sandra's head was between her thighs, and my lips and tongue went to work on Sandra's womanhood.

Robyn seemed to be very much in the spirit of things - she was deliberately taking her time getting me hard, apparently so that I would have more time to get Sandra ready. I appreciated her consideration, but couldn't help but wonder if it also wasn't so that she could have her own orgasm before I got too involved with Sandra. Whatever the reason, she was taking it easy on me: stimulating me enough to gradually get me harder and harder, but not so much that I couldn't focus on what I was doing to Sandra. And what I was doing to Sandra was certainly worth focusing on: using my tongue to trace the folds of her inner lips and sliding it between them, dipping it into the entrance to her vagina to savor her delicate essence; using my lips and tongue to caress and fondle her rapidly-erecting clitoris, and protruding labia; delighting in the spicy/sweet/musky odor of her arousal softly, rhythmically sucking on her clitoris; caressing her ass and hips and back and waist and thighs.

Between what Robyn was doing, and my pleasure with what I was doing, it didn't take long before I was fully erect; enjoying the pleasant sensations Robyn was providing, while not feeling any hurry or need for a climax.

A bit later, Robyn released me for a few moments to tell Sandra "Whenever you're ready, he is too", followed a second later with "Damn! You're good at that..."

Knowing that I was ready, Sandra apparently decided to apply herself to getting Robyn off - and from where I was sitting (well, laying :-), she seemed to be doing a damn fine job of it: it wasn't but a couple of minutes before Robyn's breathing had noticeably quickened, along with an increase in moans and gasps of arousal. Robyn tried to keep stimulating me, but what Sandra was doing to her was simply too much to bear, and she eventually gave up. I barely noticed the loss - I was simply engrossed in what I was doing.

Only a few minutes later, I heard Robyn's breath catch, heard her gasp, and then let out something that was a combination of moan, and scream, as Sandra finally triggered her orgasm. The sound of it was more than enough to make up for the absence of Robyn's talented mouth and tongue.

As her orgasm tapered off, Robyn rolled over so that she was lying on her stomach. That left enough room for Sandra to ease herself away from me (much to my disappointment), and slide herself around so that we were face to face - a position that let me see the shining of Robyn's juices on her face and lips, and detect Robyn's scent when she moved to kiss me before looking deep into my eyes and telling me "I'm ready. God! I am **so** ready. What do we do now?"

"It's up to you. If you still had your 'cherry', I'd suggest that we do it with you getting on top of me, so that you could wait if it started to hurt. But since that little problem is already taken care of, we can try it with you laying on your back, and me on top. Or, if you want, you can get on your hands and knees, and I can enter you from behind."

"Will it hurt?"

"Like I said before, with your hymen gone, and your larger size, I don't think you'll have any pain. It *might* feel uncomfortable, but not much more."

"Is there any one of them that YOU like?"

"It's not about me, it's about you. Remember, we don't have to do just ONE; we can change around as much as you want, whenever you want, for as long as I can keep going. Think about which one you want to try first, and we'll go from there. Or, if you want, we can just keep doing what we have been, and you can wait until later."

Sandra thought about it for a bit, and as she was thinking, Robyn finally rolled away from us again, until she was on her side facing us. She just lay there, watching, as Sandra made up her mind.

Finally, Sandra looked at me again, and said "I definitely want to do it, tonight. I know how nice you are, and you're honest and patient with me, and I don't know when I'll find

someone like you again. What I want to do is have you be the one to take my virginity, whether I've got a cherry, or not."

With that, she quickly moved on top of me, her knees on either side of my hips, her hands on the bed by my shoulders. Looking down at me, she said, "Your lips and tongue and fingers and hands have felt wonderful - but what I want now is the rest of you. I want THIS" - and moved forward slightly so that the outside of her vagina was pressing against the underside of my erection. I was still slightly slick with Robyn's saliva, and Sandra used it to begin sliding herself against me. Hunching forward slightly, she moved herself so that the bottom of her opening was resting just behind the crown of my penis; from there, she arched her back, so that the length of her slit moved toward my balls, until her clitoris was pressing against the base of my erection. She paused a moment, eyes closed, before hunching forward again - only this time, her labia parted slightly, allowing her ample lubrication to spread along my undersides. When she'd reached the end of my penis, she paused again, eyes closed, before arching backwards. After a couple more cycles of that, she leaned forward some more, letting her breasts dangle in my face; I gladly accepted the invitation to take first one, then the other, into my mouth to lick and suck on her nipples as she continued to slide herself back and forth on my now-glistening penis. As we continued teasing and stimulating each other, I could hear her breathing quicken, and paused for a moment to look at her - face flushed with arousal, her eyes hooded in lust, her areolas crinkled and nipples extended from my attentions, she was a most erotic sight.

Both of us had completely forgot Robyn's presence when Sandra finally raised herself up again to tell me "I'm ready. I want you. Now."

I nodded my acceptance, and she lay down on me before tugging on me to indicate that she wanted me to be on top of her. I rolled over, slowly and carefully, until we were finally situated: she on her back, legs spread and knees nearly touching her breasts as her hands rested on my upper arms; I was between her thighs, the bottom of my slickened erection pressing against the flower of her womanhood as I held myself on straightened arms above her.

I looked into her eyes for a few moments, until she nodded her readiness and acceptance, then eased myself back until the end of my penis slid down between her labia, wedged against her opening. I paused again, telling her "We can still stop this, now. Say the word, and I back up more and it's over. What happens next is YOUR decision. Make it for you - not for me, not for Robyn."

Without hesitation, she looked into my eyes, and said, "Do it".

Our eyes locked, I moved slightly to get a better angle, and began pressing myself forward to enter her. In return, she held herself steady, even trying to spread her legs more to give me more access. Finally, I saw her eyes widen as the head of my penis finally popped through her entrance; I immediately stopped pushing, waiting for her to give me some sign of what she wanted me to do next - pull out, or continue. She had a

slightly distracted look on her face, but no signs of pain that I could see. After a few moments, she focused on me again, and said "I just had to get used to having something that big in there. You were right; it doesn't hurt, it was just a little uncomfortable there, for a second. It already feels better. Keep going."

Reassured that she was okay, I pressed myself forward again, into her incredibly hot and tight opening, until perhaps another inch was inside her, before stopping when I saw her get distracted again. She recovered a little more quickly, and soon nodded for me to continue - and looked both surprised and disappointed when I eased back, withdrawing from her slightly. I told her "This is just to make sure that your lubrication - the wetness inside you - gets moved around, so things stay slick. That makes it easier and better for both of us."

She smiled her understanding, and when I pressed into her again, got a pleased look on her face. I did it a couple more times, making sure her oils were well-distributed before trying to wedge even more of myself into her.

Again and again, I pressed myself into her, a fraction at a time, stopping whenever I saw the slightest trace of discomfort in her eyes. Finally, though, we found ourselves locked together, her pubic hair merged with mine, as I lay there buried deep inside her.

I waited there, patiently, so that she could adjust to this new intrusion - giving her plenty of time to not only stretch inside, but to get used to the feel of me in her, and let her get her mind around the idea that she was actually having sex for the first time.

After a minute or two, she got to the point where she was ready to do a little experimenting: first, she just wiggled around a little, seeing how it felt inside with me pressing against her in different ways. From there, she quickly moved on to moving her pelvis a little bit, sliding herself up and down on my erection, first in very small motions, then more and more. Finally satisfied that the hard part was over, she looked into my eyes again, and told me "God! I never knew anything could feel this good! It's like all of sudden, I feel **complete**; like I've been missing something without knowing what it was, and now I do! I feel so **full** inside, but it doesn't hurt or anything - it just feels so damn *good*!"

I smiled at her, and said, "I'm glad you like it - it feels pretty good to me, too!" causing her to smile in return.

Satisfied that she was finally comfortable, not only with having me inside her, but the situation itself, I started to make love to her. Slowly at first, in small movements - withdrawing myself from her hot, tight insides perhaps a couple of inches, then pressing back in again. As it became easier, my strokes lengthened, and then speeded up. As my motions increased, so did hers - raising herself up to meet me as I pressed into her, and learning some vague control over her internal muscles, so that she was able to tighten herself around me when I was fully inside her. At one point, she even raised herself up a bit so she could watch as I slid in and out of her, seeming to delight in the way her labia

extended when I withdrew, only to disappear again when I pressed back in, and the way I glistened with her feminine oils.

I found myself in a comfortable rhythm - one that felt wonderful, and let me stay hard, but without feeling that I was going to climax too fast. I was actually rather happy with it: I wanted it to go on for as long as possible, not only for her benefit, but because she felt so incredible where she was wrapped around me.

As the next several minutes went by, Sandra got more and more aroused, and closer and closer to an orgasm. Her breathing quickened, as did the frequency and duration of her moans. To tease her a little bit, I started changing the way I was making love to her - withdrawing almost completely (and getting a disappointed groan when I did) before making several short, rapid in-and-out motions with the head of my penis at the entrance to her vagina; sliding myself all the way inside her, then rocking forward several times so that my pubic bone bumped against her clitoris with each motion; moving in and out of her with a two-steps-forward-one-step-back action. The net effect was that it (slightly) slowed her progress toward her release, but it also did wonders to increase the pressure building behind it.

I enjoyed what I was doing to - and for - Sandra, but it was having the opposite effect on me. So, after a few minutes of it, I went back to simply making love to her. In short order, I was back into the rhythm that had worked for me so well before. Over the next several minutes, Sandra started moving toward orgasm, tossing her head back and forth, gasping, and groaning her pleasure until, finally, she'd had enough to trigger her release. As I felt the first wave of it hit her, I pressed myself into her as far as I could, savoring the way her internal muscles clamped down on me through her first couple of spasms. After that, I would withdraw, then press myself back into her, in time with the waves of her climax, clearly heightening her pleasure.

As she came down from her orgasm, Sandra looked at me with something akin to worship - and a few moments later, awe and disbelief when she realized that I was still hard, and still inside her. She gave me one of the most radiant smiles I'd ever seen, and then hugged me fiercely. When she released me, she lay back down and moved her pelvis around, almost savoring the feeling of my erection in her.

After a moment, she looked up at me and asked "Um, remember when you told me about the different ways that we could make love?"

I nodded, and she went on "Could we, uh, try a different one now? Or would that mess things up"?

I smiled at her, and answered "Sure, we can try a different one - there's no reason you can't do as many of them as you want, as long as you and whoever you're with enjoy it, and as long as the love-making lasts. What did you have in mind"?

"I was thinking that it felt pretty good when I was sitting on you, but that I'd like to know what it feels like when you're behind me. Is that the one I hear them call 'doggy style'?"

"Yup, that's it." With that, I started to ease myself out of her as she pulled her legs from behind mine, and released me from her arms. She was plainly disappointed when I finally pulled free of her with a faint 'pop', blushing slightly at the noise. I moved back on my heels, and Sandra quickly rolled over onto her stomach before easing up to her hands and knees. I put my hands on her hips, and we each made the necessary adjustments to get me into position to enter her.

Keeping one hand on her hip, I used the other to press my erection down so that the head slid between her slightly parted labia. She eased back slightly to hold me in place, and I released my penis to put my hand back on her waist. Holding her steady, I hunched forward a bit, pressing against her opening until the head slid in. From there, it was relatively easy to continue the motion - accompanied by a low moan of pleasure from her - until I was fully inside her. I couldn't help but delight again to the sensation of her hot, wet female sheath wrapped so tightly around my male dagger.

Leaning forward slightly, I reached down and around her to cup her breasts in my hands for a few moments before squeezing them gently, and softly pinching her nipples between my fingers. Feeling them harden again under my touch, I withdrew from her in a slow, steady motion until only the head of my penis was inside her. I waited a few moments, and when I felt her start to press herself back against me, pushed myself back into her again as she emitted a deep-throated purr of pleasure. I slowly stroked in and out of her several more times, pausing briefly at the end of each, savoring the experience.

After a bit, though, I simply couldn't help but start to move a little more quickly; it wasn't long before I was in almost constant motion as I slid in and out of her. Looking down, I could see the rosette of her anus winking at me in time with my strokes; the thought of perhaps being able to sample that last opening of hers made me even harder.

My back started to ache from leaning over her to play with her breasts as I made love to her, so I finally raised up again, using my hands to caress her from her breast to her hips. Gently grasping her hips, I held them steady as I watched her breasts sway **ever** so slightly in response to my thrusts.

A couple of minutes later, both of us were reminded that Robyn was still there with us when we heard her cry out as she had another orgasm. We glanced around trying to find her before discovering that she'd moved to where she could watch us from the side. Looking at her, we could see that she had a couple of fingers buried in her vagina while the other hand cupped her breast and pinched her nipple. We watched as spasm after spasm washed over her, her pelvis rising up with each one. The sight of it was phenomenal, and did a lot to ease me along; from the way Sandra's vagina clutched at me, almost in time with Robyn's actions, I knew that it was affecting her, as well.

The experience of watching as Robyn orgasmed actually seemed to bring Sandra and I closer together, as strange as it might sound. It not only stimulated both of us, but also made us each aware of what WE were doing, and how the other felt to us. I could feel that sensation that I think all men feel at some point during their lovemaking: the one that tells us 'as nice as the rest has felt, **this** is where we're going, and why we're doing what we are'.

A few minutes later, Sandra and I were both surprised when Robyn moved over next to us. When Sandra looked at her, Robyn asked "Would it bother you if I, uh, joined in a little? You two are **so** hot to watch!"

Sandra gasped in response to what I was doing before telling her "I don't mind if he doesn't".

Robyn looked at me, and when I nodded my acceptance, quickly got onto her back and eased herself under Sandra to start licking and sucking on Sandra's breasts and nipples while she reached down (over?) to begin caressing and rubbing her clitoris - and my balls.

Neither Sandra or I minded the attention - if anything, we welcomed it. Sandra, between moans and pants, dipped her head to return the favor of mouthing Robyn's breasts. Not in any position to do anything to Robyn, I had to content myself with knowing what they were doing.

With Robyn's added attention, it wasn't long before Sandra was rapidly approaching another orgasm; I wasn't far behind her (pun intended!)

A couple of minutes later, I could see, hear, and feel it as Sandra reached her peak. She first arched her back, the muscles and tendons in her neck standing out with the tension. Then she released a deep, guttural moan as her vagina tightened around me again. As wonderfully tight as she'd been before, what she was doing now was incredible - it was all I could do to continue thrusting into her as my own climax approached. After a couple of spasm passed through her, her vagina suddenly relaxed around me, only to begin an incredible fluttering sensation. If you've ever had a muscle twitch for a few seconds, it was like that - only stronger, and **INSIDE** her, all along the length of me. It was the most incredibly erotic thing I've ever experienced, before or since, and it was easily more than enough to trip my release. Sandra's head and shoulders all but collapsed on Robyn, who quickly scooted toward me to avoid suffocation, even as the first jet of my semen was flooding her insides.

I continued flooding Sandra's insides with my cum while Robyn, having taken care of Sandra, dragged her fingernails across my scrotum, increasing the pressure of my spurts. By the time I'd dumped the last of my sperm in her, I felt as though my balls had turned inside out - it was all I could do to hold Sandra's hips steady so she didn't completely smother Robyn. Robyn, realizing the situation, quickly slid back out from under us, so that I could guide Sandra down until she was flat on the bed, my now-softening penis still

inside her. I kept myself on my elbows and knees to keep her covered as my penis slowly shrank. When it finally pulled loose of her, I saw that Robyn had gotten a sheet to cover us with, and gladly rolled over on my side. She quickly covered us with the sheet, then lifted the corner of it to slide in on the other side of Sandra. Together, Robyn and I held her as she went through a period of small shudders of pleasure as she regained her senses.

When she'd gotten her breath back, Sandra quickly rolled over to face me before trying to wrap her arms around me - a difficult thing to do with my laying on my back. I finally had mercy on her, and rose up enough for her to give a ferocious hug before releasing me. I lay down again, and she quickly fastened herself to my side, one leg across mine, her hand on my chest. Robyn eased over, so as not to disturb Sandra, to lie on her side as well, 'spooning' with Sandra. Then Robyn put her arm around to cup Sandra, and cupped her breast; Sandra turned her head so the two of them could share a kiss before turning back to rest her head on my shoulder.

After a few moments, Sandra told me "That was the most incredible thing I've ever experienced. I mean, when you first started to go into me, it was kinda uncomfortable, but it didn't hurt or anything. Then when you were all the way inside, it felt *great*. Then when you made love to me, and I came, I didn't think anything could feel better than that. Then when you were still hard inside me, and started making love to me from behind like that, and playing with my tits, it was wonderful. But when Robyn got under me and started sucking on my tits, and playing with my clit while you were doing me, that was just too much. Even when I thought I was done, you started shooting inside me, and I could **feel** it - it was like you were filling me with liquid fire, or something!" Robyn giggled, and Sandra told her - via my shoulder - "Robyn, I understand what you meant before; and you were right. What it feels like when I'm with you, and what it feels like with him, they're two different things, completely."

I laughed a bit, and asked her "I'm going to take it that you've made up your mind about whether or not you like boys, too?"

She laughed back, and said, "You better believe it. Girls are nice, and fun, but boys - men! - are something else entirely. Yeah, I like them!"

A minute or two later, Sandra said "That was really, really nice, but I'm feeling kind of, uh, squishy - you know, down there."

Robyn chirped up with "I can fix that!" and quickly wormed her way under the sheet, sliding down to where Sandra's ass was. A hand on her hip, and Sandra realized what Robyn wanted to do, and readily rolled onto her back. As she spread her legs to give Robyn room, I rolled onto my side to face her, and then give her a kiss. A nudge from Robyn, and Sandra's knees came up, tenting the sheet, as I lowered my head to take her nipple in my mouth. As Robyn did her very best to vacuum my semen from Sandra's womanhood, I continued to lick and suck on Sandra's nipples, breaking away every so often to share a deep, passionate kiss with her. In short order, we had Sandra aroused

again; and a few minutes later, going through her third orgasm in a fairly short period of time.

When it had passed, I rolled over onto my back; Robyn gave Sandra time to get her breath back by trying to do the same vacuum-cleaning thing for me. I wasn't anywhere near able to have another erection so quickly, and Robyn finally had to satisfy herself with getting me squeaky clean - except for the traces of her saliva that she left behind. That done, she slid up to lay on the side of me that Sandra wasn't occupying.

We lay there like that for quite a while, the two of them lying on their sides, pressing against me. I had an arm around each of them, and they were holding hands with their arms on my chest, each with a leg draped across mine. I could feel their firm young breasts pressing into my side, and the silky feel of their downy bushes tickling my thighs. All in all, it was a most pleasant way for us to enjoy a short nap.

I don't know if it was Robyn or Sandra that woke first - only that when I woke up, I was on my side with the two of them were kissing and cuddling in front of me. When they saw that I was awake, they had the courtesy to blush, and apologize for waking me. I only smiled, and told them it was okay. They separated, and the three of us shared a round of kisses and little groping before Sandra suggested a group shower - an idea that Robyn and I quickly agreed to. We got up and headed in for a happy, slippery, fun cleanup that lasted almost exactly as long as the hot water. When we'd dried off, we actually decided to dress, a little at least, and headed into the living room. They guided me to the couch, and then headed into the kitchen. A few moments later, as Sandra brought out drinks for us, I heard the microwave come on. I looked at Sandra inquiringly, and she said "pizza leftovers", letting me know that Robyn was heating up the pizza that we'd ordered earlier.

Sandra put the drinks down, and then sat next to me. A couple minutes later Robyn appeared with the pizza, and the three of us finished it off. The rest of the evening, we sat around cuddling, and chatting about all manner of things. The subjects centered mostly on sex, though - boys, girls, relationships, and so on. Sandra had most of the questions, but Robyn had more than a few, too. I answered as best I could, giving them things to think about so they could make their own decisions. I also cautioned them that I was not the final authority on anything; that they should take the time to find answers from other sources, as well, so they would have a base of information to decide for themselves.

Eventually, the hour, and efforts of the day, took their toll, and we all headed off to bed - to sleep this time.

I woke up the next morning to find my arm wrapped around one firm young female, my morning erection tucked neatly between her ass cheeks, while another similarly unclad female was pressed against my back. I carefully considered the size and feel of the breast in my hand with one of those poking my back and decided that it was Sandra in front of me, with Robyn completing the sandwich.

Opening my eyes, I was pleased to see that I was right.

Moving carefully, so as not to disturb them, I eased my way out from between them so that I could relieve some considerable hydraulic pressure. That accomplished, I found my way to the kitchen where I started a pot of coffee. Then it was back to the bedroom to get my robe so that I could open the front door and retrieve my morning paper.

As I was reading the comics in the living room, I heard the noise of the coffee pot burbling as it finished creating its life-giving nectar. I hadn't any more than stood up to go get a cup than Sandra wandered into the living room, saying, "That smells good - it woke me up. Sit down, and I'll bring you some."

Never one to refuse service from a naked, nubile young female, I readily agreed, taking a seat again. A minute later, Sandra came back in with two cups in her hand - handing one to me. I took a sip, and was pleased to discover that she'd apparently paid enough attention to know that I didn't bother with added ingredients. I looked over, and saw that she'd at least doctored her own with milk - I knew I didn't have any kind of creamer in the apartment. I raised an eyebrow, and she said "I don't drink it very often, but this morning it just smelled SO good."

I finished reading the comics, and when I showed them to her, she smiled and accepted them while I went on to read another section.

We'd each nearly finished our first cup when Robyn turned up - rubbing her eyes to get the sleep out, and yawning. She saw that we'd obviously been up for a while, and collected our cups before heading into the kitchen. A bit later, she brought them back out to us - with our thanks - before disappearing again, only to reappear with a cup of her own. I'd seen her drink coffee only a couple of times, and knew that she would have added plenty of both milk and sugar to it. She quickly settled herself on the couch between Sandra and I, and picked up the TV remote. Turning the TV on, she soon found the morning news and entertainment program that she liked, careful to make sure she kept the volume down.

Having finished the paper, I handed it to Sandra so that she could read whatever she wanted of the rest of it, and sat back to watch the TV with Robyn. With a little more room next to me, she scooted over to lean against me. I put my hand on her thigh, and she hugged my arm as we watched the anchors discussing some minor event in one of the other staff members' life.

A few minutes later, Sandra finished the paper, and asked me what I did with it when I was done. I told her that I put it in a stack in the corner of the kitchen so that one of the local Boy Scout troops could come by and collect it at the end of the month. She went to put it away, taking hers and my coffee cups in the process - Robyn was still working on hers. When she came back, she handed me my cup and set hers on the arm of the couch before setting in on my other side, resting against me. The three of us sat there watching TV until the program ended, when Robyn got up to take the cups into the kitchen. When she came back, she planted herself in my lap, facing Sandra, and asked, "What's for breakfast?"

I teased her, asking, "Did you say 'what' or 'who'?" - and making both of them laugh before Sandra offered, "I hope it's not me. As much fun as that was last night, I'm a little sore this morning. I don't think I'm ready for any, uh, activities yet."

Robyn grinned at her, and said, "Yeah, I know how you feel - same thing happened to me. No, I want something to eat - you know, food?"

Sandra grinned back, and answered, "I could stand something to eat, too - like maybe a whole cow, or something. Now that you mention it, I'm **starved!**"

Both of them looked at me, and I couldn't help but laugh before telling them "I used to wonder how the two of you managed to stay so trim - then I found out, last night!"

Both laughed; then we started figuring out what we wanted for breakfast. Sandra let Robyn keep her seat, and went into the kitchen to see what I had to eat. She came back to report that I had enough stuff that she could make us a breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, bacon, and fried potatoes. That sounded pretty good to us, and Robyn got up to go help her fix it - Sandra insisted that I just sit back and relax; fixing me breakfast was a 'thank you for making me feel so good last night'. I knew that Robyn, at least, was good enough in the kitchen to handle simple things; I could only trust that Sandra was just as good, or at least willing to let Robyn take charge when necessary. A bit later, Sandra headed into the bedroom, coming back out with a robe on. Obviously, she'd rediscovered the hazards of cooking bacon while nude. A minute later, Robyn followed her example - more to 'fit in' with being semi-dressed than anything else, I figured.

After a few minutes, Robyn reappeared, and began setting up the small table I had in what I used for a dining area. Placemats, dishes, glasses, flatware, and all the rest of the works soon took their places. That accomplished, she headed back into the kitchen. A couple minutes more, and the two of them came out with breakfast on platters that they put on the table. I got up and headed over to sit down with them - there wasn't a doubt in my mind that if I delayed too much, they wouldn't hesitate to leave me only scraps.

We chatted a bit as we ate, with me finding out what their plans were for the day, and so on. I also let them know that I'd be busy on my work, but that it wasn't anything that couldn't be interrupted. Fortunately, they'd made plenty of food, so all of us got our fill - but there wasn't a bit left when we were done, either.

After we finished, Robyn told Sandra and I to go ahead and leave the table - she'd be the one to clear it, and wash the dishes (well, load them into the dishwasher). Sandra offered to help, as did I, but Robyn just told us that it was still Sandra's special time, and to do what she said. Sandra and I looked at each other, shrugged, and did as we were told - me laying back on the couch with Sandra on my lap and leaning against me, the two of us snuggling. A short time later, Robyn came in to take a similar position on Sandra. The three of us sat there for a while, simply content to be in physical contact with each other.

Finally, though, time - and the drinks we'd had - conspired to get us moving. We got up and headed into the bedroom; Robyn and I waited for Sandra to finish her ablutions in the bathroom, then as Sandra changed into her suit, I waited for Robyn. When she reappeared, I waited for her to change, then kissed both of them before they headed for the pool. I took the opportunity to grab a quick wakeup shower, before heading into the living room to get started on what was left of my workday.

For the rest of the day, one or the other of the girls would come in every so often; sometimes for something to drink, sometimes to see if I needed anything, sometimes to use the bathroom. Whatever the reason, they were always discrete about it, careful not to disturb me. Other than sex, one of the previous evening's topics of discussion was what I did, and how I did it; I'd managed to get them to understand that even though I had a certain amount of liberty in my schedule, I was still obliged to meet certain deadlines. They also came to realize that what I did required a certain amount of concentration, as well.

With our late breakfast, none of us felt any need to do anything about lunch, so it was late afternoon before the two of them made it back to the apartment together. Again, they were careful not to bother me as they headed into the bedroom to change out of their damp suits. A few minutes later, they reappeared in shorts and halters to watch a little TV from the couch, with the volume kept low.

Perhaps a half hour later, I finished what I was doing, and carefully saved my work before going over to take a seat on 'my' chair. After a nudge from Robyn, Sandra got up and came over to park herself in my lap. I put my arms around her, and hugged her, saying "Thanks for being so considerate today. It's usually kind of hard for me to get things organized when I start working, and you - both of you", this directed to Robyn, "helped a lot by not disturbing me. As a reward for your thoughtfulness, I'll take us all out for supper, if you're hungry."

Sandra hugged me before snuggling into me again before saying "I'm kinda hungry, but I'm not in any hurry. This feels nice", with Robyn adding "Me either. Let's just wait a bit, and then decide, okay?"

"That's fine with me", I answered, content with the idea of having Sandra in my arms for a little longer.

After a while, though, the idea of supper started sounding better and better; I finally broke the silence by asking "Is anyone besides me ready to eat?" The girls looked at each other, and laughed; then I realized the other 'interpretation' of what I'd just asked. As their laughter died, I said "Let me rephrase that: Is anyone besides me ready for SUPPER?"

Both admitted that they were, so we talked over the options, finally settling on going out to a nearby branch of a national restaurant chain. They didn't particularly want to have to 'dress up', and I wanted to go someplace where the food didn't come in a bag.

As they both stood up, I noticed that neither had a bra on; when Robyn bent over to pick something off the floor, I could tell that she didn't have any panties on, either. I gently, but firmly, informed them that we weren't going out with them dressed like that - at least, not to someplace where we'd be getting out of the car. After some good-natured grumbling, they went in to change, coming out later with blouses on - and with wicked grins on their faces, Robyn, then Sandra, showed me that they'd put panties on, as well.

When we got back, I saw the light on my answering machine blinking, and discovered that Lucy had called just a few minutes earlier. I quickly called her back at the number she'd left, and was lucky enough to catch her still in her hotel room - she'd been about to go out for her own meal.

We chatted a few seconds before she said that she needed to talk to me about something. I asked her what it was, and she said that it would take a little bit to explain, so she wanted to talk to the girls first, so that our conversation wouldn't be interrupted. I agreed, and handed the phone to Robyn before heading off to recycle some fluids - and passing Sandra as she returned from the same mission. I told her that I'd called Lucy, and she quickly headed for the phone.

After I'd returned to the living room, I was careful to stay away from the phone, so they could all have their time together. Finally, Robyn gestured to me that it was my turn. When I went over, she said, "Mom told me that she has to talk to you, and we should leave you alone while you're on the phone."

That said, Sandra handed me the phone, and the two of them headed into the bedroom, clearly upset at Lucy's instructions.

When I spoke, Lucy asked "Are you alone?"

"Yes", I answered, slightly mystified.

"I think there's something going on here, and I need some advice. I know what the people back at the office would tell me, but I don't think it would be enough. I need someone with a little more imagination than that."

"Okay, go ahead."

"We've been here all day, me and the accountants. They do their thing, and at the end of the day, they tell me what's going on, along with a written report. Before we started, I told them that their written reports would be fine, but that in their verbal reports, I wanted to hear the stuff that they weren't comfortable putting on paper - that I **had** to know what was going on, and that nothing they told me would come back to bite them."

"Sounds like a good idea, so far. So what happened?"

"Their written reports are all by the numbers. But what they told me, in person, was that they were running into a lot of little problems."

"Such as?"

"Such as references to documents and files that they couldn't find. Such as a lot of expenses - things that were just a **little** too high, and happened just a **little** too often - not enough to raise red flags, normally, but enough to raise a yellow flag, in these circumstances. Such as people hanging over them, and just generally getting in the way."

"And you need my help how?"

"I'm not quite sure what to make of all of it. Individually, these things are minor - they happen all the time. It's the number of them, and how often they're happening that's got me concerned. What I need is for someone else to think it through, so I know if I'm being paranoid or not."

"Okay. Let me think about it for a bit, and call you back. Go out and get something to eat, and I'll call you in, say, an hour?"

"You got it. Uh, were the girls upset that I chased them off?"

"A bit. They're in the bedroom, being outraged at the moment."

She sighed, and said, "Okay. Let me talk to them again before I hang up. If I don't, they won't have anyone to take it out on but you - and I love you too much to let **that** happen!"

I laughed, and put the phone on hold while I went in to tell the girls that Lucy wanted to talk to them again. While they marched out to see what other indignity they were going to have to endure, I lay down on the bed.

A few minutes later, they eased their way back in to lay next to me, but didn't disturb me as I thought through what Lucy had told me. I ran through a number of possibilities, trying to figure out how the things she'd told me fit together - and what each of the situations I came up might mean to Lucy, and her company.

After a while, Robyn started nudging me, and when I looked at her, she told me "You're supposed to call Mom in ten minutes. She told me to make sure I reminded you, if you were busy."

I thanked her, and she added, "Mom told us something was going on where she was, and that she needed you to help her think about what it was. That was why she didn't want us bothering you - so you could help her. I'm sorry if I was being a turd."

"Me, too", Sandra added.

I thanked them for their apology, and they got up to head into the living room.

I collected and organized my thoughts, and met Sandra as she was heading into the bedroom to give me another reminder. I asked her to bring me a beer, and told her that she and Robyn could share one, too, as long as they were quiet while I was on the phone. She responded "Of course!", and headed for the kitchen. She left the beer on the desk as Lucy answered the phone, and when she heard me say Lucy's name, made a hasty retreat to the couch.

I told Lucy "Okay, from what you've told me, I can only come up with three possibilities. I don't have enough information - not your fault! - to say which one it is. What I can do, though, is tell you what you need to know, or find out, to help figure out which one it is."

"Okay, what did you come up with?", she asked.

"First possibility is that they're just nervous about the - what did you call it? - audit, and how sudden it happened, or some other benign reason. Uncalled for, maybe, but reasonable.

"Second possibility is that a few people, I'd say middle management or so, have been making up their own perks along the way. Nothing major, really, like systematic fraud, but not something to be ignored, either. They know it, and are worried about being found out.

"The third choice is that one or more people near the top have been up to something, and have issued the command that you're not to be helped - if not outright blocked. That option raises some ugly possibilities."

"That's the one that I was worried about, but knew I didn't have anything to pin it on. You said that you could tell me how I can find out which one it is?", she replied.

"Sure. If it was me, I'd call in the rank-and-file types, and just tell them that you're there as part of a normal audit, and that it was called suddenly so your client could get a 'snapshot' of how things were going. You're not looking for anything in particular, just the general situation. If it's just nerves, they should settle down, and you and the accountants can do your thing, just like always."

"What next?"

"If that doesn't help, make it clear that you're looking at middle managers - particularly the nervous ones. If it's them, once it's clear where your attention is, your accountants should stop tripping over most of the lower level employees: they won't have any reason or motivation to get in the way, any more, since it will be 'obvious' that you're on to what's been happening."

"And?"

"If a change of focus doesn't do it, then I'd have to suspect the executive level. You know where the problem is in an organization by where the trouble stops. That's what you're trying to find out by reassuring the lower levels, then focusing on the managers. There's going to be **some** overlap because of office politics, but nothing systemic like what you'd see with executives being involved. You know what to look for, now. I trust that you can handle the HOW to look for it - that's something I couldn't help with, any way."

She snorted, and said, "I'm not sure I believe that, but I'll take your word for it. Yeah, I can handle the 'political' part of it. What happens if it turns out to be the executives? How can I prove it's them?"

"In that case, you'll have to do a lot of computer work: finding missing files, tracing what went where and when, tracking the order things happened in, and so on. Think of it as a data autopsy."

"I've got no idea how to do anything like that."

"That's okay. Your company's computer people should be able to tell you. If you don't understand something, ask them. If you still don't understand, I'll try to explain. If the worst case turns out to be true, then you might have another problem, though."

"What's that?"

"If these folks are up to something, there **could** be the argument made that your company's IT people aren't impartial - you know, your client is having a problem, so your people come in to help them, instead of finding the 'truth'."

She sighed again, saying, "I hadn't thought of that one. You're probably right. What then?"

"If it comes down to that point, you'll need to find someone else, outside your company. I can make some recommendations, if you need or want them."

"Yeah, I might."

"One other thing."

"What's that?"

"If it turns out that it is the execs having fun with someone else's money, a couple of things have to happen. First, your company, and your client, need to decide what happens - that is, do you prosecute the offenders, get the money back, or both? Second, it's to your advantage to make this whole thing as spotless and impartial and documented as you can - run it like you were going to lay it in front of a judge, whether you plan to, or not. There's no telling where it'll wind up, and it's probably best to be ready for the worst."

"I already planned to do that. That's why I called you before starting anything about it - so that I could figure out how to make it good, however it turns out."

"That's the idea - everything you do needs to look like a reasonable response to something that came before it."

"On the subject of coming" - she giggled at her joke - "did anything happen last night?"

"Sure. We had pizza - but I told you that already, last night."

"No, you turd, I mean did anything happen AFTER that?"

"As a matter of fact, it did."

I waited a few moments, and as I expected, she got impatient and demanded, "So what was it?"

"What was what?", I asked, innocently.

"What happened last night. AFTER we talked on the phone!", she answered, getting testy.

"Oh, that. Sandra and I had a little fun, with Robyn's help."

"What fun?", then a pause, then "Oh. OH! You mean you? And Sandra? Together?"

"Well, we sure weren't apart."

She snickered, and said, "Yeah, I'll bet. Have fun, you said?"

"Yup."

"Who had the most fun? How often or how many?"

"Just the one time. She had two, no, three after Robyn finished with her. I had one."

"Messy?"

"As a matter of fact, no. It was already gone when I got there. Misplaced, accident, or whatever happened, there weren't any obstructions. Made it easier for both of us."

"Good for her! How is she?"

"A little sore, she says, but happy. Not too feisty today. Smiles and cuddles a lot, though."

"I'll bet - I didn't feel like doing anything for three days after my first time. You must be doing something right."

"I try to."

"Believe me, you do plenty right. You said Robyn was there? She didn't get in the way?"

"Not at all. She helped get things started, and finished, but just watched the rest of the time. Very considerate, actually."

"I'm going to have to let her stay with you more. Whatever else you're doing to her, you're also being a good influence on her."

"Nah, I'm just polishing up what was already there."

"Bullshit. Before she met you, it was all I could do to get her to say please-and-thank-you; it would NEVER have occurred to her to stay out of anything like that, never mind actually doing it, if it had happened before. So don't go pulling that modesty crap on me, mister."

There wasn't anything to say to that, so I didn't.

A moment later, she apologized, telling me "Look, maybe you don't think you've had a positive influence on her, but I know different. I think you do too, so just accept the compliment, and move on, okay?"

"Okay."

A few moments later, she said "Well, I think that's about enough for tonight. Forgive me?"

"Nothing to forgive. You called it as you saw it; I can't take offense at that."

"Love me?"

"Of course.", I answered, with feeling.

With that, she hung up the phone, and I headed over to 'my' chair. Robyn started to get up, with the clear intention of sitting in my lap, but I held a hand up, telling them "Before anything else, I want to let you know what's going on. The people that Lucy has working for her are finding what they **think** might be problems. Lucy wanted to talk to me to see if I thought the same things about it that she did; and to see if I had any ideas on what to do. Now, before you get your knickers bunched up" - they were getting visibly agitated - "I want to tell you that Lucy, herself, isn't in any trouble. The trouble would be for her company's client. Again, **Lucy** isn't in trouble. She's the one finding someone *else's* problems, and she's trying to decide what to do about it to make it as small of a problem

as she can. That's why she wanted to make sure that you two little sex maniacs didn't bother me while I was trying to think about her problem: so that I would be able to give her the best answer I could. From what she told me about what's happening there, I wouldn't be surprised if she calls again tomorrow, needing some more help. If she does, I'll need to be able to concentrate on what she tells me, okay? You're both cute as can be, sexy as hell, and fun to be with - and all of that makes you a lot of distraction when you aren't behaving yourselves. Okay?"

Both of them smiled at the compliments, and nodded solemnly at the admonition to behave when I was on the phone.

That settled, Robyn got up and moved over to sit in my lap and cuddle, with Sandra watching in approval. Again, they decided that they'd rather talk than do anything else, so we spent the rest of the evening discussing things that they were curious about. Perhaps halfway through the evening, Robyn declared that she was hot and uncomfortable, and climbed off my lap long enough to strip. When she was done, she stood there staring at me until I followed her example. A bit later, Sandra followed suit, so that the three of us were naked. Again, the subject of sex was the main topic, but certainly not the only one.

That night, when we went to bed, Robyn and I bracketed Sandra; there was a fair amount of groping and fooling around, but I think all of us needed to finish resting up from the previous evening.

The next morning, I awakened to the smell of fresh coffee, and if my nose didn't deceive me, french toast. After a quick pit stop, I grabbed a robe and headed for the kitchen, where I found the two of them just finish the process of making a healthy pile of - sure enough - French toast. They shooed me out of the kitchen, telling me to have a seat in the living room - breakfast was casual this morning. I barely had time to get seated in my chair, when Robyn handed me a cup of coffee before saying "Breakfast will be another couple minutes". I thanked her, and took a sip - they'd done a fine job on the coffee, apparently grinding some of the beans that I kept around for when I wanted **fresh** coffee.

A couple minutes later, as promised, Sandra appeared with a plate of food for me, with Robyn right behind her with a tray to sit it on. As Sandra was getting me set up, Robyn went into the kitchen and came back out with a couple more trays for her and Sandra. The two of them disappeared again long enough to get their own plates before sitting down to eat. After the previous day's breakfast, I was a little more confident of their abilities in the kitchen, but I was still surprised at how well they'd done with the French toast; it's entirely too easy to either under- or over-cook it, but they'd gotten it almost perfect. Robyn got the TV started, with the volume low so that we could talk without shouting, if we wanted to.

When breakfast was over, they teamed up again to clear the dishes and trays; this time it was apparently Sandra's turn to load the dishwasher as Robyn and I cuddled on the chair. When Sandra made her appearance from the kitchen, Robyn got up from my lap, and they let me know that they were planning on spending a little time at the pool, but also

there in the apartment that day. I agreed to their plans, and they headed into the bedroom, where I found them spread out on the bed with some teen magazines a few minutes later. I got dressed - with the two of them unashamedly watching - and went back into the living room to go to work. The rest of the day was nearly a repeat of the day before - they would come and go, stopping to ask if I needed or wanted anything, but always careful to avoid disturbing or distracting me. When lunchtime approached, they asked me what I wanted, and I suggested something light. A half hour later, when they told me it was ready, I was pleasantly surprised that they'd decided on peanut butter and jelly, with chips on the side. It had been a LONG time since I'd had a PBJ, so it was a light, pleasant treat. Despite their protests, I cleaned up, and went back to work as they retreated to change into their suits before heading for the pool.

I got sufficiently wrapped up in what I was doing that I didn't notice the time until they came back in late afternoon. Surprised at the time, and pleased with how much progress I'd made, I offered to take us out to any place of their choosing for supper. They quickly decided on a fast-foot chicken place, and went into the bedroom to change - coming out in the shorts-and-halter outfits they'd first put on the day before. I looked at them, and Robyn firmly informed me "It's too hot to dress up any more. Besides, we just want to go through the drive-up window, and take it to the park, so we can sit in the shade." It was a plan that I couldn't argue with, really, so that's what we did - except that at the park, the girls gave a fair number of French fries to the squirrels and birds that congregated around us. Even after we'd finished our meal, it was pleasant to sit there and enjoy the scenery and weather.

Eventually, though, the heat started to get to us, and we elected to head back to my apartment to cool off.

We hadn't any more than gotten in the door when the phone rang - I quickly answered it, finding that it was Lucy. When they heard me use her name, the girls started to go into the bedroom.

"So, how did it go today?", I asked.

"Not so good. First thing this morning, I got our accountants together, and asked them to try and be a little friendlier with the people that they had to deal with; then I got the company's people together, and talked to them like we discussed last night. They took it well enough, but it didn't seem to make the slightest bit of difference - at lunch, the accountants told me that they were still having problems in every office. So I told about half of them to go ahead and start on the managers. When we left today, they told me that absolutely nothing had changed. As I asked, they were a little more descriptive in their reports, so then I had something I could use as 'ammunition' to take to my boss. I told him what we'd run into, and what I'd done and why. He said it sounded like I did exactly the right thing. Then I told him what I thought it meant, and said that if I was right, getting proof of it was more than I or the accountants could do. He understood that, and told me that he couldn't send any of our computer people because it would look like a conflict of interest if they found anything. I told him I'd thought of that, and wanted to hire a

consultant for a couple of days, to see if there was anything to my suspicions. He had to talk to our client, and that he'd call me back in a few minutes. When he did, he told me that the client was **very** worried about the situation, and had okayed a consultant."

"So I take it you need me to give you some names, then?"

"No, actually, I told my boss that I knew someone that was very good with a computer, and could let us know if there was anything to our suspicions for a reasonable rate. Think you could spare two or three days of your schedule for say, five thousand bucks a day?"

It took me a second to realize that she was offering me the job, before I could respond, "I could make the time, and would, except for a couple of things."

"What are those?"

"Robyn and Sandra", I told her.

"Oh, pooh. Bring them. It's been a couple of days since I've seen them, and a change in scenery would probably do them some good."

"Fine - but with me gone, who'd be there for them if they needed something?"

"I'm sure that between me, my assistant, you, and the hotel staff, we can figure **something** out."

I could tell that she'd thought this through, and was determined to get help - preferably mine.

I finally told her "Okay, I'll do it - but for a flat rate of ten thousand. That way, there's no reason for me to milk the job, and if there's anything I can do to help, you'll get your answer that much sooner."

"Deal."

"Okay, let me make a couple of calls and see when I can catch a flight out there."

"Already done. You've got reservations for business class leaving at 8:30 tomorrow morning."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

She laughed, and said, "That's why they're gonna pay me the big bucks. Here's the flight info...", and went on to tell me the airline, flight number, and terminal, finishing by saying "I'll be there waiting for you when you get in. And **please**, make the girls wear decent clothes!", making me laugh.

"Hell, tell them yourself. I know they want to talk to you, but we had another talk last night, and they understand how important this is. I don't think they're going to give you any argument about flying out to see you."

She laughed, and said, "Okay, go ahead and put them on, Sandra first."

I put her on hold, and went in to tell Sandra that Lucy wanted to talk to her - and earning myself a confused look from Robyn. Sandra quickly went into the living room, and a couple minutes later, she swooped into the bedroom to tell Robyn "You mom needs to talk to you." Robyn got the message, so she thought, and quickly ran into the living room as Sandra started to laugh, telling me "Lucy told me what you and her did when she got her promotion, and said we should do it again." I laughed with her, and we'd barely stopped when we heard Robyn shriek her pleasure at the news, followed with a "Sandra, you are **so** in trouble!", getting us both going again. We went back into the living room, and when Robyn saw me, gestured that Lucy wanted to talk to me again. When I took the phone, Robyn got a mischievous look on her face, and started to chase Sandra back into the bedroom.

"Nice touch - she fell for it **again**.", I told Lucy.

She laughed, and said, "I heard. Somehow, I don't think the trouble Sandra is in is going to be anything she'll object to."

"I expect you're right. So what's next?"

"Next, I'm going to call Sandra's folks, and let them know what's going on. They were fine with the girls staying with you, but I don't want to leave them out of the loop on something like this."

"Good idea. And after that?"

"After that, I try to figure out where this is going, and with your help, how to fix it. Can you try to do the same, and we'll get together with my people and my boss after you get here, so that we're all working off the same page, okay?"

"Sure, be glad to. Uh, what makes me being a consultant official?"

"If you check your email, you should find a message saying that you've been hired by my company for up to three days at the flat rate of ten thousand dollars, for the purpose of determining if there are any irregularities in the computer system our client insisted these people use. The first day is the day **after** you fly out here, so you'll have three full days to see what's going on before you have to let us know what you think. If you can decide sooner, all the better."

"Do these people know who I am, and what I'm supposed to be doing?"

"Not yet. Tomorrow, I tell them that you're a computer security expert, there to make sure that their system is secure, as our client requested. If asked, the client will verify it. We're going to play it down, so that you don't seem as important as you really are."

"Sounds good. And what about the girls?"

"I've told them how long I expect them to be here, and that I expect them to behave, and why. They promised they would; but I'm counting on you to keep them reined in until you get here."

"You've got it. Okay, I'll get them started packing, and I'll make arrangements to get to the airport on time."

"Call Acme Limo - they're who we use, so if you just tell them it's for our account, they'll bill us and not you. I'll leave them a message, too, telling them that it's okay."

"Is there anything in this that you **haven't** thought of?", I asked, teasing her.

"If there was, how would I know?" she asked, reasonably, before adding "That's why I hired you as a consultant - you see and think about stuff that wouldn't occur to me. Now, you'd better get in there and save Sandra from whatever Robyn is doing to her. I'll get that message to the limo, and get things set up here. See you tomorrow, right?"

"Tomorrow it is. I love you.", I said, and getting an "I know" before she hung up.

I went into the bedroom to find that Robyn had Sandra nearly in tears through the simple expedient of tickling her mercilessly. I thought about it a moment, and decided what to do: pick Robyn up (she shrieked in surprise), toss her onto her back on the bed (another shriek), and blow a 'fart' noise in her belly - something that invariably reduced her to hysterical laughter, just as it did now. A couple more 'farts', and I released her with tears of laughter running down her face. Her recovery gave Sandra time to get her wits back, too, so they were both reasonably alert when I told them to go next door, and pack some clothes for our trip. I emphasized that we would NOT be going to the pool all the time, and that we WOULD be known as people that 'belonged' to Lucy, so I expected them to pack, dress, and behave accordingly. That dampened their enthusiasm, slightly, but they were still eager to do as they were told.

While they were gone, I did my own packing: a suit, a couple pairs of khaki-type pants, sports shirts, shoes, underwear, and my travel kit of grooming supplies.

To that, I added my laptop, a few adapter cables, and the electronic organizer I carried on business trips. I was ready to hit the road well before the girls got back with a small suitcase each. At my request, they readily opened them to show me what they were taking - the usual undergarments, a couple of summer dresses, reasonably modest swimsuits ("It **is** a hotel, and hotels have pools, don't they?" Robyn declared in justification), shoes, stockings, and a nice-but-not-fancy dress each ("In case we get to go

out to eat", Sandra said). Each had also packed a small selection of cosmetics, as well as their anticipated grooming needs. Each also had a small package that I carefully ignored, knowing that they would take along hygiene products, as well.

I told them that everything looked fine, and that they should put their suitcases next to mine, in the closet. I also told them when our flight was, and when we'd have to get up to make sure we made it to the airport on time. They put their suitcases where I'd instructed, and showed me the outfits they planned to wear on the plane the next day - simple, but attractive, cotton dresses that would keep them comfortable.

I told them I needed to call the limo company, and let my customers know that I'd be out of town for a couple of days, but that I'd be back in a little bit. They nodded their understanding, and watched me leave the bedroom. Back in the living room, I soon found the number for Acme Limo, and asked to be picked up the next morning, telling them when my flight was. They let me know that Lucy had already called, and that the bill would go to her company. They also told me what vehicle would be there, and what the driver's name would be. I thanked them, and after hanging up the phone, went to my computer to compose email messages to my clients, letting them know that I'd be gone, and when I expected to return. I also gave my active client a status report, so they would know that there wouldn't be any delays in my delivery of the code they needed. That done, I set my email program up to give anyone else an "out of town on business" response, and shut down the monitor, printer, and other non-essential hardware. When I got back to the bedroom, I found that Robyn and Sandra had both taken their clothes off, and had started on what appeared to be a fairly passionate '69' session. It was both fun, and erotic, to watch them, so I didn't do or say anything to disturb them. When I knew they wouldn't have noticed me if I came through with a marching band, I got up off the corner of the bed where I'd been sitting, and took off my own clothes before sitting down again.

Robyn was on top, and the way they were situated, I could watch as each of them did her level best to make the other as hot and bothered as possible. My position was such that I had a slightly better view of Sandra licking and sucking on Robyn's labia and clitoris; but from the shine on Robyn's face, and Sandra's moans, I knew Robyn was giving as good as she got.

As I watched them pleasure each other, my penis began to get harder and harder.

Finally, Robyn 'won' by bringing Sandra to climax first, continuing to lick and nibble on Sandra's clitoris even as Sandra continued to moan her release. When Sandra finally got her breath back, she turned her head, and saw me - I held my finger to my lips, and she nodded that she would stay silent. Then she smiled as she saw me stand up, and move over so that I was standing behind Robyn. A look of lust crossed her face when she saw that I was erect, followed by one of eager anticipation when she realized that I was planning on making love to Robyn - right above her face, so she could watch the entire thing.

I put my hands on Robyn's hips, and she didn't seem to notice the difference between my touch, and Sandra's. But she certainly noticed it when she felt my erection pressing against the outside of her vagina - she lifted her head from Sandra's crotch long enough to say "Oh, god, yes! Do it, **please!**"

With a gleam in her eye, Sandra reached up to pull my penis down so she could take it into her mouth and lick it, getting me nice and slippery for my entry into Robyn. When she released it, it swung up, grazing Robyn's clitoris, and causing her to grunt in pleasure. I reached down and adjusted the angle, then began to press myself into Robyn - eventually sinking into her in a single, slow, continuous push that ended only when my scrotum was brushing against her clitoris. I glanced down, and saw that Sandra's eyes were wide at the sight of what I'd done, and what was happening before her. I could also see that the sight delighted her, as well.

Taking Robyn's hips in my hands, I eased myself back out about half way before pressing into her again. I paused a moment, then did it again, and again. Robyn welcomed each thrust, rocking back slightly in welcome to my movements.

Encouraged, I began a slow, steady pistoning movement that quickly had Robyn's ample juices spread along my erection. Sandra lifted her head slightly, and began tonguing Robyn's clitoris. To make room for her, I shifted myself back a bit, so that she would have room without having my balls slapping her in the face; still, I could frequently feel her tongue on the underside of my penis as she continued her manipulations of Robyn's clitoris. Between the two of us, we quickly got Robyn to the edge of orgasm - and then eased her over the edge into a deep release. As I felt Robyn tighten around me, I pressed myself into her as far as I could; the tightening of her vagina around my erection was enough to trigger my own climax as well. Sandra apparently saw my balls tighten, and decided to lick my scrotum in time with the tightening; that, coupled with what Robyn was doing to me, made my ejaculations all the stronger, and more frequent.

There simply wasn't enough room in Robyn's vagina for my penis, and all the semen that I'd unloaded into her; some of it was forced out to run down the insides of her thighs, or onto my scrotum. Either way, Sandra was there to lick it up, obviously savoring the mix of Robyn's flavor and mine.

From the eager way that Sandra licked up the overflow from Robyn's vagina, I knew that she'd want the rest. When my penis had shrunk a little more, I pulled myself free of Robyn, only to have my penis replaced by Sandra's tongue and lips as she did everything she could to draw out what she hadn't gotten yet.

Rewarding Sandra for her efforts, Robyn quickly resuming her assault on Sandra's clitoris and vaginal opening. I could tell what was going on because I'd all but collapsed on my back on the bed, and could clearly see what they were doing to each other. It was **almost** enough to get me hard again.

Both of them were trying to get the other off, and both ultimately succeeded, in nearly perfect unison - Robyn was the first to voice her release, but Sandra joined her before Robyn's moan of pleasure ended. When their pleasure had passed, Robyn almost literally collapsed on Sandra - who seemed not to notice, or care. Out of consideration for both of them, I gently pried Robyn loose, and turned her around, so that they lay there, head to head. After a couple of minutes, Sandra managed to turn her head, then lift it enough to kiss Robyn full on the mouth - and getting a taste of her own essence in the process. Then she looked at me, and smiled her thanks, before indicating that she wanted my help in getting Robyn moved up next to me. Together, we managed to get Robyn's head on the pillow, and I lay down on one side of her while Sandra took station on the other. Together, we held Robyn for the couple of additional minutes it took her to 'come down' from where her orgasm had taken her. When she opened her eyes, and saw us looking down at her, she smiled, and told us "That was wonderful. Thank you both for **such** a good time!"

We grinned at her, and Sandra said, "It was my pleasure, too!", to which I added, "What she said!", making Robyn grin back at us.

We lay there for several minutes, content to have made each other feel so good, and happy with the physical contact that we were sharing. It was Sandra, though, that finally spoke up, saying, "As nice as this all feels, I'm getting kind of uh, sticky. How about if we grab a shower and go to sleep, so we're not so tired when we get to the airport tomorrow morning?"

Robyn and I agreed that it sounded like a fine idea, and the three of us trooped into the bathroom for a long, hot, fun shower. By the time it was over (due to lack of hot water), we'd all perked up some, and changed the plan to include watching some TV before bed. I spread a light blanket on the floor while Sandra pulled some cushions off the couch for us to put our heads on; Robyn tasked herself with getting us all something to drink. They gestured that they wanted me to lay down first, and after I did, they lay next to me on their sides, so that they were almost wrapped around me as we watched a half-hour comedy, then an hour drama. By the time it was over, we were all ready for bed - they headed off to the bedroom while I stayed up long enough to check the weather for where we were going. That done, I went to bed, too - only to find them already sound asleep in each other's arms.

When the alarm sounded the next morning, I quickly shut it off, so that Robyn and Sandra could have a little more sleep - I rather suspected that they needed it. I went into the kitchen, and got a pot of coffee going, then got things together for a light breakfast of croissants and jelly. About the time the coffee finished burbling, I knew that I'd have to wake them up; so I went into the bedroom and gently nudged both of them until their eyes opened. When they were able to focus on me, I told them "Time to get up, sleepyheads. We've got a plane to catch, remember?" That last bit was enough to get them motivated, and it wasn't long before they were at the dining table with me, each with a cup of doctored coffee and a croissant. I kept an eye on the time as they chatted

about the upcoming adventure - neither had ever flown before, and they were both excited, and nervous, at the prospect.

Each had a couple of croissants with their coffee - about right, I figured: enough to keep them from getting hungry too soon, but not so much as to make them queasy on the plane. Myself, I packed down a couple more than they did - last night's activities had whetted my appetite.

I finally told them that it was time to get dressed - that the limo would be there to pick us up in TWENTY MINUTES. Both quickly finished the crumbs on their plates, and knocked back the last swallow of their coffee before rushing into the bedroom. I could hear the discussion as they negotiated who got to use the bathroom - for makeup, of all things - first. I followed them a couple minutes later, after loading, then starting, the dishwasher. No sense coming back to dirty dishes, I thought.

By the time I'd gotten my underwear and pants on, they'd managed to apply the trace of makeup they thought they needed; there wasn't any problem with me running my electric razor over my face and brushing my teeth. That done, I finished getting dressed, and had time to down half a cup of coffee before there was a knock at the door. I opened it to see the promised vehicle, and the driver readily volunteered his name, and who he was working for. Satisfied, I told the girls that the car was there, and that it was time to leave - right NOW. I heard a little scuffling in the bedroom, and a few moments later, both appeared with their suitcase in hand. As the driver guided them to the car - an actual limo - I got my own suitcase, and followed. With our luggage stowed, the driver held the door for us. Moments later, we were off to the airport.

The girls were surprisingly quiet for most of the trip - between the excitement of being in an actual limousine, and heading for their first plane ride, they had plenty to keep them distracted. When we pulled up to the terminal, the skycap was right there to take command of our three small suitcases. I gave him the flight number and destination, and as he got our bags tagged, I tipped the limo driver - \$50, since he'd been on time, gotten us there with plenty of time to spare, and done it with grace and style. The skycap, after handing me the claim tickets for our bags, got \$20 - he'd been courteous, efficient, and most of all, good-natured with the girls and their questions. I slipped him another \$5, and asked "Think our stuff could be loaded last?"; he nodded, knowing what I was doing, and took the money.

With nothing but my shoulder bag to slow us down, we headed for the counter to pick up the tickets Lucy had gotten for us. Surprisingly, the lines were still fairly short, so it didn't take long for us to identify ourselves, and get set up. Interestingly, the plane wasn't expected to be that full, so the girls were each allowed a window seat, with me occupying the aisle seat next to Robyn. Tickets and boarding passes in hand, our next stop was a bathroom, to recycle some coffee. From there, it was off to the boarding gate, by way of all the security checkpoints we had to pass through. It didn't take us long, of course, since the girls were armed with nothing more than good looks and sex appeal. I carried only a

small pocketknife that I dumped in the basket they provided. My carry on bag revealed nothing of interest, either. No bells, no alarms, and no hassle.

Once the hard part was over, we found a small newsstand where I bought a paper to read, and the girls each selected a magazine they hadn't read yet. With something to pass the time, the final stop was the boarding area, where we would still have over half an hour before our flight was called. Robyn and Sandra were trying very hard to be cool about it, but I noticed that when they didn't think anyone was looking, they'd stare at almost anything - up to and including the monitors that showed the status of all the different flights.

Eventually, though, our flight was announced. The girls watched me, and when I didn't jump up right away, kept their seats. A little later, they made the second call, and I finally got up. They did, too, and we calmly made our way to the gate, had our passes checked, and took our time getting to the plane. We arrived just as the last of the Thundering Herd (the folks that like to stand up in the cabin as soon as the wheels hit pavement, for example) were finding their seats. We easily found our seats, though the flight attendant had to chase a loose kid out of one of them - Sandra's as it turned out. As the flight attendant ran through the 'oh, SHIT' checklist (anything that happens that you'd need that information, most folks will go 'Oh, SHIT - I should have paid attention!'), the girls were careful to listen to her - even taking notice of where the emergency doors were. I listened, too, but had been on that model aircraft enough times that I probably could have given the spiel.

That done, it wasn't long before they backed the plane up, and we made our way to the taxiway. A few more minutes, and we were in position for takeoff - and Robyn and Sandra were as nervous as I'd ever seen anyone. Robyn visibly paled when the pilot finally hit the gas, and we started down the runway; I could only guess that Sandra wasn't in much better shape. Still, once we were airborne, and the plane leveled off, both of them seemed to calm down considerably - though they still took an extreme interest in anything outside the airplane. Normal enough for a first flight, particularly at their age, but still amusing.

When the flight attendants drifted through with what they claimed was food, both girls were too engrossed in what they were doing to express any interest in something as mundane as food. I took their share, and a cup of what turned out to be reasonably close to coffee. After a while the newness of the situation wore off - after all, it wasn't like they could go outside to look; and when you get right down to it, there isn't a lot of statistical variation among clouds. Particularly when you're looking at them from the side or top.

By that time, we only had an hour or so of flight left, so the girls were able to pass the time with their magazines. Me, I spent most of the flight thinking about what Lucy might be facing, and how to deal with it. I'd pretty much gotten it all worked out when I heard the landing gear come down. I noticed Robyn and Sandra both watching me, and smiled at them to let them know that everything was fine. Reassured, they went back to looking out the windows. From the corner of my eye, I could see that Robyn would glance at me

at each noise the plane made as we got ready to land, but when I didn't react, she played it cool, as well. She even reached forward to touch Sandra, in reassurance.

Soon enough, the plane touched down - both girls gave a start - and ultimately made it's way to the jetway where I knew Lucy would be waiting for us. Of course, the Herd were already standing, ready to bolt out the door the moment it opened; Robyn and Sandra took their cue from me, and waited patiently in their seats until the door opened. Only then did I stand up, and pull my bag out from under the seat in front of me. One of the Herd thought to run me over, but I kind of accidentally put an elbow in his stomach, giving Robyn and Sandra time to get into the aisle ahead of me. He gave me a dirty look that I pretended not to see. When we cleared the gate, Lucy was there waiting for us - far enough back to let people get by, but positioned so that we couldn't miss her. Both girls ran to her, and the three of them were still hugging when I got close enough to be included.

After the standard Question and Answer period (So, how was your flight? What did they serve? Anything interesting happen?), we made our way to the baggage claim area to see if our suitcases had taken the same plane. We didn't hurry, and only had to stand around a couple of minutes before the machinery kicked on. I eased us over to where the bags disappeared into the wall; it's usually one of the few places where you don't have to fight anyone off to reclaim your stuff.

It was at this point that the added tip I'd given the skycap paid off: by loading our suitcases last, they were the first UNloaded. That meant that they were on the first cart of baggage delivered to the claim area. So by the time the first suitcase was ready to disappear behind the wall, our three were appearing at the other end. Lucy saw them, and commented on the good luck we were having; I almost hated telling her what I'd done, and why. She gave me a wicked grin, and said "I'll have to remember that, next plane I take!"

Suitcases in hand, we headed for the exit, after getting the tags on our bags compared to those we held in our hands. When we got outside, I wasn't surprised to see the courtesy van for the hotel we'd be staying in.

On the way to the hotel, Lucy informed me that she'd gotten her room changed, so that it was next to the two she'd reserved for us - one for me, one for the girls. She also whispered in my ear that the center room had doors leading to the other two, so whoever was in it could visit privately with whoever was in the other rooms. She went on to tell me to take the center room, so that I could spend time with her, or the girls, without making it obvious to anyone in the hallway. I whispered back that I thought it was time to knock off the pretending, and for all of us to just fess up to what was going on. She looked startled, and said she'd think about it. While she and I were talking, Sandra and Robyn had been looking at the various sights, and asking the poor driver too many questions too fast. He was visibly relieved when we pulled up to the front door of the hotel. Lucy had already checked us in, so the only thing to be dealt with was our luggage - something the bellhop was quick to do. I discretely pulled Robyn aside, and slipped her

a couple of dollars, saying "for the bellhop". She looked confused, but took the money - only to understand later when she saw me tip him after he deposited my suitcase in my room.

When we'd had a chance to look over the rooms, and even check out the plumbing, Lucy asked if anyone was hungry. The girls were still too excited, but I figured a little something wouldn't hurt - besides, it was a little after lunch, local time, and I wanted to get matched up with the local clock. The girls went with us as we made our way to the small café in the hotel; once there, and looking at menus, the girls realized that they'd had too little for breakfast, and opted to make up for the loss. As we waited, Lucy filled me in on what had gone on so far that morning - and it didn't sound good. I told her some of what I'd thought about on the plane, and together we planned on what we'd talk about to her boss - who wanted to have a conference call with me, Lucy, and their client, so that we were all starting from the same point.

About then, lunch arrived, and Lucy sat back, thinking, while the three of us ate. When we were done, she gave them her company credit card, added a tip to the bill, and signed it. That done, we headed back up to the rooms, opening the doors between them. Lucy explained to the girls that she and I had to talk with her boss and their client, but that she didn't think that it would take too long. She wanted them to stay in their room until we were done, but then we'd all go out and have a look around the town. The girls readily agreed, and Lucy and I headed for her room, closing the door between the girls room, and mine.

The hotel had provided her with a speakerphone, and she used it to call her boss, who quickly took her call. She introduced us, and I filled him in on what I would be doing, how I'd be doing it, and why. He understood it easily enough, and told me that I sounded like just the person they needed for the job. We chatted a couple more minutes before their client joined in; another round of introductions, and things got going.

I asked the client to tell me what had prompted their request for Lucy's presence. They filled me in on the history of how the company had operated, and how things had started changing after their client hired a new executive. Essentially, profits were down, expenses were up, and they weren't making the money they expected, or should have been making.

That done, Lucy filled them in on what she and her accountants had found - and not found - and let them know about some of the informal feedback the accountants had given her the first day. Then she told them what she'd done, and gone through, the second day. Finally, she told them what she'd told me (I noted that she was careful to make it sound like all of our conversations had happened AFTER she'd gotten approval for a consultant). She finished by telling them what her suspicions had been, and how - after talking to me - she'd narrowed down where the problem might be. Then it was my turn again, as I explained to them in a little greater detail than I'd given her boss initially what it was that I would be doing, and how I would be doing it. A few times, Lucy spoke up to fill in some of the details that she knew her boss, or their client, would want - the role I'd

play, and so on. When I was done, the client and her boss were both silent for a little bit before they started discussing what Lucy had told them, and what I'd proposed. It didn't take them long to reach agreement, and we were given permission to go ahead. The client asked if I needed to know how much money was involved, and I politely told them that at that point, it didn't matter to me - all that interested me was finding out if there was any chicanery going on with the computer files. I went on to let them know that I was perfectly willing to consider our deal complete at the point that I got the answer to that question - that at that point, my sole concern was the facts of what was happening in the computer system, nothing more. Lucy smiled at the surprise her boss and the client expressed finally telling them that I was telling them that I wasn't going in with any preconceived notions of guilt or innocence - that I would follow the facts, and nothing else. It seemed to be a novel concept to them, but they accepted what she told them. That settled, they wished us well, and ended the conversation.

The next thing for us to do was go and check on the girls - and finding them exploring their room, and delighting in the richness of the furnishings. I couldn't help but grin, though, when they asked Lucy what the bidet was for - and all but laughed outright at the expression on her face as she tried to explain. From there, Lucy herded us all into her rental car, and gave us a tour of the town, pointing out various sights. When we got back, we started for our rooms through the lobby; a thought hit me, and I detoured to the concierge's office. There, I asked him if Phil Waters still owned the Café Triomphe; he assured me he did. I asked him to get us reservations for that evening, and he told me that the Café was invariably booked for months in advance. I asked him to give Mr. Waters a call, directly, and ask a specific question: whether or not Muddy could rustle up some swill for Boomer. He looked at me curiously, but assured me he'd do it. While this was going on, Lucy was standing behind me, and listened as the concierge made the call. We listened as he repeated what I'd told him, and see the surprise on his face at the answer. He thanked the other person, and looked up at me speculatively before saying "Mr. Waters instructed me 'Tell Boomer that I can always toss a couple more grubs in the pot', and to show up whenever you wished."

I thanked him, and the four of us headed for the elevators to take us back to our rooms. As we were going up, Lucy looked at me strangely, and said "When I came here the first time, it didn't take me long to find out that Café Triomphe is **the** best restaurant in a five hundred mile radius. I also learned that to get in, you had to make reservations months in advance - sometimes as many as six. Now you waltz in, make one call, and you're in there in nothing flat. What the hell is going on?"

"Phil 'Muddy' Waters was the guy that did most of the cooking in the unit I was in, in the military. We called him 'Muddy' for a couple of reasons - he's both black, and has the same last name as the old Blues musician."

"Okay, so why were you called 'Boomer'?"

"Oh, that was just the name I picked up along the way."

She looked at me doubtfully, but didn't say anything. The girls had paid attention to what was going on, since they'd picked up on the fact that something special had happened. Lucy went on to ask me "Okay, so are you going there alone, or what?"

"Of course I'm not going there alone. You and the two ragamuffins here are going, too."

Robyn promptly got an indignant look on her face, and said "We are **not** ragamuffins. We are dressed as YOU and MOM told us we should."

I laughed at her tone, and said "Yeah, and if I'd told you to bring something fancy, and Muddy didn't still own the place, I'd have looked like a complete idiot. Now you've got an excuse to go out and buy a fancy outfit, and get all dolled up. I sprung this on you, so the bill is on me. Besides, I don't think Muddy is going to let me pay for our meal tonight, so I might as well use the money for *something*, even if it is just YOU two."

At that, Sandra decided to get indignant, as well, saying "'Just' us two? Well, if you're paying for it, then I guess we need to show you that we're a little more than 'just' us two; and that we are NOT ragamuffins, either!"

Behind them, I could see Lucy smiling at their reaction, knowing that I'd been baiting them. Just then, the elevator reached our floor, and the two of them huffed their way to their room as Lucy and I retreated to her room. Once there, I told her "Once I found out that Muddy still owned that place, I couldn't help teasing them about going there. I trust that you'll take them out and make sure they get suitably gussied up?"

"Of course", she answered, before asking "Don't you think **I** need to get 'gussied up' too?"

"Nope. You look pretty good to me the way you are.", I answered before giving her a kiss.

"Well, YOU may think so, but **I** don't. While I've got them in the stores, I'm going to get a little something for me, too. And you're going to pay for it."

I laughed, and said, "Okay," before digging out my wallet, and handing her a credit card.

She looked at me strangely, and asked "That's it? 'Okay'? You're not going to tell me not to spend too much or anything?"

"Nope. I already trust your integrity and good sense. I know you're not going to take advantage of me. At least, not financially."

She grinned at me, and said "Yeah, not financially. That leaves a lot of room for other ways, though."

"Okay. Pick one, and it's yours."

She gave me a lecherous grin, and said, "Oh, I will, and it will be."

I grinned back, saying "OOOOOOO, I'm so **scared**. So scared, I'm going to do a little work on my computer while you three are out shopping. Let me know when you're ready to go out," then heading for my room.

I heard her laugh behind me as I closed the door between our rooms; a few moments later, the phone in the girls' room rang. A couple minutes later, I heard their doors open and close as they headed out to get something to wear for the evening. When I heard that, I called up the front desk, and arranged to have my suit cleaned and pressed. A couple of hours later, I heard them return, and a few minutes after that, they were off again. An hour or so later, they were back for the second time; throughout the whole thing, I was careful not to ask where they'd been, or what they'd been doing - I figured that when they wanted me for anything, they knew where to find me.

Around six o'clock, I shaved, took a shower, and got ready to go out. About seven o'clock, I heard the phone in Lucy's room ring; a couple minutes later, I heard the girl's door open and close, then Lucy's. A minute later, my phone went off; when I answered, I was told that they were ready when I was - provided that I was ready *then*.

I knocked on the door between Lucy's room, and mine, and heard a little scurrying before she told me to come in.

It wasn't enough time to prepare for what I found.

Lucy was in front, dressed in a gray silk outfit that make it clear she was female. Strapless, deep-scooped in front to reveal her cleavage, and skin-tight from bust to hips - without a panty or bra line to be seen - it flowed from her hips to mid-thigh, revealing a pair of lean, smooth legs that any woman would have been proud of.

Robyn was standing slightly behind her, on Lucy's right. Her dress was white, and only slightly less revealing than Lucy's. It sported spaghetti straps on the shoulders, with a skirt that revealed a pair of long, tanned legs. No panty or bra lines for her, either.

To Lucy's left, and a little behind her, I could see Sandra - also in a strapless number. It was black at her bust, turned filmy across her midriff, and darkened again where it flowed onto her hips. Then it dropped down to a filmy black skirt that did precious little to hide her slender, muscular legs. Again, there was nothing to mar the lines of the dress.

If they weren't nude under those dresses, they weren't far enough from it to matter.

I could only stand there, my mouth hanging open, until Lucy asked "Is this 'gussied up' enough for you?"

It took me a couple of tries before I was finally able to tell them "*This is why I like girls!" with deep conviction.

All three smiled, and with a gesture from Lucy, all three made a small pirouette, showing that none of the outfits had anything of substance in back - Lucy's was bare to just above the crack of her ass; Sandra's was bare to below her waist, and Robyn's dipped to the small of her back, only a couple of small cords broadly lacing it together - making it clear that not a one of them had a bra on. All three had obviously also gone out for some serious beauty salon work - Lucy had gotten a little trimmed off, so that it flowed to just past her shoulders. Robyn had gotten hers cut a bit, too - it fell only to her shoulders, framing her face wonderfully. Sandra, though, appeared to have done nothing more than brush her hair until it fairly glowed like unpolished silver. For the life of me, I couldn't decide which I wanted to do - take them out for every other guy who saw us to be jealous, or to hustle the three of them into bed, consequences be damned.

The decision was made for me when Lucy said "You're looking pretty good, there, fella. You ready to be seen in public with us, or you just going to stand there drooling?" - making Robyn and Sandra laugh.

"My first choice is to just stand here drooling, but if I don't show up, Muddy's feelings will probably be hurt."

"Off we go, then", Lucy said.

As we passed through the halls, then lobby, of the hotel, I could hear conversations pause as every male who saw them had his train of thought derailed - often to the consternation of the woman he was with. I'd dare say that more than a few husbands went home with sore shins, that night.

We made our way to Lucy's rental car, where she had me drive - "This outfit is NOT designed to be driven in!" she declared - while she navigated us to Café Triomphe. There, I pulled up in front, and left the keys with the valet, who all but fell down when the three of them got out of the car. Our walk into the restaurant was a near duplicate of what had happened at the hotel - a bubble of silence followed us as we made our way in. Once inside, it wasn't more than a minute before the headwaiter gave me a look, then approached, asking "Sir? Would you be Boomer?"

"Yes, I am. Or I should say, was."

"If you'll follow me, Sir, your table is waiting." - drawing us the stares of most of those waiting, plus a few dirty looks.

He led us to a table that was obviously the best in the place, saying "Mr. Waters will be with you in a moment, sir."

The headwaiter helped me get Robyn and Sandra seated; I gave him a look, and he stayed away from Lucy. I hadn't any more than sat down myself when a shadow fell over our table. I heard Robyn and Sandra gasp, then Lucy. I turned to look, and saw that Muddy was there. At nearly 6' 8" tall and pushing 300 pounds, bald, and black as the darkest

night, he made an impressive figure. He opened his mouth and said "Boomer, it's been a long time!" in a deep, rumbling bass voice that would have made Barry White cry. I stood up again, and tried to shake hands with him - and got pulled into a hug, anyway. When he turned loose of me, I discretely checked to see if he'd broken any ribs - even his muscles had muscles, and sometimes he misjudged his own strength; deciding he hadn't, I turned to introduce him to Lucy and the girls. Smiling to show white, even teeth, he stuck a hand out to each of them, and when they cautiously put a hand in it, leaned over to kiss it before telling them how happy he was to meet them. During all of this, the headwaiter, waiter, and other customers were watching this like I was some major dignitary that they couldn't remember the name of.

With the introductions out of the way, Muddy turned to me and said, "I heard you'd gone to college - what was it, Podunk University or some such?"

I laughed, and answered "Yeah, something like that. I heard you'd opened up some kind of greasy spoon, and were busy poisoning people. Looks like you're doing okay for yourself, Muddy."

He laughed, and said "Yeah, no telling what some people will like", making me laugh along with him, before he said "Looks like you're doing pretty good yourself, there, Boomer. You still like steak?"

I gave him a look, and he laughed again, before turning to the girls and Lucy, saying "If you lovely ladies don't mind, I've got some steaks that I think you'll like."

All three looked at me, and I smiled and nodded, letting them know that they wouldn't be disappointed. Looking back at him, Lucy said "I think we'd be delighted, Mr. Waters."

Muddy laughed again, and said "Ma'am" - "Please, call me Lucy" - "Lucy, there's no need for that Mister stuff with me. Me and Boomer here, we go back a ways; just call me Muddy, like everyone else, okay? And that goes for you two young ladies, too; I won't know you're talking to me, unless you call me Muddy!"

All three of them smiled at him, and he turned back to me to say, "If you'll excuse me a minute, Boomer, I got a couple things that need my attention, but I'll be back."

I told him that was fine, and before he left, he signaled one of the waiters, and told him "Ricky, this here is Boomer. He's my **personal** guest. While he's here, you got *nothing* else to do but watch after him and his ladies. If he ain't happy, **I** ain't happy. He says he wants your sister, you call her a cab. He sneezes, you build him a fire. You got me?"

Ricky's eyes got real big, and he nodded solemnly before looking at me as though I'd just levitated off the floor. The headwaiter watched this, and only nodded when Muddy looked at him before heading into the kitchen. I sat down again, and Lucy and the girls only stared at me for several seconds before another waiter appeared - this one with a dusty bottle of wine. He wiped the label off and showed it to me, saying, "Mr. Waters

said that if you agreed to the steak, this was the wine I was to serve. It's from his private cellar; one of three bottles that he was allowed to buy that year."

I nodded, and he carefully opened the bottle before pouring a small amount in my glass. I sipped it, letting it flow over my tongue - and discovering that it was one of the finest, no, THE finest, red wine I'd ever tasted. I paused only a moment before letting him know that it was okay to pour. I watched as Lucy, then Sandra and Robyn, each took a sip - and smile in delight at its flavor.

About that time, Muddy showed up again, saying "There, that's taken care of - I remember how you like your steak, Boomer, but I need to know what these lovely ladies prefer."

Lucy smiled at him, and said, "Medium-well, please", with Sandra and Robyn nodding in agreement. Muddy smiled, and said "Excellent. Medium well it is." Then he turned to Ricky, and asked "You still standing there? Where's these folks appetizers?" in a good-natured tone. I'm not sure that I had time to draw my next breath before Ricky was back, with fresh-baked bread and rolls for us, along with a dish of what turned out to be fresh-churned butter. When we'd each taken a roll, Muddy cautioned us "Now, don't be eating too much of that - you're going to be wanting to leave some room for these steaks."

I asked him what he'd been up to since I'd left our unit, and he filled me in as I ate. When I was done, he asked me, and I told him what I was doing. From there, we branched out into what some of the other guys were doing. Right in front of God and everybody, he asked me if I was going to marry Lucy - causing Lucy to choke and the girls to giggle before I told him "Not yet". He turned to Lucy and told her "If Boomer doesn't pop the question soon, you come look me up - I'll ask it for damn sure!", making her blush.

About that time, we heard some music start, and a bit later, Muddy turned to Lucy and asked "Lucy, if Boomer isn't going to ask you to dance, I sure will. Would you like to join me on the dance floor?" - catching her completely off guard. She looked at me, and I nodded, before she told him "Muddy, I'd be delighted". She stood up, and he gently guided her to the dance floor where he guided her around for a couple of slow ones. When he brought her back, he excused himself again, and Lucy watched him leave before telling me "You wouldn't think it from looking at him, but he's incredibly light on his feet - best dancer I've been with in a **long** time!"

I smiled, and said "Oh, I'd believe it. You forget, I served with him, and I know how light he can be. You didn't hear him when he walked up to the table, did you?" - and all three of them got thoughtful looks on their faces.

I excused myself, and headed for the men's room; when I got back, Muddy was there, telling them stories - apparently about me, judging from the looks I got. As I was sitting down, he finished one by saying "So when the Colonel asks us why we blew up the bridge the training brigade used to cross the river, Boomer tells him 'Because it was ugly,

sir!" - earning laughs from all of them - before adding "Cost me a month's pay; but it was sure worth it to see the expression on the Colonel's face!"

Here, I chipped in with "Whatever he's telling you, it's a lie. You can tell cause his lips are moving. It wasn't me, it was my evil twin, Cedric." Robyn and Sandra giggled; Lucy gave me an appreciative look and said "What he's been telling us is what a good guy you are."

"See? That proves my point", I said.

Muddy just grinned at me, and excused himself again.

The girls just looked at me as Lucy said "One of these days, you're going to have to tell me just what it was you **really** did in the Army."

About that time, another waiter showed up with our steaks - the largest, about 12 ounces, to me; the next, perhaps 8 ounces, to Lucy, then a couple of 6-ouncers to Robyn and Sandra. They were still sizzling from the grill, and were accompanied by baked potatoes topped with real bacon bits and cheddar cheese, and salads.

We were left alone while we ate - something that I appreciated, since it meant that I didn't have any distractions from savoring and memorizing every bite I took. I don't know what he did to it, but that was the best steak I'd had in **years** - flavorful, juicy, and actually tender enough to cut with a fork. None of us was interested in conversation - we just wanted to get ourselves wrapped around the food.

About the time we were sitting back from our meal, Muddy turned up again, asking if everything was okay. Lucy and the girls could only stare at him in wonder. I volunteered "Well, it was something of an improvement over barbeque grubs."

Muddy all but fell over, laughing, before explaining to the others "We were out on a mission, and it kinda ran long, so we ran out of food we'd packed along. Pickings were kinda slim, so we finally had to settle for some grubs we'd found in an old, dead tree. Understand, we were ready to eat them, but weren't real happy at the idea, okay? Boomer, here, he comes up with the idea of trying to do something to add some flavor to them - kinda disguise the taste, right? We all see what we've got to flavor them with, and about the only thing we've got left is some little packets of ketchup, and some pepper. So I mix some extra pepper into the ketchup to kinda make a barbeque sauce, okay? We dump the grubs in, cook the whole mess, and chow down while it's still plenty hot - thinking that if our tongues are scalded, it won't taste so bad. It didn't help much, though. "Anyway, after we get back, a bunch of us are out drinking, and get hungry. We wander into this barbeque joint, and Boomer here asks them why there aren't grubs on the menu. They get upset, and we finally wind up in a fight. Ever since then, we need to compare food to something, we say it's better or worse than barbeque grubs."

Lucy and the girls had made a few faces during the story, but were laughing pretty hard there at the end. Even the headwaiter and poor Ricky were smiling, and looking at their boss in a new light.

Muddy gestures at Ricky, and a minute later, Lucy and I have a cup of fresh coffee in front of us; Robyn and Sandra get hot chocolate. Then Muddy says he'll give us a few minutes before he brings out dessert. Lucy and the girls try to protest, but he just looked at them and smiled before disappearing into the kitchen.

About the time we finished with our drinks, Muddy came out again, Ricky right behind him with a tray. As Ricky put the plates in front of us, I can see that we're getting strawberry cheesecake. Lucy eyes it for a second, then picks up her fork to cut off a bit. She put it in her mouth, chewed once, and her whole face lit up - prompting Sandra and Robyn to follow her example; right down to the smiles of delight. I took a bite, and must have smiled, too - all of them grinned at the expression on my face. It was strawberry cheesecake, all right. With **fresh** strawberries (not in season), and the cheesecake was the lightest, tastiest thing I'd ever had. The next bite came a little faster.

Muddy just sat there, enjoying the expression on our faces as we made short work of the delight he'd provided us. As we were deciding whether or not to lick the plates, Ricky appeared again with more coffee and hot chocolate, distracting us from embarrassing ourselves. Lucy told him "That was incredible. Can I get the recipe?"

Muddy looked embarrassed (first time I'd ever seen it), and told her, apologetically, "Sorry, Lucy, I just can't do that. But if you'll give me a call, I'll be more than happy to get one to you any time you ask."

Ricky brought Muddy a cup of coffee, and the five of us sat there at the table, chatting about almost nothing of consequence for probably half an hour or more. Finally, though, I knew that we had to leave, if only so that Muddy could try to make **some** money off that table that night. I started to reach for my wallet when I didn't think Muddy was looking. Without moving he said "Boomer, I sure hope you're reaching for a sandwich, cause whatever you pull out of that pocket, you're going to eat it."

"C'mon, Muddy, you know I don't take freebies."

"Ain't no freebie. If anything, I owe YOU. So just put your hands back on the table where I can see 'em, and don't be making any fuss."

"How many times I gotta tell you, Muddy? You don't owe me *anything*"

Muddy looked at Lucy, and said, "This here is one stubborn dude. Saves my life, and keeps telling me I don't owe him anything."

Lucy looked at him in surprise and curiosity; Robyn and Sandra just kept switching their stares between Muddy and me, as if waiting for us to fight.

Muddy saw the expression on Lucy's face, and told her "We were out on a mission - the last one we were together, as it turned out. Things got messed up, pretty bad. A mortar round lands kinda close, and messes me up some. Boomer here, he patches me up real quick, before anything serious falls off or slides out, and drags my black ass half a click to our base camp. As if that isn't enough, he's dodging enemy troops, and plugging the rest of the holes in me along the way. I didn't know till later that a mortar fragment hit him in the leg so he could barely walk by himself, never mind dragging me all over hell and gone. Anyway, he gets me back, and then goes out and pulls in a couple of the other guys, too. Man, that was some kinda screwed up mission."

Sandra and Robyn were looking at him, and when he noticed it, rolled up his shirtsleeves to show them a few scars before opening his shirt a little ways and showing them some more, telling them "It looked a lot worse, back then", with a grin.

Lucy was looking at me, as were the girls, as I told him "Dammit, Muddy, I **told** you: I was just saving MY ass; you were just close enough to get in on the deal."

Muddy gave a wry laugh, and said "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Well, tonight, it's my turn - I was making ME happy, and YOU were close enough, friend."

That said, he stood up, and stuck out his hand. I stood up, too, and we shook hands - then gave each other a hug before he quickly headed back into the kitchen. Ricky and the headwaiter were watching me, as were the girls and Lucy. The best I could do was give them a lopsided smile as I gestured that we could leave. I tried to tip Ricky and the headwaiter, but both flatly refused, thanking ME, instead.

We were the center of another Zone of Silence as we left; back outside, the valet managed to fiddle around long enough to get a bonus 20 seconds of watching Lucy and the girls before I got the keys from him.

All three of them were quiet on the way back to the hotel; only when the doors closed on the elevator for our ride up did Lucy finally say, "You are one surprising son of a bitch, you know that?"

Surprised, I looked at her and asked, "Who? Me?"

"Yes, you, you son of a bitch."

"What'd I do?"

"It's what you DIDN'T do, bastard."

"Okay, what **didn't** I do?"

"You were obviously involved in some pretty scary stuff while you were in the Army. But you don't say **shit** about it. Not even *mentioning* that you'd done anything serious,

like saving someone's life. Yeah, you told me you were in the Army, and yeah, you told me that you'd gotten some self-defense training. But you never said a **damn thing** about any of the rest of it."

"Didn't figure it mattered. Like my buddy Popeye says 'I am what I am'; I don't figure the how and why of it are as important."

That got me a dirty look, followed with "Yeah, but that's still the kind of stuff that people close to you should know."

Sandra and Robyn were watching this with considerable interest - but being careful not to draw attention to themselves.

I asked Lucy "Honestly, now, if I had told you about any of this before, would you have taken it as bragging, or as simply telling you about myself?"

That slowed her down, some. I could see her thinking it over for a bit before she hesitatingly admitted "I don't think I would have taken it as bragging; but I probably would have thought you were just trying to impress me."

"So not saying anything about it, and letting you find out about it on your own, was a **bad thing**?"

That settled her down some more, and I just stood there looking at her, waiting for her response. She finally blushed, and conceded "No, it wasn't. Not a **BAD** thing. Just really, really surprising." She thought a few more moments, then added "It's like finding out you're not who I thought you were."

"Perhaps I'm not. But am I better, or worse than what you thought? Did I somehow mislead you into thinking what you did?"

Grudgingly, she said, "No, you didn't do anything to mislead me. If anything, all you've done has been to try to get me not to mislead **myself**. And you're a LOT better person than I thought you were. I guess that's why I'm so mad - not really at you, but at ME, for being so mistaken about you, and not giving you the credit that I knew you deserved."

She started leaking around the eyes about the time the elevator door opened; I took her in my arms, and guided her and the girls toward her room. At the door, she fished the keycard for her room out of the small purse she'd been carrying. I handed it to Robyn, who used it to open the door; she and Sandra followed us into Lucy's room. We hadn't any more than closed the door before all three were shedding their shoes; a woman thing, I could only guess as I eased Lucy toward one of the chairs by the smallish table in her room, and then took one on the other side. Robyn and Sandra both discretely found seats on Lucy's bed.

After a bit, Lucy looked up at me, and said, "I'm sorry. I **knew** that there was more to you than you've shown so far, and I **knew** you were a better person than you've let on, and I **knew** you weren't the kind of person to brag or anything like that. It's just that when Mr. Waters, I mean Muddy, told us what you did, it scared me - thinking that you might have been hurt or killed back then, and I'd have never known you. And being scared made me mad, and I took it out on the wrong person when I really didn't have to be scared or mad, either one."

I reached out to her, and she put her hand in mine, as I told her "It's okay, Lucy. What's already happened is over with. I don't do that stuff any more, and I'm not in any danger - except maybe loving you, and Robyn, too much. There's more stuff that I haven't told you for a couple of reasons. First, some of it I *can't* talk about, for reasons I'll explain. Second, some of it is just stuff that I really don't think makes any difference, or at least, **SHOULDN'T** make any difference."

"Why can't you tell me some of it?"

"Because I was in the Army Special Forces. You've heard of the Delta Force, right?"

She nodded, and I went on "Well, I was doing stuff kind of like that. Sometimes I had to go places and do things I can't talk about. What I did is probably not so secret now, but until someone officially tells me that, I have to follow the rules, okay?"

She nodded, and I continued by telling her "While we're kinda on the subject of honesty, I guess I should tell you that I did some other stuff that you might think was dangerous, too. I mean, aside from being in the Army kind of stuff. For example, I jumped out of airplanes a few times. Fortunately, they let me wear a parachute when I had to do that."

That last bit made her smile, and the bit about the parachute finally made her laugh, a little.

She sat there for a couple of minutes, deep in thought, as the three of us watched her. Finally, she looked up at me, then turned to look at the girls. She turned her chair a bit, so that she was more-or-less facing all of us, and said "Well, if tonight's the night for truth, then I guess there are a few things **I** need to say."

She looked at Robyn and Sandra and said "The first truth is that I know you two have been making love with him."

Robyn and Sandra both turned white as sheets before she went on to say, "It's okay. You're not in trouble, and I'm not going to say anything to your parents, Sandra. I just want you to know that **I** know, and I'm okay with it. Hell, I've been making love with him, too, as I'm sure you both know, or have guessed. I'm just glad that you both had enough sense to find someone like him that would be patient and gentle and caring as I'm sure he was."

Both of them were sitting there, jaws working, but no noise coming out, as she told them "In fact, I kind of envy you. When I was younger, I lost my cherry to a guy that wasn't ANY of the things he is. It hurt, and I was sore for DAYS afterward. In fact, it was a *long* time before I could really **enjoy** making love, and really understood what a wonderful thing it could be. Even more important, it was a long time before I found someone that I was comfortable with, someone that I could trust, someone that I could just **be** with and not have to worry about what either one of us was doing or thinking. That someone was HIM. So I understand, very well, what it was like for you, and what made you want him to be your first."

By this point, Robyn and Sandra had finally managed to stop looking like fish, but were still pretty much in a state of shock.

Lucy looked at Robyn, and said "Robyn" - Robyn pulled herself together enough to look at Lucy - "I don't know when you lost your cherry. I don't **care** when you lost your cherry. I think I know who you let have it, but I don't need to know the who or how or when. What matters to me is that you're HAPPY; that you're happy with the same man that I'm happy with only makes it better, in a way - I know that if he makes you even half as good as he does me, then you're doing better than I had any reason to expect, or hope for."

Next, she looked at Sandra, and said, "As for you, it's not for me to say anything to you about when you give someone your virginity, who you give it to, or why. The only ones that would have any reason to say anything would be your parents; if it mattered enough to them, they would have said something to you about it before now. If it doesn't, then it's not up to me to enlighten them."

"There are a couple more things I need to tell BOTH of you. First of those is that I expect that the two of you have been having sex with each other - that is, making love."

Both turned white, again, then blushed furiously, before she went on by saying, "Second, I don't mind." - they went from blushing to absolute amazement in zero seconds flat - "If it feels good to you, and no one is getting hurt, then go ahead and have fun. I only **ask** that you be careful: there are still too many people out there that think that some kinds of love and pleasure are somehow 'wrong', and would want to hurt you because of what you have together." She paused a moment, sighed, then went on "When I was younger, I had a chance to find out what you two have. A small bit of bad timing ruined it for me, and I've been sorry about it ever since."

Robyn and Sandra were openly staring at her as she went on to tell them "Yes, I said that I **almost** did it, too." She stood up, then, and did some kind of complicated shrugging movement that apparently broke the vacuum seal between the dress and her skin: the dress started to fall away from her as she caught it, then let it drop to the floor, standing before us with only a pair of stockings on. She went on to say "I know that I still look *pretty* good, but I don't know if I look good **enough** - and the thought of having my first girl lover turn me down scares me too much to try and find one now."

Robyn and Sandra both stared at her, openly, as I watched the three of them. First Robyn, then Sandra, finally broke their gaze from her body to her face, then her eyes. The three of them shared some silent conversation; Robyn and Sandra looked into each others eyes a moment, then, in unison, stood up. Each helped the other unfasten and unzip before they let their dresses pool around their feet to stand naked and unafraid.

Another silent communication between Robyn and Sandra before Robyn said "Mom, I think you look great", with Sandra adding "If you, uh, still want to find out, you know, what another girl is like, you can find out with me, if you want." Robyn followed that with "Me, too. I love you, mom."

Lucy turned to look at me, tears in her eyes; I simply smiled and shrugged, saying, "You've got your chance. Take it, or not - I'm staying out of it, either way."

She nodded her understanding and acceptance, and looked again at her daughter, and her daughter's friend.

Seeing only nervous willingness in their eyes, Lucy finally stepped out of the puddle of her dress, and moved toward them, raising her arms. They raised theirs, in response, and the three of them finally embraced.

When they finally released each other, Lucy paused a moment, then turned to face Sandra. A moment's hesitation, and she leaned forward a bit to finally kiss her daughter's best friend, full on the lips. Even from where I was sitting, I could see it as their kiss started with affection before moving to excitement, then arousal. Sandra reached up and haltingly put her hand on Lucy's breast; when no protest came, she quickly cupped it, feeling its greater weight, and firmness. Somewhat reassured, Lucy moved her hand to Sandra's breast in return, and after a few seconds, began caressing and fondling it. A few seconds after Sandra's movement, Robyn followed suit. She seemed to marvel at the size of her mother's exposed breasts, and delight in their weight and texture. When Sandra and Lucy's kiss finally ended, Robyn cautiously moved in to collect her own kiss. Lucy was equally nervous, but when their lips touched the first time, the fear and hesitation quickly dissipated: Lucy didn't delay in putting her other hand on one of Robyn's breasts, caressing it and running her fingers over it's erect nipple. When their kiss broke, Lucy raised herself up again, releasing a sigh of relief - followed by one of pleasure as each of the girls took one of her breasts in their mouth, sucking on both her nipples at the same time.

After a few seconds, Lucy turned her head to look at me - and finding that I was still dressed, and still in the chair I'd been occupying. I smiled at her, and gestured that she should go ahead. She smiled back, and mouthed 'thank you' toward me before turning her attention to the two young girls in front of her. After that, none of them seemed to take the slightest notice of me.

After a couple of minutes, the girls came up for air, and the three of the shared a round-robin of kisses before Robyn and Sandra parted, inviting Lucy to get on the bed. I could

see the nervous anticipation on her face as she climbed to the middle, then moved onto her back, looking up at the youngsters.

As they got on the bed with her, Lucy told them "All I ever did before was touching, you know, on the outside. I- I- I want to see what you do, first, if that's okay."

Both of the smiled at her, and Sandra answered "That's okay, Lucy. How about if we start, and then when you're ready, you can kind of ease into it with whoever's closest?"

Robyn added, "Yeah, mom, it's okay. We didn't just start of doing all this stuff, either." with a grin.

When Lucy nodded her acceptance of what the youngsters had said, Robyn and Sandra turned to each other to share a deep, passionate kiss as they caressed each other's bodies. In only a couple of minutes, their lips were on each other's breasts, their hands at each other's crotch. Lucy reached out to touch, then caress, their thighs as the two youngsters continued to please each other. Finally, they lay on the bed, careful to make sure that Lucy had a good view as Sandra lay on her back, with Robyn sucking on her nipples as Robyn began dipping her fingers into Sandra's womanhood. Lucy could plainly see the distended labia, glistening with Sandra's arousal, and the nubbin of Sandra's clitoral hood as it rose up in proportion to Sandra's excitement. Lucy also noticed that Sandra had a hand in Robyn's crotch, and that both girls had visibly tightened breasts with erect nipples. Plainly, Lucy's presence neither dampened their enthusiasm for each other, nor the resulting arousal.

It was about this time that I realized that if I stayed, there wasn't a chance in hell that I'd be able to stop myself from joining in at some point; I didn't want to do **anything** to get in the way of Lucy's first time, so I quietly and carefully got up and went to my own room, closing the door softly behind me. Later, each of them privately told me bits of what had happened...

Lucy twisted herself around a little bit to get a slightly better view as Robyn began kissing and licking Sandra further and further down her body - plainly making her way toward Sandra's pelvis. Lucy reached out again, and began softly stroking Sandra's thigh as Robyn finally reached her goal, and dipped her tongue between Sandra's labia. As Robyn continued her attentions to Sandra's vaginal opening and clitoris, Lucy worked up the nerve to extend her touch to include Sandra's pubis - running her fingertips through it, and marveling at it's soft lushness. So fascinated was she that it took her several seconds to realize that there was a hand doing much the same thing to her own bush - a quick check revealed that in moving to get a better look, she'd moved to within range of Sandra's hand, which was now making a slow approach to her own wet opening. Almost without thought, she spread her legs so that Sandra would be able to reach her target.

The first touch of Sandra's fingertip on her clitoris almost pushed Lucy into an orgasm - and the feel of Sandra's slender digit finally parting her inner lips made her more excited than she remembered ever being before. She could feel how tight her areolas were, and her nipples felt like little pebbles perched on the tips of her breasts.

As she became accustomed to Sandra's touch, Lucy moved again, slightly, to get a closer look at what her daughter was doing with her mouth and tongue - only to see Robyn's lips wrapped around Sandra's clitoris, with Sandra's vaginal lips pursing in time with what Robyn was doing. The sight excited her tremendously, and without thinking, she slid her hand forward to slide a finger through Sandra's slit, both feeling the delicacy of the extended lips, and collecting a sample of Sandra's inner fluids. She put her thumb to her finger, feeling how light and oily Sandra's secretions were, then put her fingers to her nose, sampling the aroma. She found it to be much like her own, but different, too - lighter, somehow, and more delicate. Again, without thought, she put her fingers in her mouth, only realizing what she'd done when her taste buds informed her of Sandra's spicy/sweet flavor. Deliberately, she repeated her actions, even going so far as to actually FEEL Sandra's inner lips, and how thin they were, before collecting a goodly sample of the juices she sought. She again smelled them, only briefly, verifying how much the scent appealed to her, before putting her fingers in her mouth again to determine if she really liked the taste.

She did.

She liked it a lot.

That settled, and her mind finally at ease with the idea of actually having sex with another female, Lucy didn't hesitate any longer to ease her way toward Sandra's pelvis, pausing along the way to sample Robyn's breast - and finding herself both pleased, and proud, of its size and firmness. She continued licking and sucking Robyn's breast for a couple of minutes before remembering her initial goal - finally releasing Robyn's nipple from between her lips, she lowered her head next to Robyn's and whispered "Can I?"

Robyn turned to her and smiled, whispering back "Sure! You'll like it!" - to which Lucy simply replied, "I know."

When Robyn had raised her body enough, Lucy moved in the last couple of inches, and extended her tongue, drawing it up between Sandra's slickness before letting it draw several circles around Sandra's now erect clitoris. Sandra moaned in response, and that was the last encouragement Lucy needed: she quickly fastened her lips on Sandra's opening, and began licking and sucking on Sandra's labia and opening in a soft, rhythmic pattern, pausing every so often to form a rod with her tongue that she used to penetrate Sandra's opening as far as she could, getting an assortment of moans and gasps in reward.

Even as Lucy decided to shift her focus from Sandra's vaginal opening to her clitoris, she felt the hand leave her crotch - only to be replaced a few seconds later by a **very** talented mouth and lips: in just a few seconds, the attentions she was received were making her

hotter and hotter, well on her way toward an orgasm. She tried to push her release away, so that she could continue to sample Sandra's delights. But then she had a realization: she was still at Sandra's crotch, and that Sandra hadn't moved. Sandra wasn't in any position to do anything but touch her - which meant that the one bringing her such pleasure could only be... her own daughter! The thought of that, coupled with the stimulation she was receiving, was more than enough to push her into an orgasm - even as her pelvis moved in time with her release, Robyn's lips stayed glued to her sex, softly sucking what must have been a flood of juices as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her.

With the passing of her orgasm, Lucy was able to again focus on the object of her desire - and quickly resumed her attentions to Sandra's womanhood. She felt a stirring on the bed, and glanced up to see that Robyn - face glistening with HER juices! - had moved over Sandra's mouth. She could see the edges of Robyn's lips where Sandra's tongue moved between them; and Robyn's erect clitoris was clearly visible behind the cloud of her pubic hair. The sight and thought of it only aroused Lucy again, and prompted her to redouble her efforts to bring Sandra to climax. She quickly took Sandra's clitoris into her mouth, and began a soft, steady sucking on it while she fluttered her tongue across its sensitive surface; Sandra's response was a deep, passionate moan into Robyn's crotch, along with an arching of her back to try and get even more stimulation on her clitoris.

Lucy stayed with her, though, continuing her activities, bringing Sandra closer and closer to the edge. Then, when she felt that Sandra was about to fall into the abyss, she slowed her actions, then stopped them, so she could again sample Sandra's female nectar. Sandra gave a small groan of disappointment before taking her frustration out first on Robyn's labia and vaginal opening, then when she'd calmed down a bit, Robyn's clitoris. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before Sandra had managed to bring Robyn to the very edge of climax; she held Robyn there for several long seconds, then bit - **ever** so softly - Robyn's clitoris, driving Robyn well and truly over the edge, all but screaming her pleasure.

Lucy heard Robyn's voice, and knew what had happened - that thought, too, aroused her, and she decided that Sandra was to receive as good as she'd given. Lucy again took Sandra' clit between her lips, and began a firm, gentle circling of it as she applied a soft suction to it, as well. As she felt Sandra again approach orgasm, she slowed, but didn't stop, her actions; using the reduced speed to greatly intensify Sandra's pleasure, and the power of her orgasm when it happened. Which was about another fifteen seconds - Lucy looked over Sandra's belly, and between her breasts, to see that Sandra was completely frozen in a silent scream of release; that was followed by a deep gasping breath before the next wave took her over. Another gasp, another spasm. One last gasp, and Sandra was finally able to loose a deep groan of satisfaction and pleasure as Lucy moved her mouth down to collect the remaining nectar from the flower of Sandra's womanhood. Lucy smiled to herself as she remembered a bumper sticker she'd seen once: "Be healthy - eat your honey". It had a whole new meaning to her, now.

When Sandra had gotten her breath back, Lucy released the hold she had on Sandra's thighs, and moved to lay on her back, her head on a pillow. The girls quickly moved up to lay next to her. She turned to kiss each of them in turn, and smelled her own scent on

Robyn's face, and Robyn's on Sandra - and when two youngsters raised up to give each other a kiss, she knew that Sandra could smell HER on Robyn. When the girls lay down again, she put her arms around them; they quickly moved her hands so that each cupped one of the girls' breasts. A slight pressure on her hands was all she needed to know that they were encouraging her to touch and feel them - even as they were each reaching a hand out to do the same with one of *her* breasts. She was fascinated at how similar, yet different the two sets of breasts were - Robyn's, slightly smaller, but very firm, and with distinct areolas and nipples; and Sandra's, a bit larger, more cushiony than firm, with (by touch) barely detectable areolas, and smaller, harder nipples. Both sets were smooth and clear of blemish or disfiguration. She could only wonder at what they thought of hers - not knowing that both girls, unknowingly, shared the same delight in her different texture, and awe at her larger size.

They lay there for several minutes before Sandra looked up at Lucy to say "I think you did pretty good - for a beginner!" teasing her. Robyn spoke up then, adding, "Yeah, I'll bet she'd do real good, with some more practice!"

Lucy laughed a bit, before telling Robyn "You really surprised the hell out of me, when you, uh..."

"Used my mouth on you?"

"Well, yeah."

Sandra said, "Um, Lucy, it's okay. She's done it to me, I've done it to her, and YOU'VE done it to ME. It's no big deal, except that it feels good - and Robyn and I **like** doing it. You did, too, judging from how you made ME feel. So there's no reason to be embarrassed or anything, okay?"

Lucy blushed slightly, and nodded. Though an adult, the newness of the experience, and age of the other participants, had her feeling - and reacting - like she was their age, again.

They lay there like that for several minutes before Robyn got a mischievous look on her face and started sliding her hand down her mother's belly, toward Lucy's pelvis. Lucy couldn't fail to notice it, and watched with a rapidly increasing arousal as Robyn's hand edged ever close to the center of her desire. When Robyn's hand finally brushed against her pubic hair, Lucy couldn't help herself any longer, and began to reach for Robyn's in return. Robyn felt her touch, and didn't hesitate to turn herself around so that not only could her mother reach her, but so that she could look the final destination for her hand, as well.

With the change in Robyn's position, Lucy could not only touch Robyn's pelvis, but look at it, too - and found the sight both beautiful, and erotic: thin, slightly extended labia, still glistening slightly from her orgasm, they parted slightly when Robyn moved; Robyn's clitoral hood was visible at the top juncture.

As Robyn ran her fingertips through Lucy's lush bush, Lucy was making her first contact with Robyn's - and finding it as soft as the fur on a cat's belly. She delighted in the texture of it, and how easily her fingers moved through it, before allowing herself to let her hand drop to the core of Robyn's sexuality. There, she finally dared touch the parts of Robyn that Robyn was touching on her - tracing the delicate folds of Robyn's inner lips, feeling the warmth of her core, the softness of her sex, the ample wetness that Robyn was starting to release. Gently, softly, she dipped a finger into the shining oils that Robyn made - even and Robyn was doing the same to her! - pleased by how thin and light they were; then she slowly moved her hand up, first sniffing the scent that she knew must be there, and finding it - slightly musky, yet slightly sweet at the same time. Lucy felt her mouth water at the thought of it, and readily moved her fingers to her mouth, where she let her tongue slip from between her lips to take a first, tentative taste of her own daughter's secretions. Finding them delicious, she quickly put her fingers in her mouth, cleaning Robyn's taste from them thoroughly before extending her hand to collect another sample.

She repeated her actions a couple more times, before finally deciding to taste them directly from the source - she turned slightly, and rolled over onto her side, putting one foot on the bed so as to leave plenty of room for Robyn's head. Robyn followed her example, and Lucy paused to kiss the soft inside of Robyn's thigh before closing in far enough to extend her tongue to make her first intimate contact with Robyn.

Lucy heard Robyn moan in pleasure as she slowly drew her tongue upwards, collecting a fair sampling of Robyn's essence along the way. Robyn's reaction, and the taste of it, was all she needed to encourage her to do it again. And again, and again, and again. In short order, she was licking at Robyn's womanhood as though it were an ice cream cone - only tastier, and a lot more fun. As she continued, Lucy felt Sandra moving next to her; it didn't surprise her at all when she suddenly felt two hands caressing her exposed crotch - it only doubled her pleasure.

As the next few minutes passed, Lucy could tell that Robyn was getting more and more aroused - her moans became more and more frequent as her secretions all but drooled from her opening, and her labia extended even further in response to Lucy's teasing. With Robyn's increase in arousal, Lucy's increased, as well - she could feel her vaginal entrance opening, and imagined that she could feel her wetness leaking out of her. As her excitement increased, so did the attention her pelvis got - she wasn't sure which one was the cause, and which was the effect...

It wasn't much longer before Lucy could tell that Robyn was close to orgasm - but somehow unable to quite get there. Lucy knew **just** what to do - and did it. Taking Robyn's clitoris between her lips, Lucy began tugging on it, as though milking it, as she quickly fluttered her tongue across it's top. Robyn's groan of pleasure let her know that her efforts were having the desired effect. It took only a minute or two before Robyn reached her peak, almost literally convulsing as her orgasm took over. Lucy kept her lips wrapped around Robyn's clitoris despite the spastic movements of Robyn's pelvis, increasing Robyn's pleasure immensely.

When the worst (best?) of Robyn's climax had passed, she somehow managed to roll over on to her back, leaving Lucy free to turn her attention to Sandra, and what Sandra was doing to her. Lucy realized that she still didn't have a very good idea of what Sandra's breasts were *really* like, and reached out to gently tug on Sandra's leg, eventually getting Sandra to stop her explorations of Lucy's mons. When she had Sandra's attention, Lucy nudged her into position, straddling her lap, so they were facing each other. From there, the two of them began kissing, deeply and passionately, as their hands wandered over each other's bodies. Lucy felt Sandra cup her breasts for a few seconds before giving them a detailed manual examination; she didn't hesitate to do the same to the luscious mounds that Sandra's body sported - she found them to be nearly as firm as Robyn's, but somehow softer, too. While Robyn's breasts were only a little too large for her to cover with one hand, Sandra's overflowed her hand slightly; with Sandra's greater arousal, her areolas had puckered, making it easier to tell where they started on her breast by touch. Finally unable to stand it any longer, Lucy finally leaned forward, lowering her head to take first one, then the other of Sandra's breasts in her mouth, nursing at them softly as she slid her hands down to cup Sandra's delightfully smooth and firm ass cheeks. While she was doing that, Sandra continued to massage Lucy's breasts and nipples, both amazed and delighted at how large and hard Lucy's nipples got in her excitement.

Eventually, Sandra drew back from Lucy, and when Lucy looked at her, smiled and said "That's really nice, but there's something else I want to do. Just lay back, okay?" before starting to scoot herself down Lucy's legs. Lucy knew what Sandra planned, and nodded in eager anticipation before laying down again - savoring the feel of Sandra's soft bush as it traced a path down her belly. When she felt Sandra's mons against her own, Lucy imagined what it must look like, Sandra's light pubis contrasting with her own darker one, and she felt herself get even wetter at the visualization.

When she felt Sandra stop while straddling her ankles, Lucy slowly drew first one foot, then the other, out from under her; she placed each of them flat on the bed on each side, opening herself completely and without shame to Sandra. She looked down to see that Sandra hadn't moved yet - her gaze was focused on the center of Lucy's womanhood, as though memorizing it. After a few long, agonizing seconds, Sandra looked up at her again, and simply said "Beautiful" before lowering herself between Lucy's thighs. Once in position, Sandra gently began touching and caressing Lucy's entire pelvis, from the top of her pubic mound, all the way down to her perineum, and all points in between. Her soft, delicate touch did wonders to increase Lucy's arousal, so that when Sandra finally extended her tongue to take her first sample of Lucy's oils, there were more than enough of them to sample FROM.

At the first touch of Sandra's tongue on her, Lucy couldn't help but stiffen in pleasure, and say "OhGodThat'sGood!!", bringing a smile to Sandra's face before she set herself to the pleasurable task of getting Lucy off as quickly and powerfully as she could.

As Sandra was starting to lick her opening, Lucy caught movement in the corner of her eye; when she looked, she saw that Robyn had recovered enough to sit up, watching what Sandra was doing to her. Lucy moved her hand, and when Robyn looked at her, gestured

for Robyn to come closer. When she was close enough, Lucy told her "Honey, what you did before was great; and I liked using my mouth on you, too". Robyn smiled at her, and answered "Both of them were fun for me, too, mom."

Robyn's crotch was at the same level as her head, and simply by moving her eyes, Lucy could look at Robyn's matted pubic hair, and see her daughter's shiny vaginal lips peeking out from her mons. With a mixture of love and lust, she looked again into Robyn's face as she put a hand on Robyn's hip before raising her eyebrows in question. Robyn quickly nodded, and with Lucy guiding her, moved closer before raising a leg to put on the other side of Lucy's head - essentially straddling Lucy's face, her back toward where Sandra was engaged in trying to lick Lucy's ovaries.

Looking down at her own mother's face between her thighs, Robyn knew things had changed forever. Not only did she feel a deeper love for her mom than she ever had before, but she realized that she also felt a deeper respect, too - to think that her own mom had wanted to know what another girl was like, but never had until NOW, with HER! The guts it must have taken to not only admit something like that, but to stand up and get naked in invitation without knowing how they'd react... it simply amazed her. She knew that she'd never look at her mom in quite the same way again - now she was not only mother, but friend - and lover, too.

Similar thoughts and realizations were going through Lucy's mind as well - along with a fascination and delight at the unhurried close-up view she had of her own daughter's sex. She marveled at the delicate curves and textures she saw, at the way Robyn's clitoris seemed to be peeking out from under its hood, at the sheen of womanly essence that shined in the narrow slit between Robyn's inner lips, the obvious softness of Robyn's fine, sparse, dark pubic hair.

The feelings that Sandra was generating made Lucy realize just how good it could feel to have another woman pleasuring her - and gave her the determination to give that same feeling to Robyn. That settled, she didn't delay any longer before extending her tongue, sliding it directly between Robyn's labia, and on into her vagina as far as she could while watching Robyn's face as she did. The look of surprise, then pleasure, then satisfaction on Robyn's face as she progressed just made it all the more pleasant for her - now she KNEW that she could not only feel pleasure from another woman's attention, but could give pleasure, as well - that what she'd done with Sandra hadn't simply been due to 'beginners luck'.

More confident now of what she was doing, and how to do it, Lucy soon had Robyn in a state of extreme arousal; and one of the benefits of that arousal was the plentiful supply of girl-nectar that Robyn was giving her to taste. Whether it was because Robyn was her daughter, or simply because Robyn actually tasted that good, she didn't know - all she was sure of was that she didn't just *like* the taste of another woman, she **loved** it. Even as she was lifting Robyn to greater heights, she silently vowed that this would not be the only time she'd know this pleasure, or these the only people she'd know it with.

As she continued to arouse and tease Robyn, Lucy let her hands wander all over Robyn's body. Starting at her smooth, soft hips; then on to her belly, ass, back, and finally, her breasts - cupping and squeezing them, softly pinching their nipples and running her thumbs over them, loving their firm smoothness. In return, Robyn reached behind herself to let her hands wander over her mother's bust - surprised at how firm they were for their size, how different they felt from her own, or Sandra's - yet still pleasant, and exciting.

It was difficult, though, for Robyn to fully appreciate the feel of her mother's hands on her body, or the feel of her mother's body under her own hands - the sensations in her vagina, and on her clitoris, were simply getting to be too much for her. More and more often, she felt herself arching her back as she tried to push even more of the center of her arousal into or onto her mother's dancing tongue and talented lips.

Lucy could see - and feel, and taste - the effect her efforts were having on Robyn. Indeed, they were incredibly close to what SHE was feeling as a result of what Sandra was doing to HER. Try as she might, though, she simply couldn't put off her own release any longer: Sandra had been slowly fluttering her tongue over her clitoris for long enough that Lucy wasn't sure if she'd come, or burst, first. A minute later, the question was answered: she'd come.

Hard.

Harder than she'd ever come before in her life.

Just the thought that she had her tongue buried in her own daughter's sex while her daughter's best friend was doing much the same to her made it more powerful, more arousing, more satisfying, and more intense than anything she'd ever known.

Her near-scream ended quickly, simply because she was frozen from the magnitude of what she was feeling, unable to breathe or do anything else but let tidal wave after tidal wave of pleasure and release wash over her. So long did it last, so powerful was it, that she all but passed out from the intensity of her orgasm. When she was finally able to do anything at all, it was all she could do to draw in a deep, gasping breath before the next few spasms washed over her, freezing her in place again.

Finally, though, her climax began to taper off, allowing her to moan in relief before trying to get her breath back. Looking up, she saw the surprise and concern in Robyn's face, and managed to smile at her.

Robyn couldn't see her lips - which were still pushing against her labia - but could see the happy reassurance in her eyes, and was satisfied with that.

As Lucy got herself back together, Sandra moved up behind Robyn, also straddling Lucy's body, before putting her arms around Robyn to cup her breasts. Robyn turned her head to tell Sandra "I don't know what you did, but you did it real good!" before puckering up for a kiss that Sandra readily provided. The two of them stayed there,

kissing and caressing, for a couple of minutes - until Lucy recovered enough to surprise Robyn by softly sucking on her clitoris. With Robyn again being pleased, Sandra discretely eased herself off Lucy to move to the side of the bed, so that she could watch the two of them as Lucy quickly returned Robyn to her previous state of arousal - and only a couple minutes later, pushing her past it into climax.

As Robyn's orgasm washed over her, she could feel it as more and more of her wetness was pushed out of her vagina - only to be eagerly lapped up by her mother. Knowing that it was *her own mother* that had not only brought her to this point, but was so greedily licking up her juices made Robyn's orgasm that much more satisfying. Even as it was passing, she, too, vowed that this wouldn't be the last time she and her mother pleased each other; she also swore to herself that we'd all go it together, as well.

With her senses back, Robyn looked around, and saw Sandra grinning broadly at her. She smiled back, and finally moved to get off Lucy, laying down next to her on the side opposite from Sandra. As she moved, she paused long enough to share a deep, passionate kiss with her mother, tasting herself on her mother's lips as their tongues engaged in a friendly duel. When the kiss broke, and Robyn settled herself into her mother's side, Sandra joined them, cuddling up to Lucy on the other side - the two of them enjoying her warm, protective embrace.

They lay like that for several minutes before Lucy finally sighed, and told them "As nice as this has been, and as much as I want to just lay here like this forever, I know that I have to get up in the morning to go with Dan to the office. As much as I love having both of you here like this, I suspect that Dan would kind of like to have some company, too."

Both girls giggled a bit before Sandra told her "Yeah, he probably would."

Robyn hesitated a moment, then asked, "Mom, you were right that Dan was the first one I ever made love with. Is it okay if I go in there with him?" looking up at Lucy with trepidation in her face.

Lucy smiled back at her, and told her "Yes, dear, that's fine. You don't have to ask me that - I love him, too. Just don't wake him, and give me another kiss before you go!"

Robyn gave her mother a relieved smile; before she could get up, Lucy told her "I think he'd appreciate it if you washed up a little before you crawl into his bed, though. As a matter of fact, I think **I'd** like to wash up before I got to bed!"

Robyn and Sandra shared a look before Sandra asked "Might as well make it unanimous. Think there's room for all three of us?" mischievously.

Lucy just gave a little laugh before saying "Oh, I expect we can compensate, if there isn't - maybe squeeze together a little more?"

Both girls smiled at her in return before releasing her so the three of them could make their way to the bathroom. As it turned out, there was plenty of room in it, but they found themselves squeezing together, anyway.

I woke up the next morning only to find myself tucked neatly in behind the smooth, small frame of a young female. I didn't know who it was; I didn't much care, either. It was more than enough that she was there; I knew that she wouldn't be there unless Lucy knew about it, and was okay with it.

I gradually eased my eyes open, and saw Robyn's dark hair. With a smile, I reached around her to cup her breast in my hand as I snuggled closer to her, tucking my stiffening penis between her asscheeks. She released a soft murmur of pleasure, and wiggled back at me, making me smile. It wasn't long before I was sporting a full-fledged erection, and could feel the head of it pressing against the outside the damp entrance of her vagina.

A few minutes later, my small travel alarm went off; I quickly reached out to turn it off - knowing that I'd be getting a wakeup call from the front desk in another ten minutes. As I lay there, I heard the phone ring twice in Lucy's room before someone answered it. A minute later, I heard a gentle knock at the door between our rooms. I softly called out that it was okay, and the door opened to show that Lucy was the one that had apparently answered the phone. She walked over to the bed, and looked down at us as I smiled up at her - she smiled in return, and softly said, "You two look so cute, laying there - and sexy as hell, too!" before leaning over to kiss me. I thought I smelled Sandra, as well, but didn't say anything about it.

I answered, "I don't doubt it - it looking sexy, that is. It sure as hell **feels** sexy! I just wish I could have seen you and Sandra asleep, too."

Lucy gave a small laugh and said, "I expect you'll get a chance before too long."

She blushed slightly, and said "As much as I hate to break this up, we **do** need to get started. You know, so you can earn that ten grand?"

I made a face at her, and began to ease myself back from Robyn, so as to try and not wake her up. She made soft noises of complaint and disappointment, but didn't wake up.

As I got out of bed, Lucy saw the erection I'd developed, and with a mischievous grin on her face, said "If Robyn had woken up, she'd have wanted to take care of that; since she didn't, I guess **I** get to!" then slowly dropping to her knees in front of me. Taking me in her hand, she tilted her head forward and licked the end of my penis before looking up at me to say "I can smell her on you - and even taste her, a little bit!" before opening her mouth to wrap her lips around the head of my penis. I felt her give it a full tongue-bath before she opened her mouth slightly to make room as she slowly moved her head forward, taking more and more of my length. She stopped only when her nose was buried

in my pubic hair; she paused a few seconds, then just as slowly drew her head back again, letting her tongue slide along the bottom of my member. Twisting her head slightly, she did it again - and twisting her head the other direction, yet again. By the time she finished, I was well lubricated with her saliva, and her eyes grinned up at me as she began sucking on me, and bobbing her head, obviously intent on getting me off as quickly as possible. Since she seemed content to do everything for me, and didn't appear to have any interest in having me return the favor, I simply closed my eyes, and enjoyed the sensations she was creating.

After a little bit, she reached up to cup my scrotum, then began lightly raking her fingernails across it - dramatically increasing my pleasure, and making my balls tighten in response. When she felt that, she started moving her head even more quickly, and sucking on me a little harder, pausing every so often to run her tongue around the head of my penis, and tickle the underside of it. It didn't take long before I felt the stirrings in my balls; something she seemed to be able to feel it from the outside - and increased her efforts even more. It couldn't have been a minute later before I felt the twinge that let me know I was going to unload; I told her so, and she just looked up at me in anticipation even as the first shot of my semen bounced off the back of her tongue. She quickly took all of me into her mouth again, and I could feel the muscles of her throat flexing around the head of my penis as she swallowed that first load of my jism - and all the rest of it as I bounced jet after jet of semen off the back of her throat. She stayed there like that until she felt my penis give it's last few faint twitches, then let all but the head slip from between her lips as she panted through her nose, getting her breath back. As she felt my erection softening in her mouth, she smiled up at me from around it, and sucked all of it into her mouth again before attempting to pull a perfect vacuum with her mouth. Then she tightened her lips around it, and pulled her head back, wringing every last drop of sperm I had to give her from my worn out member. Only when she'd let the head pop free of her mouth did she open it again - and then only to lick her lips to make sure nothing had escaped.

Both of us heard a slight rustling, and looked over at the bed to see that Robyn had awakened - long enough ago to have at least seen the finish of what Lucy had done to me - and was laying there, grinning at us in approval.

Lucy stood up, and hugged me, before telling Robyn "Go ahead and go back to sleep if you want to - I have to take him out to the office and introduce him before he goes to work. When I get back, you and me and Sandra can have some time together, if you want." Then, when she saw Robyn's look of surprise, added "I mean, we can spend some time together OUTSIDE the room - shopping, talking, and stuff like that", and making Robyn smile.

Hugging my side, Lucy turned us toward the bathroom, and got us moving, telling me "I need you bright eyed and bushy tailed this morning, and that seemed like a good way to do it. Besides, I don't want you forgetting about **me** when you've got those two little vixens around!"

I laughed as we got into the bathroom, telling her "Not a chance of that happening." As I quickly scraped the hair off my face, Lucy got the shower going, and got in. A minute later, I was in there with her, and two of us had a fine time, if a short one, getting ourselves (well, mostly me) cleaned up for the day's adventure. As we were drying off, I told her "It would probably be a good idea to get the girls into their own bed. That way, it won't be completely undisturbed - if no one slept in it, the housekeeping staff might start to wonder." Lucy looked at me speculatively, then said "Yeah, that's probably a good idea - **my** room smells like a brothel!"

Once we were dry, we left the bathroom and went into Lucy's room - which did have a distinct smell of female arousal to it. Lucy carefully pulled the covers off of Sandra, and I leaned over to pick her up. She was so cute sleeping, that I couldn't help but give her a kiss on the lips - and finding more than a hint of Lucy's unique taste on Sandra's lips. I licked my own lips, and Lucy colored faintly before saying "We had a little more fun after Robyn left..."

I just grinned at her as I told her "I'm glad to know you're having fun - I **thought** I smelled Sandra when we kissed this morning!" - and making Lucy blush furiously.

I carried Sandra over to the girls room, with Lucy leading the way and making sure the doors were open for me, and turning their covers down so I could deposit Sandra in one of the beds. Next, it was Robyn's turn - she'd apparently conked out again after Lucy and I headed for the shower.

With the two of them safely deposited in their room, Lucy locked the door and closed it to complete the (hoped for) illusion. Then Lucy went into her room to dress, as I did the same in mine. I don't think either of us cared a damn what the housekeeping staff thought went on between us in Lucy's room, but neither of us wanted the girls being drawn into their suppositions. We even made sure that the door between OUR rooms was left unlocked, so as to help them think in the direction we wanted them too.

When we were ready, we headed down for some breakfast before heading out to the office where she was working. Once there, she introduced me to the accountants, letting them know who I was and hinting at why I was there. That done, the next stop was the company's staff, though this time the introduction was a bit more restrained, in keeping with my role as a 'hired gun'. Finally, it was to the IS department, where the head of the department gave me more than a few unhappy looks. She asked me what I needed, and I told her that I had my own laptop, so all I needed was administrator privileges and a link to their systems. When she realized that I wasn't planning on taking the place over, she settled down appreciably, and showed me to a desk where I could work undisturbed. I quickly got hooked up to their network, and when I went to log on, she carefully typed the admin password for me on my laptop - slowly, so I could see what she typed.

I thanked her, and after watching me for a couple minutes (more to make sure I was okay than anything else, I suspected), she left - leaving me and Lucy alone to discuss a few things before Lucy left as well, after telling me that she'd be back to pick me up for lunch

with her and the girls. I thanked her, and began looking through the system. In short order, I was deep into what I was doing, and lost track of time - until Lucy showed up to take me to a late lunch. I left my computer there, but carefully set the passwords on it, and shut it down.

Lunch was at a small restaurant not far from the office. The place was full, but not crowded; even so, the service was outstanding, and the food surprisingly good. Lucy was still dressed in business professional clothing; but the girls had opted for light cotton dresses that showed off their figures. I noticed that more than a few of the men in the place gave them more than passing glances.

After lunch, it was back to the office for me, while Lucy and girls decided that what they needed to do was go shopping. Apparently, the factory outlet for a company that all three of them were wild about was nearby, and they were determined not to leave without at least ONE visit.

Back at the office, the afternoon passed pretty much without incident. The only thing of note was when the IS supervisor stopped by to ask how things were going. I showed her a couple of minor holes in their security system, and she actually thanked me for letting her know before I made my final report. I had the suspicion that she'd left them there for me to find, testing to see if I really knew what I was supposed to be doing, but didn't say anything about it.

Later that afternoon, Lucy came by to pick me up and take me back to the hotel. She was alone, saying that the girls had preferred to stay in their room to look over their purchases. When we got up to the rooms, we found out that that wasn't all they'd been looking over - both were stark naked, and engaged in a passionate '69'; their room was full of the noises and scents of their lovemaking.

Lucy and I shared a look, and quietly left them alone, going into her room, instead. There, we moved over next to her bed, and began undressing each other - slowly, taking our time so as to heighten the tension of what we knew was next. When she'd gotten my shirt undone, Lucy let her hands wander across my chest, lightly, as though memorizing in through Braille. When I got her blouse off, I unfastened the bra hook I found between her breasts, and let them fall free - for all of an eighth of an inch, I figured. With them exposed, I mimicked her actions, tracing their shape and size with my fingertips as I watched her areolas crinkle in pleasure before her nipples began to harden. She leaned forward to lick and suck on my nipples for a while before standing up again; I mirrored her actions, though for a bit longer, leaving her nipples fully erect, and shiny with my saliva.

From there, her next action was to unfasten my belt, draw down my zipper, and slide my pants down around my ankles. There, she removed my shoes, then as I lifted each foot in turn, my pants, tossing them to the side. Still kneeling in front of me, she slid her hands up my legs, feeling the muscles, until she got to my thighs. At that point, she slid her hands around to hold my ass, squeezing it slightly as she rubbed her face into the tent in

my shorts. When she felt my penis give an involuntary twitch, she pulled back slightly and let her hands finally wander around to the front, where she let her finger slide under my shorts and drift through my pubic hair, never letting herself actually touch my semi-erect penis. I could see from the expression on her face that she was fighting to hold herself back, and did what I could to help her keep her control.

She finally slid her hands back out of my shorts; reaching up a little farther, she took the waistband in her hands and started easing them down, her eyes focused first where my pubic hair appeared, and then a bit later, where my penis and body joined. At that point, she had to move her hands to the front of my shorts, so she could pull them out far enough to slide them over my penis - pausing a moment to kiss the head of it as it swayed in front of her - before continuing to slide them down my legs, then off me completely, to join my pants on the floor.

Again, she slid her hands up my legs; only this time, when they reached my thighs, she let them slide to the front, laying them flat against my pelvis so that they framed my penis and scrotum. About that time, we faintly heard one of the girls give a loud moan of obvious pleasure, and Lucy's eyes closed as she paused for a few moments, obviously fighting to keep control. Finally, she slid her hands to the side, and buried her face in my pelvis, inhaling deeply several times, before starting to lick my penis until she'd gotten it nearly completely erect, and thoroughly coated with her saliva.

Only then did she stand up, and let me give her a deep, passionate kiss before kneeling myself, so that I could finish undressing HER.

I easily found the snap and zipper that kept her skirt fastened around her hips; undoing them let it fall to the floor with no effort. What I found underneath was delightful: she had stockings on, not pantyhose, and no garter belt holding them up - her own shapely legs, and their snug fit, was enough to keep them in place. Above the stockings, and between them, was a pair of the smallest, thinnest panties that I'd ever seen, anywhere - they barely covered her pubic hair, which was clearly visible underneath them. They were also tight enough that they followed even the slightest curve - there was a distinct ridge where they went from covering her pubic hair, to covering only her skin. They were little more than a gossamer triangle, held in place by a thin strap that circled her shapely hips, and delved between her smooth thighs.

From the position I was in, it was easy enough to lean forward slightly, and trace patterns on her belly with the tip of my tongue. Circling, and dipping into, her navel; tracing a path from hip to hip, with a slow detour across the top of her pelvis; nuzzling her mons, and inhaling the fresh scent of her - all these were my pleasure until I heard her start to pant in her desire. Only then did I pull away from her enough to slide my finders under the slender strand that held them on her, and start sliding them down her legs. I had barely gotten them loose of her pubis when I was treated to the warm, steamy scent of her arousal hitting me in the face.

I managed to get her panties down around her ankles without disturbing the stockings she had on - the sight of them, so sheer and snug, on her legs was incredibly sexy.

When I'd removed her shoes, then her panties - little more than a thimbleful of material - I did to her as she'd done to me: slid my hands up her legs, delighting in their firm smooth shape. I, too, directed my hands around to cup and hold and caress her ass as I nuzzled into her mons. I eventually changed over to softly squeezing her asscheeks before I extended my tongue and ran the tip of it through the cleft between her easily visible labia. Back to front, I collected a fair sampling of her essence before letting my tongue softly graze across her extended clitoris - and drawing a pleased gasp from her as she let her thighs separate, giving me even better access to the focus of my desires. Several more times, I ran my tongue through her cleft and across her clitoris; each time, I was rewarded with a gasping moan.

Finally, she reached down to take my head in her hands, and gently guided me to a standing position, my penis resting between her thighs. She moved in to kiss me again, and I know that both of us could feel it as I became more erect, pressing softly against her mons and clitoris. Our kiss was long and deep, leaving both of us panting when it finally broke.

She took my hands, and turned slightly, so that the backs of her knees were resting against the edge of the bed. She sat down, legs spread, and looked up to tell me "I've been thinking about this **all day**. Robyn and Sandra are both lovely and gentle and so much fun - but what I want now; what I **need** now, is a *man*. Specifically, YOU. I don't need you to eat me, I don't need you to tease me - God! I'm so hot already! - I just need you to make LOVE to me. I feel like I'll orgasm just by having you inside me, so you don't have to do anything special; just make LOVE to me, and I'll be happy, no matter how long it lasts. Okay?"

I still had her hands in mine; I lifted them to my lips and kissed each of them in turn before telling her "It would be my great pleasure to make LOVE to you." with a smile.

She gently removed her hands from mine, and put them on my thighs as she leaned forward to take me into her mouth. She sucked on me as she licked every surface she could reach, until she'd gotten me fully erect. When she'd done that, she slid herself further onto the bed, and lay down, raising and spreading her knees, exposing her most intimate self to me. I climbed up on the bed with her, and moved between her legs; once in position, I leaned forward so that my hands were on the bed by her shoulders. With both hands, she reached down between us, using one to hold herself open, and the other to position me at her entrance.

Both of us watched as I pressed my hips forward, sliding my saliva-slick penis into her until I was completely buried in her in a single motion. As I did, I heard her groan in pleasure, and felt it as her vaginal walls stretched to accept me.

Once inside her, I held myself steady for a little bit, not moving - until I felt her lift her pelvis up, encouraging me to start moving in her.

Amazingly, I found myself in a fortunate situation: after what she'd done for me that morning, I didn't feel any particular need to climax - at the same time, it had been long enough that I didn't have any problem staying erect and aroused.

So I simply started making love to her in steady strokes, withdrawing until only the head of my erection was inside her on the out stroke, and burying myself in her on the in. In only a couple of minutes, I felt her go through a small orgasm; and a couple of minutes later, yet another, slightly stronger.

The feeling of her vaginal walls clapping at me as they happened stimulated me, and my movements in her became a little faster, and a little more forceful - which seemed to help bring her to a THIRD orgasm in short order. I was still in fine condition, and nowhere near ready to climax, so I sped up a little more - and before long, felt and heard her going through a fourth, even more powerful, release.

After her fifth climax, she felt me starting to tire a little bit, and managed to gasp out "Wh... What are you... Superman? G... Geez, I didn't... know... it could... be... this good!"

A bit later, she looked up at me, and said "Y... You don't have... to worry... about... me... Just do... whatever... feels... good for... you..." The sound of her moans and pants and grunts of pleasure were enticing. Even more so was the feel of her hot insides, so wet that my motion in her made a squelching noise every time I moved in her. I could feel the overflow of her juices soaking my balls, and knew that there was a lot more sliding down the crack of her ass - and that gave me an idea.

I slowed down, and finally stopped - she groaned in disappointment before looking up at me again with eyes hooded in lust. I told her "I'm getting a little tired like this - want to get on your hands and knees?"

She quickly nodded, and I withdrew from her with a wet popping noise. She quickly pulled her legs up enough to roll over to her stomach, and then shakily raised herself to her hands and knees before spreading her legs again. I moved back between them, and she held herself open for me again as I guided myself into her, sinking deep inside her in a single quick thrust. She squeaked in reaction, but quickly pressed herself back against me. In that position, I was able to take her by the hips and start hunching myself into her much more quickly and forcefully than I had before - it didn't take her long to have her sixth orgasm of the evening - this one by far more powerful than the others. Still, I continued to make love to her - all but pounding into her for a while, then slowing down a bit, building her to a higher and higher level. Looking down, I was distracted for a few moments by the sight of her labia as they were alternately compressed and stretched by my movements in and out of her. Still, I did manage to verify what I'd suspected: that her more than ample lubrication had flowed down to thoroughly coat the rosebud of her anus. With that, I started pounding into her again, and kept it up until I heard the familiar

noises as she approached her orgasm. Only then did I remove one hand from her hip, and stick my thumb in my mouth for a few seconds, getting it thoroughly coated with saliva. My timing was nearly perfect - even as I was removing my thumb from my mouth, I heard her as she went over the edge into her seventh orgasm - and I quickly put into action the plan I'd developed earlier by rubbing her anus with my thumb a couple of seconds before pressing it against, then through, her nether hole.

Her reaction was incredible - when she felt it enter her, she all but froze in position, her vaginal muscles clamped down tightly on me as I continued thrusting into her, the muscles in her back standing out sharply as she released a high keening sound that I thought would go on forever. Then, as suddenly as it started, it stopped, and I heard her draw a deep, ragged breath before she slammed her face into a pillow as she screamed her release when another spasm rolled over her. The next couple of spasms elicited screams, as well, though not quite as loud. After that, she simply groaned with each wave of her climax, each groan softer and softer, as her orgasm gradually tapered off. Only when she hadn't made any noise for several seconds did I gently ease my thumb from out of her rectum, causing her to give an involuntary shudder before she literally collapsed on her stomach. I was still fully hard, but didn't hesitate to pull loose of her, and move up to pull her onto her side so I could hold and comfort her as she got her senses back. We hadn't laid there like that but for a minute or so before she opened her eyes, and gasped, looking over toward where the table was. I looked, too, and saw that Robyn and Sandra were standing there, looking at us with a mixture of awe and lust on their faces.

When they realized that we were looking at them, both gave a guilty start before Sandra shyly admitted "We, uh, came in here when we heard you two making love, but it didn't look like you wanted any company; and we started watching you and just couldn't leave!"

Robyn waited a second before she said "That was **so** hot! God, I wish I could do that!"

Lucy gave them a disapproving look, but simply couldn't be upset with them; she finally laughed, and told Robyn "Someday, you **will** be able to do that - but trust me, you won't want to do it very often: it really wears a person out!" this last with a reproachful look at me.

Sandra looked at us, and asked "Uh, is it okay, now?"

Lucy and I shared a look - my eyes telling her that **I** didn't mind. She turned back to look at them, and said "Sure, it's okay, now."

Both of them rocketed toward us - Robyn heading for her mother's crotch, and Sandra aiming for mine. In only a few seconds, Robyn was busy licking up all the juices her mother had produced (and producing a few aftershocks in the process); Sandra was doing much the same for me. It was a few seconds before Sandra looked up at me, declaring, "You didn't come!" - shortly followed by Robyn looking up and asking "He didn't come?", and Lucy looking at me in wonder, and asking "You didn't **come**?"

All three of them looked at each other, then me again, before Lucy said "I *told* you that you didn't have to do anything special. So why didn't you come in me?" slightly exasperated.

I put on my best innocent look (for the little good I thought it would do), and told her/them "I didn't do anything special to hold back. After this morning" - here, Robyn told Sandra "Mom sucked him off" - I didn't feel any hurry, was all. It felt real good and everything, and if we'd kept going" - "I couldn't have stood it!" Lucy declared, making the girls giggle - "I'd have filled you up just fine."

Lucy looked at me appreciatively, and said, "Oh, you filled me up just fine - BOTH ways!" again getting a giggle from Sandra and Robyn.

About this time, Sandra realized that my nearly full erection was right there in front of her - and quickly took it into her mouth as Robyn and Lucy looked on.

In little time, she had me completely hard again, and well lubricated with her saliva. Without hesitation, she moved up to straddle my hips, and then take my penis in her hand to position it at her entrance. Holding me steady, she started easing herself down onto it. As I felt her entrance wrap around the back of the glans, I heard Lucy whisper "That is incredible" - and a minute later, when Sandra's ashen muff was merged with mine, she said out loud "That has got to be THE most erotic thing I have ever seen, in my entire life!" I nudged her, and when she looked at me, told her "Oh, no - it gets LOTS better!" She looked at me doubtfully until Sandra began raising and lowering herself onto me, so that all three of us could watch as her inner lips - obviously wrapped tightly around my erection - appeared and disappeared as she spread her rapidly increasing wetness along my length. I glanced over to see that Lucy's nipples had hardened at the sight.

Knowing that she was being watched by Robyn and Lucy only seemed to stoke Sandra's lust - in no time, she was bouncing up and down on me just as fast as she could manage; it wasn't until I reached out to start squeezing her breasts and pulling on her nipples that she finally let herself slide into orgasm - one that was helped along by Robyn getting behind her and caressing her clitoris in time with her spasms. I heard Lucy groan softly next to me.

When Sandra finally, reluctantly, lifted herself off my erection, it was Robyn's turn. "Oh, **GOD!**" I heard Lucy moan next to me as she watched her own daughter lick Sandra's juices off me before taking me into her mouth. A couple minutes later, Robyn was in position, and started to play hide-the-salami as Lucy clutched at my arm. Robyn lasted longer than Sandra did, though at the end, her copious secretions were starting to trickle down the insides of her thighs. When Sandra got behind her and cupped Robyn's breasts, gently pulling on the nipples, Lucy whispered to me "Just look at that. For the life of me, I don't know how you keep your hands off them!" just as Robyn, too, fell into the abyss of sexual release.

That left Lucy - who followed Robyn's example and cleaned Robyn's essences off me before assuming the position. More mature, Lucy knew a few more things than the girls did - and tried everything she could think of, without success. It probably didn't help her any when Robyn and Sandra joined in - Robyn caressing and sucking on her nipples while Sandra played with her clitoris. Lucy, too, fell in a thundering climax while leaving me undrained.

The three of them sat there, staring at me, until Lucy finally asked "Don't you feel **anything**?"

I thought about it a moment, and finally answered "Well, I *do* feel a little hungry..." - and making them all laugh. Lucy responded, "Well, I could go for a bite, myself... I mean, some supper!" as the girls giggled. Robyn and Sandra quickly voiced their agreement, and asked what was for supper. Lucy looked at them and said "I don't know about YOU two, but I don't want to go ANYwhere until HE gives it up! What do you say?"

Both youngsters laughed, and agreed - I suspected that it might turn into a long, but pleasurable, night.

Lucy had Sandra dig out the room service menu, and after we'd all made our choices, called down to order, making sure to tell them to deliver to her room, and the girls' room, confusing them slightly. That done, she explained to them "Okay, Dan and I can take our food here, but I think you two had better clean up a little, and go to your room to get the food. This room smells like sex, and that's okay for me and Dan, but you two aren't supposed to be here like that, remember?" Both of them quickly understood, and readily headed for the bathroom to rinse off before heading back to their room - for just long enough to accept the room service delivery.

While they were in the bathroom cleaning up - Lucy and I both knew they were sharing the shower, and probably groping each other in the process - she lay down next to me and asked me how things had gone that day at the office. I told her what I had, and hadn't, found; I went on to tell her about finding the minor leaks in the security, and the IS supervisor's reaction. She agreed with me that it had probably been a little bit of a test. Then she asked me how I'd be able to document, or prove, anything I found. So I explained to her that I was running a logging program as I was working, so that everything I looked at would be recorded on MY computer - and that the log was electronically signed in such a way that it would be all but impossible to falsify or tamper with.

About that time, the girls scampered out of the bathroom, having dried off, and jumped on the bed - each of them giving us a kiss and a grope (and getting one of each in return) before heading to their room to wait for their food. We watched as they closed the door between my, and Lucy's, rooms and faintly heard it as the door between theirs and my room closed, as well. Lucy and I shared a look: good, they understand how careful we all have to be.

Lucy and I continued to discuss what was going on with the company until room service showed up a little later. I put on a robe and answered the door to let them in; Lucy hid in the bathroom as I signed the check and added a tip, telling him that the other order was for the girls. The room service waiter sniffed noticeably when he thought I wasn't looking, and was all smiles as he wished me a good evening. I silently laughed to myself, thinking "If he only KNEW!" before letting Lucy know he was gone.

A couple minutes later, Robyn and Sandra swarmed back in, and the four of us sat at the table wrapping ourselves around a light supper.

When the meal was done, we piled the dishes on the cart, and I wheeled it back into the hallway before we all adjourned to the bed to watch a little TV. Lucy and I lay next to each other, with Robyn plastered to my side and Sandra fastened to Lucy's. We were all naked, of course, and there was a fair amount of friendly touching and groping as we watched a couple of half-hour light comedy programs. It was at that point that Robyn reached over and grabbed the remote and turn off the TV. When we looked at her, she just said "I don't know about the rest of you, but **I'm** ready to give him another try!"

Sandra and Lucy both laughed, and Lucy said "Okay, how about it we make it a game, then?"

"What are the rules?" Sandra asked.

"Uh, we each get to try until we come, then it's someone else's turn." Robyn offered.

"And this time, there's no 'helping' the one trying!" Lucy added, laughing.

"What do we get if we win?" Sandra asked.

I simply raised an eyebrow, and asked, "You mean, aside from the obvious?" - reducing all three of them to laughter when they got the joke.

When they'd stopped laughing, Lucy asked, "Okay, so how do we get started? I mean, he isn't hard any more, so what do we do?" They all looked at each other, then me, and I offered, "How about if all three of you try? Whenever one of you thinks I'm hard enough, you can try to get me inside; if you can't, you have to wait until the others have tried before you can try again. If you can get me inside, then you're the first one to try."

They looked at each other, though it over a few moments, and looked at each other again. Shortly thereafter, I found myself buried under a delightful pile of female flesh.

From there, they sorted themselves out, and each found something to do to help get me going again: Sandra started sucking on my penis while Lucy caressed and licked my balls; Robyn thought it might help if she straddled my face. When I started running my tongue along Robyn's cleft, I reached up to hold her breasts in my hand, too - squeezing

them and running my thumbs over her nipples as she quickly got wetter and wetter under - or should that be over? - my tongue.

Sandra's enthusiasm, and Lucy's skill, soon had me semi-erect, then nearly erect; but neither wanted to chance failure. Robyn didn't seem to notice, or mind - her thoughts and attention was elsewhere. Such as what I was doing as I softly sucked each of her labia into my mouth to softly 'chew' on it's edges; how I would lay my tongue flat against her mons, then slowly curl it, drawing the tip into her vaginal opening before letting it trace across her rapidly erecting clitoris; how I would softly pinch her nipples in time with the way I would draw circles around her clitoris with my tongue; and how I would take her clitoris between my lips and gently 'nibble' it. Even as I felt someone finally dare to climb over me, and start to lower themselves onto my erect penis, Robyn was softly crying out her pleasure, and releasing a small flood of her delightful oils onto my tongue.

I barely had time to see that it was Sandra on top of me before Lucy was kissing me deeply, and getting a taste of her own daughter in the process. It seemed to arouse her tremendously, and she soon positioned herself over my mouth, as well. I started to repeat my actions on her - thinking it amusing to do the same thing to both daughter and mother. She was well on her way toward an orgasm when I heard Sandra cry out, and felt her tighten around me as she climaxed. A couple minutes later, I felt it as she lifted herself off of me, only to be promptly replaced by Robyn, who seemed quite willing to use the oils that Sandra had left on me to ease her own way onto my erection. Robyn squatted over me, giving herself better leverage, and was able to almost slam herself down onto me - bumping her clitoris against my pubic bone with each down stroke. I could tell that she was fighting a losing battle by the way her vagina kept clenching at me. I brought Lucy off, and she finally moved off me to lay on the bed next to me, watching as Robyn tried valiantly to bring me to climax - and failing, triggering her own orgasm, instead, a couple of minutes later. Sandra looked doubtfully at me before Lucy said "It's my turn, right?"

Sandra nodded, somewhat relieved, as Lucy edged her way down to my pelvis, then got herself positioned - she, too, chose to either ignore what the previous contestant had left on me, or use it to her advantage - and quickly lowered herself onto my penis. She paused a few moments, then began a slow, steady rocking motion that felt wonderful. Not wonderful ENOUGH, but I wasn't going to tell her that...

With a little encouragement from Robyn, Sandra moved up for her own 'moustache ride' - having been the first to climax, she'd had some time to rest up. That meant that I had a nice, pleasant time enjoying her favors before I felt, and heard, Lucy losing her battle. With Sandra occupied, Robyn moved in for another try. This time, using her head a little bit - both literally, and figuratively: she started out by taking me into her mouth and sucking on me as she slowly bobbed her head up and down. By doing so, she put off her own climax in favor of moving me toward mine. I mentally applauded her thinking before resuming my oral assault on Sandra's delightful anatomy. As I noticed Sandra getting close to orgasm, I felt Robyn finally release me from her mouth, then lower herself onto me again. Once I was fully inside her, she opted to try not moving her body -

and thus stimulating herself so much. Instead, she set about learning to control her internal muscles, and made excellent progress at it. By the time Sandra gasped out her climax, Robyn had learned how to perform a number of internal rhythms. Between those, and her internal warmth and tightness, she was doing quite a job of moving me toward a climax. Sandra lay exhausted from what she'd just been through, and Lucy seemed to be fascinated by the sight of Robyn sitting there with my erection buried in her; that left me free to enjoy the sensations that Robyn was creating - and finally, starting to feel myself easing toward release.

After several minutes, I knew that I was ready to climax - just not quite yet, the way Robyn was going at it. But I knew what WOULD do it, and more quickly.

With Sandra and Lucy now both fascinated by what Robyn was doing - they apparently guessed what she was up to - I finally spoke up, and all three of them quickly looked at me in anticipation.

"What Robyn is doing is using ONLY her internal muscles to stimulate me. That means that she's not stimulating herself quite as much, so it's going to be a while before she climaxes. What she's doing feels pretty good to me. Good enough that if she keeps it up, I WILL climax."

I went on, saying "Now, it's starting to get a little late, and I still have to go to work tomorrow. Now, I've just told you that Robyn would win, given enough time. Will you accept that?"

Sandra and Lucy both nodded. Robyn was still a little too distracted.

"Then given that Robyn would win, AND I need to get some sleep tonight - all of us do, I think! - What I'd like to propose is that you three - particularly Robyn - let me be more than an active partner, now. Is that acceptable?"

This time, all three were able to express agreement.

"Then if Robyn is willing, I'd like to try something new with her."

Lucy looked at me, then at Robyn, curiosity on her face. Robyn looked at me, and asked "What?"

I gazed into her eyes, and asked "You know how much you've liked it when I've put a finger in your butt?" - here, Lucy looked at me in surprise, as Robyn nodded - "What I'd like to try - ONLY if YOU'RE willing to! - is making love to you that way."

Lucy gave me another look, then watched Robyn intently, as did Sandra. Robyn thought about it for a little bit, and then said, "Uh, yeah, I think I'd like to try that!" much to Lucy's surprise, as well as Sandra's. Lucy turned and looked at me, but didn't any more than get her mouth open before Robyn interrupted her to say, "Mom, it's okay. I know

he's not going to just **rape** me, or anything, and so do you. It **does** feel good to me when he puts his finger in me. From what Sandra and I saw, it does for you, too. If it hurts or anything, I know he'll stop, and we can try something else - I mean, we're having fun here, and I trust him not to be upset or anything if he's the only one that doesn't come tonight. Don't you?"

That pulled Lucy up short, real quick. She looked at me hard, and I told her "You know damn well that what she just said is true. And I'll tell it to you again, just to make sure: under NO circumstances would I do ANYTHING to hurt Robyn. Or You. Or Sandra. If *anything* about this starts to bother her, that's the end of it - I stop it right then and there. Keeping both of you - all of you! - happy and healthy means more to me than just getting my rocks off. If I had **any** thought that **anything** I wanted to do was going to hurt her, do you really think I'd ask in FRONT of you?"

At that, Lucy turned back to Robyn and said "Honey, I've already done that - I mean, have somebody make love to me in my butt. Yes, it felt good to me. If you want, I can do it FOR you, and you can wait to try it when you're a little older, and a little bigger, okay?"

Robyn just looked back at her, levelly, and answered, "I understand, Mom, really, I do. But this is something that I really want to do. Uh, I was already thinking about asking him to do it sometime, even before tonight."

That set Lucy - and me! - back a bit before Robyn went on to say "I really mean it when I say that it feels good to me when he puts his finger there. I **like** it, and I want to know what it's like to have him make love to me that way. I'm not afraid of it; I **trust** him - I know that if it starts to hurt, even a little bit, he'll stop and not be mad or anything."

Lucy looked at her closely, and saw that Robyn was being completely honest and truthful with her - and determined to at least give it a *try*.

That settled, Lucy got up, saying "Well, if that's the way it is, then I guess I'd better get some lotion, or baby oil, or something."

Robyn smiled at her in reassurance, then looked at Sandra, who was all but staring at her. Robyn asked her "What's the matter?"

Sandra hesitated a moment, then said "Uh, isn't that kinda, you know, gross?"

"Why?"

"I mean, it's your BUTT!"

"So? Didn't you think it was kinda gross when I told you about using your mouth?"

Sandra nodded, reluctantly, and Robyn went on "Didn't you think it was kinda gross when I told you about having a guy inside you, and shooting his stuff?"

Again, Sandra admitted it.

"If you hadn't at least **tried** that stuff, you would have been missing out, wouldn't you?"

Sandra nodded before Robyn went on "Okay, so *maybe* it'll hurt. If it does, he'll stop, and I can try again later if I want. **MAYBE** it'll turn out I don't like it as much as I think I will. If that happens, then at least I **KNOW**. But not to try it at all? That doesn't do anything."

By this time, Lucy had returned with a small bottle of baby oil, telling us "I use this to keep my skin soft on the road. I think it'll do the trick."

Robyn told her "It's okay, Mom. I'm sure it'll be fine. Don't worry, okay? It'll all be fine, you'll see."

With that, Robyn eased herself off of me, and letting me sit up. She moved up to sit on my lap, facing me, before asking, "Okay, so what do we do now?"

I looked deep in her eyes as I told her "First thing, I tell you that this is **ONLY** an idea. You **DON'T** have to do any of it - if you're not sure, if you're nervous, if there's **ANY** question or doubt in your mind, then we can stop right here and right now, and I'll still love you and still be happy to make love with you any other way you like."

She smiled at me, and answered, "I know that, silly. Really, I was going to ask you about this, anyway. I'm nervous about doing it right, but not afraid, you know what I mean?"

I nodded, and answered, "Yeah, I think I do. The other thing I want to tell you is that if it starts to hurt, or feel uncomfortable, or anything else like that, **TELL ME**. I don't know what you're feeling unless you **SAY SOMETHING**, okay?"

She nodded solemnly, and I went on "This is the first time you'll do this, so if you don't want anybody watching, I'm sure they'll understand, right?", the last part directed to Lucy and Sandra, who both quickly nodded their agreement.

Robyn looked at them, too, and said, "It's okay. It actually kinda makes me even hornier knowing that they'll be watching!", with a faint blush.

With that revelation, I told her "Okay, then here's what we're looking at happening. First, we make sure you're nice and excited. Then we get you and me all slippery, to make things easier. Then I get behind you and we find out if I'll fit without hurting you. The first time a man is inside you there, it will be a lot like the first time a guy was inside you the other way - if things can get started, I'll wait whenever you tell me to, so you can stretch there, just like you had to stretch the other way. If it starts to hurt, we stop - **NOBODY** here wants you to get hurt because you tried to do this too soon, okay?"

She nodded, and I hugged her to me, whispering in her ear "Robyn, I'm serious. I don't want to hurt you even by accident, so TELL me, dammit!" She quietly nodded her understanding, and we separated.

I looked at Sandra and Lucy, and told them "Instead of you two just sitting there and making us nervous, how about if you help?"

"How?" Lucy asked.

"Well, you just heard me tell Robyn that both of us need to get slicked up - how about one of you does Robyn and the other does me, while Robyn and I make out?", I asked, with a smile.

"I'll do Robyn!", Sandra quickly said, while Lucy looked at me and smiled. Robyn and I got on our knees, and started kissing and hugging; Sandra took the baby oil and put a little on her hand before rubbing it onto Robyn's ass. I heard Lucy say, "Sandra, I think she'll need more than that - and you know where. Let me get some towels, so we don't mess up the bed."

With that, Sandra poured even more oil on her hand, and started to work it between Robyn's asscheeks - and getting Robyn turned on, in the process. A few moments later, Lucy was back, and managed to get a couple of the hotels large bath towels spread out on the bed, and nudged Robyn and I onto them. That accomplished, she waited for Sandra to pour out another puddle of oil, and then took the bottle to get some into her own cupped palm. Then she slowly reached out to wrap her hand around my erection before beginning to stroke its length to spread the oil around.

As the two of them got more and more into their duties, Robyn and I continued to kiss and touch each other, making each other more and more excited.

Finally, Robyn broke the kiss to say, "I think that's enough oil - I can feel it running down the inside of my legs!" I agreed with her, since I could feel what Lucy had applied starting to trickle down my scrotum. When I nodded at Robyn, she quickly turned around, and then moved to her hands and knees, looking back over her shoulder at me. I smiled in reassurance, then moved up behind her before reaching down to angle my erection down toward the pucker of her anus.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Lucy sitting there next to me, hands ready to physically throw me back at the first sign of pain from Robyn. I carefully ignored her, and eased my way forward slightly, so that the head of my penis was wedged against Robyn's opening - pressing against it slightly, but clearly not enough for her to think I was trying anything yet. Holding myself steady, I put one hand on her hip, and told Robyn "Okay, honey, this is it. You're nice and slippery" - "Damn right!" - "And I'm nice and slippery. I'm just going to wait here like this until you're ready. When you are, just kind of push yourself at me, and I'll help by pushing back, okay?"

She nodded her agreement, waited a few seconds, then took a deep breath before pushing back at me. I could feel her start to open up, then she tightened down again, and I slid away from her. She immediately stopped, and started to apologize to me. I interrupted, telling her "It's okay, Robyn. This is the first time, and it's new. Nothing to be sorry for, or about. I know you're nervous, but if you can kind of focus your mind, and let yourself relax back there, that will help both of us, okay?" Again, she nodded, and after a short pause, started to press herself against me. I held myself in position, and pressed back; I could feel the muscles of her rectum, and knew when she started trying to consciously relax them. It was a slow process, but as she did it, I continued to give her words of encouragement - I could feel it as she'd relax a little, start to tighten up again, stop, and begin relaxing again.

Then, suddenly, I popped through, eliciting a squeak from Robyn. I stopped instantly - even before Lucy could touch me - and held steady while I asked, "Robyn, are you okay? Does it hurt? Do you want me to stop, or pull out?"

She took a deep breath, and I could feel her anus relax around me before she said, "Yes, I'm okay. No, it doesn't hurt. It feels BIG, damn big, but not painful. Yes, you can stop for a minute to let me get used to it, okay? And don't you **dare** pull it out!"

Knowing that Robyn wasn't hurt, and that the hardest part was over, Lucy visibly relaxed next to me, as did Sandra, up by Robyn's head. We waited like that for a minute or so before curiosity got the best of Sandra, then Lucy, so that both of them moved to where they could see where Robyn's rectum was wrapped around the end of my penis. Both turned to look first at Robyn, then me, in amazement. Another minute or two went by, and then Robyn said, "Okay, I'm ready for some more!"

At that, I put my other hand on her hip, and holding her steady, pressed myself forward, easing my oiled member deeper into her bowels. Only once did Robyn make any noise - a moan. When she did, Lucy immediately latched onto my arm, before we heard Robyn say "Oh, God, that feels weird - really nice, but weird!" On hearing that, Lucy released me, and gave me an embarrassed smile. I smiled back in reassurance, and pressed forward again, ever so slowly, so that Robyn would either have time to get used to having me inside her, or let me know if she was experiencing any problems.

Finally, though, there wasn't anything left to worry about - Robyn and I could feel it, and Sandra and Lucy could see it, as my pubic hair filled the area between Robyn's asscheeks: I was inside her, completely, my scrotum brushing the lips of her vagina.

I held steady there for a couple of minutes, giving Robyn plenty of time to get used to the sensations I was creating, and letting her adjust to having her nether opening SO opened. Finally, I could feel Robyn move under me, and a moment later, she said "Geez, that feels good. It feels like you're all the way up to my TONSILS, almost. It doesn't hurt, but it sure feels weird, like there's a baseball bat in my butt!"

I laughed, and said "Now, c'mon, Robyn - I **know** I'm not *that* big!", making Sandra and Lucy laugh. Robyn answered "MAYBE not, but it sure feels like it from here - or in there, or whatever!"

"Ready for me to start moving again?"

"Oh, god, yes!"

Reassured that she was ready, I slowly withdrew from her about half way, watching as her rectum drew out to stay with me, then pucker inwards when I eased myself forward again. As I did, we could all hear it as Robyn softly moaned her pleasure. Encouraged, I did it again - a little farther, and a little faster - and got another, louder, moan in response. Finally satisfied that Robyn was enjoying what I was doing, Lucy sat back to watch as I started moving more and more quickly in her daughter's last virgin hole. Sandra leaned down to whisper something to Robyn, turning her head to hear the reply. She was smiling when she straightened up again, only to lean forward so that she was draped across Robyn's back - her head in perfect position to watch me ream Robyn's ass as she reached down and around to begin playing with Robyn's clitoris, increasing the volume of Robyn's noises.

As Lucy watched, I could see her starting to get aroused from watching; her legs were spread enough that I could see as her labia began to thicken, and extend out from her opening. After a minute or so, she slid herself forward so that she could also have a better view of where I was buried in Robyn's ass, and reached forward to begin caressing Robyn's breasts, and teasing her nipples.

I didn't need any additional stimulation. Every time Robyn moved, in any direction, she couldn't help but tighten the ring of her anus around me, and the sensations she created were incredible. As I moved faster and faster in her, I could feel my balls start tightening up - I knew that I wasn't far from finally coming for the first time that night. By that time, Robyn was moving in counterpoint to me: when I withdrew, she would rock forward; when I pushed in, she'd press back against me, encouraging me to penetrate her as deeply as possible. It wasn't much longer before I felt myself finally ready to climax. Taking a firm grip on her hips, I held her steady as I began a slow, steady rhythm that served to bring me closer and closer - until, finally, it happened: pushing myself as far into her as I could get, I could feel the first of several hot jets of my semen wash her bowels. Robyn felt it, too, suddenly announcing "Oh, God, I can feel it! He's shooting in me! Oh, God, it's so HOT" before she fell into her own orgasm in response.

I unloaded what felt like quarts of semen into her. Even when the actual spurts stopped, it felt like there was still a continuous stream of my sperm filling her insides. As I felt myself beginning to shrink, I could still feel her going through a number of small tremors as the last of her orgasm faded. Lucy and Sandra were holding her, keeping her from collapsing on the bed. I gestured, and when they looked at me, indicated that if they wanted to let her lay down, I would stay with her. Lucy smiled at the thought, though Sandra didn't seem to quite know why. In any case, they did it, with me supporting most

of Robyn's weight as they guided her to a laying position. From there, I easily arranged myself to cover her body with mine, keeping her warm, but without letting too much of my weight rest on her.

A couple more minutes, and I could feel her begin to stir under me; I raised myself up a little more, and she started to turn to face me, until she felt my softened penis still in her. She smiled at me, and asked, "I suppose you're going to want that back, aren't you?", making Sandra and Lucy laugh. I added to their amusement when I answered "Yeah, that would probably be a good idea - who knows, you might want to use it again, some day!"

Robyn giggled, and raised herself up a little, giving me a better angle to pull free of her with a slight, but audible, pop. She blushed furiously, and then sighed in contentment. She let me stay over her like that for a bit longer, before telling me "I need to get up. I mean, I **really** need to get up."

I laughed, and moved over, so that I could lie down; she quickly got to her hands and knees, then eased her way to the edge of the bed before gingerly walking to the bathroom. All of us watched her go, making her blush at us before she got the bathroom door closed.

Sandra moved over to snuggle between Lucy and me; Lucy looked across her to tell me "At first, I was really worried about her getting hurt. Then I saw how careful and slow you were, and how much she wanted you to do it. After you were inside her, and she was okay, I really felt better about it. Then, watching you, I got **really** turned on - I mean, the idea of watching someone humping my **daughter's ass** for the **first time** really got to me, you know?"

She went on, saying "And then to see how excited she got, even when you were being so careful and gentle with her, well, it just got me going that much more. It's something that I'm going to have with me for the rest of my life; and I'll enjoy it every time I remember it!"

Then she gave me a sly look, and said "You know, if you hadn't already worn me out with what? Seven? Eight? Nine? Orgasms, I'd want to have another run at you right now! And then giving each of them a couple" - "Uh, three, for me", Sandra informed her - "But I'm afraid of what you might do - or should I say, NOT do!", grinning.

About that time, Robyn opened the bathroom door, and started toward us. We again watched her walk unsteadily to the bed; when she got close, and saw that we were watching her again, blushed furiously before informing us "Uh, it felt kinda greasy and messy, so I went in to clean up a little. And after being stretched out like that, it feels kinda funny to walk, too."

We all smiled at her, and I held out an arm, inviting her to cuddle next to me as Lucy looked on approvingly. Settled into my side, Robyn quickly put an arm on my chest and threw a leg across mine before resting her head on my shoulder. Then she started playing

with the hair on my chest - one of her favorite post-coital pastimes. As we all cuddled, Lucy and I switched over to talking about what I expected to do the next day, and figuring out what to do if anything turned up.

After a bit, we noticed that the girls were yawning a lot, and told them it was time for bed - sleeping, that is. Both smiled at the humor, and we told them to go ahead and sleep in their room that night. Both nodded sleepy agreement, and finally managed to get on their way. As they left, Lucy told them that their showers could wait until morning; both nodded appreciatively.

With them gone, Lucy and I got up and got the towels back into the bathroom. While there, we decided that neither of us wanted to go to bed stinky, and hopped in for a quick cleaning. Dried off, we made our way back to the bed, turning lights off along the way. Lucy called down with a wakeup call, then we were under the covers. We quickly fell asleep, with me spooning behind Lucy, her breast in my hand.

I woke up the next morning on my back, with Lucy on her side next to me, my arm around her. Her head was on my shoulder, and her arm and leg lying across me. I lay there, contentedly, for quite some time before she stirred, gradually waking up to see me looking at her. She smiled at me, and laid her head back on my shoulder as I told her "You know, this would be a damn fine way to wake up each morning." She murmured her agreement into my pectoral, and drifted off again. A few minutes later, content with the world, I did the same.

When I woke up next, it was to the sound of the phone - Lucy was taking our wakeup call. She yawned at me ferociously, and I couldn't help but respond in kind - making both of us laugh. She reached out, and I shied back, saying, "If you think you're going to get to repeat yesterday, you're wrong. I can't take it, I tell you - I just can't take it!", making her laugh in response. Then I moved toward her again, and we shared a good morning kiss, morning breath and all.

That accomplished, we managed to help each other out of bed; Lucy got first turn in the bathroom as I got the small coffeepot the hotel provided going. Lucy came out as I was finishing, and took over the job of helping hurry it by watching it intently. Back out of the bathroom, I saw that she'd helped the coffeemaker enough to have a cup of coffee ready for each of us as it finished hissing and grumbling it's way through the other half pot. Coming from the first batch of water through the grounds, the coffee was pretty strong - a definite plus for both of us. After about a half-cup apiece we were able, if not completely ready, to get started; I filled our cups again, and we each headed for our own bathrooms to get ready for the day.

Clean-shaven and fangs de-furred, I got dressed and headed back into Lucy's room, to find her just finishing brushing her hair. That done, we were both ready to have a try at breakfast, after going into the girls room to leave them a note, and finding them tangled up in one bed.

Breakfast done, it was off to the office again. This time, with no introductions to be made, I was able to get an earlier start. The IS supervisor took one look at me, and let me know that it was okay to have coffee in their computer room, provided it stay at my desk. I thanked her, and she smiled. Lucy told me she'd back to get me for lunch, and we kissed before she left.

At the desk they'd given me, I opened up my laptop and fired it up. When it had finished booting, I checked a couple of the little security features I'd put on it - and found that no one had apparently bothered it overnight. Pleasantly surprised, I took another hit of coffee, and went at it. Again, I got wrapped up in what I was doing, and didn't even notice that Lucy had shown up until she cleared her throat to get my attention. When I looked up at her, she gave me a strange look, and said, "I've been standing here for five minutes, and you never noticed, did you?"

I grinned shyly, and admitted that I hadn't - then went on to explain that when I got focused on something, I pretty much lost track of everything else around me. She started to ask me something, but quickly cut it off when I gave her a little shake of my head and mouthed "outside". She nodded, and took my hand as we made our way out of the building.

Once outside, and in her car - the girls had opted to stay at the hotel and watch TV that morning - she asked me what was up. I grinned at her, and she blushed before telling me "You know what I mean, you turd!"

I suggested that we talk while she drove, and as we headed to another restaurant, I told her what I'd found that morning: I'd started finding the 'lost' files her accountants were missing, and after looking at them, realized that there was some serious money missing. Once in the restaurant, we continued to discuss it, but only in general terms - just out of a sense of not knowing who the people at the next table were, and not wanting to give anything away in public.

Lunch over, Lucy let me know what else I should be looking for in response to my questions. Back at the office, she quickly kissed me goodbye and headed back to the hotel. Once back on my computer, I quickly got back into the groove I'd been in before lunch, and made a lot of progress. When Lucy came to get me after work, I was waiting for her outside the building; looking slightly surprised, she simply pulled up in front of me, and I got into her car, finding the girls in the back seat. Both greeted me, but fell silent when Lucy asked me what happened. I told her that it could wait, and gestured with my eyes toward the back seat, where the girls were. Playing along, she let it slide, and waited patiently as I chatted with the girls about what they'd done that day.

Back at the hotel, the girls each gave me a kiss before heading off to play video games; Lucy and I went up to her room, where I filled her in on what had happened that afternoon, explaining that I'd found additional files, and that in going through them, I'd been able to figure out that there was a systematic looting of the company, and who was doing it.

She looked both relieved and horrified, telling me that we needed to call her boss. I suggested that we hold off for a little bit, so that we could figure out what to do, so we could properly advise him as to the options. She saw the sense in that, and we spent the next half hour or so going over our options before she called her office.

Her boss was again quick to answer her call, and when she told him that she thought he needed to get their client in on a conference call, he didn't question her; he just DID it. I decided that I liked this guy - trusted his people, did what needed to be done right now, and saved the questions for later.

When their client was on the phone, Lucy filled them in on what I'd been doing at the site, then roughly what I'd found, before letting me fill them in on the gory details. I talked to them for nearly 20 minutes without interruption; when I was done, I asked if there were any questions. Lucy's boss and their client discussed things for several minutes before coming back to ask us what WE thought. Here, Lucy showed nerve I hadn't suspected she had: she flat out told them that she was in over her head on stuff like this, but that I'd had some ideas and suggestions that she thought sounded pretty good. Her boss and their client listened as I told them what Lucy and I had come up with before calling them. We discussed it a little more, worked out a couple of details, and finally got things mostly figured out. The girls had gotten back as I was finishing up my explanation of what I'd found; when they saw and heard us on the conference call, had quickly beat a hasty and silent retreat, quietly closing the doors between the rooms on their way.

As the conversation was winding down, Lucy's boss decided that it was time to take the bull by the horns - or any other part he could get hold of. He simply came straight out with it, asking me "Dan, I know what we're paying you for this. My question is, what is it going to cost us now?"

Lucy looked at me, shrugged, and I told him "Sir, everything we've discussed so far, and everything I do up until five o'clock tomorrow, is covered under our initial agreement."

Lucy and I both heard him sigh in relief before he really understood what I'd just said. He came back to ask, "Okay, then. What is the rest going to cost us?"

"That would depend, sir. I'm perfectly fine with the idea of turning this over to anyone of your choosing, and letting them run with it. Lucy is right here, and any time tomorrow, I will provide her with EVERYTHING I've covered here this evening, as stated in my contract with you. That would be more than sufficient for any qualified person or persons to take this thing to completion. If you would like for me to continue with it, I'd be happy to do so under another contract, for a percentage of what's recovered."

"That could add up to a tidy sum, there, son."

"Yup. From what I've seen so far, I'm thinking that it could be anywhere between 250 and 300 million. Possibly more, depending on what I can find out tomorrow."

Lucy and I heard him whistle as the client simply gasped.

"Why a percentage, and not a straight fee?" he asked after a moment.

"Simple. A percentage assures you that I'm going to be as motivated as possible to get as much back as possible. I can honestly tell you I'd do the same work for a flat fee, but you don't know me well enough to believe it, yet."

"Yeah, I would feel better about giving you a percentage, and why. What happens if we don't get it all, even though you show us where it is, or where it went?"

"Okay, I'll tell you what - I'll agree to taking a percentage of what I, personally, can prove is gone, and you can recover as a result. That way, if something outside my, or your, control happens, neither one of us is left holding the bag."

"What kind of percentage you talking about?"

"Depends."

"On what?"

"On how bad you want the money back. Look, I know it puts you in an awkward position to try to do this without talking to Lucy, and your client. You know what I found. You know where I stand, and I think you know what I can do. There's really nothing left for me to discuss with you, right now, except the financial end of it. I'm going to head down to the bar and get a drink; you three talk it over, and Lucy knows where to find me if she wants to make me an offer." - that part got me a dirty look from her before I went on "However this turns out, and whatever you decide, it's been a pleasure working for you, and I hope we get the chance to meet someday."

That over, I said my goodbyes and headed for the door. The one between my room and Lucy's, but they didn't know that, listening as I closed it firmly, so they'd know I was gone. I quickly made my way over to the girls room, where I explained to them what I'd found, and what it meant - in general terms. They understood, and quickly offered to rub my shoulders when they felt how tense I was. I readily accepted, and was feeling quite relaxed by the time Lucy made an appearance.

With a serious look on her face, she parked herself in one of the chairs before getting my attention.

"Dan? Dan! We need to talk. Money."

I grudgingly sat up and said "Okay, talk."

She gave me a look, and said, "They want to hire you. Not because of anything I told them, but because of how fast you got them the information they needed, and how you came up with ways to deal with problems."

"Okay. So what are they going to do?"

"They're going to prosecute AND try to get the money back. That's where they want you. They told me to negotiate a deal with you for a percentage."

"What's the offer?"

"They told me no more than ten percent; less if I can."

"Okay. Call it eight. Tell them I started at twelve five, and you talked me down."

Robyn and Sandra were watching this, not quite understanding what was going on.

Lucy just looked at me as though I'd sprouted antlers, before saying "You mean you're not going to take them for the max?"

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Couple of reasons. First, I don't need it that bad. Second, coming in under their limit, makes you look good."

"But that's still TWO PERCENT!"

"So?"

She looked at me, exasperated, before noticing that the girls were well and truly lost. She explained to them.

"Dan, here, is going to be doing some more work for my company. He's going to be helping us get some money back that some people cheated our client out of. We were just talking about what his fee will be; he said he'd do it for a percentage of how much money he helped get back. My company told me I could offer him as much as ten percent for his fee; you just heard him say that he'd take EIGHT, and why."

Both girls nodded their understanding, and Robyn asked "So why is the difference between eight percent and ten percent so important?"

Lucy just smiled at her as she answered "Well, going by what Dan here told them, it's the difference - to HIM - between twenty and thirty million dollars."

At that, both girls gasped, and got looks of wonder on their faces as they tried to imagine that kind of money. I could have told them: you can't really. Anything more than you can hold in your hand, it starts getting too abstract.

Lucy turned back to me, and said, "They also said that your ideas sounded pretty good, and to let them know what you needed - they said they'd make sure you got it."

I thought for a few minutes while Lucy waited patiently, and the girls just stared at me.

I finally told her "Okay, what we've got already, it's enough to take to the law, and get them started. By lunch tomorrow, I expect to know more; enough to **really** make a case. I think we'll need to talk to the local FBI office, for starters. We can do that tomorrow, after lunch, I think. To cover it, let's tell the people at the office that I've finished, and will be preparing my report. If the FBI is anything like the military, it'll take them some time to get things rolling. To keep our suspects handy, can your client call a meeting they need to attend? I mean, without making it obvious it's a fake?"

Lucy thought a moment, and told me "Well, next month they'd be having a regular strategy session. We could probably get that moved up, for a good enough reason."

I thought a moment, and suggested "How about one of your clients that has to be at that meeting, has to reschedule for something medical? Like a wife going in, where he'd be unavailable?"

Lucy's face brightened, and she said, "That's beautiful. Their board is getting pretty old, so a sick wife would be perfect. I'll call them and get it set up. Anything else?"

I thought some more, and said "Other than the FBI, no. I kinda doubt that they'd take you and me all that serious. Can your boss, or even better, the client, contact them first, and let them know we'll be in? That way, we won't get jerked around as much."

Lucy nodded her head at that, too, and told me "Stay here; I'll go get it started, and be right back" before standing up and heading back for her room. I turned to look at the girls, and they were still staring at me as they tried to get their minds around the idea of twenty million dollars.

Finally, Sandra spoke up, asking, "You really do stuff that you can make twenty million dollars? For just ONE job?"

"In this case, yeah, I do. Usually, though, I just make about fifteen thousand at a time."

Robyn spoke up, asking "You really gave up ten MILLION dollars just so my mom could look good to her boss?" in a disbelieving tone.

"Sure. Like I told her, first, I don't need it that bad. You already know that, Robyn, if you'll think about it. Second, I love her, and want to help her with HER job, if I can."

Robyn looked pleased when I said that I loved Lucy, but didn't seem quite as sure about the rest of it. Sandra was just staring at me again.

Just then, Lucy came back into the room telling me "Well, the local FBI office will be expecting us tomorrow afternoon. Our client's Chief Financial Officer is just now discovering that his wife has to go into the hospital next month, when the strategy meeting is scheduled; they'll be letting the local office know tomorrow morning that it's being held day after tomorrow, instead. And my boss just told me that if I never show up in the office again, I've guaranteed my pension. He actually THANKED me, and told me that I'd be well taken care of when I got back." That said, she launched herself at me, giving me a fierce hug before raining kisses on my face as she kept repeating "thank you, thank you" - much to the amusement of Robyn and Sandra.

We spent the rest of that evening watching TV, of all things. We sent out for pizza, and were all piled on the bed in my room as we ate it, watching a movie on one of the cable channels.

We went to bare skin, but more for comfort than desire; the same way, there was a reasonable amount of touching and groping, but it was more social than arousal. I think all of us needed to take a break.

When bedtime finally rolled around, there was a little discussion on sleeping arrangements. We finally decided that it would be acceptable if it looked like the girls had spent the night with Lucy; that meant that I could have a sleeping companion, as could Lucy. The girls discussed it, and finally decided that Robyn would stay with her mother, and Sandra would sleep with me.

The next morning, Lucy and I both got up at about the same time; as she was doing her makeup thing in her bathroom, I hauled Sandra into her room, and put her in bed with Robyn; the two of them quickly latched on to each other, even in their sleep, amusing Lucy greatly.

After a light breakfast, we were again headed to the office. Lucy seemed to realize that I had a lot on my mind, and was tolerant of the short answers I gave her when she tried to make conversation on the drive. Once there, I came out of it long enough to give her a proper kiss and hug before she left to tell the execs that I'd be done that morning, and wouldn't be back after lunch.

Back at my desk, I started to work after verifying that my laptop hadn't been tampered with. It was a busy morning for me, but I did manage to find out the last bits of information I needed, which told me where to get what was completely missing. As it got close to lunchtime, I eased myself out of their system, disconnected from their network, and went in to talk for a moment with the IS supervisor. I told her that I was done with what I'd been hired for, and let her know that I was out of their system. I thanked her for

her help and tolerance; she responded by saying that she wished all the contractors she saw were as easy to deal with as I was. I thanked her again, and made my way outside, where I found Lucy waiting for me.

As I got in, she asked me how it went, and I told her that I had everything we needed, and that there simply wasn't any way for the execs to get away with what they'd been up to. She gave me delighted smile, and said that she'd called the local FBI office, and we had an appointment for 1:30. We left for a nice, leisurely lunch, and each had a glass of wine in celebration.

1:30 found us sitting in a small, nondescript office in FBI headquarters, waiting for a couple of agents to join us. After a short bit, the door opened, and in came a man and woman, he in his mid-twenties, her about ten years older.

The woman introduced herself as Agent Clara Hawkes, and the man as Special Agent Charles Tunisi. Lucy and I introduced ourselves, and all of us sat down before Agent Hawkes asked us how the FBI could help us. Lucy gave them some background on the situation, and what had happened. With that done, the Agents turned to me, and I ran them through a brief description of what I'd found. When I was done, Agent Tunisi looked at me and said "So why is it we should believe that you've found something? You admit that you're not an accountant or even a bookkeeper, but you say you've got proof that over three hundred million dollars has been siphoned off? Really, Mr. Andrews, I find it difficult to believe you; and I should warn you that the FBI takes a dim view of people wasting its agents time."

I looked at him in surprise before looking over at Agent Hawkes. She rolled her eyes, and told him "Charlie, did you read the file?"

"Uh, no."

"Why not?"

"Because the request came in from headquarters that somebody was requesting we meet with their local reps. Happens all the time, usually a waste."

"Charlie, did you bother to find out who was making the request?"

"No, why?"

"Because if you had, you would have found out that it was from a reputable company, and that headquarters asked we treat them nice - which you're not doing. Read the file, Charlie", she told him as she nudged a folder over in front of him. When he picked it up, she told us "Charlie, here, is a new agent. He didn't go through the Academy like the rest of us. Thought he knew everything when he got here, and still doesn't realize he doesn't. We pulled so many gags on him the first few months, he got the name Charlie 'the Tuna' "

Tunisi, because of how many times he took the hook. Believe it or not, he's actually better now, when he pays attention. Please, accept my apologies".

Lucy and I both nodded, and watched as Charlie read.

After a couple of minutes, he visibly paled, and looked up at me before going on. When that happened, Agent Hawkes told us "I was waiting for that." Then she turned to him and said "Charlie, maybe you need to start reading the file out loud?" Between telling us about his nickname and how he'd earned it, and talking to him this way, it was clear that she was slapping him down. Hard.

He looked at her, and she nodded that she was serious. He cleared his throat, and read

"Andrews, Daniel W., U.S. Army. Assigned Special Forces with all appropriate training; further assigned to Strike Team Alpha, a prototype for the Delta Force. Qualified with all personal weapons in the Army inventory. Rated Expert Pistol, Expert Rifle. Assigned duties were team sniper and explosives expert. Backup duties included communications and medic. Fluent in Russian, German, and Spanish. Received advanced sniper training, and advanced ordnance training. In both cases, class instructors requested he be retained for instructor duty. Ordnance instructor is reported as having said "I think he could blow the Hoover dam with three matches and can of lighter fluid, if you pushed him. He's that good." Instructor for unarmed combat, instructor for guerilla warfare tactics and strategy. Multiple missions, all classified. Received Silver Star, two Bronze Stars, two Purple Hearts, other commendations. Recommended for Medal Of Honor. Offered Officer school three times, all refused, last time saying "once through boot camp was enough". Others he served with describe him as "Smart", "Nerveless", "Gutsy", "fast-thinker", "integrity out the wazoo", and "unflappable". Commanding officers uniformly praised him in the highest terms.

"Served two tours before being discharged. Upon leaving the military, attended M.I.T., majoring in computer science. Graduated top one percent of his class. Masters degree in computer science, with a paper on "Data Recovery Through Forensic Analysis Techniques". Offered doctorate program, refused, saying "I've got my schooling, now I need an education". Standing offer from his dean to join doctorate program.

"Attended Princeton, graduated dual degrees in Philosophy and Mathematics. Questioned at Princeton about a surveillance system that was used to help bust a chemistry professor for manufacture and distribution of several drugs.

"Several jobs followed, each a move up. Supervisors uniformly disappointed that he left, but not upset. Started his own business ten years ago. File maintained because he is a contractor and contributor on several DoD contracts."

Lucy was staring at me through all of this; when he finished and put the folder down, Lucy looked at Agent Hawkes, who asked "You didn't know?"

Lucy shook her head, and said, "I knew some of it, in general, but not the details. He wouldn't talk to me about any of it."

Agent Hawkes smiled, and said "Good. He wasn't supposed to. I've seen the file that they used to make THAT one. Believe me, you don't **want** to know any more than what you've heard here."

That out of the way, Agent Hawkes looked at me again, and asked "So, Mr. Andrews, what is it that you propose?"

Lucy and I went through what we'd found in a little more detail, and I explained to Agent Hawkes what I had, and what I thought it meant. She called in a couple accountants and computer people, and they and I went through it in some detail. When I was done, and answered their questions, they told her I was right, then left. When they were gone, I went on to tell her what I thought **should** happen; when I told her about getting the execs out of the office, she smiled, and thanked me. Special Agent Tunisi just sat to the side, quietly, and watched the whole thing happen.

When I was done, Agent Hawkes excused herself and Charlie, saying that she had to get a couple things rolling. She asked if we wanted anything while she was gone, and Lucy and I both expressed an interest in a cup of coffee. A couple minutes later, Charlie brought it in. As he was heading out the door again, he turned to look at Lucy, then me, before saying "Mr. Andrews, I owe you two an apology. You came in here and were basically handing us a case against a couple of people that we've been after for months, and I was worse than rude. I'm sorry."

"As long as you learned something from it, Agent Tunisi", I told him.

He smiled, nodded, and went about his business.

A short time later, Agent Hawkes came back in, and sat down before telling us "Well, we've got a case. We've been after these folks for a while, and you've given them to us on a silver platter. Mr. Andrews, the FBI doesn't know everything, and I'd like to talk with you about what you think the best way of going at this would be."

"First off, I'd suggest that you get those characters under surveillance."

"Already done.", she smiled.

"Next, I'd leave them alone until you've had a chance to trace out all the bank accounts they've used. I've got a list of the first layer here; that will get your people started. Me, I'd be tempted to track not only where the money went from these accounts, but what other money was coming into them, as well."

She told me "I'd expect they'd do that, but I'll make sure to mention it. What else?"

"I expect the rest of us can keep them distracted while your people do their bank thing, as long as they don't dawdle. I think we - you - have a case now" - "Oh, we do!", she laughed - "but there's some more information that I think would add a few more nails to their coffin, at their offices. I simply didn't have the time to collect all of it. Also, I suspect that there are a couple of people that knew something was going on, but not what. If you can get their help, they could probably add to your case, as well."

She smiled at us, and said "One thing I've learned: there's no such thing as **too much** evidence. But wouldn't that tip our hand?"

"I don't think so, if you went at it right. If you start at the top and nab the top dogs, then the lower people just have to play dumb, and they're off the hook, for the most part. They won't fight you, they just won't HELP. If you hit them from the bottom, and let them know it's either give up their boss, or share a cell with him, they'll be a LOT more helpful."

She looked at me appreciatively, and said "I like the way you think, Mr. Andrews. I do believe we can arrange that. But what if one of our suspect calls the office?"

"Then the folks in the office do what you tell them to: hearts and minds, after all", I answered.

Agent Hawkes laughed, while Lucy looked confused. Agent Hawkes explained to her "An old Special Forces line I've heard: get 'em by the balls, and their hearts and minds will follow' - meaning that if we've got a cell waiting for the office people, they'll do about anything to stay out of it. Including lying to their bosses by telling them everything's fine."

She looked at me again and asked "Anything else?"

"I think the person you would want to talk to first would be their Information Services supervisor. I think she knows something was going on, didn't like it, but didn't know what to do about it. Give her a chance to say her piece, and I'll bet you'll be glad you did."

"Do you have any reason for saying that?"

"Just a gut feeling."

She looked at me speculatively, and said "I think I can trust your 'gut', Mr. Andrews. That's it?"

I nodded, and she looked at both Lucy and I before saying "Okay, here's the bad news. We have reason to believe that there is an organized crime element involved in this, indirectly. We don't expect to keep word about this quiet forever, even though it's been classified. There is a chance that you may come to the attention of that crime element, and they will not be pleased with you. I can offer you any help you might need until we

get this taken care of - you've given us a key that unlocks the door to a LOT of money that's been misplaced, and we don't want to see anything happen to you."

Lucy looked at me, and I reassured her with a smile before telling Agent Hawkes "I'm not too worried about me." - she snorted - "But it would make me - and Lucy - feel better if there was somebody watching over us, **discretely**. You see, Lucy has a daughter, who's here in town with a friend, and they're staying at the hotel with us. We'd like to avoid alarming them, if we can."

Agent Hawkes nodded solemnly, and looked at Lucy, asking "What hotel? What's their room number?". Lucy told her, and Agent Hawkes got on the phone. A moment later, she told the other person "Bill? Clara here. We've got a 'go' on Operation Bandit. Yeah, he came through like a prince - we've got these guys **nailed**. One thing, though, is that the woman has a couple kids with her. Yeah." She put her hand over the phone, and asked "Brief description? Ages?". Lucy told her, and she went back to the phone, telling 'Bill' the hotel and room number, and went on to tell him "Okay, here you go. Subject one, female, Robyn with a 'y', thirteen, five-three, dark and dark, slender. Subject two, female, Sandra, fifteen, five-five, light and light, slender. Observe and protect **discretely**. Yeah, Mom knows, so does he. Listen, Bill? Anything happens, and he gets involved, do NOT, I repeat NOT, get in his way; make sure you tell your people, too. Yeah, look at the file, you'll see. Thanks."

She turned back to us, saying "They'll have two people watching out for them in less than twenty minutes. We'll have a full crew in less than an hour."

I nodded, and Lucy accepted my judgment, for the moment. I'd explain to her later that the FBI did a damn fine job of taking care of witnesses.

"Agent Hawkes" - "Please, call me Clara. I think we're going to be spending time together, and we might as well make it friendly" - "Fine, call us Dan and Lucy. Clara, what about Lucy, here?"

"We already figured to have some people on her. Plus you, too, I expect." - I smiled at her, she got the message - "Dan, do you carry?"

"Not normally. Never wanted to bother getting the permits and all that."

She frowned slightly, and said, "For this case, it would make me feel better if you would. Go shopping tonight, and pick something out you like. I'll have a federal permit for you tomorrow morning; give me the receipt, and we'll reimburse you. If it needs anything, we've got a guy here that can take care of it for you real quick like. Vest?"

"I don't own one."

"Okay, I'll have one waiting for you on your way out. They're a lot lighter and more comfortable now, so wear it, okay?"

I nodded, and she went to the phone again. As she was making arrangements for my vest and permit, I explained to Lucy that I'd be wearing a bulletproof vest when we went out, and carrying a gun. She got a real worried look when I told her that, and was ready to cry by the time Clara got off the phone. Clara saw it, and knew the reason.

"Lucy? I know it's scary. Scares me, too sometimes. But you're doing the right thing. We're the Federal Bureau of Investigation. This isn't the first time we've done this, and it won't be the last. You, and Dan here, are making a case for us that we've been on for months, if not years. We're going to protect you. AND your daughter, AND her friend. ALL of you are important to us. In fact, the people we assign to protect our witnesses are all volunteers, and have special training; if anything happens, THEY'LL get hurt, not you, not your kids, okay?"

Lucy nodded, and Clara went on "All the stuff we're talking about, all the plans we're making to protect those girls and you, is *prevention*. The chances of catching measles is pretty small, isn't it?" - Lucy nodded - "But you took Robyn in for the shot anyway, didn't you? Well, that's what we're doing here - the chance of anyone bothering you are real small - but we want to make sure that nothing happens to you, or them, anyway. The first time she got sick, you were scared, weren't you? But it turned out okay, didn't it? Well, this is scary too, but it's going to turn out just as good, okay?"

Somewhat mollified, Lucy nodded, and dabbed at her tears. I knew that I was going to be doing some talking that night, though. Clara looked at me in sympathy; she knew it, too.

I asked Clara "Do we say anything to the girls? If so, how much?"

She got a thoughtful look on her face, and answered "Our experience has been that if they know a little bit, it's better for everybody involved. You don't have to tell them **everything**, but it helps if they know to watch out. How much to tell them depends on how mature they are, and how well they can handle themselves."

Lucy and I shared a smile at that.

Clara suddenly brightened up, and said "Come on with me, I've got an idea. How about if you two meet the man I was talking to?"

Lucy perked up a little at that, and I nodded. Clara stood up, and guided us through a few twists and turns in the corridors until we got to a rather bland looking room. Behind a desk sat a man that looked as though he was carrying the world on his shoulders. He stood up, and Clara made the introductions: "Bill, this is Lucy, and Dan. Dan and Lucy, this is Bill, the man I was talking to on the phone."

Bill shook hands with me before focusing on Lucy. He looked at her a moment, then said "It's okay. Both girls are at the hotel pool, and I've got three people watching out for them this very instant. Another hour, we'll have five more. Every one of them is armed, and wearing body armor. Their **ONLY** job right now is to make sure those girls, and you,

don't get hurt. Every one of them is ready to get between either of those girls, and any trouble. Nothing's going to happen to them - they're OUR girls, too, now. I'm a father. I've got three daughters these girls' ages. I'd trust our people to protect them. In fact, I have."

Lucy looked at him questioningly, and he told her "It's a long story. Short version, a couple of drug dealers got mad because we kept them from killing a couple of witnesses. They thought they could take it out on me, through my family. One's dead, the other is in jail now, doing some seriously hard time. My daughters are fine - well, except for being teenagers!", he teased.

Lucy managed a small laugh, and nodded her understanding.

That taken care of, Bill turned to look at me. He asked me "You ready for this?" I just looked him in the eye, and after a moment, he answered his own question "Yeah, you're ready." He turned to Clara, and said, "I read his file; thanks for the heads up. My people know to leave him alone; after seeing these two, I can tell them why, too.

Suddenly, Bill made as though to jump at Lucy.

As he was picking himself up off the floor on the other side of the room, he groaned, and said, "I think you broke a rib."

"Good."

Lucy and Clara were just standing there, trying to figure out what happened.

He tried to laugh, then grimaced, before saying "Sorry about that, but I just **had** to be sure you could still do it. I don't like to lose witnesses."

"Fair enough. Glad I didn't hurt you too bad."

"Me, too."

Clara finally spoke up, asking him "Bill, what the hell did you think you were doing?"

He smiled and told her "I had to know if he was good enough - at least, as good as his file said."

"And?"

"He's better", with another grimace.

She frowned at him, and told him "Okay, Mr. Macho, now go see the doc and get yourself taken care of."

He nodded, and excused himself before heading down the hall.

Clara turned to us and asked "Do you have any more questions right now?"

Lucy and I both shook our heads, and Clara told us "Then I'd like to meet with you again tomorrow morning, say, ten o'clock, if that's okay. Until then, I think I'd better get you out of here before anyone actually gets hurt!", smiling.

She guided us back to the front, where the receptionist had a small package for me. Out of Lucy's hearing, Clara told me "Please, get something as soon as possible. We'll have some people follow you tonight, just in case. If anything happens, we'll be there." I nodded my understanding before Lucy and I headed for her car.

Back at the hotel, Lucy and I headed first for the rooms; when we didn't find the girls, both of us changed into casual clothing - I put on the vest they'd given me - and headed for the pool where we found Robyn and Sandra splashing around. We sat down at a table near where they'd left their robes, and Lucy whispered to me "I don't see anybody."

I told her, softly, "You don't need to whisper, okay? There's nobody close enough to hear us, and the noise in here would beat any listening devices. Actually, I can see all four of them."

"Four?" she asked.

"Yeah. The exec over there with the laptop? Too noisy in here to get anything done, and he's looking around too much. The college girl on the lounge?" - "You mean the built one?", Lucy asked, archly - "Yeah, her. No tan, but she's too fit not to have gotten at least SOME sun. That, and her bag is a little too big - meaning she'd got plenty of room to reach in and grab the gun that's in there. The guy by the door, reading the paper? He's not holding it the way most people would, and not changing pages often enough, even if he was reading every word. He's looking around too much, too. Last, the lady with the baby carriage over there. She keeps leaning over toward it, but there's no noise coming out of it, and she'd not actually doing anything with it."

Lucy looked at me, and asked "How do you know all that? How did you see it? What if ONE of them isn't FBI?"

"I know all it because of what I did before, remember? I saw it for the same reasons. If one of them wasn't FBI, at least of the FBI people would be watching him or her. But none of them is paying any attention to any of the others. The guys should at LEAST be looking over at the babe in the swimsuit", and earning myself a short jab from her elbow before she realized I was teasing her.

About that time, the girls saw us, and popped out of the pool to come over and sit with us. As they were walking toward us, I whispered to Lucy to see if any of the FBI guys

eyeballed the girls. She discretely looked, and whispered back "Not a one. What are they, eunuchs?"

I whispered back "Nope. That's just how dedicated they are to making sure nobody gets hurt." - making her realize just how serious these folks were about protecting her and the girls.

The four of us chatted for a few minutes before I suggested that we head up to the rooms and figure out what to do for the evening. The girls quickly agreed, and collected their stuff so the four of us could head to the rooms. On the way out, I stopped by the guy reading the paper by the door, and knelt down to tie my shoes. From there, I softly told him "We'll be up in the rooms for at least a half hour before going out - probably to the mall." The guy played his part, and pretended to ignore me - but gave me a look when I added "Bill will tell you the rest."

After that, I stood up again, and quickly caught up with the rest of them. Lucy fell back to whisper to me "What were you DOING?"

I answered her by telling her that I'd let the protection people know how long they had before we'd be back out. When she asked why, I simply asked her "How long can you hold YOUR bladder?" - and got a grin in return.

Back in the rooms, the girls quickly skinned out of their suits, and came over to give me a hug - and noticed the vest I was wearing. They looked up at me in curiosity, and Lucy and I told them to have a seat, we needed to have a talk. Both quickly planted their cute fannies on chairs, looking at us with some trepidation.

Lucy and I looked at each other, and I spoke first, telling them "You know that your mom and I have been trying to catch some people that have been stealing from her client's company, right?"

They nodded, and I went on "Well, I've got evidence that proves what they did - I mean, not just that there was money stolen, but WHO stole it, and how, and when. Because they put some of the money in banks in other states, that means that what they did is a federal offense - which means that it involves the FBI."

They nodded again before I went on "Lucy and I were at the FBI office today, where I showed them the evidence that I have. They were very happy to see us because the people that have been doing the stealing have been doing other stuff, too - and the FBI has been trying to find something to charge them with for a while. So when Lucy and I showed them what we had, they were very happy. They also told us that there are some really big criminals involved, and that these criminals probably wouldn't like having their friends go to jail, or like losing all the money that was stolen."

Again, nods, and I continued "These criminals are pretty mean, and they might want to try to do something to keep me and Lucy from doing anything to help the FBI. Maybe

even try to do something to hurt YOU. So the FBI has some people watching out for us. You probably didn't notice, but there were even some of them down at the pool."

Here, Sandra chirped up, saying "I was wondering about a couple of the guys. I mean, Robyn and I were running around in our wet suits, and they wouldn't even LOOK at us!" - and making me and Lucy both laugh.

I told them "Well, that's why - not because you aren't cute and sexy, but because they were watching to make sure no bad guys could do anything. So if you see anybody watching you, there's no need to be worried, or afraid. Just let me or Lucy know, so we know who they are - that way, we can ask them for help if we need it. Okay?"

Both of them voiced their agreement before Robyn asked "But what about you and Mom?"

"Me and your mom are a special case. The FBI people are watching us, too, to make sure we stay safe, but because your mom and I will be moving around a lot, it's harder for them to take care of us. That, and because I did some special stuff in the Army, they're letting me be the one that does most of the protecting of Lucy."

Robyn grinned, and asked "But who's gonna protect her from YOU? Or you from her?" - and getting laughs from all of us before I continued "That's our problem - if it's a problem at all. Do YOU want to be protected from ME?"

She grinned again, and said "Nope! Not a chance!"

I smiled back at her and said "Well, because I'm the one watching out for your mom, I'm wearing a bulletproof vest" - both of them sobered at that - "but ONLY because it makes the FBI and your mom feel better. NONE of us expects there to be any trouble; we're just doing all this as a precaution. Kind of like getting a shot, so you don't get the flu."

That seemed to reassure her, and I went on to say "One of the other things the FBI asked me to do was to carry a gun." Immediately, both girls got serious again, before I could tell them "Not that they expect me to need it, but just so I'd have it if there WAS any trouble. Again, it's like carrying a snakebite kit if you go hiking - you probably won't need it, but it's a good idea to have it, if you do. Okay?"

Both of them expressed doubt at that idea, but I went on to tell them "Look at it this way - if the bad guys know I have a gun, they won't want to make trouble, right?"

That seemed to calm them down again - it didn't occur to them that if I was armed, the bad guys would just come better equipped.

With Sandra and Robyn filled in, and reasonably accepting of the situation, the only thing left was to decide what to do about supper, and the rest of the evening. We haggled over that one until I had an idea. I went to my room, and called down to the desk, asking the

operator to put me in touch with one of the FBI people. In just a couple of seconds, I heard a male voice that identified itself as Agent Gallery.

"Agent Gallery, I've got a proposition for you."

"What's that, sir?"

"The ladies and I were going to go to do a little shopping this evening, and I thought you might like to work with us on it - try and make both our lives easier. What do you say?"

"That would be very nice, sir. What did you have in mind, sir?"

"Well, first thing is supper. I don't think you folks would look forward to trying to watch out for us in a regular restaurant. So what I'd propose is that one of you contact Muddy Waters - I served with him, and trust him - at Café Triomphe, and see if he's got a small room we can use. If he does, we'll eat there. Otherwise, if you can recommend a decent place to eat, we'll go there - so you can have some time to get it covered."

"Yes, sir, we're aware of your friendship with Mr. Waters. I think we can reach him" the agent told me.

"I figured. The other thing is, as Agent Hawkes suggested, I plan to buy a weapon this evening. Perhaps you or one of your colleagues would be able to recommend a, shall we say, friendly place? Seeing as how I'm from out of town?"

"I think we can come up with something along those lines, sir."

"Great. Last thing, the ladies would like to do some shopping. Clothes, jewelry, that sort of thing. Me, I'd like to have a look at some electronics and computer stuff. Something like a mall, perhaps. Again, I'll ask your recommendation, so that you and your people can cover it. Whatever size mall or shopping center you think would be best. Like I said, we're willing to work with you."

"We appreciate that, sir. Actually, in a case like this, the best bet is to be as public as possible, so any one of the malls would be fine. The Galaxy mall is the biggest, with an excellent selection of stores."

"Sounds fine, Agent Gallery. I've got a pretty good idea of what I want in a handgun, so I don't expect that to take long. What would be a decent itinerary?"

"I'd say supper, then the gun store, then the mall, sir."

"Fair enough. You'll let me know how to get to there at Muddy's place, right? I'm sure we can find the biggest mall in town", I joked.

No joking for this guy. "Yes, sir, we'll have directions for you before you leave, and the owner will be expecting you."

"Thank you, Agent Gallery. By the way, which one are you?"

"Sir?"

"You're either the exec working on his laptop, or the guy reading the paper. You don't sound like either the babe in the swimsuit, or the mother with the carriage."

He hesitated a moment, and said "Actually, sir, I just got here a few minutes ago. I know all of the agents you just mentioned. Were they really that obvious, sir?"

"Not at all - I just know what I was looking for."

"How did you spot them, sir?"

I went on to tell him the observations I'd made to Lucy. When I was done, I told him "It's okay. Nobody else noticed. It's just that I've been on the pointy end of the stick a time or two, and Agent Hawkes got me going."

He sounded relieved, and said "Yes, sir, thank you, sir. I'll mention it to the agents involved. We like to keep it as casual looking as possible, and you just helped us do that."

"That's fine. Like I said, it was a good showing; it's just that these ladies are special to me, and I'm not your normal protectee."

"So I've been told, sir. Silver star, and such. By the way, sir, Bill did have a broken rib, but said to tell you 'thanks for the lesson'"

"Glad to hear he's okay. You'll let me know what Muddy has to say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks. Have a good evening."

"You, too, sir" he told me before hanging up.

I let Lucy and the girls know what the plan was, and aside from the side trip to the gun store, they were pretty happy at the idea. We sat around chatting for a few minutes before the phone in my room rang. I hustled to answer it, and heard Agent Gallery announce himself before telling me that Muddy had a small room ready for us whenever we got there. I asked him if he needed any time before we left, and he cautiously asked for five minutes. I told him fifteen, and he sounded pleased when he agreed.

Lucy and the girls were listening to my side of the conversation, and when it was over, quietly cheered at the idea of another supper at Muddy's place. Me, I was ready to go to McDonalds - I didn't look forward to arguing with Muddy over the check. It being a private supper, the three of them opted to dress comfortable - Lucy in a cotton something-or-other that flattered her shape, the girls in light dresses that still managed to make it clear they were female. I changed into a looser shirt, and called it good enough.

When the allotted time was up, the four of us headed out the door - and spotting someone casually lounging about in the hallway. All three of them looked at me, and I just shrugged. I didn't tell them, but I could spot the slight bulge of a weapon under the college kid's aloha shirt.

There wasn't anybody obviously hanging around in the lobby, or out in the parking lot - but Lucy and I knew they were there. We got in her car, and this time, she drove us all to Muddy's. At the front door, the headwaiter recognized us immediately, and guided us to a small room at the back of the restaurant. As early as it was, the place hadn't really gotten busy yet, so there weren't many people to see us.

The door between us and the main dining area had barely closed when Muddy came in, asking me "Boomer, what the hell have you gotten us into this time?"

"What do you mean 'us'? You got a mouse in your pocket?" I answered.

"Dammit, you think I'm gonna get a call from the FBI, asking if I've got a room for you and these ladies without knowing you're in some kind of trouble? I KNOW you're not stupid enough to think that you're gonna get in trouble without me wanting to help out!"

I sighed, and said "Ah, HELL. Okay, Muddy, here's the deal. I've been in town helping Lucy figure out what's been going on out at TechnoDynamics. Seems a couple of the execs liberated some of the company's money, and I helped figure out the who and when and where. Tolerable chunk of change, three hundred million and up. Company Lucy works for wants to put them in jail, and see if they can get their money back. Well, the money went to out of state banks, which brings in the FBI. FBI lady tells us that there's maybe quote organized crime unquote involved. They get kind of nervous, and all of a sudden, we've got protection. Well, Lucy and the girls, more than me."

He frowned at me, and said "Well, you want some help, you know where to find me. I can get hold of some of the other guys, too, if you want. Just say the word."

"Nah, don't need any of that. It's just the FBI being paranoid, is all, I think. Anyway, we're not going to be in town that much longer."

He gave me the fisheye, but didn't say anything, other than "Well, don't be opening that door too fast, or you'll likely scare the fellas sitting at the table outside it."

Then he turned to Lucy and the girls, smiling broadly as he asked them how they were, and if they'd had a nice time during their last visit. All three hastened to assure him they were fine, and had enjoyed the place tremendously.

He asked us what we were hungry for, and the four of us just shared a look before Robyn said, "Those steaks last time were great, but I'm actually kind of in the mood for just a cheeseburger", apologetically. Lucy and Sandra nodded in agreement.

When he looked at me, I told him "Sound pretty good, to me too, actually. Besides, I know this is kind of a rush job, Muddy."

He smiled again, and said, "If the lady wants a cheeseburger, then it's a cheeseburger she'll have. Won't be 'just' a cheeseburger, though."

When he left, I went over to the door to the main dining area, and knocked before opening it a crack. I found an agent standing there, and quickly invited him in. I asked his name, and he told me that he was Special Agent Wilson. I asked him if I could speak to whoever was in charge of the detail, and he said that Agent Gallery would be with me in a moment, before slipping out the door.

A couple minutes later, I heard a discrete knock at the door, and told the other person to come on in - I was standing to the side, ready to drop whoever it was. A man in a suit came in, and quickly identified himself as Agent Gallery. We shook hands, and I thanked him for his help. He thanked me for working with them, and I told him that if he didn't mind, I'd like to make arrangements for the people with us to get a decent meal - that if he accepted, I'd get Muddy with him to work out who got to eat when, and so on. He readily agreed, and I told him that we'd be happy to stay there a little extra time so his people could eat, if he wanted. He assured me that wasn't necessary, saying that the last ones to eat would be those going off shift. He also handed me a sheet of paper with directions to a gun store, saying that the owner was a retired FBI agent, and would be agreeable to me taking my weapon with me. I thanked him, again, and he assured me he was glad to be able to help. In short order, we'd made arrangements to be able to contact each other easily, and he went back into the dining area.

A couple minutes later, Muddy came in with our salads, and I asked him if he had some chow to spare - I wanted to make sure the FBI people didn't go hungry. He said he had enough to fix them up with about anything they wanted. I told him that I wanted to pay for it, and the argument began. I wanted to pay because it was Lucy and the girls they were protecting. Muddy wanted to do it because it was me asking. We finally settled it so that he covered the FBI people, and I paid for the meals for the rest of us. A poor compromise, but the best I could get out of him. That settled, I gave him Agent Gallery's name and description, and he headed off to make the arrangements.

About the time we finished our salads, Ricky, from our previous visit, came in with our cheeseburgers. He presented them to us as though they weren't anything less than the steaks we'd had last time - and after each of us took a bite, we had to agree with him: the

same delicious flavor, only in a sandwich. Each of us also had a portion of crispy, golden french-fries, and fresh toppings for our burgers. We took our time, savoring each bite, even chatting with Muddy when he came in to join us. Having Muddy there, telling stories as we ate, did wonders to distract Lucy and the girls from why we were there in the first place.

When we'd finished that part of our meal, Muddy headed off again, reappearing a short time later with bowls of ice cream for us all. None of us thought anything of it, until we'd taken a bite - then realized just how good this ice cream was!

Muddy chuckled, and told us "That's **fresh** ice cream folks. It's just plain old vanilla, made just *today*, with FRESH ingredients and REAL vanilla beans. What do you think?" Robyn looked up at him with an impish grin, and said "Beats grubs!" - and earning herself a roar of laughter from him.

We took our time with the ice cream, too - it was simply too good to hurry. Finally, though, it was gone - and after Ricky had cleared the bowls from the table, another waiter brought in cups of coffee for me, and Lucy, and hot chocolate for Sandra and Robyn. We all sat around, listening as Muddy told stories and joked with us. Finally, though it was time to go. As we were leaving, Muddy pulled me aside and said "If it's really the Mob involved, you might want to look up Guido. He's here in town."

I looked at Muddy in surprise, and he let me know "Nah, he's not in the family business; everything I hear, he's stayed out of it completely. But it's still HIS family, y'know? Might be he has something to say."

I thanked him, and he clapped me on the shoulder, almost breaking it, before escorting us to the front door - nearly surrounded by pleased-looking FBI agents. I think he shook up one agent when he told the man "Those folks are my **friends**, Mister FBI. You watch after 'em GOOD, you hear?" The agent just nodded his head, and got while the getting was good.

From the Café, we went to the gun store Agent Gallery had told me about. The girls wanted to see what it looked like; Lucy went with us to keep an eye on them. Inside, I found what could only have been the owner - a somewhat grizzled older man, with eyes that missed nothing, and a look that said he was the sorrier for what he'd seen. Right behind us came Agent Gallery, and a couple of his people - more to reassure the owner, than for protection, I thought.

I introduced myself, and he looked me over before saying "Yup. Been expecting you. Glad to see you've got company. Guess you're in kind of a fix?"

I smiled wryly, and said, "Some might think so. Seems some folks think I need to carry, again."

"You looking for anything in particular?"

"I got kinda fond of the .45, some time ago."

He looked at me again, and said "Military?"

"Army. Special Forces."

He nodded, and said, "These kids today, they all like those little nine millimeter popguns. Me, I like something that makes bigger holes, and will knock someone down so they don't get up again. I've got something over here you might be interested in. A customer special ordered a long-slide .45, paid the deposit for it, but never came in to collect it. Had it laying around here for a couple months." I'd followed him over to where it was, and he opened the case up to let me look it over - and gave a grudging nod of approval as I carefully checked to make sure it wasn't loaded. I racked the slide a couple of times, holding the hammer with my thumb as I checked the trigger; I saw approval in his eyes that I wasn't letting the hammer drop.

I was looking at the grips when he told me "That's some fancy new rubber kind of stuff; won't slip in your hand, no matter how wet it is. Seems to work pretty good."

I hefted it, and checked how it felt when I held it out - nice and solid, but not 'heavy'. When I set it back on the counter, I asked him "How much?" He looked me over, and asked "What the boys tell me, about why they're on you - that true?"

"Yup."

He looked over to where Lucy and the girls were examining a display of shotguns, then looked back at me before saying "Them the ones you're wanting this for?"

"Yup."

He thought a few moments, and said "Tell you what. You being military and all, and knowing how to treat a decent firearm - I'll let you have it for cost, just to get it out of here. Be worth it to me if it helps you keep those pretty girls from getting hurt."

I thanked him, and said that I'd be needing some ammo for it, and a holster.

When he asked me what ammo I wanted, I told him "The heaviest you've got; preferably silvertip, but hollow point will do, too." He smiled at me and said "You don't want 'em getting up, do you?" - and laughed when I answered "Not if I gotta shoot 'em in the first place."

He rummaged around a moment, and put a couple boxes of ammo on the counter, next to the pistol. I asked if he had any spare magazines, and he came up with a couple of those, too. Then we went over to have a look at the holsters; I finally settled on a little number that would fit under my waistband, at the small of my back. He added it all up, and I gave him cash for the purchase. He looked at me, and raised an eyebrow; I just said "I thought

it might make the paperwork easier". He smiled, and when he brought me over the forms to fill out for the handgun purchase, I carefully didn't notice they were all dated for a couple of days previous. When he brought me my change, I asked "You got a range in here that I can use? Kinda like to make sure I still remember which end the bullets come out of." He grinned, and said "Oh, I reckon you still know."

I looked around, and saw Lucy looking at me. I gestured her over, and asked "I'm going to fire a few rounds through this thing to get a feel for it. Your call if you and the girls want to watch."

She thought about it a few seconds, and finally told me "Yeah, it would probably be a good idea. Let them know that it's not a toy, and show them that you're really there to protect them. Okay, we'll watch."

As she went off to herd them over, the owner went over and locked the front door, saying "Well, that's it for the night. I'll be closing up after you folks leave."

When he got back, we were all ready, and he guided us to the indoor pistol range he had in the back. A couple of the agents followed us - as much to see if I could shoot, as to watch over us, I suspected. The owner handed out safety glasses and hearing protectors before showing me to the firing line. I carefully loaded all the magazines, leaving them next to the pistol as I put the holster in place at my back. One of the agents put a silhouette target up for me, and ran it down the range a little ways. I looked around to make sure Lucy and the girls were ready, and out of the way, before sliding a magazine in. I drew the slide back, and let it move forward, putting a round in the chamber.

I put it up in front of me, and carefully sighted in on the target, and eased the trigger back, firing the first round. The owner was watching the target through a small scope, and called out "Nine, two o'clock", telling me where I'd hit the target. I fired again, and he called out "Nine to Ten, Twelve o'clock". Again I fired, and he announced "Ten ring, Twelve o'clock". Then "Ten to X, twelve o'clock". Then "X-ring, Twelve o'clock". The last three, all he said was "X-ring" - meaning that I'd actually hit the 'X' that marked the center of the target area.

The FBI people were looking at me strangely, and I let the empty magazine drop, and the agent that had put the target up for me brought it back in - revealing that the last three shots had left a single ragged hole in the target. He quickly put up another one, and sent it down the range - a little farther.

I slid the second magazine home, and held the pistol at my side, waiting. The owner knew what I was waiting for, and after a few seconds, called out "NOW!" I quickly put the pistol in firing position, and popped off a couple of rounds, listening as the cases hit the floor with a 'tink-tink', before putting the weapon back at my side. Several seconds later, we did it again. Then again, and again. With the pistol empty, I set it next to the last loaded magazine as the agent got the target back - this time with only a single, bigger,

hole in it's center. He looked at me again, and put a third target up, then sent it down the range again - this time, all the way to the end - fifty feet, or so.

I slid the last loaded magazine into the pistol, and then put the pistol in the holster. I turned sideways to the target, and waited. And waited some more. Finally, the owner shouted "BANG!" - and in a single, fluid, motion, I drew the pistol, and emptied it into the target as quickly as I could before letting my arm fall to my side.

Through the cloud of cordite, the FBI agent got the target back, and removed it. He laid it on the wooden shelf that made up the firing line, and whistled. Then he looked at me in awe before using the palm of his hand to cover all eight holes in the target's x-ring.

I removed the last magazine, and put it and the pistol on the shelf before removing my glasses and hearing protectors. The owner looked at the target, and simply said "Yup. Figured you'd remember which end the bullets came out of!", before laughing quietly. As I reloaded the magazines, the owner pulled out a cleaning brush, and ran it through the barrel as I watched. I nodded in thanks to him when he finished, and told him "It's a nice weapon. Trigger's a little gritty, though." He smiled and said "I'd take care of it for you, but I just don't have the touch for it any more", before showing me his arthritic hands.

Then he told me "I reckon you'll be okay for tonight; Mike down at the office can polish that up for you in about ten minutes, tomorrow." I thanked him again, and he just laughed, saying "Pleasure's mine. Nice to see someone that can shoot a proper gun - instead of those damn popguns these kids carry!", that last at increased volume, and aimed at the FBI agents, who just smiled.

With all the magazines reloaded, I slid one back into the pistol, then cycled the slide, putting a live round in the chamber. I removed the magazine, and replaced the round with one of the two that were left over from the box before sliding it back into the pistol. The owner watched me with a smile, not saying a word as I put the pistol in the holster - which had a nice pair of pockets on it to hold the other two magazines. The whole thing was surprisingly light and small, and the waistband of my pants kept it neatly tucked against my back, where it was less likely to be noticed.

As we left the firing range, Lucy and the girls were looking at me in wonder - the girls more so than Lucy, who at least had SOME idea that I could shoot.

When we got back into the store proper, I saw the other agents looking at the two that had been on the range with me - and saw the nods and thumbs-up they got in answer. I also saw that the agent that had taken care of the targets for me had brought them along, and was showing them to Agent Gallery as he explained what I'd done. He came over to where Lucy and I were standing and said "That's a nice bit of shooting. It'll make my people feel better, knowing you hit what you aim at". The owner was standing nearby, and said "Oh, yeah, he'll make 'em count, all right!" before laughing again.

We all started to head for the door, and I thanked the owner for his time and trouble; he just said "Use that thing well, if you need it, and that'll be thanks enough. My age, it's nice to know that there's still decent people in the world, and meet some of 'em every now and then. You just watch out for those girls, you hear?"

I assured him I would, and he let us out; we all waited patiently until we heard the door lock, and saw him wave to us.

Back in the car, Lucy hugged me, and said "I never thought I'd be saying this, but watching you shoot like that made me **so** horny. Uh, was I seeing things, or were those FBI people kind of impressed?"

"Might have been impressed, I suppose. More relieved to know I wouldn't shoot them by accident, more likely" I told her. She gave me a playful pinch, before I reached back to hand the remaining loose bullet that had been left over to the girls. Each looked at it in curiosity, then looked at me. I asked them "If I threw that at you, it would probably hurt, wouldn't it?" They nodded, and I asked "If I threw it really fast, it would hurt more, wouldn't it?" Again, they nodded, and I went on "Now, when a bullet comes out of a gun, it's going at **LEAST** a hundred times faster than I could ever throw those. That's why it's so dangerous. So you know why I'm telling you that you are to **NEVER**, **EVER** touch the gun without my permission. I mean it. If I **ever** see *either* of you even **TOUCH** this pistol, I **WILL** spank you senseless. You understand?" Both nodded solemnly, before Robyn spoke up, saying "Dan, I was pretty scared when you had to get the gun, and I almost wet myself when you shot it the first time. But I saw how those people acted when they saw you shoot, and how good you hit the target. I'm still scared about what might happen, but I know you'll protect us. I just don't want **YOU** to get hurt, either, okay?"

I smiled at both of them, and said "I won't, short stuff. Remember, before **I** get involved, the bad guys have to go through the FBI agents. Protecting sex bombs like you two is their **JOB**, and they're very good at it. Okay?"

Both smiled back at me, and I turned around to watch as Lucy took us to the mall - noticing along the way that there were a couple of cars keeping pace with us, if at a distance.

Once at the mall parking lot, one of the cars pulled up next to us; I saw Lucy start to get nervous, and patted her hand to reassure her. When the window on the other car rolled down, she could see that it was Agent Gallery, and she rolled her window down, too, to hear him say "We've been kind of holding a parking space for you, so if you'll follow me, we'll be all set." She nodded her agreement, and stayed with him as he led us to a spot that was fairly close to one of the entrances, and almost directly under one of the lights. I think all of us were surprised when we got out of the car, and saw how many other people were getting out with us - there were a full dozen of them, not including the ones with Agent Gallery.

Lucy looked at me, and asked "All this for **us**?"

I chuckled, and said "yeah, all this for you - and the two ragamuffins, of course."

This time, the girls realized I was teasing, and didn't rise to the bait, opting instead to fairly radiate Dignity at me.

Agent Gallery approached, and said "We've got a nice mix of agents tonight, so there shouldn't be any problems. Uh, ladies" - Lucy and the girls turned to face him, and he went on "this is kind of delicate, but don't be worried if someone follows you into the bathroom. At least one of our female agents will be with you all the time, and they'll just be there to make sure no one bothers you, okay?"

Lucy and the girls got surprised looks on their faces, then went through mild embarrassment, before he went on to tell them "Other than that, there's nothing for you to worry about. We'll be watching out for you from a little ways off, so you don't have to worry about drawing attention, or anything like that. Just go ahead and do what you'd normally do, and everything will be fine. We're here to make sure you're okay, not get in your way or cause you any problems."

Lucy and both girls nodded at that, then shared a look that plainly said "I'll believe it when I see it." Agent Gallery didn't seem offended; only confident in his people.

The girls and Lucy headed for the mall entrance, and I hung back a moment so Agent Gallery could talk to me if he wanted to. I noticed that all but a couple of the people around us began drifting the same general direction as Lucy and the youngsters. I also noticed that they weren't all dressed the same - a couple of the women looked like housewives looking for a bargain, a couple more looked like business women out to expand their wardrobes, and the rest could easily pass as secretaries. The men with them were similarly disguised.

A thought occurred to me, and I asked Agent Gallery "You've got more inside, don't you?"

He grinned, and said "Better believe it. We've even got a 'blind' guy wandering around with an explosives-sniffing dog. I don't think even *you* realize what kind of present you gave us, and how important all of you are to it."

"Tell me."

He got surprisingly reticent with me about then, and I reminded him "Listen, it's ME, remember? I'm the guy that helped pull it together, okay? Remember where we just came from?"

Grudgingly, he said "We've been after the folks at TechnoDynamics since they started there. We were 'interested' in them even before that, before they all got together. We KNOW they're crooked. We KNOW they're funneling Mob money through TechnoDynamics accounts. We KNOW that some of the money is being used to move

drugs, and weapons. We just didn't have anything to use to bust them - until you came along. With even a **little** luck, we're going to take out better than half an entire mob family, and seize nearly a billion dollars - yes, that's billion with a 'B'."

I gave a silent whistle, and he added "Believe me, this entire operation is code-word classified. We've had people ready to move on something, *anything*, for the last year. Yeah, this is big. And you and those three are right in the middle of it. So yeah, we're going to protect you. Them. Ah, hell, you know what I mean."

I grinned at him, and said, "Yeah, I know what you mean. Listen, about everything I came up with is on the laptop I left in your offices. I get hurt, you can still go on - but you damn well make sure nothing happens to them, right?"

He looked at me soberly, and said "Mr. Andrews, I know what this case means. **I'm** ready to take a bullet for them. So is everyone else around you. Nothing is going to happen to them - or you - if WE have anything to say or do about it."

He held my gaze, and I finally responded, "Fair enough, Agent Gallery. We're both after the same thing: put the bad guys away, and keep those ladies alive, healthy, and happy."

We shook hands, and I headed off to catch up with Lucy and the girls.

The four of us wandered around in the mall for quite some time; stopping every so often so someone could look at something more closely, or make a purchase. I bought a nice digital camera, and a shiny new laptop to replace the one I didn't think I'd get back any time soon. Lucy found herself a nice (!!) teddy, while the girls picked out some pretty flimsy bras and panties. Then the group of us headed over to look over the things in a jewelry store. They all found something interesting to them, but decided not to buy any of it - but when they weren't looking, I gave the cashier my credit card, and bought it for them, hiding the purchases in my bags. I also bought something else that I carried in my pocket.

When the girls headed off for a pit stop, I noticed a couple of women suddenly decide they needed one, too - Lucy saw them, too, and looked at me. I nodded, and she seemed satisfied that Robyn and Sandra were being looked after.

When they got back, neither seemed to have noticed their company; they went on chattering about all the different things that interested them.

We wandered around another hour or so, then decided to head back to the hotel. Back out in the parking lot, the girls finally noticed our escort. Once in the car, they started talking about it with each other, and finally decided that it was actually 'pretty cool' - when Lucy heard that, she looked at me, and smiled in relief that they were adapting to the situation so well.

As we were heading for our rooms, I signaled Agent Gallery to give me a call on the phone. Back in our rooms, Lucy and the girls huddled in Lucy's room to compare purchases while I went to my room to put mine away. While there, the phone rang, and I answered it to hear Agent Gallery. I told him that I only wanted to let him know that we wouldn't be going out any more that night, and confirm the appointment Lucy and I had for the next morning. He verified both, then made a request. After a brief discussion, I agreed to it, and we both hung up.

With my toys put away, I put the jewelry I'd bought for them in a smaller bag, and went in to watch as they tried on all the stuff they'd bought. Once in Lucy's room, I carefully removed the pistol in its holster, and set them on a dresser where they'd be out of the way, but still accessible. Lucy and the girls both watched what I did, then studiously ignored it from then on.

First, they all showed off the clothing they'd purchased - an assortment of dresses, blouses, and such that flattered each of them. When they got to the lingerie, I asked if they were going to model it, too. All three looked at me in anticipation, and agreed - then fell into a quiet discussion of who went when before settling it in just a few seconds.

Lucy went first, changing in the bathroom so we'd get the full impact - and it was quite some impact. She'd selected a filmy black teddy that covered everything, but hid nothing - filmy black, the best it managed to do was to cloud over the interesting parts.

Next was Robyn, who opened the bathroom door to reveal herself wearing (well, sort of) a bra and matching panty that were nearly as sheer as her mother's teddy, only in a very pale pink. Her nipples were obvious through the cups of the bra, and the panty *just barely* covered her pubis while doing precious little to block the view of what was underneath.

Finally, Sandra disappeared, only to open the door to show that she was wearing a bra and panty, as well. But hers were appreciably different from Robyn's. While Robyn's outfit was still fairly functional, Sandra's made no such promises. It was plainly there for the sole purpose of being removed: the bra cups barely covered her nipples - in fact, her nipples seemed to be the only things that kept them from sliding off her. The panties just barely covered her pubic hair; and looked like they were a faint dusting of color held together with thread. The cleft of her mons was plain underneath.

With all three of them showing off, I pretended to study them for a little bit before muttering "HmMMM. Looks real tasty, and all, but there seems to be something missing...". A bit later, I got an "I've got an idea!" look on my face, and rummaged around in the bag I'd brought over before 'discovering' something. I pulled out the gift I'd bought Sandra, and took it over to her, telling her to close her eyes. She did, reluctantly, and I fastened a fine platinum chain around her neck, with an onyx stone hanging from it. She opened her eyes when Lucy and Robyn gasped; she turned around to see what it looked like on her, and after a few seconds, launched herself into my arms, hugging me and thanking me for it. Lucy and Robyn both admired it greatly, Lucy commenting on

how the chain went with Sandra's hair while the stone served to highlight her complexion.

While they were ooh-ing and ahhh-ing, I stood and looked at Robyn for a little bit; when I saw her starting to get nervous, rummaged around in the bag again for a little bit before coming up with another small package. Without prompting, she closed her eyes, but got a confused look on her face when she felt me doing something to her ankle. When she opened her eyes, Lucy and Sandra were only staring at her foot - and when she looked, understood why. Around her ankle was a medium-weight gold chain, with a small diamond hanging from it. She tried standing on one leg to pull the ankle up to where she could look at the chain, but only succeeded in falling onto the bed. Laying there, she managed to get her leg up high enough to look at the chain and diamond more closely; when she looked at me next, there were tears in her eyes before she scrambled into my arms for a mutual hug.

As Lucy looked from one to the other of them, I went back to the bag, and rummaged around again. When I pulled my hand out of it, Lucy looked at me in eager anticipation, then closed her eyes while each of the girls held one of her hands at their side. She felt me at her neck, then heard the girls both gasp, but before she opened her eyes, I asked her to wait a moment. I moved to stand in front of her, then told her to go ahead and look, which she did - finding a gold necklace around her throat, with a star sapphire hanging from it. I moved a couple steps back, and frowned at her, speculatively. She lifted her head, and got nervous when she saw me looking at her that way. I finally brightened, and said "I **knew** I was forgetting something!" before reaching into my pocket. Not letting her see what I had, I took a step forward, then knelt down to take her hand in mine. As she looked at me in total surprise, I slipped a diamond ring on her finger, and said "If you'll agree to be my wife, I think you'll want this."

Robyn and Sandra all but stopped breathing as we waited for Lucy to say something.

She did a really good fish imitation (mouth opening and closing, but no sound coming out) for several long, long seconds before getting the presence of mind to grab my hands and say "Yes. Yes! Oh, god, YES!" That settled, she pulled me to my feet and gave me a long, hard hug, quickly followed by a long, hard kiss. Both of us were breathing heavy when it ended - only to have Sandra and Robyn latch onto us for a group hug before the three of them moved away slightly so Robyn and Sandra could admire the diamond I'd bought for Lucy.

When they'd finished looking at it, and discussing the situation, all of them swarmed over to give me another hug - Robyn and Sandra with looks of awe and envy on their faces. Looks that were soon replaced with contentment when I kissed each of them thoroughly, and told them that I'd **always** love them, too.

As we were standing there, Sandra moved over to stand in front of me. When I looked down at her, she said "Dan, there's something I want to give you. Something special."

Robyn and Lucy immediately focused on her, not saying a thing, as I told her "Sandra, you've already given me something special. Something more important to me than anything I could buy with money."

She looked at me inquisitively, and I told her, simply, "Your love."

She got a radiant look on her face before telling me "I mean something besides that."

I raised an eyebrow, and she went on "I started my period today. I'm not bleeding yet, but it's still kind of, uh, messy between my legs. So instead of making love with you, I want you to be the one to help me find out what it's like if I make love with, um, my butt."

Robyn and Lucy looked at her in absolute amazement - not only because it was her making the request, but the fact that she was making it so openly. Truth be told, it caught me flat-footed - it simply never occurred to me that she would ask me anything like that. It took me several seconds to respond - and I managed to do it that fast only because I could see the fear of rejection in her eyes.

"Sandra, you don't have to do this. I gave you the necklace because I thought it would look good on you, and because you're already someone special to me. Not for any other reason" was the best I could come up with that fast.

To my surprise, she reached behind her neck and unfastened the necklace, then tried to hand it to me, saying "Okay, if you're worried about that, you can have it back. But I still want you, that way."

She looked disappointed when I took the necklace, but quickly brightened up when I reached around to fasten it on her neck again.

I looked at her for several more seconds, before finally telling her "Sandra, if that's what you want, then we can try. But there's any pain, or anything like that, then we stop."

She quickly nodded her agreement, and started to reach behind herself to reach the clasp on what was pretending to be a bra - but I stopped her, saying, "Here, let me do that", with a smile. She let her arms drop to her sides, and stood there, smiling at me in open invitation.

I moved behind her and put my hands on her upper arms as I softly kissed each of her shoulders before sliding my hands forward to hold her breasts in my hands. Even as I was cupping them, I could feel her nipples erect, and drew my fingertips across them, making them even stiffer. From her breasts, I slid my hands around to her sides, and slowly caressed her sides - almost tickling her, but not quite. After a few slow, gentle strokes from her ribs to her hips, I let my hands glide to her back, where I easily unhooked the fastening that held the back strap together. When it came free, the ends fell to her sides, but the bra stayed on her, so neatly did it follow the curves of her breasts. I slipped my fingertips under it, then eased my hands forward, gradually replacing the touch of the bra

material with the touch of my hands. As I finally held the flesh of her breasts in my hands, the bra slipped off her breasts, then down her arms, hanging lightly on her wrists. She moved as though to clasp her hands, freeing the wispy material so it could fall lightly to the floor, forming gossamer cloud on the carpet.

With her bare breasts in my hands, I again marveled at how firm and smooth they were, how free of blemishes, how soft and delightfully warm to the touch they were. I could feel her pale areolas puckering under my touch, crinkling as they tightened in her arousal and pleasure; her nipples got longer and harder with each pass of my fingertips across them. I heard her moan, ever so softly, and gently turned her around so that I could share a deep, loving kiss with her as I contented myself with simply holding her young mounds in my hands.

After a bit, our kiss ended - at least as far as our lips were concerned. She stood there, trembling slightly, as I slowly knelt down, kissing any part of her that I could reach as I moved: the hollow of her throat, collarbones, shoulders, the upper slopes of her breasts, between her breasts, her nipples (*ever so softly), her belly, her navel (spending quite some time there), her abdomen, her hips, then, finally, the top of her pubis, just above the line of her panties. She held my head in her hands as I reached around her again, this time to softly stroke and squeeze the globes of her young, firm ass cheeks. I caressed her like that for some time before letting my fingers wander far enough to slide underneath the small fabric band that surrounded her hips, holding her panties in place. I let my hands move freely over her ass, then thighs, as I worked the waistband of her panties down her legs, letting them fall the last little bit to the floor. With them pooled around her ankles, she raised each foot in turn to step out of them, so that she finished with her legs slightly spread, her panties between her feet.

I placed my hands on her calves, enjoying their slender firmness for a few moments before raising my arms to slide my hands to softly stroke the backs of her knees several times, feeling her legs tremble slightly in her arousal. Next was a thorough tactile examination of her thighs, using both all of my hands, and just the fingertips as I repeatedly traced a variety of paths along the insides of her thighs. As I did that, I could see her labia start to extend, and her clitoral hood begin to make an appearance; and I could detect the delightful aroma of aroused woman-child, tinged with a slight tanginess of her beginning menses.

I leaned forward slightly, and brushed her pubic hair with my nose and upper lip, pleased with its soft texture; but I could feel her stiffen slightly as I did. I looked up into her face, and smiled in reassurance before telling her "It's okay. It doesn't gross me out, or anything, that you're starting your period."

She smiled back, not quite sure about whether to believe me or not; I let it slide, and eased my way back to a standing position. Again, I kissed everything I could lay my lips on, reversing the course I'd taken on the way down.

When I was standing again, she delicately reached a hand out to first touch, then caress my manhood through my pants. When she felt me growing under her touch, she became more bold, and more insistent in her touch, finally rubbing and stroking me to nearly full hardness.

Gasping "I can't wait any more!", she reached up to start unbuttoning my shirt; as she did, I put my hands on her waist, holding her steady as she trembled with excitement.

When she had my shirt unbuttoned, she quickly stripped it off me, then the bulletproof vest I had on underneath. With my torso exposed, she began her own Braille examination of my body - chest, ribs, and waist, almost as though it was the first time she'd ever touched me.

Still, there was more of me that she wanted access to, and it didn't take her long to shift her focus to my belt buckle, then the fastening on my pants, and finally, the zipper. With my pants loose, she continued to stand as she slid them down far enough to let them fall to the floor. Next on her agenda was my underwear - but only after she took some time to make sure that what she wanted was still inside.

Finally, I stood there before her, as naked as she was - and even more obviously aroused by the situation. Her hand around my nearly erect penis, she looked up into my eyes, and asked "Wh... what now?"

I looked at her tenderly, then kissed her on the forehead before answering "Whatever you want, Sandra".

She looked thoughtful for a moment, then asked "Uh, I'm kind of nervous about this. Is it okay if I'm on top of you, this time? I think I want to lose THIS cherry that way!"

"Of course. Whatever it takes to make you comfortable, and let you know that YOU'RE the one in charge", I replied.

Even as she got a relieved look on her face, we heard Lucy softly clear her throat - both of us had completely forgotten that Lucy and Robyn were in the room with us. When we looked over at her, we saw that Lucy had gotten the bottle of baby oil that we'd used for Robyn.

Lucy offered it, and when Sandra had accepted, said "I know you're nervous enough, so Robyn and I won't watch, if you don't want. I know you're not as much of a show-off as Robyn is."

Robyn got a grin on her face, and reached out to cup her mother's breasts in her hands, and give their nipples a little tweak, before saying "If it would help, maybe we could think of something that would give you something to watch", making all of us chuckle before Lucy reached back to cup Robyn's mons in her hand.

Sandra looked relieved as she told them "Uh, yeah, I'd appreciate that - either or both."

Lucy got a smoky look in her eyes, and turned to give Robyn a thorough kissing - with Robyn giving back as good as she was getting. In only a few seconds, they had their hands on each other's breasts; not much later, each had a leg between the other's thighs. When their kiss finally broke, both were breathing heavily, and both had a distinct aroused blush to them. Without even looking at Sandra and I, they made their way to the bed, where they lay on their sides and began kissing again - with each reaching down to touch the other's sex.

Sandra finally broke her gaze to look around a moment before suddenly brightening.

Pointing at a chair, she asked "Dan, would it work if you sat on that, and I squatted over you? We could turn it around a little, so we could watch them while I, uh, get you inside me."

I agreed with her plan, and moved the chair over and around, so that it faced where Robyn and Lucy were getting each other thoroughly worked up; but was also still close enough to the table that Sandra or I either one could reach out to use it to steady ourselves, if that became necessary.

Sandra opened the bottle of baby oil and set it on the table, then guided me to sit down in the chair before positioning herself at my side. She poured a dollop of the oil into her hand, then handed it to me before reaching down to begin caressing my erection as she spread the oil around. In return, I poured some of it into my palm, and reached behind her to slide my hand between the firmly rounded globes of her ass. Realizing what I needed to do, she bent forward a bit, giving me easier and better access between her cheeks.

Back and forth, we passed the bottle of baby oil, each of us making sure that the other was well-lubricated with it - and getting pretty worked up at the sight of Robyn and Lucy molesting each other. As I got the oil spread around Sandra's nether regions, I also began drawing an oiled finger across her anus, and even pressing against it slightly. She seemed to welcome the attention, and it wasn't long before I started trying to ease a finger into her - getting her thoroughly oiled up, and drawing a few pleased moans from her.

Finally, she eased herself away from me a bit, and stood up, saying "I think we're both about as ready as we'll ever be."

I felt like I had a steel bar poking up from between my thighs, and quickly agreed with her - prompting her to move in front of me before straddling my lap as she continued to face Lucy and Robyn. Reaching back between her legs, she held my penis so that it slid between her ass cheeks, then pressed against her opening. A few tentative pushes, and she seemed to realize that the angle wasn't quite right, so she climbed up on the chair with me, squatting over my lap as she leaned against me. I put my hands on her hips to steady her, and she turned her head to smile at me before lowering herself to press her virgin rosebud against the head of my penis as she held it steady.

We looked over to where Robyn and Lucy were, and discovered that they were watching us - while slowly masturbating each other, legs spread wide so we could see what they were doing. I heard Sandra whisper "That is **such** a turn-on!" before she started pressing herself down against my erection. From the way her legs were positioned, I knew that Lucy and Robyn could see everything clearly - both pairs of eyes were locked on the view we presented them.

I could feel how tightly clenched Sandra's anus was, and began whispering words of reassurance and encouragement to her as I held her steady. I knew that she was determined by the way she kept pressing herself down; but because she wasn't relaxing, I knew that she was nervous or afraid, too. After a couple minutes, she finally realized that my hands on her hips weren't pressing her down, only holding her steady horizontally; with that, she visibly relaxed more. I could feel it as she slowly gained control - her anus would relax a bit, tighten briefly, then relax some more. At last, she was able to let go completely as she lowered herself yet again, both of us surprised when the head of my erection finally slid into her back entry.

When it did, she stopped, and paused a few moments to consider what she thought of this new sensation. Apparently satisfied with it, she let herself drop *slowly* - but continuously. In perhaps a minute, maybe two, I felt her ass come to rest on my lap - meaning that she had taken my entire length in just one try. As my erection disappeared into her bowels, we could see Robyn and Lucy getting more and more excited - their busy fingers fairly shined with each other's juices. Both were breathing heavily, and moaning by the time Sandra's ass came to rest on my lap. Sandra waited there a bit, letting herself adjust to this new visitor, but eventually started moving herself over me. At first, it was just small, experimental motions, but it didn't take her long to get used to, then begin enjoying, this new sensation. In only a couple of minutes, she was fairly bouncing on my lap as she slid herself up and down on my well oiled pole.

Keeping one hand on her hip, I reached around with the other to begin playing with her clitoris: holding my hand steady so that each time she moved up or down, her clitoris would brush against my finger. After a minute of that, she reached down to pull my hand to her pelvis, simply saying "Rub it!"

With my arm over her leg, and my fingers at the top of her slit, Robyn and Lucy could see it as Sandra's vaginal entrance opened up with her arousal. They could also see that Sandra's clitoris was fully erect, and that the juices were all but dripping out of her as she got more and more excited. The sight and sound of what Sandra and I were doing was finally enough for Robyn, and her legs snapped shut as she fell into the throes of orgasm - promptly followed by Lucy. As both of them gave quiet voice to the feelings they were having, I could feel Sandra starting to tire above me. Before long, she slowed down, and finally stopped before turning her head to say "Can you do it, now? My legs are getting tired."

I answered her by saying "If you can stand up and lean over, then I can stand up, too."

She understood what I was saying, and nodded her head before wiggling around enough to get her legs stretched out on the outside of mine. Staying joined with her, I held her around her waist, and together, we slid forward until she was able to get her feet on the floor. It took a couple of tries, but we were finally able to stand up - facing the table, and at right angles to where Lucy and Robyn were again taking an interest in what we were doing.

Standing, Sandra leaned forward so that her body was parallel to the floor, sticking her arms out to rest her body against the table while using it to hold herself steady. With her in that position, I was easily able to begin moving myself in her - slowly and gently at first, but soon moving in her just as quickly, if not a little faster, than she'd been able to move before. I could see it as her breasts swayed slightly in time with my thrusting, and reached down to take her breasts in my hands, holding them lightly so I could feel the way they moved while I held her nipples between a couple of fingers. A couple of minutes later, she released her hold on the table with one hand, and slid it down between her thighs, so she could play with her clitoris as I continued sliding myself in and out of her. The feeling of her hot insides wrapped around my penis, and the way her breasts moved in my hands soon had me ready to climax. When I managed to gasp out "I'm going to shoot!", her only response was an enthusiastic "Yes! Do it!"

We heard a gasp, and both of us turned to see that Robyn and Lucy were now masturbating themselves as they watched us - and from all appearances, were ready to have another orgasm. Watching the two of them, fingers dancing on their clits, was all I needed - I could feel it as the semen came boiling out of my balls, and with a couple of hard, deep thrusts, poured myself into Sandra's insides. With a cry of "Yes! I can feel it!", Sandra tripped over into her own orgasm. Even as I was hosing her bowels with my sperm, I could hear it as first Lucy, then Robyn, called out their own climaxes, too.

As hard as it was for me, I managed to hold Sandra steady while her orgasm ran through her: with the first spasm, she released her hold on the table, and all but fell forward to the floor. Only by holding her to me tightly was I able to prevent her from getting hurt; even then, it was a struggle. I was greatly relieved when she started to take her weight onto her legs again, and then move to rest her body against the table. With her anus clamped so tightly around my penis, it was taking longer than usual for me to soften; but I finally eased myself back from her, savoring the sensation of her rectum 'milking' the last of my semen from it as the head popped free of her grasp.

I looked over to see that Robyn and Sandra had both recovered from their orgasms; Lucy gestured that I should bring Sandra over there so the two of us could lay down. It seemed like an uncommonly fine idea, and with a little gentle prodding, managed to guide Sandra to the bed, where Robyn helped guide her down while Lucy did the same for me.

I spooned with Sandra's back, while Lucy did the same to me; Robyn opted to lie on her side, facing Sandra as she softly stroked Sandra's side from ribs to hip.

After several minutes, we all started to feel a little cool; Sandra and I headed for my bathroom to clean up while Robyn and Lucy did the same in Lucy's. Sandra fairly purred under my hands as I lathered her up and washed her from head to toe before doing the same for myself. I was careful to pay special attention to where the baby oil had been, so that there wasn't any of it left to cause any discomfort. Once we were out of the shower, I dried her off carefully before she took another towel and did the same to me. Satisfied that we were clean enough, I picked her up and carried her back into Lucy's room, depositing her on the bed before lying down next to her. A couple minutes later, Lucy and Robyn made their appearance, and joined us - Lucy opting to lay next to me, with Robyn next to Sandra.

As we lay there, Lucy whispered in my ear "That was so incredible, watching you two. I could **see** how much she wanted that, and how nervous she was. And you just sat there holding her steady, not moving or doing anything to push her, letting her go at her own pace. You should have seen the expression on her face when you finally slid into her at first - that's what making love is all about. Then watching as your cock slid into her ass - it got me **so** horny, I thought I was going to turn into a puddle right here on the bed! I could tell when you were coming in her ass, and when she came from it, too; well, that was just too much!"

As Lucy was saying that, we could see that Robyn and Sandra's kissing and touching were becoming more insistent, and more intimate. In short order, Robyn had her lips on Sandra's breast, sucking on its nipple, while her hand was busy in Sandra's crotch. For her part, Sandra was caressing Robyn's breast, and using her thigh to rhythmically press against Robyn's mons.

Lucy and I watched as things heated up between them to the point that Robyn started kissing her way down Sandra's body; as she passed Sandra's navel, and moved toward her pubis, we saw Sandra put her hand on Robyn's head, stopping her. Robyn just looked at her and said "Oh, pooh. You just had a shower, so you're as clean as can be. Besides, I'm not going to stick my tongue *inside* you, or anything - what I want is on the outside!", with a grin.

Sandra hesitated a moment, then took her hand off Robyn's head; Robyn quickly went back to giving Sandra's lower belly soft kisses and small lip-nibbles as she moved even lower to apply her considerable oral talents to Sandra's mons and clitoris.

Lucy whispered to me "I will **never** get tired of watching them - they are just *so* sexy together!" She reached over to take my penis in her hand. Feeling that I was already starting to get hard at the sight we shared, she murmured to me "Well, I guess it does something for you, too!", with a quiet chuckle.

By this time, Robyn had devoted herself to Sandra's clitoris; we watched as Sandra reached out to tug gently on one of Robyn's legs, then guiding it as Robyn moved to straddle her head, opening herself to Sandra's attentions. Lucy and I carefully eased away

from them a little bit, giving them some room, but not distracting or disturbing them in the process.

Knowing each other as they did, it wasn't long at all before each had the other fully aroused before settling themselves in to try and get the other off as powerfully as they could. The room was soon filled with the liquid noises of their oral lovemaking, and the scent of their arousal - the sights and sounds and smells of their activities was more than enough to get Lucy and I excited, too. Lucy moved herself down to take my erection in her mouth, softly sucking on me as she slowly raised on lowered her head; after a few moments, I reached out to draw her a little closer to me. When she felt my touch on her mons, she readily spread her legs for me, so that I could start gently stroking the outside of her vagina and clitoris as we both watched the young women in front of us making love to each other.

We watched as Sandra was the first to climax, hunching her pelvis into Robyn's eager mouth as she groaned out her release. Under my hand, I could feel Lucy get even wetter, and shiver in sympathy at what she was seeing. Even as her own spasms were tapering off, we could see Sandra taking notice of the juicy target that Robyn was presenting to her - and moving in to finish what she'd started. In only a couple of minutes, we could hear Robyn's breathing quicken as Sandra brought her to the very brink of orgasm - and held her there for quite some time before nudging her into the precipice. Again, under my hand, I could feel Lucy's labia get even more slippery and hot; and around my penis, her warm, moist mouth became more insistent.

But I didn't want to come in her that way, and reluctantly nudged her away, until she released her lip-lock on my erection. I sat up, then moved to my knees to edge my way between her legs. Knowing what I wanted, she readily spread them, and lifted her knees to open herself up to me. I got myself positioned so that I was sitting on my heels, legs folded to the side, then reached out to take her by the hips and pull her toward me. Taking her guidance from me, she scooted herself toward me until she was spread wide in front of me, her legs laying across mine. My erection was still glistening from her saliva, and I angled it down to slide it between her splayed labia before wedging it against her opening. Hunching forward, I slid into her easily, burying nearly half my length in her in a single thrust - both of us were more than ready for this. Once inside her, I grabbed her hips and pulled her toward me one more time, so that, at rest, I was halfway inside her. From this position, I could make love to her completely with little effort on my part; all I had to do was simply rock back and forth. She moaned softly, in eager anticipation of what she knew was coming.

Her.

I eased myself forward as slowly as I could, savoring the sensation of her hot, tight insides swallowing my erection until, finally, our pubic hair merged. I held myself there for a while as Lucy worked her internal muscles around me, learning to control them much as Robyn had before. She released a disappointed whimper when I moved to slowly back my way out of her; I kept going until I felt myself start to pull free of her. At

that point, I carefully made several small back-and-forth movements, letting the head of my penis slide in and out of the ring of her vaginal entrance. When I had teased her into a small groan of frustrated arousal, I let myself ease forward again until I was in the 'neutral' position of being half-buried in her - and bringing a smile of relief to her face.

By then, Robyn and Sandra had recovered from their activities, and carefully moved over to see what I was doing to Lucy; they sat on their knees next to her, facing me as they looked down to where Lucy and I were joined. Neither of them objected when Lucy reached between their legs to begin caressing the outsides of their vaginas, and softly stroking their clitorises as they watched me repeat what I'd just done. From the expressions on their faces, it was clear that both marveled at the way Lucy's labia responded to what I was doing by disappearing in anticipation of my entrance, and claspings at me as I departed. Also clear was the arousal that Lucy was rekindling with her hands - both soon had eyes hooded with desire, and neither could resist wiggling slightly in response to Lucy's attentions. Each reached out a hand to place on one of Lucy's breasts, softly squeezing and caressing it, and playing with it's nipple; the other hand went to one of the other's breasts to do the same thing.

I soon got into a rhythm of making love to Lucy, a steady, smooth in-and-out rocking motion that was easily enough to keep me hard, but not enough to move me *too* quickly toward unloading in her. It seemed to be having a similar effect on Lucy: I could hear her soft panting in time with my movements, but she didn't seem to be having any difficulty tending to Robyn and Sandra, either.

After a few minutes, I watched as Lucy removed her hands from the girls' crotches, and gently nudged Robyn to move toward her head. Robyn seemed to know what Lucy wanted, and easily moved to straddle her mother's face, her back toward me. Lucy lifted her head slightly and began using her lips and tongue to sample her daughter's female essence while her hands moved up to start squeezing Robyn's breasts, and playing with their nipples. I had a few moments of watching Lucy's breast swaying slightly in time with my thrusts before Sandra scooted back, then lowered her head to start licking Lucy's breasts, and sucking on her nipples.

Sandra's body was just within range, and I reached out to touch her; when she looked at me, I gestured that I'd like her to swing around a bit. She smiled in answer, and did it before going back to Lucy's breasts.

With more of Sandra's body within reach, I started caressing it: running my hand along her back, then down to her ass cheeks; along the insides of her thighs (which she readily spread for me); along her sides, then down to her breast; then returning to her back to start the whole cycle over again. After a couple such passes, I let my fingers wander over her mons, dipping slightly into her vagina. She made no objection, so I gradually closed the range of my actions to center around her ass and crotch; then closed it even more to her pelvis. Before long, I was freely caressing her labia and clitoris, and occasionally letting my fingers dip into the hot spring of her womanhood. A little later, and I was easily sliding first one, then two fingers in and out of her, accompanied by soft moans of

pleasure from her. A glance revealed that she was indeed starting her period: the juices on my fingers had a very faint pink color to them.

As I was making that discovery, I heard Robyn gasp, and looked up to watch as she was taken over by an orgasm, Lucy's mouth obviously busy between her legs. When Robyn's climax had passed (for the most part), Lucy and I guided her back, then off of Lucy, so that she was lying on the bed next to us. Lucy moved one of her hands to Sandra's head to guide her from one breast to the other; the other hand went to Sandra's breast. With my fingers sliding in and out of her vagina, and Lucy fondling her breast and nipple, Sandra reached one of her own hands between her legs, and began playing with her clitoris. It wasn't but a few minutes later that she released Lucy's nipple from her mouth to tilt her head back and release a deep groan pleasure and release - I could feel her vagina tighten around my fingers as I continued to slide them inside her. When the feelings had passed, she let us guide her, too, to the bed, so that she was lying opposite Robyn.

That left just Lucy and me, as it had been when we started. I was again free to enjoy the sight of her breasts swaying slightly on her chest in time with my movement; she was free to lift her head a bit and watch as my erection, glistening with her juices, slid back and forth between her labia. After a minute or so, our eyes met, and we experienced one of those rare events in anyone's life: we somehow *locked*. Not just our eyes, but almost our entire **beings** were tied together - I almost felt like I was sharing her thoughts and feelings; she later told me she felt the same thing about ME. With that synchronicity came a focus: not just of ourselves, or each other, but an awareness of there being an **US** - at the same time, I was fully aware of what I was feeling and doing, what I knew she was feeling and doing, and what **WE** were feeling and doing. I was completely aware - and knew that she was, too - of everything around us: the sights and sounds and smells and even **taste** of our lovemaking. It was as though we were in our own place in time and space, and everything else around us was mere illusion. I don't know how long it lasted; I only know that I was faintly aware of Robyn and Sandra rolling over to watch us, then a bit later, Robyn saying "They're still on their first time!", and Sandra responding "*STILL?!", in wonder. Robyn started to say something else, but Sandra looked at us closely, and quickly gestured that Robyn should stay quiet - which she did without comment, surprisingly.

Lucy and I continued to make love, my hands on her hips as I gently rocked back and forth. Our awareness of each other, and our focus on each other, was so great that I **knew** - without her telling me - when she wanted me to move my hands up to hold her breasts, and what she wanted me to do with them. Both of us were aware of how far along the other was toward release, and without comment and by mutual agreement, we 'adjusted' ourselves so that we would get there together.

A while later, both of us were ready, and by unspoken agreement, let it happen. Even as I felt Lucy's vagina tighten around me, I pressed myself deeply into her, and felt the first shot of my semen moving through my penis to wash her insides with my male essence. It seemed as though I could feel each and every one of her internal muscles, individually, as they spasmed around me; and it felt as though I could feel each and every one of my

sperm cells as it made it's journey from my balls to her cervix. My climax wasn't a particularly 'powerful' one, but it was incredibly deep and satisfying. Even as we were gasping out our release, Lucy's eyes and mine remained open and locked on each other.

We continued to lay there, with me deep inside her, for a couple of minutes after our climaxes were over - both of us content with what we'd just done, and reluctant to lose the link we'd formed. Then, silently, we agreed that we had to let it go; and let the bond between us dissolve. That done, we realized we were both exhausted, and I carefully eased myself out of her, then moved to lay next to her as we held hands and looked at each other, smiling.

I'm not quite sure when I drifted off, but I woke up some time later to see that Lucy was sound asleep next to me, a smile on her face. Looking around, I couldn't see Robyn or Sandra. Starting to get worried, I carefully eased myself away from Lucy, and got up. I moved to the door between Lucy's room and mine, and when I got close, could hear the faint sounds of the television on the other side. I knocked softly, then opened the door to see that Robyn and Sandra had established themselves on my bed, and were watching TV with the sound down as they cuddled.

When they saw me, they started to speak, but I held a finger to my lips as I moved closer to them. When I finally sat on the bed, both of them moved to sit next to me, telling me that Lucy and I had fallen asleep pretty much at the same time - and they giggled when they said that both of us had enormous smiles when we did. They went on to tell me that they didn't have the heart to disturb us, but didn't want us to wake up "all sticky and stuff" (as Sandra put it), so they'd carefully cleaned us up before deciding to use my room to watch TV. I looked at the time, and saw that it was getting a bit late, so I told them they could stay up another half hour, but then they were to go to sleep. Both agreed easily enough, and I told them they could go ahead and sleep in my bed, if they wanted, or they could join Lucy and me if they would be careful not to wake her. They thought it over, and decided to stay in my bed so - as Robyn put it - "You and Mom can have some private time, too".

That settled, I gave each of them a hug and kiss, then headed back for Lucy's room, closing the door behind me. After a detour to the bathroom, I headed back to the bed, where I found Lucy half awake, and looking up at me with another smile on her face. She stretched, then rolled over to her side and indicated she wanted me to lie on my back next to her. When I was in position, she rolled over against me, and put her hand and arm on my chest as she rested her head on my shoulder.

"That was really... something", she said as she started to play with some of my chest hairs.

"Yup. It was definitely **something**. I'm not too sure what, but it was definitely *something*", I responded.

"I've never had anything like that happen to me before. Have you?"

"Not while making love. Something like that happens sometimes in combat, though - you'll get into a firefight, and it seems like you know exactly what to do, and when; like you already know it's going to turn out good, and you're just making sure it happens."

She shivered slightly, and asked "You've been in actual war, then?"

"Not WAR war, but yeah, I've been in combat."

"Was it bad?"

"Fighting like that is never 'good'. Sometimes, though, you've got to do it, just to keep the assholes from taking over."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean people like Hitler, and Soviet Russia, and drug dealers, and people like that. There are **things** in the world that aren't human. I mean, they look like people, and talk like people, and all that, but there's just nothing inside them to make them *human*. The only thing they know is what they want, and they'll do anything to anybody to get it."

"Is that why you went in the Army?"

"Part of it, yeah. Silly as it might sound, I actually love this country, and I wanted to do my part toward keeping it going. That, and for as long as I can remember, I thought that soldiering was an honorable profession."

"That doesn't sound silly, loving your country. Sometimes, I wish more people would think about it, and love it, too. What do you mean that soldiering is an honorable profession?"

"Just what I said. When you listen to a lot of people, they talk like a G.I. with a rifle is about the dumbest thing on earth - but if you think about it a minute, you'll realize that the LAST thing you want is a dummy with a gun. You want the smartest, best-equipped, best-trained people you can lay your hands on because you can't be out there to supervise each and every one of them. You HAVE to trust them to know what their job is, and how to do it. Sure, there are going to be some idiots, and some power-crazy nutcases that turn up; but for the most part, the people on the pointy end of the stick are the ones you need and want there: smart enough to know what's going on, and trained well enough to make it happen. Same thing with cops - you hear about the bad ones, but never about the good ones. The bad ones are the ones that make the news, but it's the good ones that you never hear about keep the bad guys mostly under control. They just show up for work, keep the crooks away, and go home at the end of the day - nobody ever notices them, until they need their help."

"That's why the FBI people are watching us, isn't it?"

"Pretty much. They're trained in a different way than street cops, and they go after a different class of criminal, but yeah, that's why."

"They're not going to let anyone hurt us, are they?", she said, making it a statement.

"Not if they can possibly prevent it. Sometimes, stuff happens that you can't control; in that case, that's why they're having me wear the vest, and asked me to carry a gun again. But every one of them is ready to get between you or the girls, and a bullet, to make sure you stay alive and healthy."

She lay there thinking for a while before asking me "You're better at this than they are, aren't you?"

"Not better. Just trained for what they aren't, and a little more experienced about some stuff. Kind of like the difference between you, and your accountants."

"I think it's a little more than that, but okay", she grumbled into my neck, before asking "How long is this going to go on?"

"Honestly, I don't know. Off and on, as the trial happens, probably a few months; us having to worry about bad guys, probably not long at all."

"Us' worrying about bad guys? I didn't think you were worried about any of it."

"I'm not **worried** - I've got a pretty good idea how good the FBI people are. I know what I can do, and *will* do, if it comes down to it. So I'm taking it serious, and I'm concerned; but not **worried**, okay?"

"I wonder what the girls think about this. I mean, what they **really** think about it."

"Damned if I know. You heard them tonight - they think it's pretty cool having all those FBI people watching out for us, and following us around. I wouldn't be surprised if they just took it in stride, as long as it doesn't go on too long, or get in the way of their fun too much. They seem to have a pretty good opinion of me, after tonight."

She snorted, and said "Pretty good opinion, my ass. Both of them all but worship you. Even before I had to come here, I'd hear them talking about you, and they both thought you were the greatest thing since sliced bread."

"What about you?", I asked.

She paused a little bit, then softly said "Me, too.", and a moment later, adding "I knew you were something special when we sat there and talked that night, after my promotion. Then when you helped me figure out what was going on here, well, that just made it even better. And when I heard that FBI guy reading about what you'd done in the Army, and saw the way the FBI people were treating you tonight, well that settled it. I knew you

were quiet and modest and all that - I just didn't know HOW quiet and modest you are until today, and tonight. You don't make a lot of noise about how rough and tough and everything you are - you just sit there, nice and quiet, until something needs to be done; then you just DO it. And you don't make a big deal out of it, and you don't try to boss people around, even though you're **way** smarter than anybody I've ever met before, and know a LOT more. You're willing to let people make mistakes if they want to; but if they ask you, you give them the best answer you can, and let them decide for themselves. Like tonight, with Sandra - it surprised the hell out of me, and I know it caught you off guard, too. But I don't think you could have handled it any better than you did. You've let her, and Robyn, and even me, know that we're important to you, and that you care about us. That matters a lot, to me, and to them; then you go even farther, and let us know that you love us, no matter what else happens, without smothering us with it. We all know you love us, and that you'll be there for us, no matter what we need, or when we need it."

At that point, she started crying, and hugging me. All I could do was to hold her, and caress her back as I softly told her that I loved her, too, and tried to comfort her.

When she'd cried herself out, she asked me "Why did you ask me to marry you tonight?"

Trying to lighten the mood a bit, I told her "Well, when you find milk you like, you buy the cow." - and getting my side poked in response, as she laughed, and said "No, really."

"Remember that talk we had in my living room? When you asked me what I thought of you?"

She nodded, and I said "That's why. Every time we've been around each other since then, you've done nothing but show me how true all of that is. On top of that, now I know you've got guts, too, and that only makes it better."

"What do you mean, I've got 'guts'?"

"I mean I know that all of this scares you - remember, I saw the look on your face when the FBI car pulled up next to us tonight! - but you've got enough nerve to put it away the best you can for the girls' sake, and keep going. I mean it must have scared you and made you feel all kinds of embarrassed and ashamed when you admitted to me that you liked the idea of making love with another woman, and even Robyn and Sandra - but you were honest and brave enough to do it, anyway."

"But why ask me TONIGHT, of all times? And here, with me and the girls standing there in our underwear?"

I laughed, and told her "Tonight, because I wanted you to know that I'd be there for what's happening now, and what happens after. Here, so that both of us would know and understand that our physical relationship isn't just with each other, but with people that we're BOTH attracted to, and care about."

She snuggled closer, and said "You're pretty deep, and pretty smart, you know that?"

"Seems I've heard that before, from somebody. Forget who, though..." - and earning myself another jab.

We lay there like that for a while, content to simply hold each other before we started feeling sleepy. I called down to the front desk, and left a wakeup call for the next morning. That done, we went back to holding each other until we drifted off to sleep again.

The next morning, I managed to catch the phone before the second ring; Lucy stirred next to me, but didn't actually wake up. I eased myself away from her - with a mild noise of complaint - and went over to get some coffee started before heading into the bathroom. When I got out, the coffee was about half done, and Lucy was starting to stir - perfect, I thought: waking her up as gently and easily as possible.

As the miniature coffeemaker was starting to hiss that it was done, Lucy opened her eyes, and saw me sitting there, looking at her. She blessed me with a radiant smile, and as she started to roll over, caught sight of the ring I'd put on her finger the night before. She suddenly stopped, and turned to look at me, saying "It wasn't a dream last night, was it?"

I smiled back, and said "No, not for either one of us."

She suddenly sat up - letting the covers fall down and making her breasts jiggle in a most interesting way - and hugged me fiercely before telling me "I love you!"

I hugged her back, and told her that I loved her, too - but that we needed to get ready to go to the FBI office. At that, she pulled away from me a bit, and said, "I was hoping that part of it was just a nightmare", wistfully.

I kissed her, and told her "It won't be long, and you'll think it was, though", in an effort to comfort her, before gesturing toward the coffee. She nodded, and I got up to make us both a cup.

After we'd both had a few sips, I told Lucy "Last night, Agent Gallery asked me a favor."

"What's that?"

"He asked me if I'd bring the girls with us this morning."

Lucy looked at me sharply, and asked "What for?"

"A couple of reasons. First, they just want to make sure the girls understand what all this is about. Second, they want me to go with them when they hit TechnoDynamics, and

having all of you at the office just makes their job a little easier. Last, at my request, they're going to give you and the girls some brief lessons on self defense, and an introduction to guns."

Grudgingly, Lucy admitted that it was probably a good idea, adding "I'm not too sure about the guns part, but if you think it's a good idea, then I'll give it a try."

I assured her that I did think it was a good idea - "If for nothing else than to make sure they understand what a gun can really do".

When we'd finished our coffee, Lucy headed for the bathroom while I went in to get the girls out of bed. I found them wrapped in each other's arms, their legs intertwined. They were so lovely, I went back to knock on the bathroom door, telling Lucy there was something she'd want to see. A minute later, she came out, and I took her over to look at the girls - and she immediately fell in love with them, all over again. I got an idea, and dug out the digital camera I'd bought; when Lucy asked, I told her that it didn't use film, so there wasn't any problem with anyone but us seeing the photos. She nodded her agreement, and I got several images, from different angles, of Robyn and Sandra laying there.

I put the camera away as Lucy headed back for her bathroom, then went and sat on the edge of the bed. I reached out, and began caressing their upper arms in turn, first one, then the other, until they finally opened their eyes. When they saw me, both of their faces lit up, and they quickly threw off the covers to give me a good morning hug. I told them that all of us were going to the FBI office that morning, and both of them brightened at the idea. As I watched their cute backsides head for the bathroom, I called down to the front desk, and simply asked for the duty agent; a couple seconds later, a female voice answered "Agent Jones. What can I do for you, Mr. Andrews?"

"You can start by calling me Dan. Mister makes it sound like I'm even older than I feel, some days."

She laughed, and said "Okay, Dan. Agent Gallery told me you were pretty relaxed about all this, I should have listened to him. What's up?"

"We'll be wanting some breakfast this morning before we head in to the office. I was thinking the café here in the hotel would be good, unless you think it's too small, or too crowded."

"No, sir, it'll be just fine. The morning rush is over, and it's pretty empty now."

"Great. We'll be heading down in, oh, twenty minutes, thirty at the outside."

"That'll be fine, sir. We'll be ready. Thanks."

"No problem."

With that, I hung up the phone, and decided that the girls wouldn't mind sharing the bathroom with me while I shaved. After retrieving my vest and pistol from Lucy's room, I went into the bathroom to shave and brush. Since the girls were in the shower, giggling, I doubt they even noticed I was there.

After I'd dressed, I stuck my head in the bathroom to see Robyn and Sandra toweling each other off, with a little groping tossed in. I let them know that we'd be having breakfast in the hotel café in about fifteen minutes; both protested it wasn't enough time, then made a face at me when I answered "Fine. Go hungry, then!" - knowing full well that neither would pass up food after all the activity of last night.

Back in Lucy's room, I found her putting the finishing touches on her makeup. I told her where and when we'd be having breakfast, she smiled and said that was fine, with her - it gave her time for another cup of coffee. I smiled back, and poured each of us a cup as I told her about watching Sandra and Robyn heading for the bathroom, and how I'd found them after making arrangements for breakfast. She laughed when I told her about telling them to be ready, or go hungry - she knew better than I did that neither of them would willingly skip a meal. How they ate so much, and still stayed so slender, was a mystery to both of us.

Lucy and I were just finishing our coffee when the youngsters swarmed into the room. At my suggestion, all three had selected comfortable blouses and pants; even covered up that way, they were all a treat to see.

By then, enough time had passed that I knew it was okay to head off to get something to eat - Robyn and Sandra weren't the only ones feeling hungry that morning. They waited patiently as I opened the door a bit and checked the hallway before opening it all the way. We made our way to the elevator, and stopped only once on the way down to pick up an older gentleman. At the main floor, I spotted a couple of FBI agents, and the troop of us made our way to the café. I let Lucy and the girls find us a booth while I waited near the door for Agent Jones to let me know which one she was. I wasn't disappointed when a few seconds later, an apparent businesswoman got up to walk toward me. At 5'6" and maybe 120 pounds, dark red hair and nicely curved, I doubted anyone would take her for a gun-toting FBI agent. She looked every bit the attractive business exec - other than the all-but-issue purse she was toting that held her pistol in a convenient inside pocket. I saw several guys watching her, but she didn't seem to notice them, for some reason.

When she got close, I stuck my hand out, and said "Good morning, Agent Jones." She looked surprised, but took my hand and shook it before asking "How did you know it was me?"

"Educated guess. I figured the only one of your crew to approach me would be the agent in charge. You sure didn't sound like a guy on the phone, and that purse is all but a giveaway that you're carrying. Too bad that none of the fashion houses make purses that are designed for carrying a weapon."

She grinned at me wryly and said "Believe me, Dan, I wish they would, and am afraid they will - it would be nice to have some more choices, but I'm afraid I'd spend too much of my salary on them if they did!"

Both of us laughed at that before she told me "Agent Gallery said you were good; I'll have to apologize for doubting him about that, too." She followed that a moment later by saying "Dan, I'm sorry to ask, but Clara was very clear about it: are you wearing your vest?"

I grinned at her, and said - in my best little-boy tone - "YES, mother!" - and getting a grin in return before I told her "I'm also carrying my little purchase from last night."

She smiled at me, and said "Good. My people have already heard how you did, and seen the results. They're impressed, and they don't impress easy. Hell, **I'M** impressed - I only wished I could shoot that good. We're going to have to get you out on our combat range some day - I'll bet you could give our course record a pretty good run."

I thanked her, and then it was down to business as I told her "As Agent Gallery requested, Lucy and the girls will be staying at the office while I'm out. Lucy knows why, and I'll be telling the girls over breakfast. You can see I managed to convince them to dress for the occasion. If there's anything else I need to tell them, this would be a good time to let me know."

"No, that's it. I'm sure our office people will appreciate them being dressed appropriately. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yeah, there is. Last night, I was told that Mike could smooth out the trigger on this thing for me - it's feeling a little gritty. If he can, I'd like to clean the action on it a bit, too - it's a little mushy when it trips. He might like a little warning before I get there, I'm thinking."

She nodded, and said, "I'm sure he would. I'll make sure he gets a heads up. Anything else?"

"Nope. After breakfast, we'll be heading straight for your office."

"That's fine, thank you. My people are ready to leave whenever you are."

I nodded, and thanked her as I headed for where Lucy and the girls were waiting for me. I looked over the menu, and quickly made my choice; when the waitress arrived a bit later with coffee, all of us were ready to order.

As we were waiting for our meals to arrive, we chatted about a number of things before I managed to ease the conversation toward the FBI. As I'd hoped, Robyn and Sandra were anxious to know what we'd be doing there. Lucy and I shared a look before I started telling them about what the day held for us all - that I'd be going with the FBI to

TechoDynamics office while they and Lucy stayed with the FBI. I went on to explain that the FBI liked the idea of all of them staying together while I was out, then brought up the idea that there might be something for them to do there. They perked up at that idea, and I suggested that maybe the people at the office could even show them some of the stuff that FBI agents learned. They seemed to think that was a **great** idea, and actually started to look forward to spending some part of the day at the FBI offices.

Lucy leaned over to give me a hug and kiss, whispering "You are **such** a *devious* turd. If you'd told them that they WILL do that stuff, they'd have fussed; but when you hinted that it might not happen, well, you had them cold." before kissing me again.

About then, the waitress showed up with our order, and Lucy and I listened as the girls wondered about the different things they might be able to do that day.

When we'd finished our meal, the waitress was prompt to clear away our dishes, then return a few moments later with our check - I got to it before Lucy did - and coffee refills for Lucy and me. When we'd finished our coffee, I left the money for the meal with the ticket on the table, and nodded to Agent Jones, who stood up and led the way out of the café. Out in the lobby, I saw a number of people not paying the slightest attention to us as we headed for Lucy's car. I saw a car leave the parking lot ahead of us, and another behind us after we'd pulled into traffic. Both kept direct visual contact on us, despite the vagaries of city traffic, even though they were careful to change position so as to try and stay inconspicuous.

Once at the FBI offices, we found that Clara was waiting for us, as was Bill, to my surprise. He reached out to shake my hand, saying "I'm here to brief the rest of the people that will be assigned to you. If you've got a minute, I'd like to introduce all of you."

I looked at him and said "Far as I know, my time is yours. We'll be glad to." Lucy and the girls quickly agreed, and the four of us followed Bill back to his office, then through another door into a conference room full of people. Once there, Bill cleared his throat, and the light chatter quickly stopped. When it was quiet, he told them "Folks, this is Mr. Andrews. You've all read his file, and seeing him, I trust you can understand why you've been instructed not to interfere with him if he takes a, uh, active part in events. I tried him yesterday, and was lucky enough to come out of it with only a broken rib. With him is Lucy White, her daughter Robyn, and Robyn's friend Sandra." As he mentioned their names, Robyn and Sandra gave the group a small wave, and earning themselves a number of smiles.

Bill went on to tell them "People, just to make it clear, Mr. Andrews here is armed. Here are the targets he used last night when he was checking out the weapon." At that, another agent came in with the three targets mounted to some kind of foam backing, keeping them straight and flat. The white background also made the holes in the targets stand out.

"This one was his FIRST magazine, at twenty feet. His first shot was the one furthest from the x-ring; they got better from there, as you can see.

"This next one was a magazine he shot using the classic antiterrorist double-tap; that is, two shots fired in rapid succession. The target was at thirty feet. He fired these from a standing position, his weapon in his hand, but at his side. The owner of the range called out for each of the four exercises.

"Last is this target. He started from a standing position, the weapon in a holster at his *back*. The range owner called the start; Mr. Andrews fired all eight of these in less than six seconds. The range was FIFTY feet. I think you can put away any fears you might have had about Mr. Andrews accidentally shooting you", he said to general laughter.

"Agent Gallery has reported that Mr. Andrews is a very cooperative protectee, as are the ladies. Last night, they gave the detail plenty of warning before moving anywhere, actually asked for input from the detail about security measures AND LISTENED to the answers." - this drew general laughter - "Mr. Andrews even made arrangements for his detail to get something to eat while they were at Café Triomphe, whose owner is an old friend of his. Folks, he has an eye for security, and the training. Best of all, he's got good instincts, so don't be afraid to let him take over, if need be. Mr. Andrews understands some of the problems we're facing here, so don't hesitate to be honest with him. How much diplomacy to exercise is up to you.", he added with a grin.

Here, Agent Jones, who had been standing in the back spoke up "I can vouch for how helpful Mr. Andrews is. Mr. Andrews actually prefers that you address him informally, so call him Dan. He took the time to call down to us this morning to inquire if we had any problems with him and the ladies having breakfast in the hotel. When we didn't, he even let us know when they would be moving so that we could have our people in place. From my own experience, and from what Gallery told me, I have every reason to believe that Dan and the ladies will be helpful and understanding. I also want to add that Dan is a most observant person: he had me spotted as FBI well before I could introduce myself; further, he had me identified as the head of the detail. So if he spots one of you, don't take it personally."

As she was talking, I nudged Bill, and when he turned, asked him "I'm going to guess that she'd not a junior agent?"

He grinned, and said "Nowhere near it. She's one of my best; her and Gallery get the important ones" before turning back to the crowd.

About that time, the door behind us opened a bit, and Clara stuck her head through to ask Bill if we were free. He nodded, and gestured she should wait a moment. She did, and heard him tell the agents "Okay, people. You already knew the why. Now you know the who. Thank you, and you're dismissed."

They easily got to their feet, with most of them pausing to give us a close look before heading out the door.

When they were gone, Clara told us that she had an agent to show the girls around while we talked about what would be happening that day. With that news, both of them perked up considerably, and were ready to go when Clara opened the door to introduce them to Special Agent Abigail O'Malley, a cute young agent fresh out of the FBI Academy. Mid-20's, short brown hair, hazel eyes, slender but nicely curved, she looked more like a surfer girl than an armed agent.

When they'd left, I told Clara that I'd hinted to the girls that they **might** get a chance to see some of the training the agents went through, so they'd be more agreeable to the self-defense and weapons introductions they'd be getting. Clara smiled at my ruse, and said that she figured her people could come up with plenty to show the girls to keep them busy. That out of the way, she led us to a smaller conference room where there were several agents around a table. Clara led us to the gap they'd left us, and when they'd stopped chatting, told them "Folks, this is Dan Andrews and Lucy White. They're the people that brought us the goods on TechnoDynamics. Lucy is going to be staying in the office today, but Dan will be going with you, for several reasons. First, he's already been inside, and is familiar with the layout of the place, and the people. Second, it's his work that got us here. Third, he's had some damn good ideas about how to go at this. For those of you who haven't read his file, let me tell you that he was the team leader for a group that was the prototype for the Delta Force, and he's been 'in the field'. He's rated expert pistol and rifle. He has a Masters degree in computer science, from MIT. He's smart, and he's got good instincts; if he makes a suggestion, you should listen before making up your mind. If he insists, you better be ready to justify it to me if you say 'no'. Any questions? No? Okay, let's get on with the briefing."

Lucy and I sat there as different people talked all of us through what would be happening shortly after 1:00 PM that afternoon:

First, several cars full of agents would pull into the TechnoDynamics parking lot, and the lead agent - Agent Hernandez - me, and a couple of others would enter the lobby where we'd get the head of security and the head of personnel to the front desk. At that point, the other agents would enter, and spread through the building to establish themselves in certain key offices. That done, Agent Hernandez and I would head for the IS supervisors office while the other agents began the process of letting people know what was going on. Depending on what we got from the IS supervisor, one or two of the junior agents might be pulled off to assist us. All computers were to be properly shut down and secured, and all employees below management level - except for a select few - were to be escorted out of the building after being cautioned not to communicate with anyone about what was happening; there were a number of junior agents that would be assigned to that task. With only management personnel left, they would be isolated from each other, and read their rights before questioning. Any that seemed unduly nervous or otherwise apprehensive were to be brought to the attention of Agent Hernandez. When the building was secured, there were a number of accounting and other special agents that would begin the process of going through the files and records of the company. As this was happening, a number of bank accounts would be seized throughout the country, and records would be analyzed to identify all transfers involving the suspect accounts; then

THOSE accounts would be analyzed, and so on, to a level of 5 removes from the TechnoDynamics accounts.

At that point, one of the FBI computer people got up, and explained to the rest of them just exactly how and why the computers were to be secured. He also told them that I was the one that figured out what was going on, and that I'd had to walk the rest of them through it before they saw what was happening. He also added that his group had requested my presence to help with any problems they might run into.

Another agent told us that the local police had been notified, and were ready to provide additional personnel, if needed.

When the briefing was done, all of us were thoroughly familiar with what was going to be happening, and when. Agent Hernandez and I had a brief conversation in Spanish after he asked me a question.

When we were done, he laughed and said "Mr. Andrews, I'm impressed with your fluency in Spanish; but that accent is something else!"

Clara told him that it might be Russian or German - that I was also fluent in both of those. He got a dumbfounded look on his face before Clara led us back to her office. There, she asked me if there was anything I needed, and I told her "Only a cup of coffee, and to see your gunsmith, Mike."

She nodded, and excused herself with Lucy before leading me to a coffeepot, then the gunsmith, a slender black man.

"Mike? This is Dan Andrews."

"Mr. Andrews? A pleasure to meet you. I hear you've got a little something for me to do."

"Call me Dan, Mike. Yeah, I do" I told him, before reaching under my shirt to pull out the pistol - carefully, then getting the weapon safe to show them that it wasn't loaded. I added "The trigger on this thing feels kinda gritty, so if you could smooth it out some, I'd appreciate it."

He nodded, and asked "Jones told me you said something about it being mushy when it trips?"

"Yeah. Seems like there's a little too much play in where the hammer is released."

Again, he nodded, and told me "Easy enough. I can have the trigger polished up for you in about ten minutes, or so. If you've got another hour or thereabouts, I can take care of the rest of it."

"If you need some ammo, I've got a box out in the car", I told him.

"No, I've got plenty here, but thanks for offering. Don't see much in this caliber, these days."

He promised me the weapon would be ready by twelve o'clock, and I told him I'd see him then.

When we got back to Clara's office, I mentioned to her that I had noticed most of the agents were looking at me strangely. She looked confused for a moment, and then laughed, explaining "It's several things. First, you're the first person in a LONG time to come in and just hand us a case like this. Then there's the fact that word of your military record has gotten out. Finally, the agents that saw you shoot last night have been talking about it - a LOT."

Seeing the mildly confused look on Lucy's face, Clara told her "Short form - they're impressed. Shucks, **I'm** impressed."

Lucy looked at her, then me, then back to Clara before asking "You mean he's even impressing the FBI?"

Clara laughed, and answered "Yeah, even us. And believe me, Lucy, we don't impress easily. I personally have busted bank robbers, kidnappers, con men, drug dealers, and all kinds of people. I've been shot at, several times, and even hit once. I was in on it when we busted a spy ring. But this man sitting next to you? He's **something**."

"He sure is. I think I'm going to find out what, after last night - he asked me to marry him, and I accepted" Lucy told her.

Clara got a delighted look on her face, then spotted the ring on Lucy's finger. In moments, the two of them were like long-lost friends, talking about marriage and all the rest of it. I just sat back and drank my coffee.

A while later, they finally ran down a little bit, and Clara told us "If you'd like, we can go see what O'Malley has been up to with them."

Both of us nodded at the suggestion, and Clara got on the phone to ask the receptionist to have O'Malley call her. A few seconds after she hung up the phone, it rang. When she answered, she nodded to us that it was O'Malley, and asked where they were. She nodded at the answer, telling her we'd be there in a few moments. When she'd hung up the phone, she told us "O'Malley's going to be one of the good ones, I think. She's shown them our fingerprint facility, and has them in the lab now, showing them how we can collect evidence from damn near anything. I think the two of you might like to see it, too."

We stood up, and she led us through a few twists and turns before we went through the door into what could only have been a lab. Around the middle of it, we spotted O'Malley, with Robyn and Sandra flanking her as she talked to them about some object she was holding. We managed to get about halfway to them before the girls spotted us, and came

rushing up to start telling us about all they'd been doing, and how much fun they'd been having, and how interesting all of it was. I looked around, and saw that a couple of the lab people were watching all this with amusement; I figured if they could laugh about having Robyn and Sandra in the middle of their work area, things couldn't have been *too* bad.

When Robyn and Sandra had caught us up on what they'd seen so far, O'Malley stepped up and asked us to follow her. She led us over to a corner where one of the technicians was positioning a sheet of paper on a small platform inside a small booth, underneath a couple of strange-looking lights. O'Malley told us that he was getting ready to check the paper - a note from a kidnapper - for fingerprints and other evidence. We watched as he dimmed the lights in the booth, and hit another switch. Immediately, the paper began to glow strangely, and we could see several dark smudges on it. O'Malley told us that he was looking at it with a special light that brought out the oils left behind that made fingerprints. As we watched him, the man carefully applied a liquid to the paper, and let it dry before he turned the light off - revealing that whatever he'd done, it had made the fingerprints visible in normal light, too. Then he switched on another light, and we saw some spots glowing in an arc at the bottom of the sheet. O'Malley let us know that he'd turned on a special laser that showed them where there were body fluids - in this case, apparently saliva, since the arc resembled what happened when someone licked the flap on an envelope too much, and left saliva on the paper inside. The man carefully took several photographs of the paper before using a scalpel to cut out one of the spots. O'Malley let us know that the sample he'd just collected was enough to run a DNA test that would be compared to their suspect's. She went on to tell us that they were confident of a match, since they'd captured him after he collected the marked money they'd left for the ransom; but that they were going through the entire process to make sure that they didn't leave anything to chance - the man had kidnapped a couple's 3-year-old daughter, and they wanted to be certain they put him away for as long as possible. When Lucy asked, O'Malley told us that the child had been returned unharmed, and was attending pre-school.

I eased my way back a little bit, and got Clara's attention. Together, we walked a few feet away before I told her "Thanks. That little demonstration is going to do wonders to put to rest any fears they may still have."

She grinned at me, and said "You can point to damn near anything in here, and we can give you a similar story. I told you, O'Malley's good - she knows why you're all here, and she understands what those folks are probably going through. She's determined to let them know that *her* FBI isn't going to let anything bad happen to them. We've got good people here, Dan."

"I know that. It's just getting those three to see it, too, and know that your good people are watching out for them."

"And that you're watching out for them, too. From the way they all look at you, I know that's more important to them than anything else, right now."

"Well, Lucy and I had a talk about it last night" - "I'll bet!" she interjected - "and she understands why it's so important. Not just to you, but to me, and even herself. She's not happy about it, but she can live with it."

"And the girls?"

"They're tolerant-to-amused at the attention. They understand that the people we're after are bad guys, and why. I'm figuring that being here will help it sink in just important this is, and why."

"I think we can help with that."

I grinned at her, and said "I'm counting on it!" and getting a smile in return.

We went back to join Lucy and the girls, and followed O'Malley as she showed us some of the other technology and techniques that the FBI used to solve crimes, or prosecute offenders. By the time we left their lab, it was time for me to collect my pistol from Mike. Lucy and the girls followed O'Malley on to their next destination, saying they already knew I could shoot good.

Mike told me what he'd done, and I gave it a couple of dry-fires to check it out. He invited me to try it out on their range, an offer I readily accepted. What I didn't expect was the audience I drew. There must have been twenty agents that had nothing better to do than watch me.

I went through the first clip nice and slow, appreciating the fine work Mike had done on smoothing the trigger out - it felt like two pieces of polished glass sliding across each other. With the target at thirty feet, I all but eliminated the 'X' in the x-ring.

Following that, I went through another magazine, getting a feel for where the hammer released. This time the target was at fifty feet, and I **almost** took out the 'X' again.

When I'd reloaded, I turned around to see the crowd had grown to about thirty people. One of them stepped forward to ask me if I'd do them the favor of going through their combat range; I checked my watch, and saw that there was still plenty of time, and agreed. They led me outside, then down to a hilly area where I found Bill, and Agents Gallery and Jones. Bill told me that the range was set up no differently than it was for any other agent, with random pop-up figures. Some were targets, others were 'civilians', some were a combination. The goal was to go through the range and fire 3 magazines before getting to the end while using whatever cover and concealment was available. I was to start with my weapon holstered, and my hands at my sides. Scoring was done through a calculation of the number of 'kills' and 'wounded' for both bad guys and civilians, and elapsed time. Time would start from when I first drew my weapon.

I nodded my understanding, and the three of them stepped aside for me to enter the range. I found myself going down a stereotypical city street, with a mix of single and two-story 'buildings', alleyways, cross streets, and so on.

The first thing to happen was a couple of generic thugs to cross in front of me from opposite sides; both quickly sported half-inch holes. To my right, a figure popped up, a child with a toy gun. When that dropped, another slid out of a hood with a shotgun; that one was perforated, as well. A few more steps, and I heard something behind me, and added a third eye to the two the woman with a machinegun already had. A couple more steps, and a lady with her arms full of groceries came out of a doorway, then disappeared back inside - followed by her reappearance with a handgun. Another half-inch hole, and I move forward again. A construction worker pops out of a manhole, then disappears. A cop pops out of an alley. Another hood shows up in a second story window, and gets ventilated. When he 'falls', he's replaced by another one, who gets the same treatment. The next window down, a kid pops up. A granny appears in a doorway; her shotgun gets her shot. A hood slides out of a doorway, with a kid held in front of him. He gets a third eye, too.

I duck behind a dumpster, and change mags in a couple of seconds; when I step out, a biker-looking character pops up. Armed only with a kitten, he goes free - but not the biker chick with a magnum that follows him. A woman with a baby is next, then another kid with a toy gun. A couple of bikers with rifles get dealt with, then the 'druggie' with a machete. A psycho with a kid hostage is next to get shot, but not the little girl with a doll. A cop in an upstairs window, then a terrorist with a rifle gets dealt with. Another terrorist, with a pistol, then a thug with a rifle, get taken out. Change mags on the move, and the President shows up; he's followed by another terrorist, who gets holed. A woman with a baby carriage, flanked by a couple of gangsters with machine guns - they fall, she doesn't. A paperboy on a bicycle to ignore, then a biker with a rifle to get perforated. Behind me, a noise - the lady with the baby carriage apparently had a machine gun in it, and she gets ventilated. An unarmed biker goes free, but not the guy in a suit packing a shotgun. A couple of kids, a housewife, then a female terrorist gets shot, as does the construction worker with an Uzi. As the slide on the pistol locks back, I shout "Time!" to stop the clock.

Behind me, I hear cheering, and make my way back to where the assorted agents are all waiting. Bill is grinning at me; so is Agent Gallery. Jones is just staring, as are a few of the others. A few seconds, and another agent walks up to Bill, handing him a sheet of paper. Bill looks it over before looking at me, then the other agents, before saying "Perfect score on bad guys - every one a lethal first shot. No innocents wounded or killed. Time was just 3 seconds short of a new course record. He's added seven points to set a new best score."

Bill turns back to me and says "Dan, you've broken the best range score we had, and did it your first pass through. If you ever need a job teaching firearms, I'm sure we can get you a job at the Academy. Don't you think so, Amanda?", he added, looking at Agent Jones, who just stood there staring at me.

When she realized her name had been used, she gave a sudden start, and blushed, making several of the other agents start laughing. I looked at Bill, and he told me "Jones, here, set the score you just beat. Took her thirteen tries to do it, too."

I apologized to her, saying "Sorry. Didn't mean to embarrass anyone, or anything."

She gave me a shy grin, and said "It's okay. At least it took someone as good as you to do it!" - getting a few chuckles from some of the agents around us.

"Well, if it'll help make it better, I'd be happy to buy you some dinner tonight, to make up for it."

"Deal!", she laughed, before we all headed back to their offices. Back inside, Mike quickly offered to clean my pistol as I reloaded the magazines. As I was holstering the loaded pistol again, Lucy came up and gave me a hug, saying "I just heard that you did good on their range."

"Pretty good."

"Hmmpf. Set a new course record, Agent Jones told me. Blew by HER course record."

I just shrugged, and Lucy said "Funny thing is, she doesn't seem mad or upset about it. Just said she was going to practice more, and get the record back."

"That's how it is with folks like this: records are the *harmless* way of measuring how good they are. When it gets down to it, the only thing that **really** matters to them is whether or not they're good *enough*. They are, and that's all they need to know."

Lucy looked at Mike, and he just smiled at her, and nodded.

About that time, another agent showed up, and said "Mr. Andrews? It's almost time, sir. If you'll follow me?"

At that, Lucy suddenly got serious, and I told her "Look, it's nothing, really. We're going to shake up a bunch of office drones. How dangerous, really, are the people YOU work with, compared to these agents?"

She thought about that for a few seconds, she smiled at me, and answered "Nowhere near. Just be careful, okay?" before giving me a kiss.

As we got to the cars we'd be taking, Agent Hernandez came out to greet me, saying "A gringo speaking Spanish with a Russian accent. Damnedest thing I've ever heard!", with a smile.

When we got to the TechnoDynamics offices, Agent Hernandez and I, followed by a couple more agents, made our way to the front desk. The receptionist recognized me, and

greeted me by name - and completely lost her composure when Agent Hernandez showed her his ID, and told her to get the Personnel manager and their head of security there. **NOW.**

She got the numbers dialed easily enough, but stammered her way through telling them that the FBI was there to speak to them. In about zero seconds flat, we could see that both were hurriedly making their way down the stairs from the second floor. I told Hernandez which was which, and he greeted them by name when he showed them his ID. With a small wave of his hand, the agents outside came in, and quickly made their way to the offices they'd been assigned as Hernandez explained what was happening, and why, to the Personnel manager and security chief. Both paled when he told them, and he had a couple of other agents lead them off to separate rooms before he and I headed for the IS supervisors office.

As we entered, she looked up at me, and asked what was happening. Agent Hernandez showed his ID again, and told her what we were doing there. That done, he stepped back a bit, and let me deal with her first. I explained to her what I'd really been there for, and what I'd found - and not found. As I was talking, I could see understanding on her face, and when I'd finished, she said "Well, that explains a lot."

"How so?" I asked.

"Why someone with your credentials and education would be pulling security checks."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, when I was told you were coming in here, I got on the Internet, and did a search on your name. Found out the masters thesis you did, and couldn't believe that the same person that wrote *it* was in here doing security tests on our system. I finally decided that it was just a coincidence that you had the same name. Now I know better."

"So will you be able to help us?" Agent Hernandez asked her.

"I think so. I knew something was going on, but couldn't quite figure out what it was, or how it was happening. I mean, I'm good, I'm just not in **his** league." she told him, gesturing at me.

He grinned, and answered "Ma'am, believe me, you're not the only one not in his league!"

She looked a little confused, then turned back to look at me when I asked her "You said that you knew something was up, but not the how or what?"

"Yes"

"What made you suspicious?"

"When the Finance VP comes in here and tells one of my techs to change out a hard drive, I'm going to figure something is up."

"What happened, exactly?"

"That ass McKinley came in here one night, and told my tech to change out one of the hard drives. Even told him which one. All of our stuff is hot-swappable, so the guy did it. McKinley then tells him to format it, then toss the drive, and leaves. The tech checked the records, just I've taught them, and sees that it's still under warranty. He leaves it for me, with a note about what happened."

"And?"

"And I had a look at it. None of the stuff on it made any sense to me, but it still seemed good, so I hung on to it, and replaced it with a new one. A few days later McKinley calls to see if I've tossed the drive yet. I tell him I did, and he's happy."

"So you've still got the old one?"

"Sure. It's the bottom one of that stack in the corner, there."

I dug it out, and told Agent Hernandez "I knew there were some missing files. I couldn't find them **anyplace**. The records showed that they'd been archived to a drive, but not which one. I'll bet money that this drive has what you need to not only nail their coffin shut, but wrap it in chains and bury it in cement."

The IS supervisor looked at me, and said "But it's been FORMATTED. Surely, you don't think you can get anything off it now, do you?"

I just smiled, and said "Oh, there's ways. I know a guy that can pull a surprising amount of stuff off here." Then I turned to Agent Hernandez, and asked "Can you get one of your computer people up here?" He nodded, and spoke into a small radio. A couple minutes later, an agent came in and identified himself as Special Agent Carson of the Technical Division. I quickly filled him in on the details of the drive's history, and he nodded his understanding. I asked him if the FBI had anybody in particular to retrieve the data, and he said that the only person he was aware of would take several weeks to do the job. I told him to send the drive to the person I knew, saying "I'll give him a call, and he'll put it on the front burner. You'll have the data in a week, tops. Just a couple of things. First, the agent that delivers it is NOT to ask questions of ANY kind; Lacy will tell them when it'll be done. Second, the agent is to ignore any comments or other remarks that Lacy makes."

Agent Hernandez couldn't help asking "Why?"

"Because Mark 'Spacey' Lacy is a guy I went to M.I.T. with. Hardware weenie. He thinks software is only useful when it makes his hardware do something. He's pretty eccentric; if

the agent asks him for anything more than the time of day, Lacy's likely to figure the FBI is after HIM, and get real uncooperative.

Second, he's REALLY eccentric, and may voice a few less than flattering comments about the government, or suggest some pretty improbable conspiracies. The scary part is, the way he explains them, they sound almost reasonable. As long as the agent just delivers the drive and collects it when Lacy says it'll be ready, everything will be cool. He's one of those rare people that's so good at what he does that you'll forgive him anything short of being an axe murderer when you need him." I answered.

Hernandez nodded his understanding, as did the other agent, who assured me that my instructions WOULD be followed. That done, he took the drive, put it in the padded aluminum briefcase he had with him, and left to get it back to the office for transport.

The next few hours went by pretty easily. With the suddenness of what had happened, the FBI agents didn't have any problems with the staff. Their technical people ran into a couple of problems, but the IS supervisor was able to help them with all but one that needed my attention. Knowing that her suspicions had been correct, the IS supervisor was a more than willing participant in helping the FBI techs ferret out the information they were after.

Agent Hernandez had to take the lead on questioning some of the staff, and asked me for info on a couple of them. I told him what I knew, and what I suspected, and he was finally able to convince them to cooperate fully. By five o'clock, Hernandez agreed that my presence wasn't necessary any longer, and had one of the agents take me back to their office - with another car full of agents for company.

When I got back to FBI headquarters, Clara showed me back to where Lucy and the girls were getting some basic education in firearms. I stayed back out of the way, so they couldn't see me, as I watched them take their first, tentative, shots with a single-fire .22 pistol. After a few shots, they got comfortable with the weapons, and weren't as hesitant to try a .38, then a 9mm. Lucy went on to try a .357 magnum; the youngsters weren't up to trying something that powerful. Finally, the instructor got all of them to try just one shot with a .45; all three put it down with relief after they'd pulled the trigger. All of them were still willing to have a try with a 9mm machine gun, though - putting it down with a combination of relief and regret when they'd emptied the magazine. Finally, he let them go through a magazine of ammo with an M-16; all were reasonably comfortable with it when they'd finished. When he saw me standing back, the instructor gestured for me to go ahead and join them - all three quickly hugged me and started telling me about what they'd been up to. I congratulated them, and expressed my satisfaction with how they'd shot.

After we left their firing range - and the instructor had congratulated me on setting a new combat range record - Robyn and Sandra were insistent on holding onto my waist as they told me about all they'd done that afternoon. They were even enthusiastic about the self-defense training they'd gotten the instructor to give them. Talking to them about it, I

realized that they understood that they weren't ready to walk down dark alleys yet, but were at least past the point of just standing like a deer in the headlights if there was any trouble.

As we were going down the hall, Agent Jones met us, and told me that Clara would like to have a word with me before I left, and that our detail was ready whenever we were ready to leave. I thanked her, and asked her when she wanted to join us for dinner. She smiled, and asked if seven o'clock would be acceptable. I assured her that it would, and she headed on her way.

In Clara's office, I found out that the drive we'd gotten from the IS supervisor was on it's way to Lacy; with Clara's permission, I gave him a call to let him know that it was coming, and who would be bringing it. A brief conversation followed before he got around to telling me that he'd be done with it three or four days after he got it. I thanked him, and that ended the call. Clara thanked me for speeding things up, and told us that we were pretty much free to do as we pleased; that if they needed anything else, they'd let us know.

Lucy asked if that meant we could go home, and Clara thought it over for a moment before saying "If you'd stay here in town for a couple more days, I'd appreciate it; but if you want to go back home right away, I'll understand that, too."

Lucy and the girls shared a look before Lucy looked at me. I gave her a small shrug, letting her know that either was fine with me. She turned back to Clara and told her that we'd go ahead and stay at the hotel for another few days before heading home. Clara thanked her, and wished us a good evening. On the way home, I told Lucy and the girls about inviting Agent Jones to join us for dinner, and why. They all agreed that it was a nice thing to do, and welcomed her company.

Once outside, I saw that Agent Gallery was with us again, and gave him a friendly nod; he gave me a big grin and a thumbs-up, apparently having heard how things had gone at TechnoDynamics.

Back at the hotel, we were making our way to our rooms after getting off the elevator when the door to one of the other rooms opened up. We'd just passed the FBI agent watching for us, and even he was surprised when a couple of large, burly guys came out and stood in front of the four of us. Lucy took one look at them and gave a little squeak before stepping back, in front of the girls. I just stood there looking at them, waiting to see what they had in mind - and ready to deal with it. Behind me, I heard the FBI agent ask "What do you want me to do, sir?"

"Just hold on a second, and let's see what these gentlemen want." I told him.

The one on the left asked "Your name Dan Andrews?" I nodded, and he went on "A friend of ours believes that you're involved in something that doesn't concern you. Our

friend thinks that it would be best for everyone concerned if you were to remove yourself from any involvement in the matter."

"And if I don't agree?"

"Then there exists the possibility that some unpleasant things could happen to you. Or maybe the broad."

"What kind of unpleasant things?"

He looked at the FBI agent behind us before looking at me again, and said "Things like maybe your house could burn down. Or maybe you could get hurt, or even dead. Or these things could happen to someone you care about."

I looked at him, then his partner. Both had the cold, dead eyes of a shark - they were so used to doing this kind of thing, and following up on it, that it simply didn't mean anything to them any more. Legal problems aside, killing someone meant as little to them as removing a callous.

When he saw that I wasn't noticeably afraid of them, the one on the right started to get a little nervous. I asked the leader "By any chance, do you know Jules Francone?"

They shared a look, and the leader answered "It's possible. Why?"

"You got a cell phone?"

He nodded, and I went on "Suppose you do us all a favor. Call him up. Tell him you're here with Boomer, and ask if he wants to talk to me."

"Why should I do that?"

"Like I said, it could save us all some time and trouble. You're already here, and you've delivered your message. What can it hurt to call him?"

He thought that over for a few moments, then reached into his jacket pocket. I heard Lucy gasp behind me; the FBI agent was playing it cool.

He pulled out a phone, and we watched as he dialed a number, then asked for Jules.

A moment later "Jules? This is Vincent. I'm here with somebody called Boomer. You want to talk to him?"

He listened for a few seconds, then looked surprised before handing me the phone.

"Hey, Boomer, what the hell are you doing with Vinnie?" I heard.

"Hey, Guido, what's up? Listen, I'm standing here in a hotel hallway. I got a woman and two girls with me. There's an FBI agent behind me, and a couple of legbreakers in front of me. So far, everything's cool, but after these guys talked to me, I'm thinking that the cool isn't going to last very long."

"No shit? Boomer, I don't know what you're into, but if you've got Vinnie's attention, it's not good. What hotel you at?"

I told him, and gave him my room number, then he said "Okay. Look, you know I'm not in the family business, right?"

"Sure. Saw Muddy, he told me. Anyway, you told me you didn't want to do it that way, so why shouldn't I believe you?"

"Okay, just making sure. Look, I'm not in the family business, but they're still family, right? Let me find out what's going on, and call you back."

"Sounds fair to me. I'm pretty sure I know what it's about; what I'd like to do is see if we can't stop this bullshit before it gets too deep, you know?"

"Yeah, I got ya. So Muddy told you I was staying out of it? Before or after he offered to help? And with how many other guys?"

"After. A few, he said."

"Oh, shit. Okay, let me tell them to lay off you, okay? Then I'll call you back later."

"Fine with me."

With that, I handed the phone back to Vinnie. He took it, and listened for several seconds before handing it to the guy on the right. The other guy listened a little bit, too, then gave me a strange look, and took a step back before closing the phone and giving it back to Vinnie.

"Jules says we should leave you alone, if we know what's good for us. Says he'll tell... he'll explain it. Says if we mess with you, **we'll** be the ones to get hurt, not you." Vinnie said.

I just shrugged. That seemed to make the one on the right even more nervous, and he took another step back.

"I think it's a buncha crap. I think I could kick your ass from here to Tijuana and back, not even break a sweat. Jules isn't even **family**, not really."

I just looked at him for a moment, and said "Vinnie? Don't let your alligator mouth get your hummingbird ass in trouble."

He got red in the face, and tried to hit me.

A moment later, he was laying on the floor, out cold, his leg sticking out at an odd angle from his knee. When the other one looked up from where Vinnie was, he was looking down the business end of my pistol. His eyes got real wide, and I told him "You, you're the smart one. Somebody isn't afraid of you, it's one of two reasons. Either they're a whole lot badder than you think, or they're flat-out crazy. Either one is bad news. Now, you can go away and leave me and these folks alone, and I won't hurt you. If I see you again, I'm going to figure you're not as smart as I thought, and I'm going to take you out. We understand each other?"

His eyes locked on the muzzle of the .45, he nodded.

"Now, get the fuck away from me. Take this lump of shit with you. Do it easy, and slow, right?"

He nodded again, and carefully reached down to grab Vinnie by the collar, then drag him back into the room they'd been in. His eyes never moved from the pistol.

When the door had closed behind them, I pushed Lucy and the girls past me - Lucy was white as a sheet, and the girls were quietly crying. Right on their heels was the FBI agent.

"Sir, I'm sorry, sir. I don't know how they got this close!" he exclaimed, his weapon drawn as he watched the door.

"At ease, there, agent. It's a big hotel. You can't be everyplace at once, and you can't watch everything. I'd have been surprised if somebody *hadn't* shown up with a message."

He looked at me strangely, and I went on "You folks warned us that there might be organized crime involved. They've been at this longer than you have, and they don't have to play by any rules."

He looked only slightly mollified at that, and said "Still, I need to tell Agent Gallery about this."

"That's fine. He can call the ambulance that Vinnie needs."

The agent finally grinned at that, and asked "Uh, what was that, sir? That you used to take him down?"

"Tai Chi"

He looked at me in disbelief, and I told him "Watch a Tai Chi tape sometime. Run it on fast forward. It's a martial art, done slow. Do it at regular speed, it's right useful."

As he reached for the radio on his belt, I nodded to him, and made my way to Lucy's room, where I found the three of them sitting on the bed in a huddle, crying.

When they saw me come in, all three jumped up and ran over to hold me for reassurance. I hugged them, and rubbed their backs, and generally muttered comforting words at them until the waterworks dried up.

About that time, there was a knock at the door, and they let me loose long enough to go answer it - finding Agent Gallery there, looking worried.

I let him in, and the first thing he did was to look over at Lucy and the girls to make sure they were okay - and earning himself a LOT of brownie points with me. Then he turned to face me and said "Dan, I think we need to move you. Tonight. As soon as you can."

"I understand where you're coming from, Agent Gallery, but that won't be necessary. I'm sure no one will be bothering us tonight."

"What makes you so sure?"

"You talked to the agent in the hallway?" - he nodded, and I went on "He heard me talking to Guido. Well, Guido is Jules Francone. He's a member of the local Family, but he's not *family*, if you know what I mean." He nodded, and I told him "Me and Guido, we did a little time together on a mission. He got shot down someplace or other, and me and my boys went in to pull him out before the locals noticed he'd lived. Got a little interesting, but we all made it out okay. On the way out, he told me who he was, and we got to talking the way GI's do. He told me about the Family, and that he didn't want to make his mark that way. Of course, along the way, he picked up the name Guido, kind of a left-handed compliment at him trying to stay out of the family business. Well, when Vinnie and Lugnut out there showed up and had their say, I asked them to call him. Gave him a little description of what was happening, and said I'd like to avoid trouble. He's going to talk to some people, and get back to me. In the mean time, he tried to put the leash on Vinnie. Vinnie tried to get cute, and found out I wasn't interested."

Agent Gallery looked at me, surprised, and said "We weren't aware that you had any contacts in the Falcone family."

"Like I said, I helped pull him out of a jam. No official contact, technically."

He nodded, and said "So why are you so sure nobody will bother you tonight?"

"Couple of reasons. First, the first bunch got sent back with their tails between their legs. Second, Jules is going to talk to somebody; I'm willing to bet that even though he's not in the business, he's still got some influence. That'll slow them down enough to think about what happened."

Agent Gallery nodded, and said "Yeah, that sounds reasonable. Still, I'd feel better if you didn't go out tonight, okay?"

"That's fine. I was kinda in the mood for room service, anyway."

He smiled his relief, and suddenly brightened, telling me "Well, you'll still have Agent Jones here - she told me that she'd be coming to collect the dinner you offered as consolation prize for breaking her record. I'll feel better knowing she's here with you."

I nodded, and told him "You got a phone number or something for her? I probably need to warn her that it's not going to be as dress-up as I'd figured."

He laughed, and said "She's already been told what happened. She said she'd be casual."

I thanked him, and he went over to check on Lucy and the girls before letting himself out.

By the time I'd finished with Agent Gallery, and he'd left, the others had calmed down appreciably; but they were still shaky enough that all were more than agreeable to my suggestion of a group snuggle on the bed. In short order, I had Lucy in my arms on one side, with Robyn and Sandra on the other.

As we lay there, Lucy told me that Agent Jones had been very helpful in making sure the girls had plenty to do, and had even joined in with the three of them on the self-defense classes to let them 'beat up' on her. She'd also shown them a few things that she'd learned on her own, that particularly applied to females defending themselves. All three agreed that they liked Jones a lot. Lucy even went so far as to tell me "Every time she talked about you, she got this **look** on her face. Dan, I swear, if you smiled at her right, she'd go to bed with you!" - and I teased her right back, saying "And of course, YOU would never think about joining me, would you?" and making her blush. All of us had agreed that Amanda Jones was a right attractive female, FBI agent or not.

We were still laying there, holding each other when we heard a knock at the door. Sandra started to get up to answer it, but Lucy quickly gestured for her to stay where she was, getting up to answer the door herself, instead. I heard her ask who it was, then the locks on the door being undone a few moments later. As Agent Jones came in, she gave a silent whistle at the rooms we had as I heard Lucy re-setting all the locks on the door. Agent Jones was dressed in a light cotton dress, pale green to show off her red hair and slightly pale complexion; it also showed that she had a nice pair of trim, muscular legs, and a slim, but definitely female, shape.

When she'd had a good look around, Agent Jones looked at the three of us on the bed, and smiled, saying "That's about as comfortable group of people as I've seen in a long time!", making Robyn and Sandra smile back at her. Lucy came in then, and said "Well, you know things got a little 'interesting' out in the hall, and I think all of us just needed to hold each other for a little while."

Jones said, "Yeah, I heard. I also heard that it was interesting for the two goons, too!"

Lucy smiled at her, and answered "Yeah, thanks to Dan.", before looking at me lovingly.

Robyn asked Jones "Uh, Agent Jones?"

Agent Jones said "It's okay, Robyn. Just call me Amanda, or Amy."

"Amy? I wanted to thank you again for what you showed us today. If it wasn't for that, I think I would have done something to mess things up when those guys were bothering us."

"Yeah, me, too!" Sandra added.

"It's okay - that's what I'm here for" she told them.

I noticed that her eyes kept drifting down to a spot below Robyn's waist. A quick glance revealed that Sandra's hand was on the inside of Robyn's thigh - and rather high up, at that. I decided to try something, telling Amy "Sorry we didn't get up, but we're a pretty casual group; we're not ashamed or afraid to show affection for each other."

She pulled her eyes away from where they'd been, and when she saw that I'd been looking at her, blushed faintly, saying "That's okay. My own childhood was kind of strict, and I always envied the other kids that had families that were, uh, more open with each other."

Lucy listened to this, from behind Amy, and gave me a look that plainly asked "Am I hearing what I **think** I'm hearing?"

Robyn told her "Well, then, why don't you kick your shoes off, and join us, then? Nobody here bites, and I'm sure we can make room for you between me and Sandra!"

For the first time in what I suspected was a long time, Amy seemed to find herself flustered at the invitation - but after a few moments, brightened up and did just as Robyn suggested - kicked her shoes off, set her handbag on the table, and climbed up onto the bed with us. Sandra readily moved to the side to make room for her, and in just a few moments, Agent Jones was neatly bracketed by Robyn and Sandra, who both took one of her hands in theirs. Lucy resumed the position she'd had before, next to me.

Though visibly nervous, Amy was a trooper, and stayed between the youngsters even when each of them rested a hand on her leg. As we sat there chatting, she began to calm down, eventually joining in our talk without prompting. When the girls finally let go of her hands, she let them stay in the girl's laps; and even putting them back after using them to emphasize something she was talking about.

After a while, I realized that Amy might have other plans, and asked her if there was anyplace she had to be. She quickly assured me that she didn't, saying that with the additional agents we'd met that morning, there were more teams assigned to us - meaning that she'd work a shift, get a shift off, work another shift, then get TWO shifts off before coming in to repeat the cycle. She had the next day off, and would meet up with us again the next evening.

I told her that I'd planned to feed her something better than room service fare, and she quickly assured me that it was the gesture that mattered - that she'd be just as flattered if I took her out for a burger and fries. I asked if anyone was hungry, and Robyn's stomach growled - I told them that I'd take that as a 'yes', even as Robyn was blushing. Lucy handed over the room service menu, and when I asked for it, the phone. I called down and told Agent Gallery that we'd be having room service, so please, don't shoot the waiter. He laughed, and said that the waiter would be one of his people.

We all had a look at the menu, and after everyone had made up their minds, I called down and placed the order. While we waited, we continued to talk with each other, with most of the conversation going on between Amy and the girls as they asked her even more questions about what it was like to be an FBI agent. I think she was getting a little tired of talking about herself when we heard a knock at the door. About that time, the phone rang, and when Lucy answered it, I saw her listen a moment, then smile. After she hung up the phone, she told us "That was Agent Gallery. He was letting me know that the person at the door is one of his, with our order."

She got up and went to the door, taking possession of the meals we'd requested.

When the door was secured again, she wheeled the cart in, and we all worked our way off the bed to get our food, then sit around the table to enjoy it. Sandra and Robyn positioned themselves on each side of Amy and listened attentively as Amy, Lucy, and I talked about what had happened that day, and what we could expect in the coming weeks and months.

When we'd finished, we piled the dishes back on the cart, and I wheeled it out into the hall, after checking it first - and finding agents at each end of it. Both raised a hand in recognition when they saw me looking at them.

With the meal over, I could see that Amy wasn't in any particular hurry to leave. As I was talking with her, I saw Lucy and the girls go into a huddle behind her, and knew they were up to something. After they rejoined us, things seemed to go along fine for a bit - until Robyn asked Amy if she'd like to see the clothes they'd bought at the mall the day before. Amy readily agreed, and the fashion show was on - with a little prompting from Sandra, even Lucy agreed to join in. As Amy and I sat at the table, I assured her that she'd like what she saw - letting her interpret it in whatever way she wanted. She blinked when I said it, and I could all but see the gears going in her head.

The first part of it was pretty much a repeat of what had gone on the night before - each of them taking turns to change in the bathroom before opening the door to show us what outfit they'd bought. It was when Lucy finally opened the door to show us the teddy she'd bought that we finally got a reaction out of Amy. From the corner of my eye, I could see it when she quickly looked over at me; I turned my head and smiled at her, saying "I told you I thought you'd like what you saw. Very pretty, eh?"

She gulped, and nodded her head before looking back at Lucy. Still, I don't think she was really prepared for when Robyn made an appearance in her bra-and-panty set. Amy looked at me, then Lucy, who told her "Like Dan said - we're a casual bunch, and affectionate. You might even say that we're private nudists - most of the time at home, we don't wear much, if anything."

"Uh, doesn't that get kind of, um, embarrassing?"

"No, why should it? I mean, all of us know what parts we all have, so it's not like there's any surprise **there**. If anything, it's actually relaxing."

"How so?"

"Well, with all of us naked, there's no mystery to it. I mean, since we can all look at the others pretty much any time, there's no sneaking looks, or any of that nonsense. If Dan wants to look at my tits, he can - he doesn't have to try and cop a look when he thinks the girls won't notice or anything like that. And if the girls want to know what a penis looks like, well, there's Dan, any time they care to look. It's kind of surprising, actually - when you can look any time you want, it takes the 'dirtiness' out of it. And if he gets an erection when he's looking at us, we know that it's not just because he's looking at **a** naked female, but because he's looking at **US**, and finding **US** sexy. We all know what he finds attractive in a female, so when he get an erection while looking at us, we take it for what it means - as a compliment."

"You've all seen him like that?"

"Sure", Robyn told her, adding, "Like mom said, we're pretty relaxed at home."

Lucy spoke up, telling Amy "I don't think it's a big deal. First, it's not something he's *completely* in control of, any more than we are about our nipples getting hard. Second, I figure if the girls see that a guy with an erection can still behave himself, they won't fall for any stories they hear from guys their own age trying to get between their legs."

Amy nodded at that, and watched as Sandra headed into the bathroom, only to reappear a few minutes later in her 'look what I have for YOU' outfit.

Amy stared at her for nearly a full minute - Sandra just stood there, looking back at her while the rest of us looked at each other.

Finally, Amy flushed slightly, and turned to look first at Lucy, then me, before asking "You're okay with her wearing that?"

"Sure, why not?"

"But isn't it a bit, um, mature for her?"

"Amy, you spent time with them this afternoon. Didn't they seem mature to you?"

She nodded, and I went on "Considering the situation we're in, and the way they've handled it, wouldn't you consider *that* a sign of maturity?"

Again, she nodded her agreement before I continued "I'd say she's got the emotional maturity, and the intellectual maturity. Obviously, she's got the physical maturity. Why, then, should her age be a factor? Haven't you ever met people whose emotional age was just a fraction of their chronological? Yet, no one objects to what those folks do. Seems like a bit of a double standard, to me."

She looked at me doubtfully, and I told her "When I was in the Army, I could consistently shoot a six-inch grouping at five hundred yards. I could spend days out in the field with nothing more than a knife and the clothes on my back, and come back in fine shape. I knew a couple dozen ways of killing someone without using a gun. I was routinely trusted with many thousands of dollars worth of sophisticated equipment. But because I was only twenty years old, people in authority didn't think I could be trusted to drink beer. Was that fair?"

She shook her head, and I asked "Then why is it fair to judge these girls solely by their age, which they have no control over? By their own actions, which they CAN control, they've shown me - and Lucy - that they're level-headed and responsible people when it matters. I'm not going to fuss at them about something as inane as their *skivvies*, for crying out loud."

Lucy told her "Amy, they've proven to us, in a number of ways, that they're mature enough to make their own decisions. Both of them have shown us that they're not only ready to make decisions for themselves, but to stand ready to take the consequences of those decisions if they made a bad choice. They've both shown us that they're ready and willing to deal with serious matters before they go on to pleasurable ones. Robyn, what did you tell me this afternoon, while we were in that self-defense class?"

Robyn looked Amy right in the eyes, and said "I told you that I knew Dan was worried about us, and that he wanted us to take the class and learn about guns so we'd learn something, and he wouldn't have to worry about us so much."

"And?"

"And that I wasn't mad or anything because I knew this was all really serious and really important, and I wanted to help you, and especially Dan, even though I was kind of scared by all of it."

"Sandra, what did you tell me when we went in to see the guns?" Lucy asked.

Sandra, too, looked Amy in the eyes as she said "I told you that I was scared about all of this, but that I knew you and Dan had to catch the bad guys, so I wasn't going to make any trouble for you. And that if you and Dan thought we should know this stuff, then I was going to pay attention and learn it so you wouldn't have to worry about us so much."

Amy looked at Lucy, who told her "Amy, if Sandra and Robyn are grown up enough to recognize the situation, and deal with it maturely, do you seriously think I give a happy damn about what kind of UNDERWEAR they choose?"

That said, we waited, watching as Amanda Jones, FBI agent, thought through what she'd just been told, and what she'd just seen and heard. Several times, she looked from one to the other of us, though Lucy and I seemed to get most of her attention.

Finally, she drew in a deep breath, and told us "I can't see anything wrong with what you've said. It goes against so much of what I've learned so far, but there's simply no escaping the fact that what you say is true; and that your attitude about maturity and responsibility is right. The only thing that has mattered to me, for as long as I can remember, is the FACTS, the EVIDENCE. What you show me here is indisputable fact; with my own eyes and ears, I know the evidence that these young *ladies* are mature well beyond their years, and deserving of the trust and responsibility you give them."

With that, Sandra moved over to Robyn, and they kissed before putting an arm around each other. Amy watched as it happened, then asked Sandra "Why did you do that?"

Sandra looked at her as though Amy weren't quite right in the head, and answered "Because she's my best friend, and I love her."

"You don't care that she's another girl?"

"No. All I care about is that she's my friend, and I'm her friend."

"Would you kiss another girl like that?"

"Yes, if she was my friend, and I loved her."

"Is that how you kiss boys?"

"The ones that I love, yes."

"And you know what love is?"

"Love is when making someone else happy means as much to you as making yourself happy. When you'd rather get hurt than have them hurt."

Amy then asked Robyn "And you?"

"What she said. She's my best friend. We love each other. We love my mom. We love Dan. Different ways, but love is love, right?"

Amy turned to look at Lucy, who just smiled at her and said "She's got a point, you know. I love each of them, in different ways. That doesn't mean that I love one more than the other, only that I love them differently, just like my love for Dan is different from what I feel for them. But it's still **love**."

"And you're okay with that?" Amy asked me.

"Sure, why not? They're not hurting anyone, least of all each other. They really do care about each other. They've been best friends for a pretty long time, even by adult standards. Most of society would frown on what they do, but then, most of society has it's head on backwards about a lot of things. To paraphrase something the science fiction author Heinlein said in one of his books, 'If everyone knows such-and-such, then it isn't so, by a factor of at least a hundred to one.' We've already agreed that they're mature; why deny them the freedom to express honest, caring emotions in a physical way just because they're both the same gender?"

She sat there, blinking at me as she thought for a couple of minutes before nodding her head, and saying "Go on."

"You look tense. If Lucy were to rub your shoulders, would that be helpful?"

"Yes"

"If you were nervous, or afraid, and she held your hand, or hugged you, would that be a caring gesture?"

"Yes"

"Then if you were feeling sexual desire, and she was willing to help you relieve some of that desire, it wouldn't that just be an even greater help, and a more caring gesture? Simply more of what she'd already shown, and not something different?"

"But she's another woman."

"So? Do you think your body would care the gender of the hands that soothed your brow? Do you think your body would care the gender of the arms that held you in times of stress? Do you really think your body would care the gender of the lips and fingers that

brought it sexual relief? Or would it be only your mind that would object? A mind that you've already admitted has accumulated a number of misconceptions?"

Again, she got a distant look on her face as she thought through what we'd just told her.

A few moments later, she excused herself, and went into the bathroom.

When she came out several minutes later, she was wearing only her very sheer bra, French-cut panties, and a nervous smile on her face. As we all looked at her, she took a deep breath and said "I admire all of you; but particularly Dan. If you can be that loving, that caring, and that honest with each other, then it's something that I want to learn, too. Every day on my job, I'm ready to take a bullet for somebody else - but **this** scares me. I've *never* opened myself up like this to **anyone**. But I'm determined to do it with you, people that I KNOW are what I want to be like. I don't know how much of this I can actually DO, but I'm damned well going to **try**."

Robyn, Lucy, and Sandra all looked at me, telling me with their eyes that I should be the one to respond to Amy's statement.

I stood up slowly, and as she watched me, undressed before her, setting my holstered pistol on the table next to her purse before letting my clothes accumulate in a small pile on the floor next to my feet. Naked, I carefully walked toward her, stopping when I was but a single step away. With her eyes on mine, I told her "Amy, you've shown us bravery by your willingness to protect us. You've shown us kindness by showing those I love how to protect themselves when I was not there to protect them. You've shown us respect by not denigrating our choices. Now you show us trust. We respect all the qualities in you that make you who you are. One of the most basic things that all of us believe in is that we will NOT force or push another person into doing something they do not want to do. If you wish to join us this evening, as our friend and guest, we will be delighted to help and encourage and comfort you as much as you want or need. If, at any time, you are uncomfortable with something, you only have to say so, and we'll respect that without thinking badly of you. Each of us has gotten to where we are at a different speed, and in a different way; and we are not the kind of people to think ill of someone else as they move along THEIR path at THEIR speed."

As I started talking, I could hear it as Lucy and the girls started undressing, too, so that by the time I was finished, all four of us were naked before Amy. When I stopped talking, she looked deep into my eyes, then looked at the others, seeing their nakedness. When she looked at me again, she nodded slightly, and did not flinch when I took the last step forward before I kissed her softly on the lips. When I stepped back again, first Lucy, then Robyn, and finally Sandra moved forward to kiss her, too - just as softly, and just as chastely, as I had.

She looked at each of us, and saw only patient acceptance of her and her situation. When she understood that we welcomed her without making any demands in the process, she started to cry softly, and the four of us moved in to hold her, and comfort her. When she'd

gotten herself back together, and stopped leaking around the eyes, she stood up and gave a little shake before announcing "Dammit, if you're all going to run around naked, I'm not going to be the party pooper by wearing a bra and panties!". As she reached behind herself to unhook her bra, Robyn asked "Can I do that for you?" - and with a smile, Amy nodded. Then Sandra stepped forward, and replaced Amy's hands with her own on Amy's panties, gently sliding them down her legs, then setting them aside before standing up and stepping back again. When Robyn had gotten the bra unhooked, she slid it off Amy's shoulders, and down her arms, before moving over to set it on top of the panties. That done, she moved back with the rest of us, to look at what Amy had chosen to reveal to us. At first, she looked nervous, but quickly got her courage back, and simply stood there, her hands at her sides, as we looked her over.

What we saw was smooth pale skin with a light dusting of freckles across her shoulders, a pair of medium-sized breasts with small pink areolas and nipples. Below them was a trim stomach, then a flat belly that merged into a pair of trim, muscular thighs. Between those thighs was a small triangle of dark red, curly pubic hair; peeking out from under it, we could see the edges of her labia. As we were looking it at her, she was looking at us, too - and when she got to me, and saw that I'd become semi-erect at the sight of her, we could all see it as her nipples hardened, and her labia extended a little more. Without prompting, she turned away from us, so that we could see the small, tight globes of her ass, before she turned around again.

Lucy was the first to move toward her, giving Amy a kiss that made it clear that Lucy found her attractive, too. Then it was Robyn, followed by Sandra, both of whom made their kisses as friendly, and inviting, as Lucy's. Finally, it was my turn - and to my surprise, it was Amy that made it clear that any activity between us would be welcomed. From the corner of my eye, I could see Lucy looking on, somewhat bemused by Amy's actions.

When our kiss broke, Amy looked at Lucy somewhat guiltily, and Lucy told her "It's okay, Amy. I already know he's attractive. I think we can all see that he thinks you look pretty good, too!", making Amy blush as Robyn and Sandra giggled.

I told Amy "If you'd like, I think we'd all be a little more comfortable on the bed as we got to know each other. You can tell us about yourself, and we'll tell you about us, and along the way, maybe you'll relax and get comfortable with us."

She gave me a small smile at that, and nodded. Robyn and Sandra moved next to her, then each put an arm around her waist to walk with her toward the bed. Lucy and I followed, and in short order the five of us had taken up various positions as we filled up the bed. Amy was sitting up at the headboard with Robyn and Sandra at her sides. Lucy sat cross-legged at her feet while I leaned back on my arms, my legs extended off to the side.

With a little prompting, Amy started telling us about herself, working herself backwards in time from what she had been doing before we came along. After a few minutes, Robyn

put a hand on her thigh, making Amy stutter for a moment before continuing her story. When Sandra did the same thing a minute later, Amy didn't hesitate to reach out and do the same to them.

After a while, Amy's legs got a little tired, and she pulled them up to sit cross-legged to stretch them a little. Robyn and Sandra easily let their hands slide to the insides of Amy's thighs, and after a few moments, started caressing her slowly and softly. Amy didn't seem to notice - her own eyes kept returning to where my penis was laying in my lap, or to where Lucy's cleft was clearly visible. After a few times of that, Amy looked at us, and realized that we knew where she'd been looking - and when she realized that we didn't mind, and weren't going to say anything about it, visibly relaxed as she kept talking.

Also, as she talked, she realized that we were genuinely interested in hearing about her, and that we weren't judging her in any way - and that helped her to relax, as well, so that she was more willing to tell us things that she'd obviously never told anyone before. So when she got to her teenage years, and the friends she'd had, it was pretty obvious to all of us that she was leaving some things out.

Finally, it was Lucy that called her on it, asking "Amy? There's something I'm curious about. You've told us what good friends you were with Virginia, and you've told us about finding out about boys, but I get the idea that there was something between you and Virginia, too. If you want to tell us about it, I think we'd all be interested in hearing about it; but if you don't want to talk about it, then we'll understand."

Amy just sat there for a few moments, looking at Lucy before her gaze went to me, then the girls. She hesitated a bit, then said "Well, yeah, there were things that happened between us. Uh, girl stuff."

Robyn looked up at her and said "Amy? It's okay. Really."

Sandra added "Yeah, it's okay, Amy. We don't mind."

Amy looked at me, then Lucy, who told her "Honest, Amy, it won't bother us. Just take a look at yourself, and us, and ask yourself if we **really** look like people that would judge someone else."

Amy grinned at that, and said "Yeah, you do have a point there. If I can sit here with these two cuties snuggled next to me while you and Dan watch, then I guess there's no reason not to tell you the whole thing."

I nodded for her to continue, and Amy started out by telling us "Virgie and I started out in the same class in third grade, and became best friends, kind of like Sandra and Robyn, here. Even when we went to middle school, we took almost all the same classes together. Virginia was a little smaller than I was, with dark black hair, that was really straight, to the middle of her back. She had really pale, almost white, skin. She was the first one of us to hit puberty, and it hit her **hard**. Almost overnight, she had hair between her legs, and

started pushing out the front of her blouses. It wasn't until a few months later that I got started, and it was slower going for me. But because we were friends, it didn't matter - or so I thought. But what I didn't know was that Virgie was feeling the effects of it more than I was. It wasn't until later that I realized that."

"What happened?" Lucy asked, quietly.

Amy stared into her lap a few moments, then told us "I was a month from my fifteenth birthday. Virgie had had her fifteenth about a week before. I was sleeping over at her house and we were staying up late on a Friday night, talking. Both of us were in our panties, but neither of us was wearing a bra. I remember that I was fascinated by the way her breasts would sway as she moved, and how the nipples would seem to poke out like pencil erasers one moment, then almost disappear the next. I was **so** envious - my own breasts were about half that size, and barely moved at all; and MY nipples hardly ever stuck out as much as hers did, even when I was cold.

"Anyway, she saw me watching them, and asked if I'd like to touch them. It really surprised me, but I finally admitted that I would. She told me to go ahead, and stuck her chest out so that I could. I remember feeling a tingle go up my arms the first time I actually held them in my hands - they felt so warm and soft and heavy at the same time; I was absolutely fascinated by them. I touched her nipples, and when she didn't say anything, I began to play with them. In just a few seconds, they were sticking out again, even farther than they had before. She had on these really thin panties, and a couple minutes later, I looked down to see that the front of them had this wet spot. I'd gotten wet before myself, and knew what had happened - what was happening - but it still surprised me that she would get THAT wet. Then she surprised me again and asked me if I wanted to suck on her tits. I did, and didn't, at the same time, but when she asked me again, I nodded my head. She put her hand on the back of my head, and pulled it down so that her nipple was touching my lips. I stuck my tongue out and licked it, and I heard her give a little moan, like she liked what I did. I did it again, and she moaned again. Finally, I opened my mouth, and put the end of her breast in it. I could feel her nipple pressing against my tongue, and I just started sucking on it. When I did, I heard her start moaning again, and I could feel her nipple getting even longer and harder in my mouth. I knew I was making her feel good; but at the same time, I couldn't help thinking that she was probably getting really wet between her legs. Thinking about that started making me tingle between MY legs, and before I knew it, I could feel myself getting wet, too. I hardly noticed it when she took my hand off her breast, but I **definitely** noticed when she slid it under the waistband of her panties - I could feel her pubic hair under my palm as my fingers felt something thin and slippery slide between them. It took me a bit, but I finally realized that I actually had my hand on the outside of her vagina, and that it was the lips of her sex that I was feeling.

"Mind you, I wasn't the one moving things forward, but I damned well wasn't backing out, either. It was more like I was a living puppet for her to position any way she wanted.

"Anyway, with my hand inside her panties, she kind of guided my hand around a little bit, until I got the idea that she wanted me to play with her. I did, and after a bit, I felt her let go of me, and pull her hand out. I knew where it felt good when I touched myself, so I figured I try touching her there, too - it took me only a couple of seconds to find her clitoris, and start rubbing it.

When I did, I thought she was going to go nuts - her hips started moving as she pressed herself even harder against my hand. As I was doing that, I felt her hand touch MY breast - and it felt like there was electricity in my nipples when she did. I didn't stop her, and after a little while, I felt her hand start to slide down my front. I knew where she was going to touch me next, and I couldn't help groaning in relief when I felt her hand pressing on the outside of my panties, right about where my clit was. When she heard me, she did it some more, and when I let her, started rubbing me even harder. It felt SO good; even better than when I did it myself, for some reason. I could feel my juices starting to leak out, and it wasn't long before Virgie could feel them, too. When she did, she moved her hand back up, and let her fingertips slide under the waistband of my panties, so that she was touching ME between the legs. I felt her fingers slide down to the outside of my vagina, then her fingertips started slipping across my opening.

"I'd been told so many times that it was important for a girl to stay a virgin until she was married that I really tensed up, and Virgie could feel it. She stopped doing that part of it, and went to rubbing my clitoris again.

"She started pressing herself against my hand, as though she wanted ME to put MY fingers in HER; but I was so wrapped up in the virginity thing that I wouldn't do it; I just kept playing with her clitoris while I sucked on her tits.

"Finally, I felt myself start to have an orgasm, and Virgie just kept playing with my clit while I was having it. When it was over, she whispered to me that she wanted me to put my finger in her - she said she was **so** close, that doing that would help her have it. But I just wouldn't do it, and she finally pulled her hand out of my panties and put it in her own, with mine. She kind of pushed my hand out of the way, and I could tell when she slid a couple of her fingers inside herself. I could see as she slid them in and out a few times before she had a climax.

"When she was done, she was **so** mad at me, and all I could do was keep telling her that she wasn't a virgin any more; and that just seemed to make her madder. Finally, she just told me that it was late and that she wanted to go to sleep. Both of us got under the covers, but instead of laying on our backs and talking, she turned on her side, facing away from me. It really hurt me, and I finally rolled over onto my side, facing away from her. It took a long time, but I finally fell asleep. The next morning, she was nice to me again, but she never invited me to stay over with her again. And whenever I tried to invite her, she always had some reason she couldn't. We still saw each other in school, and we still studied together for a while, but we eventually just kind of drifted apart."

All three of them were looking at her with tears in their eyes. When Amy saw them, she realized that they shared the pain that she'd felt, and started to cry, herself. In a few moments, the four of them were in a group hug, Lucy and the girls holding her as she sobbed out her pain. I got up and went into the bathroom to bring all of them small towels to dry up with.

When they were done, each sniffled her thanks for the towel I handed them, and started cleaning themselves up again. When Amy had finished, Lucy told her "We're your friends, now, if you want us" before giving her a kiss. This time, Amy was a more willing participant, and even dared to reach out to caress Lucy's side, and back.

When their kiss ended, Amy told Lucy "I remember how soft and gentle Virginia was, and how excited I got when we were touching each other. I know I can't go back and undo it, but I have to admit that I wouldn't mind seeing if I couldn't get some of that same magic with someone else."

Lucy told her "I think any one of us would be happy to help you with that. Well, except maybe for Sandra - she started her period yesterday, and she's a little hesitant about it just now."

Amy looked at her, and said "I'll probably take you up on that, later. But right now, I think I'd like something a little more, uh, substantial. I've only known two men in my life, and neither one of them left me feeling the way I did with Virgie. The first was the guy who took my cherry when I was seventeen; once he had me, he lost interest. The other was a guy in college who just didn't have the patience or desire to make me feel as good as he did."

Lucy laughed, and said "If you're looking for a guy, then Dan, here, is the one. If anything, he'll spoil you for anyone else!"

Amy looked at Lucy quizzically, and asked "You wouldn't mind? Letting me have him, I mean?"

Lucy answered "Amy, all you're going to do is borrow him for a while. When you're done with him, or I should say, when he's done with you, he'll be right back here with us."

Amy got a surprised look on her face, and asked "Us? You and... them?", nodding toward Robyn and Sandra.

Lucy nodded, saying "He's the one that both of them gave their virginity to. I wish to hell I could have had him as my first, too."

Amy looked at Robyn and Sandra, and asked "Didn't he hurt you? I mean, he's a full-grown man!"

Robyn just grinned, and told her "No, he didn't hurt. He made it feel GOOD! I was sore afterwards, but it was a *good* sore, you know?"

Sandra nodded her head in agreement with Robyn, and Amy looked at Lucy again, and asked "And you're obviously okay with this. Why?"

Lucy grinned, and told her about how it had been me that had gotten her and Robyn talking, and how I'd been the one to help them learn to trust, and even respect, each other. She finished up by saying "Amy, you know him. You know what he's like, and what kind of person he is. Do you really think that he'd just jump into bed with **anyone**? Particularly someone as young as these two?"

Here, Robyn spoke up, telling Amy "When I tried to get him to be my first, he didn't want to. I mean, it's not that he didn't want to make love to me; it's just that he didn't want to hurt me, and he wanted me to make sure that I was ready. He tried to talk me out of it, even."

Lucy laughed, and said "Same thing with me. I threw myself at him a couple of times. He just caught me, and set me on my feet, instead of jumping my bones like I wanted him to. When he finally gave in, though - God! It was worth it!"

Amy looked at me speculatively; I just looked back at her, patiently.

She finally opened her mouth to speak, telling me "I told you that the first guy I had was the one who took my cherry. And he **did** _take_ it - what he did wasn't exactly rape, but it didn't miss it by much, either. The second guy was a little better, but couldn't deal with how tense and nervous I was - he didn't have the patience to help me relax enough. It felt better with him, but still not as good as what I heard my friends talking about. I **know** it can be better. I want to know what that 'better' is. If you will, I'd like you to be the one to help me find it."

I answered her by telling her "I can't do it for you. If you're not open to the experience, if you're not *willing* to learn what that 'better' is, if you're not an active participant, then nothing I do will make the slightest bit of difference. I can help, I can guide, I can offer advice - but it's YOU that ultimately decides how it turns out."

Here, Lucy spoke up again, telling Amy "What he says is true. When I was with him the first time, it was great. But when I let myself open up to him, it just got better. Every time since then, it's gotten easier and easier to 'be there' with him, and every time since then, it's been even better making love with him. The other night, we made love; and somehow, we just **locked** with each other - I was completely in touch with myself, and him, at the same time. And I knew that he was feeling the same thing, completely in touch with ME. We made love for the longest time, and when we finally came - together - it was the deepest thing I'd ever felt. If I die tomorrow, I'll die knowing what real, true JOY there can be in making love."

Robyn spoke up then, saying "When I made love with him that first time, I was **so** afraid. Not of him, but that I'd do something wrong, or that it wouldn't feel good. But when I was actually with him, he was as patient and gentle and caring as anybody could want. I **gave** him my virginity, because **I** wanted to. He showed me that he respected my choice, and was honored by it."

Sandra followed that by saying "It was my choice to have him be my first, too. Like Robyn said, he was as gentle and patient as I could have wished for. Because I listened to him, I knew it could be a pleasant, good experience - and when I acted like it would, he helped *make* it that way. I know, now, that he would never have made love to me if he wasn't sure that **I** believed it would be a happy thing, too."

Amy looked at each of them, in turn, before looking at me and saying "I know this: they love you and trust you, and you've made every one of them happy - happier than anybody I've ever seen before. I love you, too, now. I trust you, too - even more than I did before. When I hear two young women speak so highly of the man that deflowered them, and hear a third woman say she wished you had been her first, then I know that you can do what I want - what I **need**. Knowing that, I'm ready to do **anything** to see it happen. If you tell me I should stand on my head and whistle 'Dixie', I'll do it, because I trust you, and believe in you, and love you."

There simply wasn't anything else for me to do but sit up, and lean forward to give her a soft, loving kiss on the lips - a kiss that she returned just as gently.

When we separated, Lucy told her "This should be your time with him. We'll go into the other room, so that you don't have any distractions. If you don't mind, though, we'll be back when you're done."

Amy nodded her agreement, and thanks, accepting a kiss from each of them before they headed into my room, closing the door behind them.

She looked at me, and said "I don't know what it is that makes you so special; I'm just glad you **are**."

I told her "But you **do** know what makes me so special to you. You just haven't put it into words, yet."

She looked at me thoughtfully, and said "Yeah, you're right. You're smart - god, you're smart! You're brave, and thoughtful, and gentle, and caring. You've got more morals and ethics than anyone I've ever seen before. You're willing to give other people the best part of yourself, without asking anything in return, other than that they do **THEIR** best. You're forgiving of people that aren't as smart or strong or brave as you, and absolutely intolerant of people that try to hurt others, for whatever reasons. You **willingly** put yourself between the innocent and the guilty, without making a big deal of it. You're so modest it's aggravating, sometimes. Most of all, you treat people the way they show you they deserve to be treated - you're not afraid to trust yourself and your own judgment."

I nodded in acceptance of what she'd just said, then told her "As for you - you're a living example of the FBI motto: Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity. You're no dummy, yourself - not everyone sees some of the things that you do. Anybody that's willing to put themselves in front of a bullet to protect an innocent has plenty of guts - and the moral sense to know why they're doing it. You won't do anything you don't think isn't right - but you're ethically aware enough to understand between personal choice, and public opinion. You know that you don't know everything, and you're willing to listen to reasoned argument, and decide for yourself based on the facts and evidence in front of you. You're just as loving and affectionate as anyone could want - for those you feel are deserving of that love and affection."

She nodded, as I had, in acceptance of what I'd said. Then we shared a look, and both of us leaned forward slightly to share a kiss - a kiss that started with our lips touching softly in love and respect, and ended with our tongues dueling in passion and arousal.

When we separated, I could see her eyes were smoky with desire. I reached out to put my hand over her breast; when I had it in my hand, her eyes closed, and I could feel her nipple stiffen under my palm. I let my fingertips trace across its surface, until my hand was underneath, cupping it, as I let my thumb brush across her nipple softly. I heard her moan deep in her throat before she opened her eyes, and reached out to take my penis in her hand. Feeling it start to swell at her touch, she smiled, and said "Lucy was right. It **is** a compliment, knowing that it's for me, personally."

With that, she used her other hand to gently push me, until I was laying on my back, her body over mine. Looking down at me, she said "I've never done this before, really. I had my boyfriend in college in my mouth a couple of times, but never for very long. This time, for you, I **want** to do it."

That said, she moved and lowered herself, until I could feel her warm breath on my stiffening penis. She unwrapped her hand from it, letting it lay on her palm instead. I first felt her kiss the head of it, then a few moments later, the sensation of the tip of her tongue running its rapidly-increasing length. Time after time, she ran her tongue along it - first one direction, then the other. When she felt that I was nearly fully erect, I felt her take the head in her mouth, running her tongue around it as she let herself taste it, and the small bit of pre-cum that had leaked out.

I reached out to gently nudge her leg, encouraging her to move to where I could touch her; she only released my erection from her lips to tell me "Please, not yet. Let me do this first, then you can do with me what you want."

An interesting offer, to be sure - enough of one that I contented myself with simply caressing the calf of her leg, where I could reach it. I knew that I wouldn't do anything to abuse the trust she'd shown me with her offer; that she trusted me enough to even **MAKE** the offer was reason enough.

With the end of my erection back in her mouth, I simply laid back and let her do as she wanted - I understood that it was important to her for some reason, and I trusted her enough to let her go.

She might not have had much experience before then, but she proved to be a quick, and enthusiastic, student. In only a couple of minutes, she had me fully erect, my entire penis coated with her saliva as she went through cycle after cycle of sucking on me, licking me, and sliding her lips up and down my length. I felt her tentatively touch my scrotum, and when I didn't object, cup it in her hand, rolling my balls around as she felt their size and weight. Satisfied with what she'd learned, she went on to gently squeeze them, careful not to hurt me, before letting her fingernails drag lightly across my scrotum.

The sensation of THAT was enough to push me past the point that every man knows: when you go from simply enjoying the sensations you're feeling, to knowing that you've just started down the path that will end in release.

She almost seemed to *sense* the change in me, and readily increased her efforts. It wasn't but a few minutes before I felt myself hitting the home stretch: the tightening in my penis and the faint tingling in my balls that told me that it wouldn't be long before I unloaded into her warm, wet mouth. As she felt me getting closer and closer, she slowed down her actions, prolonging my pleasure, and making sure that when I **did** climax, it would be a good one. Finally, though, there simply wasn't possible for me to put it off any longer: I felt my balls tighten as the first load of my semen rocketed down my length to launch out the head. When she felt my balls tighten in her hand, Amy quickly let most of my length slide from between her lips; but she was careful to keep the head and about the first third of me in her mouth. As she felt my jets of semen traveling down my erection, she would suck on the end of me in time with their arrival, swallowing each load with enthusiasm.

Only when she felt me softening between her lips did she give me one final suck before tightening her lips around me and pulling her head back, wringing the last few drops of my sperm from me. Satisfied with her handiwork, she turned herself around, and moved to lay next to me as I got my breath - and senses - back. She held me until my heart rate slowed, then I moved to lay on my side, facing her. I leaned over a bit to kiss her, ignoring the few flecks of my semen that were still on her lips. Then, propping my head on my hand, I put the other on her stomach - only to have her move it to cover one of her breasts.

"Why was it important to you to do that?", I asked.

She glanced away for a moment, then looked back at me, and said "Because my boyfriend in college really pushed me to do that so much. I didn't like it then, mostly because it got him going so easy, but he didn't seem too interested in doing anything for me, in return. It got so I hated doing it because I knew he'd finish before I really even got started."

"And now, tonight?"

"It was my way of claiming my own pleasure."

"How so?" I asked, as I started toying with the nipple under my hand.

"I knew that I was doing it because **I** wanted to, not because **YOU** wanted me to. I knew you'd like it, but you weren't doing or saying anything to push me to do it. It was the difference between doing it by choice, and doing it because someone else wanted me to. I also knew that if you had a climax, you'd be able to go longer when we made love - and I **DO** want us to make love, for as long as possible, so that I can have more time with you to treasure when you're gone."

I could tell that there was more that she wasn't saying, and let her lay there a couple minutes before asking "And what else?"

She looked at me in surprised, and said "What makes you think there's something else?"

"Just a feeling. What is it?"

She gave me a strange look, and finally said "I was worried, a little, about whether or not I was really ready for this - to be open to the experience, I mean, like Lucy said. Doing that was my way of reassuring myself that I really was - ready, I mean. I know that you're going to do whatever you can to make this good for me; doing that was how I proved to myself that I was ready to accept whatever you had to offer me."

I nodded in understanding of what she'd said, and that seemed to satisfy her. I don't think she really understood just how much she'd told me about herself.

We continued to lay there like that for several minutes, before I started exploring her body with my free hand. She looked at me, a bit apprehensive, until I told her "You're beautiful. Not just on the inside, but on the outside, too."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean just what I said. You're a beautiful person, on the inside, for all the reasons I told you about before. On top of that, you're a beautiful person on the outside. I mean, just look at you - your hair is a fascinating shade of red, rich and thick, and nicely styled. Your eyes are a lovely green, and they sparkle very nicely. You have a strong, but feminine, face. You have a little button of a nose, and your lips just **beg** to be kissed by someone that cares. Your skin is smooth, and clear. No wrinkles, or sagging anywhere. Your breasts are nicely shaped, firm, and just the right size. Your nipples are a delightful shade of pink, and when I touch them, they stick out in a most appealing way. You have a firm, smooth belly, with a trim waist and nice hips. Your belly button is positively cute. Your legs are smooth and firm and nicely muscled. They hold up a nicely rounded, obviously firm ass. Between them, you have a marvelous thatch of pubic hair - thick, but fine and soft, the same color as on your head. You're obviously fit, with good muscle tone. You keep yourself clean, and smelling nice - something soft, and fragrant, it's a treat

for the nose. You're slender, but nicely curved - not too plump, and definitely not too scrawny; just the right size to cuddle with."

She blushed slightly when I started, but was listening in rapt attention as I finished. She looked at me, and asked "You really see me like that?"

"Of course. It's all there, and every bit of it true - you only have to admit it to yourself, and then take pride in it."

Her eyes got wide, and she said "How did you know?"

"I didn't, for sure. But a number of little things pointed at it", I answered.

"I told you that my parents were kind of strict. One of the things that they didn't care much for was people that took too much stock in themselves, and how they looked."

"That's fine - but there's a difference between that, and knowing your own worth. Believe me on this - you're most definitely an attractive young lady, worth any man's attention."

I could tell that she wasn't just going to take my word on it - but I could also see that I'd given her something to think about, too.

By this time, I was feeling up to being a little more active; and having the cute bundle that made up Amy in front of me gave me the desire to follow up on it. I leaned over her, and gave her a soft kiss on the lips - then another, more firm, followed by one that let her know that I found her attractive. She responded to each in kind, and our fourth kiss had us touching tongues. When it ended, she was panting slightly, with her eyes closed.

They opened again, though, when she felt me move over her - but she looked up at me in complete trust.

I lowered my head to kiss her again, and she welcomed my tongue in her mouth before we began a gentle duel, using our tongues as our weapons. When the kiss ended, I could hear her panting slightly before I moved to give her a soft, gentle kiss on the forehead. I followed that one with another to the tip of her nose, then one to each of her eyelids. Her lips again, then the lobe of her ear, which I also nibbled at, softly. The point of her shoulder was next, then the hollow of her collarbone, and the place where her neck curved into her shoulder. Along her throat to the other side, where I mirrored what I'd just done.

My next point of call was her jaw, just below her ear - then along her jaw line to the other side. Down to the hollow of her throat, and beyond, to the upper part of her chest. Across, to the upper slope of her left breast, then a spiral that closed in on her areola and nipple. Taking her erect nipple into my mouth, I sucked on it gently as I strummed it with the tip of my tongue; and got a soft moan in reward. Releasing her nipple, I kissed my way to the bottom of her breast, then in a reverse "S" to the upper slope of the other breast.

Again, I spiraled in on the peak, finally taking her other nipple into my mouth to let it know what the first had experienced.

When I released it, I heard her whispered stammer "I... I didn't know it could be like this - that someone could **do** this to me." I smiled down at her, and said "Amy, I'm only getting started." She looked back up at me and said "I know", confidently.

I applied my lips to her cleavage, and began working my lower and lower on her body, pausing to pay attention to the belly button that I'd honestly told her was cute. When I was done with it, I used her navel as the center point for a series of figure 8's that went from one hip to the other across her lower belly as I gradually eased my way toward her pelvis. As my head approached the dark red triangle covering her mons, she readily spread her legs to make room for me, placing her feet flat on the bed so that her pelvis was tilted up slightly.

As my lips finally grazed the top of her pubis, I let my tongue trace the outline of her thatch. I followed a path from one top corner to the other, down the side, and then out the inside of her thigh to halfway to her knee before stopping. Then I reversed course, widening the return path by following a zigzagging pattern back toward her womanhood. Stopping **just short** of her labia, I picked up on the other side, heading for her other knee. Again, halfway there, I stopped, and reversed course, placing a number of small, soft kisses all across the inside of her thigh as I made my way back. Once more, I stopped short of her inner lips, and when I raised my head slightly, she whispered to me "Nobody's ever done that to me before." I only smiled at her, and said "Then I guess it's about time someone did, don't you?" She nodded, and a moment later, I told her "If this is the first time you've ever had someone do this, then I guess you could say that you're giving *me* part of your virginity" - and earning myself a delighted smile from her as she nodded her agreement.

I lowered my head again, and looked at the blossom of her womanly flower: thin, straight, delicate labia slightly parted and faintly glistening inside with moisture. At the top, they disappeared under the hood of her clitoris, at the bottom, they faded into the short stretch of skin that led to her back opening. I could see that the soft, fine hairs of her incredibly thick bush followed the contours of her mons, thinning to nothing at the bottom of her cleft. This close, I could also detect the faint musky odor of her beginning arousal.

A glance upwards showed that she was watching me with considerable interest; I lifted my head and told her "Even here, you're beautiful!", making her blush slightly before she visibly relaxed, and let her head fall back.

I extended my tongue, and felt her start slightly when I first made contact with the folds of her sex. Extending my tongue a little farther, I let it slide between her inner lips, from bottom to top, before drawing it softly across the hood of her clitoris. I heard her moan softly as I did, and repeated my action, delving even deeper into her entrance. Another

moan as her legs spread a little further in invitation for me to continue - which I did, with great pleasure.

As her juices started to flow, I was able to get a better taste of them: tangy-sweet, with a hint of earthiness to them, they were slightly oily. When I lifted my head slightly to focus on her clitoris, my upper lip and nose were buried in her bush - it was thick, but made up of fine, slightly curly hairs that felt surprisingly like a camel's hair brush on my lip. Back and forth I went, from the opening to her womanhood, to the nubbin of her clitoris, teasing each with my tongue and lips, slowly bringing her arousal and excitement farther and farther along. Finally, her clitoris made an appearance out from under it's hood - and I happily began fluttering across it with my tongue for a little bit before releasing it. When I returned to her vaginal opening, I was pleasantly surprised to discover that my attentions to her clitoris had apparently been effective - her labia were now noticeably more extended, and parted enough to reveal how wet she was inside.

With the knowledge that I was having the desired effect, I increased my efforts, and was soon rewarded with a soft moan of pleasure from her. A few more minutes, and she was moaning almost continuously, and even arching her pelvis up toward me when I would slide my stiffened tongue into her opening, as though making love to her with it. Back at her clitoris, I found that its hood had retracted, leaving it fully exposed to my tender - if questionable - mercies. Taking it between my lips, I softly 'nibbled' at it, pulling on it as if I were trying to milk it with my lips - making it even firmer, and drawing it out even more. After a little bit of that, I parted my lips and softly sucked it into my mouth where I gently sucked on it in time with fluttering my tongue across it, only to be rewarded with a gasp of pleasure from Amy as she started tossing her head back and forth.

When I returned to her vaginal opening, I found that she was even wetter, and more open, than she'd been before. I quickly took advantage of the situation, and started lapping at her opening as though it were the Flavor of the Month. In short order, she was moaning almost continuously, and her head was almost a blur as she tossed it from side to side.

After exhausting her supply of nectar - she was making it **almost** as fast as I could lap it up - it was back to her clitoris again. This time, I eased my arms under her legs so that I could reach up and start playing with her breasts, gently squeezing them and playing with her nipples, as I drew circles around her clitoris with the tip of my tongue. Between my tongue action, and the feel of my hands on her breasts, it didn't take long before she was groaning and gasping for release, her pelvis hunched up as she tried to get my tongue directly on her clit, without success.

Finally, when I heard her whimper in frustration, I fastened my lips around her clitoris, and softly sucked on it rhythmically in time with licking it. I carefully timed my actions with her pelvic thrusts, so that I was bringing her steadily - but slowly - to the brink, until finally, with a furious tongue-lashing of her nubbin as I pinched at her nipples, I pushed her over the edge into orgasm.

When it hit her, I could hear the air rushing out of her lungs as the first spasm of it overwhelmed her; she'd barely managed to draw a breath when the second hit, causing her to release a deep groan of relief. A shuddering gasp later, the third spasm, a few pants for air, then a fourth. After that, they began to taper off, so that she was able to breathe, if raggedly. When her groans had faded, I released my hold on her breasts, and pulled my arms back, so that I could move myself over her, supporting my weight on my elbows and knees as I covered her body with mine.

She was still panting slightly when she opened her eyes and saw me - without hesitation, she put threw her arms around me and gave me a ferocious hug and a big kiss. I could tell that she realized I still had her taste on me AFTER she had her tongue in my mouth: I felt her pause for just a moment, then she went back at me with all the enthusiasm she'd shown me at first.

When she let me go, and lay back again, she looked up at me and said "I didn't know that it could feel so good to have somebody DO that to me. I always thought it sounded kinda, well, gross - but it *wasn't*. At first, I was afraid that you'd say something, or that you were just doing it because you thought you had to, or something like that; but when you KEPT doing it, I relaxed, and then it started feeling better and better, until WHAM!"

I grinned at her, and asked "And when you kissed me?"

She blushed a little, and answered "I forgot about it until I had my tongue in your mouth - then I could kind of taste it. It really surprised me, actually, but it wasn't a **bad** taste or anything, so I just figured to hell with it."

I laughed, and said "Yeah, I did notice that last part", and getting another small blush from her before I went on "It's okay, Amy. I think every woman wonders what she tastes like after a guy does that to her."

"Do all women taste like that... me?"

I laughed, and answered "I can't speak for ALL women. From my limited experience" - she snorted at that - "I have to say 'kind of'. You taste different than Lucy, who tastes different than Robyn, who tastes different than Sandra. Yet, in a way, all of you taste a little bit the same - kind of like the basic chemistry is consistent, but each woman adds her own unique character to it."

She put her hands on my sides, and started caressing me as she raised her head to place a number of small, soft kisses on my face and neck and shoulders. As she moved, I could feel her soft pubis brushing against my semi-erect penis; that, with the feeling of her firm breasts pressing against my chest started getting me hard again. When she felt it, she stopped kissing me, and asked "You're going to make love to me now?"

"If you want me to." I answered.

She grinned, and said "I want."

I lowered my head as she raised hers, and we shared a gentle, but passionate, kiss as I let myself slide down her body, until my erection was laying against the outside of her mons. She raised her knees, and locked her ankles behind my back so that her pelvis was tilted up. That put her opening almost directly under the head of my penis; when our kiss broke, I eased myself back a little more, so that the head slid down to rest against her opening. I felt her tense slightly when she felt me pressing slightly against her entrance, and immediately stopped.

I saw the faint trace of fear in her eyes, and told her "It's okay. We're only going to make love IF you want to, and WHEN you want to."

She gave a nervous laugh, and said "I DO want to. It's just that all the times before, the guy just **pushed** himself into me, and if it didn't hurt, it was uncomfortable."

I smiled at her, and gave her a soft kiss on the forehead before telling her "Amy, I'm not those guys. And you're not that girl, any more. I'm not going to be making love TO you, and you're not going to be making love TO me - we're going to be making love TOGETHER. Both of us, as equal partners. I understand what your experience was before, so I'm going to wait until you let me know that you're ready, okay?"

I could see the relief in her face, and a few moments later, felt her gradually relax under me. A few seconds after that, when she realized that I wasn't moving, that I was literally waiting for her to let me know she was ready, I felt her arch her back a bit, pressing her vaginal opening against me. I still didn't move, and she did it again, more insistently, before telling me "Please. I'm ready. Make love with me."

With that, she reached down between us and took hold of my erection, sliding it between her labia so that the head was coated with her woman's oils, before holding me steady at her opening.

When she nodded to me, I pressed myself forward, firmly but gently. After a few seconds, I saw her frown, and immediately stopped pressing against her. She got a surprised look on her face, and asked me "What? What happened?" "You looked like something was wrong - you frowned about something, so I stopped."

She looked confused for a moment, then smiled, saying "Oh. I was just thinking that you've been so patient and gentle with me, I wished it was easier for you. I must have made a face then, because I was upset with myself."

"Amy, there's nothing for you to be upset with yourself ABOUT. You've told me what your first time was like, and what your boyfriend in college was like. I know your sexual experiences haven't been very good. I **want** to help you change that. I **want** to do what it takes to help you learn to enjoy *making love*, and not just tolerate having sex. Don't worry about me - I'm here because I WANT to be. Okay?"

She nodded, and told me "I keep forgetting just how MUCH of a dear you are. Okay, no more bad flashbacks on what happened before. I'm here, now, with you."

That said, she pressed herself against me again, letting me know she was still ready. I pushed myself forward again, carefully, so that I was pressed against her opening. We looked into each other's eyes as I was doing that, and I could feel it as she let herself accept that I wasn't going to just bull my way into her. After several seconds, she'd relaxed enough that I could feel her entrance start to open up to me - and shortly after that, we both felt the head of my erection slide past the ring of her opening.

Again, I stopped, waiting to see if she was experiencing any pain, or other discomfort. She let me know she wasn't by reaching down to put her hands on my ass, trying to pull me into her. From what she'd said, I knew that she was all too used to having a man try to bury himself in as few strokes as he could manage; from how tight she was, I didn't think that she'd been sexually active for quite some time. So I took my time - pausing whenever she looked hesitant or apprehensive, and making sure to withdraw from her a little ways every so often, to be certain that her oils were well-distributed along my length. It took a couple of minutes before we felt our pelvises touch - when they did, she got a mildly surprised look on her face, and looked up at me to exclaim "It didn't hurt! It wasn't even uncomfortable!"

Saddened by hearing her talk that way, I lowered my head to give her a kiss that she eagerly returned.

Underneath me, I could feel her moving slightly as she experimented with this new, obviously pleasant, sensation. I waited calmly, knowing that the more comfortable she got with it now, the more enjoyable she'd find it later. After a couple of minutes, she stopped moving to hug me again, and tell me "I didn't know it could feel like this - it feels **good** to have you inside me!"

With that acceptance from her, I figured it was okay to finally show her what making *love* was all about.

I watched the expression on her face change when I slid myself out of her about half way; only to see her eyes widen when I filled her up again.

Back out, until only the head of my penis was in her, then back in again, until our pubic hair merged. The smile on her face as she felt me moving inside her was a sight to behold - there wasn't a doubt in my mind that after tonight, she'd remember **this** sexual experience much more often than those she'd had before.

After a few more of the slow strokes in and out of her, I could see that she was ready - even eager - for things to move along; still, I took my time about speeding up, so that she'd have ample time to let me know if anything was wrong.

It wasn't.

In only a couple of minutes, I'd escalated into a steady pistoning in and out of Amy's tight, wet womanhood; from the way she hunched herself up at me on the inward strokes, I knew that she found it as pleasurable as I did - if not more so. She even lifted her head a couple of times to look down between us, where she could see my glistening erection sliding in and out of her; once, while she was watching, I heard her mutter "Oh, god! I can see it, and feel it, at the same time!" before letting her head drop back to the pillow.

I was amazed when, after only a few minutes, she seemed to have a small orgasm, her vagina clamping down on me as I continued to slide in and out of her. It seemed to pass after only a few seconds, but when she opened her eyes, I could see that they were slightly glazed, and that she had a slightly distant look on her face. It passed quickly enough, and I lowered my head to suck on her breasts and nipples. I started to feel a little strain on my back, and moved to relieve it by sitting back on my heels; I didn't even have to reach for her to pull her closer - she stayed right with me, making sure that I was inside her the whole time. Once in a more comfortable position, one that didn't require me to support my body with my arms, my hands were free to begin caressing her body. Once, when I had caressed her face, she turned her head and wrapped her lips around one of my fingers, sucking on it for a bit as she stared into my eyes - an exceptionally erotic moment.

I also used my hands to squeeze and play with her breasts and nipples, something that she seemed to enjoy tremendously, holding my hands in place when I did it. When I reached down to softly rub her exposed clitoris, she had another one of her mini-orgasms, this one a little stronger than the first. I was fascinated by how her entire body would tense up - including her inner muscles - then relax with a slight shudder as each wave of it ran through her.

When she'd recovered from that one, she held her hands out to me, asking me to pull her up. I did, and we hugged each other as she started moving herself on me, hunching her hips back and forth to move herself around me as I held still. I could feel her nipples getting even harder where they pressed into my chest, even as I could feel her getting wetter and hotter where she was wrapped around my penis. Gradually, she moved faster and faster, impaling herself on me harder and harder until she was almost slamming herself onto me. But her efforts tired her out, too, and she finally let herself move away from me a bit, her eyes telling me that she wanted to lay down again - she was panting hard enough that she couldn't speak.

I let her arms slide through my hands to lower her onto her back again; then moved to hold myself over her as I went back to thrusting myself into her. She looked into my eyes gratefully, and ran her hands along my sides and back before closing her eyes to concentrate on the sensations I was generating in her.

Her actions seemed to have moved her well along, so as I continued pistoning in her, her moans of pleasure and arousal increased with my efforts. After a few minutes, she let her pelvis drop a bit, so that I was sliding in and out of her at a different angle - one that gently tightened the flesh at the top of her opening, applying a slight pressure to her erect

clitoris each time I entered her again. With that added stimulation, she moved even more quickly toward her release as she kissed and bit at my chest while she raked her nails across my back.

After a few more minutes, I could feel her getting even tighter around me, and knew that she was getting close; I simply kept up the rhythm I'd gotten into, knowing that if it got her that far, it would take her the rest of the way, too. And it did.

I didn't think anything of it when she put her arms around me and pulled me down to where she could kiss me, then my chest and shoulders. I learned better when she suddenly buried her face in my shoulder and all but screamed her release as her vagina clamped down on me, and she dug her nails into my back. As tight as she'd been before, it was only because of her ample wetness that I'd been able to move in her; but when her inner muscles tightened on me that way, there simply wasn't anything I could do, no matter HOW wet and slippery she was.

That wasn't necessarily a bad thing, though - all along my length, I could feel the rings of her vaginal muscles spasming, tightening down on me in waves of pressure-and-release from the base of my penis to the head. If she hadn't already used her mouth to bring me off, it would have been more than enough to do it then.

After the first couple of waves of her orgasm passed, I felt her fingernails leave my back before she fell back on the bed, gasping and shuddering as the rest of her orgasm washed through her. Whatever had happened to her before, I knew that this young lady was a sexual being, and that we'd released the passion she'd kept locked away for so long.

As her gasps quieted and her shudders slowed, I lowered my self to cover her body with mine, and began softly kissing her face and shoulders. With those new sensations, and a different reference point for her body, it didn't take her much longer to get her wits about her. When she finally opened her eyes, and saw me looking down at her with a smile on my face, she hugged me fiercely before rapidly placing small kisses all over my face and lips and anyplace else she could reach. Only after I'd spoken her name several times did she relent, and let herself fall back to the bed again, looking up at me with something akin to worship on her face.

But before I could say anything, she suddenly started to cry, and hugged me again - not so hard this time. I spoke softly to her, offering words of reassurance and comfort until she released me again. When she'd wiped her eyes, I looked at her in concern, and asked "What is it? What's the matter?"

"There's nothing the matter, you big dummy! I'm **happy**, dammit!"

"You're happy, so you're crying?" I asked, relieved.

"Yes, I'm crying because I'm so happy! I'm happy because you made me feel so good, and because you've been so nice and kind and gentle and patient with me, and most of all because you've shown me what it's like to make *love*."

I managed to kiss her again before she gently pushed me away, saying "Don't. I must look like a mess; I always do when I cry."

I smiled at her lovingly, and said "You look fine. There's nothing wrong with an honest emotion, honestly expressed. But if it would make you feel better, I'll get you a towel or something from the bathroom."

She smiled back, and nodded - then got a dumbstruck look on her face when she felt me sliding out of her. She looked down, and saw that my penis was still hard, and glistening with her juices; she looked back up at me and asked "You're still hard? You didn't...?"

I grinned, and said "Yes, I'm still hard, and no, I didn't. What you did before made it easier for me to last longer this time, just like you wanted. If you hadn't done that, believe me, I **WOULDN'T** be hard, and I **WOULD** have climaxed." She looked like she wasn't quite sure whether to believe that, or not; when I turned to go into the bathroom, I heard a small gasp from her. When I came out again with a hand towel for her, she saw my erection swaying in front of me, and watched it the whole time I was walking back to the bed. Only when I tried to hand her the towel did she look up - and blush furiously. Believe me, on a redhead, that's something to see.

"I was, uh, just, um..."

"Amy, it's okay."

She blushed again, then exclaimed "Oh! I almost forgot! Your back!"

"What about my back?" I asked.

Another blush, and she hesitantly said "Uh, this last time, I guess I got a little, um, enthusiastic. I kinda hurt you, I think."

"What?"

"I kinda left some scratches, and even broke the skin; you've got a few spots where you're bleeding a little."

"Oh, well."

"oh, well"? You're not going to do something about it? You're not mad or anything?"

"Been hurt worse, for a lot worse reasons."

She gave me a dirty look, and said "Come here. Let me at least wipe it off for you."

"Only if you'll sit on my lap when you do it."

She hesitated a moment, then grinned and said "Deal!" before going into the bathroom to get a damp washcloth.

I sat down, and she moved over to sit on my lap sideways. I stopped her, and shook my head, telling her "Uh-uh. Not like that."

She looked confused for a moment, then brightened up - facing me, she moved to put her legs on each side of mine before lowering herself. I put my hands on her hips, and she let me guide her over my erection; once in position, she easily lowered herself onto it until she was firmly planted in my lap, my hardness again filling her.

She had a distracted smile on her face for a little bit before she remembered why she was there, and reached around me to use the washcloth to wipe off my back. When she put her arms around me, I put mine around her, and started caressing her back before letting my hands wander down to cup her asscheeks, gently kneading them before moving on to caress her hips and run my hands up her sides. Every time she moved the washcloth, she would move on my lap, changing the way my penis felt inside her - several times, she repeated a motion when it felt good to her. While she was doing that, I continued to stroke whatever parts of her body I could reach, though my favorite was the firm, smooth mounds of her ass.

When she pulled the washcloth back around, I could see that it was visibly pink; but not too much so. Reluctantly, she started to raise herself off of me; I stopped her and asked "Think you could hit the bathroom floor from here? If you can, we'll get it later. Unless, of course, you **want** to get up..."

She shook her head, and with a grin, turned to throw the damp cloth toward the bathroom - her breasts jiggled very fetchingly when she did - and managed to hit the floor, but just barely. Giggling, she turned back to me, and asked "Now, where was I again?"

I grinned back at her, and said "I'm not sure about you, but I believe that I was right... about... HERE!" before lowering my head to take one of her nipples in my mouth, and start sucking on it. I heard her give a deep-throated moan of pleasure before she started slowly raising and lowering herself slightly on my lap, sliding herself up and down on my hardness.

Cupping her breasts in my hands, I squeezed them gently as I went from one nipple to the other, licking and sucking on them, making them stand out more and more from the small, dark pink spots of her areolas.

After several minutes of this, she slowed, then stopped, telling me "As nice as this is - and it IS nice! - I'm starting to cramp a little in my leg. Is there anything else like this we can do?"

I released her nipple from my mouth - watching as it crinkled slightly in the relatively cool air of the room - and told her "If we move onto the bed more, you can stay on top, and just have a little more room to move around if you want."

She grinned, and said "I want."

With a little pleasant trial-and-error, we figured out how to get both of us moved more onto the bed without having to separate from each other.

When I was flat on my back, she managed to pull her legs underneath herself, so that she was squatting over me. Leaning forward, she put her hands on my chest to steady herself. Looking into my eye, she raised herself up until the head of my penis was *just barely* inside her. Then lowered herself again **ever** so slowly, the satisfied smile on her face telling me that she was savoring the sensation of my hardness filling her womanhood. When she was resting firmly on my pelvis again, she paused, and I reached up to cup her breasts for a bit before softly squeezing them, and pulling gently on her nipples. She pushed her chest into my hands in encouragement, and I continued playing with her mounds as she moved herself around slightly on me, discovering how it felt when I pressed against her from different directions.

I was running my thumbs over her nipples when she raised herself over me again, letting nearly three quarters of my manhood escape her warm, wet clutches before lowering herself back down. A few moments later, she did it again, then again. Before long, she'd gotten into a slow, steady rhythm of impaling herself on me time after time.

The slowness of what she was doing didn't last long, though. Over the next few minutes, the tempo increases gradually as her excitement and arousal took control of her.

Finally, the effort got to her again, and her motions began to slow down. I looked up at her and asked "If you'd like to try something a little different?"

She grinned, and nodded her head before letting herself come to rest on me. I told her "If you'll get on your hands and knees, I'll get behind you, and..." She expressed her understanding, and with a faint groan of disappointment, raised herself up until I came free of her, then moved her leg over so that she was on her knees next to me, waiting. I sat up, then got to my knees, the two of us shared a deep kiss before she turned around and lowered herself to her hands. I moved behind her, then forward so that my erection was resting against her butt. She looked over her shoulder at me, in complete trust, and lowered her shoulders a bit, so that her wet opening was more available to me. With one hand on her hip, I used the other to angle myself down slightly, so that the head of my penis was wedged between her labia. When she felt that I was in position, she pressed back toward me, sliding herself onto me a little ways. I put my hand on her other hip, and

we each gently pushed ourselves toward the other - and both of us felt the delightful sensation of my manhood sliding into her, until I was completely buried in her in a single stroke.

I leaned forward a bit, and reached down to cup her dangling breasts, softly squeezing them before pulling on her nipples slightly. She gave an appreciative moan when I did that, and moved one of her hands to cover mine, squeezing it.

Still holding onto her breasts, I eased myself back a bit, and felt my penis sliding out of her - accompanied by a disappointed groan from Amy. I stopped when I felt the ring of muscle at her entrance around me, just behind the head, and waited a few moments before pressing myself back into her as Amy moaned her pleasure.

Over the next minute or so, I slowly speeded up my actions - but when I found that holding onto Amy's breasts made it awkward, I let them go to put my hands back on her hips so that I could more easily move in her.

Again, it didn't take me long to get into a rhythm of pistoning in and out of her; and by this time, the feeling of her tight, wet sheath sliding up and down my erection was feeling pretty damn good. She seemed to be enjoying what I was doing, too - over the liquid sounds of our union, I could hear her panting her pleasure, and softly moaning her arousal.

Leaning back a bit, I changed the angle that I was entering her at - increasing the noises she was making, and letting me see how her tight opening tried to stay with me when I pulled out, only to disappear when I pushed back in. My manhood was shiny with her juices, and I could smell the distinct odor of them in the air. With all of these things helping me along, it didn't take long before I felt the tingle in my balls that signaled my release wasn't far off.

Determined to get Amy off one more time, I straightened up and started moving a little more quickly in her, and a little more forcefully. From the way her insides clasped at me, I knew that she was enjoying it. I could also tell that she was getting close from the way she groaned almost continuously; I was glad to hear it because I knew that I wasn't far off, myself.

Finally, I felt my balls tighten up, and knew what was next - I took a couple of long, slow strokes in her, then buried myself in her as far as I could as the first spurt of my semen erupted. That must have been all she needed, because as I felt the next load start its journey, she clamped down on me as she threw her head back in a (thankfully) silent scream of release. Again, the sensations of her vagina as she orgasmed were phenomenal - and this time, I was free to enjoy every last one of them as I pulsed load after load of sperm into her hot, wet insides.

The fluttering of her vagina kept me hard, and the incredible tightness of her as she orgasmed would have kept me from withdrawing, even if I'd wanted to. Instead, I leaned

over her again, my hands next to hers, covering her body with mine as her climax gradually tapered off. When enough of it had passed, she started to shakily lower herself to the bed; I put an arm around her and helped ease both of us down, so that I stayed close to - and inside of - her. When she was finally on her stomach, I eased my legs to the outsides of hers, so that I was crouched over her.

After a bit, she managed to turn her head enough that we could share a kiss before she told me "Clara Hawkes was right - you are **something**. I don't think she meant it quite this way, though!", with a giggle. I laughed, and told her "You seem to have done pretty well yourself, there, Agent Jones."

She kissed me again, and answered "It wouldn't have been possible without you."

We lay there like that for another couple of minutes before my penis finally softened enough to pull free of her. When it did, she got a surprised look on her face, and said "THAT part I'd forgotten about - the getting sticky and feeling, um, drafty, when it's over."

I nuzzled her ear, and said "If you'd like, I'd be happy to share a shower with you - that would pretty much solve both problems, I think."

She all but purred as she told me "I'd love it."

It was a considerably changed Amy Jones that walked next to me as we headed in to share a steamy, playful shower. About halfway through it, I was industriously lathering up her breasts as she did the same for my penis when she gave a sudden start before looking in my eyes to tell me "I just realized: this is the first time in my LIFE that I've done anything like this - and I'm actually *enjoying* it!"

"Done anything like what?" I asked.

"Taken a shower with a guy. Been naked with him with the lights on. Just STOOD there while he played with my tits. Not just had my hand on his penis, but actually **played** with it. Laughed and joked and had FUN with him afterwards."

"Amy, that's what love is all about."

She suddenly got serious, and looked into my eyes as she asked "Do you love me, then?"

I kept her gaze, and answered "Of course I do, Amy. I'm not going to dump Lucy for you and run off to Mexico or anything, but yes, I love you."

She shook her head, and answered "No, I didn't expect anything like that, and I wouldn't want it, anyway. I just wanted to know that somebody loved me, was all."

This time, it was MY turn to look into HER eyes as I told her "Amy, I'm not the only one. Lucy loves you, for who you are, and for what you do. Robyn loves you for the same reasons, as does Sandra. I'm sure that there are plenty of other people that love you, too - and if you'll look around you, you'll know who they are."

She nodded solemnly, then after a moment, got a grin on her face and said "Want to go see what Lucy and the girls have been up to?"

I grinned back at her, and told her it sounded like a **great** idea. We rinsed each other off - groping each other in the process - and turned off the shower. Once we'd dried each other off, we headed for the door between the rooms. Amy was right beside me, not a stitch on, and not the slightest bit concerned about it.

I quietly opened the door, and we looked in to see Lucy and the girls tangled up on the bed. When we got close enough, we could see that all three of their faces were shiny with each other's juices. I felt Amy give a little shiver next to me, and whispered "What is it?"

She whispered back "They all look **so** lovely and happy like that, together. I wish I could be there with them."

She got a surprised look on her face when I told her "Then go ahead. I promise, every one of them would be delighted to have you there."

She looked at me with concern on her face, and quietly told me "What if I made a mistake? What if I was too nervous? I've never really **done** anything like that - except for Virgie!"

I smiled at her, and pointed out "You'd never done anything like what WE just did, either - but once you got started, it turned out okay, I think."

She gave me a playful pinch, and said "It turned out better than just 'okay' - it was **great**!" with a grin.

About that time, Lucy opened her eyes, startled when she saw us standing there. Her little jump woke up Robyn and Sandra; the three of them looked at us sheepishly before untangling themselves.

In a passable Ricky Ricardo imitation, I said "Lucy, you got some 'splainin' to do!" - and all of them, Amy included, started laughing. And kept laughing until tears ran down their cheeks.

When the laughter died down, Amy surprised all three of them by leaning over to give each of them a kiss - and not just a dainty one on the cheek, either. All three of them found out that this girl could KISS, when she wanted to. When she stood up again, all three of them were staring at her, dumbfounded. It was Lucy who finally asked "Okay,

I'll play - what the hell happened to YOU? I'm not complaining, mind you, but you are most definitely NOT the same Amy Jones that we left alone with him."

Amy blushed, and told her "What happened to me was HIM."

Lucy looked at me, and asked "What the hell did you do to her? Or with her? Or whatever?"

Amy just laughed, and said "What he did was show me what REAL love is, and what patience and understanding and caring are. What he did was show me what tolerance and acceptance are. What he did was show me that it's okay to be ME, and that people love me."

Lucy looked at me again, before turning back to Amy to ask "And just how did he accomplish all of this?"

"He made love TO me, and WITH me. I'd never had an orgasm with a man before; and even the ones I gave myself were small. But HE gave me **three** INCREDIBLE ones. Any one of them would have been more than everything else I've experienced, all put together, but he gave me THREE of them. And while he was doing it, he was so kind and gentle and patient and *forgiving*. Now I know why all of you love him so very much."

"So you were with him long enough to accomplish all that, and have three orgasms, too?" Lucy asked.

Nervously, Amy answered "Yes."

"Good!"

Surprised, Amy asked "You're not upset? That we made love like that, and that he did all that for me?"

Lucy just laughed, and said "Amy, **I'm** the one that left you with him, remember? **I** know what kind of man he is, and I could see that you were kind of messed up about love and sex and all that. I knew that if I left you alone with him, there was a damned good chance that he'd do just exactly what he did - with my whole-hearted agreement, mind you. So no, I'm not upset; I'm *glad* that he was able to help you that way - not just about getting your head on straight, but having real orgasms with a real guy. And from the way you just kissed me - and the girls, too, if their expressions were any indication - you relaxed about more than just making love with a man."

Amy blushed, and said "Yeah, I did."

"I'm going to take a wild guess here, but I think maybe you even relaxed enough to want to spend some time with us, too?"

Amy looked at me, and I nodded to her; she turned back and said "Yes, I would."

Lucy just smiled at her, as did Robyn and Sandra, before they pushed the bedcovers down, and opened their arms to her. I could see the tears in her eyes as she made her way to the bed, and into their welcoming arms.

They shared a group hug before starting to kiss each other - REAL kisses of love and affection - before Amy hesitantly reached up to put her hand on Lucy's breast. When she felt Lucy lean forward a bit to make firmer contact, she smiled; when Robyn and Sandra reached out, each caressing one of her firm mounds, Amy's face got positively radiant.

I stood there, happy to see all of THEM happy, for several minutes as they quickly got familiar with each other, in more ways than one. Finally, they settled down enough that Lucy, then Amy, remembered that they'd left me standing there. Even after Lucy and Amy stopped, it still took a few seconds before Robyn and Sandra followed their example.

I told Lucy "We've still got a bunch of FBI agents hanging around us, so don't kill her, okay? It wouldn't look good. And remember that she still has to be able to get out of here under her own power so she can get some rest tomorrow; she's got work to do tomorrow night, right?"

Lucy grinned at me, and said "Yes, Boss. No killing FBI people, check. Has to leave under her own power, check. Has to get some rest tomorrow, check. Are ravishing and debauchery allowed?"

I grinned back, and said "As long as you don't break the rules, yes. But I'll warn you: she's a fast learner, so you may have your hands full."

Lucy looked down to where she had one of Amy's breasts in her hand, and reported "Yes, one of them already is!" - and all four of them started giggling.

Finally, Amy looked up at me, and asked "What about you?"

"I think I'm going to have some things to do tomorrow, so I'd better get some sleep. Besides, they left us alone, so I'll leave you alone. You ladies have fun."

Sandra spoke up, saying "Uh, Dan?"

"What is it, Stinker?"

"Um, I think I'd be more comfortable with you, instead of here. Can I stay with you tonight?"

When she heard that, Amy got a surprised, slightly pained look on her face. When Lucy saw it, she explained "It's not you, Amy. Sandra started her period yesterday, and she just doesn't want her problem to get in the way of your fun. Our fun."

Relieved, Amy looked at Sandra, and told her "Sandra, all four of us have periods, right? I promise, it won't bother me; but if it makes you feel better, and you really want to, then I won't mind if you want to stay with Dan tonight."

Sandra thought it over for a bit, then looked at me and said "Uh, is it okay if I come over there later?"

I laughed, and told her "Sure, Sandra. Any time you want will be fine."

Relieved, Sandra looked at Amy as she said "In that case, I think I'd like to stay here for a little while."

That settled, I wished them all a good night - "I think it will be!", Lucy told me, laughing - and I headed back into Lucy's room, closing the door behind me. Once there, I got myself a beer out of the mini-bar, and laid back to watch a movie while I drank it - it still wasn't very late at night.

An hour or so later, Sandra came wobbling into the room, obviously worn out - and, just as obviously, happy as she could be. She came over to kiss me, and I caught the distinct smells of the other three, with a predominance of Amy. I grinned at her and asked "I'll take it that all of you have been having fun?"

She just giggled, and said "Yeah. Lots of it. That Amy is a GOOD kisser!"

I gave her a pat on the fanny, and said "That she is. Why don't you grab a quick shower, and when you get out, we'll lay here and snuggle for a while."

She nodded her agreement, and pulled my hand over so she could have a sip of my beer before she headed for the bathroom.

A few minutes later, she came out and crawled into bed with me, tucking herself into my side and pulling my arm around her. We lay there like that until the movie finished; as the credits were scrolling, I looked down to see that she'd fallen asleep. Carefully, so as not to disturb her, I called down to leave a wakeup call at the front desk. I also spoke to Agent Gallery, to let him know that Amy would be staying with us for a while - possibly until morning. I heard the smile in his voice as he told me "Good. She's a damn fine agent, but she doesn't have enough **friends**. She needs to unwind a little." I knew that HE knew something was happening - and cared only that she was being properly treated, and taken care of.

"You sound like an understanding man, Agent Gallery."

"Please, call me Tom. Maybe I am, I don't know. I just know that we're a tight bunch of people. We have to be, of course. While the rest of us talk about our home lives with each other, it seems like Amy never talks about the people she knows AWAY from work. She's a damn good looking woman, but we never see HER come in looking like the rest of us do when WE'VE gotten plenty of 'bed rest', as we call it. She's due for it. She deserves it."

"You're certainly a thoughtful man, Tom. Well, we won't be going out tonight, so you can make your arrangements accordingly. I seriously doubt that any of us will be awake before, oh, eight o'clock, at the earliest."

"Thanks. Take good care of her, Dan."

"We will, Tom. Good night."

That done, I hung up the phone, and rolled onto my side so I could hold Sandra close to me as I fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning before my wakeup call; I went ahead and called down to let them know they could cancel it. Sandra looked like she was pretty well out of it, so I went ahead and got some coffee started before heading into the bathroom.

Clean and shaven, I saw that the coffeemaker was done, and poured myself a cup - Sandra was still well and truly out of it.

When I'd finished my coffee, I called down to the front desk, and was quickly put in touch with the duty agent - Agent Hendricks. I told him that everyone else was sleeping in, but that I'd be down for some breakfast in about ten minutes, if that was okay. He assured me that the café in the hotel was quite slow, and that they'd be waiting for me. He also told me that I had a message from Jules Francone - Agent Gallery had had the front desk hold the call so that we wouldn't be disturbed so soon after the 'incident', as he put it. I thanked him, and hung up before pouring myself a second cup of coffee.

As I was going through the second cup, I got dressed; when I saw Amy's purse with her weapon in it, I decided that I should probably take it to the other room, where she could see that it was safe. I carefully opened the door, and saw the three of them snuggling together on the bed; Amy was wrapped up by Lucy and Robyn. All three had happy, satiated smiles on their faces, so I knew they'd had a good time. I put Amy's purse on a dresser, well away from anything else, so that she could see it from the bed. I couldn't help stopping by the bed to give all three of them a kiss, not at all surprised that each of them smelled strongly of the other two. Again, I couldn't resist the temptation to grab my digital camera and take a few photos, a mix of close-ups of each of them, and a few of them as a group.

That done, I went back into Lucy's room, closing the door behind me, and put on my holstered pistol before heading for the door. I quietly undid all the locks, then opened it a crack to peer into the hallway. There were two different agents out there; again, one at each end of the hallway. Both nodded in greeting, and I went on out, making sure the door was locked behind me. Down in the lobby, I saw that Agent Hendricks wasn't in any mood to fool around - there were a couple of people in suits that all but screamed "FBI". I stopped by the desk and picked up the message they had for me before heading for the café. I was only a couple of feet from the desk when a man walked toward me - Agent Hendricks, I expected.

He introduced himself, and thanked me for letting them know what my plans were. I assured him it was okay, and inquired about the men in suits who were making no pretense of not watching out for me. He told me "I know that you don't think anyone from the Francone family will be bothering you, but it seemed prudent to make sure that anyone else out there knows we're here, too." I thanked him, and asked if I could buy him a cup of coffee. He hesitated, and I told him "I expect that I'm going to be paying some people a visit- probably today, but maybe tomorrow. I'd like to work with you on the logistics of it." When he heard that, he agreed, and the two of us continued to the café. After we got some coffee, I ordered, and we talked over what I thought was going to happen while I waited for my meal.

When I'd finished breakfast, Agent Hendricks and I shook hands before I headed back for the room. Once there, I went into the room that the girls hadn't used in a couple of days, and made my call to Jules. He answered quickly, and let me know that he'd made arrangements for 'the interested party' and I to meet sometime that day.

I asked when would be a good time, and he told me "Pretty much any time - just make it at least a couple hours from now so they can make arrangements, okay?"

"How about one o'clock, then?" I asked.

"Beautiful. You know you're going into the lions den, don't you?"

I gave a small laugh, and said "Yeah - same old tune."

He laughed then, too, and said "I guess it's nothing new to you, is it?"

"Not really."

"Well, I'll be there, too, kind of as a go-between. I know my uncle, and I know you - maybe we can settle this before it goes too far."

"I hope so, Guido. Stuff like this doesn't do **anybody** any good."

"I hear that. Okay, I'll see you later, okay?"

"See you then."

That conversation over, I called down to speak with Agent Hendricks. When I told him what Jules and I had set up, he said "His uncle, huh? Must be Benito Francone, a.k.a. Benny. He and Jules' daddy were in business when Jules' dad kinda got blown up. Benny had the entire operation then, and we heard that he *personally* took care of the people that killed his brother. No bodies were ever found; it was like they dropped off the face of the earth. He's a mean old bird, and hard as they come. Watch yourself."

"Oh, I will. He's not the first hard-ass I've had to deal with."

Hendricks laughed, and said "Yeah, I guess not. I'll bet he's gonna be some surprised at you, though!"

I verified the arrangements I'd made with him over breakfast before ending the conversation.

With a few hours to fill before my meeting, I went back into 'my' room to collect my new laptop. Once in there, I saw that Amy was mostly awake.

When she saw me, she woke up completely, and gave me a radiant smile of greeting before gesturing that she wanted me to come over to the bed. I sat on the edge, careful not to wake up Lucy or Robyn, and Amy reached out to take my hand. Holding it to her mouth, she softly kissed my palm before holding it to her face as she whispered "Thank you. Last night was the best time I've had in my *life*. I never felt so loved, so accepted, by **anyone**, not even my own family."

I smiled at her, and took her hand in mine in return, telling her "It was my pleasure - OUR pleasure. Know that we love you, and when you get the chance, pass it along."

She nodded solemnly, and I leaned over to give her a kiss - and getting a taste of Lucy and Robyn in the process. I smacked my lips in appreciation, and she blushed slightly when I told her "Hmmmm. Robyn, with a little Lucy tossed in for variety..."

I grinned when I saw the blush, and told her "I'll be in the other room, working a little bit. You're welcome to stay as long as you want - just remember, if you leave before they all get to give you a proper goodbye, you'll be in some **serious** trouble."

She grinned back at me, and said "I wouldn't dream of it - I owe them, and you, too much."

"Amy, you owe us nothing. We did it because we love you. No more, no less."

She gave my palm another soft kiss, then released it so I could stand up and collect my things before heading back into the girls room.

Back in the other room, I got the laptop fired up, and spent a little time getting the software I used loaded on it. That done, there was a little fine-tuning the settings, and I logged into my internet provider to check my email. I was pleasantly surprised to find that nearly all of my customers had replied to the messages I'd sent them, saying they appreciated the warning, and wishing me well. When I saw that, I silently laughed to myself, thinking "If they only KNEW how well it turned out!".

The couple of people that had problems or questions were easily dealt with, so it wasn't long before I was done. Email out of the way, I started working on the project that I'd set aside to come help Lucy; I'd copied the necessary files to a few diskettes, so was able to pretty much pick up where I'd left off. When I checked the time again, I still had an hour and a half before my meeting; I saved my work, and went in to see what the others were up to.

I opened the door to 'my' room, and saw that it was empty. Continuing on, I found them all on the bed in Lucy's room, snuggling as they watched cartoons on TV, of all things. All four of them clambered off the bed to come over to hug and kiss me when they saw me. Amy and Lucy were particularly enthusiastic in their greetings, making sure that I **knew** I'd been kissed. Almost had my socks rolling up and down...

Sandra told me that she'd woken up and went looking for me; when she got to my room, she saw the three of them in bed, and decided to join them for a little bit while she and Amy talked quietly so as not to wake Lucy or Robyn. Lucy was the next to wake up, and finally Robyn. With all of them awake, they decided that they smelled like a used brothel, and went in to take a group shower that turned into a grope session. Dried off, Amy told them that I was working in the other room, and they'd decided to leave me alone, figuring that I'd been busy enough with all of them the last few days. Instead, they'd gone to Lucy's room to watch TV, so they'd be sure and not disturb me. The idea of cartoons had actually been Amy's - it sounded like fun, and they'd all agreed.

I told them that I'd be going out early that afternoon, but that I'd be back in a couple of hours, tops. They all looked apprehensive, but I told them that it was just a meeting, and that there wasn't anything to worry about. Lucy and Amy looked dubious, but didn't say anything; Robyn and Sandra accepted it without any noticeable problem.

They invited me to join them, and when I agreed, Lucy and Amy got into a friendly argument about who sat on my lap - Amy wanted Lucy to do it, and Lucy wanted Amy to be the one. Amy finally gave in when Robyn and Sandra chimed in, telling her that she was the guest so she'd better do it, or they'd positively **ravish** her. In mock fear, Amy made her way over to me, and let me hold her as Lucy snuggled into my side, with Robyn, then Sandra on the other.

When I figured it was time, I hugged Amy and told them that I had to go - Amy got off my lap, and she and Lucy stood up to let me get off the bed. Both kissed me again - Lucy looking on in amusement when Amy saw her watching and hesitated a moment - and told me to hurry back. I assured them I would, and headed out the door.

In the lobby, Agent Hendricks was waiting for me, along with the two suits I'd seen earlier. He asked me if I was sure I wanted to do it this way, and I told him I was. With a sigh, he gestured to the other two agents, and the four of us headed for the parking lot. There, we got into an issue FBI car, and left, another car of agents right behind us.

After a while, we pulled up to the gates of a small estate - probably the size of a half-dozen 'normal' house lots, with a guy standing there. I handed my holstered pistol to Agent Hendricks, and told him "Try not to lose this, okay? I kinda like it."

He laughed, and said "It'll be here when you get out."

I got out of the car, and it and the one full of agents pulled out of the driveway to park across the street from the gate. The guy standing there watched all this carefully. When I walked up to him, I told him "My name is Dan Andrews. I believe I'm expected."

He looked me over, and nodded before opening a small personnel gate to the side of the big heavy one across the driveway. I went in, and was immediately met by a couple of largish guys in suits who told me "Sorry, sir, but we gotta check to make sure you're not wired, or carrying."

"That's fine. I left the hardware with the FBI boys out front; I don't think I want a wire any more than you do - but go ahead."

Both of them nodded, and politely - but thoroughly - frisked me, and checked to make sure I wasn't wearing a listening device. Both gave me a look when they realized I was wearing a vest, but didn't say anything.

One of them escorted me to the front door of the house - easily a dozen rooms - which opened as we got close. Another man in a suit came out, and the one with me told him "He's clean. Got a vest, though." The one who came out nodded, and led me into the house, and on into a large room. Inside, there was a sizeable conference table. At one end sat an elderly man, with a couple of younger men seated to each side of him. Behind him stood a couple of heavy-set fellows, with a couple more standing off to each side of the room.

When I went in, the elderly man stood up, and introduced himself "I take it you're Dan Andrews. My name is Benito Falcone. My nephew, Jules, tells me that it might be worthwhile for us to have a little talk."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Falcone. I'm hoping that we can sit down and talk out this problem that we seem to have, before anybody gets hurt."

About that time, the guy that met me at the door walked over to him and whispered something into his ear, then left.

Francone looked at me a moment, then said "I understand you were brought here by some FBI people. That was not a friendly thing to do, I think."

"The FBI people were assigned to me by their office. It seemed better to have them with me, out in the open, than have them scurrying around where nobody could see them. You know they're there. They know I'm in here. It helps prevent any problems or misunderstandings."

He gave a small laugh, and said "And makes it easier for you to leave here. Okay, I'm not playing with a dummy. But we've still got a problem. I understand that you found some information that you gave to the FBI about some associates of mine. This information is going to cause them some problems. When it causes them problems, it causes ME problems, and I don't LIKE problems. I think the easiest thing would be for me to get rid of the cause of all these problems."

"That wouldn't do you any good, Mister Falcone. All the information I have is already in the hands of the FBI. Even if something was to happen to me, it wouldn't hurt their case even a little bit."

"Perhaps. But if something was to happen to you, it might let other people know that it isn't a good idea to make me unhappy."

"I think that there are people who would tell you that it isn't a good idea to make ME unhappy, either, Mister Falcone."

"You're talking about Vinnie? Yeah, I suppose he would - but then again, he's not going to be happy with you when he can move around again."

"As long as he's unhappy someplace else, I'm not going to concern myself about it. I just want to see an end to OUR problem."

He looked at me for a long moment, then said "You want an end to our problem, but you're not giving me anything to work with, here. What's to keep me from having some people pay you a little visit, and maybe deal with you that way?"

"Because if you did, those people might not find it so easy to visit anyone else after that - THEY might be the ones that get dealt with."

He got an outraged look on his face, and exclaimed "What? You're talking to me like that? What do you think, you're some kind of tough guy?!"

I just stood there, and shrugged my shoulders.

Behind me, I heard Jules tell him "Uncle Benny, he doesn't think he's a tough guy. He's what tough guys WANT to be."

Falcone calmed himself a bit at that, and watched as Jules and I shook hands before he pulled me into a hug, and said "It's good to see you again, Boomer. Even like this."

"Nice to see you learned how to stay out of trouble in helicopters, Guido."

He hugged me again, and turned to Falcone to say "Uncle Benny, this man, he doesn't scare. Not because he's stupid, but because he's a lot tougher and a lot smarter than most people give him credit for. You remember I told you about how I got shot down in... that place?"

Falcone nodded, and Jules went on to tell him "This man here, and some others, are the ones that pulled me out before I **really** got into trouble. Even then, it was pretty exciting getting back. Anybody you send after him, they won't come back. God's honest truth, I'm surprised Vinnie and Charlie did. I talked to them. Neither one of them has the faintest idea of what he did - all Vinnie knows is that he woke up in the hospital; all Charley knows is that he was looking down the barrel of a .45 before he even knew this man moved. You know Charlie - and this man SCARED him."

"Okay, so maybe he's tough. But dammit, he's costing me a lot of money!"

"Uncle Benny, you KNEW those people were crooks when you went into business with them. Now you're gonna get all upset that they stole your money?"

"Them I can take care of. But I don't like this one going to the FBI and making trouble. I think maybe I need to take care of him, so nobody else gets any fancy ideas."

"Uncle Benny, I promise you: you don't want to start that kind of trouble with him. Believe me, I saw what him and his friends can do. They don't make war. They ARE war. They're the people Uncle Sam sends in to soften people up before war happens, okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. So maybe he's lucky. I bet he can't be lucky forever."

"He doesn't have to be. Uncle Benny, I don't think you understand just what this man can do. If he got it into his head that he wanted to kill you, there's nothing anybody in this room could do to stop it. NOTHING."

"He'd be killed, if he tried."

"Maybe - but I can tell you that HE wouldn't die until after YOU did. And he'd probably take everybody else in this room with him. Then when his friends heard about it, they'd take care of the rest of us. They know I'm not in the business, so I'd probably wouldn't get hurt too bad - but by the time they were done, this family would be nothing but widows and orphans."

That gave the old man something to think about. When he stopped to take a drink from the glass in front of him, Jules told him "Uncle Benny, remember when I was younger,

and started sniffing after the girls? Remember what you told me - that I had to think with my brains, not my balls? I think it's time I reminded you of the same thing."

The old man looked at him a moment, before nodding his head slightly.

Here, I spoke up again, offering something I'd thought about that morning. "Mister Francone, there's something else for you to think about."

"What's that, tough guy?"

"I told you that the FBI already has everything I know. You could be using this time to cut the damage you're going to have, instead of fussing over me. There are going to be people that the FBI is going to want to talk to - people you should talk to FIRST. From what they told me, they think they can take out as much as half your organization. I'd think you'd want to stop that."

He asked me "Why you telling me this, instead of just watching them do it?"

"Because I don't want any trouble with you - trouble that wouldn't do either one of us any good. I give you a little warning so you can save some of what you've got here, and you decide that I'm not worth messing with. That way, both of us come out of it with something, instead of both of us losing everything."

That was an idea that he could understand - a little mutual back-scratching. And keeping at least SOME of what he already had. I could see in his face that he knew he had a serious problem with the FBI investigation.

Finally, he said "What about those assholes, and the money they stole?"

I shrugged again, and told him 'You do business with crooks, you take the chance of getting cheated. I think you have other sources of income you can use to make it up. And them? They know they did you wrong. They know you won't be happy about it. Do you think they're going to be feeling safe and secure and comfortable in prison, knowing that you can get to them any time you want?"

With that thought, he cackled, and said "I think maybe I could learn to like you, mister tough guy. Yeah, I got 'other sources of income'. This is gonna hurt me, but not so bad, maybe. Okay, you walk outta here, I forget about you - I got an organization to take care of, and I don't need any extra trouble. But you don't go causing me any more problems, right?"

"I got no beef with you, Mister Falcone. I just want me and my friends to be left alone."

He nodded, and said "Okay, that's how it is, then."

At this point, Jules spoke up, saying "Uncle Benny?"

"What is it, Jules?"

"Just to make sure there aren't any misunderstandings, maybe it would be a good idea if you let Vinnie and the other boys know that you were okay with this, and that you wouldn't like them bothering him?"

The old man nodded, and looked at me, saying "Any of my boys show up, it's them, not me. How you deal with them is up to you - I won't get involved."

I nodded, and told him "Fair enough, Mister Falcone. Thank you."

He looked me over again, and said "Yeah, I think I could like you. You're nice and quiet and polite and all that, but you got **balls**. I think maybe Jules did us BOTH a favor, being here - now that I look closer, I can see that there's steel in you."

I just smiled at him, and said "It's been a pleasure meeting you, Mister Falcone".

He laughed, and waved his hand in dismissal; Jules walked with me as I headed for the door. Outside, we stood and talked for a little bit, him telling me that he'd gotten an architecture degree, and had his own office now. He laughed, and told me how upset the family had been when he'd turned away the clients they'd sent him - then been proud when he'd become a success without their help. We exchanged business cards as an easy way to contact each other, with promises to stay in touch.

Back outside the gate, Agent Hendricks got out of the car, and shielded me while I got the holster back in place. I had to admit to myself that it made me feel a little more secure having it there, and decided that carrying it after all this was over might not be a bad idea.

On the way back to the hotel, I told him how the conversation had gone. He had trouble believing that old Benito Francone had let somebody off the hook like that, but I just told him that his informants would verify it soon enough. I think my confidence did as much to convince him as what I'd told him. He wasn't going to let the detail off the hook until Agent Hawkes told him, too, though.

Back at the hotel, I found Lucy waiting for me. She gave me a terrific welcoming kiss, then another, saying "The second one was from Amy. She said to tell you 'thank you' again, too."

I smiled, and pulled Lucy into a tight embrace, kissing her for all I was worth. When it finally ended, she pulled back a little, and said "Whoosh! What brought that on? Not that I'm complaining, I just want to know how to make it happen again!"

I told her where I'd been - she got a frightened, indignant look that I hadn't told her before - but quickly cheered up when I told her how it had turned out. She was mildly disappointed that it would take a couple days for the FBI to get the message, but

gratefully realized that they would be slower to leave us alone than they were to protect us in the first place.

I looked around, and asked her where the girls were. She told me that they'd gone swimming in the hotel pool - AFTER calling down to warn the agents, and give them time to prepare.

I made my own call, and Lucy and I went down to the pool to watch them, and give them the anticipated good news.

When we got to the pool, Lucy and I could both see that the girls were well-protected: there were a couple of female agents obviously watching out, as well as a few other people that didn't seem to be doing anything, even for laying around a pool. Watching, I did notice that a couple of the younger male agents would steal the occasional admiring glance at them.

Lucy and I got their things and sat down at a table, where the girls eventually noticed us. When they came over, we handed each of them their towel, and I told them a condensed and simplified version of what I'd told Lucy. Both seemed to know that there was more to it, but were too happy at the news to bother with it. The girls asked us to join them, and after looking at each other, we agreed. I gestured to one of the agents in suits, and he came over to ask what I needed. I told him that Lucy and I would be joining the girls for a swim after we went up and changed. He thanked me, and promptly got on the radio. Lucy and I headed back to the room, changed, and came back down. As we were going into the pool area, I saw Lucy give a little smile before she whispered to me "There's as many of the female agents checking YOU out as there are guys checking ME out!"

I grinned at her, and whispered back "I think the guys are getting the better deal.", and she nudged me in the ribs. By that time, we were right next to the pool, so I just bumped her with my hip - sending her into the water. She shrieked, and every agent that wasn't watching us started for a weapon before they heard the splash, and knew what had happened.

Lucy came up spluttering, and made a try for my ankle to pull me in; I carefully danced away, and made a dive toward the deep end of the pool.

Once underwater, I tucked and turned, so that I was headed back for where Lucy was. She didn't see me, and gave another little shriek when I slid by and 'goosed' her. Robyn and Sandra were watching, and decided to come to her aid. Feeling a little feisty, I decided to give them a run for their money. Even though I stayed in the pool and they didn't, it still took them nearly twenty minutes before they managed to corner me for a mass-tickling exercise. Not being particularly ticklish, they still had their hands full as I put up a 'fight' by tickling and groping them at every opportunity.

I finally decided to call a truce when Sandra went underwater and started trying to pull my suit down.

When I looked around, I could see that every agent in there had a grin on their face - even the ones that weren't actually looking at us. I eased over to where a couple of them were laying in their suits, and quietly said "Folks, it's a little like living in a fishbowl, us in here and you out there. Any **good** reason you can't jump in here and have some fun with us?"

They looked at each other, and one of them discretely got on the radio, telling us a few moments later that there wasn't any reason at all. That settled, two of the younger female agents got up, along with a couple of the younger male agents. When Lucy and the girls saw that, all three of them grinned. The agents jumped in, and headed over to where I had rejoined the others, whispering in Robyn's ear. She got a big grin, and when the agents got close enough, I told them "The game is Tag. No getting out of the pool, if you do, you're 'it'. No drowning, but dunking is allowed - for **anybody**. Robyn is 'it' first."

With that, Robyn went underwater, and made a beeline for one of the female agents who made a valiant effort at escaping - without success. In the meantime, Sandra headed off in a different direction, then turned back to jump on one of the male agents, pushing him underwater. I went under, and pulled the feet out from under the other female agent before moving on. Lucy just stayed there, hanging on to the edge of the pool, laughing - until the female agent that was 'it' headed for her. After that, it was catch-as-catch-can: while keeping an eye out for whoever was 'it', the rest would swim around trying to find someone to dunk or pull underwater. Once they understood that I was serious about anybody being a target, all of the agents got into the spirit of the thing, and didn't hesitate to go after anyone they thought was vulnerable. Sandra and one of the female agents teamed up to get me; the other female and a male got Lucy. Robyn was kept busy staying away from the other male agent - 'it' - who proved to be almost as good a swimmer as she was.

Eventually, all of us laughing and tired, we agreed to a halt to the game as we hung onto the edge of the pool to catch our breath. I looked around, and saw Agent Hendricks standing off to the side, a bemused expression on his face. When he was sure that he wasn't going to get splashed, he came over to crouch down by me and say "I don't think these people have **ever** had quite so much fun protecting someone as they have with you people. How you can do it is beyond me."

I looked up at him and said "It's easy, actually. If we stay locked up in our rooms, they win. Non Illegitimus Carborundum."

He looked confused, and I translated for him: "Don't let the bastards grind you down!" - then splashed him before heading for the other side of the pool. When I got there, I saw that all of the other agents were trying to hide grins at the sight of him standing there with a large wet spot on the front of his suit. He looked positively stunned for several seconds, then started laughing before telling me "Just remember, Dan: paybacks are a **mother!**", making several agents laugh. I just grinned at him before heading over to dunk Lucy. With that, the game was on again.

Finally, all of us had had enough, and by mutual consent, the game ended. We kind of collected in one corner of the pool, and one of the female agents told me "Mr. Andrews- I mean, Dan, I think this is the first time in my *life* that somebody has paid me to play grab-ass in a pool!", making the other agents laugh, and agree.

Lucy told them "Thank you, all of you, for jumping in with us and helping make this fun", then floated over to give each of the male agents a kiss on the cheek. Robyn and Sandra offered their thanks and kissed the guys, too - embarrassing them mightily. The females looked at me, with a mixture of anticipation and welcome; I went over and gave them a proper thanks, as well. Neither one hesitated in the slightest to kiss me back, and both looked pleased when we'd finished.

Robyn called out "Last one OUT is a rotten egg!", and promptly eeled out of the pool, leaving the rest of us to scramble out as best we could. The last one out was one of the male agents, who accepted the good-natured teasing he got with a smile and a laugh.

As I was drying off, I saw Lucy look behind me; but before I could turn to see what it was, felt myself being drenched in ice-cold water. I turned around to see that Agent Hendricks had emptied an entire pitcher of ice water on me, and was rapidly heading away, laughing. I laughed, too, joining everyone else, and nodded to him in acceptance of his trick.

Mostly dried off, the four of us wrapped our towels around ourselves to avoid dripping water onto the hotel carpet, and headed back to our rooms. Once there, we all stripped and headed in for a group shower to rinse off the chlorine from the pool. With that out of the way, we opted for a brief nap - Lucy and I in one bed, Robyn and Sandra in another.

I woke up to find Robyn climbing on top of me. Resting on her hands and knees, she looked down at me to ask "So, what's for supper?" - making me and Lucy both laugh. A moment later, Sandra assumed the same position over Lucy, who just turned to look at me.

I thought it over, and offered "If anyone's in the mood for some shopping, how about if we just grab a bite at the mall?"

All three of them thought it was a splendid idea, and Lucy good-naturedly handed me the phone so I could give the FBI agents a heads-up.

They didn't have any problem with the idea, and readily agreed to the fifteen minute time I offered. Lucy and the girls heard me, of course, and all immediately went into overdrive as they rushed around to get dressed in something more than the birthday suits they'd been wearing. Even though I ducked into the bathroom to shave again, I still managed to be ready ahead of them.

A while later, as we were going into the mall, I spotted one of the female agents that had been in the pool with us. Looking like a young housewife, she presented quite a different

appearance than when I'd seen her last. I couldn't help easing over next to her and whispering "Personally, I think you looked better in the pool!", causing her to grin and whisper back "Thanks!", before I rejoined Lucy and the girls.

First on the agenda was something to eat - Sandra and Robyn decided on pizza while Lucy and I went for roast beast sandwiches.

With something in our bellies, we were off to do some **serious** shopping. I lost track after about the umpteenth store, but I'm **pretty** sure we hit all of them. Any we might have missed probably didn't have any reason to be in a mall, anyway. When we were done, all of us were pretty well loaded down with packages - even I'd been drafted into pack horse duty. I think that the only thing that saved us was a couple of the agents discretely offering to help, each taking a package or two. I think they did it as much to try and blend in with the mall crowd as to help out.

Back at the hotel, we managed to get everything hauled up to our rooms, and decided that the easiest thing to do was to simply pile it up in the girls room. Lucy, the girls, and I thanked the agents that helped tote all the stuff by kissing the agents of the opposite sex. With Lucy wearing an engagement ring, there wasn't any reason to pretend that we weren't staying together, which left one room 'unoccupied'.

Too tired from the pool and all the shopping, none of them had any interest in showing off the stuff they'd bought. In fact, all three of them started yawning not long after we put away the stuff we'd bought. I asked if anyone wanted to stay up, but none of them did; after a short discussion, we decided that Lucy and Sandra would sleep together, as would Robyn and I. That settled, all of us headed off to get ready for bed after kissing each other good night.

The next day, the three of them spent the day lazing around, watching movies on TV and so on while I got caught up on the work that I'd put off while helping Lucy. Every so often, one of them would come in to check on me; and if I wasn't too busy, would come over to give me a kiss or a hug. With that kind of encouragement, it actually didn't take me long to get caught up - again, laying the groundwork for the project in the first place saved me time and trouble in the long run.

As it got toward evening, I reached the point where I felt comfortable saving everything I'd done and putting the computer away. From there, I went in to where Lucy and the girls were stretched out on the bed, watching a movie on the television. I joined them, and told Lucy that when the movie was over, she and I needed to talk. She nodded, and when the credits started rolling, the two of us got up to head into the girls' room. There, I told her that we probably needed to talk to her boss and their client the next day, Monday. She agreed, and we worked out the details of what all we needed to tell them, and in what order. Lucy got on the phone and left a message for her boss, telling him that we'd be giving him a call at four o'clock the next afternoon so he could make the necessary arrangements with the client.

With that out of the way, the next decision - according to Robyn and Sandra - was what to eat for supper. Not wanting to 'dress up', and feeling the desire to get out of the hotel for a little while, we settled on fast-food fried chicken. I called down to let the FBI people know, as well as to inform them that we'd be eating in whatever public park we could find.

Hendricks told us there was a park with tables and a small pond not far away, and I readily agreed to his suggestion. We gave them some time to get set up, and then it was out for supper. Only a couple of cars tagged along with us as we hit the drive-thru of the chicken place; most of them were already waiting for us when we got to the park. Lucy and the girls were delighted that there was a pond, and understood why I'd gotten an extra order of dinner rolls with the chicken. We found a table not far from the pond, and soon had a nice collection of ducks hitting us up for dinner rolls. A couple of squirrels showed up, too, but didn't find anything to their liking. A few crows hung out on the other side of us from the ducks, and decided that scraps of fried chicken were acceptable, though the mashed potatoes that got tossed their way found a couple of takers, as well.

When we'd finished eating there were still a few pieces of chicken left, along with some mashed potatoes and a few rolls. We decided to pack all of it up rather than throw it away, and took it with us as we headed around the pond on a little walk. Lucy and I walked along, hand in hand, as Robyn and Sandra rationed most of the remaining rolls to whatever ducks hadn't shown up for dinner call. About a third of the way around the pond, we came across an obviously homeless man. From the look of him, I figured he'd just had a run of bad luck - he didn't have the look of an alcoholic or drug user. I got Lucy to sit with me on a table for a little bit, then 'forgot' to pick up the package of leftovers up when we left. A couple minutes later, I looked behind us, and saw the homeless guy happily chowing down on it. Lucy looked back to see what I was watching, and saw him, too - then softly said "I wondered why you didn't bring the chicken along." "If I'd offered it to him directly, he'd have refused, probably. Leaving it there, he could take it without having whatever dignity he has left being offended."

Lucy hugged me in response as we continued walking.

After we'd finished our tour of the pond, I think all of us felt refreshed - reasonably full bellies, some time out in the fresh air, a little exercise, and each other's company. We headed back for the hotel, and spent the evening in various pleasures: the girls found a movie they both liked, while Lucy and I spent the evening laying next to each other on the bed, reading and listening to a classical music radio station. All during the evening, one or the other of us would lean over to give the other a kiss - on the shoulder, on the back, on the cheek, or if the timing was right, on the lips. None of them were invitations; rather, they were just expressions of love and affection, freely given and freely accepted.

When it started to get late, Lucy got up to let the girls know when they should go to bed; both accepted their instructions with only a little good-natured complaining.

Shortly after the appointed time, both girls came in to give us a goodnight kiss; both were nude, and Lucy and I couldn't help copping a feel as we kissed each of them. That done, both went back into Lucy's room to go to bed, closing the door behind them. Lucy and I stayed up a bit longer, both of us to finish up the chapter in the books we'd been reading. Lucy finished first, and just lay there watching me until I'd put my book down, too.

She kissed me on the cheek and asked "Today, at the park? Why was the guy you gave the chicken to the only one you tried to help? We saw a couple others, and you didn't even pay the slightest attention to them, other than to keep an eye on them."

"He was reasonably clean, and his clothes were decent and in good shape. He was alert, and paying attention to what was going on around him. It didn't look like he was a drunk or a druggie, just that maybe he'd had one too many bad things happen recently. If I'd thought of it sooner, I'd have let a five or ten fall out of my pocket, too. The other ones, well, it was pretty obvious that all of them were hung up on some chemical or other - alcohol, crack, heroin, whatever. Anything they got would only go into their arms, or up their noses, or wherever. The first guy, he'd figure out how to use whatever he got to last him as long as possible, and try to get the most out of it. As long as someone is trying to do for themselves, I'm more than happy to give them a break. It's the ones that find excuses to forfeit responsibility for themselves that I can't tolerate."

Lucy kissed me on the cheek again, and said "You're as soft on the inside as you are hard on the outside. I love you."

I kissed her back, on the lips, and told her "I love you, too. Don't tell anybody what a marshmallow I am, okay? If word got out, I'd have a dickens of a time trying to negotiate deals with my customers."

She giggled, and answered "Okay, I won't tell", before moving in to give me a hug.

With that, both of us got up and undressed for bed; Lucy decided that she wanted me to spoon against her back. I put my arm around her, and she promptly moved my hand up to hold her breast as she wiggled back far enough to feel my penis resting between her ass cheeks. Once satisfied, she turned her head so we could share a goodnight kiss.

The next morning, Lucy decided to stay at the hotel, telling me "I've got my own report to write, remember?". The girls decided that they just wanted to lay around and read magazines that morning, so I was the only one that headed in to the FBI office. There, I was quickly called into Clara's office, where she told me "Dan, I am **not** amused by your little visit to Benny Falcone on Saturday. If I'd been aware of it, I would have forbidden it."

I just looked at her a moment, then raised in eyebrow in question. She realized what she'd just said, and amended herself to say "Okay, I couldn't have forbidden it. But I damn well

would have objected in the *strongest* possible terms. You took an unnecessary risk, going in there."

"It wasn't any risk at all, actually. I rode right up to the front gate with a couple cars full of FBI people. Hell, I was IN one of their cars. They parked right across the street from the front gate. Obviously, they knew I was in there - and just as obviously, would be expecting me to come back out. So there really wasn't any way for Benny Francone to actually DO anything to me. All he could do was talk, which he did. After a bit, his nephew Jules showed up, and talked some sense into the old man. Then I talked to him a little bit, and he finally calmed down. When he saw that trying to do anything to me or Lucy or Robyn or Sandra would be a bad move, he was willing to consider that he had better things to do with his time and money."

"And how is it that you know Jules Francone, by the way?"

"Oh, that. Well, me and my crew kinda went in to pull him out of a jam when his helicopter decided it didn't want to fly any more. The thing was, it was in a place that Jules wasn't officially flying in, in the first place. Kinda awkward for the government, so they had us get him out before things got embarrassing. We did, though it got kinda interesting there, for a while."

"I'll bet. Okay, so what made you think he was legit, and not part of the family operations."

"As we were moving him out, he and I had a chance to talk a little. He told me about his family, and that he didn't want to make his mark that way - that was why he'd volunteered for the military, so that he could do something on his own. Said when he got out, he was going to pass or fail on his own name. Sounded pretty reasonable to me, so I didn't have any reason to doubt him. Didn't know the local Family was his, though; you kinda forgot to tell me their names, remember?"

That flustered her for a few moments before she told me "Well, you might like to know that we're starting hear from our informants that old Benny has said to lay off you, that everything's cool. That, coupled with Vinnie Castillo being in the hospital and Charlie Petrovski telling people that you're - and I quote - 'one **bad** motherfucker', has about convinced anyone with any sense to leave you *way* alone. We're going to give it another day to see if the story holds up. If it does, we're going to reduce your detail - the only people you'll have to worry about then are the freelancers, and they're so inept that they shouldn't be any problem."

I nodded my understanding, and told her that Lucy and the girls would be happy to hear that. Clara went on to tell me "Just make sure you keep that vest on, and don't forget your weapon. You're still damn important to this investigation, and we don't want to see anything happen to you."

I asked how things were going, and she told me "They're going great. The banks have been extremely cooperative, and our forensic accountants have taken what you gave them, and run with it. They've been at it all weekend, and expect to be done by tomorrow afternoon. The last figure I heard was that the money they can directly attribute to you is three hundred and seventeen million dollars. This morning, they told us that they had roughly one point four BILLION dollars frozen, and were able to prove that *all* of it was destined for, or sourced from, illegal operations. They think they'll have a few hundred million more before they're done. This morning, we took down the honchos from TechnoDynamics; we snagged each of them as they showed up for this mornings meeting. We also got them under RICO - Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations - to seize all their property, too. Larceny, fraud, money laundering, drugs, weapons, tax evasion, and accessories to murder are just *SOME* of the charges they're facing. This one is going to be a *beauty* of a case; we figure to get at *LEAST* a quarter of old Benny's organization; with a little luck, we'll take out half or more of it."

I shared her smile, and asked how much of what she'd just told me I could share with the owners of the company, and Lucy's boss. She thought a moment, and said "You can tell them the financial part of it, and the stuff that directly affects them. Benny knows we're onto him, but not how bad we can hurt him - we'd like to keep it that way for as long as possible."

I agreed, and thanked her for her time. She smiled, and said "Believe me, it was MY pleasure. I'd be happy to come and clean your HOUSE after you bring us a case like this. Shucks, I'd clean Lucy's house, too, while I was at it. And I've got a couple dozen agents that would be willing to do yard work for you, too!", she laughed.

I chuckled at her enthusiasm, and she calmed down a bit and told me "Dan, I don't think I've **ever** had my people so happy and enthusiastic about protecting witnesses. No, come to think about it, I *KNOW* they haven't. Jones, Gallery, and Hendricks are all singing your praises. Every agent that you've come in contact with has made a point of mentioning how polite and friendly you are. I know you had four of them in the pool with you the other day, and all the other agents are actually *jealous* that they weren't on your detail that day. Sometimes they've had to protect people they didn't like very much - like Mob informants and such. But every one of them considers it an honor and pleasure to be on *YOUR* detail. Knowing your record, and seeing you shoot, they know that they're there more for Lucy and Robyn and Sandra than you; but even protecting the people you care about means something to these people - because it's *YOU* trusting them with *YOUR* loved ones. They know that you respect who they are and what they do - and for the most part, they just don't get enough of that in their jobs."

"What you said is right - I *DO* trust them, and respect them. But I have a question for you."

"What's that?"

"Is there any way that I can thank them for their time and efforts? Without causing offense, or getting anyone in trouble?"

She thought it over for a few moments, then told me "I can think of a couple of things. First, we have an Emergency Fund for agents. It covers things like expenses for the families of agents that are wounded or hurt in the line of duty. A contribution to that would certainly be welcomed. If you wanted to do something for the people on your details, something that applied to all of them equally would be acceptable."

I nodded and thanked her, she assured me it wasn't a problem. We went on to talk about a few other things before I finally took my leave to head back to the hotel. I let Agent Gallery know I was going to make a detour along the way, and after I explained why, he readily agreed to it.

At the park, I wandered around a bit before I found the homeless man we'd seen the previous day. He watched as I approached, and when I got close enough, he told me "I remember you. You were the guy with the blonde and two kids yesterday. If you're here about the chicken, I waited to see if you were coming back for it; when it didn't look like you were, I ate it myself."

"No, I'm not here about the chicken. I'm here about you."

"What about me?" he asked, slightly suspicious.

"I'm curious to know what happened that put you here."

Only slightly mollified, he asked "Why? You one of those church people that thinks if you can save my soul, that's all I need?"

"Nope. You wanna be saved, you know where the church is; no matter to me if you go, or not. You're not dirty, and you're staying away from the junkies and drunks on the other side of the pond. I'm just curious to know why."

More relaxed, he thought about it for a few moments and finally told me "My name is Mark Sellers. I used to be a carpenter, until some old guy in a Caddie ran through the construction site I was on. Knocked out the wall I was working on, and ran over my leg - broke it in four places. The old guy was like eighty, and could hardly see or hear, but had a valid license. His insurance paid for my hospital and medical, but wouldn't do anything about teaching me how to get around again after they put all these pins and shit in my leg. Now I can't move around like I could before, and can't do carpentry like before - at least, nothing above ground level, which kinda put the kibosh on how much work I could do. I get a little work now and then, but nothing much, and nothing steady."

"How do you keep yourself clean and such?"

"There's a convenience store a few blocks over; they let me use it to wash up in the morning because I leave it cleaner than when I go in. A Laundromat lets me run a load of clothes once a week in exchange for cleaning the place up. Every so often, I get somebody that lets me hang a picture or do a little light work; that keeps me in food, mostly. The cops know I'm not part of that bunch on the other side, so they leave me alone. A couple of the junkies tried to rip me off, and I managed to beat hell out of them, so the rest stay away, too."

"Doesn't sound like you feel sorry for yourself."

"Why should I be? Shit happens. The old man, he shouldn't have been on the road, but the law says it's okay with them, so I'm not gonna piss and moan about it. I do what I can, and hope I catch a break before the weather gets bad."

I looked him over, and he sat there without looking away. Finally, I told him "I think I might be able to help, if you want it. You'd have to learn a new job, but it would still be something involving housing and construction. Interested?"

He looked at me skeptically, and asked "And what's it gonna cost me? Didn't look like you were into guys, yesterday. You don't know me, so you got no reason to trust me. What's the deal?"

"The deal is, I'm doing it **because** you're doing what you can, **because** you're not part of that bunch on the other side. What it's gonna cost you is your time and your effort to learn something new. I think I've got the best reason in the world to trust you: because you haven't asked me to."

That surprised him, and he looked at me with more curiosity than suspicion when he asked "And what do you get out of it? How do you get paid back for all this?"

"What I get out of it is helping somebody 'catch a break' - I've been in a couple scrapes myself, and know what it means. I get paid back when you do the same thing for someone else."

"How do you know that's gonna happen?"

"Simple. If you can't be trusted, you'll screw this up before I get too much time or money invested in it. If you see it all the way through, then you'll know what it means, and you'll do it for the next guy, or girl."

He looked me over, and when he looked into my eyes, was satisfied that I was serious about it. He told me "Mister, if you're serious, I'd be happy to give it a try. I've worked hard all my life, and ain't afraid to do it some more. And if what you're saying gets me back on my feet, I'll be happy to help someone else out, just like you helped me."

I nodded, and told him "Let me make a couple calls, and get things started. Where can I find you tomorrow?"

"It might be anyplace this side of the water, but I'll make sure and be here tomorrow afternoon."

"Deal. What do you need to get you through till tomorrow?"

He thought that over, and said "A meal would be good. Haven't had anything to eat since yesterday. The water fountains take care of the thirst."

I reached into my pocket, and handed him twenty dollars, saying "Get yourself something to eat. If you can, get yourself a room so you can clean up proper. Tomorrow afternoon, we'll be going to visit somebody."

He looked at the money, then at me, before saying "Mister, I don't know who you are, but I thank you. You left that chicken behind on purpose yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yup. Told the lady that you didn't look like a loafer, and that I figured you might like a decent meal. Figured if I offered it to you straight, you'd have told me to go to hell, so I kinda left it behind."

He grinned at me, and said "Yeah, if you'd offered, I'd have told you just that."

I nodded to him, and when he realized that I was getting ready to leave, managed to struggle to his feet - I could see that he'd have trouble moving around much on the leg that had been broken. He stuck a hand out to me, and when I took it, I found his grip strong and solid. He thanked me, and I told him I'd see him the next day.

Back at the hotel, I told Lucy what I'd done, and she positively beamed at me before giving me a hug and kiss. Then I went into my room, only to find Sandra and Robyn sprawled across my bed, a pile of magazines between them. I went on to their room, and sat down to make a couple of phone calls. The first was to Jules Francone.

I asked him if he needed any help, and he said that he needed about anybody he could find. I told him about Mark Sellers, and asked if he'd be willing to give the guy a job if I chipped in. Jules told me to go to hell, if the guy was willing to work and learn, paying him wasn't a problem. I told him I'd have Mark there the next afternoon, Jules told me to stop by any time. My next call was to a local community college, where I checked the requirements for admission, tuition prices, and what courses they offered. When they realized that I was serious, they were quite helpful.

Following that, I got a local paper, and started looking for someplace Mark could stay that was reasonably convenient to both Jules offices, and the college. When I realized that I didn't have much to go on, I collared one of the FBI people to come up and help me - with the additional help, it didn't take long to find several possible places. With a number

of selections, the next thing was to go and check them out. The first couple were overpriced; the third was a dump, but the fourth turned out to be just the thing: a large garage that had been turned into a sparsely furnished one-bedroom apartment. The rent was reasonable, according to the FBI agent. There was parking for a vehicle, and the older couple that owned it was renting it out more as a way of keeping someone handy if they had any kind of emergency, than anything else. I told them that I was renting it for a friend of mine who was starting a new job in town, and paid the deposit and first month's rent. They paid the utilities, so that wasn't a problem. The only thing left was telephone, and I could take care of that the next day.

I got back to the hotel in time to join Lucy for our call to her boss. We told him what all had happened at our end - including the protection from the FBI, which surprised him until Lucy told him about the Mob involvement. In turn, Lucy gasped when I told him how much money the FBI credited me with recovering, and how much they were expecting to seize. Her boss went speechless for a full minute before giving me his congratulations. Their client was on the phone with us, too, and they both thanked and congratulated me, saying they'd be happy to take the FBI figure as 'final'. They went on to promise that they'd have a certified check for my eight percent - twenty five million plus change - ready when I got home. I thanked them, and then left, so that they and Lucy could talk business.

When she was done, Lucy came in to where I was laying on the bed, reading a book. She sat down next to me and gave me a fierce hug and big kiss before telling me that her boss and their client were both extremely pleased with her work, and highly impressed with the job I'd done. Her boss told her that she'd already been promoted again, and moved to a department at the same level as him - and congratulated her on both. Her boss also said that she'd be getting a nice bonus for how she handled the situation, and that he expected that their company would be showing ME their appreciation, as well.

With that out of the way, Lucy and I joined the girls as the evening news came on. The top story was the FBI raid on TechnDynamics. We saw Clara Hawkes giving a press conference, telling the public how much money they expected to recover, along with all the other gory details - including mentioning that it had been me that had helped make the case. When they heard that, Lucy and the girls all cheered and gave me a hug and kiss.

A while later, the four of us headed down for some supper; the hotel staff seemed to have caught the news, too - every one of them stared at me as I went by. Even our waitress recognized me, and congratulated me.

When we finished eating, the waitress refused a tip, telling me that anybody that helped the FBI catch 'thugs' didn't need to tip her. I tried to insist, but she got downright adamant about it, so I finally had to let it go. We hadn't been in my room for more than a few minutes when there was a knock on the door - when I opened it, I saw that it was Amy. I invited her in, and when the door closed behind her, she plastered herself against me to give me a BIG kiss and hug. Yup, Sandra was right - Amy was some kisser.

When she was done with me, Lucy was next, followed by Robyn, then Sandra. Only when her kiss with Sandra ended did Amy say anything to us.

"Wow! A girl might get the idea you're all glad to see her, you keep kissing like that!"

Lucy laughed, telling her "I could say the same thing - you did a pretty fair job of letting me know how you felt, yourself!"

Amy blushed slightly, and said "I just wanted to let all of you know how happy and good the other night made me feel. ALL of you were so kind and patient with me, and I love you for it. The whole time I was home, I had to keep pinching myself to make sure that it all wasn't just a dream; and then I come in here and you let me know that it wasn't. I haven't felt this good, and this happy, in a long, long time - and I have all of you to thank for it. I only wish that I had some kind of memento to keep as a reminder of how happy you made me, and how much all of you mean to me."

I remembered the digital photos I'd taken, and said "Um, when I saw all of you in bed the next morning, I couldn't resist taking a couple photos with my digital camera. If you've got the time, we can have a look at them, and I'll be glad to make copies of them to a floppy disk you can take with you."

Amy looked surprised, then delighted, and said "I'd **love** to. I've got as much time as I want, so let's go!"

The lot of us trooped into the other room, where I quickly got my laptop fired up, then connected the camera to the USB port. In nothing flat, the images I'd taken were being thumbnailed to the screen. All of them were fascinated - and delighted - by the shots I'd taken. With Amy sitting on my lap, she and I went through them, making copies of the ones she wanted. To my surprise, she didn't just want the ones with her, but of nearly all of them. I had to do a little compression on the images, but finally managed to get all of them onto a few floppy disks for her to take home.

She thanked me for them, and gave me another kiss, much to Lucy's amusement. She followed that by kissing each of the others again, too - leaving Robyn and Sandra panting. I told her that Clara had okayed us heading home in a couple of days, and Amy saddened slightly at the news. When I asked her what was wrong she told us - the promptly brightened up again when she realized that it was after her next extended 'off' period. Lucy spoke for all of us when she asked Amy if she wanted to pay us another visit before we left - something that Amy quickly agreed to.

Claiming that she had to 'go play FBI agent', Amy stood up, letting me stand as well. After a round of hugs, and some serious fondling and groping, she left to take charge of the other agents - with me patting her cute ass as she headed out the door.

With Amy gone, Lucy and the others went back to look at the images I'd taken of them. All of them thought the photos were quite beautiful and erotic. So much so, in fact, that it

didn't take them long to start shedding clothing so they could better reach all the interesting parts on each other. I simply stood back, watching them for a while - until they realized that I was still dressed, then they all came after me to remedy the situation. I fought it - but not too hard, or for too long.

My shirt was the first thing to go - and with it out of the way, Sandra promptly fastened her lips to one of my nipples as she ran her hands over my chest. When my pants, then underwear, had joined my shirt, Lucy took me into her mouth while Robyn went to work licking my scrotum. In about zero seconds flat, they had me completely hard. That accomplished, the three of them managed to push me farther onto the bed. They got me on my back through the simple expedient of Sandra spreading her legs and positioning herself over my mouth - letting me know that her bleeding had stopped. As I dipped my tongue into her cleft, I felt Lucy shifting her position, as well - and with her, Robyn. A few moments later, I could feel it as the two of them started taking turns using their mouths on me. Their techniques were different, as was the way their mouths felt on me - but make no mistake, it still felt damn good, whichever one was doing me.

Lucy and Robyn were taking their time with me, so I was easily able to bring Sandra to orgasm without climaxing myself. When she'd gotten her breath back, Sandra moved down to take the place of Lucy, who moved up for her own mustache ride. Before long, she found her own release, and moved down to take Robyn's place. When Robyn had straddled my face, I went to work on her, too, savoring the ample nectar she all but dribbled onto my probing tongue. As I got her close to orgasm, we heard a knock at the door, and the sound of Amy's voice, announcing herself. Sandra quickly let Lucy take over, and went to let Amy in. When Amy saw what was happening, she all but froze in place as she watched me bring Robyn to a deep orgasm. When Robyn got her senses back, and unseated herself, Amy was right there to give me a kiss - and getting a sampling of the juices of all three of them in the process. As we were kissing, I reached out to squeeze and caress Amy's breasts, feeling her nipples harden under my touch. Holding her body steady, she somehow managed to reach down to slip her panties down, then shake them loose of her legs before stepping out of them. She looked to where Lucy and Sandra were still focused on my erection, and asked "Can I have him? Please?"

Lucy and Sandra shared a look and a smile before nodding. With that, Amy pulled up the hem of her skirt, and climbed onto the bed to position herself over my saliva-slick erection. Reaching down, she positioned me at her entrance. She first lowered herself enough to get me inside - something easily done, as wet as she was - then another push left her pubic hair merged with mine. She paused a few moments, obviously savoring the sensation of having me inside her again, before starting to move over me as Sandra and Lucy both reached out to begin caressing her breasts through her blouse. Amy was still incredibly tight, and the feeling of the tight ring of her entrance sliding up and down my erection soon had me approaching a climax. I tried to hold off so that Amy could climax with me, but she wouldn't have it - telling me "Go ahead. Never mind me, just SHOOT!".

As incredible as her hot, wet insides felt, it didn't take me much longer to follow her instructions as I flooded her insides with load after load of my semen. She kept moving

over me during this, and worked our combined juices into a froth that her actions forced out of her. When she felt that I'd given her everything I had, she reluctantly pulled herself off of me, and lay back on the bed - only to have Sandra move over her to begin licking up the rich foam that coated her mons, and leaked out of her. Realizing that Sandra was open to her, Amy didn't hesitate to lift her head to slide her tongue deep into Sandra's wet opening. While they were engaged in trying to get each other off, Lucy moved back down to lick and suck mine and Amy's combined juices off my penis and scrotum. Robyn simply laid back and masturbated to the sight of Amy and Sandra orally pleasing each other. Amy glanced over once to see her, and her arousal at the sight became evident as she had an orgasm under Sandra's lips and tongue. When the spasms had passed, Amy went back to trying to bring Sandra off with a vengeance - and in only a couple of minutes, we could see her pleasure as Sandra climaxed on her mouth.

With both of them satiated for the moment, Sandra managed to climb off Amy before collapsing on the bed next to Robyn. When she saw what Robyn was doing, Lucy extended an arm so that her fingers could join Robyn's, dipping into Robyn's woman hood only to reappear a moment later, glistening with her daughter's essence. A few moments later, Sandra joined in by reaching out to squeeze one of Robyn's breasts, and it's nipple. In short order, they'd managed to help Robyn into another climax that left her gasping.

When she'd gotten her breath and senses back, Amy sat up and told us "I only stopped by to tell you that you were welcome to come to my place if you wanted to. But when Sandra let me in, and I saw what you were doing, well, it was just too much for me - I **had** to join in! You were all **so** sexy on the bed like that - I just couldn't help myself. Now I've got to get cleaned up before I go back downstairs. A female FBI agent that smells like pussy is one thing; but smelling like someone ELSE'S pussy simply wouldn't do!"

All of us laughed at her comment, and Lucy got up to get her a damp washcloth. With it, Amy quickly wiped off her face, then went into the bathroom to rinse out the cloth before using it to cleanse her pelvis, too. When she came out of the bathroom, she blushed furiously when she saw me laying there on the bed, twirling her panties on my finger. She came over and snatched them away from me, to laughter from the others. With a devil may care look at me, she put them back on right there in front of us - then stepped close enough to me that I could slide my hand under her skirt to smooth them across her ass cheeks. Another kiss to all of us, and she dabbed a little perfume behind her ears and in her cleavage before telling us "I mean it - if the four of you want to, you're more than welcome to stay with me before you leave town."

Lucy told her we'd think about it, and Amy gave us another smile before going out the door.

Lucy turned to look at us before saying "I don't know what we did to her, but whatever it was, we did a damn fine job of it. I think it's safe to say that she's over her fear of sex!", making all of us laugh.

All of us lay there for a while, simply content to be with each other, before Robyn and Sandra started feeling frisky again. Lucy and I watched as their touches went from friendly to loving to passionate, and finally ending when Robyn rolled on top of Sandra for a session of '69'. We could hear and see it as the two of them licked and sucked at each other's sex. It didn't take long before we could smell how aroused both of them were, too, as they took their time enjoying each other's bodies.

I could hear Lucy's panting next to me as we watched the two youngsters pleasuring each other; all Lucy had to do was look down to see my obvious arousal at the sight before me. When she couldn't take it any more, Lucy moved on top of me, kneeling above my erection, her back toward me. She reached down with both hands, using one to hold herself open as she held me steady with the other so she could lower herself completely onto me in a single thrust. With my hardness fully inside her, she leaned back against my chest, and started rocking herself over me so that my penis only moved in her a couple inches at a time. I reached under her arms to take her breasts in my hands, squeezing them and pinching her nipples, feeling them harden and extend under my touch. A couple minutes later, she reached between her legs, and started playing with her clitoris as she continued slowly rocking on me. Both of us took our time making love, watching as Sandra and Robyn did the same in front of us. As their passion and arousal increased, so did ours - so that when, several minutes later, Robyn cried out her release, I heard Lucy respond with her own climax. A few moments later, she cried out again when she felt me spraying her insides with my hot semen, only to have her second call answered by Sandra's orgasmic moan.

Lucy leaned back to rest against me, and we watched Sandra direct her collapse toward an open spot on the bed; when she was off Robyn, Robyn turned to lay next to her, the two of them holding each other in post-orgasmic bliss.

I could feel my erection slowly subsiding inside Lucy; when it finally pulled free of her, both of us could feel the miniature flood of my semen start draining out of her. Robyn saw it, and quickly went into the bathroom to bring us a hand towel. With only a moments thought, she tucked the end of it under my scrotum, then folded the rest of it under her mother's exposed opening. Her mission accomplished, she gave Lucy a kiss, then went back to lay next to Sandra.

I held Lucy next to my, my arms wrapped around her waist, while the two of us kissed over her shoulder.

After a while, Robyn and Sandra decided that they were ready to clean up a bit before they went to bed. Both delayed long enough to give Lucy and I each a kiss before heading into the bathroom. A bit later, we heard the shower come on, and saw the bathroom slowly fill with steam. There was plenty of laughing and giggling as the two of them cleaned each other up; Lucy and I just looked at each other, knowing what was going on between them.

Finally, they reappeared, letting Lucy and I watch as they dried each other off. Satisfied with their handiwork, they came over to give us another kiss goodnight before heading into Lucy's room to go to bed. A little bit later, by mutual consent, Lucy and I got up to take our own shower before going to bed ourselves. As we were waiting for sleep to come, Lucy asked me about spending the night with Amy; I told her that I'd be delighted to, but that I worried what her neighbors might think. Lucy nodded at that, and said that she'd talk it over with the girls before she said anything to Amy. I expressed my agreement, and the two of us lay there snuggling until we fell asleep.

The next morning, I managed to catch the phone after only a single ring; having not left a wakeup call, I couldn't help but wonder who it was. I quickly found out that it was Agent Hawkes, asking me if I could come in to the office the next afternoon for a press conference. Apparently, the story had caught national attention, and the press was begging for more details, and to meet the man that had handed the FBI the keys to such a big case. I was considerably less than enthusiastic, but Clara finally convinced me that I should do it. I reluctantly agreed, and we set the time for it. Then she asked if Lucy and the girls would be interested, and I told her that I'd ask Lucy, but that under no circumstances was I going to put the girls on TV - having them there, and associated with such a big case was a virtual invitation for trouble to come looking for them.

Clara conceded the point, and accepted that Lucy would make her own decision. That settled, the conversation ended.

A couple minutes later, I got up to start some coffee before heading into the bathroom. Shaved and brushed, I came out to find the coffee done. I poured myself a cup, then one for Lucy. I set hers on the nightstand next to the bed where she was laying, figuring that the smell would help wake her as gently as possible.

It did, and she finally opened her eyes to see me sitting there watching her. It took her a couple seconds, but she finally realized that I had a cup of coffee, but that my coffee was too far away for what she was smelling. She looked around and saw the cup I'd poured for her. Smiling, she sat up against the headboard, and took the cup in her hands. After a couple of sips, she turned to me again, and thanked me for it. I told her about Clara's phone call, and that I'd agreed to be present for the press conference. She smiled her pleasure and pride at that, then sobered again when I told her that Clara had also asked if she'd participate, too. She told me she'd think about it, then listened in increasing apprehension as I told her about Clara's inquiry about whether the girls could appear, too. She instantly agreed when she heard that I'd told Clara that the girls absolutely, positively would NOT be there, and why. As we were discussing what to do 'after', Robyn and Sandra wandered in, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes. Apparently drawn to the smell of the coffee, Robyn parked herself on my lap while Sandra nestled in next to Lucy. Each of them took our coffee cups to take a sip, then another. With the cups nearly empty, they looked at each other before Sandra handed her - Lucy's - cup to Robyn, who got up to refill them before reestablishing herself on my lap.

Sandra asked what we'd been talking about when they came in, and Lucy and I told them. Both expressed an interest at being in the news conference, but took it well when we explained that they couldn't - and why. Both encouraged Lucy to be there, though - Robyn pointing out that it was a good chance for Lucy to get her company's name into the news for publicity.

With my second cup of coffee gone - with Robyn's help - I knew that I needed to get going to take care of something else I'd almost forgotten about: making sure Mark could get to work and the college. I patted Robyn on the butt to get her to let me up; with only mild protest, she moved over to lay on the other side of Lucy. Lucy asked where I was going, and I told her. That prompted the girls to ask what I was doing, and so I explained to them about what had happened at the park, and what I'd done the previous afternoon. Both expressed happiness that I was helping somebody, and wished me luck.

I let the FBI people know that I was on my way down for some breakfast, and they told me everything was fine. Once in the lobby, Agent Gallery met me, saying "Dan, I don't know what happened up there with Amy Jones, and God's honest truth, I don't care. All I know is that she's not the same person she was when I took over for her the other day. She's happier, she smiles a lot more, she even joked with me a little bit. Whatever you did, it was just what she needed. Thanks."

I smiled at him, and said "Tom, WE - me, Lucy, and the girls - talked to her a little bit, and let her know that we were her friends. We showed her that we cared about her, and that she was a good person, attractive inside and out. There were a couple of rough spots we had to help her through, but she hung in there, and we got them taken care of. All we did, really, was let the real Amy out."

He looked at me curiously, and said "Well, whatever it was, it worked. I, and all of her friends, appreciate it."

I shook his hand, and headed in to fill up the hole in my middle. A different waitress, but this one too recognized my name. Somewhat shyly, she asked for an autograph, which I gave her on one of the hotel menus. Then I pointed out Agent Gallery, and told her he was a member of the FBI. She was delighted to learn that, and promptly headed off to get his autograph, too, surprising him and pleasing him at the same time. When she'd left, he gave me a playful dirty look, then smiled and nodded his thanks.

My meal done, this waitress was reluctant to accept a tip until I found the right combination of cajolery and flattery to get her to take it. Only then was I free to head out for my morning 'mission'.

After visiting a few used car dealerships, I realized that I wasn't likely to find anything appropriate on a dealer's lot. I picked up a newspaper, and looked it over. I found a few ads that seemed reasonable, and with the help of one of the FBI agents navigating for me, starting going through the ads as I checked out the different vehicles. I had it down to a couple of possibilities when I pulled up to the address for the next-to-last ad. It was a

middle-aged couple looking to sell their son's old car - a '57 Ford Fairlane. The boy had apparently lavished a lot of attention and care on it - the body work was in good condition, and the engine was positively flawless, purring like a kitten. Despite showing it's age in a few spots, it was certainly a bit of reliable transportation.

The couple and I haggled a little bit, and had almost stalemated when the FBI agent with me addressed me by name to ask to speak with me privately. A little ways away from the couple, he simply said that **he** thought the car was worth what the couple was asking, but that he'd called me away to see if a little time to think would help them come down some. I turned so my back was toward them, and smiled at him before thanking him for his thoughtfulness, and help. He solemnly nodded to me, and we went back to where the couple was standing.

The man hesitated a moment, then asked me if I was the Dan Andrews they'd heard about on the TV last night. I admitted that I was, and the woman asked how they could be sure of that. The agent with me stepped forward, and showed them his ID, then assured them that really was **that** Dan Andrews.

The two of them looked fairly impressed and pleased, before the man asked me why **I** was looking to buy their car. I told him about how I'd found Mark in the park, and briefly told them his story before adding that I was looking to help someone that just needed a chance to get their feet back under them. The two of them shared a look, and the man told me that he figured if I could spot crooks like the ones at TechnoDynamics, he figured I could spot a good prospect, too. He followed up by saying that they'd take my offer, and as their part to help Mark get started, they'd pay the title transfer costs. I told them I'd be happy to do it, but the woman spoke up, telling me "There's a lot of folks that will hear about somebody like him, and just say 'That's too bad'. Ain't many that'll do like you, and say 'Let me help'. We want to do our share, too."

There wasn't anything for me to do but thank them. Both waved it off, and the man asked me for Mark's name and address so he could get the title taken care of. I gave him both, using the address of the apartment I'd rented.

With that information, the man looked at me and said "Me and the Missus, we got some of our retirement money in those folks. Been losing value, these last few months. I was starting to think that maybe I needed to sell it, but didn't want to lose money on the deal."

I smiled, and told him "Way I figure it, you're not the only one. But with folks finding out that it was the head honchos stealing money from the company, and the company going to get it's money back, I wouldn't be surprised if it even went UP in value a little."

He got a thoughtful look at that, and thanked me - and I thanked him in return for his help with Mark. He just waved it off, saying "Everybody needs a hand sometime in their life. When I needed it, somebody gave it to me. Now I'm just passing it along, same as what you're asking him to do."

He went on to tell me that he'd get the title taken care of right away, so that Mark could pick up the car later that afternoon. I counted out the price of the car to him, and he handed me the keys before we shook hands. I thanked them again, and the lady came forward to give me a hug, then another to the agent with me - both embarrassing and pleasing him.

Back at the hotel, I found that Lucy and the girls were both down in the pool - accompanied by a number of agents, some of whom were even in the pool with them. I took the opportunity to call around before getting the car insured, paying the first six months premium with my credit card. That done, I made a call to the phone company, and got basic phone service started, again paying the deposit with my credit card.

With nothing left but to get Mark to Jules' office that afternoon, I headed down to watch Lucy and the youngsters in the pool. When I got there, I found that they'd gotten a couple of guys and a girl to join them, and had a rousing game of water volleyball going, FBI versus Civilians. I watched as the game drew to a close - neither side was cutting the other **any** slack, and it stayed close until the FBI people finally managed to put one into the corner before Robyn could get to it. The agents actually looked relieved to take a rest when my three climbed out of the pool to sit at the table with me. All three dried off carefully before hugging me, and giving me a kiss - Sandra and Robyn on the cheek, Lucy full on the lips.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see the agents around us smiling.

I quickly filled them in on how things had gone, and all three thought it was nice of the couple to pay the title fees as a way of helping Mark. Lucy in particular thought it was good of me to take care of getting Mark set up with a phone, and paying the insurance on the car. As she put it "I've been there. When you're just starting out like he is, everything is more expensive, because you're just starting out. You can't afford it, really, but you really don't have any choice. Now he's got a chance to get going properly."

When Robyn's stomach growled, we all laughed with the realization that it was about lunch time. The hotel staff was kind enough to let us order from the café, and bring the food out to us by the pool. Only the agents that had been in the pool accepted my offer to buy them something to eat, too - even then, they ate lightly. I tried to tip the young man that brought us our meal, but he wasn't having any, either. He did hold still for Lucy, then Sandra and Robyn, to kiss him on the cheek before he beat a hasty - if blushing - retreat.

We'd finished our lunch and were just sitting there watching the world go by when Agent Gallery approached. I saw him stop a little distance away, and waved for him to come on and join us. When he got close, I invited him to sit down. He did, and after greeting the ladies, told me "Clara's finally gotten enough confirmation to believe that old Benny is going to leave you alone. Vinnie's brother made some noise about coming after you, but Charlie talked him, and he decided he didn't want any of YOUR kind of trouble. Tomorrow morning, we're going to reduce your detail by about half. We'll still have some people with you, but they'll be there more as a courtesy to make sure people don't bother

you, than with any expectation of trouble. They'll also be a lot more flexible, so you can pretty much do what you want without having to worry about them."

The four of us thanked him, and he paused a few moments before looking at me to tell all of us "I wanted to take this chance to thank you. Not just for bringing us in this case, but for how helpful and patient you've been about the situation. I know that it couldn't have been fun having all of us around all the time, and all four of you accepted it with grace and tolerance that not many of our protectees show. You've also done a helluva lot to bring up the morale of the protective details that have been with you. Dan, you're a living example of what all of us want to be like; and seeing you in action gives all of us a goal to work toward. And all three of these young ladies are living reasons for why we do what we do. As much as we have to watch out for people that we'd just as soon not have to, watching the four of you gives us all the proof we need to know that what we're doing is right, and gives us all the reason we need to come in to work."

All three of the girls were more than a little misty-eyed at what he'd said; even I felt a little lump in my throat at the sincerity he'd expressed. When he stood up, the three of them quickly stood up too, each giving him a solid hug and kiss. I stood up with them, and when they'd finished, solemnly shook hands with him, telling him "Tom, I felt better knowing that you and the others were there; it helped put my mind at ease, and let me concentrate on what I needed to do. Make sure your people know that I respect them, and appreciate their time and efforts on my behalf."

He nodded solemnly, and took his leave of us.

When he'd gone, the four of us sat around for a little while, thinking about what he'd said, before we started discussing going home. Robyn and Sandra both smiled broadly when Lucy said she'd make the arrangements for all four of us to fly back. Even I felt a little relief at the prospect of having something resembling a life again - though I knew that it wouldn't be completely normal until all of this had finally blown over.

Looking at my watch, I realized that I needed to get going to collect Mark and get him to Jules' offices. All three of them gave me another hug and kiss before I left. As I left the pool, I heard Robyn challenge the agents to a rematch; it made me want to stay around to see how things turned out.

At the park, I found Mark anxiously waiting on one of the benches near where we'd agreed to meet. When I got close, he saw me, and stood up, saying "I was starting to worry that something had happened to you, or that you'd changed your mind or something."

I smiled in reassurance, and told him "No, just had something important come up."

I could see that he'd done everything he could to make as good an impression as possible. He was clean and shaven; his pants and shirt were simple work clothes, but clean and

pressed. His boots were worn, but he'd taken the time to clean them up thoroughly, and even tried to put a shine on them.

Yeah, I figured, he wants this; he's going to turn out just fine.

He saw me looking him over, and started to get nervous. I reassured him, telling him "It's okay, Mark. The guy I'm taking you to, he knows you've had some hard times - he's not expecting you to show up in a suit. Just be honest with him about what you know, and don't know, and everything will be fine."

He nodded his understanding, and we talked as we headed for the car, then to Jules' offices. As I was parking the car, Mark looked at the sign for Jules' office, and said "I've heard of that guy. Mob family, but word is, he's not in it, that he goes his own way. From what I've seen, he'd pretty damn good."

We got out of the car, and when I headed for Jules' door, Mark suddenly got nervous, saying "Here? You're gonna get me a job HERE? I don't know anything about this stuff!"

I laughed, and told him "I'll bet you know more than you think. Besides, that's what you're here for - to learn. Remember I told you you'd have to learn a new job, but that it would still involve construction? Well, this is it."

He looked at me skeptically, but followed me in. When I introduced myself to the receptionist, she brightened considerably, and told us Jules would be right with us. Then she got on the phone and let him know we were there. In just a minute or so, Jules came out. He shook hands with me, then when I introduced Mark, shook with him, too. He led us back to his office, and when we'd sat down, asked if we wanted anything. I was ready for a cup of coffee, and Mark followed my lead. Jules told one of his people to bring us three cups, then sat behind his desk. He looked Mark over, and finally said "I understand you had a run of bad luck, and that you're looking for work. What did you do before?"

Hesitantly at first, Mark told him what he'd done up until his accident, and mentioned some of the people that he'd worked for. Jules listened patiently, and asked Mark to elaborate on a few points. When Mark was done, Jules asked him what he'd done since the accident, and how he'd gotten by. Mark didn't hesitate to tell him after I gave him a nod of encouragement. Again, Jules listened patiently, nodding and asking a few more questions.

When he'd finished, Jules told him "Sounds like you've had your share of bad luck, and then some. But you didn't give up like a lot would. Tell me what you think about architects and builders - and remember, I know bullshit when I hear it. Tell me straight, okay?"

Mark looked at me again, I again nodded to him to go ahead. He took a deep breath, and started out "Most builders are crooks. Not that they'll actually **cheat** anybody; they'll just do as little as they can get away with. Once something meets Code, they don't care if it

would only cost a nickel to do the job better and make the place last five, ten years longer. Architects, they're pretty smart with book learning, but most of them have never actually built anything - not with their own hands and sweat, I mean. Usually, they give us these drawings for stuff and tell us to build something a certain way. Then they won't listen when somebody that actually does the work for living tries to tell them there's a cheaper, faster way of doing the same thing. They trust contractors and builders too much, and the worker bees not enough."

Visibly nervous when he was finished, Mark took a sip of his coffee before Jules replied by saying "That's about what I figured. You DO know more than you think you do, at least, about the stuff that matters to **me**. I can use you, to start, as general office help. That means that you'll spend a lot of time filling out forms and learning the trade from THIS end of things. But I expect you to learn the rest of it too - why us architects do what we do, and what all is involved in creating the plans that you guys work from. And you'll be going out on jobs with me. You'll be the only one in here that's seen this stuff from the other side, so you know what we **really** need to watch for. You're going to be spending a lot of time getting 'book learning'; but with what you already know, I don't think you'll have much trouble with it. I can start you at fifteen hundred a month; you'll go up from there as fast as you can learn, okay?"

Mark could only sit there staring for a few moments before remembering to nod his head in agreement.

Jules asked him "When can you start? You got a place to stay? You need wheels or anything?"

Mark opened his mouth to answer, but I was ready for the questions, telling Jules "Yeah, he's got a place to stay. He'll be picking up his wheels this afternoon. He can start whenever it's convenient for you."

Jules laughed, and said "Convenient for me was three months ago, but tomorrow will do."

Looking over at Mark, who was staring at me, Jules asked "You didn't know, did you? That you had a place to stay, or a car?"

Mark just shook his head, his eyes never leaving me.

Jules laughed again, and said "It's okay. He does shit like that. I'll bet he didn't tell you that I pretty much owe him my life, did he?"

That got Marks attention, and he turned back to listen as Jules told him "I used to drive helicopters. One of 'em decided 'fuck it, I don't wanna fly no more', and down she goes in a place where the folks on the ground aren't too friendly. I'm thinking, okay, now I'm seriously fucked; what I didn't know was that Uncle Sam, he sent this son of a bitch to bail me out. It got some kinda interesting, but this guy and some of his buddies, they

brought me back, all safe and sound - not even a **scratch** on me. If it wasn't for them - HIM - I'd probably be worm chow someplace."

Jules went on, saying "He said he thought all you needed was a chance, and asked me to have a look. He was right - he usually is - and now I've got somebody that I could have used three, four months ago. Listen, don't sweat it. He helps people he figures deserve the HELP. He don't do shit for anyone he figures is just looking to suck tit. Me, I can see that you've had a hard time - the way you walk, I can see you got hurt pretty bad. But you showed up here in the best you got, ready to give it your best shot. You didn't try to bullshit me, and that counts for a LOT with me. When my shit was weak, he helped me out - well, truth be told, he saved my ass. Now, with you, he's doing it again. Damned if I know how many else there are, or will be. But he did me a good turn, and now I pay him back by doing a good turn for somebody else. I expect you'll do the same thing, when you get a chance. That's how it works with him - help somebody, and have them pass it along when they can. It don't matter how much money you spend on it; all that counts is that you give it your BEST. He trusts people to be honest enough to know when they're doing that - and from what I've seen, he's a pretty good judge of who to help. So take his help, get yourself going again, and when the time comes, do your part for someone else."

Mark nodded to him, then turned to look at me again. I just told him "That's the deal I offered you in the park, right?"

He nodded, and said "Thanks isn't enough, but it's all I have to offer right now. But when I can, I'll pay the next person, with interest."

"That's all I ask", I told him.

Jules just sat there, a big shit-eating grin on his face when he told Mark "Great. I'll see you in the morning, eight o'clock. We usually work weekdays, eight to five, hour lunch. We've got a breakroom with a microwave and fridge if you want to bring your lunch. What you're wearing will do until payday - tenth and twenty-fifth, to beat the bank crowds; after that, I'll expect to see you dressed like the rest of us - casual, but professional, right?"

Mark voiced his understanding, and stood up when I did. Jules got up and led us to an office where he told the woman behind the desk "Shirley, this is Mark Sellers. He's starting tomorrow, so if you could have the paperwork ready for him in the morning, I'd appreciate it. He's starting at fifteen hundred a month, salaried. If he needs an advance on salary, he's good to half a month, repaid over six paychecks. Anything else, just ask me or him, right?"

Shirley nodded her understanding, and Jules left us with her. She turned to Mark and asked him for the information she'd need to get him started. She also gave him an employment application to fill out and return the next morning. She was polite and friendly the whole time, even when she asked if he needed an advance. Mark looked at me, and I shook my head 'no', which was the answer he gave her. When she had all the

information she needed, she welcomed him to the company, and asked if we needed to see Jules again. I told her that I didn't think so, and she showed us the way out.

Back outside, I could see that Mark was stunned at the change in his circumstances.

Back in the car, I asked where he'd stayed the night before. He gave me the name of a place, and then directed me to it - a run-down hotel that rented rooms for just a few dollars a night. He explained that he'd stayed there the night before so he could have a secure place to keep his stuff while he got cleaned up. I assured him that he'd done the right thing, and he went in to collect his things - coming back out with a worn knapsack and a couple of small trashbags. From the hotel, we headed to the apartment I'd gotten for him; his eyes got big when I handed him the key, and he realized it was HIS. He quickly put his stuff away, and quickly memorized his phone number when I told him that he had phone service; when the couple that owned it came out, I introduced them to each other. The old man and woman welcomed him, saying that he must be the friend I'd rented the place for the previous day. After they'd gotten to know each other a little, I explained that we still had a few errands to run, but that he'd be back in a little while. Both welcomed him again, before heading into their house to let us get on our way.

The next stop was the college, where we got Mark signed up for some beginning courses he could take in the evenings. We only did a couple of classes, so that all his time wouldn't be taken up - I understood the importance of having 'down' time too well. I paid his admission and tuition fees, then we made a stop at the bookstore to get his textbooks and other supplies.

From there, it was off to pick up his car. The lady was waiting for us, her husband having headed off to his job. She had the title ready, and invited us in for a cup of coffee and a slice of pie, which we both accepted. When we'd finished, she patted Mark on the hand, and told him "Young man, I think Mr. Andrews here was right. I know you had some hard times, but I think you're going to do just fine. I can see you're a hardworking man, and I'm sure my husband will be glad to know we were able to help you get going again."

Mark thanked her, and she gave both of us a peck on the cheek by way of a goodbye. Outside, I told Mark that I'd had to tell them why I was buying their car after they found out who I was. He nodded his understanding, and thanked me. I handed him the keys to the car, and the paperwork the insurance company had faxed to me. He got in and started it up. I told him that the first six months insurance were paid for, and that it had a full tank of gas. I went on to tell him that I knew it wasn't fancy, and he answered that all he needed was a reliable way to get around, and that this would do just fine - trying to hide the tears in his eyes.

He followed me back to the hotel, and waited patiently in the lobby while I went up to get Lucy and the girls. When I told them who was waiting to have supper with us, they quickly got ready, and the four of us headed back downstairs. When we got off the elevator, Lucy whispered to me "I remember what he looked like in the park. That's quite a change in him, Dan."

I whispered back "Yeah, amazing what a little dose of self-respect and a little good luck will do, isn't it?"

"I don't think luck has much to do with it, at all - I think it was you, more than anything else." She answered.

When we got close, I introduced them to each other, and the five of us headed for the hotel restaurant. As we started in, Lucy could see that Mark was nervous, and I heard her whisper to him "It's okay, Mark. We'll show you what to do", calming him considerably. When we'd been shown a table, Robyn and Sandra didn't hesitate to sit next to him, making conversation with him as though he was somebody they simply hadn't seen for a long time. With the realization that he was a welcome guest, he relaxed considerably, though he was careful to watch what the rest of us did, and follow our lead.

When the meal was over, he helped Sandra, then Robyn, with their chairs as I did with Lucy. The five of us left the restaurant, and back out in the lobby, he told me "Mr. Andrews, I want to thank you. You've done a lot for me today. Not just the job and the apartment and the car and all that, but you've treated me like a human being - you and these lovely ladies, that is. It's been a while since anybody looked at me like anything but a bum sitting under a tree, and I've got you to thank for it. I want to promise you, right here and now, that you won't be sorry for giving me a chance."

Lucy looked at him, and said "Mark, I know Dan, and I know he's a good judge of people. There isn't a doubt in my mind that you'll do just what you said. And it was my pleasure to have your company with us for supper."

Here, Sandra chipped in, telling him "Yeah, we're glad you were with us tonight.", with Robyn adding "Yeah - you're nice to talk to!". I made eye contact with Lucy, and she got the message, telling the girls that they needed to get back up to the room. When they'd gone, I pulled out a couple of hundred dollars, and handed it to Mark, telling him "Here, use this to get yourself some groceries. Tonight you should get some new clothes so you fit in a little better, too. Nobody would say anything, but I know you wouldn't be very comfortable, either. Payday is only a week away, and if I know Jules, you'll get paid for the full two weeks. If not, don't be afraid to ask for an advance. You'll get it, without anybody saying anything - Jules doesn't work that way, and I know he wouldn't have people that did, either."

He nodded, and accepted the money. I added my business card, and said "I know it's going to be some time before you catch your breath - you're going to be kinda busy for a while. But when you get the chance, drop me a line and let me know how things are going, okay?"

Again, I could see him blinking away tears as he nodded before sticking his hand out. I shook with him, and his grip let me know how much he appreciated the chance he'd been given. I patted him on the shoulder and wished him well as he headed for the door. I

watched as he left, and when he got to the door, he turned and gave me a small salute before leaving.

When I got back to 'my' room, I hadn't any more than closed the door behind me when I was ambushed by three crying females. It was a few minutes before they could start taking turns telling me how happy they were, and how proud of me they felt for me helping Mark get on his feet again. When the waterworks finally dried up, the four of us retired to my bed to watch a movie on TV while we cuddled.

The next morning started out slow and easy. About ten o'clock, I got a call from Clara, telling me that the news conference had been scheduled for three o'clock, and asking if I could be there a half hour early. I agreed, and let her know that Lucy had agreed to be there with me, but would answer only a few questions. Clara thanked me, and that ended the conversation.

The four of us were ready to head out for lunch when I got another phone call from Jules.

"Boomer, you'll never guess what happened."

"Okay, since I'll never guess, why don't you just tell me?"

"Mark showed up this morning - no surprise there - but he did it a half hour early. Dressed in different clothes, and packing a sack lunch. He's got his paperwork ready, Shirley's got him in and out in record time. He's carrying around this notebook in his pocket, writing stuff down while he pays attention to **everything**. He's asking questions right and left, like you'd hope a new employee would. He talked with my engineers for a while, and they tell me he's *definitely* got his head on straight. I showed him where he'd be working, and the first thing out of his mouth is 'What do you want me to do first?'. It's lunchtime, and he's in there eating while he reads an algebra book. **Somebody** got him signed up for some college courses; school hasn't even started yet, and he's already in there *studying* for crying out loud. If his grades are as good as I think they'll be, **I'll** pay his expenses until he gets a degree. Anybody asks him, he's willing to help - he don't care **what** they want. I'm telling you, Boomer, you find any more 'bums' out there, you send 'em to me first, okay?"

"Sounds like he's off to a good start, then."

"Good? Hell, he's off to a **great** start. Boomer, I thought I was gonna get to pay you back a little on this, but it just looks like I owe you another one. He's asking good questions, and paying attention to the answers. I admit, I tried to trip him up, told him to do something a different way than I told him the first time. He hears me through, and when I'm done, tells me 'you said to do it this way last time', repeats what I'd said before. Then he asks me 'I think either way would work, but which is best? Which way do you want me to do it?' I tell him, and that's how he does it, each and every time. He runs into a snag, he asks somebody how to fix it. I'm telling you, I wish I had a couple more of him, at least."

I laughed, and said "Hell, Guido, they're out there. Not all of them as good as Mark sounds, but I'll bet they'd give it a hell of a try. Give them a chance, and see how it works out. Worst thing happens, you don't keep them past a probationary period."

"You ever screw up, Boomer?"

"Sometimes. When I do, it's a beauty, though."

He laughed, and said "I don't know if I'd want to be around for something like that - but it's nice to know you make mistakes, too!"

I laughed with him, and after we said our goodbyes, headed out to lunch. By the time we'd finished, it was time to head for the FBI offices. It occurred to me to fake a flat tire or something, then I realized that even if I **did** have a flat, there'd be FBI agents right on the spot to help out.

We got there a couple minutes before the time Clara had asked, and a couple of agents met us outside and escorted us in through a side entrance to avoid the media crowd. Inside, we were led to the large conference room that had been set up. Inside, Clara told Lucy and I where we'd be sitting. Next to me, I heard a man say "Hey, Freddie, get a shot of the teenyboppers. Maybe we can use it later."

I turned to him and said "I don't think the **young ladies** are part of the story. Why not leave them out of it?"

He gave me a dirty look, and said "Listen, jack, **I** decide what's news and what isn't. Now get the fuck outta my face."

Something about his tone and attitude just set me off, and I think everyone but me was surprised when he found himself pressed against the wall, my hand around his throat as he turned an interesting shade of purple.

I told him "Listen, cheesedick - who you *think* you are doesn't mean **shit** to me. If your momma didn't teach you manners, I **damn** sure can. Got it?"

Behind me, I heard Clara say "Ease up on him, Dan. That's Gus Kenney, lead muckraker for a local independent. They're the last ones that would have him."

I loosened my grip a bit, and as the purple faded, Clara said "Well, Gus, I see you still know how to win enemies and influence people. You must not have paid any attention to the background info we sent out. If you had, you'd know that the man with your life LITERALLY in his hands is none other than Dan Andrews, the hero of the hour. You'd also know that Dan is formerly of the Special Forces, and TAUGHT unarmed combat."

The little weasel visibly paled at that, and Clara went on "And if you'd shown up when we asked you to, instead of twenty minutes late, you'd have heard us ask the media to

respect the privacy of some of the people involved - most notably, a couple of young LADIES with Dan, here. Of course, I know that you don't have any idea of what a LADY is, but I'm sure your cameraman could have explained it to you."

Seeing that his attitude had changed, I let go of his throat, which he started rubbing. It took him a couple tries, but he finally got some of his self-importance back and sputtered "I... I'm going to SUE, dammit! That was a violation of the First Amendment! And assault! With a deadly weapon!"

Clara just laughed, and told him "*I didn't see anything, Gus. Did any of the rest of you?"

Gus and I looked around, and all we could see was the grins of the other news people. Clearly, Gus had earned himself quite a following. When I turned back to look at him, Gus stared at me a moment, then said "Freddie, you go that on tape, right?"

Beside me, I head Freddie open up the camera, then felt him press something into my hand - a video tape. A moment later, I heard him reload the camera, before telling Gus "No, Gus. Nothing happened." Behind me, I heard several cameras going into action - Freddie quietly told me "Don't worry. They're rewinding, to make sure they tape over the girls - and anything else."

With the realization that he didn't have any more cards to play, Gus all but collapsed inward on himself, and started edging for the back of the crowd. People made way for him as though he were a leper - which, I suppose, he was. I turned to the news people, and nodded my thanks. Every one of them smiled in return.

Clara broke the remaining tension by telling the news people "In addition to his obvious good taste" - they laughed at that - "Dan also has a Masters degree in computer science from M.I.T. It goes well with the degrees he got from Princeton in Mathematics and Philosophy, and the medals he earned as the leader of a team that was the prototype for the Delta Force." That last part resulted in a few murmurs, and several of them giving me a closer look.

Clara went on to introduce Lucy, who got a wolf whistle from somewhere in the back. Clara laughed, and said "Don't get any ideas - she's engaged to Dan!" A moment later, we all laughed when someone said "Uh, never mind!"

When the laughter died down, Clara told them "*FOR BACKGROUND ONLY" - the magic phrase that said "hands off!" in media-speak - "the two young ladies that Dan is so protective of are Robyn" - she smiled and gave everyone a little wave - "who is Lucy's daughter, and Sandra" - she smiled and waved, too - "who is Robyn's friend." I noticed that the camera people went so far as to point their cameras at the floor while Robyn and Sandra were being introduced. Lucy saw it, too, and squeezed my hand under the table we were sitting at.

Clara continued by telling them "In a gesture of goodwill, they've agreed to be present at this conference. Lucy has agreed to answer a FEW questions; when she's done, let it go, okay folks? Dan has indicated that he's willing to answer them until his patience runs out. That would be a good time to stop." she told them, to general laughter.

When the laughter faded, she told them "Actually, Dan and the rest have been surprisingly patient with all that's happened to them. We were concerned about possible involvement by organized crime, and had assigned them a protective detail. They've been very cooperative with the detail members, and shown great patience with having to live their lives in something of a fishbowl. At our people's request, Dan here made a pass through our combat pistol range. His expert pistol rating in the Army served him well - he set a new course record on his FIRST and ONLY try. A record, by the way, that was set by one of the members of his protective detail. We've already made available to you a brief description of what happened in this case, and approximately when. One of my agents will be handing out additional information on Dan and Lucy. We ask that you do NOT ask about any security arrangements or precautions, for obvious reasons. That said, we'll open the floor to questions."

The first was a reporter from a local paper, who asked Lucy "Ma'am? What was it that got you here in the first place?"

Lucy briefly told them that one of her company's clients had requested an audit; she went on to explain what had happened that had gotten her concerned enough to contact me.

Next was a TV journalist, who asked me "Mr. Andrews, is it true that you had to show the FBI's people how to see what you'd found, and explain it to them?"

I told him that the FBI had a fine technical department, but that not all of their experts could be everywhere at once; the people I'd dealt with had been skilled professionals that simply didn't have the time or resources to stay on top of everything.

I caught the next question, too, when a reporter asked about my military background. I told him what I could, and when he tried to press for more, I told him that he'd have to ask the people in charge - I was just a line grunt that did as I was told. He got the message, but didn't like it.

For nearly an hour it went like that - Lucy catching a few questions, but most of them being directed at me. I was getting tired of it when Clara and I locked eyes. She understood, and jumped in to tell them "Okay, folks, one last question, then we have to call it a day, okay?"

There was a brief clamor before one of the print guys managed to make himself heard "Mr. Andrews, how much are you being paid for what you did? From the information, the FBI is crediting you with the recovery of over three hundred million dollars."

The rest of them quickly quieted down to hear me answer him "I'm being paid a percentage of the money recovered."

"What percentage is that, sir?"

I smiled, and told him "That's for the people signing the check to say. Ask them."

Lucy and I stood up then, and at the request of some of the photographers, assumed a couple of poses for them. Then Clara got in on the action for another round of photos. But all of it stopped dead when Robyn and Sandra left their places at the side and moved to join Lucy and me.

As we were leaving, I told them "Thanks, folks.", and heard one of them reply "Thank YOU, Mr. Andrews."

As we were making our way out, Clara told me "Thank you, Dan, for answering the questions about our people the way you did. You could have made us look like a bunch of bumbling fools, but you didn't, and we appreciate it."

I told her "Clara, you've got damn good people here. I'm not going to shaft them for **anyone**."

By that time, we'd reached the door we came in, and Clara wished us a safe trip home. The news people were still bunched up at the front of the building, so the four of us were able to make our escape unnoticed. On the way back, I suggested that we might want to stay in our room that night; Lucy and the girls understood immediately, and quickly agreed. At Sandra's suggestion, we made a quick stop at a convenience store to load up on snacks and munchies, then continued back to the hotel.

We'd been in our rooms only a couple of minutes when the early news came on - featuring the news conference as the lead story. The network news followed, and we were again the top story. Back to the evening news, where we again got top billing. The phone rang, and I answered it, half-afraid of who it might be, and what they'd want. Lucy was listening in when we heard Muddy say "Damn, Boomer, but you're some kind of **ugly** on TV!"

I laughed, and told him "I don't understand it, Muddy - I'm just so **cute** in person!", and hearing him laugh in response. Lucy just sat next to me, grinning.

When he stopped chuckling, Muddy told me "Boomer, I knew you were into something serious when all those FBI people showed up. Didn't know it was gonna get **this** serious, they go showing your face on TV like that."

"Well, they had to have **somebody** to push out in front of the cameras, and you know how MY luck runs."

He sniggered, and asked "All those FBI people that was watching out for you - what are you doing to take care of them?"

I told him that Clara had told me about their Emergency Fund, and that I'd be making a contribution to it. He asked if I had anything in mind for my protective detail, and I told him I wanted to, but hadn't thought of anything yet.

He sighed, and said "Damn fool. You send 'em on out here, and **I'll** take care of them for you."

I thought it over, and told him "Only if I can pay for it."

And the argument started.

It finally ended when I told him "Dammit, Muddy! I swear to God, I'll give every last one of them a McDonalds gift certificate before I send a single one of them out there for you to feed!"

There was dead silence on the line for several seconds before we heard him say "And you would, too, wouldn't you?"

"Damn right. Muddy, it was US they were watching out for, and it's damn well gonna be ME that thanks them. If you want to help, that's fine, but **I'M** covering the tab on this one. This one's MY payback, not yours."

We heard him sigh, and he gave in, telling me "Okay, Boomer, this one's yours. You find out how many, and write me a check, and I'll take care of them when they get here."

"You've got a deal, Muddy. But I'm telling you right now, if you don't cash the check, I'll come back here and kick your ass, you got it?"

He laughed, and said "You know, I think you could, too. You're right tough, for a white boy. Best pack a lunch, though."

"Lunch, my ass. I'd be packing everything I could carry.", I answered, laughing.

He told me to be careful, and I assured him I would; that ended the conversation.

Lucy looked at me, and asked "Did the two of you ever actually get into a fight?"

"Nope. We liked each other too much, and neither one of us wanted to know how it would turn out." I told her, and getting a grin in response.

With a way of paying back the protective detail, I felt a little more comfortable, and made a mental note to get the necessary info from Clara the next day, and to make arrangements to let the protective detail know how to collect.

There weren't any more calls that night, and nobody bothered us - I think all of us were grateful for the peace and quiet. But I think we also knew that it wasn't going to last; that we were going to get swamped, one way or another.

Any way, with a couple of good movies to watch, we spent the rest of the evening quietly. Except for the popcorn fight, and eating too much junk food. When it got late, we just undressed on the bed and threw all our clothes to the floor. We fell asleep where we were at when the mood struck us.

The next morning, I woke up to find Lucy laying there, watching me as I slept. I gave her a questioning look, and she just smiled, saying "I was thinking about what you said to Muddy last night, about being so cute. I know you were joking, but it got me thinking while I was looking at you. You're not cute. Mel Gibson is cute. What you are is handsome, in a rough, simple way. I can look at you, and see what you're going to look like in twenty or thirty years, and you're still going to look pretty much the same. What makes you handsome is the way you look at people, and the strength people can see in your face. I can look at you, and SEE that you're an honest person; and that you're absolutely FAIR, for good or bad."

I moved forward to kiss her, and when I was done, she put her hands on my face to hold it steady. She looked at me that way for several minutes before pulling my head down to give me a kiss that let me know how very much she loved me.

The kiss ended slowly, and even when our lips finally parted, we continued to look into each other's eyes for a bit longer. Finally, Lucy asked me "Coffee?"; I nodded, and started to get up, but she pushed me back down before saying "Stay there. You've been busy enough the last few days. Let me do something that would make ME happy, okay?"

I smiled my agreement, and watched as she got up, then moved over to where the coffeemaker was. Watching her firm ass clench and unclench as she moved around, and how her breasts would sway in time with her movements soon had me sporting an erection. When she turned around and saw it, she got an impish grin, and asked "You want some help with that?"

I grinned at her, and told her "Nope. Just saluting a very pretty, very sexy, lady." - and making her dimple a bit when she smiled.

When the coffee was ready, she brought me a cup, then sat next to me with her own. Together, we sat and looked at the beautiful sight Robyn and Sandra presented us as they lay there holding each other in their sleep.

When Lucy brought us each a second cup, the smell must have been enough to cut through the fog for the two youngsters: first Robyn, then Sandra opened their eyes, smiled a good morning to us, and proceeded into a stretch that left them creaking - something that Lucy and I could easily hear.

Sandra climbed onto my lap, and Robyn took station on Lucy's, and each of them took our coffee long enough to take a couple of sips before handing it back. With the cobwebs gone, both of them moved to lean against us as we put an arm around them. Sandra protested slightly when I patted her on the butt to get her off my lap, but readily took a position tucked into Lucy's side. The three of them watched as I made my way toward the bathroom; as I got close, I heard Robyn say "Dibs on a shower with Dan!".

I turned and told her it would be a minute, and she just grinned at me as I closed the door. When I opened it again, she was right there waiting for me, and took charge of making sure the shower was the right temperature and so on. When everything was ready, she took me by the hand and led me into the tub before closing the door behind her. Every time I'd start to do something for myself, she'd insist on doing it for me. She only repented when I pointed out that if she was going to shower WITH me, then that meant she'd have to shower, too - and washing her was something I was still in charge of. With a happy smile, she turned control of the soap over to me. She stood there, happy to have my touch on her as I first soaped her down, then rinsed her off. When I was done, she resumed command, and led the way out of the shower. She then dried me off - and let me dry her off in return. The whole time, our contact with each other was that of gentle loving, not sexual; and brought us closer together in our hearts.

When we got out of the bathroom, we found that the TV had been turned on to one of the morning shows. I thought I was going to get through it without seeing myself on TV, but it was not to be.

After giving Robyn and I a kiss each, Lucy and Sandra headed in for their own shower. While they were in there, I put a call in to the FBI office, and was quickly put in touch with Clara. When she answered, I told her that I had a couple of quick questions. She told me to go ahead, and I first asked her how many people had been on protective detail for me. She put me on hold for a few seconds, then came back to tell me that there had been sixty-three agents assigned to us, at one point or other. My next question was to ask her what the current balance of the Emergency Fund was. She put me on hold again, for a little longer before coming back to tell me that the current balance was seventeen thousand dollars. She went on to tell me that most of the time, it ranged between roughly ten and twenty-five thousand, depending on what had been happening. She followed that by letting me know that in a typical year, they drew roughly forty thousand dollars out of it, for various reasons. I thanked her, and she assured me it was her pleasure. I could tell she was curious, but determined not to ask me any questions.

I did some quick calculations, and decided that what it would cost to feed the protective detail was within my budget - before I got paid for the most recent job I'd done. That settled, I called my accountant back home, and gave him instructions to get a certified check to Muddy as soon as he could. He'd been watching television, and knew what I'd done. I told him what my fee was going to be, and I thought he'd passed out when he didn't respond for a long time. When he did, he only asked if I was sure I wanted him to continue to be my accountant. I assured him that I did - I knew him, and trusted him, and he'd proven himself to be a big help.

He thanked me, and said that he'd get started planning on how to deal with it. I thanked him, and ended the conversation.

About that time, Lucy and Sandra came out of the shower to join Robyn and me on the bed to watch some more television. The three of them never seemed to tire of hearing about what all had happened, and seeing my picture appear.

When it got close to lunchtime, I called the number that Amy had left us. She answered the phone, and quickly assured me that the invitation was still good. We quickly settled on a time for the four of us to show up, and she told me she'd be waiting for us.

Next on the agenda was to make arrangements for all the stuff we'd bought to be shipped home. The concierge was more than happy to help out, politely refusing any offer any of us made to him to pay for his time and trouble. He finally agreed to a kiss from Lucy and each of the girls, and a handshake from me.

The last thing to do was to pay our bill, and figure out how to get out of the hotel with as little fuss as possible. The hotel politely informed us that Lucy's boss had called and said that every charge for all three rooms was to be billed to their company credit card, no matter what anyone else said. They were disappointed that we were planning to check out - not because of the loss of room rentals, but because it was US leaving.

That settled, I spoke to the head of the remaining detail assigned to us, and told him what we were wanting to do. He readily pledged his support, and helped work out a plan. When the hotel staff learned what we were planning, they insisted on helping - every one of them thought it a great adventure to help get one past all the media people that were getting in the way. Together with the FBI agents, they came up with a plan that sounded like something from a spy novel - but it was so simple, so painfully obvious, that I was sure it would work.

Lucy, Robyn, Sandra, and I spent the rest of our time in the hotel getting packed, and ready for the trip to see Amy. We'd be leaving all our luggage, except for a single small overnight type bag each, in the hotel. The next morning, the luggage would be sent to the airport in time for our departure; all of our purchases would be carefully packaged up and shipped to us. The press, of course, would notice all the activity, but we'd already be gone to parts unknown.

At the appointed time, the four of us left the rooms, and took the elevator down a couple of floors. There, the maintenance people opened up the freight elevator for us, and took us down to the basement. There, each of us was hidden in a laundry cart, and wheeled onto a large delivery van from their linen supplier. The van would take the regular route to the linen service, but make a small detour a few blocks before it got there, where one of the FBI agents would be waiting to take us to yet another location to meet Amy, who would actually take us back to her apartment. While all this was happening, the remaining hotel staff and assorted agents would be doing everything they could to distract and confuse whatever media types they ran across. All along the way, we thanked

everyone that helped us; their uniform response was that it was their pleasure to help us out, and thanking US.

The whole thing went off without a hitch. A couple of newspaper people followed the van for a little while, but when it became 'obvious' that it was just taking the regular route, they gave up and went back to the hotel. One of the TV people stumbled across us, but was quickly left behind by the expert counter-surveillance training the FBI people had. We were all by ourselves when the agent delivered us to Amy. All of us thanked him, and he just smiled, saying that it was worth it to put one over on the 'newsies'.

Amy did a few tricks of her own, taking us to her apartment, just to make sure nobody was with us. The place she finally took us to was a small cluster of a few duplex apartments of obviously varying sizes. I think all four of us were surprised when she pulled up in front of one of the larger units, saying "Well, here we are - home!" She led us inside, and showed us where we could put our bags, before leading us into the living room - a rather sizeable one, with a fireplace in one corner. Lucy asked her about it, and Amy laughed, telling us that the owners had given her a break on the rent, figuring that having an FBI agent on the premises would reduce the amount of trouble from the other tenants. She grinned when she told us "They told me straight out: having a babe with a badge and a gun was bound to do **something** positive for the place. The only problem we ever had was with a guy that was living in one of the other apartments when I moved in. He found out fast enough that I was an FBI agent, and that didn't seem to bother him too much. But when he saw the weird hours I have to keep sometimes, I think he figured there was too much chance of getting caught at whatever he was up to, and he moved out. The people that took his place are a younger couple with the **cutest** baby. All my neighbors kind of watch out for each other, and they actually LIKE me having such weird hours - they figure it keeps the burglars and such away, not knowing when I'll be here and when I won't."

Robyn asked "Won't having all of us here cause you any problems?"

Amy told her "No, it won't. Actually they've learned what I do for the Bureau, and the news of the last couple of days let them know what was up when I told a couple of them that I was going to let some people 'hide out' with me tonight. They already know who you are, and they think I'm just being a good agent by keeping you here, away from the press. They positively think it's great - kind of like spy stuff, only not dangerous.

Just don't be surprised if there are more than a couple of window drapes pulled back when you leave tomorrow - they won't be able to resist looking at who I've been hiding out. In the mean time, they won't bother anyone - they think this is 'business' for me, and they don't want to interfere."

When Sandra asked, Amy was happy to give us a tour of the place - a large living room that we'd already been in, a dining area, the modern well-equipped kitchen, a small laundry area, a positively HUGE bedroom, and adjoining large bathroom with spa tub. It was an apartment solely by virtue of sharing a kitchen wall with the apartment next door,

a smaller version of the one we were in, according to Amy. We also met her cat, J. Edgar, who deigned to sniff at us before going back to sleep. Sad to say for the cat, there was a noticeable resemblance.

She asked if we wanted anything to drink, and I asked if she had any beer. She nodded, and Lucy said that it sounded good to her, too. Robyn and Sandra expressed an interest, and when I nodded my approval to Amy, got one to share.

We headed into Amy's living room, where Lucy and I sat at opposite ends of the couch while Robyn and Sandra found places on the fireplace hearth. When Amy came in, she got surprisingly shy on us, and Lucy had to physically move her over to sit on my lap. When all I did was put my arm around her, she visibly relaxed. The five of us sat around talking for a good hour - mostly it was me, Lucy, and Amy talking, but Robyn and Sandra joined in occasionally, too. Finally, it was Robyn that dared to ask "Amy? We've been here over an hour, now, and you still haven't kissed any of us. Don't you still like us?"

Amy turned to look at Lucy, then me. I just told her "She's right. It **has** been over an hour. When you sat down, you acted like you were afraid I was going to suck your brains out through your ears or something. What's up?"

She hesitated a few moments, then admitted "The other day, after I was with you in your room, one of the other agents said something to me about what good friends we'd become. It came so close after what we'd done that it made me kind of jumpy; I still haven't shaken it, really."

"Didn't Tom Gallery say something to you even before that?" I asked.

Amy nodded, and said "Yeah, he told me that I looked like I'd had a pleasant day off. I knew HE knew, but he's Tom, and I know him pretty good. This other guy, he was somebody that's only been with us about six months, and I still wasn't sure about him."

"Is there any reason to believe that he meant anything by it? I mean, was he smirking or anything? Did he say it like he knew what you'd done? Or was it just a casual observation, like 'the sun is out today'?"

She thought back on it a bit, and finally admitted "No, it sounded just like a passing comment, like you said. He wasn't smiling or leering or anything like that."

"Then you've been nervous with us this evening just because of a passing comment by someone you don't think you know well enough; a comment that probably just came a little too soon after you'd enjoyed some pleasant time with us."

She finally grinned at me, and admitted "Yeah, something like that. Okay, so maybe I'm just having a relapse or something, okay?"

Here, Lucy chipped in by saying "Well, Doctor Dan, if the patient is having a relapse, then the only solution is another treatment, don't you think?"

"Indeed it is, Nurse Lucy. Nurse Robyn and Nurse Sandra, prepare the patient, if you would!"

Robyn and Sandra both grinned as they got up and came over to where Amy was still sitting on my lap. First Sandra, then Robyn prepared her by giving her a kiss - full on the lips, and as inviting as they could make it. When they were done, I said "Nurse Lucy, I do believe the patient is beginning to respond. The next stage of the treatment, if you please."

Lucy quickly moved over to sit next to me before gently pulling Amy's head down to give her another kiss - this one just as inviting and passionate as what Robyn and Sandra had just given. Only Lucy added her own touch. Literally, by reaching out to cup one of Amy's breasts in her hand before running her thumb across it's nipple - making it visibly stick out from the light blouse that Amy was wearing. By the time their kiss ended, Amy was panting slightly, and starting to show a little flush on her face and shoulders. Lucy turned to me and said "Doctor Dan, it seems the patient is ready for the final stage of treatment."

Amy couldn't help grinning as I said "Very well. Nurses, I'll be taking the patient to the operating room. If you could prep her while I get ready to operate?"

All three giggled, and stood up to follow me when I got up to carry Amy into the bedroom, where I placed her on the bed. Lucy, Robyn, and Sandra went about undressing her as I stood at the foot of the bed, taking my own clothes off. They weren't the slightest bit reluctant to fondle and molest anything that interested them. I took my time, so that they were done well ahead of me, with Amy well-aroused from all the groping they'd done. Amy's eyes locking on my semi-erect penis as I made my way toward her, then climbed onto the bed with her. She readily spread her legs to make room for me as I moved over her, then welcomed me as I started kissing her.

I felt the nubbins of her nipples harden against my chest as her arousal grew with each kiss. I let my kisses extend across her entire head and shoulders, then started moving down her body. When her breasts came within range, I gave each a tongue bath before taking each of her nipples into my mouth and sucking it to full hardness. When I left them to continue my journey down her body, Lucy and Sandra each fastened their lips around one of her nipples to continue what I'd started. A brief pit stop (pun intended) at her belly button, then it was on to my ultimate target: the glistening petals of her womanly flower, and the delicate bud of her clitoris.

The position I was in allowed Robyn to apply her considerable oral talents toward getting me completely hard. Between the three of us working on Amy, and Robyn working on me, it didn't take long at all before Amy and I were both ready.

I eased my way back up her body, displacing Sandra and Lucy to nurse at Amy's breasts for a bit before continuing my journey. When I was in position, Amy readily lifted her knees and spread her legs to make even more room for me. Between us, we could feel Robyn reach in to spread Amy's labia, and position my penis at her entrance. Amy nodded to me, and I eased myself forward, pressing myself into her tight, wet sheath. Next to us, we heard Robyn say "This is **so** cool to watch him sliding into her. I can almost feel it myself!"

Our eyes remained locked on each other as I paused a couple of times before withdrawing slightly to distribute Amy's hot oils - as tight as she was, I needed every bit of help I could get. Finally, though, the deed was done: both of us felt it as our pubic bones met with a gentle nudge.

I paused a few moments, then started easing my way back out of her, stopping when only the head of my penis was trapped behind the tight ring of her entrance. Then, a little more quickly, I pressed myself into her again, until our pubic bones were reintroduced. Back out, then back in. Back out, then back in - each time, a little faster, and a little easier as her insides got wetter and looser. In only a couple of minutes, I was able to get into a steady rhythm of pistoning in and out of her well-oiled cylinder.

I saw her look to the side, heard her gasp; when I looked myself, I saw that Lucy, Robyn, and Sandra had all stripped, and were involved in a ring of pleasure: Robyn with her head between Sandra's thighs, Sandra's face between Lucy's, and Lucy closing the circle with Robyn. Even as I continued to make love with her, Amy and I watched as Robyn used her tongue and lips to caress Sandra's labia and clitoris. The sight aroused both of us greatly, and it was only a few minutes later that we all heard Amy loudly cry out her release - even as I jetted my semen deep into her womanhood.

I stayed inside Amy as we watched Robyn's efforts have the desired effect on Sandra: we could see Sandra's labia getting more extended and thicker, as well as see - and smell! - an increase in the amount of inner fluids she was releasing for Robyn to lick up.

With Amy's hot, wet vagina wrapped around me, and the sight of Robyn giving such pleasure to Sandra, I never really lost my erection. In fact, by the time we heard Sandra groan her release, I was fully hard again, and ready to continue - for the last few minutes, Amy had been slowly hunching her pelvis, so I knew that she was more than eager for me to pick up where I'd left off.

When she felt me start to move in her, Amy looked into my eyes and told me "I'm **so** ready, it won't take much for me this time if you'll just **fuck** me. No need to go slow or anything else - just **do** it."

I raised an eyebrow in question, and she nodded her assurance that that was what she really wanted.

So I did.

I raised myself to hold myself over her on my arms, then reached down to 'hook' her legs over my arms - opening her completely, and tilting her pelvis up so that I could enter her as deeply as possible. I backed my way out of her before thrusting back into her, hard and fast - and heard her gasp in pleasure.

Again, then again, each time listening to her aroused grunt when our pelvises met. In less than a minute, I was moving in her in a smooth, steady rhythm, all but pounding into her. The sounds of her arousal, and the motion I was using on her, eventually got the attention of Lucy and the others. All three of them stopped what they were doing to each other to watch as I repeatedly hammered into Amy like a pile driver. With the position and angle we were at, all three of them could watch as my erection slid in and out of her, and see how wet she became when the overflow of her secretions first soaked our pubic hair, then began to trickle between her asscheeks. Her secretions pooled briefly at the pucker of her anus, then continued their way down between her cheeks. A minute later, I felt a hand under my balls, and looked down to see that Lucy, of all people, was spreading Amy's warm oils around with her finger. As I watched, Lucy got one of her fingers well-lubricated with Amy's juices, and gently probed at Amy's rectum - and after a little twisting of her finger, managed to get it to slide inside. When that happened, Amy nearly lost it: her head started flying back and forth on the pillow, her hair a blur, as she shouted her pleasure and arousal. I could feel Lucy's finger slightly stroking the underside of my penis, only a fraction of an inch of Amy's insides separating us. In a few seconds, Lucy got in sync, mirroring what I was doing: sliding her finger out as I pressed in, then back in as I withdrew. Neither of the girls was foolish enough to try kissing Amy, but Robyn was more than happy to fasten her lips to one of Amy's breasts while Sandra caressed the other.

With all four of us focused on her, it was only a minute or so more before Amy all but screamed as an obviously powerful orgasm took her over. I tried to continue to move inside her, but she'd gotten so unbelievably tight around me that I did little more than slide around inside my own skin. Still, it seemed to be enough for her: each time I moved, I felt her vaginal muscles flutter around me. Lucy looked up at me and said "I... I can't move my finger! At ALL!", in absolute amazement.

It was a full two minutes before Lucy or I either one could actually **move** inside Amy - even when her spasms had passed, she was still so 'locked' in her pleasure that I don't think she *could* relax herself enough to let us move. Never before had I seen or heard of a woman that this excited during sex, and got this much pleasure from it. I could only wonder at the clods that had been so clumsy as to deny themselves **this** kind of response from a woman.

Finally, though, Lucy was able to pull her finger free of Amy's nether opening - something that resulted in ME feeling Amy's vagina tighten around me as a mini-spasm passed through her. Only when it ended was I able to rescue my penis from her eager clutches. Robyn and Sandra were simply awe-struck at the intensity and duration of Amy's passion.

With the stimulus of Lucy's finger and my penis gone, it didn't take long for Amy to come down from wherever she'd been. When she saw all of us watching her, she blushed furiously before saying "What Dan was doing to me felt **so** good by itself; but when I felt somebody's finger inside me, well, I just kind of 'lost it'!"

Lucy looked at her solemnly, and said "Amy, I don't think you lost it. I think you just found it, and didn't want to give it back!"

Amy grinned at that, as did Sandra and Robyn. All four of them looked at me, waiting to hear what I had to say. I just shook my head, and make a 'tsk, tsk, tsk' noise before telling Amy "I don't know what kind of monster we turned loose in you, but I *really* think you need to get a leash on it!" - making Amy blush again while the other three giggled.

Amy looked down and saw that I was still wet with her juices, and showed a few flecks of my semen that we'd pushed out of her. Without hesitation, she moved forward to begin licking me off. When she did that, it put her ass up in the air; Robyn grinned, and moved to perform a similar service for Amy.

After taking me into her mouth to lick and suck our combined juices off me, Amy gently nudged me to lay on my back - more than slightly distracted by what Robyn was doing to her. When I was laid out, she had me straighten my legs, then guided an eager Sandra to squat over me. Sandra put her hands on my thighs to hold herself steady as Amy reached between her legs to spread her labia apart, and guide my saliva-slick erection to Sandra's opening. Sandra started lowering herself when she felt that I was in position, and when the head of my penis was inside her, Amy let go of her labia while continuing to hold me steady. Amy finally let go of me when she felt Sandra's soft pubic hair brushing her hand. She stayed in the position she was in, though - Robyn happily licking and sucking on her labia and clitoris while she watched my erection disappearing into Sandra. She groaned when Sandra was finally seated on me; whether it was from the sight she'd just witnessed, or something Robyn did, I don't know. All I was focused on was the delightful sensation of having Sandra's vagina encasing my erect penis. As Sandra started sliding herself up and down on my manhood, Lucy moved to straddle my face, her back to Sandra's - I happily extended my tongue to run it between her glistening extended labia, drawing a pleased gasp from her. I did it again as I reached up to take her breasts in my hands, softly squeezing them and running my thumbs over her nipples.

I slid my tongue inside Lucy, as though making love to her with it, hearing her softly groan in pleasure as I did. As I continued to probe her insides, I started rubbing her exposed clitoris with my upper lip, exciting her even more. I felt her breasts tightening under my touch, even as her nipples extended and hardened; her smooth skin and firm breasts were delightful to hold as I savored the delightful nectar she was producing in quantity.

When I felt her starting to move her pelvis, I curled my tongue slightly, so that she could use it to press against her clitoris as she impaled herself on it. As her excitement increased, I began softly sucking at her, so that she would feel it at different times as she

moved over me. I even varied the amount of suction I applied, so that she would have plenty of variation in what she was experiencing.

After a bit, I could hear it as Sandra released an aroused, but frustrated, moan. Lucy apparently heard it, too, and lifted herself above me so that she could turn around to face Sandra. She settled herself again, and I readily applied myself to fluttering my tongue across her clitoris. I felt her moving over me a bit, and a moment later, felt the delightful sensation of Sandra turning herself around while keeping my penis inside her. From the way Lucy's weight shifted, and the way her nipples grazed my belly, I could only conclude that she was leaning over to suck on Sandra's breasts and nipples as Sandra went back to impaling herself on me. A few minutes later, I heard Sandra gasp, and felt her stop moving as her young vagina clamped down on me. When the clasp around my penis ended, I felt her lift herself off me - only to have Lucy lower herself some more to take my Sandra-slickened penis in her mouth. She greedily licked and sucked Sandra's essence off me, then went on to apply herself to bringing me to climax.

I had a different idea, though, and gradually stopped using my lips and tongue to caress her labia and clitoris. She moaned her frustration, and finally released me from her mouth to gasp "Dan, I'm so **close**, dammit!"

I chuckled, and told her "Good. Then you'll be glad to know that I want to be inside you when it happens."

She moaned in anticipation, and quickly moved off of me so that I could get up. She lay on her back in front of me, quickly spreading her legs and lifting her knees to open herself to me. I moved forward, and gently nudged her to indicate I wanted her to move 'up'. She looked confused for a moment, then looked where I wanted her to move TO - and got a happy smile on her face. With only a little adjustment, she found herself underneath Amy, with Amy's breasts dangling just out of reach of her mouth. Amy's eyes were closed in response to what Robyn was doing to her, and she didn't seem to realize her opportunity - until I spoke her name a couple of times.

When she opened her eyes to look at me, she saw Lucy under her. Raising her head, she smiled at me before letting her body drop enough to take one of Lucy's nipples into her mouth - and making her own breasts available to Lucy. Lucy quickly took advantage of her opportunity, placing her lips around one of Amy's breasts in return.

I watched them for a few seconds before moving up to position myself at the opening of Lucy's womanhood. I heard Lucy moan in anticipation when she felt me slip between her labia, and she tried to arch her pelvis up to take me inside, but she was only able to move far enough to **almost** get the head of my erection inside. She released a frustrated moan, resigned to waiting for me to start pressing into her. Wet as she was, it was easy for me to bury myself in her in a single, smooth motion. She released Amy's breast long enough to gasp her pleasure before sucking it back between her lips.

Even as I began moving myself back and forth between her glistening labia, I watched the two of them nursing at each other's breast - and saw that the other breast on each sported a puckered areola and erect nipple.

Sandra watched all of us for several minutes, until she felt up to moving between Robyn's thighs to begin licking and sucking on Robyn's clitoris as she slid a couple of fingers into Robyn's wet opening.

Knowing Lucy as I did, it didn't take me long to bring her to the edge of an orgasm - only to let her slide away from it. A bit later, I brought her to the brink, and let the opportunity escape her again. When I felt her desperate arching as she tried to hold me inside her, I started easing her to orgasm again, and when I knew she was on the very ragged edge of orgasm, held her there for several long, long seconds before giving her the nudge that tripped her release. I felt her vagina pulsing around my buried erection, and it felt great - but not great enough, yet, to let me have my own climax. The one I'd enjoyed with Amy had simply been too much, and too recent.

The power of Lucy's orgasm left her limp as a wet cloth, unable to continue her play with Amy. Amy watched as I slid myself out of Lucy, and with a look of awe, asked "What are you? Superman or something?"

I only smiled and shook my head before moving around to where Robyn and Sandra were joined. Sandra saw my wet erection waving in front of me, and moved to make room for me between Robyn's thighs. Her eyes wide, Sandra watched as I wedged the head of my penis between Robyn's labia as Robyn finally pulled her face from between Amy's thighs, her cheeks and chin glistening with Amy's oils. Amy took the opportunity to move forward and roll onto her back, next to Lucy, who could still barely stir. Sandra saw her opportunity, and moved to cover Amy's body with her own as Robyn closed her eyes in pleasure at the feeling of my erection filling her young womanhood.

Robyn and I made love for several minutes as Sandra and Amy took care of each other - we could see where Sandra's tongue was plumbing the depths of Amy's vagina, and how she was able to lap up Amy's ample fluids. We were watching when Sandra suddenly tilted her head back and released a long, low moan as Amy brought her to orgasm - the sight and sound of it was enough to trigger Robyn into her own climax; her vagina clasp at my erection was finally enough to let me join her, firing shot after shot of hot sperm deep inside her. When the last few drops had left me, I lowered myself to cover Robyn's body with my own, my mostly-erect penis still inside her. She reached up to hug me, then gestured with her head that she wanted to lay on top of ME. Taking her into my arms, I rolled us over, where we bumped against Lucy. With a little maneuvering, Robyn and I got our legs reversed, so that hers were spread and resting outside of mine as I held her in my arms, her head resting on my shoulder.

I looked down, and could see that Amy had her eyes locked on where I was still inside Robyn. With a touch of wonder in her voice, I heard her say "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I'd have never believed he could get that thing inside them - but he did. It was

incredible, watching Sandra take all of him inside her; and now I can see that Robyn can do it, too. It's absolutely amazing."

"What's amazing is that he gave every one of us an orgasm with that **thing** of his - even if he did tease me with it!" Lucy said, slapping my leg in play. Sandra and Amy both laughed, and I could feel Robyn's body shake as she silently joined them.

A moment later, Lucy announced "Doctor, I think the treatment was a success: the patient has recovered. Unfortunately, the staff has died in the process!" - and all of us laughed with her.

Finally, my penis softened enough to pull free of Robyn, uncorking our combined juices and leaving them free to dribble down to soak our pubic hair.

After a minute, Robyn squirmed above me before lifting her head to say "It's nice cuddling like this, but I'm getting just a **little** draft, if you know what I mean!"

Amy announced "I can't imagine WHY", launching all of them into a fit of giggles.

When they'd caught their breath, Amy told us "I'm sorry to say that I don't think my poor tub will hold all of us, but I'm sure it will handle three. I'm starting to feel a little sticky, so if anyone wants to join me, they're welcome."

As she started to get up, Lucy did too, and the two of them headed in to clean off - each other, and together, I imagined. Sandra opted to stay with me and Robyn.

When they got out about fifteen minutes later, Amy told us "If you want to go right in, there's plenty of hot water. There's one REALLY HUGE boiler for all the apartments, and I've *never* run out."

The three of us thanked her, and Robyn teamed up with Sandra to get me up and moving when I protested having to move. In the bathroom, we found that Amy had made sure there were plenty of towels available; she'd even set a couple out for us before leaving the bathroom. While Robyn and Sandra explored each other, I got the shower started; when the temperature was right, all three of us got in. Sandra and I helped Robyn clean off, then Robyn and I did Sandra. Finally, the two of them gave ME a good going over - and it felt WONDERFUL. I truly regretted it when Sandra finally turned the water off as Robyn opened the shower door. Continuing their pampering, both dried me off, and had me sit on the commode as they went on to dry each other. When we were all ready, I stood up and each of them pulled an arm around so my hand held one of their breasts as they each put an arm around me. We headed back into the bedroom - only to find no one there. We went on to find them in the living room, sitting at opposite ends of the couch, naked.

I moved to sit in a chair, and Amy quickly grabbed my arm to pull me down between them, then guide Sandra to Lucy's lap, and Robyn to her own. With me seated, Amy and Lucy moved to close any gap, so that both were resting against me.

A few minutes later, Amy asked if anyone was hungry - and getting prompt confirmation from Sandra and Robyn. When she asked what we wanted, each of us answered that about anything would be fine. She suggested spaghetti, and we all readily agreed - it sounded pretty darn good, actually.

Amy eased Robyn onto my lap, then got up to go into the kitchen. We heard her moving around, and Lucy asked if she wanted any help, or if there was anything one of us could do. Amy simply told her that everything was under control, and that what we could do was just sit there and rest. A few minutes later, she reappeared, telling us that the spaghetti was started, and that everything would be ready in ten minutes, or so. She collected kisses from Robyn and Sandra, then disappeared into the kitchen again. A few minutes later, we detected the smell of hot garlic bread, and the first whiff of spaghetti sauce. About the time we were ready to start drooling all over ourselves, she announced that supper was ready - I was last to the table because Lucy used me as a brace to get up herself.

Once we were seated, Amy told us "I'm not much of a religious person, but if you want to say a prayer, you're welcome to."

Before any of the others could tell her that we weren't religious, either, I said "In that case, I'll use an old Boy Sprout prayer. We used it mostly on camping trips, in the winter. Lets you get to the food before it gets cold."

All four of them looked at me as I intoned "Rub-a-dub-dub, thanks for the grub. Yay, Lord!" - and reached for some hot garlic bread.

All of them cracked up in response, and dinner was on. With the five of us sitting there naked, it was a pretty casual thing - when spaghetti sauce dripped onto someone, one of the people next to them would lick it off. Considering the company, I think more than a few of the 'spills' were less than accidental.

It was a good thing Amy made as much as she did - all of us filled our bellies, and there was only a single piece of garlic bread left when we were done. Robyn and I both started to reach for it at the same time, but Robyn laughingly gave up when I curled my lip and growled at her. The rest thought it was hysterical, and almost laughed until they cried.

When the food was gone, we all slid our chairs back to finish up the nice wine that Amy provided. When Lucy, Amy, and I started to talk with each other, Robyn and Sandra quietly got up and started to clear the table. Amy tried to protest, but both of them studiously ignored her after telling her that they were happy to do it after the good food. When she looked to us for help, Lucy and I just shrugged.

After a couple minutes, Robyn and Sandra rejoined us. When we'd finished our wine, Amy asked if anyone wanted coffee. Lucy asked if she had any decaf, and Amy assured her she did before getting up and heading into the kitchen; a moment later, we heard a grinding noise, then water being poured. When she came back, Lucy raised an eyebrow, and Amy told us that she preferred the taste of fresh-ground coffee. She also thanked Sandra and Robyn for loading the dishes into the dishwasher, and putting away the rest of the spaghetti and sauce from the pots.

When we heard the coffeemaker finally burble it's job was done, Lucy and I got up with her to go to the kitchen. A couple moments later, the girls joined us. Amy tried to protest that we were her guests, and I told her "Amy, we're not your guests. We're your **friends**. If I ask you to get me a cup of coffee, I expect to hear you ask me if my arm is broken, or tell me - profanely - to get it myself. Okay?"

She grinned, and nodded, and let us pour our own damn coffee before we all headed into the living room. This time, Robyn shared my and Lucy's lap while Sandra filled Amy's. Robyn and Sandra listened as Amy, Lucy, and I continued the conversation we'd been having in the kitchen, but every so often, one of them would speak up to add something to what one of the rest of us was saying.

As the evening wore on, Amy felt more and more comfortable about telling us things about herself - even though she'd pretty much opened up to us that first night, the things she told us now were more immediate, and somehow more 'personal'. One of the things that she mentioned was that Agent Tom Gallery had asked her out for dinner or drinks a few times. She said that she knew he was interested in her, but until recently, hadn't felt comfortable enough with men to be willing to go out with him. It wasn't that she didn't like his company or anything like that; rather, she'd been concerned that she'd like him *too* much, and find herself in bed with him - only to be hurt or disappointed again. She liked him, but was afraid that she'd turned him down one too many times, and that he wouldn't ask her again.

After getting a promise that she'd keep what I had to tell her confidential, I told her about the conversations I'd had with Gallery. She was surprised to know that he'd taken notice that she didn't seem to get any 'bed rest', or talk about her friends outside the Bureau. Then she was absolutely amazed that Gallery had told me he was fine with the idea of her being with us - and that he'd seemed to know that the 'us' was more than just her and me. I went on to tell her that his only apparent interest had been that she be happy, and that she broke out of the 'shell' he thought she had around her - and that he'd also noticed the change in her, and thanked me for it.

When she said that she wasn't sure what to do, that she still liked him and thought she was ready to go out with him but was afraid he wouldn't ask again, it was Lucy that surprised her by suggesting that Amy ask HIM out.

Amy tried to protest that she couldn't, and Lucy simply told her "Amy, if you like him, and want to go out with him, you've got two choices. Either you can wait for him to ask

you again - which may be a while - or YOU can ask HIM out. You're a grown woman. You're an FBI agent, and you *willingly* put yourself between crooks and their victims. If that isn't guts, I don't know what is. Besides, if you can bring yourself to be the one to ask for the date, then you can be pretty damn sure that you're ready for what a relationship with him might involve. It might turn out he just wants company while he gets drunk, or it might be that he actually cares about you, and wants something more than just a night in bed. Or it might be that he wants something in between those two extremes. However it turns out, you'll never know what **might** happen between the two of you until there's a **two** of you for something to happen *between*."

Even I understood the twisted syntax of that last sentence, and it seemed to make a lot of sense to Amy, too. She sat there for a bit, sipping her coffee, while the rest of us stayed silent. When she finally looked up at us again, she said "I'll do it. I'm going to ask Tom Gallery out. I won't really see him for a couple days, but I'm going to do it. He and I will both have off time in a week or so, and that's when I'll try to make the date for."

Sandra hugged her, surprising Amy a little, before saying "Good for you, Amy. You ought to have someone special, like the rest of us - you're a good person, and a **great** kisser!" - that last part making Amy turn pink while the rest of us laughed.

With the world's problems solved, there didn't seem to be anything left but for us to go to bed - all of us had started yawning, and I think the evenings earlier activities had tired us all.

Amy told us that she didn't think that her bed would hold all of us, and asked Robyn and Sandra if they'd mind sleeping on the couch - that it opened up into a small bed. Both readily agreed, and Amy asked Lucy and I to go ahead and get ready while she got the girls set up. We did as she asked, and a few minutes later, she came in to find us laying on opposite sides of the bed. She looked at us quizzically, and Lucy told her "It's your bed. You get the middle. Besides, BOTH of us want to cuddle with you."

Amy smiled, and climbed up between us from the foot of the bed. When she was ready, Lucy and I both rolled onto our sides. I tucked my legs up, and Amy lifted her legs to let them drape over mine. Lucy and I each rested an arm on Amy, bending them so that our hands laid on her breasts. In return, Amy let her hands rest on the top insides of our thighs. Lucy kissed her on the cheek, and when Amy turned her head, kissed her again on the lips.

Amy just looked at her as Lucy told her "Amy, Sandra was right. You **are** a good person, and you **do** deserve to have someone special. And you are a **terrific** kisser!", the last with a smile.

Amy turned her head to look at me, and I softly kissed her on the forehead, then again on the lips, before telling her "Remember what I told you about yourself, that first night? Every bit of it is true. **I** love you. Lucy loves you. Robyn and Sandra love you. I'm a guy, and from the way Tom talks, I'd bet HE loves you, too. But you'll never know for **sure**

unless you're willing to take the chance. Amy, one thing I've learned along the way is that it isn't the thing itself that's so hard, but the worrying and thinking about it beforehand."

She nodded her understanding, then laughed when I told her "Besides - if we have to come back here for **another** treatment, I don't think we could stand it!"

She gave me a chaste, but still deeply loving, kiss. The three of us lay there, happy to be holding each other, as we drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up neatly spooning with Amy, who was spooning with Lucy. Both of us had an arm around the person in front of us; and if Amy was doing what **I** was, she had a secure hold on Lucy's breast. Lucy had her arm resting on Amy, her hand on Amy's bare hip.

I carefully eased myself out of bed, and made a trip to the bathroom before heading out to check on Robyn and Sandra - both of whom were dead to the world, snuggled up next to each other. Back in the bedroom, I gently slid my way back into bed, until I was again nestled against Amy's back, and had my arm around her to hold her breast in my hand. After a few minutes, I fell asleep again.

When I woke up again, I was on my back, and Amy was laying on her side, resting against me with her arm on my chest. I turned my head to look at her, and saw that she was wide awake. I also noticed that Lucy was missing from the other side of her.

Amy smiled at me, and said "You were still asleep when we woke up; Lucy told me that she was going to go cuddle with the girls, and that I could have your for a little while after you woke up, if I wanted. I was laying here looking at you while you were asleep, and I decided that I wanted."

I put a mock-horrified look on my face, and exclaimed "Good Grief! I've been traded!"

Amy giggled, and said "No, not traded - I don't think Lucy would give you up for anything. You're just being loaned, for a little while. You don't mind, do you?"

I smiled at her, and answered "For you, no, I don't mind being loaned out."

She smiled back, and I put an arm around her before she nestled herself against me even more. We lay there like that for quite a while before she whispered into my chest "I wish I could wake up like this **every** morning."

"I'd be willing, but I think Lucy might object after a while, though.", I told her.

She giggled, and said "No, as much as I love you, and as nice as you and the rest have been, it's not YOU that I want, but someone of my OWN. Somebody that makes me feel the way you do; somebody that I feel about the way I do all of you; somebody that I can share my *life* with."

I hugged her, and said "Amy, that person is out there. I promise. It might be Tom Gallery, it might not. But whoever it is, they're out there. You just have to be open to seeing them when they show up, and willing to follow up on it when you find them. You might find a few wrong ones along the way, but you'll never find the RIGHT one if you don't at least *try*. The only thing I'd ask is that you don't settle for anything less than the best, okay?"

She hugged me back, and said "But the BEST is already taken - by Lucy. But I know what you mean."

A little while later, she told me "If I'm going to have to wait until I find *my* best, then I'd better get something from THE best, to get me by for a while." before reaching down to take me in her hand.

When she felt me start to respond to her touch, she kissed my chest, and eased herself around so she could watch as she used her hand to bring me semi-erect. With that accomplished, she didn't hesitate to move a little farther and take me into her mouth. When she did, I gently nudged her leg, and she readily moved around to let me guide her over my head. With her open above me, I took a few moments to try and memorize how she looked: underneath her dark red pubic hair, her clitoris was already making an appearance. Her labia were already starting to swell; extending to the outer margins of her mons, there was a distinct shine between them, where the entrance to her womanhood was. I could already detect the faint perfume of her essence, and extended my tongue to sample it directly - and finding it as delightful as I had the first time. Taking each of her labia between my lips, I gently lip-chewed them before taking them even further into my mouth to softly suck on them. I heard her sounds of pleasure and arousal when I did, and continued to focus on them for a little longer. I finally moved my attentions to the glistening opening she was presenting to me - sliding my stiffened tongue into it before placing my lips around it to try and softly suck more of her essence into my mouth. As I did that, I went on to slide my tongue in and out of her, making love to her with it; my reward was an increase in the nectar she produced in response.

When my taste buds had their fill, I went on to apply myself to her clitoris, which was now fully exposed and ready for my attentions. I fluttered across it with the tip of my tongue, and heard her moan in response before I did it again, and getting a similar reaction. I put my lips around it, and rhythmically sucked on it gently, in time with the movement of her hot mouth on my erection. I continued doing that for another couple of minutes before gradually changing over to draw circles around her clitoris with the tip of my tongue; I could hear and feel her arousal and passion increase the longer I did it, until finally, she released my erection from her mouth as I heard and felt her orgasm over me. As each spasm passed through her, I gently pressed on her clitoris with my lips, intensifying what she was going through, and prolonging it, judging from her gasps and moans.

When enough of it had passed, she managed to move off my head, and turn herself around next to me. Her eyes hooded in desire, she moved down until she was able to straddle my hips. Reaching between us with both hands, she used one to hold herself

open, and the other to hold my erection steady as she impaled herself on me. When I was about halfway into her, she released her hold on me, then on herself, and leaned forward to put her hands on the bed above my shoulders. That left her breasts dangling in front of me, in open invitation. As she worked herself the rest of the way down onto me, I lifted my head again to take the ends of each of her breasts into my mouth, first one then the other, sucking on them as I ran my tongue across her nipples. As I was doing that, I raised my hands to hold her breasts, cupping and squeezing them - she pressed them into my hands in encouragement to continue what I was doing.

I felt her settle into my 'lap', and was delighted when she decided to pause for a little bit - she felt wonderful around me, and I wanted a little time to savor the sensation. There was even more to enjoy when she started experimenting with her vaginal muscles, learning how better to control them. After a bit, she said "It actually feels better when I can let them relax, when I'm looser". I told her that it felt pretty good to me, too, and she smiled before trying it some more. When she was satisfied, she lifted herself off me, until the tight ring of her entrance was just behind the head of my penis, then settled herself down onto me again. She waited a few moments, then did it again, only slightly faster. Another pause, and again she raised and lowered herself, only marginally faster than the time before. Several more times she did it, until she found a speed and frequency that pleased her. I was glad that it was something that I could live with - she was moving herself over me fast and often enough to keep me hard, but not enough to stimulate me too much. It felt positively wonderful, and I was easily able to continue playing with her firm breasts, and sucking on the ends of them.

After a while, I heard her panting start to speed up, and felt her moving over me more and more quickly as she pressed herself against me harder and harder when I was all the way inside her. I knew that she was working herself toward another orgasm, and I did everything I could to distract myself from letting the feeling of what she was doing push me into climaxing with her. It was a close call, but I managed to keep from unloading in her when she all but slammed herself down onto me before throwing her head back as she released a deep, passionate cry of release. I was fascinated by the expressions that crossed her face as she went through her orgasm - I could only hold her breasts, and squeeze them in time with the claspings of her vagina around my penis. If I'd dared try to move in her, I know I would have emptied myself into her.

When her orgasm had passed, she almost fell as she leaned forward to rest on my chest. I put my arms around her, and held her tightly as I rained soft kisses on her face and shoulders. A little time later, she raised her head to look at me for a few moments before kissing me, deeply and passionately. I returned it with as much of each as she was giving me. When our kiss finally broke, I could see that she was again flushed with desire, and panting in arousal. I took her into my arms again, and shifted my legs to be outside of hers before carefully rolling us over. With me above her, she looked deep into my eyes, and said "Now we're going to make love TOGETHER, aren't we?"

I nodded in affirmation, and kissed her softly on the lips as she moved her legs to be outside of mine - then lifted them up so that her ankles were crossed behind me. Resting

on my elbows, I started moving in her, in slow, steady strokes - letting myself withdraw almost completely before filling her with my hardness again. After only a few such strokes, she started moving in counterpoint to what I was doing: lifting her pelvis in welcome to me, and letting it fall again as I slid out of her.

We continued like that for several minutes, letting the passion build as we made slow, gentle love with each other. With our eyes locked, there was nothing else but each other. It wasn't the deeply emotional experience that Lucy and I had shared; but it was still deeper - and meant more - than what we'd experienced the first time we made love.

Finally, we could see in each other's faces that both of us were ready for it to end. I raised myself up onto my arms as Amy unlocked her ankles and drew her knees nearly up to her shoulders, angling herself to take me as deeply as possible.

I slowly speeded up my thrusts in her, watching as her breasts wobbled slightly in reaction. For her part, I saw her focus, and felt it as she started applying what she'd learned about controlling her vaginal muscles - I could feel her relaxing around me, letting me slip in and out of her relatively easily. She was still hot and tight inside, but now it was a most *pleasant* tightness. I maintained the pace I'd gotten into; I could see from her face that it was moving her along very nicely, just as it was doing for me.

Several minutes later, I felt the sensation in my balls that let me know that there wasn't any turning back - that one way or another, I was going to climax. With that, I changed my position slightly, so that as I entered her, it pulled more on her labia, and applied a little more pressure to her clitoris. I heard her groan her approval in response, and kept going.

A few more minutes, and I felt the stirring that told me only a few more strokes would do it. At that point, I slowed down considerably, sliding myself in and out of her from one end of my penis to the other, bumping myself against her clitoris when I was fully inside her. Even as I sensed the first wad of semen leaving my balls, I felt her tighten around me as she loudly cried out her release. Whether it was God, Fate, luck, or whatever, I don't know - all I'm sure of is that the tightening of her vagina as her spasms hit her was in perfect timing with my own: even as the first shot of my jism was entering her, her vaginal muscled tightened around me. Then as I felt the next one, she would relax to let it through, only to tighten down on me when it was inside her. Our eyes remained locked on each other, and both of us were pleased by it.

As the last of my semen flowed into her, I remembered something; when I looked up, I could see that she'd grabbed a pillow, and sunk her fingernails into it, instead of me. She realized where I was looking, then what she'd done - and gave me a surprisingly shy smile before saying "After last time, I wanted to be sure I didn't hurt you. I think Lucy forgave me for the first time, but I didn't want to push it."

I smiled back, and told her "I think Lucy would have understood better than you think - but **I'm** glad you did it, anyway."

She giggled a little, and I lowered myself to rest above her, supporting myself on my elbows so that we could kiss each other softly and lovingly. We stayed like that until my penis softened enough to pull free of her - and a couple minutes longer. Finally, though, both of us felt the need to clean up. We got up and headed in to share a shower, playfully soaping each other up while paying particular attention to the fun parts. When we'd run out of things to play with, and excuses for not getting out, Amy turned off the shower, and I reached out to grab a towel to start drying her off. She didn't help any by wrapping her arms around me and refusing to turn loose. I finally got to finish the job when I pointed out that as much as she liked me drying her back, her front would probably be even more fun. When I was done, she looked up into my face and told me that the front **HAD** been more fun - but that it was her turn, now. I waited patiently as she meticulously dried off every part of me - some parts better than others. When she was done, I pulled her into my arms for a hug and kiss before we went out to say good morning to the others. We found the three of them on the sofa-bed, Lucy in the middle with Robyn and Sandra snuggled into her sides. All three of them were watching cartoons on Amy's TV, with the sound turned low.

Robyn looked up at Amy with an impish grin, and said "I don't know **WHY** we had to turn the sound down - **YOU TWO** were making so much noise I don't think you would have heard a train wreck!"

Amy blushed, and asked "Were we really that loud?"

Lucy grinned as she answered "Only one of you. The scream woke all three of us up!"

Amy blushed even darker, and started to apologize when Sandra grinned, and told her "It's okay. He does that to us, sometimes, too. Besides, it made me feel **so** horny!" - and getting a laugh from Robyn and Lucy.

Amy offered to fix us all breakfast, and Lucy just told her "No, you lay down here, and I'll fix it."

Amy started to protest, and Lucy teased her by saying "No, I'll do it. I think we all know that you got plenty of 'exercise' this morning, already!"

Amy turned pink again, but accepted Lucy's decision, moving to lay between Robyn and Sandra, who both grinned at her as they made room for her. It wasn't a very large bed, so there wasn't room for me to join them; I had to content myself with leaning back in a **very** comfortable recliner. Lucy stopped off to give me a kiss before heading into the kitchen. We heard a little rummaging around, then a few minutes later, the smell of fresh coffee greeted us. Robyn and Sandra both got up and headed into the kitchen, coming back with large mugs of fresh coffee that they handed to Amy and I before they resumed their places next to her.

A couple of cartoons later, we all detected the smell of eggs, bacon, and fried potatoes; a minute later, Lucy brought plates out for each of us, each one well loaded with food. She

disappeared again, and came out with her own plate and mug of coffee, then took her seat on my lap. The conversation was light and sparse as we wrapped ourselves around our meals.

When we were done, Robyn and Sandra again assumed cleanup duties; this time, Amy didn't bother trying to fight it. Particularly when they brought all three of us fresh mugs of coffee, delivered with a kiss.

Finally, Amy asked what time we had to be at the airport. Lucy told her what time the flight was, and Amy said that we had another hour before we should leave. Then she made a couple of false starts before asking if we'd do her a favor. I assured her that we would, if we could, and asked what the favor was. She bashfully admitted that she wanted to know if we could take a few photos with my digital camera, so she'd have something special to remember us by. All of us chimed in that we'd be more than happy to. I went to where I'd left my bags, and dug out the camera and it's cable. Checking to make sure it still had plenty of power left, I took it into the living room, and asked Amy what photos she wanted. She finally told me that she wanted them to be of her with all of us - naked. Lucy and I smiled at her while Robyn and Sandra just grinned. It didn't take long before the camera held images of Amy with Lucy and I standing on each side of her, Amy with Robyn and Sandra, Amy with each of us individually, and all five of us together.

I hooked the camera to Amy's computer, and quickly copied the images from it's memory to her hard drive. From there, it was easy enough to call them up so she could see them any time she liked. Her eyes wet, she looked at each of them for several seconds before shutting down the computer, and standing up to give each of us a hug and kiss.

Only then did she tell us that we probably needed to get dressed, and ready to go to the airport.

When all of us had taken care of our morning duties, and dressed, Lucy, the girls, and I collected our bags and set them by the front door. Amy was the last to appear, coming out of her bedroom in the same dress that she'd worn when she first visited us. She hesitated, then said "Once we're out that door, I know I can't give you all the kind of goodbye that I want to, so I want to do it now, while I can." With that, she moved to kiss and hug Sandra, then Robyn. Lucy was next, and finally me - and she was **still** a damn fine kisser.

That done, we picked up our bags, and headed out the door. As Amy was loading our bags into the trunk of her car, I looked around - sure enough, about every apartment in sight had a drape or window blind pulled to the side so the resident could see who Amy was 'protecting'. I whispered to Amy "You were right - everybody that can is looking at us. What say we give them a thrill, and check our weapons before we get in the car?"

She laughed quietly, and said "Sure, sounds good to me!" That said, both of us drew our weapons, and made sure they were loaded and ready to go as Lucy and the girls got into the car. With a nod to each other, we put them away, then got in her car. As we were leaving, Lucy asked me "And what was all that about? Pulling your guns out, I mean?" I

told her about the people that had been peeking at us, and how Amy and I had decided to add a little excitement to their lives. When they heard about that, all three of them broke up into hysterical laughter, Amy and I joining them.

Since we hadn't left the hotel yet, none of the news people thought to hang out at the airport. Amy pulled up in front of the departure terminal for our airline, and we all piled out. The skycap gave me a double-take, but didn't say anything. When Amy had unloaded our bags with Lucy's help, he got them all tagged, and gave me the receipts. I tried to hand him a twenty, and he just said "No need for that, sir. I saw you on the TV the other night, and it's my pleasure to help out. You and this lady, you done a good thing, and I'm proud to be of service to you both."

I tried to give it to him to pass along, explaining that I wanted our bags loaded last; he still refused it, saying "I tell the ground crew who they belong to, they'll be just as happy as I am to do it for nothing, sir."

Lucy had a try at him, too, without success. I finally conceded the defeat, and asked if I could at least shake his hand. He perked up considerably, and told me "I'd be right proud to, sir." We shook, and he was positively beaming with pride when we went inside with Amy. She stood back a ways as we got in line to pick up our tickets, but someone from the airline came out from behind the counter to approach us. Amy moved closer to us, and heard him quietly ask me "Mr. Andrews? I'm with the airline, sir. There's no need for you to stand out here; we've got your tickets all ready. If you'll follow me, sir, we can get you on your way without any, um, undue attention."

I thanked him, and the five of us followed him to the end of the ticket counter, where he discretely handed me our tickets. I thanked him, and he told me "It's our pleasure, sir. We thought that you might be experiencing a certain amount of notoriety, and prepared the tickets ahead of time. We deal with enough celebrities and such that we know publicity can be awkward and inconvenient at times."

I thanked him again, and we started for the departure gate.

When we got to the security checkpoint, all of us loaded our bags onto the little conveyor to be X-rayed. Lucy, Robyn, and Sandra all went through the metal detector; I showed them my gun permit, and started around it. One of the security people put a hand in my chest, and told me that I'd still have to go through the detector - that he'd hold my weapon. I looked down to where his hand was, then looked him in the eye. He pulled his hand back, and I told him "That's a federal permit. It means I don't have to turn the weapon over to **anyone**, for **any** reason."

He told me that was wrong, and started to tell me something else when Amy lit into him. First thing she did was show him her FBI ID. That got his attention. "Officer" - she looked at his nametag - "Larson. This man is carrying a FEDERAL permit. As he told you, it entitles him to carry his weapon virtually ANYWHERE. That means he has the right to bypass this security checkpoint completely. As a COURTESY to you, he allowed

his carryon, and those of the people with him, to be scanned. That he tried to explain to you what his permit means is an indication of his patience, and a sure sign of your ignorance. As an added bonus attraction, this man is Dan Andrews. If you'd watched anything but cartoons the last few days, you would know that he personally helped the FBI seize and recover a BILLION and a quarter dollars. You would also know that he has done more crime-busting in the last week than you're likely to do in your entire lifetime. So, **Officer**" - she said it like it left a bad taste in her mouth - "unless you want to find out what it's like to make sure no one steals the tires off the planes at the salvage yard, I suggest that you show this man the respect he's due, and let him go."

The other people at the checkpoint watched all of this in silence - Amy hadn't left them any doubt about which direction was uphill from where they were.

The security guy turned about the color of library paste as Amy was talking to him; when she was done, it took him a couple tries before he could get out an apology, and tell me he'd made a mistake. I politely thanked him, and Amy and I moved toward where the others were standing a little way down the concourse. Beside me, I heard Amy grumble "Jackass airport security people. Decent ones cost too much, and the ones that are willing to take the pay aren't worth **shit**."

I laughed, and told her "Amy, that was some kind of speech you gave him. I haven't seen anybody turn that shade of white in a **long** time."

She looked over at me, and finally grinned, telling me "It just drives me nuts when somebody with a badge gets too full of themselves. People have to deal with idiots like him, they start to think **anyone** with a badge is going to be just like him."

"Only until they meet people like you, and the rest of them. Then they know what **real** law enforcement is all about."

She smiled at me, and we joined the others to make our way to the departure gate. We made a brief stop at a newsstand so Lucy and the girls could pick up something to read; I expected to have enough to do with my laptop.

We still had over half an hour before our plane would take on passengers, so the five of us found a quiet spot in one corner to spend time with each other. Amy chatted quietly with Robyn and Sandra while I told Lucy about what Amy had done at the security checkpoint. She laughed when I was done, and interrupted Amy long enough to congratulate her, and thank her.

When she turned back to me, I told her "There's still something that you need to start thinking about, and planning for."

She looked at me in expectation, and I told her "You've still got a wedding to plan, remember?"

With that, she suddenly realized that it had completely slipped her mind, and looked down to the diamond ring on her finger before looking up at me again with tears in her eyes.

I told her "Oh, now don't go crying. Your face'll get all puffy, and you'll scare the stewardesses. Excuse me, flight attendants. Besides, I'll be there - I promise!"

She laughed, and leaned over to give me a hug and kiss before sitting up again. When they finally announced that our flight was ready to board, all of us stood up, even though we'd be the last called because of our first class tickets - Lucy's boss had come through for us on that, too. Finally, they announced boarding of first class passengers, and Amy came over to wish us a good flight. All four of us politely kissed her on the cheek in goodbye - careful to ignore the tears in her eyes. As I stood up to head for the gateway, I noticed that several of the guys around us were looking at me with envy before they went back to eyeballing Amy. I caught her eye, and indicated that she should look around. She did, discretely, and her eyes were smiling when she looked back at me.

The flight back was as bland as the flight out, but Robyn and Sandra still found ways to enjoy it. Lucy sat next to me, holding my hand the entire time. I found out that watching her look out the plane window wasn't boring, at all.

After we landed and collected our bags, we found that Lucy's company had set up a limo to get all of us home.

The next day was spent getting ourselves settled back into our normal routine; the days after that were spent taking care of all the things that everyone wanted us to do when we got back: I went with Lucy to her office, where they showed her where her new office was, and gave her the keys to her own - new - company car, and presented her with a **very** nice bonus check. They wanted to give me a bonus, too, but I convinced them to make annual payments to the FBI's Emergency Relief fund, instead. Their client showed up to give me a certified check - in the amount of \$25,425,034.64. The FBI had officially totaled the money directly accountable to my efforts as something over 317 million dollars; Lucy's client cheerfully figured my payment down to the last penny of the FBI's figure. The only 'publicity' they wanted out of it was a few photos as they handed over the check; they were considerate enough not to want turn it into a big media event.

It was several weeks before I could go anyplace without having people I didn't know coming up to me for one reason or another.

Robyn and Sandra became major celebrities at their respective schools; Sandra's parents were more than a little upset with us, but got over it soon enough. It helped that Clara Hawkes sent her a nice letter, thanking her for helping putting a dent in a major crime family, and assisting the FBI in recovering well over a billion dollars.

Robyn stayed alert to what was around her, and told me once that she'd noticed a guy following her home from school. The next day, I shadowed her, and found him. It turned

out to be a local reporter, trying to find a way to make a story out of her. Between looking at the business end of my .45, and my explanation of how **very** disappointed I was in him, he decided that he didn't want the story all *that* much. Neither Robyn nor I ever said anything about it to Lucy. Lucy and Robyn actually got used to having me wearing my .45 whenever I went out. I quit wearing the vest, but having the weapon with me felt pretty good.

Over the next six months or so, the trial of the TechnoDynamics bunch took place. Their lawyers tried to fight it as best they could, but the evidence was simply too overwhelming. Lucy and I both had to make several trips for depositions, and then a final one to appear on the witness stand. Each visit, we'd spend a little time with Amy - sometimes in her bed, sometimes not. Either way, it was always a pleasure - particularly when she could get Tom Gallery to join us; the two of them had apparently become something of an item.

My accountant had a running battle with the IRS. I'd hired him for the simple reason that he had a well-deserved reputation for doing everything he could to legally reduce the taxes his clients paid. The IRS didn't see it that way where I was concerned, and he spent no small amount of time in IRS offices defending his actions. It only ended when a Senator for our state got the letter I sent to him, explaining what had happened, and how the IRS was getting a little full of themselves. When he got involved, they eventually decided that everything my accountant had done was legal and reasonable, and finally quit jerking him around. When all was said and done, I ended up getting to keep a little over three quarters of the fee I'd gotten - about eighteen million dollars. I promptly had the accountant set up a trust that would deposit about thirty thousand a year into the Emergency Fund at the FBI office where Lucy and I had gone; when Clara heard about it, she actually called us, and cried as she told us over and over again how much they appreciated it.

The trial finally ended with the whole TechnoDynamics bunch going to prison for a long, long time; a few months later, Amy got married to Tom Gallery. When Muddy heard about the planned nuptials, he politely informed them that HE was doing the catering - for free, since they'd both helped protect me and the girls. They tried to argue it with him, but didn't do any better at it than I ever did.

When Lucy and I set the date, her ex-husband agreed that since their boys didn't care to visit Lucy, and Robyn didn't like to visit them, that it was best if the visits were allowed to stop.

Robyn was the ring bearer, and Sandra the flower girl. Muddy catered, and did double duty as my best man. Jules showed up, too - with Mark. Jules told me how well Mark was doing: straight 'A' grades. He also told me that he'd found out that Mark had gone to thank the couple that sold me the car, and found the husband trying to build a deck - after hurting himself on the project the weekend before. Mark had talked the man into sitting in a lawn chair, and finished the job himself. When the couple tried to pay him, he'd simply refused, thanked them again for their help, and left. Mark told me that he was

having supper a couple times a week with the older couple he was renting the apartment from; they seemed to enjoy the company, and it reassured them that he was there if they needed any help. With pride, he offered me his last bank statements - he'd opened checking and savings accounts, and both showed that he was being extremely responsible with his money.

Tom and Amy managed to make it to the wedding, too - bringing along a congratulatory card signed by every agent assigned to their office, and a gift that all the protective detail had chipped in for.

Even old Benny Falcone sent us a wedding present - hand delivered by Charlie, who told me he was getting out of the 'business'. I congratulated him, and he looked considerably relieved when I shook his hand.

Lucy and I honeymooned on a trip on the Caribbean; Robyn stayed with Sandra without complaint, telling us that she just wanted us to be happy, and have some *real* private time together.

When we got back, we moved our things into the house we'd found while waiting for the trial. Four bedrooms on a large lot, it also had a separate guest house that I could turn into an office. It's also a **lot** closer to where Lucy used to live, so Sandra has been able to come over pretty much any time she wants - something that makes Robyn happy as can be. Robyn and Sandra both have steady boyfriends, but they still spend a pretty fair amount of time together, too.

Lucy wanted, and got, a cat that soon earned the name 'Wacko'. She (neutered) would be walking across the floor, and suddenly jump into the air and twist around, as though something had just attacked her. The nearest thing to her might be some furniture, a good six feet away. She's an affectionate little beast, though, and considers any horizontal human anatomy to be a sleeping place.

We also got a dog - a neutered female black Labrador - that we named 'Sunshine' as a contrary to her coloring and a compliment to her personality. She and Wacko get along surprisingly well.

Amy and Tom have stayed with us a few times. Tom was pretty hesitant at first, even after Amy showed him the photos we'd taken that last morning; but when none of the rest of us displayed any concern about nudity or any of the rest of it, he gradually learned to relax. Whenever the girls get into each other, he and I just sit out by the pool and drink beer.

Amy finally got her record back - after an additional seventeen tries. She's also informed me that if I get anywhere NEAR their range, she'll shoot me herself. I'm **pretty** sure she's only joking. Tom says he wouldn't bet on it, either way.

Lucy's still working at the same company; she'd been promoted a couple more times, and her name is mentioned whenever someone brings up the subject of the next executive board opening.

I'm still free-lancing computer work, more to give myself something to do than anything else. Lucy bought me a nice camera system, telling me that the photos I took of them all in bed were really good. I've been messing around with it, and Lucy says she'd like to take some time off so the two of us could travel around the country while I took photos - she thinks they'd make a good coffee table book.

We'll see.